




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Vol. XXXII

March, 1913

Number 6

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

JUDSON MEMORIAL NUMBER



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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXII

October, 1912

No. 1

IDLE WORDS

J. B. H.

And thus you lightly speak a word,
And fondly think it but a jest;
Nor know the poison of idle speech,
What quivering heart-depths it may reach,
In what dark brooding mind may rest.

Our hearts are one in the world's great heart,
Linked each in each, yet each apart;
And all is the great world's loss or gain:
Your word might heal my wounded heart,
Or bring it endless pain.

A DAY ON THE APPIAN WAY

E. W. N.

It was on a hot, dusty day that we started out in search of the Appian Way. Our Baedeker with its small maps was all we had to guide us. It did not take us long to reach the gate of St. Sebastian, after we got out of the dirty, narrow streets of Rome.

At the gate we stopped to take a drink of water, admire the double gate, with its tall, round tower, and to consult our Baedeker as to the direction we should take. We decided that we had come out of the gate above the Appian Way, and that we would have to walk down beside the wall three-quarters of a mile to the gate of St. Paul. The road beside the wall was very dusty and the wind was blowing the dust in great clouds. We continued our walk down the road, whistling familiar airs to help us endure the heat and dust. We would stop every few minutes to admire the great old wall or try to read the inscriptions on the tablets stating the year when that section of the wall was restored and by whom. In several places near the top of the wall holes could be seen and by looking at them from beneath or to one side you could see that the walls were not very thick.

We at last came to the gate we were looking for. This gate did not have the high towers of the gate of St. Sebastian. On one side of the gate the wall was torn away for about thirty feet. On the other side was a white pyramid built into the wall, which was over a hundred feet high, made of brick, cased with marble. This pyramid is the tomb of Caius Cestius, and was built about 12 B. C.

Here we consulted our map again. This time, much to our chagrin, we found that we had been right at first, and

that we would have to retrace our footsteps back to St. Sebastian's gate. Here we each heaved a sigh, straightened our shoulders, and started back. It did not take us long to get back.

That road along the old wall we will never forget. The bushes on one side, white with dust and drooping looked as if they had not had water for over a month, and some were even parched brown. On the other side was the high flat walls, made of very thin bricks. The road was three inches deep in black powdered dust, the kind only a bare-footed boy loves to walk in.

On reaching St. Sebastian's gate for the second time we had a little side-show. We were met by two or three small chaps turning the cart-wheel as they came and begging for money. This they kept up until they had to be chased away.

At last we were on the Appian Way. After walking a quarter of a mile from the gate, the road passed under the railway. A little farther on the road crossed the little brook, *Almo*, with its green, stagnant water. The ruins of a few old tombs could be seen in the rushes beside this brook.

Just beyond the brook is the old church of "Domine Quo Vadis." The old legend is that St. Peter was to be crucified and he was running away when he met Christ and asked him "Domine Quo Vadis?" and Christ told him he was going to be crucified again. St. Peter in shame went back to Rome. We tried to get into the church, but the door was locked.

Near this place the road forked, the Appian Way to the left and the *Via Ardeatina* to the right. For nearly a mile there were stone walls on both sides of the road, so high that one could not easily see over them. It did not take us long to find that it was cooler close to the walls in the shade.

Soon we came to a door in the right wall. Around the door was written in blue and white the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. There was a small sign that we made out to be

that the catacombs were closed from half-past eleven to two. It being twelve then, we decided that we would take in the catacombs on our way back.

After walking a half mile farther we came to a door in the left wall, which was an entrance to other catacombs. We pulled the wire which rang a bell on the inside and a little girl came and opened the door. We told her that we wished to see the catacombs. The girl stood still with her mouth open. She just did not know what we wanted, since we did not speak Italian. After a second the little girl had an idea. She beckoned to us to come in. She ran and called her mother out of the large stone house. We told the little girl's mother what we wanted. But we got our answer in Italian. We caught the one word *chiuso*, which we knew meant "closed," so we bid the lady and little girl adieu.

It was not long before we came to St. Sebastian's church on the right side of the road. On the left side, just opposite the church, was a monument. We tried to get into the church, but it was closed too, and we knew that beneath the church were more catacombs. We found a little boy in the yard and tried to tell him what we wanted, but we got the same answer as that of the lady at the last catacombs.

From the church we went on down the road, which was down grade for a few minutes. At the bottom of the hill we stopped at a little store and bought some toast, cheese, and dry cakes. From the store the road went up-grade. At the top we jumped over a low stone wall and sat down in the shade of the tomb of Cecilia Metella to eat our lunch.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella is a round tower about fifty feet in diameter, built on a square base. The top is falling in. There is a marble slab on the front with "Cæciliæ Q. Cretici f(iliæ) Metelæ Crassi" [daughter of Metellus Crassus, wife of young Crassus, who was the son of the triumvir].

We could not have selected a better place to enjoy our

lunch. In the valley just below were the ruins of the Circus of Maxentius, which was built early in the fourth century, and is over five hundred yards long, and about eighty-six yards wide. Such a place was used for chariot races. In the distance could be seen the ruins of old aqueducts which looked like a chain of arches. Here and there the chain was broken. It was several miles long.

After resting for an hour we continued our walk. A few minutes walk from the tomb of Cecilia Metella brought us to where the road has been excavated on both sides. For over two miles we walked with these old ruins on both sides. There were tombs, mosaic pavement, caves, and such rude carvings of men in tablets of stone and marble. Out in the fields here and there could be seen the ruins of an ancient house or temple, only the brick walls remaining.

At last we determined to go no farther. We sat down beside a large mound covered with dead grass, to rest. On one of the mounds near by was a round brick tower about ten feet in diameter and broken off about fifteen feet from the top of the mound. Just across the road from where we rested there was an old ruin. It was forty feet high, and about ten feet square at the base, three feet above the ground it was thirty-five feet square and at the top it was about eighteen feet square. It was hollow, as could be seen by a hole in the side near the top.

Thoroughly rested we started back down the same road, examining some of the ruins as we went along, and admiring some of the fine carvings in stone. There is still some of the old Roman road left with its large worn stones.

We soon came to the catacombs of St. Calixtus. This time the gate was open and several carriages were waiting on the outside for other sightseers. On entering the gate a man met us and led us down a path, through an open field to a little shed. Here we bought our tickets and registered our

names in the visitors' book. We were each given a long, slender candle. Then we waited a few minutes for two American ladies to go through the same process. A monk came up in his brown robe and told us to follow him. He had a stick in his hand with a wax candle wound around one end, which looked like macaroni wrapped around a fork. We walked across the yard to a door in a small house. There was a flight of stairs from the inside of the door leading down to a cave. Before going down all candles were lighted. At the head of the stairs a cold draught coming up from the cave was noticed. Reaching the bottom of the steps we found ourselves in a narrow passage which was about eight feet high. On both sides were rows of recesses, one row above another, cut out of soft rock. These recesses were where the Christians were buried, dating back as far as the second century. The monk told our party that there had been over a million Christian martyrs buried in those catacombs, and that we were then in the second story of the cave, one story above, and three below us. He showed us one recess with a few decayed bones in it and also showed us the tomb of St. Cecilia, whose remains are now in the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere. St. Cecilia's tomb was in a large chamber and on the walls were faded frescoes. A picture of Christ, and one of St. Cecilia could just be made out. In another chamber, which was that of one of the rich popes, were two sarcophagi still containing the remains of the deceased. On the outside of the sarcophagi were symbolical carvings taken from the Bible. One of these represented the resurrection of Lazarus and another the deliverance of Jonah from the whale. We continued our walk through the dark, narrow passages, the monk pointing out a few small holes in the wall, saying that they were made for infants. The corpses were put in these recesses and a marble slab was sealed against the rock to keep the corpse from rolling out.

Some of the slabs had not been removed. The monk now took us out by the original stairs, these being very dilapidated and so very steep it was hard to climb.

Once again in the open, hot air, we resumed our walk back to Rome.

THE PIPE

W. J. C.

It was a fearful night. The wintry wind whistled shrilly through the bare trees and drove the falling snow in great drifts against the little house, standing alone on the edge of the campus. Inside, before a large open fire, which cast a cheery light over all the room two students were sitting, smoking and idly dreaming.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," both yelled, without looking up. But evidently the whistling wind drowned the voices and the knock was repeated, this time louder than before.

One jumped up and opened the door. A strong gust of wind drove the snow through the open door and made it impossible to see without.

"Come in," he repeated.

Some one stepped in and the door was slammed close. Turning around he saw a man, ragged, shivering, and covered with snow, but the stranger's hat was pulled so far over his eyes the student could barely see his face.

"What do you want?" he asked the tramp, roughly.

The stranger looked up, pushed the tattered hat back from his eyes, shook the snow from his coat, but said nothing. He was indeed ragged; the old coat was almost in shreds, the shoes were old and worn, but beneath that hat was not the face of a vagabond, but the deep set eyes, high forehead and prominent chin, covered by an unkempt beard all contributed to give him the "pensive face of a philosopher," of one who has seen and been through both the gloomy and sunny side of life.

"Have a seat," the student who had opened the door ventured.

The stranger mutely took a seat near the fire and began brushing the snow from his shoes.

"It is a miserable night out, tonight, isn't it?" he said again, hoping to make the man speak. But the visitor paid no attention to the question.

"I suppose you wonder why I am here tonight," he began, abruptly, drawing something from his pocket, "but it is a long story, a story that in all probability doesn't interest you, for it is of one who, disappointed early in life, has wasted the remainder in useless roaming, trying to find somewhere, some time, consolation." There was a pause; all were gazing listlessly into the great roaring fire.

"I also was a student here," the stranger abruptly continued. "Occupied this same room, and sat in this same place, just twenty-five years ago this very night, but, God! what a difference, what changes have taken place; what hopes have been blasted; what—, but that is not a part of the story. As I said, I was in this same place, looking into the same fire-place, and dreaming such dreams as I suppose you have dreamed tonight, when news came of her death.

"I met her here at Anniversary, just two weeks before. I knew her the first time I saw her, because it was she whom I had longed for so often, had dreamed of night and day, and now only two weeks of living in the joy of her acquaintance, she, the embodiment of all that is good and true, of all the charms and noble graces that are woman's, was gone forever.

"As I sat here, half stunned by the news, smoking this same old pipe," here he opened a large, worn case and took from it an old meerschaum pipe, the bowl of which was in the shape of a skull and darkly colored, "I saw in the thin haze of smoke her face as distinctly as I now see yours.

Since then I have done nothing but wander through this dull earth, always dreaming, always longing for this time to come when I come here, as I do every year on this same night, and see her again as I did that night."

He ceased and began to fill up his queer pipe with something he took from his tattered vest pocket. The boys got up and went out into the night, leaving him to his pipe and dreams. The stranger paid no attention to their departure, but continued slowly filling his pipe.

Their curiosity forced them, however, to stop, about fifty yards from the door and wait to see if anything should happen.

Suddenly a bright shaft of light shot out of the chimney, the dull light in the window flared and became a dazzling brightness.

"Heavens! he is setting the place on fire," cried one.

They both ran to the window, the light had become faint again, and the room was thick with smoke. Looking in they could indistinctly see the form of a beautiful woman clasped in the arms of the old stranger.

"No wonder he—" The speech was interrupted by a blinding flash directly in front of their eyes, then all was dark.

They went into the room; it was as if nothing at all had happened, except the mysterious visitor was gone and nothing remained except the pipe, broken on the floor.

THE MORAL AND ETHICAL SIDE OF THE BACK-TO-THE-COUNTRY CRY

PAUL E. HUBBELL.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

The cry of England's Nature poet has been reëchoed by the statement that "man's inhumanity to man has caused countless thousands to mourn." When we consider the conditions of city existence, the reasons for these statements appear. There are thousands of men trying to eke out an existence, working for scanty wages and often unemployed, who suffer daily because of the lack of consideration from other men. Through the helplessness or negligence of their employers, families suffer from want and starvation. Corporations sacrifice the blood of men to secure gold. Economic conditions make it impossible for able-bodied men to secure labor, and their children must work in the factory to support their families. The man of wealth has not been fair to the under man. Crowds have flocked to the city, and where one rose a hundred fell. Lured by the prospect of gain, men came to the city and found their fellow-men unhelping, almost unsympathetic. They must have thought that truly "God made the country; man made the town."

Nor is it alone in physical suffering that the town is cruel to its inhabitants. Helpless in its grasp, they are not only denied wages and provisions, but unlawful pleasures and immoral practices are offered them. Men who work for wages spend their money to keep up the curse of their characters. The social evil is allowed to become a big business in every city. Young men and women are corrupted, and the law

winks at the ruin of citizens. Jane Addams has studied the problem of this evil in Chicago. Moral uplift is the only cure for the problem. She calls prostitution "the hurt of the daughter of my people. We must purify the ocean of humanity before we can cure the islands of Death."

Two classes in the city respond to the appeal of back-to-the-country. One is the helpless man who works for a small salary and who wants to leave the city. He longs to be free from the oppression of those above him. The other is the countryman who has come to town and has succeeded in business. He wishes to go back to the soil that he may live in the old way and rear his children up outdoors, where they may love nature and live in his former independence.

Of these two types both fail rapidly in the city. The worker for wages loses initiative, his children have to work before they are mature, and in a few generations the stock becomes worthless. The successful business man frequently works at a killing pace, has little time to notice his children, and when his sons and daughters turn out idle and unfit for life, he wonders why. In a few years vice fastens its hold upon these young people and the next generation suffers the curse of their parents' indulgence.

Even if there were no such immoral conditions in the city, the country would be preferable. The movement to establish playgrounds for school-children is a recognition of the need for fresh air and play in their lives. It is an attempt to bring the country to the city. Outdoor life is prescribed by physicians for patients suffering with consumption and other diseases. They say that public health is public wealth. As a result we have the cleaning up of the cities. Every year the women of Washington clean up their beautiful city and make it more healthful. A day thus spent once a year is an attempt to restore the condition of the city to the simple cleanliness of the country.

Then the beauty of the country is wonderful. Children let loose upon the farm as they come from the town will bathe their feet in the grass, caress the pets of country children, and shower their affection on new-found comrades. "There is a sense of tears in human things." See two children side by side, one is familiar with Nature and knows its quiet and delight, the other is a stranger to both. One is at home anywhere, brave and courageous, the other is afraid of Nature's grandeur and unacquainted with the sports of country life. Play is natural for one, the other is astonished at his own littleness and the endless variety of pleasure that lies before him. The country boy is sure, the city boy is versatile; the country girl is a friend, the town girl a flirt.

In the spring, when all life begins, the country and the town realize it in very different ways. The country people tell it by the appearance of bluebirds and the growth of plants. The city man glances at the coal bin and the mother looks for the millinery opening. The home is different in the city and in the country. In the country "many of life's most tender and endearing memories cluster about the hearthstone." In the city young people seek for all pleasure and amusement outside of the home. There is little home association. The club or chums take all the time of boys and girls, and outside influences mould the character and morals of the young. At the age when they are most easily influenced children go into the street and public places of all kinds to find the moral instruction which home and school both fail to give. No doubt knowledge is valuable, but is not character worth more than education?

The moral improvement of city people who move to the country is certain. They influence the social life of the country folk, but deep respect for church and home is firmly implanted in the country gentleman and lady. Here there is a defect in the character of city church members. In the

formal worship of the city church they find little life and in giving to charity they get little inspiration. The country member has a love for his religion and for humanity. He is superior to his comrade, the man of the city. While the city man receives moral and ethical influences *from the country*, which make his character strong and his life serious, he brings with him to the country his love of books and his sanitary plumbing. These will be a lasting benefit to the country people.

The weary toilers of the city, who find it hard to keep up their end, may come and enjoy the healthy pleasures of a farm life. The congestion of the city, which means a great danger to the white people of the south especially, may be relieved by emigration to the country. Race prejudice would influence us to buy out those negroes who own farms and houses and force them into the towns. It is certain that the opportunity is great for the countryman. The city emigrant will find him humane and hospitable, ready to join in common sympathy and common labor. The country people will share their advantages with the city folk, and they will join hands in a movement that is beyond sentimentalism and beyond selfish interest. "Man's humanity to man shall cause countless millions to be glad."

THE DYING BUDDHIST'S PRAYER

CHANG.

Nirvana, the mansionless haven of spirit,
By virtue, by merit,
We're taken to thee above life.
Thou art void of the storms of life's fitful commotion,
Death's leveling potion
Translates us to pleasures most rife.

Accept me, Nirvana, and smother my weeping
In undisturbed sleeping,
I pray for perfection of rest;
Oblivious alike of my soul and my neighbor,
Beyond pain, beyond labor,
No rights and no duties—how blest!

Nirvana, absorb all my knowledge of being,
And I shall cease seeing
Conditions that harrow my soul;
And give me that infinite sleep without dreaming,
The unconscious seeming;
'Tis perfect repose, I am told.

No longer I'll list to that horrible moaning,
That tortuous groaning,
That comes from humanity's fold,
For now I repose in Thee, float in Thee, gloat in Thee,
Purest of purity,
Nirvana, abode of the soul!

FRANCIS PARKMAN

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

Not all the great battles are fought with gun and sword, with flags flying amid smoke and din. Not all of our heroes have won distinction in the carnage of battle, nor in some spectacular action in the world of affairs. Surely there are heroes of peace as well as heroes of war; and many times more fortitude is shown in endurance, in accomplishments in the secluded study than in the arena or on the great field of action. Who doubts that it took more real strength and manhood, of a certain high order, to compile Webster's Dictionary than to lead the charge at Gettysburg or to storm Manila harbor? One lasted only a short time; the other was years in the doing. And likewise, less heroism perhaps was shown in scaling the heights at Quebec than in writing the history of the war in which that event occurred. We would not lower, one inch, the star of Wolfe in the firmament of fame, but we would raise higher and make to shine brighter the worthy star of Francis Parkman, who never faltered, though many difficulties and seemingly unsurmountable obstacles came in his way, until he had told magnificently the unvarnished story of the struggle of the English with the French and Indians in the great American forests.

Francis Parkman is our most intensely American historian. He was well fitted for his task, both in inheritance and training. Being of one of the best families in Boston, he was brought up under the influence of refined society and literary appreciation. He early formed a love for hunting and trapping, and the great out-of-doors. Entering Harvard at an early age he graduated in 1844. At the age of eigh-

teen he formed the purpose of writing the history of the Old French War. In college he selected his course of study to best prepare himself for his special subject. So it seems there could have been nothing lacking in the bright prospects opening before him.

But almost from the start Parkman was hampered by a physical weakness which broke into his college work, and all through life he was handicapped as few men are who accomplish anything. His eyes almost completely failed him, and he was weakened by sufferings that would have paralyzed the powers and courage of most men. For years he could not use his eyes more than five minutes at a time. When writing the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" he says that for the first half-year the rate of composition averaged only about six lines a day.

Nevertheless, Parkman gave to our literature the treasure of a brilliant mind, together with the results of painstaking investigation.

You have a right to ask, how did he accomplish anything under such great disadvantages?

One thing that gave him success was his remarkable power of concentration. He formed his ideal and purpose in early life, and he made everything bend to his purpose. As I have said, he selected his college course with this object in view. He spent his vacations, while in college, hunting and exploring. Trying to acquire the endurance of an Indian, he would often sleep out on the ground at night without any blanket of any kind. Later in life, when he turned his attention to horticulture, for two years, he mastered the profession, and became one of the best horticulturists. He concentrated all his powers on anything he tried to do.

Parkman's accuracy and originality especially fitted him for a historian. One of the most important influences he had on his times was to stimulate a love of thoroughness in

scholarship. He did not allow his poor eyesight to keep him from making any investigation, however painstaking, in regard to a historical point. Most of the time he had to employ an amanuensis to read to him, but the searching of innumerable dry manuscripts fell to his lot. He spent several months among the Indians of the wild west, eating with them and hunting with them that he might learn their character and motives.

Being impartial when dealing with questions of history, he did not advance any philosophy, or his special views, but gave the plain narrative of events. He never expressed sympathy for the weak, nor fear for the strong. He always held a dislike for the Roman Catholic church, and yet in his histories he gave the Catholics entire justice, and no one recognized more than he their courage and loyalty among the Red Men.

If we were restricted to one word that would describe both the life and the character of Parkman, that word would be "heroic." Although he was practically an invalid all his life, yet he detested and abhorred weakness, both mental and physical. And although his life was pathetic he did not desire any one to pity him. While he loved study and spent most of his life in-doors, yet the love of action was a burning fire within him. He tried to cure his disease by vigorous exercise. In early life he would tire old foresters with long marches. He always considered it a great misfortune that he could not volunteer for the Civil War, and that the hand had to hold the pen "that should have grasped the sword."

His biographer says of him: "He should have been a knight of the Round Table; few men would have surpassed him in skill at arms, in courage, in doughty deeds, in gallant courtesy, in fidelity, in friendship and service, or in winning favors from fair women."

One distinguishing trait of Parkman was his stern en-

durance. Having a great struggle for self-mastery he tried to crush pain by silent endurance; and he abominated the idea of resignation. He allowed none of the usual distractions of life to interfere with him. Criticism or praise had not the least influence over him. He wrote in 1849: "I have not yet abandoned any plan which I ever formed, and I have no intention of abandoning any."

Never was an artist more blessed in a beautiful scene, nor a poet in a fascinating theme, than was Parkman blessed with a congenial subject. He wrote about his early purpose: "My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night." Such characters as dared to face the Indian in his fastness, and win the great American Wilderness for civilization, in all its gloom and vastness, appealed to him. Parkman met face to face the dusky warriors of the Stone Age, and he has pictured them to us, not in romance as Cooper, nor in hatred as Palfrey, but as they were in reality, in their primitive condition.

Francis Parkman, then, the historian, though many times baffled was never defeated, so that when he met Death, the invincible, in 1893, he had accomplished his great purpose to write the story of the American wilderness, and he has left behind a priceless literary heritage that is of the highest authority on his subject. In the words of his daughter:

Stoic and warrior, through the din of strife
Thy path was hewn with strength of iron will.
No fear could stay thy dauntless course through life,
Nor destiny's decrees thy purpose kill.
Straight to the mark with head erect and free,
Enduring all, determined to attain,
Nor count the cost; thy strong vitality
Transfigured pain to power, and loss to gain.
When the long fight was fought, the laurel wreath
Of high success was thine—faithful to death.

THE FULL-PEG PANTS

R. A. MARSH.

"Waist 34, length $33\frac{1}{2}$, knee 28, full peg."

Thus Pearson Churchill read from the order-duplicate of his last year's trousers. It was about ten o'clock at night, and he was sitting at his table apparently waiting for some one, when he accidentally picked up this card.

"How did it happen that I ever bought such pants as those," he thought, as his eyes fell upon the identical pair of trousers hanging on the "rack" in the corner of the room.

"They are large enough to make two pair of common-sized pants, and then have the 'roll' at the bottom to keep them patched for a year or so. Oh, well, I was a sophomore when I bought them, and I guess that accounts for it all. I'll keep them as a reminder of the time when I felt 'bigger' than any one else in the world."

Pearson's thoughts were cut short by a knock at the door and the bursting into his room of a half-dozen summer law school friends.

"Get yourself up from there and let's be going," ordered Sam Mitchell, the leader of the bunch. "Everything's in tip-top order for watermelon swiping, and the thing is all right, as we planned it this morning."

"Yes," said one of the other fellows, "old man Patterson was in town this afternoon with a two-horse wagon load of the finest melons at all. And you know what that means—he's got more like 'em at home. And he doesn't live but just one little mile from here."

"There's one thing lacking though," continued Sam. "We haven't got anything in which to bring back some melons for future use. We've hunted everywhere for sacks, but have failed to find any. Can you help us out, Perry, old scout?"

Pearson scratched his head in perplexity for a moment. A brilliant thought and with it a quick jump towards the corner of the room.

"Here's the very thing, fellows," he laughed, holding up the full-peg trousers. "Why hadn't some of you thought of this before? Just tie a string around the bottom of each leg and then— Well, they'd hold a car-load of watermelons. Gimme a string and let's be moving. I'm ready."

"Crawl over the walls of Jericho and help yourselves, gentlemen," whispered Sam, scrambling over the shaky rail fence which surrounded the watermelon patch. "Doesn't it make your eyes run water just to look at them? There are enough melons here to supply the whole United States, and then leave some for us."

Indeed it was a sight pleasing to the eye. The field was a large level one, covering about three acres, and scattered all over it at irregular intervals were innumerable melons of all sizes. They were covered with dew and could be seen easily, as they glistened in the moonlight.

"Fellows, let's fill this double-action bag first," begged Pearson. "And then each fellow can carry him a melon to the bushes and help himself. We'd better not leave too big a trail here in the field, for brother Patterson might get angry. Besides if we stay out here he's liable to butt in on us at any time."

"Drop 'em in boys; drop 'em in," ordered Sam. "Fill the bag first and then each man can toot his own horn."

The newly-devised bag was filled to its full capacity and each fellow had picked out one or two of the finest melons to carry with him to the bushes.

Bang! bang! came two shots in quick succession, and following the shots old man Patterson himself rushed out of the neighboring woods.

Halt! halt! or I'll shoot the last one o' ye," roared the voice of the infuriated farmer.

Of course nobody halted, but with the first crack of the gun six nice melons were smashed on the ground and six thoroughly frightened boys scampered off in all directions.

Before Mr. Patterson could re-load his gun he was left all alone in the field. Boiling over with rage, but knowing that he could do nothing by himself at night, he started back across the field towards the house.

Cursing and swearing, he passed by what remained of those six fine melons that would have "brought" him thirty cents each. Such expressions as thieves, dogs, scoundrels, fell from his lips as he looked upon the destruction that had been wrought.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon some light-colored object lying half concealed in a large spreading vine about ten steps away. What could it be? There had been nothing of the kind there in the afternoon. He walked a few steps closer. It began to take very much the form of a human being. His first thoughts were that it was one of the boys trying to hide from him.

"Hey, there; you just as well git up. I see ye and I got my gun on ye. I betcha a dollar I got ye, and I'll make ye sorry ye ever seed a watermelon, too." Absolutely no movement of the form in the vine.

"I say, git up, or I'll beat the life outen ye," threatened the farmer.

All was silent and the body lay perfectly still. This brought other thoughts to the mind of the vengeance-seeker. Suppose he had killed a man! The very thoughts of it made the blood that was hot with anger only a moment before, run as cold as ice water, and the bold, enraged giant became a trembling weakling.

He mustered up courage enough to take one step nearer

to make sure that it was a man and then fled toward the house as fast as his short and somewhat aged legs would carry him. He was scared and he must have help.

"Mirandy! Mirandy! Help! Help! I've killed a man!" shouted the old man as he rushed up the walk and fell in at the door, completely exhausted.

The terrified wife succeeded in getting the story from her husband and immediately began to arouse everybody in the house—and on the place as well. The two sons, one grown and the other in his teens, the daughter, Jeanette, the cook, and the four negro hands in the back yard—all were jerked from their peaceful slumbers to face the terrible reality. All were in their night clothes and nobody took time to dress, but, urged on by the supposed murderer rushed off immediately toward the watermelon patch.

The two boys led the way, carrying a dimly-lighted lantern which did very little good, because the moonlight was brighter; then came the father, the mother, and Jeanette, all clinging together and trying to support each other; and lastly the negroes, following closely behind and talking in low tones.

They approached the scene of the tragedy. All eyes could see for themselves. Yes, it was undoubtedly a human being. It had not moved from the position it was in when the farmer left it. Stopping a little distance off he pointed to the object with shaking hand.

"Boys, I can't go any nearer. Let me stop here an' you an' the niggers examine him."

The boys proceeded, with the negroes close at their heels.

"John, take hold of his feet and pull him out from under the vines," said the older boy to one of the negroes.

Trembling with fear, but not daring to disobey, the negro went up and stooped down to take hold of the dead man's feet.

"Boss, he ain't got no feet," exclaimed the negro, as he raised up, with his eyes bulging out of his head. "He ain't got nairy single feet. Boss mus't shot his feet clean off."

"Shut your mouth, you lying negro, and pull that man out of there. We've got to know who he is, feet or no feet."

Delaying no longer, John took hold of the nearest approach to feet that the man had and gave one mighty pull. Out rolled several nice-sized watermelons, and the negro held up to the view of all only a pair of full-peg trousers.

THE OUTLOOK AND THE UPLOOK

H. C. STRICKLAND.

"When the outlook is dark try the uplook,"
 The beauty of God you may see,
 And your sadness will vanish in sunlight
 As the mists from the face of the sea.

"When the outlook is dark try the uplook,"
 Let repining surrender to prayer;
 The "pull" of the City Celestial,
 Will save your sad heart from despair.

"When the outlook is dark try the uplook,"
 Calmly rest in the promise of God;
 His grace will entirely sustain you
 Though in grief you pass under the rod.

"When the outlook is dark try the uplook,"
 As on wings will your spirit arise,
 Until even the outlook shall brighten,
 And bloom to your happy surprise.

THE SOUTH'S AMAZING PROGRESS

C. R. SORRELL.

On that memorable day when Lee's poorly equipped band of men stacked arms, and folded forever the colors they loved, it is said that out of the silence came the voice of that peerless Christian soldier, saying in substance, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. Return to your homes; go to work; and be good citizens. God bless you. My heart is too full to say more."

In obedience to his advice and example they returned to their homes and volunteered in the armies of enterprise and industry. This campaign in which they now enlisted demanded a supreme test of patriotism and never in any period of the world's history do we find an instance where a people met such a test more heroically than did these brave men of the South. It must have required more courage and determination for them to return to their homes and begin work anew than it did to charge the heights of Gettysburg in the face of shot and shell. For in this campaign there was no trumpet sound, no bugle call, no taunting enemy, no enthusiasm which comes from numbers associated together. In looking about them they saw absolutely nothing but their fields which had been covered with ashes and desolation. A few of their number saw no hope and went out in search of a more favorable place in which to live. But, fortunately for us, a large majority settled down in rude huts and began the tremendous task of rebuilding their home-land.

Thus, from that day, this noble band of heroes, with the coöperation of their wives, began the work of a most remarkable resurrection. They realized that the north was much in

the lead of our people, and rightfully should they realize this, when we had been growing poorer during the direful years of the Civil War and Reconstruction, and the north all the while was gathering golden returns with marvelous rapidity.

But in the light of these facts the first twenty years of our awakening witnessed an increase in the value of farm products of more than one hundred per cent. Also within this period the investment in manufactures of all kinds increased about three hundred and fifty per cent, while that of the country at large was less than two hundred and fifty.

Let us observe what has been done in the making of cotton fabrics. In 1880 the Southern States had in operation less than 700,000 cotton spindles and only about \$20,000,000 invested in cotton factories. We possess, at the present, approximately 10,000,000 spindles and have \$300,000,000 invested in our factories. It might be interesting to note just here, that during this period the capital invested in cotton mills throughout the United States underwent an increase of only one hundred and twenty per cent; while the increase in Southern mills was more than four hundred per cent. Therefore the long-discussed question as to whether the South can ever compete successfully with New England in the manufacture of cotton goods has been settled. Conditions have wrought so great a change that one may, now, fittingly ask if New England will be able to cope with the South.

What is true in the manufacture of cotton goods is largely true in all our various manufacturing enterprises. Our brief experience in furniture-making has placed North Carolina as the chief rival of Michigan. The small investment made some years ago in oil mills has grown into the enormous sum of \$90,000,000.

But, however great has been our record in manufacturing, the boast of the South today is found within her agricultural

developments. The southern farmer now grows more than 11,000,000 bales of cotton annually, which constitutes eighty per cent of the world's supply. Our Virginia and Carolina tobacco crops are acknowledged to be the best in the whole country. By means of irrigation, and the use of the self-binding reaper, the production of rice has increased 500,000,000 pounds per year. Our corn, wheat, rye, and barley crops are extending almost beyond measure in magnitude.

Another striking phenomenon of the South's progress is manifested in the rapid development of her natural resources. No section of the United States, and possibly in the world, has been so bounteously blessed with its natural resources as have been the fourteen Southern States. With an inexhaustible supply of pig iron, we are already producing more than 3,000,000 tons annually. The discovery of oil in Texas has developed into an extensive industry not dreamed of twelve years ago. Birmingham steel rails are conceded throughout the civilized world to be the best and cheapest on the market. The country has come to depend upon the South for its lumber supply, just as it has for decades been the world's recognized source for naval stores. Our enormous water supply, estimated at 3,000,000 horsepower, is being rapidly harnessed, a result of which will greatly reduce the cost of manufacturing. Along with this tremendous force may be mentioned the vast hydro-electric power which is fast revolutionizing Southern energy.

This rapid, yet continual development of our material resources, is manifesting itself in the establishment of banks in every part of the land, which is an index to the wonderful accumulation of funds in the hands of our farmers, merchants, and business men, who in turn make loans to the manufacturers, railroad companies, and general corporations, all of which swell the tide of prosperity and aid in the building of a strong nation.

The completion of the Panama Canal offers great advantages for Southern commerce, and will eventually place the South in the commercial center of the world.

Such statistics of life and progress should make a brilliant comment upon Southern industrial ability and energy. And as students of truth we know these words are not the exaggerated superlative of an orator nor the idle dreams of a poet. For, since the War, the "South's Amazing Progress" may be compared with a moving picture, showing the rise of a people from poverty to independence, the growth from weakness to strength, the struggle through darkness to light, the toiling up from obscurity to prominence, the stride from insignificance to dominance.

THE GHOST OF BAXTER HOUSE

BOYTHOM MACMANUS

Ross, like some other fools, had a way of carrying out his promises, whether good or bad. Now, on that very account, he had got himself into trouble.

While under the influence of whiskey he had bet, and staked money on it, that he was not afraid to go all over the Baxter house at midnight. I had tried to keep him from doing such a ridiculous thing, because I knew his way. Even had he not been disposed to go, his bet was heavy enough to enforce it. But I could not prevail on him. He was determined to go, so I stood back. I knew, too, that he would regret it when he became sober. Furthermore, he and I had had a long conversation with the preacher, who was a very learned and reverent man, and he had told us that with all his study and research he had not yet been convinced that the spirits of those departed did not come back and speak with people whom they had left. It had made a very deep and lasting impression on Ross, as also it had on me.

The next night was the time set. Ross hung around the store, smoking his pipe and maintaining a quiet which I had never seen over him before, even though the boys tried to tease him in their usual light manner.

The time drew near. Ross grew pale; his voice quivered, and his teeth chattered as if it were December. His whole bearing had the air of one self-doomed.

Colonel Baxter had been a shrewd man. In 1853 he had erected, by his own hand, and of sawn oak, this mansion, which, under years of service had now become a tattered and dilapidated hull. He had made no friends, nor cared to make any. What business he did was done in a straightfor-

ward way. Few men ever owed him, and his accounts were always paid.

What became of his first two wives no one in our neighborhood ever knew, and seemingly, never cared to know.

By his third and last wife he received a step-child, a girl of twelve years. She seemed to be an added trouble to his life. He often beat his wife, but oftener threatened the girl. She conformed to his wishes so far as she could. However, she received many a harsh flogging at his hand.

He had been known to boast of having killed nine men in his life, and people generally surmised that his other two wives had traveled the same road. His threats about the girl had not gone unheeded and unmarked.

One night, after being crazed with liquor all day, he gave the girl a rough box on the ear, as she passed him, and told her if she was not gone from his house by morning he would kill her. Early in the morning, long before sunrise, his peaceful slumber was broken by the blade of an axe being thrust through his skull.

He died and was buried. His wife went to her people and the girl was sent to a Catholic orphanage.

No one ever lived in the house afterwards. Lights could be seen in the upper rooms. Noises had been heard there, and a number of people, I among them, had seen a slightly visible, yet transparent illumination, in the shape of a man going from the swamp to the house.

I was appointed to go with Ross in order that the boys might be assured of his having gone over the house, as per contract.

As we neared the house, Ross, in a delicate sort of way, asked me to go with him.

"Sir," I said, "it is your money staked. You made the bet against my advice. It is your choice to save your money."

I am your friend. But, by Jupiter, if you don't go into that house until I go with you, you'll lose your money."

"Very well." His voice trembled now more than ever. "I can go. You only stay here until I return."

I sat down by the road, saw him ascend the steps and heard him climbing the stairs.

The moon was shining palely. I drew my watch and ascertained that it was the midnight hour. A church-bell told the same in the distance. I had lost all hearing of Ross. Directly I looked up I saw a wan figure going from the swamp to the house. It climbed the steps and entered the door. Then I lost sight of it.

Presently one of the most unearthly screams I had ever heard broke the silence. Then the sound as of something having fallen. I fled.

The following morning a crowd, consisting of nearly all the residents of the little town, went to look for Ross. At the head of the stairs I opened the door of the room nearest the road. There in the middle of the floor he lay, dead. An expression of horror was on his face, and in his eyes—well, they stood wide open, staring at some object in the ceiling.

PINKY, THE SHARK

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

Pinky, the Shark, in his peculiar shuffling gait, ambled slowly into Tom Slater's place. With a sharp glance at the loafers he passed through the heavy green curtains to the pool room. The Shark was looking for prey.

The usual crowd of wall-flowers were there, lounging in the elevated chairs which ran around the room. On two or three tables the wary little balls rolled rather merrily. But the general air of the place was one of languor. The very smoke of cigar and cigarette which filled the room hung in heavy clouds near the floor or drifted slowly upward by the green shaded lights over the tables. Play was slow today.

The Shark was in a subtle mood. He had hit a new joint, and he chose to look green. His sorrell top and his spectacles helped him wonderfully.

"Two feet on the floor" bawled the proprietor at a player. Pinky looked at the sign which warned players to keep off the table, and smiled.

"Give her a little English," advised a pal. Pinky looked on in wonder.

"Play, pard?" asked a man who had sauntered up. He had seen Pinky intent on the game. A pal had slipped a roll of long green into his hand.

"A little, back home," answered Pinky.

"What shall it be, French or straight?"

"Straight," answered Pinky, after deliberation.

A negro boy deftly racked up the shining balls. His pearly teeth showed in a grin when Pinky awkwardly miscued on his attempt to break. The smooth stranger winked. The smile expanded. The negro understood.

The game was on, Pinky shooting fairly good pool. The stranger looked a little surprised, but played mediocre ball. To his delight Pinky took the game with three to spare.

The stranger winked and rolled his tongue in his jaw. Pinky didn't understand.

"Want a little on the next game?" the stranger whispered across the table. Pinky had spirit. Extracting a quarter from a pocketbook that made the stranger's eyes bulge, he dropped it silently on the table.

"Rack," yelled the stranger, beating the floor with the butt end of his cue. Pinky pocketed the money.

The bet went up. Pinky played earnestly, winning very consistently at first. He was a good shot for a small town's man. Interest picked up in the room. The crowd nosed something.

The game changed to French and the stranger began to win occasionally. Pinky grew excited and a little nervous.

The bet had raised again and the stranger was winning consistently. All eyes were now centered on this table. Pinky played hard; he was still game, although the fat pocketbook was growing lean swiftly.

The stranger grew affably smooth.

"Little slow, eh?" he queried.

"Pretty slow," agreed Pinky.

"Suppose we make it five ways?"

"A'right," growled Pinky. The stranger arched his eyebrows. This time Pinky understood.

"Twenty dollars a way," he shouted. He was growing desperate. The onlookers suddenly went on tiptoe. The smile was gone when the negro racked the balls.

For the first time Pinky smoked. With the hand of the inveterate he lighted a cigarette, took several deep puffs, and at once became calm and indifferent. Pinky's break! He smashed the one ball square in the face. When the balls

ceased rolling by some chance the fifteen ball rested in a corner pocket. At the next shot the one ball followed into a side pocket. A combination against the rubber sent the five ball spinning into a far corner pocket. The stranger, slowly realizing the situation, leaned on his cue with a sickly grin. What luck! What shooting rather! Ball after ball found a pocket. The ten ball was gone and Pinky had run twelve balls at five ways. The crowd stood amazed as Pinky deliberately pocketed five twenty dollar notes. With a broad smile on his face he made a sweeping bow to his victim and to the spectators. "Pinky, de Shark's me name, gents; 1196 East Riverside; I keeps open house to me friends." Having said which, Pinky was gone.

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OCTOBER, 1912.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

Here's to the first number of volume XXXII of THE STUDENT! We ask the loyal support of every man in college. We purpose to keep this a high-class magazine, written not by the staff alone, but by fellows representing all phases of college life. Help us to make it a live, readable publication, in which problems of Wake Forest College will be set forth and our literary aspirations will find a fit channel for expression.

Letters to the Editor

In order to bring THE STUDENT into closer contact with college affairs and make it the organ for all our problems, we are announcing a new department, to begin with the November issue, which will be entitled "Letters to the Editor." Any student, or any friend of the college who has a reform to advocate or an evil to condemn will find in this department an opportunity to reach the public. Whatever ought to be kicked, do not fail to kick, but do it all in a broad-minded, sympathetic spirit for the good of the college community. What is your opinion on: Athletics? the Young Men's Christian Association? a campus beautiful? cleanliness in town or in college buildings? class spirit? college politics? or any other local affairs? If you want to tell the people how you would run the college let us hear from you. But remember: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

A Trustee Came to College

The fact that a trustee has come to college should not attract any special attention, for are not trustees always with us, as the chapel records show? We are not setting forth the visit of some particular trustee, but it seems an unknown trustee has spent a session with us and learned what it is to be successful in getting a den in the dormitory, or to deal with the Wake Forest room-barons. For it has been announced with no little certainty that a new dormitory with all modern equipments has been ordered to be built for the northeast corner of the campus by our ever-faithful trustees. We make our best bow. This building is to be ready for occupancy at the beginning of next session. And that will not be before it is needed. There ought to be college rooms for every one of the five hundred boys whom we are expecting to matriculate this session. But the new building just now is an imperative ne-

cessity. Wake Forest is growing rapidly in numbers. The friends of the college ought to see to it that every one who comes has the opportunity of entering spacious college quarters. But let us not forget to thank the trustee who came to college for suggesting this much-needed improvement to his peers.

But the trustee served us in other ways besides the new dormitory: a series of lectures will be given this year. We are situated in a small town with no contact with the outside world except when "getting off trainology." We are not in the rustle and bustle of the city. Perhaps this is well—at least the ideal for quiet study. But we do not have the chance of hearing famous statesmen, eloquent orators, and world-renowned scholars. How do we expect to develop into men of affairs if we are reared in a cloister? The college man delights to hear a lecture by a man who has really achieved success in his field. No small caliber man who happens to be passing through is respected, but one of real ability who does not speak gratis wins an enthusiastic audience. Therefore when the trustee recommended lectures to his associates he was working for a broader and more effective college. The fellows are rejoicing, and now wish that a trustee would room in the dormitory every year. It pays.

Coach Thompson Talks The "Shoo-fly" had just passed. The writer loitered down to Coach Frank Thompson's room. The Coach lit a big black cigar and began to talk football.

"What is the outlook? the prospects for a winning team this year?"

Coach Thompson glanced up at the ceiling with a far-away expression, as if he could see our complete team and the whole football season in outline at once.

"Though some of the experienced men are not back, prospects look bright, because by the middle of the season new ones will develop into good men. Phil Utley hasn't arrived on account of a slight attack of fever, but he will be with us. He played star quarter-back last year. Betts, last year's captain, is succeeded by Bruce Holding, not only a heady player, but is a good fighter and always goes in with the determination of winning. He is a man who inspires the team, and they have a lot of confidence in him. Wallace Riddick, of Raleigh High School, has so far shown up well in back-field, but will be pushed hard by his opponent, Allen Riddick, who is working for same position. Billings, of last year's team, will report Monday. He played half, but will perhaps be transferred to end or quarter-back—fast man. Henry Faurcette is likely to return soon, and more than likely be put in same position, right end, with Norwood and Horne as his competitors.

"Our line will be rather light under the new rules. However, I am counting on remedying that by developing more speed. Carter, last year's center, has returned, and is playing for the same position, but will be pushed hard by Abernathy, a new man, who has shown up well so far."

"Is Wake Forest supporting the team?"

A new joy seemed to possess the coach as this question was put.

"I talked with Dr. Poteat this morning. He seems encouraged over prospects. Professors Hubert Poteat and Jones are very enthusiastic members of the faculty for athletics. With coöperation of the faculty, who are getting more interested in athletics, and the student-body, there is no reason why Wake Forest should not be able to put out a team compared with the best in the State. I think this year the students are taking more interest. Not only does coming out to the football field help the team wonderfully, but it gets

the mind off studies and gives recreation to the student. Why do not all the students in college go out to watch practice every afternoon, if only for a few minutes? It encourages the teams so much to know that the students are behind them. Suppose practice was in an enclosed field, we never would get as good results as if we had somebody to watch the men."

"What is Wake Forest's weakest point in getting out a team?"

"We don't put enough students on athletic field. There are plenty of big men around here, but we can't get them out. We need more money. Must have money to equip a team. We haven't made enough reputation, yet. Every year our reputation gets better—that draws athletes.

"A good chief-rooter should be elected at once, and soon begin to practice his yells out on the field, because there is nothing that more inspires and puts life into a team than to know they have the student-body behind them."

We left the interview with still greater confidence in the ability of our coach, and with a firm opinion that we are going to have a winning team this season. Now, let us all give our loyal, united support to the team, and, as Professor Timberlake says, not just "play it," but "win it" this time.

..To Thine
Own Self"

The most terrible condemnation that any man could pronounce upon his college would be to say that it had ruined his attitude toward the church and toward religion. Yet this is the substance of what a college man recently told the writer. When asked why this was so he replied scornfully: "Sky pilots." Being questioned further he replied that he had been disgusted to notice among men preparing for the ministry, under a cloak of hypocritical piety, selfishness, unrestrained ambition, hauteur of manner, and frequently some

vice of a more open character. This man was not true to his own self. "Our whims humored, our prejudices nurtured, are these—ourselves?" Unmindful of the fact that we are all human and that nothing is perfect save Truth, we are apt to criticize ministers harshly just because they are ministers. And herein we err, for we know not how many beings love and honor our Creator. We only know that *He* loves our efforts as individuals.

In colleges ministerial and secular students have practically become alienated into two distinct bodies. Again this is likely to be the fault of the laity, for we are accustomed to regard ministers as beings apart from ordinary humanity, forgetful that we are all a band of brothers with one common duty, loyalty to our Master. This state of affairs should not exist. If we are to preserve our boasted democracy at Wake Forest we must join hands, ministerial and secular, in mutual sympathy and with one common purpose, the eradication of evil and the dissemination of Truth. We must remember that "Kings are wicked, the women who have borne kings are wicked, and all the children of men are wicked. But as for Truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore." In the final analysis nothing has any real existence but Truth. Therefore, let us not look for evil, but for Truth; and in so doing, we shall be true to our own selves.

In conclusion: Let us make our slogan, "*Men* for the ministry with *men* cheering them on their way."

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

The Chapel Hill Affair

A diversity of feeling is expressed among the student body of Wake Forest concerning the deplorable accident at Chapel Hill, when one of her young freshmen was killed while being hazed. At first, sentiment ran high against the thoughtless hazers, while

at the same time the greatest sympathy was felt for the aggrieved University and the bereaved parents of the deceased.

A feeling of pity is now beginning to prevail—pity for the unfortunate perpetrators of the unintentional harm.

We believe, however, that the first impulse is the juster one. We do not believe there is a great deal of merit in extreme leniency in this case. The act of hazing was voluntary and against the will of the hazed. It was a preconceived and willful breaking of the strict regulations of the institution whose law they had solemnly pledged to obey and to sustain. The motive of the hazers was unworthy and the principle of hazing mean.

While the sad outcome of their "fun" was doubtless purely accidental and absolutely unintentional, such outcome may reasonably be expected from such conduct, and that conduct, therefore, deserves severe treatment.

These men try to justify themselves for hazing on the ground that "everybody's doing it," but an investigation will reveal that an exceedingly small per cent of the student-body of that or any other like institution favors hazing. The time is ripe for the majority to raise some public sentiment against a practice that has nothing to commend, and everything to condemn it.

We wish to express the greatest sympathy for our sister institution.

ROMULUS SKAGGS.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

FRANK A. SMETHURST, Editor

The handshakes are over; the Y. M. C. A. transfer horses are quietly dozing; worn and coverless catalogues have been deposited on book shelves; and during the last week not a single "unlicked cub" has offered to buy hymn books for Chapel use. For the benefit of the "Newish" we will say that this means that the college bell has been unmusically clanging for at least two weeks.

It is strange how one slips so easily back into the accustomed routine. Recitation, chapel, drug store, trains, post-office—they are a part of every day. In a short time Commencement will be here again. Then everything will be over, or rather just begun.

During the first week most of the time was taken up with the organization of the various classes. Then came the politician with his easy smile, hearty greetings, and whispered confidences. The results of the various elections have been as follows:

SENIORS.

President.....	S. Long
Vice-President	L. W. Smith
Secretary	J. J. Waff
Treasurer	N. E. Wright
Prophet	F. A. Smethurst
Historian	L. L. Carpenter
Poet	E. W. Lane
Orator	W. T. Baucom
Testator	W. A. Young
Statistician	H. J. Langston

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Prophet	C. H. Johnson
Poet	W. J. Conrad

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Vice-President	I. M. Avera
Secretary	W. H. Jenkins
Historian	C. E. Chambliss
Prophet	J. L. Camp
Poet	W. J. Appleson

When it comes to the freshmen, the writer admits of some perturbation of mind attendant upon the selection of one out of at least a dozen varied groups, and also begs permission to think over the matter until the next issue. Somehow the "Newish" have acquired the habit of organizing. It has become a fad. A rumor is afloat that the wise ones of the class are advocating the continued organizations until every man in the class is honored with an office. This is to insure the selection of the most able man.

The last meeting was held in broad daylight, within sight of the college. Of course, it's a shameful admission to make, but the freshmen are surely deteriorating. They are becoming veritable wall flowers and hot-house plants. Gone are their pristine virtues of manhood, wariness, and endurance. O shades of departed Newish, ye of trembling limbs and husky voices! They of this latter day have departed from the ways of the fathers. No longer do they forsake comfortable beds before cock-crow, stumble over rocky fields, tear through the woods, wade branches to meet on the outskirts of Raleigh. In the ignominy of their degradation they have adopted a new system of organizing. They select a private residence. The honored owners thereof stand at either door with loaded shot guns. The meeting is called to order while the sophomores howl without. The system has not been given

a thorough trial as yet. However, it seems that at the last meeting there was a slight unpleasantness. The reports, though, are varying.

* * *

Now more than ever before is felt the need of a new dormitory. With the registration books showing a total enrollment of 417 the lodging accommodations of the town are growing noticeably limited. For this reason the Trustees have authorized the construction of a new dormitory to be ready by September 1, 1913. The building will cost over \$40,000, and will occupy the northwest corner of the campus, between the Library building and the Chemistry building, and on a line with the gymnasium. Yesterday Dr. Poteat issued notices to the architects to the effect that all plans will be considered on the 21st of September. Commons Hall and kitchen will be omitted from the plans, since the club system of boarding renders it impossible for the price of board to become exorbitant, while the increasing number of students and the consequent demands for rooms tend to run the room rent beyond the reach of many students. Provision will be made for one hundred men, with a probable addition of fifty more.

* * *

Dr. Hubert Poteat is determined to have a glee club. The time is not beyond memory when the Wake Forest Glee Club was known throughout the State. Judging from the curious sounds, musical and otherwise, afloat on the campus at various times one would think that the golden age has returned. Dr. Poteat as director has selected about twenty out of all the applicants and is much pleased with the material. There are among them several splendid soloists.

* * *

Wake Forest is again to have a lecture course. After continued knocking and arguing the proper authorities have

benignly given their permission for every student to deposit fifty cents with the bursar on matriculation day, for a lecture fee. Before Tommy begins to doubt let him take note that the first of the series of lectures has already been held. On September 5 Dr. C. E. Brewer, the new Dean of the college, spoke on the subject of "College Life."

* * *

The football prophet has gone on a vacation. In this regard we will simply state that Frank Thompson is here again, and following is the schedule of games:

Sept. 28.	University College of Medicine.....	Wake Forest.
Oct. 5.	U. S. C.	Columbia, S. C.
Oct. 12.	U. N. C.	Chapel Hill.
Oct. 19.	(Open).	
Oct. 26.	Washington and Lee.....	Lexington.
Nov. 2.	A. and M. College.....	Wake Forest.
Nov. 9.	Medical College Virginia.....	Wake Forest.
Nov. 16.	Gallaudet College	Raleigh.
Nov. 28.	Davidson	Charlotte.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor

A loyal supporter of Wake Forest College has passed away in the death of Rev. J. B. Richardson, D.D. He has always been closely associated with the aims and interests of the college. He was a trustee of the college from 1873 to the time of his death.

The *Biblical Recorder* of September 11 had the following editorial concerning Dr. Richardson's life and death:

Rev. James Brantley Richardson, D.D., died at his home in High Point last Saturday afternoon. He was born in Moore County, this State, June 16, 1839. He prepared for college at the high school in Carthage. He took the B.A. degree in 1861 and the M.A. degree in 1866, the College conferring upon him in 1894 the honorary degree of D.D. In May, 1861, he was licensed to preach by the church at Wake Forest. The following year he was ordained at the church in Carthage.

For thirteen years he served Lilesville, Gum Springs, Wadesboro, Pleasant Grove, Meadow Branch, and Matthews churches. He spent several years as pastor at Leaksville and Spray. Later he served our churches at Catawba, Newton, Hickory, Marlon, Waughtown, Union Mill, Jersey, Abbott's Creek, Greensboro, and High Point.

He was Corresponding Secretary of our Baptist State Convention from 1875 to 1878, rendering faithful and effective service in a day when foundation work was being done.

Dr. Richardson was a gifted and able minister and could have held many prominent pastorates if he had so desired. He preferred, however, the quieter fields. Indeed, he felt that the investment of his life in small towns and in rural sections was more fruitful than in city pulpits. He was proud of the fact that he had been engaged in missionary work most of his ministerial life.

He was the author of several valuable denominational tracts, including "The Position of Baptism in the Bible," "Evils of Infant Baptism," "The Lord's Supper," and "Pedo-Baptist Immersion."

A life worthily spent has been concluded in the fullness of time and as the wise man declared, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The following gentlemen of last year's graduating class are teaching: P. A. Underwood, in Kentucky; J. B. Edwards, Oxford; G. M. Beam, Mapleville; S. C. Gettys, Creedmoor; M. L. Barnes, Spencer; W. B. Edwards, Grifton; H. T. Hunter, Southside Female Institute, Chase City, Va.; W. G. Privette, Kinston; H. M. Beam, Wallburg; L. B. Olive, Wagram; H. A. Nanney, Red Oak; G. C. Kirksey, Oak Ridge; L. G. Bullard, Bay Leaf; T. L. Revelle, Forest City; A. J. Hutchins, Booneville; H. C. Griffin, Creswell.

'12. R. P. Blevins has the pastorate of his old home church, Wilkesboro.

Mr. O. L. Riggs, of the class of 1912, is teaching near West Durham.

'12. T. Sloan Guy is at Crozer Theological Seminary.

The following Wake Forest men will be in the Seminary at Louisville, Ky., this year for their first time: E. J. Rogers, J. A. Ellis, E. B. Jenkins, R. E. Powell, A. T. Allen, J. P. Tueker, and James B. Turner.

'12. H. D. Ward is in Philadelphia pursuing his medical course.

'05. Mr. Eugene A. Turner has returned home after spending his vacation in Europe and the Holy Land in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. work.

'12. D. S. Kennedy, who was associate editor of *THE STUDENT* last year, is now editor of the *Orphans' Friend*, published by the Orphanage of Oxford.

Royal H. McCutcheon, M.A., '12, and P. P. Greene, B.S., '12, will attend Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor

While it is yet too early for our usual college exchanges, we have received a copy of *Charity and Children*, from Thomasville Orphanage, which we have perused with profit and pleasure. We shall always take pleasure in acknowledging the salute of those little children.

We await with anticipation the comparing of exchanges. We believe more in constructive than in destructive criticism, and we expect to profit by the ideas of our neighbors.

CLIPPINGS

WHY NOT FATHER'S DAY?

There is a movement on foot to provide a program for a "Father's Day" as well as a "Mother's Day" at the 1912 meeting of the Associated Fraternities of America. The sentiments behind the movement are well set forth in the following poem:

"PORE OLD DAD."

(BY EDITH SWANSON.)

Ye can scarce pick up a paper
An' its "poets' corner" greet,
'Cept you'll see a pretty poem
'Bout the mother, saintly sweet;
But you'll have a time a-searchin',
Eyes will be er-achin' bad,
Ere you'll overtake a poem
At this time for pore old dad.

No, it isn't willful in 'em,
Them that write of mother dear,
That there's never notice taken
Of her old man settin' near.
No, it's never meant to slight him,
But it looks a little sad—
All the bouquets made for mother,
Not a bloom for pore old dad.

True, our mother watched above us
Till her dear old eyes would ache,
But old dad he humped to feed us
Till his back would nearly break;
Mother crooned above the cradle,
Gave devotion, all she had;
Still that wasn't any circus
At this time for pore old dad!

Do not take one line from mother
When you write the soul-sweet song,
But if there's a word for father
Now and then it won't be wrong.
Pore old soul! He's bent and wrinkled,
An' I know 'twould make him glad
If while you are praisin' mother
Something's said for pore old dad.

THE BEAST.

Johnny Neal: "Skaggs, did you see my girl last commencement?"

Skaggs: "Yes."

Neal: "Aint she a dream?"

Skaggs: "Next thing to it."

Neal: "What?"

Skaggs: "A nightmare."



Prof. Sledd (to English I class): "How was Pompeii destroyed?"

Newish Moore: "By an overplus of saliva from the Vatican."



THE PEDESTRIAN IN 1911.

Chug! chug!

Gilligilling! gilligilling!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy streets and looked about.

An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another, an auto truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching, zip-zip, zing-clug!

He looked up and saw a runaway airship in rapid descent. There was but one chance. He was standing on a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the manhole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—*Selected.*



While working in the interest of Civic League, Mrs. E. W. Sikes, of Faculty Row, was working in the tenement district of Wake Forest. On rising after a call on one of the poor tenants she said: "Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' myself."



A NAUTYCAL RHYME.

There was a young lady named Banker,

Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;

She awoke in dismay

When she heard the mate say,

"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

—*Ladies Home Journal.*



Prof. Hubbell: "What is a ruminant?"

Newish Strickland: "She is a animal that chaws her cubs."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXII

November, 1912

No. 2

THANKSGIVING IN THE QUARTERS

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

When de frost am on de cimmon an' dey's drappin' to de
groun',

An' de corn am in de barnyard, pil'd up big an' roun' ;

When de dew it am a-fallin' an' de moon don't shin' so bright,

Ma ol' 'oman 'lows den dat de 'possum's out to-night.

So hoe yo, Stage, away frum fo' dat fire,

Kase de 'possum am a-trablin on de groun'.

When de wind it am a-moanin' thru de trees befo' de do',

And ma pickaninny's layin' by de fire down on de flo' ;

When dat Sambo strums his banjer an' Mirandy 'gins to sigh,

Den de notion come a-creepin' dat Thanksgivin' day am nigh.

So hoe yo, Stage, away frum fo' dat fire,

Kase we's gon' to hab a 'possum mighty sho'.

When de 'possum am a-smokin' in de grease an' 'taters
brown,

An' de punkin pies am settin' on de table all aroun' ;

When Mirandy brings de piteher filled wid cimmon-locus'
beer

Den de notion come a-stealin' dat Thanksgivin's sholy heah.

So yo, Honey's, come an' hurry and dis table gether roun'

Kase de good Lawd he hez heap'd it wif de blessings of de
groun'.

THANKSGIVING ON SHAKERAG

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

Originally the Shakerag settlement extended merely along the little strip of road between Hank's Chapel and Moore's Mill. But of late years all the mountain for a mile on either side of the road from Doc Ellington's place to the ford goes under the name "Shakerag." However, the river has always been the extreme northern boundary of Shakerag. For, as the old saying goes, "ha'r sho is boun' to fly when a Shakerag man an' a Dogtrot man tries to hunt gals or tur-key together."

Thanksgiving Day has ever been a great occasion on Shakerag; and as old Uncle Hiram Bland used to say: "They allus will be ez long as the younkens stay to home an' the railroad stays on t'other side o' Bull Mountain."

Several autumns have rolled around since old Uncle Hiram passed away; and Thanksgiving has come again to gladden the hearts of the Shakerag folk. And this time, so the Shakerag coquette, saucy Daisy Moore, confided to me, "they's gona be a celebration right." "An' 'fore the dancin' at Uncle Walt's is over they's gona be some fun," she concluded with a devilish giggle.

The day dawned clear; and the air was crisp. By eight o'clock the wagons were lumbering by Sis Boone's cabin. Thanksgiving festivities always began at the old campground down on Uncle Hiram's place. Uncle Billy Boone, occupying his spring wagon alone and taxing his little white mule's strength to its utmost, was first in order to rattle by. In one hand he held his snuffbox; while from his mouth protruded a long black-gum tooth-brush. Uncle Billy weighed 360 pounds; and was recognized as master of ceremonies. Next came Dolph Saunders and his crowd—"Sal and seven

youngsters." Thus they passed until fully a dozen wagons, filled with the older men, the women and children, and the buxom girls, had rattled by.

At Thanksgiving time every man understood his part. Long hours ago Don White and Cap Saunders were lying in Don's turkey blind. Skip Boone and Koot Saunders were scouring the woods for squirrel. From over 'cross the creek came the baying of Haz Hackney's hounds. And although it was late in the season Doc Ellington was paying his fish traps down on Robeson a visit. Bug White was off to cut one of his bee trees; while some of the other boys went by Uncle Walt's to "fetch down a couple o'shoats." Jim Boone had grumbly agreed to look after the beverages for the day's jollity.

"Aw g'wan, Jim," laughed Aunt Sis, "that Daisy Moore won't spile 'fore you git thar."

Jim scowled and we drove off. He was in a sour humor. Rumors had reached him "as how Daisy had been trapsin 'round with that houn' frum Dogtrot."

"An' jes' last night she was a-tellin' of me how slam handsome he wuz," Jim confided to me. Then he straightened up as an idea seemed to strike him: "Wonder if that dog will dar' come over to-day; if t'want Thanksgivin' I'd go right now and wring his bloomin' gizzard." And the handsome giant at my side ground his teeth in a way that boded evil.

What a sight the camp was when Jim and I drove up about ten o'clock! Already the fires were roaring along the face of a great cliff. Sundry kinds of game brought in by the straggling hunters hung over the hot coals by means of wires suspended from green saplings fixed for the purpose. Uncle Mose Williams, an old darkey celebrated for his barbecue, was mumbling over the spits on which lay a white pig. Presiding over the preparations, Uncle Billy, seated

in his great double chair, was giving orders and plying his tooth brush.

The winsome Daisy Moore was barbecuing a hare. Over the hot coals "Brer Rabbit" had become a dark red color. From his body there dripped a mixture of butter, vinegar, pepper and salt, which the girl was putting on with a barbecue mop, as she turned the hare from side to side. Young Boone shuffled around awkwardly as if to help her—and slammed his foot into the sauce pan.

"Jes' you git away frum here, Jim Boone, you meddler," the girl hurled at the unfortunate boy. The Shakerag giant slunk away abashed.

"Some o' the Dogtrot boys is coming over this evening; and you jes' watch; that stuck up Jim Boone's gona be hoppin' mad. He thinks he owns Shakerag now," the pretty little mischief maker giggled. The Shakerag beauty was anticipating something romantic. She was in high good humor.

The feast was spread on rough tables built from tree to tree. Uncle Billy asked a simple blessing. And what a feast it was! barbecued pig and game; 'taters roasted in the hot ashes; "punkin" pies; all the fruits of the autumn. The "beverage" was a great keg of "cimmon and locust beer" served out in gourd dippers. The men might take a little finger of whiskey later.

No petted appetites did these people show. They ate heartily and joyously of everything placed before them. Rough but original wit flew from side to side.

"There be some rumor as how Sam Black from over Dogtrot way is layin' in your turkey blind these days, Jim," remarked a girl. The others giggled, the boys winked, and the Shakerag beauty cast a saucy glance at the Shakerag hero. A retort was on Jim's lips; but at this moment up drove the dashing young man from Dogtrot with three companions. The new arrivals were given a hearty welcome, first by Un-

cle Billy and the older folk, then by the younger. It was a law of the section that on such occasions as Thanksgiving nothing but courtesy must abound. Only young Boone scowled when his sweetheart tripped up with both hands outstretched to greet the Dogtrot man.

The great dinner finished, the older folk betook themselves to the fires and to their snuff; the small boys chased away through the woods; the young folks strolled off in little groups. Daisy Moore had given her arm to Sam Black. Jim was left to come along with gentle little brown-eyed Susan Baker. If Jim had noticed, he would have seen that the brown eyes were troubled.

Soon the young folks were making the welkin ring as they played "drop handkerchief," "tap," and other vigorous games in a glade. Jim's eyes followed hungrily every movement of the nimble-footed Daisy. He ground his teeth when the Dogtrot man gave Daisy Moore a vigorous kiss on her rosy cheek—the penalty when a girl was caught at "tap."

"It's a shame the way Daisy and Sam's cuttin' up," whispered the brown-eyed one at Jim's side. Even yet the sulky giant had not seen how sadly his partner watched the Dogtrot man.

Only too soon the sun began to sink and the folk to prepare for home. "Tired out and ready for bed," you think. Not so with these vigorous people. The merry-making at the old camground was but preliminary to the great Thanksgiving event—the corn-shucking and the dance at Uncle Walt's.

A bright hunter's moon shone down on the scene in Uncle Walt's barn-yard. Seated on piles of shucks, the men and boys were steadily digging holes toward the center of a great pile of yellow corn. Uncle Walt had passed around something that but inspired the men to great effort.

At last the race is on between young Boone and the Dog-

trot man. Each husks corn furiously. But a few minutes remain now till one will find the prize. Sam Black, with a howl of delight, suddenly draws forth a great demijohn. He has scored another victory over his rival, who is now pale with anger. ,

"D— your," young Boone is about to explode. But at this moment Aunt Molly calls from the porch. There is a rush for the dining room. Uncle Walt pats the boy on the back and for the present everything is all right.

In the dining-room a true shucking banquet is spread—turkey and 'possum, and pumpkin pie, and more beer. Young Boone has sulked away and is nursing his wrath with a great jug out in the back yard. Through a window he can see his rival in triumph being served by the Shakerag beauty.

"I'd give a hoss to git that houn' out back o' the stable," he grumbles. Uncle Walt is trying to calm him.

"'Member, Jim, we's gotta treat the skunk nice to-day; jes' you wait; sompin'll happen when the las' dance comes. That gal Daisy knows what she be a-doin'."

Soon the great dining-room is cleared. Uncle Walt and Hen Boone and Haz Hackney, the best fiddles and banjo on all Shakerag, are tuning their instruments. Haz strums in a manner that makes feet restless.

"Choose your partners; promenade all!" calls Will Moore, as the musicians strike up "Arkansaw Traveler," Daisy Moore and Sam Black are promenading together.

Then follows an indescribable evening. The musicians are doing their utmost. Dance after dance follows in rapid succession. The room rings with the tread of feet in perfect time; round and round the dancers swing and turn and promenade. Will Moore shouts the figures with spirit. The older folk are looking in from the doorways. Not once does Jim's sweetheart leave the Dogtrot man's side. The giant is

convulsed with mortification and anger. The girl is bewitchingly saucy.

The time for the last dance has come. The girls are to choose their favorites, who shall see them home. The musicians strike up "Flop-Eared Mule." The girls begin shuffling their feet toward the young men who are lined up against the wall. Everybody is on tiptoe with expectancy. Uncle Billy, filling an entire doorway, utters a guffaw. Straight to where young Boone and Black are standing side by side, Daisy Moore dances. Devilment shines in her eyes. Before the two she hesitates, swaying in perfect time with the music. She bends toward her sweetheart; his face brightens. Then smiling she turns to the Dogtrot man. The Shakerag hero has lost. Bang! A hard, bony fist lands on Black's nose. He falls like lead, but is instantly up, a murderous looking revolver in his hand. Every one stands horror-struck. Black's jaws snap to and the revolver comes to level. At this moment a little brown-eyed girl springs from the crowd and grabs the revolver hand. Immediately the room is in confusion.

"Oh, Sam!" Susan screams as she grapples him around the neck.

"Wal! wal! wal! the likes o' this come off," and Uncle Billy waddles excitedly through the doorway.

By the time the confusion at the house is over, by a little Shakerag branch, Susan is bathing a bloody nose with her handkerchief.

"Now you see, Sam, what comes o'meddlin' with that frisky Daisy Moore," she scolds.

In a buggy speeding toward home, the thoroughly penitent Shakerag beauty is weeping on her giant's shoulder.

"Anyhow, Jim, I wuz jest a-teasin'; an' if you hed only awaited—." The rest is smothered out by—the noise of horse and buggy.

AMONG THE SCOTTISH LAKES

JAY B. HUBBELL.

On the first day of last July Mr. Evan Norwood and I left Glasgow on our bicycles for the "Lady of the Lake" country. We were fresh from a Sunday's rest and eager to see the famous haunts of Rob Roy and Ellen Douglas. Getting out of Glasgow we found very tedious, for our way led through numerous small ship-building towns on the banks of the Clyde, the streets of which were paved with the cyclist's dread, cobblestones. We were fearful, too, of just such another downpour of rain as had driven us from the English Lakes the week before. "It rains up there all the time," our hotel acquaintances had told us; and so we felt sure we were in for a ducking.

About noon we rode into Dumbarton. We had our lunch and immediately after, we climbed the Castle Rock. The Castle, now in ruins, but once the scene of one of Wallace's daring feats, is situated upon a very high and precipitous rock which commands a magnificent view of the town and river Clyde. While on the Castle Rock, we witnessed the launching of a huge Indian steamer. Our position was ideal. Far below us we saw men and women gathered round the vessel all ready to plunge into the little river which connects Loch Lomond with the Clyde. She was beautifully symmetrical; and, for all her enormous size, she glided into the water, scattering timbers to right and left, as gracefully as a bird.

At Dumbarton the road to the Highlands turns northward. Our "friend" the wind, who had helped us along ever since we had left Bristol, now attacked us in front and did his best to delay us until we got back to London. But

cobblestones, heavy luggage, and head winds are incidentals that only add to the variety of a traveler's adventures. We minded nothing but rain. In less than an hour we caught our first glimpse of Loch Lomond, the largest and, it seems to me, the most beautiful of all the Scottish lakes. We had not cycled far when I said to my companion, "Partner, let's stop and have a smoke on this!" In England after going without a smoke for two months, I made the discovery of the only real use of a cigar: to add to a traveler's enjoyment and appreciation of beautiful scenery. We seated ourselves on the grass by the lakeside and propped our backs against a large log for a comfortable view. There we sat for an hour, listening to the blue water rippling over the pebbles. Pictures scarcely exaggerate the beauty of the rich colors of the lake and mountains. The lake is dotted with islands of every size and shape, all covered with trees of the freshest green. The mountains are bare of trees and on nearer view seem rocky and rugged, but from a distance they look as fresh and green as a sheep pasture and as smooth as a hand-hill. Spring—though it was July—was in full bloom. How pleasant to see nothing of noisy, sooty Glasgow, but a blurred cloud of smoke far to the southeast!

On up the narrow road we eyed toward Tarbet, wishing all motor ears we met at the bottom of the lake. At Tarbet we took a steamer, the Prince Edward, a pretty little boat, as white and neat as a Dutchman's house. From the boat we got a superb view of Ben Lomond (3,192 feet), one of the highest mountains in Great Britain. Just beyond it to the east lies the Trossachs district for which we were bound. Just above Inversnaid, where we landed, is the cave of Rob Roy, which we were very sorry to miss. At Inversnaid a small mountain stream comes dashing down the mountain side in a series of beautiful falls and cascades. Here Wordsworth

and his sister Dorothy met the beautiful young Highland girl to whom he addressed one of his delightful poems.

"These gray rocks; that household lawn;
 Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
 This fall of water that doth make
 A murmur near the silent lake;
 This little bay; a quiet road
 That holds in shelter thy abode—
 In truth together do ye seem
 Like something fashioned in a dream."

But for my reverence for the memory of the great Laureate, I should like to relate just here one of our strangest experiences, that of paying three or four times for one trip across the lake. At last we got our bicycles past all the ticket-takers and began a rapid ascent of the ridge on foot. All the way up I kept looking for some one to leap from behind every tree and fence and shout, "Tickets, please!" We met no one, however, except a few half-intoxicated Highland men.

On the summit of the ridge the scenery is wild and desolate. Strange birds rose from the heather as we approached and flew screaming away. We heard in the distance the sound of a bagpipe, and when a little after, we came in sight of Loch Katrine, we thought of "the proud pipers on the bow" of Roderick's boat who "plied the ancient Highland strain." We recalled, too, Fitz-James's first view of the lake from the eastern end:

"Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world."

Before reaching Loch Katrine, however, we turned south-eastward along the southern side of Ben Venue to avoid the expensive Trossachs Hotel. The road we traveled is, I feel sure, the worst in Great Britain, but as we were going down-grade, we did not complain. We passed three more lakes in the next hour, Loch Arklet, Loch Chon, and Loch Ard, all exceedingly beautiful in the fading light of the slow-setting sun. At Aberfoyle we found a very comfortable and inexpensive "temperance hotel." After a hearty supper we went to our rooms about ten without even the light of a candle; it did not become dark before eleven.

To our great joy and surprise, the morning dawned fair; we had struck the Highlands just after a six weeks' rain. We left our bicycles at the hotel and tramped northward over the ridge toward the Trossachs. On the way we amused ourselves by taking pictures and plucking the purple heath flowers. In an hour or two we came in sight of little Loch Drunkie, far off to our right, and a little later, one after the other, Loch Vennachar, Loch Achray, and Loch Katrine. We wandered on till we came to a low hill overhanging Loch Achray, where I proceeded to smoke another cigar and view the scene of the battle of Beal' an Duine. To our right lay Loch Vennachar, up the farther side of which Fitz-James pursued the stag and where later the forces of Moray and Mar marched against Roderick's clansmen. Just opposite us was the far-famed Trossachs Hotel, where we did not dine. Just to the left at the head of Loch Achray was the entrance to the Trossachs proper, which means the "bristling country" between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. In the tangled woody defile the battle began and swept westward to the shores of Loch Katrine.

"I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!

To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!"

So the old minstrel described the battle. It is, however, a little difficult to associate the din and tumult of war with

"So lone a lake, so sweet a strand.
 There is no breeze upon the fern,
 Nor ripple on the lake,
 Upon her eery nods the erne (eagle),
 The deer has sought the brake."

A peace-loving American is a bit inclined to censure the poet for associating beautiful scenes and characters invariably with war, though Scott is doubtless true to history in spirit if not in actual fact.

After walking around the lake to the Brig o' Turk, where we had our lunch and mailed a few cards, we walked through the Trossachs to Loch Katrine. We took a short row upon the lake, which we found rather rough. Malcolm Graeme, I fancy, must have had rather a stormy swim from Ellen's Isle to the shore when he scorned Roderick Dhu's offer of a boat. The Isle we could not distinguish from the other islands and promontories about us; so we returned and started back to Aberfoyle across Mount Ben Venue. One no longer sees

"the pine trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue,"

except on the margin of the lake, though one may still see

"the copse-wood grey
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray."

Coir-nan-Uriskin, or the Goblin-cave, where Ellen took refuge when the war began, we did not see, for our route took us farther east. Before beginning the ascent, we took a hasty look at the few traces of the water-works at the mouth

of the lake (Glasgow gets its water supply from Loch Katrine). We followed a hardly discernible path up a deep valley until we lost it. Then we climbed bodily up the steep mountainside, following a wire fence. We frightened a large number of rabbits, moor hens, and other birds that we could not identify. The higher we ascended the marshier the soil became—abundant evidence of Scotland's heavy annual rainfall. With soaked feet and chilled hands we climbed on. We reached the top in a little over an hour, cold and tired, for the mountain is 2,393 feet high. The view which met our eyes was ample compensation for a day's weary toil; we saw nothing finer, even in the Alps. The view comprises eleven separate lakes, the whole of the "Lady of the Lake Country" as far as Stirling twenty-five miles away, the long, level plain between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and endless mountain chains to the north and west. Almost below us a little steamer was moving up Loch Katrine so slowly that it appeared to be motionless. Ellen's Isle was now plainly visible; I could not imagine how we had missed it. One after the other the stormy scenes of the poem flashed through my mind. I imagined Fitz-James' hunting party starting from Stirling and chasing the stag farther into the Highlands until

"The headmost horseman rode alone";

I pictured him wandering through the Trossachs till he came to Loch Katrine. It was easy to fancy him falling in love with the exile's daughter in such a wonderful country. There was the lake where Roderick's fleet advanced, bearing "the bannered pine!" Almost below us was the scene of the battle, and a little lower, Colantogle Ford, where the duel was fought, and farther in the same direction, Stirling Castle (we visited it the next day), where King James resumed his throne and betrothed the two lovers. It seemed strange that such a beautiful country should have

remained unknown and unappreciated until the poet discovered it and sent English tourists thither, literally by the thousands. Last of all, my thoughts turned to America, and I wondered if the beautiful country of the North Carolina mountains would ever be discovered by some American Scott or Wordsworth.

But I must not get too poetic; else some Freshman in English One will want to know why I indulge in the pleasures of "fine writing" and deny them to him. Our descent was rapid and uneventful. The next day we passed Loch Menteith, the last and one of the most beautiful of the Scottish Lakes, and, thinking of Rob Roy, whose long gun we saw later at Abbotsford, we cycled on to Stirling.

THE HELPIN' HAN'

ROY A. MARSH.

"Wonder what can be the matter with everything and everybody," mused Dick Yansing, as he sat alone in his room one cool autumn night. "Somehow the world's gone wrong with me, lately. For the last day or two everybody has been shunning me as if I were the smallpox. Most of my very best friends have given me the cold shoulder, and do not speak to me except by a distant and reluctant nod, and by a glance of the eye, which is full of meaning for everybody except me. Something's gone wrong somewhere, but I can't understand it. I'm completely in the dark."

Dick was right, something had undoubtedly gone wrong. For the last two days there could be seen standing about the campus and around the college buildings little groups of men, talking in low and serious tones. If Dick approached one of these groups, immediately the conversation ceased entirely or the subject was changed, and the fellows would begin to drop off one by one until in a few minutes Dick would find himself alone. Furtive and insinuating glances met him on all sides. What under heaven could it all mean?

These were the thoughts that were troubling Dick's mind, as he sat before the white-hot coal fire and tried to figure it all out.

"If something doesn't change—and that pretty soon—I'm going to leave here, I know that much," Dick's thoughts ran on. "I can't stand the pressure much longer, and I've got to get away from this place or die of starvation for want of friendship and sympathy. First, though, I must find out what's the matter, and if possible straighten things out."

A quick knock on Dick's door.

"Come."

"How are you feeling, old man?" asked Ralph Lovelace, one of Dick's oldest and best friends, as he opened the door and walked into the room.

"I'm glad to see you, Ralph; you never could have come at a better time," said Dick, as he grasped his friend's hand without rising from his seat. "Pull a chair up there and answer a few questions that I'm going to ask you. I'm in serious trouble, Ralph, and because I believe you are my friend I'm going to ask you to help me out. All I want you to do is to tell me what's the matter with everybody. Why are all the fellows looking at me and treating me as they are? What have I done to deserve such treatment? You are bound to know these things, and for old friendship's sake be frank enough to tell me the plain truth."

Lovelace pulled a chair up to the fire, and sat in deep thought for several minutes before replying to Dick. At last he rose with an air of finalty and decision.

"That's exactly what I've come here to-night for, Dick—to tell you the plain truth. And I want you to understand that it is every bit done in friendship. You know that I've always considered you as one of my very best friends, and please believe that I still consider you as such. Now I'm going to give you the situation just as it is.

"Two days ago I went into the dressing-room at the gymnasium. I forgot to leave my watch at my room, and when I got to the gym I remember taking it out of my pocket and laying it down on the bench, intending to give it to Uncle Jack to keep for me until I could go up and play some basket-ball. I forgot the watch and when I came back it was gone. I was very sorry, because, as you know, the watch was the finest in school and was given to me by my grandfather. Now, Dick, you may remember that you were the only person in the room when I went out. Some of the fellows asked me about this and without thinking I told them,

though I didn't fail to add that you were beyond all suspicion, in my mind. But you know how a thing like that goes, Dick, and it has got out among the fellows that you took my watch."

"Do you believe it, Ralph? Can you believe that I would stoop to such a thing? Isn't there some way in which I can prove my innocence? You have shown your friendship for me to-night more than you ever could in any other way, and I want to prove to you if to no one else, that it's an awful mistake."

"No, as I said, I don't believe you did it, Dick, and there is a way right now to prove your innocence to the student body. The Honor Committee, believing as the majority of the other fellows do about it, have refused to make any further investigations until they have examined you and searched your room, and because I know that they will find nothing here I've consented. I believe it will be the very best thing for you, Dick. The committee is outside and if you say so they'll come in now."

"By all means let them come in at once," said Dick, rising from his seat in great excitement. "I want them to search me, this room and the whole house if necessary. They must be convinced beyond any shadow of a doubt."

The committee did come in and began a thorough examination of the room. First, everything was taken out of the dresser, then his trunk, desk, and book-case, but no sign of a watch anywhere. Dick's face was the picture of relief and happiness as he silently looked on. The committee had about given up the search.

"Here's a closet we haven't been in yet," said one of the fellows as he opened the door of the little closet in the corner of the room.

He began to throw the things out into the light of the room—trousers, coats, overcoats and finally a much-used suit case.

"Somebody examine those things," said the voice from the closet, as the things continued to fall into the room.

One of the committee began to examine coats, another trousers, and at last one set the old suit case upon a chair and laughingly opened it. He pulled out a gym suit and a towel, and then started to close the case, when accidentally he discovered a small side pocket. He put his hand into this pocket and without a word drew out Ralph's watch and held it up where every one could see it. On the back of the watch was written plainly, "RALPH LOVELACE."

All eyes were turned on Dick, who was leaning against the table trying to support himself. There was a scared look in his eyes, his face was white as cotton, and he seemed to be utterly speechless.

"I'm afraid this is going to be a serious affair for you, Yansing," said the chairman of the committee as they prepared to leave the room. "Circumstances convict you, absolutely. Meet us in room number 8 within half an hour and you will be given a fair trial."

With that the committee was gone, leaving the two friends alone in the room. Thus far neither had spoken since the watch had been taken from the suit case. Dick found his voice first.

"I'm innocent, Ralph, I swear to you that I am innocent. I did not put that watch into my suit case."

"I never was more surprised in my life," Ralph managed to get out. "I am completely dumbfounded. I can't believe that you took it, yet circumstances are against you—absolutely and overwhelmingly against you, Dick."

"Might not some one else have gone into the dressing room while we were out," suggested Dick, who was beginning to think. "I may have some enemy in college who did this just to ruin me forever."

"There is a ray of hope in that," agreed Ralph. "The Honor Committee did not meet until today, and they've

made no effort to catch any one else because they had grounds to suspect you. Let me see just a minute—Ah, I have it, we'll go and ask Uncle Jaek if he remembers seeing any one go into the room while we were out."

"What will Uncle Jaek know about it?" dubiously asked Dick. "He's not even supposed to go into the dressing room during the gym. hours."

"I saw him sitting on the outside of the door that day, and maybe he'll remember if he saw any one go in. Let's try it anyway. You go on up and tell the committee to wait and I'll go after Uncle Jaek."

Uncle Jaek was the janitor and general manager of the gymnasium and bath rooms, and he was a perfectly honest old-time negro. Every student in college had confidence in him and would trust any of their property in his hands.

He protested vigorously against being jerked from his slumbers and carried up to the college in the middle of the night, but Ralph would take no denials or excuses. He had Uncle Jaek out of bed and on his way to the trial before the poor old negro knew what was happening.

When Ralph walked into room number 8, the ten men composing the Honor Committee were already there, and silently waiting for the chairman to begin the trial. Dick was seated in one corner of the room with his face buried in his hands. He did not look up until his friend spoke to the committee.

"Gentlemen, I have a witness on the outside, who, I believe, can give important evidence on this case. Shall I bring him in?"

"Immediately," ordered the chairman.

Uncle Jaek came in shaking with fear and muttering to Ralph in trembling, pleading tones.

"I han't done nothin', boss. What are they goner do to pore ole' Jaek, who ain't never done nothin' to nobody. Please lemme go baek home."

"Do you remember who went into the dressing-room between 4 and 4:30 o'clock day before yesterday, Uncle Jack?" asked the chairman.

"No-sir, I don't memer ez'actly, boss, who went in there. I shore don't," trembled the old darkey.

"Well, do you know anything at all about this watch?" continued the chairman, holding up Ralph's watch.

"No-sir, boss, I don't know nothin' tall 'bout dat watch."

"Are you sure that you haven't seen it at any time recently?"

"Lemme see, lemme see. Yas, sir, boss, I believe I seed dat bery watch or one jest like it, day 'fore yisterday."

"All right, tell us all you know about it."

"Wal, I don't usu'ly go in the dressin'-room, but it was kinder cold tother day and I went in dare to git my coal bucket fer to make me a fire. When I pass by I seed dat watch a-lyin' over dare on de bench. They wern't nobody 'tall in de room den 'cept me. I says to myself, 'somebody's done gone and forgot dare watch and dey gwin'er lose it, too, They wan't but one suit case in dare, and I low'd de watch 'long to de man what own de suit case,' so I picked up de watch an' put it in a little pocket in the suit case so it wouldn't git los'.

"Boss, please don't do nothin' to me. I didn't mean no harm. I'been in dis here college twenty-five years, an' I hain't never took nothin' from nobody yet. I know I didn't 'long to touch dat watch but I jist wanted to len' a helpin' han.'"

"You made a mistake, Uncle Jack, but you sure have lent a helping hand to-night that will never be forgotten," said the chairman, as he slapped the surprised old negro on the back, and sent him on home.

In one corner of the room ten committeemen were trying to shake hands at once with two supremely happy friends.

REVERIES OF NIGHT

ARTHUR D. GORE.

Last night, dear heart, Love stole beside me
Where sat in silence peaceful Sleep.
Love stroked my hair and softly eyed me
And asked, "Sad one, why dost thou weep?"

Last night, dear heart, my joy forsook me,
Sent back to me my gifts to her.
She spoke some farewell words that shook me:
"No more we'll be as once we were."

And oh! sad thought, grim Death then bought me
And made me slave to hopes untrue.
But soon God heard and kindly sought me—
Said I belonged to Him and you.

Then Love rose up and sweetly faced me
And crowned me there all alone,
Till Joy returned, bent o'er, embraced me
And crooned, "Weep not, my own, my own."

Thus God was pleased and greatly blessed me
And made that I'd be always true,
And said once more, while *they* caressed me,
That I belonged to Him and you.

THE INEVITABLE

W. H. J.

A vast crowd assembled in the neighborhood of the Court of Assizes of the Seine, Paris, on the morning of June 19, 1815. Long before the time for the opening of the doors, the approach to them was crowded with a curious throng, all anxious to secure good seats in the court room.

At nine o'clock the great doors were opened, and this mass of humanity thronged into the building. Fighting her way along with the rest was Marie Biratteau. She wished to get as close to the front as possible, so she elbowed her way desperately until she reached a seat three rows from the front.

It would be an hour before the trial began, so Marie had time to think again of the happenings of the past two weeks. Just two weeks ago Philippe Massillon had told her of his love, and now the end of it all had come, and Philippe, her beloved, was on trial for his life. God! Would the trial never begin? She wanted to hear the end and not be kept in this nerve-racking suspense. The minutes dragged along slowly, and at ten o'clock the court was called to order.

The three prisoners, Philippe Massillon, Jean Marot, and Jacques Molineux (*les trois m's* as the newspapers called them), were brought in. Marot and Molineux seemed to be of the lower class, and assumed a dejected attitude. But Philippe Massillon stood proudly before the jury and asked to be allowed to plead his own case. He was tall and muscular, with light hair and sharp blue eyes. His features were strong and regular, and his hands were those of an artist. His whole appearance proved him to be a leader of men, and he maintained his contemptuous attitude throughout the reading of the *acte d'accusation*.

The substance of the *acte* was this: the three prisoners were accused of having attempted the assassination of His Majesty, Louis XVIII, on the morning of June 11, 1815.

The trial proceeded rapidly and the testimony of several witnesses soon settled the affair so far as the jury was concerned. The evidence brought out the following facts:

The Royal carriage was moving slowly up the Boulevard, when a bomb was thrown beneath it. The carriage was demolished and several people killed, but the king escaped without any serious injury. Massillon, who was seen to throw the bomb, was followed and the two confederates were arrested with him as they were trying to leave the city.

Marie sat silent and white-faced through it all, knowing that her fate was also wrapped up in that of the cold, defiant man who was the leader of the conspiracy. She alone knew the deep love which he had for Napoleon, and it was this love that had prompted the deed. She hoped that it would soon be over, now that all hope was gone. But the pronouncing of the sentence left her without the slightest thing on which to lean. He must die! He, who had shown her the way to happiness, was to die tomorrow. She felt that she could stand it no longer. But the punishment to which the guilty were condemned was still to be read. This was the substance of it: "The guilty condemned to death for regicide shall be led to the place of execution with his feet naked, and his head covered with a black veil. He shall be exposed upon the scaffold, while an officer shall read to the people the sentence of his condemnation, and he shall immediately thereafter be put to death."

The great court emptied itself more slowly than it was filled, and Marie drifted out with the rest. On reaching the street, she turned toward the wharves which line the river front just below the Court of Assizes. On reaching them she

hesitated a moment, and then, walking quickly to the edge, she stepped over.

Among those "found drowned" exposed at the Morgue the next day was Marie Biratteau, but none who saw her guessed that this was the last chapter of the tragic history of the morning of June the eleventh.

THE NEW AMERICA

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

When Henry W. Grady made that great speech, "The Old South and the New," before the New England Society in New York City in 1886, he used as his text: "There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." This speech made Grady at the time a national figure, and it has placed him for all time among America's greatest orators.

And then a few years later Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie caught the attention of thoughtful men in his discussion of the conditions of the New North, which he declared existed just as truly as a New South. Each of these men was able to read with a prophet's eye the true state of affairs in his particular province. Both sections have indeed become new since the war—with greater prosperity, and a broader spirit of patriotism. But to deal justly and worthily with our subject, the New America requires not only a statesman's wisdom and a prophet's eye, but it demands a true patriot's heart.

Why should there be a Northern spirit, or a Southern spirit? Why not a broad-minded patriotic American spirit? If there is both a New South, and a New North, then it must follow that there is a New America—a pulsating, optimistic, progressive America.

And yet we have a few left who speak of the South and the North as if they were two distinct nations separated by "the deep blue sea." We have in the South every kind of industry using the everlastingly fascinating adjective, "Southern" from the saw mill up to the railroad and express companies; and even many of our journals, which ought to be world-wide in their influence, use some such happy title as the

"*Southern Agriculturist*," or "*The Sunny South*"—and display as their watchword, "a Southern magazine for Southern people." We think of our country and speak of it as the South.

Why should we thus be narrow and exclusive in our thought and speech? Are we not all Americans? A difference of climate and conditions must always cause a distinct difference between the North and the South, but it is all the United States. I am first of all a citizen of this great nation, and then of some particular section.

There is a New America; and it is characterized by a broad-spirited patriotism, a development of a self-educating community, a growth of industrial democracy, a new understanding of our popular form of government, and a nation of union and brotherhood. This is the America in which you and I live, the America of which our fathers dreamed but which they never realized, the America that is destined to live and grow until its beneficent influence overspreads every land and is wafted on the restless waves to every isle of the sea.

What is it that marks our country as the New America in its development especially of a broader spirit and higher patriotic ideals?

We place first our growth into a self-educating community.

Education was once regarded as a function of either the family or the church, and to the family and the church it was largely left. Half a century ago there was no efficient school system in the United States; and in the southern part of our country there was no system at all with the exception of North Carolina. Today there is no state, territory, or possession of the United States in which there is not a more or less efficient public-school system. And the American people have established a system which aims to make equal provision for the children of all classes and races, in a settled determi-

nation to give, so far as in them lies, despite no little unintelligent and prejudiced opposition, a fair opportunity for every child, poor or rich, black or white, to make the most he can of himself.

The family is to train the child in obedience to outward law and obedience to the inward laws of justice and truth. The church is to teach man's relation to God, and, incidentally growing out of that, man's relation to his fellow-men. But what are our public schools teaching?

In the first place, the State is teaching every boy and every girl the duty of self-support, and giving them the means for obtaining it. There is no longer such prejudice against industrial education, and we are emphasizing the importance of manual training. And then the boys and girls are being taught to think for themselves; not only in the realm of politics, but also in the realm of religion and of industry. Along with this they are taught to be open-minded, to understand the thoughts and opinions of other men with whom they do not agree. And next, we are learning to understand the great laws of the social order—what they are, how they operate and what ought to be the moral judgment on current questions. This study of moral laws leads to the cherishing of high ideals, and an appreciation of that which is beautiful both in Life and in Art.

This education of all the people in the New America, has given the laboring man a voice in affairs; and now a new democracy, Industrial Democracy, is demanded. But what is industrial democracy? It does not claim that industry will be made free by making the state the owner of the railways, the mines, and the factories. It demands that the men who work on the railways, in the mines, and in the factories shall own the tools and implements of industry; in other words become capitalists. This is not only practical, but it is being practiced today. Some of our wage-earners are becom-

ing capitalists, and electing the managers to direct the enterprises in which they are engaged. We are beginning to see that the common people are already capitalists if their rights are accorded to them, because they are members of a commonwealth which owns wealth in common. The railways have practically agreed that they have no right to change rates until approved by representatives of the people.

It cannot be doubted that our standards of commercial honesty are improving in the New America. Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "Operations which twenty-five years ago men admired as shrewd, they now denounce as dishonest. For operations like those which netted millions of dollars to the operators years ago, men are now serving their time under criminal sentence in the State's prison." Recent legislation and recent court decisions point out to us how we can redistribute the wealth which has been concentrated in too few hands and how we can prevent such concentration in the future. Courts have held that a progressive inheritance tax is constitutional; and so eminent a capitalist as Mr. Andrew Carnegie has commended it as inherently just and wise. We are striving for a state of society in which there will be few or no capitalists who do not have to labor, and few or no laborers who are compelled to remain all their lives without becoming capitalists; a state of society in which no man will live on the fruits of another man's labor, and no man will be denied the fruits of his own labor. That is what we mean by Industrial Democracy.

While on the one hand we are beginning to put into practice an industrial democracy, on the other hand we notice that many states have adopted in their constitutions the qualified suffrage. This shows that, in our New America, we are not allowing sentiment to get the better of our judgment; but that we have obtained a truer conception of democracy. The advocates of universal suffrage claim that ev-

ery member of the community of adult age may take part in this social self-government. Starting with the assertion as an axiom, that every man has a right to govern himself, they deduce the conclusion that every man has the right to take part in the government of others. The conclusion does not follow from the premise. On the contrary, we are coming to see that no man has a right to take part in governing others who has not the intellectual and moral capacity to govern himself. After the Revolutionary War and up until a few years ago too much emphasis was placed on individual rights and not enough on duty. We are beginning to realize that not only "Public office is a public trust," but the suffrage is a sacred duty; a right only as every man has a right to do his duty. That is why the American people do not favor woman suffrage; it would be the grossest injustice for the men to shirk their duty of suffrage and impose it upon the women.

Government is by parties, and in a self-governing community the parties ought to be self-governing. And so we see, to-day, the people are demanding direct primaries. The time when the practically self-constituted committee, and boss, ruled in our nominating conventions is rapidly passing; and the time is coming when not only the people choose between candidates placed before them, but they determine who those candidates shall be. Thus we are making the Republic not only a community of self-governing individuals but a self-governing community; we are curing the evils of the present democracy by a truer and more consistent democracy; we are reconciling liberty and law by making law the instrument of liberty; and we are carrying both liberty and law not only into our government but into all our institutions.

In our New America the spirit of rivalry between the

North and the South is dying out; and in its place comes a national feeling of union and brotherhood. The stars and stripes waving over the public buildings in all sections of our country are beginning to have a new meaning; and a new thrill of true patriotism passes over us as we hear a band of school children singing, "My Country 'tis of Thee," whether it be in the Sunny South, in historic New England, or in the Golden West. The inseparable union for which Webster pleaded, for which Lincoln labored and met a martyr's death, the lack for which Grady apologized—this union of brotherhood has at last been realized. Northern and Southern veterans can meet together now, and exchange reminiscences of the Civil War; Lee and Grant are honored in all sections of the country; and no longer is either one judged partially in any part of the nation.

And with this comes a new feeling of brotherhood. We are interested in the laboring man, the lower classes of people as never before; we want to know how "the other half" live in order that we may help them. Not only are the churches becoming interested in social service, but all classes of people. The cry is for reform in politics; a curbing of the power of corporations; and the class of the "idle rich" is growing smaller. People are seeking a way to serve the common interest. Louis D. Branders, an able corporation lawyer, gives his services to the people free of charge. We are learning the value of the child, and we are seeking to help the youthful criminal. In fact, all human life has a new value. It is placed above property, and even above government; for government itself is only exercised for the betterment of human life. Hence an increasing amount of attention is being given to pure food, and all laws of hygiene.

Thank God, then, that we have lived to see our New America, a democracy that is bound together not by armies, or navies, or by policemen; but by the two bonds, truth and

justice; truth which gives us mutual confidence in one another in the actual intercommunication of ideas; and justice which gives us mutual confidence in one another in the actual transactions of life. It is a nation cemented by mutual respect, affection and esteem in which the State is educating the boys and girls to be members of a self-governing community; in which the laborer has a voice in industry and may become a capitalist; in which no man is considered to have the right to take part in governing who has not the intellectual and moral capacity to govern himself; in short a nation, in which life is placed above property and the good of the community above individual rights, all cemented together by a broad-minded spirit of union and brotherhood.

SAM'S GHOS'

BOYTHOM MCMANUS.

It was back in the sixties. The slaves, thinking that their bondage was almost at an end, became well nigh uncontrollable. They took liberties to which they were not accustomed, and, in some parts, actually overran the white people. Pa was gone to the war, and consequently it fell to me and my younger brother, Paul, to attend to the farm. Sam, one of our slaves, got exceedingly bad. He frequently went to dances, and those nights when he was not dancing he was off to see his girl, who was a slave belonging to our neighbor about two miles away. It had to be stopped and there was no one to do it but Paul and myself. We could not afford to reprimand Sam openly, so when I got a chance, I asked him:

"Sam, do you believe in ghosts?"

"No, sir, boss," he replied. "Dunno what a ghos' is."

"A ghost," I told him, "is a person that comes back after he dies and haunts bad people. Their eyes shine like balls of fire, and you can see their teeth just as if they had fire in their mouths. They stay mostly around graveyards."

"Do dey hurt anybody?" he asked.

"Yes, sometimes. I remember a man that didn't believe in them, and one night when he was passing the graveyard a ghost hit him and killed him, and you couldn't see a sign on him anywhere."

"Dat am r'al strange, boss. Hain't you neber see'd one?"

"No Sam. I don't go about at night."

"Well, boss, I'se passed de graveya'd up de road some o' de da'kes' nights 'at ever wus, an' I hain't neber seen nothin' like dat yit. Yes, I did, one night, see a light way ober in

de middle o' de place. I'se gwine to see Sally Jane to-night an' den I'se a gwine to stay at home."

That was exactly what I wanted to hear. I hoed out to the end of the row and went to the house. I found a large gourd, cut great eyes and a gaping mouth in it, and drilled a hole through the end of the neck. Then, I collected two staples, a wire clothes line, a cannon cracker, a hammer, and a candle.

About sundown I saw Sam walking up the road headed for Sally Jane's. Soon after dark, Paul and I set out, I carrying the articles aforementioned, and Paul leading the old horse, saddled. The graveyard lay a quarter of a mile from our house. When the road left the clearing, it curved sharply and further into the woods it ran straight by the graveyard for two hundred yards. Giant pines stood close by the road.

To one of these, which stood at the upper end of the graveyard, I drove a staple about five feet six inches from the ground, and after having put on the gourd, attached the wire securely. About a hundred and seventy yards towards the other end of the graveyard, I drove a staple into another tree, drew the wire taut and fastened it. Then, I set the candle in the gourd. With a short piece of wire I suspended the cannon cracker so that when the candle was lighted and the gourd was pushed, the cracker, also, would become lighted. I calculated that I could go perhaps a hundred yards before it exploded. Next, I cut a long stick and fastened it to the gourd so that I could push it from behind. I tried it and it worked perfectly. The cannon cracker had the appearance of a fiery tongue protruding from the mouth. Pushed along the wire, the gourd made a frightful, hissing sound.

About midnight I heard Sam singing in a loud tone of voice. Evidently Sally had talked to suit him. He was feeling fine. I stationed Paul on the horse behind the lower

tree and told him to keep just as nearly up with Sam as he could whenever the cracker fired. Then, I lighted the candle, and, standing behind the tree awaited Sam's coming.

I had not long to wait. As he neared the graveyard he grew silent. The moon was shining very dimly. When he passed the tree I grunted. He looked back, saw the fiery object, reached for his hat and left. I started almost at the same time. At the end of the hundred yards he was scarcely ten feet ahead of me. The cracker exploded sending the gourd into a hundred pieces. Sam jumped, gave a yell, and well—Paul dug his heels into the horse's flanks and disappeared down the road.

The conclusion I relate from Paul.

At the crook of the road, Sam ran twenty-five feet into the cotton patch before he could turn. From there on it was a tight race. When he reached the house he gained the porch at a bound and fell up against the door.

REVERIE

D. S. KENNEDY.

'Tis the trysting nook
By the time-old brook
That steals away;

Where the sunlight gleams
As I dream new dreams
This summer day.

And my soul mounts far
O'er the steep clouds' bar
And roams aloft,

For the songs of birds
And my Love's low words
Are music soft.

THE QUARTER-BACK PEDAGOGUE

ROY A. MARSH.

"I'm afraid you would have trouble in managing that school," said the professor who was in charge of the Department of Education in Balkwash College. "Every one who has been there for the last three years has failed completely."

"I don't know, but I believe I could manage any school in the State," replied Joe Shannon, who was applying for a position as teacher.

Now Joe had been quarter-back on the football team of Balkwash College for four years, and he had played "star" ball from the very beginning. All the players had confidence in him, and he never failed to put out a winning team. But his school days were now over and he was ready to begin life in the world, as a pedagogue.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," continued the professor, "that is a terrible place. I sent a man there two years ago who I thought could manage any school, but they had run him off in less than a month. There is a crowd of bullies in the school who practically run it as they please, and their parents will not coöperate with the teacher in controlling the school. They say that they hire the teacher to run the school, and if he can't run it without help from them he can get out. They usually get out in a hurry, too."

"I don't care, I'll take it if you will recommend me," said the ball player, as his jaw squared itself in its old characteristic way. "I'll manage the school or burst the whole thing all to pieces. They pay well and I need the money, and I don't mind the rest. So if you say so we'll call it a deal."

The school in the Black Jack district of North Carolina was one of the largest country schools in the State. It was

fifteen miles to the nearest town, and practically all the patrons were cotton farmers.

On this particular year the school opened in its usual way. On the first morning the old school-house was crammed and packed. All grades were there, from the youngest beginners to the big, husky bullies and grown girls, and the usual curiosity was shown in the new teacher. The principal's address in the opening exercises was very brief and to the point.

"Boys and girls, I feel confident that we are beginning the best year in the history of this school. I want each one of you to feel that you are responsible for the success of this school. It is yours, and it will be just what you make it. I also want you to consider me as your friend and not as one who is working against you. I am here to serve you and to work for your interests."

A grunt from the back of the room and a wave of snickering interrupted the speaker for just a moment, but he continued as if nothing had happened.

"The only rule that we are going to make this morning is for each one to do what he thinks is right, and when he does what is not right he will be punished according to the offense."

Thus Joe Shannon, the quarter-back, ended his speech. He was applying one of the great lessons he had learned from foot-ball—that a given rule could not be applied to all individuals and to all circumstances. Besides, he did not wish to make a great many rules which he knew the "bullies" would be more than delighted to break at the very first opportunity. He wanted to put off as long as possible the conflict which he knew must come with them sooner or later.

Things moved along pretty well for the first week, and there was no serious trouble with any of the pupils, but Joe could tell that there was an undercurrent of ill feeling and

rebellion among the larger boys. He realized that his control over them was only temporary, and he knew full well that in a very short time his strength would be tested and tested to the very limit. During school hours these half-dozen bullies obeyed him reluctantly, and at recesses they could be seen moping around together and talking in low tones. The younger pupils seemed to know that "something was up," and kept an eye on their "heroes."

The climax came on the ninth day after the opening of school. Joe was teaching the advanced Algebra lesson. In the class was Jim Slaiter, the largest man in school and the leader of the bunch of bullies. He stood six feet two and was a regular giant.

"Jim, will you please put the twenty-third example on the board for us?" asked the professor.

"No," was the only reply, as Jim gave the teacher a terrible look from under his shaggy brows.

All eyes in the room were watching in eager expectancy as Joe continued.

"Will you explain, Jim, why you won't work that example?"

"Just because I don't want to," was the gruff answer. "I don't have to work examples for anybody."

Every one was expecting the teacher to "jump on" Jim for this insult, and consequently get a licking, but Joe had too much judgment for that. He knew that Jim was larger and stronger than he, besides having the help of his friends, and it meant defeat to all his plans and hopes if he tackled the big fellow at that time.

"You may remain in after school and I will see you in regard to this matter," said Joe in a calm and steady voice.

"Ye can see me right now if ye want to," growled Jim, half rising from his seat.

Joe gave no more attention to Jim, but continued with his class as if nothing had disturbed him.

Throughout the remainder of that day very little work was accomplished in school. Jim and his crowd "cut" the rest of their classes and did not come into the school-room at all until late in the afternoon. The other pupils paid no attention to the lessons. All were watching the teacher, some with a pitying look, others with a sneering smile on their faces. Every one knew that the fire was smouldering and that it would break out in full force when the teacher and Jim met after school.

Through it all Joe maintained a perfectly calm outward appearance, and acted as if nothing at all unusual was going to happen. If the pupils had observed closely, however, they would have seen that the teacher's jaw was set very "square," and that there was a determined glint in his eyes.

A few minutes before time for school to "turn out," Joe called all the larger pupils into his room and gave them a great surprise by the following announcement:

"I understand that you all know something about playing football, and I want us to get up a team here. We'll meet on the grounds immediately after school is dismissed, and have the first practice game. I have an old football and can play a little myself. We want everybody in school to be out there to see the game."

"Whoo-pee!" shouted one of Jim's bullies as they rushed from the room to go to the ball grounds. "We'll git old stuck-up now!"

Jim either forgot or ignored the fact that the teacher had asked to see him after school, and made directly for the ball-ground. Useless to say that every pupil in school, from the youngest to the oldest, went out to see their hero "lick" the teacher, which they felt sure he would do.

In a few minutes Joe came trotting out in his old uniform and carrying in the crook of his arm his beloved football.

"Somebody choose up," said Joe to the wondering crowd of boys.

Two of the fellows tossed up a stick and put hand over hand to see which would get first choice.

"I'll take Jim Slaiter," eagerly shouted the first.

"I'll take the teacher," said the second.

Thus the choosing continued and as he had expected and hoped Joe found himself pitted against his rebellious pupil. Jim played in the line, and so Joe decided to play there, too, instead of his old position as quarter-back. He knew enough about the game to play anywhere. In fact he had played as tackle during part of his first year in college.

The game was called. The teacher and Jim were facing each other in the line. Everybody was wild with excitement. Some of the fellows were shouting for Jim to "put it over him."

For the first half of the game nothing unusual happened. Jim and the teacher were playing rather roughly, but they seemed about equally matched.

During the ten minutes rest between halves, Jim's friends gathered around him, and began to guy him about letting the little teacher run over him.

"If you can't do nothin' for him, let me have him," said one of the fellows, "I can fix him in ten minutes so that he'll be crying for his mammy."

"Just you wait," threatened Jim who was now thoroughly aroused and boiling over with rage. "I'll git him in five minutes, or you can have my old hat. Just wait 'till I git one more chance at him and I'll knock every bit of that sweet face off for him."

The second half started with a vim. At the very first "down," Jim's big fist met the teacher squarely on the nose and brought the blood in spurts. This brought shouts and laughter from the crowd. Without a word, Joe took his place in the line for the next "down." This time he gave a quick, low, spring towards Jim's knees and sent him

sprawling several feet away. Jim came back with fire in his eyes, determined that the teacher would not get under him again. But Joe knew all the tricks of the game, and he proceeded to work them. This time he buried Jim's head in the ground, and when the poor fellow came up bleeding and dirty, Joe knocked the breath out of him by a mighty punch with his head.

Joe did these things in such a way that it seemed perfectly fair to those who were looking on from the outside in breathless and unbelieving wonder. They could not understand how the "little teacher" could manage so big and husky a fellow as Jim.

The game continued. Joe decided that it was time to end the thing, so he "signaled" for the ball next time, and allowed Jim to tackle him. He mustered up all the strength he had, and when the desperate Jim tackled him he fell with all his might across the ribs on the right side of the unfortunate fellow, at the same time butting him on the head with the small end of the football. When the teacher got up Jim was unconscious, and it was found that three of his ribs were broken.

Joe immediately went to work and saw to it that Jim was properly cared for. He ordered the bullies who had gathered around, to carry Jim home, and they did it without a murmur. Joe visited the sick boy every day in the two weeks it took him to get over his injuries, and a close feeling of friendship and comradeship was developed between them.

It is useless to add that the quarter-back pedagogue had no more trouble in managing his school, but led by Jim Slaiter, every pupil was eager to do whatever would please the teacher, and they really did have the best year in the history of the school.

TOM TALOWEEN

MERTON S. HORRELL.

It was the gray dawn of a cold November morning.

Taloween stepped to the door and knocked roughly, as he shifted his gun and exhaled large volumes of vapor from his nostrils.

The little preacher thrust his head around the half-open door.

"Good morning. Is that you, Mr. Taloween?"

"Mr. Casey, I'd like to speak to you," Taloween replied, ignoring the preacher's question.

"Come in. I'm in my night clothes."

"Somebody told me that you said that I was the meanest man in the world," Taloween said. "I just come over to see about it."

"My dear man," the preacher said in a shivering voice, "I know nothing of it."

"Last night when you was comin' home from prayermeetin'. I'll give you to know 'at I ain't no object o' conversation', especially by a little ol' light'ood knot of a preacher. If you said it, own up and take yo' medicine like a man." Taloween stood, fingering the hammer of his gun, awaiting an answer.

"I did not say it," the minister answered, his teeth chattering between the words. "I said that as long as a person stayed on the good side of you, you were the best man in the world; but when he got on the bad side of you, you were the meanest man in the world. Won't you come in? I'm getting cold."

Taloween turned, strode out through the gate, and down the road without a word. Somebody had lied. He would

have it out with him. Ike Hammonds was the man who had told him about it, and Ike was with the preacher at the time. It must have come directly. Somehow he had confidence in the preacher; then, evidently, Ike was the liar. It was a groveling trick, an attempt to get him into trouble with the preacher.

Such were the thoughts of the Croatan as he walked the distance between the preacher's house and that of Ike Hammond's. His half-breed blood boiled.

The sun was just rising when he reached the house. Ike had finished feeding his horse, and was coming to the house. Taloween leaned against the gate-post, propped his foot underneath him, and laid his gun across his knee as if to bar the entrance.

"Ike," he hissed, as the latter approached, "you're the damndest, low-downest, lyin'est rascal in this county, if you say 'at 'at preacher said what you told me last night. He didn't say it. Tomorrow's Thanksgivin', and if you don't tell me 'zactly what he said, you'll be prayin' fer a drap o' water instead o' givin' thanks to-morrow."

Ike repeated the statement more clearly as the minister had said it and remarked: "I didn't mean no harm. I jest thought I'd have a little fun. I didn't think you'd go tell it, anyhow."

"Po'r fun. Now, Mr. Casey, I reckon, is mad 'ith me about it. And it's all caused by a little 'o your foolishness. I'll have the devil of a time gittin' straight 'ith him. Anyways, I'm jest as much your friend as I ever was, 'cept hereafter I'll give you the credit o' changin' things, a little more'n I did before. Good day."

When Taloween reached the road he hesitated. If he followed the road, he would walk twice the distance through the woods. And his turkey traps—he could visit them through the woods. He hesitated no longer.

This was his first experience at catching turkeys. His traps had been setting for two weeks in order that he might be sure of getting one by Thanksgiving, but luck seemed against him. He had caught nothing yet.

He had now reached the first trap. It was empty. The second was just as great a disappointment. He had a mind not to go the other one at all; but on second thought he went. As he came in sight, he saw a feathered object walking nervously around inside the pen. It was a turkey! Here, at the last chance, he had obtained the object of one of his long-felt desires. He was satisfied.

Having removed the turkey, he walked in triumph to the house where his wife greeted him.

"Lord, Tom, have you done got us a turkey? Where did you buy him?"

"I caught him in my trap."

"Well' he's a whopper!"

It was, indeed, a fine one, a gobbler, and, judging from his size, weighing about twenty pounds.

Taloween placed him in the coop, taking especial precaution to add another rock to the top. Then he ate breakfast.

About dusk Taloween removed the rocks, raised the turkey into his arms, and set out down the road. On all occasions he seemed in haste on account of his long strides. Tonight he hit the path in a long, buzzard lope.

Soon he stopped at the minister's door and knocked timidly. All his wrath was gone. An air of humility rested over him.

The minister came to the door. It was growing dark and he could not see who it was standing there.

"Mr. Casey," Taloween began.

"Is that you, Taloween? Come in."

"I thought, maybe, you didn't have nary turkey fer tomorrow, so I brung you one."

PRO ARBITRATIONE

Y. CHANG.

Some centuries ago, or less,
A pair of Balkan nations
Run short of coal and things to burn—
Run short of general rations.
A stretch of kintry laid between,
All full of things and cattle
And lots of people prosperin';
For this they went to battle.

Three hundred thousand fightin' men
Left to-be-widders cryin',
And cannon guns or somethin' else
Left soldiers kilt and dyin'.
When they had kilt each other out
That kintry took their widders
And made 'em slaves or sold 'em off,
Off to the highest bidders.

Sum three-score years ago or less
Anuther pair of nations
Went covetin' a piece of ground
Long-side their reservations.
They sent three men apiece to cuss
An' discuss needs in general;
An' one gang took the clover fields,
An' one the hills and mineral.

Sumhow, I like the latter plan
Of six men on two benches,
Instid of widder's howlin' roun'
'Bout dead men in the trenches.

SHORTY'S EASY

"S."

Shorty threw down the saw and leaned against the uncut stick of wood on the horse. He looked at the neatly stacked green pine—eight cords of it, at the discouraging result of his labors, then he wiped his brow on his shirt sleeve. It was hot work and slow, certainly. He turned toward the dilapidated wood-house. The atmosphere within was cool, with a touch of dampness. His coat was hanging from a peg. He drew from one of the pockets a short necked bottle and held it up to the sunlight streaming through the door. Over half a pint of the fiery liquid yet remained. He turned it up to his lips, gulped twice, and smacked with evident satisfaction. It was entirely too hot for work. Shorty threw his coat over his shoulder and walked out.

Just then an old lady came down the steps. She was tall and angular, with a long nose and thin, bloodless lips.

"Hold on there," she said. "I'm not in the habit of paying tramps and feeding them, too, but if you'll finish that first half-cord I'll get you some dinner."

"Thankee, mum," Shorty mumbled.

For a time he hesitated. No dinner, no supper on the preceding day, no breakfast, no dinner today. His total sustenance for two days had been one pint of corn whiskey, and that he had swiped from a drunken negro man. Now came his disgrace. There must have been some mistake. The sign on the gate-post read "easy." He tried the game and it resulted in an agreement to saw a cord of wood for fifty cents. A gnawing sensation in his stomach demanded food. He threw his coat on the peg again and started to work desperately. Three more sticks of wood were disposed of, then

came another drink from the bottle. Two more such visits to the wood-house and he threw down the last stick from the first half cord.

The old lady must have been watching, for she came down the steps and gave him a package neatly tied.

"I hope this will do you good."

Shorty took off his hat and bowed profusely.

"Thankee, mum," he said in his best manner.

The old lady went back in the house. Across the field a locomotive puffed heavily up the grade. Shorty reached for his coat, steadied the bottle in his pocket, and started out for the train on a run. He threw himself against the side of a coal car and climbed up. Then he stretched himself out on a pile of pig iron. He weighed the package with his hand, while his eyes smiled and his lips worked hungrily.

Shorty tore the package open greedily. On the very top was a large biscuit. A variety of articles followed. He took them out one by one—a cake of soap, a copy of the Gospel of St. John, a high standing collar, a ready-tied cravat, and a cracked mirror. He held that before his face.

"You—"

But a mass of bread crumbs choked the rest.

“OLD BULL AND HIS CREW”

L. L. C.

Bob Stallings shoved the bolt of calico up on the shelf, and as he turned, he bent forward a little and peered intently up the road.

“What else, Miss Pauline?” he asked.

“That’s all, I reckon,” she replied in a low, sweet voice.

And then she looked out at the door to see what continued to attract Stallings’ attention.

“O, I see,” he drawled; “it’s Old Bull and his crew. I couldn’t make out at first what mob that was.”

Rounding the bend above the store could be seen a group of four young men on horseback.

“That’s a fast set,” Stallings continued in a subdued tone, listening to the boisterous merriment that came down the road. “And Old Bull is the life of it.”

“Where did that fellow Bullock come from?” asked Pauline.

“He has been in the army ten years,” replied the jovial country merchant. “At least he claims it. And he looks like it. He says he was raised in Virginia. He came into this hollow three months ago. He stays, you know, at old man Bart Jones’s. He is believed,” Stallings went on with a far-away look, “to have had something to do with the trouble out at Jane Moffet’s.”

Pauline Granade turned pale. She was the only customer in the backwoods store at the time. Stallings noticed her uneasiness.

“I must go, Mr. Bob,” she said, timidly. “Couldn’t I go out this way?” she asked, as she turned toward the back door.

"O, yes," he replied, "but they ain't going to hurt you."

The half-lighted store was soon filled with tobacco smoke, boisterous laughing and talking. It was "Old Bull and his crew."

"Stallings, let's have some forty-fours," gruffly demanded Bullock. "We're going to shoot up something tonight."

"What's up now?" asked Stallings.

"Nothing," bellowed Bullock. "Everything dead. We just get these to make music with." And he showed a mean grin.

As Pauline hesitated at the back of the store, impelled by something more than curiosity she overheard part of the conversation; and she caught a glimpse of Bullock. Strange to say, something about this ruffian attracted the timid girl.

Pauline, unobserved, made her way around the store, and was soon out of sight down the road. Her home was on the further side of the Hollow. She tripped nimbly along; and as she glanced towards the sinking sun, she mumbled:

"I must hurry. I'll leave these things at home, and go right on to Aunt Jane's."

Just then she heard the sound of galloping horses and loud talking across Walnut creek. She slipped behind some thick undergrowth, and waited impatiently. Soon "Old Bull and his crew" came galloping by. As they came opposite, she heard one say:

"That's all right. Old Lady Jane's—"

That is all she could catch, except violent oaths. Something was wrong. Pauline's heart was in her throat. She could barely gather up enough courage to proceed.

When Pauline reached home, her mother asked:

"You are not going right off to Aunt Jane's? You look worried. Are you sick?"

"I am tired; I walked fast," Pauline replied, with an ef-

fort to appear natural. Strange to say, she did not mention what she had overheard on the road.

Pauline was soon making her way along a narrow foot-path in the most secluded part of the Hollow. As she came out of the pines into the little clearing in which nestled a neatly kept cabin, she said to herself:

"I do hope them folks won't try to break in while I'm at Aunt Jane's."

Jane Moffet, the aged lady who lived alone in the cabin, was in the front door when Pauline came into view.

"Well, honey, I'm so glad to see you. Come right in. I was out seein' that everything was ready for the night. How are all your folks? Did you get tired walkin'?"

"Why, no; I didn't get tired," Pauline replied, as Aunt Jane turned into the house. "You know one mile ain't no walk for me. I'm used to it."

The two now entered the cabin. Pauline noticed that Aunt Jane shut and barred the door, and placed an axe beside it.

"You don't think them men will come to-night, Aunt Jane?" she asked in an anxious tone.

"There ain't no tellin', child," she replied, as she made the door more secure; "but I ain't scared. They won't hurt us, if they do come."

Aunt Jane set about baking potatoes. For a moment she stopped talking to rake a potato from the ashes; and Pauline asked:

"Why did you ever leave your home and come way down here by yourself? Your home is somewhere in Virginia."

Aunt Jane carefully placed a potato deeper into the coals; and then looked up into the young woman's face, studying it thoughtfully.

"Honey, I have been in Peachtree Hollow twenty-five years," she spoke in a serious tone, "but not a soul in North

Carolina knows why I'm here. Some think I've got money. I don't know why. I never told them so."

Aunt Jane, with a sad smile, then turned the conversation on something else. Pauline was not encouraged to take up that topic again.

The oak logs had become a great bed of glowing embers. Pauline was drowsy. All at once she straightened up:

"Seems to me I hear somebody walkin' out in the yard!"

"I do hear something," replied Aunt Jane in a whisper.

They listened breathlessly. They could detect what seemed to be several men talking in subdued tones. Aunt Jane went to a crack beside a window and peeped out. She saw indistinctly the forms of four men. A ladder was leaned against the cabin and one disappeared up it. Pauline felt her heart sink within her, as there came a sound as if some one was making an opening through the roof. Aunt Jane hastened to get an old musket from the corner. She was trembling now, as she fumbled at the hammer. The knocking continued above. Shingles were ripped off, and they saw a man's hand. Boom! And the old musket went off with a terrific jar. There was a break-neck scramble from the roof onto the ground, and the heavy footfalls of violent running soon died away on the night air. All was still for a second, and then somebody turned over with a groan on the roof.

Aunt Jane jumped as if somebody had suddenly stabbed her to the heart. Pauline almost fainted. But Aunt Jane collected herself instantly. She unbarred the door and seized a light. Quicker than it takes to tell it, she was out of the house. She turned the light so that she could see on the roof.

After the two women had worked for half an hour, the wounded man was helped from the roof and placed on a bed. He was a strong, muscular young fellow but the shot had

taken effect in his side and made a serious wound. Aunt Jane and Pauline waited longingly for daylight. Aunt Jane did not know the wounded robber. Pauline knew him; but she said nothing.

The news of the happening at Jane Moffet's spread rapidly the next morning. Pauline's father came, and made known at once who the wounded man was. He was no other than Anthony Bullock!

Bullock lingered for days between life and death. Aunt Jane nursed him with a mother's care. Pauline continued to come to Aunt Jane's, and she often brought choice fruit and flowers. More than once Aunt Jane, coming into the house unexpectedly, had found Pauline by the bedside with the fan in her hand, she and Bullock talking in a low tone. And always when Pauline was mentioned the sick man would brighten up, as a slight blush passed over his face.

One day, when Bullock had almost completely recovered, Aunt Jane sat down beside his bed.

"Anthony, you never have told me where your home is," she said.

"I will tell you," he said as he rose. "I was born in Virginia, Blackwell County. I have been wild. I changed my name. My real name is George Hallam. But I am different—."

"Who? George Hallam?" she interrupted. "Who was your father?"

"Henry Hallam," he replied.

"Bless your life, honey!" she fairly shouted. "That's my youngest brother, and you are my little nephew who I thought so much of before I was disgraced!"

Early one morning a white covered wagon was seen moving slowly away from a small cabin in the pines. The last reflection of the dying sunset stood out beautifully before the gazing eyes of an aged woman who stood in the door wav-

ing a long farewell to the departing travelers. A sharp bend in the valley, and the wagon was swallowed up by the peaceful hills. Pauline Granade had left for a new country and a new home, and with her Anthony Bullock who was beginning life over again.

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NOVEMBER, 1912.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

The Death of Hazing

It seems from the decided stand which the people of the State are taking against hazing that the "cowardly and cruel practice" is not simply dying out, but has already died suddenly, and words are being said at the funeral. However, all reforms work slowly. In their enthusiasm men go to extremes, and there is generally a reaction to follow. A tragedy usually calls us to our senses. We are glad the patriotic, fair-minded

citizens of the State are determined to stamp out hazing. However, some certain ones may become guilty of being unfair and unjust, blinded by their enthusiasm for reform.

But we are glad to say that the hazing reform at Wake Forest has been going on slowly but surely for years, and we do not find it necessary to hang anybody in order to stamp it out "root and branch." Although some thoughtless person unfairly sent a report to a Charlotte paper that one of our men had been injured at the hands of hazers, it is a well known fact that Wake Forest has not seen any real hazers this year. Our men find an outlet for their surplus energy on the football field; and not with masks on lying in wait on the campus at night for some innocent Newish. Our increasing interest in athletics has caused the death of hazing, and a new era has dawned for Wake Forest. We respectfully ask the trustees to take notice.

**The College
Man and
the Bible**

The charge is often made that the American college man is deplorably ignorant of the Bible. And yet, without considering its relation to the Divine, it is pronounced by scholars to be the one great Book of all time. The halo placed around the Bible has caused the "black sheep" to shy clear of its helpful influence. Is it not to be deeply regretted that prejudice should keep such an incomparable masterpiece out of our higher institutions of learning?

But the prejudice against and ignorance of the Bible is rapidly dying out in American colleges. Great credit is due to the aggressive work of the Young Men's Christian Association. At Wake Forest this is especially true. Dr. E. M. Poteat gave a strong and convincing address at our Bible study rally, and more than two hundred men were enrolled to study Bosworth's "Christ in Everyday Life."

We are fortunate in having President W. L. Poteat as normal leader for this course. With the men already enrolled in other courses, we now have over four hundred men on the daily Bible study list. Let us study the "Book of books," for no education is complete without it; and carry into everyday life the ideals of Jesus Christ, for it will make our lives somehow, more and more, consciously right, superior, and happy.

**An Athletic
Entrance Fee**

A movement has been started which promises to put Wake Forest athletics on a solid financial basis. As everybody knows, the greatest drawback to our athletic department is lack of funds. We have good material to select our teams from, and nobody doubts but that we have the best football, baseball and basketball coaching in the State. What we need now is something with which to equip the team. And we need to shape our finances so that we can get good coaches in the years to come. Then there will be no uncertainty as to our ability to put out fairly good teams every year.

We are going to ask the trustees at their first meeting to place a fee of five dollars in the catalogue which will be paid by every man when he enters, and this athletic fee will give him a season ticket for both football and baseball. This will give the student his individual games much cheaper, and he can pay for them better on entrance than at any other time. Besides he will know where his money is going. It is a simple business proposition. The Athletic Association then will know what to depend on; and there will be no more appeals made to the students for athletic subscriptions. Athletics at Wake Forest will be no longer an object of charity, but will be financially independent.

Of course, everybody, including the trustees, believes it

is impossible to have a man's college without athletics. We are not a bunch of tallow-faced anæmics with all animal spirits gone, dwelling in a monastery. The best advertisement a college can have is a clean, successful athletic record. If we agree it is a good thing—and we must—to have athletics, then no wise man would say play the game by halves. In athletics, as well as anything else, "things done by halves are never done right." An athletic entrance fee will enable Wake Forest to play the game fully and win back its place in the State in the front ranks of college athletics.

"What Do
You Say?"

When we are at the Athletic Park watching football practice we often hear a player exclaim: "What do you say?" This indicates that something is to be done, and the question is but a reminder to put somebody on his mettle.

Often the charge is made that boys are encouraged in dishonesty at Wake Forest College, and are taught that it is a commendable accomplishment to be able to hoodwink and deceive the professors. And yet this is a Christian college, and there is an honor system in vogue here. And so the question comes: "What do you say?"

In the first place, we emphatically deny the charge that boys are encouraged in dishonesty at Wake Forest. In all organizations of society there can generally be found at least one person of questionable character. In all colleges there are some students who have practically no honor. Wake Forest is no exception to the rule. But that does not say that the students as a whole are cheaters and liars. We believe that there is as large a majority of honest men here who look at things in a straight-forward, manly way, as in any college in the world.

Although we have faith in the integrity of Wake Forest

men, yet there are some serious evils which need to be faced squarely and stamped out once for all.

A man who "dicks" on a quiz or examination is guilty of a more dastardly and cowardly crime than he who engages in hazing. Why do we say so? Hazing may be playing unfairly with one individual; but when a man cheats he has brought dishonor on the whole student-body and done injury to the good name of the college. We wish to maintain a high standard of scholarship. But when a man gets a diploma dishonestly, all the other diplomas of the college are brought down to the same low level. Ever after when that dishonest person thinks of being a graduate of this college, he must hang his head in shame, if he has any honor about him. Let us play fair. A prize-fighter is not allowed to hit a man below the belt. There is honor even among thieves. If you put confidence in a criminal, he can generally be trusted. Every man at Wake Forest is put on his honor not to cheat during a quiz or examination. Now, if you have any honor, you will do the square thing.

"What do you say?" Let us be men and not cowards. If we must fail on a quiz we will do it honestly and in a manly way. We are not at college to memorize text-books, or to make the "big league" in athletics; but we are here to develop strength of character, ability to apply ourselves, the attributes of a good citizen. If we fail to do this, our four years in college are more than wasted.

Can Wake Forest men be trusted when they are placed on their honor? "What do you say?"

The Bantam Webster gives the following as one of the definitions of a bantam: "A small person who struts like a bantam, or puts on consequential airs." And that is the class of bantams which we have in

mind. The vain-glorious, pompous fowl by the name of bantam has our sincere admiration—it is indeed a lovely bird; and it is game all right. Why, everybody prizes highly the brave little bantam.

But then how about the bantams walking the campus every day who put on "consequential airs"? Would you know one of that tribe, if you saw him at Chapel or in any student gathering? Why, certainly you would know he was there. He dispenses advice free of charge, *summum bonum*, on every question which comes up whether he has ever heard of it or not. What difference does it make just so there is somebody to listen, and an opportunity is given to bring into play a certain magnificent talent? Perhaps it is best that we have such meetings—confined gas sometimes does deplorable damage.

A few dignified gentlemen by the name of Seniors, also, acquire the habits of a bantam; but there are few of this class. Therefore, we will not advise them since the "world" will soon smooth the rough edges.

It is not worth while to mention all the positions of honor and glory which bring with them the temptation to self-conceit and pride. All the college bantams are well-branded; and they know well how to attract attention to themselves. We do not unduly censure such public spirited men. The greatest harm they do is to themselves. Oh, no, society does not suffer much from such. Sometimes they sour on the community and leave a bad taste in the mouth; but it is all soon over. The pity of it is to see a young man of real ability sink into oblivion because of a lack of common sense. Under this class come lop-sided college men. There is the smart fellow who stands among a group of students protesting vigorously against being narrow-minded. He believes in athletics enough to go to a game, but that is all—never plays. The Young Men's Christian Association is an im-

portant college organization—expenses at college are so heavy he just cannot get seventy-five cents for dues! Does he come to college to study? Why, above seventy-five is wasted energy, and boys with brilliant minds die young—good excuse for pure laziness. A strutting bantam like this is the one who boasts of being an all-round college man.

We would not have any man undervalue his own talents and possibilities. We need more men who believe in themselves, and are not afraid to stand firmly for what they believe is right—decision of character. Everybody detests a nerveless weakling. Leadership in college fits us for strong and efficient leadership in after life. But let the man who aspires to leadership pay the price by being an all-round college man, which includes not being afraid of long-continued hard study on text-books. Rather let him relish anything which calls for the testing to the full of his latent powers. This is to be more than a bantam: it carries with it the possibility of becoming a real "cock of the walk."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:—I want to say a word about a phase of college life which has not heretofore been mentioned in *THE STUDENT*. This is mission study. A great deal has been said about athletics, and the all-round college man. I heartily endorse all that has been said in the interest of athletics; because I stand four-square for clean college sports. The athletic spirit in our college is not too high, but the mission study spirit is too low. The interest in mission study should be on a par with the interest in athletics. Every fellow in college can afford to interest himself in mission study because it is essential to an all-round college man.

About two hundred students have enlisted in mission study. This is good, but why can't we make it four hundred? Why cannot every man in college affiliate himself with one of these mission group classes? In doing so there is something to gain but nothing to lose.

Let every one stand by athletics; let no one lie down on mission study.

W. TROY BAUCOM.

* * *

To the Editor:—Taking advantage of your invitation in the last issue of *THE STUDENT*, I should like to emphasize four views of the work of the magazine. These have grown out of my experience on the staff of editors of the past year and are not meant, as you suggest, "to register a kick" or "to show how to run the college."

1. The custom formerly existed that each member of the staff should contribute a monthly editorial signed under his full name. I notice evidence of a tendency to do this in your late issue of *THE STUDENT*, and it seems to me that the custom is worthy of resurrection.

2. You notify the Alumni that you will open a department for them to contribute articles—why not extend this idea to the students and make the editorial department a forum for the discussion of college topics? This will bring the students into closer touch with the magazine and will induce a number of men to express themselves who do not have the time nor the inclination to write an essay on the subject. Every one knows that student problems exist and the publicity given them in the columns of the magazine may result in a remedy.

3. To Wake Forest men who have left the college the Alumni Department assumes the foremost place in the magazine. The graduating classes become scattered, and the members to a certain extent lose sight of each other. It will aid your business manager considerably in securing subscriptions from old students, and will be of interest to old classmates to know what each is doing, if you will have letters from time to time giving a short account by alumni of the work in which they are engaged.

4. Several men who have been teaching in high schools over the State have told me that prospective college students read carefully the magazines from each college. This is especially true of those students who are inclined towards literary studies. *THE STUDENT*, and the college also, could do good advertising by seeing that the high schools receive copies of the magazine monthly.

These ideas are not by any means original; they have been attempted in a half-hearted way before. I merely ask that you consider them again. You have men on your staff this year who can push *THE STUDENT* to the best year in its history, and it is a pleasure to note that you have started off in an energetic way.

D. S. KENNEDY.

Oxford, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

FRANK A. SMETHURST, Editor

Wake Forest can never be behind the times. Consequently, upon the heels of the unfortunate hazing affair at the University of North Carolina, reports were circulated very generally to the effect that there was more hazing at Wake Forest this year than ever before. In fact, one student was in the hospital recovering from very serious injuries received at the hands of the irresponsible Sophomores.

This was good news from the journalistic standpoint. Newspaper men kept the wires hot and their imaginations busy. Dr. Poteat received innumerable letters from anxious parents demanding the protection of their "unlicked cubs." The subject of this notoriety, a modest, unsophisticated Freshman, was at various times dying, dead, and buried, but he submitted (it was said) calmly and without protest to what must have been a most severe sample of the fine art of legitimate hazing, and gave out statements to the effect that while he had not been hazed, he was still living in hopes.

To the disappointed newswriters we express our sincerest regrets that they should have been deprived of such a sensational story, and our thanks for the free advertisement given Wake Forest. To the Freshman we extend our congratulations that he is permitted to remain in our midst longer. For the Sophomores, we have only silence.

* * *

Up to the present time there have been three football games. The first game was a victory for Wake Forest—University College of Medicine 0, Wake Forest 33. The team showed some improvement over that of last year. The second game with the University of South Carolina resulted

in a defeat, 10 to 3. At last with over two hundred of the students looking on and cheering madly the University of North Carolina slipped one over on the Gold and Black to the extent of 9 to 2.

No one has yet lost confidence in the team. The most important game of the season is yet to be played. At Charlotte, Thanksgiving, the big game will be on schedule. No one is talking much but the whole team means business.

* * *

Wake Forest is to have a new addition to the faculty in the person of Dr. Edward S. Ruth, lately an instructor of Anatomy of Bellevue College, New York City. From the University of Kansas he received the M.D. degree. He has practiced in Kansas City and in New York. At the Rockefeller Institute he was engaged in medical research as an associate of Dr. Carroll, the winner of the Nobel prize.

Dr. Ruth has already arrived in Wake Forest with his bride. He will enter upon his duties within the next few days. We trust that his stay with us will be pleasurable to him as it undoubtedly will be to us. He is extended a hearty welcome.

Dr. E. E. Stewart, whose resignation as a member of the faculty left the vacancy which Dr. Ruth will fill, leaves within a short time for New York City, where he will enter again upon the practice of medicine. Dr. Stewart has been with us since 1908. It is with best wishes for a brilliant future that we bid him farewell.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor

Mr. J. D. Carroll is living in Columbia, S. C. He says in a letter to the editor that the Wake Forest Alumni who live in Columbia are trying to organize a South Carolina Club of Wake Forest Alumni.

'12. Rev. S. C. Hilliard is in Lawrenceville, Va. He holds the pastorate of the Baptist church of that town. Since going there he has received several flattering calls to the pastorate of other fields.

Col. H. Montague, one of Wake Forest's sons, is practicing law in Winston-Salem. He is president of the Twin-City Club, and is directing some large building projects for the Club.

Professor M. B. Dry has been at Cary for the past four years. He is principal of the Cary high school. Under his management the school has grown to such proportions that they are contemplating the erection of a \$25,000 school building.

M. A. Huggins, president of the 1912 Senior class, is at Washington, N. C. An article in the *Virginian-Pilot* of October 12th, had the following to say:

"M. A. Huggins, the new principal of the Washington Graded Schools, is perhaps the youngest principal in North Carolina. He was born in 1890 in Marion County, S. C. He entered Wake Forest College in 1908 and graduated from that institution last May, making an average of 95 on the whole course. Mr. Huggins is popular with both the faculty and the student body, and bids fair to make a successful principal of the local school."

Mr. George W. Bagwell of the 1912 class is located in Jacksonville, Fla. He is connected with a large law firm, and is also completing his law course there.

Mr. A. A. Bunn, of Henderson, N. C., is practicing law, and is secretary and treasurer of the Home Building and Loan Association.

H. W. Huntley and D. F. Smith are at Johns Hopkins University doing special work in chemistry.

'10. A. B. Ray has been elected as an assistant in the Department of Chemistry, in Cornell University.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor

Few exchanges have reached our table so far, due, of course, to the fact that the first number is a difficult one to get together. We are not sure, however, that this should be the case, with the magazine in the hands of an enterprising staff of editors. With the understanding that the first should be primarily the editor's number, well supplemented if necessary by some material aid from the faculty, this number should go forth unaccompanied by its usual apologies, the equal of any number of the ensuing year.

But it is not our intention to open our department with a dissertation on the art of criticism. An examination of the critique of a number of our exchanges reveals a hopelessly general disagreement as to the critic's proper mode of procedure, or as to the most delectable way the poor critic may be served. The Gulf States seem to prefer him on half-shell, and as we proceed northward we receive him toasted, fried and finally, Boston-baked.

And now, to eat what's set before us.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is one of the first, and certainly the best exchange to find our table this month. Its contents show no lack of effort—no lack of material from which to select. The first number, "Summer Rain," is a beautiful little piece of verse, just long enough, and quite faithful to the subject. The first story, "John Gaunt," opens in a refreshing way apart from that of the ordinary college writer's story. The plot does not permit itself to be unfolded ahead of the narrator, and so interest grows till we reach the story's fitting climax. We are left feeling that

Gaunt had done his masterpiece of amusement. The story leaves an impression.

"Two Poems of Rejected Love" presents a brief but able appreciation of the respective ways of Tennyson and Browning in reaching "the conviction that life is greater than any single hope of gain, however that hope be cherished." "Tenthredo," a bit of verse, which follows this story supplements this idea, showing the tactful arrangement of material by the editors.

"Sandy" is a Western story very well told, but it belongs to a class so common that, with the theme to start with, the magazine reader can begin at the other end and meet the writer in the middle, without harming the plot or the story. The closing paragraphs answer some mental questions which unexplained would have left a stronger ending to the story.

"The Sobbing Bell" is probably the best all-round story of the issue. The theme is imaginative, and the ability of the reader to anticipate certain stages of the plot merely serves in a story of this kind to heighten interest. The story is well written and possesses color.

There is a conspicuous lack of Alumni or campus notes necessary to give this magazine local coloring so pleasant to the Alumni readers. So far as college life is concerned this issue might have been edited at any other state university.

The *Florida Alligator* comes to us in the form of a weekly paper. This form has some commendable features. The paper and the type are first class, and the pamphlet is fairly agog with college activity. An occasional good story appears to prevent the monotony of locals. Story and verse should occupy a larger place, however. This paper is ably edited.

The *Trinitonian* wends its way from the Texas plains to us with twelve pages of literary contribution and twenty-

five pages of advertisements. No verse occurs in the body of the issue. We think this is decidedly unbalanced—with perhaps a reason for it in this first issue. "Success" is the best contribution in the number, and the writer is to be commended, but this kind of contribution to a college magazine is not generally read. Neither the Alumni nor the "fellows" are often interested in the undergraduate's homilies or didactics. The various departments of the magazine are well filled. The *Trinitonian* is ever a welcome exchange.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Samilarcad*, the *Davidson College Magazine*, the *Carson-Newman Collegian*, the *Red and White*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

WANTED.—An adjustable engagement ring. P—T.



Dr. Stewart (lecturing to the Medical class): "You are not personally concerned about Dr. Wiley's pure food doctrine since dietary hygiene in no way applies to college boarding clubs."



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

A young married woman recently had a novel experience when she engaged her first Chinese cook.

"What is your name?" she asked when the preliminaries were settled.

"My name Hong Long Loo," said the celestial with much gravity.

"And I am Mrs. Harrington Richard Buckingham," said his new employer. "I am afraid I shall never be able to remember your name—it's so long. I shall call you John."

"All right," returned the Chinese with a suspicion of a smile. "Your namee too longee, too. I callee you Charlie."—*Ex.*



TRUSTED HIM.

The druggist was back in the office room. One day last week his clerk at the soda fountain shouted back to him:

"Dr. Powers, shall I trust Student Hipps for a drink?"

"Has he had the drink?" called back the Doctor.

"He has."

"Then trust him."



SHE HADN'T ENOUGH.

A woman entered a photographer's gallery.

"Do you take pictures of children?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much are they, please?"

"Three dollars a dozen," said the proprietor.

"Well," she replied with a sigh, "I shall have to wait and come again. I have only eleven."—*Ladies Home Journal.*



Dr. Brewer (to Chem. I class): "What is oxygen?"

Sledd: "It is a compound of hydrogen and halogen."

THE LAND OF LEMONS.

The juleps nowhere sprout so green,
 As in Virginia;
 The woodhogs nowhere are so lean,
 As in Virginia;
 The mud creeks nowhere have the smell,
 And nowhere else, the truth to tell,
 Is it so hot this side of h——
 As in Virginia.

The bum hotels are all the style,
 In old Virginia,
 Where waiters wait once in a while,
 In old Virginia.
 The trolleys sometimes come along,—
 That's when the current's running strong,
 Or something else has not gone wrong,
 In old Virginia.

Nowhere such storms obscure the sun,
 As in Virginia;
 Nowhere so slow the railroads run,
 As in Virginia.
 And when it comes my time to go,
 Just take me there, because, you know,
 I'll longer live, I'll die so slow,
 Down in Virginia.

Nowhere so well can soil suffice,
 As in Virginia;
 Nowhere ancestors cut such ice,
 As in Virginia.
 And I believe that lazy land,
 Of fleas and niggers, heat and sand,
 Is simply fashioned like a clam,
 In old Virginia.



AN UNEXPECTED CONFESSION.

"Did you steal that fine pair of Rhode Island Reds from my yard?"
 asked irate Professor Sledd of Doc Tom.

"Yes, sah; I did. I tuk um, an' eat um, an' dey done me good."



Newish Collins (handing conductor trunk check with ticket):
 "Here, I've got some baggage on here, too."

Professor Sledd (to English V class): "Gentlemen, there is something in a name. Who would want a sweetheart by the name of Nancy Skaggs?"



Vann: "What did she do when you kissed her?"

W. Conrad: "Encored."

Vann: "Then what?"

Conrad: "I post scripted."



THE ETERNAL IMPULSE.

First Suffragette: "And now, if any one who has heard my speech wishes to ask a question, I shall be happy to answer."

Masculine Voice (from rear of hall): "If you haven't any other company, may I see you home this evening."—*Ex.*



WOODROW'S REPLY TO TAUNTS ABOUT HIS FACE.

As a beauty I am not a star;

There are others more handsome by far.

But my face—I don't mind it,

For I am behind it;

The people in front get the jar.



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POWERS OF MIND AND ORATORY
TO THE SERVICE OF THE
CHILDREN OF
THE STATE
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GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXII

December, 1912

No. 3

SOME EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
OFFICE OF
SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

RALEIGH, November 7, 1912.

EDITOR WAKE FOREST STUDENT,
Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your kind request to contribute an article on educational needs for the special educational number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, I submit the following summary instead of a formal and extended article in the hope of condensing more into a limited space.

Some Educational Needs of the Country Schools of North Carolina

1. A minimum term of six months for every rural public school from the State and county school fund exclusive of local taxation.

In the development of our public school system this is the next prime necessity in order to maintain the proportion and symmetry of the parts of the whole system, to do equal justice to all, and to place within easy reach of all a mastery of at least the elements of learning that constitute the foundation of all education and intelligent citizenship.

In addition to all funds now received for public school

purposes from all sources except local taxation in special school districts, according to estimates based upon the reports of 1912, \$151,696.13 will be required to bring the school term in every district in every county of the State to a minimum of five months or one hundred days, and \$478,620.89 will be required to bring it to six months or one hundred and twenty days. These totals were obtained by calculating the expenditures per day for teachers' salaries and incidental expenses in each county having less than five months term in each school and multiplying the expense for running the schools one day in each county by the number of days necessary to bring the term of every school in that county to five or six months respectively.

If we lengthen the school term to five months in every district we must increase the State and county school fund \$151,696.13. If we lengthen it to six months we must increase the State and county school fund \$478,620.69. According to the report of the State Treasurer, the appropriations from the State Treasury already exceed the revenues. If we increase the expenditures from the State Treasury, therefore, we must also increase the revenues and provide machinery for such increase in the revenues, or we must reduce the expenditures from the State Treasury for other purposes sufficiently to provide the funds needed for a five or six months school term. I do not believe that the expenditures from the State Treasury for other purposes, and especially for other educational purposes, have been extravagant, or that these expenditures could be materially decreased without materially decreasing in efficiency other important and necessary parts of our educational system and other governmental machinery. We can not afford to stop or arrest progress in one important and necessary direction to promote progress in another direction, however important that may be, when, as every good and well informed citizen must be-

lieve, the State is amply able to make reasonable provision for development in all.

The aggregate annual appropriation from the State Treasury is \$420,500.00 for the maintenance of a University, a State Normal and Industrial College, an Agricultural and Mechanical College, three normal schools, and two hundred and fourteen rural high schools for the white race, and an Agricultural and Mechanical College and three normal schools for the colored race. The aggregate annual appropriation for improvements and buildings in all these higher educational institutions was \$120,000.00 in 1911. If every cent of the annual appropriation for the maintenance of these higher educational institutions were withdrawn and appropriated to the elementary public schools it would destroy a most essential part of our educational system, cripple irretrievably the entire system, and would not provide the funds found by careful calculation to be necessary for lengthening the term of the elementary schools to six months. The real friends of the elementary schools will be exceedingly unwise, it seems to me, therefore, to advocate any policy that would inevitably cripple or destroy one important and necessary part of our educational system, even for so good a purpose as to strengthen the elementary schools, which is but another part of the system. The wiser plan is to secure the coöperation of all friends of all parts of our educational system and make a strong, united demand upon the General Assembly for adequate support to all in proportion to the work and needs of each, and to provide the machinery necessary for increasing the revenues sufficiently to provide the additional funds needed for a six months term in every public school.

I beg to suggest the following method for providing annually the additional funds needed for equalizing the school term and bringing it in every school district to six months:

Levy a special State school tax on all property and polls in addition to the twenty-cent school tax levied by each county, not to exceed five cents on the hundred dollars of property, to provide a permanent equalizing State school fund, to be apportioned from the State Treasury by the State Board of Education in such a way as to bring the minimum school term in every school district to six months or as near thereto as the funds make possible. This would be a separate fund raised by separate tax each year for a specific purpose, like the State Pension Tax and Fund. It would constantly increase with the increased wealth of the State from year to year, and would be entirely removed from the biennial scramble for increased appropriations by public institutions of all sorts out of a treasury usually depleted.

A five-cent property tax on \$740,713,962.00, the assessed valuation of all taxable property in 1912, would provide an additional permanent annual fund of \$370,356.98 for lengthening and equalizing the school term to six months. As will be seen, this would almost bring the term to six months the first year, and with the constantly increasing wealth of the State, would unquestionably be sufficient to provide easily for a full six months term in every district in a few years.

Let all the friends of education labor unceasingly, unitedly, uncompromisingly to secure from the next General Assembly the legislation necessary to provide permanently for a minimum term of six months in every rural public school in the State, and to provide also the necessary machinery for raising this permanent fund annually.

Reduction of appropriations for necessary purposes that are now hardly adequate for reasonable maintenance and development, means arrest of progress and retrogression. Increase of appropriations for necessary progress and development in the elementary public schools means increase of revenue, necessitating providing the machinery for such increase

of revenue. It is certain that more can not be taken out of the State Treasury than is put into the State Treasury.

2. Local taxation in counties and special school districts, supplementing the regular State and county school fund, to lengthen the school term and to pay better salaries for better teachers and better schools. Thirteen hundred and fifty school districts are now levying such a tax and raising one million dollars annually for these purposes. Local taxation will provide for longer terms than six months where needed.

3. Proportionate developments of all parts of a complete educational system, affording equality of educational opportunity to all the children of all the people.

If our people are wise and just, they must construct a complete educational system—elementary, secondary, vocational, collegiate—developing it symmetrically, proportionately, and contemporaneously in all its parts according to their ability. This we have been trying to do. If perchance some mistakes have been made in the proportionate development, let us correct the mistakes by increasing where the need is greatest, not by destroying or weakening one necessary part to build up another. The educational task of the future is the proportionate development of all the parts of a complete educational system. The State has already laid the foundations and prepared the frame work of every part of this system. It is able to continue the proportionate development of all its parts.

To put all of the money into the elementary schools, that cover only seven grades of work, and none into the other necessary parts of a complete educational system would be about as wise as to force all the blood of the body into the feet and lower limbs and leave none for the head and other parts of the body. For best results in the growth and development of a complete educational system, as in the growth and development of a man's body, all the parts thereof must

grow and develop proportionately at the same time. The following Scriptural quotation is peculiarly applicable to my conception of a complete and adequate school system:

For the body is not one member, but many.

If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing; if the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him.

And if they were all one member, where were the body?

And now they are many members, yet but one body.

And the eye can not say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

This is the Lord's way of growing men, and the same method is illustrated in all the works of creation. Men are wisest when they follow Divine precept and example. Let us not have a system of education that will be all feet or all head, or with feet disproportionate to the head and body. Either would be as great a monstrosity as a man all feet or all head. Let all the parts be developed proportionately and symmetrically in a complete and effective unit, each helping the other and all helping the whole. The man or men upon whom rests the responsibility of the development of an effective educational system must see things clearly, see them whole, and see them in their proper proportions.

4. Conservative compulsory attendance for at least six months each year between the ages of eight and fourteen to eliminate illiteracy, to guarantee to every child his inherent right to make the most of himself through the development of his faculties by education in spite of the ignorance, indifference, selfishness or thriftlessness of his parent, and to guarantee to every taxpayer the protection that he pays for in his school tax against the ignorance of every child in his

school district, and the dangers to life, liberty, property, and all that men hold dearest and best, that are known to accompany ignorance.

5. Consolidation of inefficient and inadequately equipped one-teacher schools into more efficient and better equipped schools with more teachers, better houses, better qualifications, more thorough and comprehensive instruction, with provision for transportation of students beyond walking distance, making possible a school that shall truly become the intellectual, social, cultural and industrial center of the entire community.

6. More real rural schools instead of more city schools in the country in which country children shall be surrounded during the most impressionable period of their lives with environment and instruction that shall deal more with country things and country life, that shall teach them to be more interested in these, to love them better, and shall prepare them better for the every-day needs of life on the farm.

7. Farm life schools and farm life courses of study in the rural high schools for the preparation of country boys and girls for more profitable farming and more comfortable living on the farm.

8. Sanitary inspection of schoolhouses and school grounds, medical inspection of school children, and simple, practical instruction of all children in the laws of hygiene and health for the formation of healthy habits of living, for the prevention of preventable diseases, and for the preservation and prolongation of life.

9. More efficient supervision of schools by competent superintendents at living salaries employed for their entire time, aided when necessary, especially in the large counties, by assistant superintendents for the primary and intermediate schools.

10. A rural library in every public school.

11. Improvement of schoolhouses and grounds by making them more sanitary, more beautiful, and more home-like.

12. Better qualified and better paid teachers, with such a gradual elevation of the requirements for certification in scholarship, experience and professional training as the increase in salary from the increased school funds and lengthened school terms warrants, until teaching is placed upon the plane of a real profession.

13. Coöperation of all the folks with teachers and school officials in the interest of the schools of all the children of all the people.

J. Y. JOYNER,

Superintendent Public Instruction.

VOICES FROM THE COUNTIES

In the preparation of this number, the Editor sent out circular letters to each of the county superintendents in the State, asking for information as to conditions and needs in his own county.

The number of replies far exceeded the expectations, and we take this means of extending our thanks to the superintendents for their kind aid.

Lack of space forbids that we publish all the letters in full. Realizing this, a careful selection was made of the letters on hand and only those from representative counties are printed here.

The questions submitted to the superintendents and their replies follow:

- What are the conditions in your county?
- Number of schoolhouses, new and old?
- Proportion of white children attending a four-months' term?
- Number of teachers, with average salary?
- Number required for a compulsory six months term?
- Present educational expenditures?
- Funds needed for a six months term?
- Special tax situation. Number of districts of .10, .15, .20, .25, and .30 on the \$100.00?
- Number of districts abolished?
- Source of opposition to the tax?
- Revenue arising from the tax?
- Aid rendered by the Village Improvement Societies during the past year?
- What remedial measure would you suggest to the next Legislature that would be especially beneficial to your county?

Beaufort

While we have done much within the past three years, conditions are still far from satisfactory. There are seventy-three (73) schoolhouses, forty of which are old; thirty-three new. A number of districts are still without desirable, and

in some cases, comfortable houses. While a number of special tax districts with long terms bring the average of the county up to ninety-seven days, yet there are fifty-eight districts out of seventy-five with only eighty days (four months). While the salaries for special tax districts would pull the average salary up, yet the average salary allowed out of the general fund is *only about thirty-two dollars and fifty cents* per month, or one hundred and thirty dollars per term for all teachers. Much has been done in supervision, but little can be accomplished in a four-months term; as teachers are always on the lookout for better places, and so seldom remain in a four-months school more than one session. The fact that some schools have six months or more, and pay higher salaries out of their special funds than the four-months schools pay, causes all the good teachers to seek these long-term schools, thereby leaving the regular term schools last to be filled, and forces them to take such teachers as are left over.

Of the children in the non-tax districts, 43.1 per cent were in attendance last year. Of the children under special tax 48.47 per cent were in attendance. Taking all the county schools (exclusive of city graded schools under special acts), both tax and non-tax, 45.08 per cent were in attendance. But an accurate record of the last ten years shows that the average attendance in this county has never reached as much as 50 per cent of the census in the strictly rural schools, 48 per cent in 1909 being the highest.

The number of white teachers (not including high school teachers) is 79, and the average salary (including special tax funds) \$40.66 per month. The number of colored teachers is 34, and the average salary per month \$24.92 (including special tax). The total number of teachers, white and colored (not including high school teachers) is 113, and the average salary per month (including special tax funds) \$35.90.

According to my best estimate it would require forty more teachers (white) to take care of a six-months compulsory term, thus requiring in all for the county (white) one hundred and fifty teachers; it would require twenty-five more colored teachers for a compulsory term, thus requiring about sixty colored teachers for the county.

Our total expenditures last year for all purposes, including apportionment to county high schools and separately chartered city schools, exclusive of city special tax, but including rural special tax, was \$35,943.78. The amount apportioned to all schools last year, exclusive of high schools, for teachers' salaries, and including apportionment to city schools which must be considered in our calculation for a six-months term, was \$22,500.00. Therefore, the two extra months required for six months in this county at the present rate of salary and without compulsion would require not less than \$12,000 in addition to the present fund, or a fund of \$48,000 to \$50,000. Add to this a sufficient amount for additional teachers required for compulsion at the present rate of salary and we would require \$8,400 for white teachers and \$3,750 for colored teachers; or a total school fund of something like \$60,000. Add to this an average raise in salary of five dollars per month per teacher, and we would require \$66,300, thus nearly doubling the present school fund.

Briefly, the special tax situation is this: There are three city districts, whose special funds do not come into our hands, which levy 45 cents per \$100. There are seventeen rural districts operating under a 30-cent property tax, all of which comes into our hands. The total fund from these seventeen districts last year was \$5,835.48. Few districts have been abolished during the last three years. Opposition to special tax in a large majority of cases comes from non-property owners (who most need the longer term for their families), sometimes from small property owners, but seldom from large

property owners. The School Betterment Associations are wielding a great influence in bringing about improvements of every kind.

The chief need of the school situation in Beaufort County, as I see it, is a longer term (not less than six months), and an average raise in salary of five dollars per month per teacher.

W. T. VAUGHN, *Supt.*

McDowell

The question of local taxation and new buildings has been practically solved in this county. The crying need now in this county and many others throughout the State, especially the western part of the State, is professional teachers. The State ought to provide, at the sitting of the next Legislature, an appropriation for normal training in some of our best county high schools—say five for the first year; the State to make absolutely no investment in the plant, but just to provide the teaching force in five of the best county high schools by increasing the efficiency of them and adding one year of normal training to the course, and possibly to better satisfy the popular demand, to add one year's optional course in agriculture and home-making.

D. F. GILES, *Supt.*

Chatham

The educational conditions of my county are good. Number of schools of both races 118 in county—78 white and 40 colored. Enrollment of white children about 73 per cent of census. Whole number of white teachers, 92. The average salary in the rural districts where there is no local tax is about \$29.50; in local tax districts about \$50.00 per month. The number required for a six-months compulsory term will be not over 95. The total school funds from all sources this year was \$30,251.74. Funds needed for a six-months term, \$6,000. The special tax situation is good except in one district. We have no districts with 10 cents on the \$100.00;

none with 15 cents, one with 20 cents, five with 25 cents, and ten with 30 cents; and one by special act of the Legislature with 40 cents.

Sources of opposition to local taxes are ignorance and selfishness. Revenue arising annually from our local tax districts is about \$6,500. I would recommend to the next Legislature to increase the appropriation to our *elementary* schools, and not appropriate *all* to the higher institutions, as was done by the last Legislature.

R. P. JOHNSON, *Supt.*

Union

The present conditions, educationally, are pretty good. There's been considerable improvement in the last few years.

We have about 84 white schoolhouses and 38 colored. About 80 per cent of the white children attend four months. Nearly all our teachers receive more than the average salary of the State. We'd possibly need 150 or 175 teachers if we had a compulsory law which would compel attendance. We are spending for teaching about \$30,000 per year. We'd possibly need something like \$50,000. We have fifty special tax districts. Prejudice. No districts have been abolished. The revenue arising from the special tax is about \$12,000.

I think our educational interest would be advanced by an increased appropriation for the public schools, and possibly by a compulsory law.

R. N. NISBET, *Supt.*

Bertie

Bertie County has within her borders three State high and graded schools, with 14 teachers. Seven other graded schools with 24 teachers. All of these ten schools have special tax. Two of them are incorporated. We have one special tax pending an election, which we have good reason to believe will carry. Another is getting up an application to submit to County Board in January. If both of these go through,

and we think they will, we would then have twelve special tax districts in the county. Interest is growing among our rural sections for better schools and teachers. Our people, as a whole are much impressed with the education of their children. As evidence of this, a large number of our country farmers are moving their families to our towns and villages, in order to have their children in good graded schools. New and handsome school buildings in the county is a leading thought with our school authorities, and this part of our educational work is moving forward with much interest and satisfaction to our county people. We find that a neat, handsome school building is the most stimulating agency we can put before our people. The value of our school property of the county has improved wonderfully for the past five years. It is now estimated to be not less than \$65,000.

R. W. ASKEW, *Supt.*

Henderson

The present educational conditions in our county are not what we would like to see. There are about twenty-five comparatively new school buildings in the county and about thirty-five old buildings. About forty-four per cent of the children attend school. Eighty-four teachers in the county schools. With a compulsory attendance it would require an hundred teachers. Present educational expenditures about \$20,000. The special tax situation is a little bit off. There are 21 local tax districts in the county. The most of them run 30 and 90 cents. The sources of opposition are many. Those who usually oppose it are men of large families and little or no property. A compulsory attendance law might do good.

W. S. SHITLE, *Supt.*

Craven

The educational outlook in Craven County is encouraging. The period of debate is over and the proposition that educa-

tion for all is to the advantage of all is no longer contested. We experience little difficulty in inducing districts to vote for extension of school term by taxation. Our only hindrance is the occasional objection of parent that he "can not spare his child more than four months." We have in Craven County 17 local tax districts, and long-term schools in each of these. Our average school term is more than five months. Our schools, with only a few exceptions, are taught in modern, well equipped school buildings. A gratifying feature is the distinct advance made in the professional equipment of our teaching force.

The Farm Life School will be shortly opened to the boys and girls of the county under the principalship of a young man of excellent parts—a real farmer with the best training of the best schools. He is a graduate of the A. & M. College and of Cornell. A number of Wake Forest men have rendered faithful service in the schools of our county, and we would gladly receive more of them.

S. M. BRINSON, *Supt.*

Cleveland

We very much desire a six-months school in Cleveland County. We have in the county 72 white schools and 21 negro. We have a rural census of 7,233 (white) children; an enrollment of 5,638 (white); average attendance of 3,999 (white). The average salary of white rural teachers is \$33.80. We have in our county two town graded schools and 16 special tax districts, leaving 54 white districts with only a four-months term. It would take about seven thousand dollars more in my county to run six months. I think it would be a good plan to make both a direct State appropriation and also to raise the county appropriation. There seems to be no opposition to a six-months term.

J. Y. IRVIN, *Supt.*

Lenoir

Our rural schools ran last year five months. The graded schools in the towns of La Grange and Kinston had eight-months terms. During the past three years we have elected six special tax districts in the country and three extended their four-months terms to eight months by private donations. These in a short time will become special tax districts, and others seeing the results of longer terms in these special tax districts will fall in line. JOSEPH KINSEY, *Supt.*

Currituck

The educational conditions of Currituck are promising. The number of schoolhouses, 46; the number of teachers required, 59; the average salary, \$34.47. The present educational expenditures are \$18,380. The number of local tax districts of 30 cents, 29. There are no districts abolished, and there is no opposition to the local tax. The revenue arising from the local tax is \$5,158.23. I would suggest to the coming Legislature, as beneficial to the county, a law on compulsory attendance at school.

J. M. NEWBERN, *Supt.*

Iredell

There are 91 white school districts in Iredell County; about 65 of these districts have new houses, or houses practically new. About 75 per cent of the white children have been enrolled in the schools, and the average daily attendance is about fifty. It takes about 125 teachers to supply these schools. I do not think the number would have to be increased for a six-months school. The entire expenditures for the school term this year were, in round numbers, \$45,000, and an additional \$10,000 would give us a six-months term. There are in Iredell County 29 special tax districts; two of these levy 10 cents on the hundred and 30 cents on the poll, eight levy 15 cents and 45 cents, one 17 cents and 51 cents,

seven 30 cents and 90 cents, one 25 cents and 75 cents, ten twenty cents and 60 cents. I find that there is very little opposition to the special tax except in certain districts where some of the people have some special grudge or difference with the committeemen or other school officials. We have voted five new districts this past year. The Woman's Betterment Association has done much to improve the houses and grounds. A good deal of improvement has also been accomplished through other sources. I think the time is now ripe for a little compulsory attendance law. I do not believe that all the children will ever attend school unless they are forced to do so. I think the next Legislature ought to increase the State levy for school purposes to 25 cents on the hundred dollars. I believe that in the majority of counties this would bring the school term up to six months.

L. O. WHITE, *Supt.*

Graham

The educational conditions in Graham County are not what they ought to be, but the best we can make them under the circumstances. We have no high school in which to prepare our teachers; we have only funds enough to run a four-months term in each district. We have 23 schoolhouses—old and new; some of them are very sorry; one district without a house. Our school census is 1,607; enrollment, 1,081; average, 525. Enrollment is $67\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of census; average attendance, 33 per cent of census, and $48\frac{3}{8}$ per cent of the enrollment. We use 28 teachers, with average salary of \$27.11 per month. Compulsory six-months term would require about 35 teachers, at a cost of about \$5,755 for teachers' salaries alone. Now paid teachers \$3,036.00. Our total gross fund is about \$5,400.00.

This year we have carried two special tax elections—one district each, one school each—one for 15 cents and one for 20

cents on each \$100.00 worth of property—the first in the history of the county.

We need better houses, better roads, better teachers, longer terms, and more funds. Then we need a compulsory school law to enforce collection of taxes in a reasonable time, and the attendance of the children on the schools. If we had the funds we could soon get ready for the compulsory attendance. I do not think the second \$100,000.00 is apportioned as it should be. Some counties that are rich get up in the thousands, while Graham County got last year \$461.11. Then we need some special aid to get one or more high schools in our county. Under present conditions our children do not, and can not, get an equality of opportunity with other children of the State.

T. A. CARPENTER, *Supt.*

Alleghany

Alleghany County has 39 white schools; 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent attend school; 55 white teachers, average salary \$130.00. Amount needed for six-months school, \$15,500.00. We have only two local tax districts voted in the last year. We have abolished two districts this year. We only have two districts with less than thirty pupils. The greatest need of the schools of my county is a longer term.

W. F. JOINES, *Supt.*

Yadkin

We have 62 schoolhouses for the white children. We have 4,726 white children; 4,726 were enrolled last year; the daily average attendance was 2,823. We employed 78 teachers last year, at an average of about \$30.00 per month. To run the schools six months it will require about \$25,000.00. Give us more money and longer school terms.

W. S. WHITE, *Supt.*

Transylvania

We have 2,600 school children in Transylvania County, 2,312 white and 288 colored. We had enrolled in the schools

last year 1,653 white and 78 colored, and an average attendance of 968 white and 56 colored. Only 28 white schools were taught and 1 colored. There are in the county 31 white schools and 2 colored. There are 15 new schoolhouses, white, and 1 colored, and 13 old white and 1 colored. Three districts, white, have no schoolhouses. During the past year there were 43 white teachers employed and 3 colored. The average monthly salary paid white teachers was \$38.10, that of colored teachers \$22.82. Number of teachers which would be required with a compulsory school law in force in the county, 57 white and 6 colored. Total expenditures for all purposes during the past year, \$17,414.96. General county and State funds needed for a six-months term, \$17,430.00. Number special tax districts in the county, 16—eleven 30 cents, three 25 cents, and two 20 cents on the \$100.00. Number of districts abolished, 3. Opposition to local tax: "Do not want to be paying tax for the education of the children and them not in school." Some misers think that "all tax is tyranny." Amount received from local tax last year \$6,050.43. Betterment Associations contributed during the year for different purposes \$322.52.

The next Legislature should provide for a six-months school in all the public schools of the State, exclusive of local taxes. I think it would be well, also, for the Legislature to provide a compulsory school law for the State, requiring all school children between the ages of eight and seventeen years to attend the public schools for at least six months each year, with certain necessary provisions and limitations.

T. C. HENDERSON, *Supt.*

Robeson

Number houses (old and new), 155; number new houses (approximate), 50; old (approximate), 105. Number teachers now: White, 112; colored, 75; Indian, 27—total, 214.

Number teachers required under compulsory attendance (approximately), 264. Average teacher's salary, \$38.50. Total census, 12,596. Total enrollment, 9,179. Disbursements, 1911-12, \$75,366.62, not including city graded schools. We are now averaging nearly a six-months term by aid of the special taxes. Number of special tax districts having a 10-cent levy, 5; 15-cent levy, 6; 20-cent levy, 17; 25-cent levy, 8; 30-cent levy, 19—total, 55. Number consolidated, 2. We hardly ever have any opposition; where there is any it is on account of fear of division of taxes among the races. Special tax for 1911-12, \$27,300.84. Some form of compulsory attendance is needed.

J. R. POOLE, *Supt.*

Johnston

Number of schoolhouses in Johnston, 106. Number of special tax districts, 38. Special tax for 1912, amount, \$23,549.00. County school fund, exclusive of special tax, \$38,000.00. Average attendance, about 50 per cent of census. Rural school libraries, 38. The thing most needed is compulsory school law.

L. T. ROYALL, *Supt.*

Caldwell

Caldwell needs at least \$21,000.00 for a six-months term. For a four-months term we used \$12,000.00, and we need $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent raise in teachers' salaries. As for the remedy for present conditions, we need to have more local tax districts, and \$300,000.00 direct apportionment from the State. The former will come more easily when the Legislature gives the latter. Our legislators get addled by the solicitors for increased funds every year for the higher institutions. We should not love and protect those less, but the common rural schools more.

Y. D. MOORE, *Supt.*

Mitchell

There are 47 white schools in Mitchell County, and 2 colored schools. About thirty of these districts have comforta-

ble schoolhouses, while some few have the rude log houses and a few are without schoolhouses. The equipment of most of our houses is poor and entirely inadequate. The school population of Mitchell County last year was about 3,300, and the enrollment in the public schools was about 85 per cent of the school census. The average salary in this county is about \$31.50. We have in Mitchell County 11 local tax districts. Four of these were voted during the past year. All these districts voted 30 cents on the \$100.00 worth of property. The amount raised by local tax last year was about \$1,200.00. The sessions in the local tax districts were about six and one-half months. There is considerable sentiment in favor of local tax in Mitchell County. But our greatest need is more teachers and better teachers, and also longer terms; but we can not hope to get more and better teachers for the small salaries we are now paying and for the short term of four months. We can not retain first-class teachers in our schools when they can make more in other businesses. So long as the session is only four months and they must follow something else for eight months, they can not afford to qualify themselves for teaching and depend on it for a profession.

D. W. GREENE, *Supt.*

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE SCHOOLS

DR. E. W. SIKES.

The biggest problem in North Carolina and in the United States is the problem of elementary schools. A locality does not realize its national magnitude. Eighteen million pupils is a vast army—nay, more, a vast nation, six times as large as the nation Washington governed in 1789. The teaching corps numbers 520,000, while the expense account reaches \$450,000,000.

The work of elementary education rests upon the State. Of the great army of students 93 per cent are in these schools. In this realm the work of private schools is negligible. The State has assumed this task, and the legislator must realize that it is his duty to see to it that the task is well performed. We often mistake magnitude for efficiency. Size is no measure of quality. China is larger than Japan, but not so great a nation. Greece was smaller than Russia, but Greece has been a greater factor in civilization.

A State may do a great deal absolutely, but little relatively. That is the condition in North Carolina. Compared with other states there is need for a forward advance all along the line. This State is not progressive. Not to go forward is to go backward, relatively. There are men in legislatures who are afraid of new ideas. They quarantine them for many years and draw on rubber boots when a new idea approaches them, lest they receive a shock. This State has not yet aroused itself to its herculean task in education. It is too far behind other States. A State should not judge itself by its past nor by other backward States. Its ideal should be the best, the highest, and the most advanced. Only such ideals lead to great endeavor.

We have talked much of the "four months" school term. Men have lauded that as if it were the great desideratum. When it is attained they rest on their oars. Four months is not the maximum but the minimum. That clause was put there "in the dark days of reconstruction"; that was the minimum when the fields were bare and fences down; when desolation marked the land. The one-armed and one-legged veterans said, "four months at least." Now, their sons have two arms and two legs. They ought to say eight months.

There is no need any longer to argue in favor of education. The place of the public school is safe. That battle has been won in every State in the Union. The battle now is to make them efficient. This will require more money. This means more revenue. As civilization increases taxes will increase. As the State assumes tasks that were once done by individuals it requires more revenue. The "night watchman" theory of the State was abandoned long ago. Education is a social work and must be done by society through its chosen instrument—government.

But the people will stand taxation for education. No party need fear defeat at the polls when charged with the offense of increasing the efficiency of the schools. The great multitude of voters have children to be educated. To make the schools efficient is to give them what they need, what they can see. It comes home to the door.

Legislators are honest and patriotic—despite the public suspicion that connects the names of many with special privileges. But they do not always know what to do. The voice of the public has not yet been heard. The great public of North Carolina has not yet learned how to make its wishes known.

The last session of the General Assembly increased the school's share of the taxes from 18 cents to 20 cents on the \$100. Who has raised a voice against it? Who has had the

temerity to say the Legislature erred? No bill in the entire session has given more general satisfaction, more real joy. Let the Legislature repeal it and a howl of anger would be heard from the mountains to the sea. It was the most effective piece of legislation for the elementary schools enacted in years. It helped every county in the State. The original bill called for 25 cents instead of 20 cents. That bill would have pleased the people also. The revenue from such bills increases proportionately with the increase of property. Direct appropriations look large in the public eye, but they remain stationary. Direct appropriations help to "equalize" the counties, but every penny of the two cents increase remains in the county that pays it.

To make the public elementary schools more efficient the great need is more revenue. The system can not be efficient without trained teachers. These teachers must be paid enough to induce them to make it their profession. Four months occupation—eight months idleness—will never make a professional teacher. The four months elementary school will never command the services of an energetic college man. The four months school is taught and will continue to be taught by young boys and girls. It must continue a side-line or a stepping-stone to other things.

Let every Legislature do something for the public schools. Add to the 20 cents or add to the appropriation. Let the Committee on Education report its bill early in the session, pass it and close the door before the other appropriations are made. Remember that those mostly concerned will send you no friend to persuade you; they are at home by their firesides; they have no special interests. Think of the little boy with his satchel trudging along the frozen roads in January and February. Think of the little girl with smiling face as she trips along—gay as the lark. Think also that these little men and little women will be the grown-up men and women

of tomorrow. Think on these things and then do something for that little schoolhouse which is the nursery of the nation.

A PROPOSAL.

LET THE LEGISLATURE INCREASE THE TAX FOR SCHOOLS FROM TWENTY TO TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. LET EVERY DOLLAR OF THIS REMAIN IN THE DISTRICT FROM WHICH IT IS COLLECTED. LET THE APPROPRIATIONS FROM THE STATE TREASURY PROVIDE FOR INEQUALITIES.

TWO THINGS NEEDFUL IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

G. W. PASCHAL.

Two things are needful in our rural public schools. The first of these is more money; the second is more local interest.

To secure more money there is need of an additional general tax, especially for the schools. To secure this tax we need an amendment to our State constitution.

To secure more local interest there is one certain method and only one, to wit, local control of all public schools.

The urgent need of our rural schools for more money is revealed by this one fact, to wit: the average salary of white teachers in them is only \$159.79. Catch the significance of that fact, \$159.79 a year. What kind of a man or woman can be employed for that sum? The cheapest cook and her board will cost more. Yes, but cooking is a menial employment. True, but there are other employments which are not menial and which are calling for our young men and women ready to enter upon some gainful occupation. And the least salary paid in these other employments is more than double the average paid the rural school teacher. Of course the teacher often has employment during the long vacation months that will supplement an inadequate salary. In the past this condition has been of much advantage to our rural schools. Many good men have left their farm work for a few months in the year and sat at the teacher's desk. But their number is decreasing and there is not any promise of getting trained teachers from men of this kind.

And let us not forget that the teacher is the main thing. Without a good teacher there can be no good school. County

Superintendent, State Superintendent, County Board of Education, may be all that is desired, but the only thing that will make a good school is a good teacher.

To-day a good teacher is the result of a course of special training wherein are gained the necessary scholarship and the necessary training in methods of teaching. This scholarship and knowledge of methods can not come from a few days' work spent in a teachers' institute. It can come only as a result of a training of several years and is best got in a normal school.

Who will be willing to prepare for teaching on the expectancy of an annual salary of \$159.75? We had as well face the fact. If that is all we can offer we can hope only for incompetent teachers.

Will the special tax-district solve the problem? After twelve years we are raising about \$300,000 a year for rural schools by special tax. This has been helpful as far as it goes, but it has raised the average salary only about \$20, and has left uninfluenced the salary of teachers in the ordinary districts.

Shall we then look to appropriations from the State? We now get \$225,000 from the State treasury. This amount could be doubled and quadrupled and still our teachers would not receive a living wage. But there is little hope of getting any increase. Our State treasury has for several years been facing a deficit.

The only way possible, then, to secure more money for our schools is by more tax. To secure this additional tax we must have a constitutional amendment. The amendment should leave the other taxes as they are and restrict the additional tax to school purposes.

The question may arise as to whether our people would vote such a tax. Certainly they would not have done so a few years ago, but I believe that the time has now come when

they will vote the tax and be willing to pay it. At any rate this seems to be the only way to secure better schools and competent teachers.

Let us try to see what this special tax would do in the way of improving the rural school. Suppose the rate of taxation in the several districts was on the average 20 cents for each \$100 of valuation. This would more than double the amount of money available for paying teachers' salaries in the rural districts, except of course in those districts that already have a special tax. They would remain practically as they are now. Certainly the end in view should inspire all friends of schools to earnest efforts to secure such amendment.

But there is something else needed besides more money, and that is more interest. I believe the one way to secure more interest is to give local control.

First of all, the people of every district should elect their own committee. This committee should as at present have at its disposal every cent of money raised by special taxation, and in addition every cent of its *pro rata* part of the school fund raised by the county, and conformably to the laws of the State should employ properly certified teachers and provide schools. And in all this the committee should be absolutely untrammelled so long as it keeps within the law. Of course the State would give assistance only when the school committee had complied with certain regulations and would reserve the right to coerce recalcitrant school committees.

This in brief is the Massachusetts plan and has given that State perhaps the best system of public schools in the world. It is really the people of each district running their own schools.

With this Massachusetts plan of local control compare the method employed in North Carolina. All school officers except the State Superintendent of Public Instruction are appointed. The members of the county school boards are ap-

pointed by the Legislature, usually upon the indirect recommendation of the County Superintendent. The School Board in turn elects a County Superintendent. And it is this Board and Superintendent that have full control of every school in every district. They select the committeemen, prescribe the manner of conducting schools, determine how many teachers a district may have and how much they may be paid, and are empowered to take the money of any township and spend it in another township or district, and nothing can be said so long as the school terms in the various school districts of the county are the same length. (See the pamphlet, *The Public School Law of North Carolina*, especially pages 41-43.)

Let us see how this system actually works. I will consider it from the point of view of my own district. We pay our tax, 20 cents on the \$100 valuation, on nearly a million dollars worth of property, which, together with the polls, yields a revenue of nearly or quite \$2,000. We pay the tax but have not the least voice in determining how it shall be spent. We do not elect our school committee. It is appointed for us. It employs teachers, but only in accord with the suggestions of the County Board of Education. The result is that right here in this district, which pays \$2,000 into the educational fund of the county, we get back for our teachers less than \$800, that is less than 40 cents on every dollar we pay out. Our children are unprovided with school facilities—we have 802 in this district. A few go to the poor schools provided by the Board of Education, but for several years great numbers of our people have been sending their children to private teachers. More than \$100 a month is right now being paid out privately for tuition at Wake Forest. Let no one wonder, then, that we have right here in our distret many who though in general they favor schools, yet are bitterly opposed to paying taxes to be expended by county boards of educa-

tion; and for much the same reason we have others who are blindly opposed to all free schools.

Suppose all this changed. Suppose that our district should elect its own school committee. I think that we would get good men, very likely the same men who are now on the committee. Suppose we should put into their hands the \$2,000 we pay as school tax, and tell them to provide schools. From their local point of vantage they would at once try to see what the patronage of each school would likely be with proper teachers and would get the very best that the money would secure. Then we might expect our children to be gathered into the schools and the committee supported with good-will and enthusiasm. If more money were needed our people would cheerfully pay it, and there would not be found an enemy of public education in our district.

I see all the objections that may be raised. I know that there are weak districts that need help. They can be helped under the system of local control. But they ought not to be helped out of money definitely raised for schools in my district. There are other funds at the disposal of our schools besides those raised by general taxation, such as money paid in fines and special appropriations. If these prove insufficient let some other means be devised of helping the weaker districts, but do not take from Peter to pay Paul.

But how about superintendence? Yes, we shall need some officer like our county superintendent to examine teachers and perhaps to advise the school committees in the scattered districts. A superintendent is a valuable officer when he can be on the spot, and can visit the schools daily, and exercise personal oversight of the schools which he superintends. A county superintendent can not do a work of this kind. The best he can do is to visit the schools one or two days in the school year. Then his work is of the nature of inspection rather than superintendence. The fact is that our rural

schools are too poor to have superintendents in the real sense of the term. We must get the best teachers we can and entrust the schools to them and to the school committees and communities.

Schools under local control and supported by a local tax—this is what has made the Massachusetts schools the best in the country. This is true democracy. But how far from being democratic is the system that prevails in North Carolina! It may have been useful in the past, but it has served its day. What our people now want is control of their own schools. Give them this and there will be seen an educational revival in North Carolina such as was never dreamed of. Money, interest, enthusiasm, all will abound.

I hope that Dr. Joyner, our State Superintendent, may be the apostle of the new movement that will bring our schools sufficient revenue on the one hand, and on the other will put them right into the hands of the people. Then, at the end of another decade he can publish another "Decade of Educational Progress" that will be wonderful in our eyes. By that time our bright young men and women will be filling those normal schools which Dr. Joyner is so zealously founding and improving, and our rural schools will be able to get what they so much need—good teachers. And they will be able to pay for them.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SALVATION

PROF. J. H. HIGHSMITH.

The millennium has not dawned in North Carolina education. We have made great progress, especially in the last ten years, and we are nearer salvation than when we first believed in universal education, but our redemption is not yet at hand; our salvation remains to be wrought out, it may be, with fear and trembling.

The educational salvation of North Carolina lies, in my opinion, in three directions: first, teachers; second, money; third, a compulsory attendance law.

1. *Teachers.* The teacher is the soul of the educative process. Not only "as is the teacher so is the school," but as is the teacher so is our whole educational system. All reform that is genuine must begin with the teacher, who stands at the very heart of our educational life. We must have teachers who are professionally trained, who know the subject matter and method of education, who have character, tact, inspirational leadership and the spirit of humanity.

It is to be lamented that the vast majority of our teachers, especially in rural schools, have had nothing that could rightly be called professional training. The women who teach in rural schools, in the main, have had only public school training; they have not even graduated from high school, not to mention attendance at College or Normal School. This statement can be verified out of my experience in teaching about a thousand public school teachers in institutes during the past five years. That the work in a great many rural schools, and also in village and town schools is both deficient and defective can not be successfully contradicted.

Some of the problems connected with teaching in our public schools, problems which must be solved before our schools are conducted with maximum efficiency are: Inadequate supervision, insufficient and indifferent administration, lack of preparation on part of teacher, low salary, insecure and unsatisfactory tenure of office, short school terms and irregular attendance of pupils, low educational ideals in rural communities, and general disposition on the part of patrons to undervalue the teacher's work.

Other problems in this State have to do with certification of teachers (in which we need more centralization of authority), pensions, and provision for improvement of teachers in the service.

2. *Money.* "The problem of education, in its final analysis, is a problem of sufficient money, wisely expended." The sources of revenue for educational purposes are three, mainly: income on permanent funds; State taxation, and taxation in local areas, or local taxation, authorized by State law.

The money necessary for our educational purposes must be secured, not by direct appropriation from the State treasury, but from *local taxation*; this is our hope, in North Carolina. We have made a fine beginning; approximately one-third of all our revenue for schools comes from local taxation. There are about 1,200 local tax districts in the State, yielding over \$1,000,000. This is in keeping with the most progressive States in the Union. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, and Oregon realize from 80 per cent to 95 per cent of all revenue for schools from local taxation.

The unit of local taxation should be the county, perhaps, rather than the smaller district, as now provided, but local taxation extending over the largest area possible, is certainly the proper method of securing educational funds.

3. *A Compulsory Attendance Law.* It is a well known fact that only about 75 per cent of the boys and girls of school age in North Carolina ever enroll in any school, and it is also true that only about 66½ per cent of those who enroll attend with any degree of regularity. It is frequently the case that those who are most in need of what the school can give are those who absent themselves. The State ought to compel all children from 7 to 14 years of age to go to school regularly for six months of twenty school days each.

The State ought to compel school attendance for the welfare of the individual and society, and for the perpetuity of the State itself.

We need, then, in North Carolina, to make our schools efficient: Teachers, Money and a Compulsory Attendance Law.

WAKE FOREST AND EDUCATION

F. A. SMETHURST.

Charles Brantley Aycock dedicated his fully developed powers of mind and oratory to education. It was the priceless offering of a noble Carolinian. But greater than the gift, nobler than the man, was the cause he served. As the foundation of the intellectual development of man, education colors and oftentimes determines the moral and religious structures. The tariff is all absorbing in interest; trusts and monopolies require the attention of the wisest for a time; but while the politicians are tireless

“ . . . In Infinite Pursuit
Of This and That Endeavor and Dispute,”

education remains an issue of paramount importance. A solution of the problem will clear up the greatest question in the way of human progress, the child and the future.

Education in North Carolina is no longer a question, it is a fact. When Dr. Joyner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, published his “Decade of Progress in North Carolina,” he gave, in a few well chosen figures the progress of the State along educational lines since 1900. They are significant.

The work is yet far from complete. Eighty per cent of the school population live in the rural districts. Thousands of school children of school age are far from beyond walking distance to a schoolhouse. As long as this condition of affairs exists, as long as one child remains without the advantages and opportunities of at least a common school education, democracy has not succeeded and America has not redeemed its pledge of “equal rights to all.”

Recognizing this the legislators of our State will give their

attention to the needs of the State along lines of the common schools. What their action will be no one may prophesy, but it may be safely asserted that never was there a greater opportunity for service and achievement than that which lies before the General Assembly of 1913.

To this cause Wake Forest dedicates the December issue of THE STUDENT. The institution has ever championed the cause of education and her sons have been among the foremost ranks in the fight. Their own labors are worthy testimonials of her true spirit.

The Spirit of Christmas

Some say that eber 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

THE RED-HAIRED HEBE AND THE HOBO

W. H. J.

The Hobo shuffled into the front office of the *Transcript* and up to the desk of the editor-in-chief.

"How about a little work, Chief?" he asked in the free and easy manner of the traveling printer.

"Ads. or machine?" inquired the editor.

"Machine," answered the Hobo.

"All right; see the foreman."

As the Hobo turned away he got one fleeting glimpse of the Red-haired Hebe. It was just a glimpse, but that was enough. There was an empty feeling somewhere inside of him and it wasn't his stomach, either. Something had happened to him.

The foreman sized him up with one glance.

"Got a card?" he asked.

"Sure thing," and the Hobo produced a much-handled paper which certified that he was a union linotype operator.

"Take this hunk o' copy to number two and get on the job in a hurry," ordered the foreman.

The Hobo sat down before the machine and proceeded to "get on the job," and when the bell rang at five his proofs showed that he was all that he had claimed. Before the bell had stopped ringing he was at the front door. In a moment Hebe came out, and as she passed him she dropped her purse. He made a quick dive for it, and when he gave it to her she smiled! That smile finished the deadly work. The Hobo was caught.

To the surprise of the foreman the Hobo was back at number two the next morning, and continued to come until he became a fixture. Every afternoon he was the first to leave, but he always stood outside until Hebe passed.

Then came the dark days for the Hobo. Hebe no longer

came out alone. She had also smiled on the Star Reporter, and that young man was only human. It was too much for the Hobo and he ceased to wait at the door. His face took on the old haggard look, and he began to talk of the road again. But the clouds soon cleared away and Hebe again came out alone. It was the Star Reporter who now looked haggard.

* * * * *

It was two days before Christmas, and the editor-in-chief was visibly disturbed. A dirty galley slave came in with a proof and laid it on his desk.

"De proof-reader says he can't place dat bunch o' dope," said the boy. "He wants to know where de copy is at."

The editor took the proof and looked at the head, which was composed of one word, "Christmas." He began to read, and as he read his wonder grew and grew. At last! Here was the article he had wanted for the big edition. After trying so hard to get what he wanted here it was, thrust under his very nose, already set up. He turned to the boy.

"Who set this?" he asked.

"De Hobo at number two," answered the boy.

"Go tell him to come here at once," snapped the editor.

The Hobo came in and stood before the chief.

"Did you write this?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir. You see, I kinder thought you'd want a few lines on Christmas, and I needed the practice, too."

"Very well; that's enough. You don't set another line here. There's a place on this staff for you if you want it. Go to the Arcade tonight and get a line on 'The Minister's Son.'"

The Hobo turned away, but the Red-haired Hebe, who had heard the conversation, smiled more gloriously than ever before. He walked over to her desk.

"Say, kid; would you like to see 'The Minister's Son' tonight?" he managed to say.

"Beteher life," replied Hebe. Just then the bell rang, and again Hebe no longer came out alone.

THE PATHS OF GLORY

HANS HEINRICH.

The hall was crowded and restless. Men shifted their feet, yawned, and whispered. Up on the rostrum the speaker was reading from a manuscript. As regularly as he paused to turn a page there was a lull in the general murmur, and the assembly glanced up at the thin, sallow complexioned young man who sat on the rostrum with his arms folded and his dreamy eyes on the speaker. It was Jack Sparks, the young doctor who had recently risen to chief surgeon of the Lancaster Hospital, and the leader of his profession this side of the water. It was rumored that he was going to disclose a theory that would astonish the medical world. The National Association of Physicians was impatient to hear him.

At last the speaker finished, closed his paper and sat down, with the usual round of applause. The excitement now became apparent.

When Jack Sparks was introduced and arose, there was a tumultuous clapping of hands. Every face was alive and eager. Every ear was strained. No one knew why they called him "Jack." His face was the last in the world to invite familiarity. It was cool, full of self-confidence and power. But he was a leader of men. They worshiped him.

"I was but a boy," he began, "when I gave my heart and life to medicine. And ever since that night I have lived with the single purpose of some day giving my profession something truly great."

They interrupted him with applause, and he continued. There was no restlessness now. Every eye was fastened on him, here and there an unwary mouth dropped open. He told them of things they had dreamed of, of things they had

been searching for. He forgot that he was dealing with words, he opened his heart and his message came out to them. It was the climax of his life, and he knew it.

But among this crowd of listeners there was an old physician who caught the glassy stare of his eyes, who had seen that nervous jerk before. He shook his head and bent towards his neighbor.

"Morphia," he whispered. But no one heard him.

When Jaek Sparks finished there was a pause. Then the assembly arose in a mass and rushed to the rostrum. Catching him on their shoulders they carried him down the hall. Even in his ear on the outside he was not safe; they crowded around to congratulate him, to touch him, to put their hands on his coat.

When the car reached his hotel, two of the committee who had accompanied him, accepted his invitation and came in. For a while Sparks talked with them of his theory. But soon he became nervous and settled into that indifference that gave him the name of being unsociable. The other doctors arose to go. Immediately he became alive again. He thanked them profusely for the courtesy they had shown him, and promised them both to visit their offices before he left. It was then that Donoughue told of an interesting case that had baffled their skill, and asked him to visit it with him that afternoon. Sparks promised, and they were gone.

With a sigh of relief he closed the door and took from his pocket a small nicked hypodermic case. He rolled up his sleeve, looked at the thousand of punctures already there, and injected the needle with the ease of habit. Briskly rubbing the spot with his fingers he closed the case and lay down across the couch.

He lay there as one asleep, but every now and then his eyes opened and stared at the ceiling, eyes that were glassy and lusterless. For the first time in his life he realized that

he was alone. He had hundreds of worshipers, but not a friend. There was no one to share his glory, not a soul to sympathize. His father and mother were long since dead and forgotten. One of his brothers was somewhere out west, the other was down south farming. He hadn't heard from either of them in years. He had followed but one purpose, but one end, but one God—Medicine. He had reached the heights of glory, but he had left every other love behind. Now he saw the bubble for which he had given his soul burst in his hands. He thought of Elizabeth, and a dark shadow as of a great pain crossed his sallow face. But it faded into a flicker of hope, the hope of a drowning man who sees a straw floating near by.

The porter knocked and entered with a card. It was Donoughue's.

"Tell him I'm not feeling well," he told the porter.

Soon there was another knock and Donoughue himself burst in. Sparks gave him a half welcome smile and arose. As he did he grew dizzy and tottered. Donoughue stepped forward to catch him, but he pressed his lips together and stepped back. Donoughue hesitated.

"Why, Doctor, you are ill!"

"If you'll step into the next room and bring me a glass of water I'll be all right," he said.

As Donoughue turned his back Sparks drew out the little nickeled case and with the dexterity that had given him reputation as a surgeon from ocean to ocean he plunged the needle home and slipped the case back into his pocket before Donoughue returned.

He took the glass and drank a swallow from it.

"Now I'm all right," he said.

The car hummed through the smooth streets and Donoughue pointed out the buildings of interest, but Sparks didn't hear him. In the last hour he had caught a vision that had

become a hope, a possibility—a possibility so slim that anybody else would have called it chimerical. But he was used to accomplishing the impossible.

The car stopped and the two men walked up the long way to a princely home. As they passed through the hall a little brown-eyed girl tripped by and stopped to cast a wondering glance at the doctors. Something about her face made Sparks pause. Unconsciously his head jerked, and his lips parted.

They entered the darkened room and saw on the pillow of sickness a face that must once have been beautiful. The mass of dark hair was coiled around the forehead, the cheeks were slightly flushed, the long lashes were closed. Sparks caught the back of a chair to steady himself. Donoughue spoke some words, but Sparks didn't heed them. He stepped toward the bed and gazed at the face—a face that bore the traces of silent suffering, a face he had known before. Somebody slipped a chair under him. The great brown eyes opened and looked full into his, and fluttered and closed.

The door opened softly, and a man of middle age entered. His face was slightly furrowed, his hair was almost gray. His very air was that of "business."

"George." It almost escaped Sparks' lips. This man was her husband.

* * * * *

The walls of the dark room faded and a long bright road led out before. On one side the tall pines whispered; on the other, as far as the eye could reach, short stubby cotton bushes opened their white bolls to the breeze. 'Twas the glory of Indian Summer. By the side of the road there lay a log, and on it sat a girl just eighteen. At her feet, with his elbow resting back on the log, a boy looked up at her with eyes that hadn't lost the wonder of boyhood. With jerks and confusion he was saying something. The color had mounted

to his cheeks. He finished. She didn't look into his anxious upturned face, but kept her eyes on her lap.

"I have loved you so long," she said.

Another picture came. It was moonlight on the lake. From the brilliantly lighted pavilion the sound of music and dancing floated across the water. And the great round moon looked down and smiled. Away out on the ebony surface a solitary canoe floated. In it there was happiness, a boy and a girl. They were not talking now. His arms rested lightly on the oars. Both were looking at a speck of light that came from some cottage far down the valley.

"Just one more year," he whispered.

She didn't answer, for just above them was heard a flapping of wings and a scream from all the stillness. 'Twas some night bird starting on its northward journey and bidding good-bye to its old haunts. She shuddered and watched it till it was lost in the shadows of the bank, and half envied it the moonlit journey over valley and field and forest.

"He travels the paths of glory," the girl mused.

"And alone," he added.

He dropped the oars among the sparkling ripples and noiselessly they crept back toward the shore. He took her hand to help her out, and as he did he brought it to his lips. It was the first breach. She let him hold it, and hand in hand they walked up the hill with steps that were stolen from Heaven.

A song may shake a glacier loose from the Alps. A word may waken in the human heart a force that courses forward over every love—ambition. The words had been spoken. They took possession of him. They haunted him awake, they hovered around him asleep. "The paths of glory." He grew restless. He must do something. He had felt the call. He, too, would travel the paths of glory.

He told Elizabeth about it, but she failed to catch his enthusiasm. And when he told her of the great things he would do, she only smiled and said:

"All right, but don't grow away from me."

Grow away from her! It was impossible. But it kept ringing in his ears, "Don't grow away from me." She didn't understand. It was his first disappointment.

He didn't see her often now, he was too busy. Still the letters came regularly. Little by little, as ambition took possession of him, writing to her became a routine. Sometimes he heard again, "Don't grow away from me."

"But it's all for her," he consoled himself.

One time he wrote her that he had become so wrought up over an experiment that he had taken "something" to make him go to sleep.

The letter that answered it was sorrowful. It kept him awake that night.

"This is the first time that you have hurt me," she said.

"I had thought of you as too strong to give way to a drug." Then at the last she added, almost as a postscript.

"George came to see me last night. He is the dearest friend a girl ever had, just like a brother. He and papa are planning a big lumber deal. When he asked me if I loved you, I did a little wicked thing and told him no. You know George is funny about such things, and I'm afraid he would not even want me for a friend if he knew I was engaged to you. You don't care, do you, dear?"

The next day the rush of the hospital made him forget it. But the doom of their dream was sealed. His work was no longer for her; she had no place in it. He loved her in spite of it. The paths parted slowly, but surely. He followed ambition, she, he knew not whither.

He didn't acknowledge it to himself, but there remained

in his heart the hope that some day when he had achieved his ambitious goal, he would find her waiting for him.

* * * * *

The room became dark again, the lamps were lighted. Donoughue, who had been watching Sparks, saw his form shake. His nails were dug into the cloth of his trousers and drawn towards him, his head fell upon his chest.

Donoughue laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Doctor?" he said.

There was no answer. Quickly he glanced at the face on the pillow. It was white and cold and radiant. Two souls had passed beyond the pale of earthly law. At last they were together.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY A LA MODE

C. J. HUNTER, JR.

Old Isaac Scraggs sat in his revolving chair, his brow contracted, thinking. He held his key ring on the chubby fingers of one hand and twirled the keys about at intervals, a method old and successful financiers have adopted to facilitate thought. At length, having described the customary semi-circle with the last key on the ring, he cleared his throat and called his private secretary.

The reader, rendered sententious by much reading of the Hearst papers, will have recognized in Mr. Scraggs his old friend, the malefactor of great wealth. When it is further intimated that the old gentleman was the possessor of a many-creased double chin, full of oily nooks and crannies, and a pair of blue-gray eyes, compounded of flint and steel, none of the properties of the type are wanting. To the last detail we have the bad man of big business, the villain of the Christmas story, detected by the reader in the first chapter.

The private secretary entered, noiseless, calm, methodical, with a face like a Howard Chandler Christy man. His name, of course, was Channing.

"Chan, old boy," whined the multi-billionaire, "I'm booked for the naughty role in one of those infernal Christmas stories this year. Now, I want to act on the level. Here's a little cheque for forty million bucks, exactly half of my pile. See if you can't square things with the magazine trust and let me cut the cheap charity. I don't mind distributing the hard cash, but the soft soap gets on my nerves."

His Secretaryship was unmoved.

"Nothing doing," he enunciated. "What would the reading public think if they didn't have you to cuss out every

Christmas? It would be almost as embarrassing as if Mutt should wake up some morning without any Jeff to throw bricks at, or the Democratic party should fail to locate schedule K. Impossible!"

"Well, let it go," surrendered Isaac. "How does my spiel start?"

Channing smiled contemptuously.

"Can't you remember?" he asked, peevishly. "You're supposed to have the market cornered on wheat, and to grind the life out of the public by raising the price. You're an awful bonehead!"

"Very well," submitted the magnate, meekly; and then, assuming a pompous air, he began:

"Channing."

"Sir," impersonated the secretary.

"I guess you had better notify Smith to boost wheat ten per cent," ordered Mr. Seraggs.

"Yes, sir," complied the man with the Christy features.

"In fact," added the potentate, rubbing his disgustingly fat hands with pure love of wickedness, "in fact, you had better make that fifteen per cent."

"It shall be done, sir," replied the secretary, and added under his breath, "Keep it up, you're playing the part nicely."

"Ah," chuckled old Seraggs, delighted at this commendation, "possibly you had better raise her twenty per cent. An old guy can't corner wheat every day, you know."

"Yes, sir," agreed Channing, and warned, "Be careful that you don't over-do the thing."

"That will do," ordered Isaac, "you may withdraw—no, come back. What is the cause of all this disturbance in the street?"

"Why, sir," informed Channing, "it's just some children with horns and cannon crackers. This is—"

"Order it to be stopped immediately," stormed old Seraggs. "I can't stand such an infernal nuisance under my window!"

"Very well, sir," said the private secretary.

Channing withdrew, and in a moment returned, noiselessly. The confusion in the street was hushed. Seraggs still sat in his revolving chair, moody, lowering, with a sinister look in his blue-gray eyes. The secretary ventured to interrupt his meditations.

"Sir," he began, "there is a poor man in the office who says his mother is dying—"

"Kick him into the street!" shrieked the demon, winking at Channing. "I can't be eternally worried by these beggars."

"Yes, sir," said Channing, nodding approbation as he withdrew.

The multi-billionaire remained quiet for several minutes.

At length,

"Channing," he called.

"Sir," answered the individual addressed.

"What is the date?"

"The twenty-fifth, sir—this is Christmas day."

Christmas! What a flood of memories were called up by that word to overwhelm the old man—memories of childhood and home and love! He could see the old, open fireplace by which he had hung his tattered stocking long ago—in those sweet, distant days when life was an unopened book before him. He could see, as in a vision, the worn faces of his father and mother; he could see the tender eyes and laughing lips of his old sweetheart, later his wife, who had died and gone to a happy home (perhaps) long before he had acquired the art of converting wheat into dough. He could see, too (sad memory!) the pathetic picture of his little son whom, twenty years ago, he had driven from his door in a

burst of passion. (Puzzle for the reader: Who will be recovered at the climax of this story?) His boy had doubtless dragged out his days in poverty and shame, while the father had lived in sumptuous but solitary opulence. If he could only look upon this son again, though only for a moment, to clasp him to his bosom and tell him of the penance his father had undergone! The eyes of the venerable gentleman were wet with tears, while the secretary looked on in positive admiration.

Channing crossed the room and raised the window.

"What is that the cue for?" queried Scraggs, somewhat confused. "I'm afraid of draughts."

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Channing. "Now we have some melodrama—heart of hardened millionaire touched by child singing carol, you know."

Immediately, in the street below, the sweet, treble voice of a little girl was heard piping cheerily:

"God rest you, merry gentleman!" etc. (Remaining words may be found in December issue of any magazine since days of Charles Dickens.)

"Channing!" called the rich man, deeply moved, for he wanted to hurry the story.

"Sir."

"Go down and bring that sweet songster up to my office."

Channing retired, and returned bringing a little blue-eyed, rosy checked girl—cold, timid, and pretty.

"Child of my long lost son!" exclaimed the wealthy grandfather—

"Shut up!" hissed Channing, checking this demonstration by a series of well-directed elbow nudges, "don't you know, you big boob, that the Recognition Scene doesn't come till after the Infant's Story and the Repentance Stunt? You'll ruin the whole plot!"

The Wall Street Prince subsided, and the child, timidly

toying with her ragged dress, and casting her beautiful eyes down toward her little bare feet, recited:

"Oh, sir, won't you give me a cent, 'cause I wants to buy some candy for baby and a new dress for mama, and some shoes for me, and pay off the mortgage on our house and buy a whole lot of medicine for papa, 'cause he's awful sick, and—"

"Little one," interrupted the emotional Isaac, while tears streamed down his cheeks, "take this cheque for a million and we'll call it even. Don't bother about the rest of your spiel—I see you know it."

The inexorable Channing frowned in a tired kind of way and shook his head vehemently, but the Money King looked down and avoided his glance.

The little girl smiled a rather disgusted smile. "Now you've spoiled the story," she remonstrated, while carefully endorsing the cheque, "and haven't even given me time to let you discover that I am your granddaughter. That was my prettiest scene, and those climaxes are always popular. What will the reading public say?"

"I've borne enough for the reading public," exploded the multi-billionaire. "I've been ridiculed by cartoonists, attacked by Wickersham, tormented by the camera men and persecuted by the Democratic Party! I have endured all this, but my shattered nerves are not equal to the ordeal of that Repentence Scene in the Christmas Story. The worm will turn! This is my ultimatum."

Which put an end to further discussion.

MY STRANGER-FRIEND

ARTHUR D. GORE

A look of surprise illumined her eyes
As we met at the door,
And doffing my hat we paused on the mat
For a moment or more.

Then smiling and red, with bonnetless head
And conventional air,
She looked in my face with a natural grace
And a countenance fair.

My heart gave a bound and muffled a sound
In the instant's enthrall,
And out went a hand to clasp another's hand
All alone in the hall.

Her smile was so sweet and truly complete
That I felt it amiss
To let her believe or probably grieve
That I never did kiss.

And so with a bow (I can't *tell* you how!)
Our twin melodies met,
For brimful of glee she wildly kissed me—
And I love her till yet!

"Dear heart," then I said as softly she fled,
"You alone I adore."
But how it occurred you've maybe not heard,
As her age is but four.

Columbia University,
New York City.

PAID IN ONE'S OWN COIN

L. Q. HAYNES.

The little schoolmistress had dismissed school, whipped mischievous Johnnie and sent the loitering school children home. Then she fastened the front door and came out at the back door of the little one-room schoolhouse. But sullen Johnnie idled 'round the playgrounds until Miss Lucy was out of sight.

"If I could only break Johnnie from his mean pranks," she questioned to herself on her way home. "It hurt innocent little James when Johnnie fixed his seat so it fell from under him and a whipping was only just. I have tried persuasion and failed, and now punishment must break him. I will be fair to him and meet him on his own ground and conquer him."

So she was prepared for her task the next day.

As she walked down the road next morning James came running up the road to meet her, a long distance from the schoolhouse.

"Miss Lucy," he panted, "I don't want Johnnie to know I told you, 'cause he's done fixed a big bucket o' black tar over the back door, an' when you get on the steps a string will pull it over on that little roof and it will pour off on your head. He's done got it all ready an' a-waitin' for you to come. I saw him fix it yesterd'y evenin', an' he said he'd lick me if I told on him."

"Well, that's all right, James; don't you be afraid of Johnnie. You run along and get back to the schoolhouse before I come."

He walked along with her a few steps and then started off in a run.

Johnnie was not engaged in his fun among the boys this morning, as he usually was. He kept in the background. Miss Lucy spoke to her pupils, laughed at what they said and accepted their bouquets and apples. The bucket of coal-tar sat still on the little water-shed over that back door while Miss Lucy entered the front door.

When the bell rang for "books," disappointed Johnnie indifferently sauntered in behind the others. The recitations passed in regular order and Johnnie gave very good attention.

Morning recess and noon recess passed; Johnnie anxiously waited for Miss Lucy to open that back door; the tar-bucket still waited over the three steps at that door, but Johnnie's hope, long delayed, fagged, and he was absorbed in the ball game at noon.

The first recitation for the afternoon was had and then there was a study period. As Miss Lucy sat on the stage in the back of the room watching her pupils her eyes did not often meet Johnnie's off their task.

"Now prepare to recite arithmetic just after recess and you may all work your problems at the board."

Then came recess. While the noisy children were playing Miss Lucy opened the back door. At the ringing of the bell the pupils filed in at the front door and became quiet for the teacher to assign the problems at the board.

"And, Johnnie, you take the twelfth example to work at the end of the board here."

That position was by the door.

All the pupils tittered when Johnnie picked up Julia's arithmetic which she dropped on her way to the board. Julia was his sweetheart and he blushed when the boys laughed at his performance of that courteous act for her. But Miss Lucy rebuked them for such teasing.

"Why, that is perfectly all right, Johnnie. You did the

right thing, and all these others ought to be courteous enough to always do such little manly acts. Be manly and courteous every time you get a chance, and don't mind them laughing at you."

Johnnie's problem was easy and he soon had it solved. Miss Lucy went over his work on the end of the blackboard beside the door and explained it with the use of her pointer.

"That is all right, Johnnie. You deserve a hundred."

As she turned she dropped her pointer out of the door.

"Uh-o, Johnnie, I dropped—"

With two quick steps courteous Johnnie was on the steps to pick up the pointer. The string and the bucket responded and the soft tar came down on forgetful Johnnie.

"Why, Johnnie! What—?"

His jumping and grunting brought the pupils to the door to see what had happened, and to watch him spit and wipe the black oil from his face and head. James was there, too, anxious to see what had happened.

"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "you had better go to the spring and wash. James will go with you to help you, won't you James?"

"Yes'm."

And the two hurried off.

THE ELIXIR OF THE PLOT

J. B. ALDERMAN.

Scattered about on the table were volumes of de Maupassant, Kipling, Poe, and Dickens which Ben had been reading in vain the last two hours hoping to create a plot for a story. Outside the rain was beating mercilessly against the windowpanes while the October wind sang wierd songs in the trees.

Ben pushed back his chair, reached over for his pipe and tobacco, and threw his feet upon the mantel. As he lay back in his chair blowing out clouds of smoke in which loomed up pictures of home, automobiles, and last and best, the girl for whom he was toiling and burning the midnight oil, he was startled from his reveries by a sharp knock on the door.

"Come in," cried Ben, dropping his feet to the floor.

In walked an old man, bent with the weight of years, and made his way slowly toward the fire. He was thinly clad and on his head was an old battered "derby," under which his flowing white locks could be seen.

"May I warm by your fire, young man?" he asked.

"You are quite welcome," replied Ben, as he motioned to a comfortable rocker on the other side of the fireplace.

The old man laid down his walking cane and placed his handbag on the floor beside him. Then he leaned over and stretched his lean hands toward the crackling fire. He sat in this attitude for some minutes and suddenly turned toward Ben and said:

"I came to college here when I was young. That was long, long ago; about fifty years ago, I think. I had fond hopes and ambitions. Yes, I was ambitious. Are you ambitious, young man?"

Ben hesitated for a few moments, and said:

"I'm not as ambitious as I ought to be, I fear."

"I wanted to study medicine, but my parents would not let me. They wanted me to be a literary man. I studied English and was very successful. I became the editor of a newspaper after my graduation. People said I was doing well, but I was not satisfied. I was afterwards professor of English in Radlaim College. I was not satisfied and wanted something else. I turned to medicine. Young man, do you study medicine?"

"I am not studying much of anything."

"I studied hard and learned rapidly. I soon got my license and opened an office, but patients would not come to me. I don't know why.

"I was old and they didn't know me. They wanted a man they knew, I reckon. By this time my money was almost all gone. I then compounded medicines which sold slowly at first, but people soon recognized their worth and I was soon making a plenty of money. A manufacturing company afterwards swindled me of my right to those medicines, but I had laid up enough money to last me for life. Later on I made some compounds which are very valuable."

"What are they?" asked Ben, who was now thoroughly interested in the old man's story.

"I made one which will cause a person to forget all sorrow; I made one which will make a person see fancy pictures; and last, but by no means least, I made one, the greatest of them all, one that will help students."

"Help students?" put in Ben. "How is that?"

"It will help them in a thing that my students seemed to be in great need of when I was teaching story-writing. I compounded a drug that will give the most barren mind a plot that is destined to become a masterpiece."

"Would to God I had a drink of that drug!" exclaimed

Ben. "I have been trying all night to work up a plot but I have not been able to get the least start. My dear sir, why didn't you bring some of it with you?"

"I did. I have it here in my handbag. It's very precious and costs much to make it."

"What will you sell me a drink of it for?"

"It's not for sale. Only my best friends get some of this. I have no friends, but you have been kind to me tonight. You have let a shivering old man sit by your fire and, young man, you shall have a drink of this wonderful drug."

The old man handed Ben a small vial and Ben with trembling hands lifted it to his lips. The vial slipped from his hands and—crash. Ben awoke to find that a large volume of Maupassant had fallen to the floor, but he had a plot.

THE DIAMOND CROP AND THE WEDDING BELLS

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

In a rail pen built on a little sand island in Sandy Run branch, a dozen or more lean shoats were squealing and fighting over some ears of corn which a buxom, rosy-cheeked country girl was tossing to them from a splint basket. Leaning on the top rail of the pen she was so absorbed in feeding the pigs that she did not hear from the opposite side of the pen the approach of a tall, pleasant looking young man, who held a slop bucket in his hand.

"Mornin', Susanne; fine mornin'," he called cheerily.

Susanne Allen looked up with a start and a frown formed on her comely face.

"What you doin' here, Hank Smith? You know this is our mornin' to feed them pesky ol' hogs," she hurled at the boy.

Hank's even white teeth showed in a pleasant smile.

"I 'elare fo goodness, Susanne, that's so. An' here I come a-trapsin' down this hill a quarter mile with these slops. I'm sho' gettin' fergetful these days," he replied.

"Well, you'd better be a-trapsin' baek up to that shanty with your slops; if my daddy ketches you a-messin' round' this pen today he'll fill yo' hide with buckshot," the spirited Susanno retorted.

"Hol' on, Susanne, 'taint no use a-gittin' mad. You know I ain't hed nuthin' to do 'ith the rumpuses of them two ol' growlin' ba'rs," Hank continued, good humoredly.

"Well, I have, ef you hain't, Hank Smith; an' don't you call my dad no ol' ba'r neither," retorted the girl.

"I ax yer pardon, Susanne; but it do 'peer to me like a plaguey shame tho way our paps is a-carryin' on. Here it

is, winter, spring, and summer, 'ith your folks and my folks ez thick ez cold 'lasses. An' jest as soon as fall comes along a stink raises. Daggon! I tol' pap they aughter be some fence law to keep hogs frum runnin' everywhere. So you see, Susanne, I ain't to fault," Hank conciliated.

"Jest the same you're a big ol' coward not to stick by your dad; an' anyhow whyn't ol' Bill Smith change his mark frum a di'mond when he knows ourn's a di'mond; if he'd a-acted with any sense the sheriff wouldn't hev our pigs shut up here a-trublin' of me," the girl spit out.

"Sho' am sorry the shoats hev troubled you, Susanne; but pap hed the di'mond crop when your pap moved into this settlement. Howsoever— Hol' on! Susanne—I wush they wuzn't a-tryin' to shoot each other over a passel o' hogs. An' you knows, Susanne, that a few ol' pinerooters couldn't make me fall out—"

"What you be about sayin', Hank Smiith? Just you shet your mouth; an' take that!" Susanne, flushing angrily, hurled an ear of corn at the serious young man opposite her. Hank ducked quickly and the ear of corn flew harmlessly over his head. Susanne, seeing the ear miss its mark, gave an angry little flirt with her skirts and stamped across the footlog leading towards the Allen cabin on the hill.

A feud was on in Sandy Run which had nigh proved fatal. A glance at the pigs in the pen showed that each one had a small diamond cropped from its left ear. By some unfortunate coincidence Bill Smith and Tom Allen, next door neighbors, had each marked his pigs thus. Accordingly, when rounding up time came in the fall, each had claimed a drove of fine shoats that were running loose in the oak woods. Hot mountain blood asserted itself, and the neighbors were on the point of open warfare when the sheriff interfered. The pigs had been placed on neutral ground and a day of settlement

before a magistrate had been set. The neighbors were to take turn about at feeding the hogs.

The day for settlement was still distant when Hank and Susanne met at the pen that morning. Afterwards, regularly every other day, at almost the same instant, a figure might be seen leaving either cabin on the opposite hills. To save his life Hank couldn't remember which was his day to feed the hogs. And as regularly as they met the boy pleaded his neutrality and the girl maintained her spirit and her loyalty to her "dad." Only, after the second meeting, when she had managed to give Hank a good drenching with the slops, Susanne had become a little less fiery in her manners.

"After all," she said to herself, "Hank ain't sech a bad fellow—an' I just guess he means well"; and she heaved a gentle sigh and smiled.

According to the fixed programme, on the morning before the settlement was set to take place, Hank and Susanne met at the pen as usual.

"'Morning, Susanne. How you a-feelin' this mornin'?"

"A-feelin' like you haint got no business down here, Hank Smith. Ain't you larned yit when's yo' time to feed them hogs?" Susanne's words were cutting, but a coy smile took away their sting.

"O, come, now, Susanne, 'tain't no use a-bluffin' any more; tomorrow one or t'other o' our paps is a-goin' to git them shoats, an' I've got a little notion fixed out fer us," Hank replied.

"Call it a-bluffin' if you want to—but le's hear your notion, anyhow," Susanne retorted.

A broad smile came over Hank's manly face.

"Susanne, you know that little new cabin me and pap's done built up in the piney woods—le's me and you drive them shoats up thar, an—"

"What you a-talkin' about, Hank Smith?"

"An' say, Susanne, I've hearn as how in the cities they hez di'monds fer weddin' gifts—now, we ain't got no di'monds, but I'm a-thinkin' them shoats 'ith the di'mond crops will be some hunky weddin' gift fer us." Hank was standing very near Susanne when he made this desperate speech. Susanne instantly straightened up; the hot blood swept to her face; and she would have given Hank another drenching—only she didn't.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning Tom Allen took the path from his cabin to the pigpen. His old squirrel rifle was on his shoulder, and behind him, Indian file, tramped three sturdy boys. At almost the same instant a like array of Smiths left the Smith cabin—only Hank was missing. So measured were the steps of the old mountaineers, and so nearly halfway between their cabins was the pigpen, that each arrived on a side of the branch at the same time. But lo! the rail pen was down and the shoats were gone.

Slowly it dawned on either party that the other had stolen the pigs during the night. Bill Smith spoke first; and as he spoke his rifle came to a half rest.

"Tom Allen, you ol' hoss thief, you've stole them ar chice shoats."

"Bill Smith, you's a lie, you've stole 'em yoursel'," and Tom's gun also dropped to a handy position.

"A lie! lie!" shouted old man Smith. And instantly the old squirrel rifles came to a level.

Either one or both of them would have been killed on the spot, but just then a girl's voice screamed, "Dad! Dad!" and a boy's, "Pap! Pap!"

The two old mountaineers, surprised completely, so far forgot their bloody intentions as to look up. A wagon loaded with household furnishings, on top of which sat Hank and Susanne—the wagon drawn by two sleek oxen, had come up, unnoticed.

"Susanne, what in devil you a-doin' on thet cart 'ith that low-lifed Hank Smith?" exploded old man Allen.

"Hank, what'n hell's this you's a-haulin' roun' 'ith Buck and Ball?" from old man Smith.

"Now, dad, jus' you be a-shamed o' your self—Bill Smith hain't stole your hogs—they's up at mine and Hank's house," Susanne explained.

"An', pap, you ol' bar, jus' you go over an' shake han's 'ith Tom Allen; them ar di'mond cropped shoats is mine and Susanne's weddin' gift," Hank added.

From both banks of the little branch came the exclamation, "I swar!" And all the little Smiths and Allens joined in the chorus, "I swar!"

SOMETIME

C. A. FARRELL

Sometime, sometime the birds shall sing
 'Neath cloudless skies,
The tears shall cease to flow
 From weeping eyes.
Take hope, O heart, believe
 The morn's sunrise
Shall be—the sweet sometime.

Sometime, sometime the mists of earth
 Shall drift away,
And man shall find the truth
 On that glad day.
Believe, press on, and to thyself
 Forever say,
"The morn—the sweet sometime."

Sometime, sometime, far distant,
 Fleeting dream
To our sad hearts thou dost
 Forever seem
So near, our hope, our day star's
 Guiding beam,
Our life—oh sweet sometime!

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

FRANK A. SMETHURST, Editor

Senate Com-
mittee and Self-
Government

Self-government is the only solution to the question of regulation of student conduct. Of course, it is possible for members of the Faculty to take nightly strolls on the campus or play hide and seek among the shrubbery and dark spots. However, there might conceivably arise situations which would be more or less embarrassing.

The Senate Committee was the first step in the right di-

rection. When the student body voted to give the Senate authority in all cases growing out of the relation of the various classes, the ideal of student self-government was very near. One step, though, has been omitted. Under the present conditions the Senate Committee is neither truly representative, nor responsible.

We are not dealing in personalities. We are not attacking the personnel of the Student Senate, but if the student body had proposed to elect the members of the committee in the most indirect method possible, they could hardly have succeeded more admirably.

It is an accepted fact that the freshman class is woefully and inexcusably ignorant, the sophomores are irresponsible, the juniors inexperienced. Unto the Senior is given wisdom little less than that of Solomon. By reason of four years attendance at chapel and the possibility of a sheepskin, he is the natural guardian of everything within the boundaries of Wake Forest. Hence the duly elected president, sitting in the seat of the mighty, appoints a committee, to nominate a committee to govern the student body. Then there is a mass meeting. The Senate Committee is to be voted on. The Freshman exults in the part he plays in his own government. The Sophomore fumes in his powerlessness. The Junior smiles. He has been there before. The Senior is still submerged in his own self-esteem. There is a motion and a second. Everybody says "Aye." In five minutes ten men take their positions as guardians of the College honor and supreme judges of every student in Wake Forest.

Nor is their power limited. They may expel, acquit, or remove sentence at their will. The Faculty does not meddle, the students have no means by which they may check.

Naturally, if justice is to be administered the course of the Senate Committee must not be obstructed. But when the constitutional fathers framed the government that stands as

the nearest approach to the ideal of democracy ever constructed, they saw fit to carefully keep separate and distinct the various functions of government. It may be that they were mistaken in their wisdom; or, possibly, human nature has changed and there really is no danger for one group of persons to be lawmakers and judges at one and the same time.

The resolution has been passed making expulsion the only penalty for hazing. There the authority of the student body ceases. The Senate makes and alters its own rules at will, and its judgments pass unquestioned.

We offer two suggestions: First, that the members of the Senate shall be chosen by the classes at their regular elections of officers. There shall be three from each of the three upper classes, without regard to society. This number shall select a chairman from among the post-graduates in college.

Second, that the three upper classes elect one member to a council which shall draw up rules defining and limiting the powers of the Senate Committee. These rules shall regulate the methods of securing evidence, voting, and meting out punishment.

FRANK A. SMETHURST.

Hazing from
Within

It is an easy matter for a non-college man to condemn hazing in unquestionable terms. It is easy for an alumnus of the "Eighties" to hide his sophomorphism behind a dusty and yellowed diploma and yell "Crime," just as he once yelled "Newish." While these rage with such authority, the college man of the present remains silent, and public opinion condemns the college as the hot-bed of lawlessness.

This is not an argument for hazing, nor is it a justification of a practice which is happily going out of vogue. It is merely an explanation of conditions that exist from the college man's own point of view.

In the time of our fathers, the entire Sophomore class undertook to discipline the entire Freshman class. If the reports are true, their disciplinary measures were not regulated by any squeamish humanitarian principles, either. But this form of the "gentle art" has deteriorated, giving rise to the hazing as practiced today. This, if not different from the former in nature, is most decidedly different in principle.

Precedent defined the limits beyond which a Freshman might not go. Whether this was just or unjust is of no consequence to the point at issue. The laws were laid down and the Freshman was supposed to abide by them or take the consequences.

Some time during the first days of September the new Sophomore suddenly realized that he was his brother's keeper. His brother, in particular, was the Freshman. The responsibility of brotherhood was heavy. He was at once the judge and the executioner. Hazing was the instrument of punishment. The Sophomore, groaning under the burden of his new duty, neglected classes, cut chapel, and lost sleep. His eyes were ever on the alert. He was everywhere. An infraction of the rules; the report circulated; the Sophomores held counsel among themselves. The punishment was almost invariably effective.

It is safe to say that hazing merely for the sake of hazing does not now exist. There may be exceptions, but this is generally true. It is the means by which a certain part of the students undertake to regulate the conduct of the Freshmen. The Sophomore is not the proper person and hazing is not the proper agency. The best opinion in the country has concurred in demanding its abolition. So be it. Just a word we ask in the name of justice and fair-minded criticism.

You who in your fiery zeal for the right would brand as a felon the participant in hazing, withhold your judgment for a moment. Remember that hazing is not a new thing. It

bore the approval of college men before you were endowed with the first spark of life. Hazing is inherently evil, and bad have been the consequences of it. But it, nevertheless, is the growth of certain conditions, and an answer to what was once considered a real problem. Look into the facts, and you will discover that never, in any sense of the word, is hazing the criminal impulse of the depraved mind.

FRANK A. SMETHURST.

THE OPEN DOOR

The Sophomore

Having been asked by different "Newish" of this great institution to tell them exactly "why is a Sophomore," we will now get busy and dig up an excuse for his miserable existence, dissecting and viewing him from all points as the entomologist views and reviews the meek and lowly June bug.

We will first take a peep from the angle of the verdant Newish who has just left the farm to become a great and famous man (per W. F. C., of course). To him the Sophomore is one of the elect who does just as he pleases and "stays out until twelve o'clock, too, if he wants to, by gosh." He also discovers that the Soph's particular mission in life is to keep the Newish off the campus, after dark, and to give dancing lessons at the post office. Then the Newish dreams of the time when he will be a Soph and can whistle the Newish quick-step without looking about to see if any one is listening.

The Faculty, of course, regard the Soph as a necessary evil, and endure him with as much good nature as is possible under the circumstances. The Juniors and Seniors have much the same attitude. But let us hasten.

We now come to the Soph's opinion of himself. In this, even speaking from the most charitable viewpoint, he is a wonderful thing, surpassing even Solomon in all his glory, for surely he was not "arrayed as one of these." Heaven forbid! But seriously, if some one had not stolen our dictionary, and had not the pages devoted to hyperbole been torn from our rhetoric, we would try to give a vague idea of the Soph's true opinion of himself; but now it would be un-

fair, and must be left to the fancies of those imaginations that are capable of almost anything.

After weighing these facts carefully, we come to the following conclusion: A Sophomore is a peculiar species of the human race who is not old enough to know that he is old enough to know better.

McDANIEL.

Raleigh via 43 Et Cetera

Newish Powell wanted to go to Raleigh, and he wanted to go badly. Coach, however, had issued his dictum concerning absences from practice. Powell took counsel with himself, and, having finished practice, he presented himself in full togs and new shoes at 43.

Now this particular train has characteristics peculiar to itself, and a Newish is always a Newish. As a result of this combination, Powell found himself on the wrong side of the train. The doors were locked and the train was pulling out. There was nothing to do but to swing to the brass rods, yell to the porter, while his coat tails flapped in the breezes.

At Neuse 43 didn't even hesitate, and Powell, perforce, rode on. At Millbrook, the signal was out and the big engine came to a standstill. Here was the golden opportunity. Powell jumped off to try his fortune on the other side. But 43 waits for no man. The engine puffed. The Newish ran. He sat down on the crosstics and watched the last car disappear in the distance.

Was a Freshman of this great institution to be thus daunted? Was he to calmly turn in his tracks and submit to the ridicule consequent upon his entirely excusable mistake?

He looked at the sign board. "Raleigh 7 miles"—"Wake Forest 10 miles." He looked at his new shoes. They

pinched. For a moment he fumbled at the laces. Then he stood up, threw his shoes over his shoulders, and trudged off in the direction of the departed train, while cinders played havoc with his new socks. "S."

The Eternally Human

Truly, there was much wisdom in our fathers. Yesterday we were browsing among some old volumes of the first STUDENTS. We have come to the conclusion that right down at the bottom, college life then was not very different from college life now, and that human nature is forever the same. Those old boys, too, had the right ideas on lots of things, and they knew a few things about trials and tribulations. Just as an illustration, here is an excerpt from a paper in the first volume published in 1883: "If anybody ever longs to be a millionaire, it is the youth who treats his girl to soda water and then finds he has mistaken a button in his pocket for a dime."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

After a certain Yale-Princeton football game, when a boy was reminded by his father that Princeton had been licked, the son replied, "Oh, yes, but they didn't know it." Perhaps the same thing could be said about Wake Forest. We certainly did not win the score in the two games played at Wake Forest: on November 2d, A. & M. 12, Wake Forest 0; on November 9th, Richmond Medical College 23, Wake Forest 14. But the question is, do we know that we were beaten? At least Wake Forest has learned how to take defeat; and that means much. Let us remember the words spoken by the French Guard at the Battle of Waterloo: "La garde ne se rend pas, elle meurt"—"The Guard does not surrender, it dies."

A lecturer has come and gone, and Wake Forest will not soon forget him nor his message. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, of Atlanta, Georgia, President of the Baptist World Alliance, gave the fall lecture course, as follows: On Tuesday evening, November 5th, in Memorial Hall, "America's Great Place Among the Nations"; at Chapel, Wednesday morning, November 6th, "Elements of Eminent Success, or Forces that Win"; on the following evening, November 6th, his famous sermon, "Baptists: Their Principles. Their Progress, Their Prospects"; on Thursday morning, November 7th, at Chapel, "The Ideal Man"; and that evening, November 7th, "The Empire of the Czar, or The Great Bear of the North." Dr. MacArthur is graceful in delivery, dramatic at times, polished in style, wonderful in his fund of rare information, and magnificent in the general impression which he makes.

The Students' Baraca Class gave its annual fall banquet on Friday evening, November 8th. Besides the ladies of the "Hill," the class was honored with the presence of sixteen accomplished young ladies from the Senior Class of Oxford College.

Dr. E. W. Sikes was one of the chief speakers at the Annual Celebration at Yorktown, on the 19th of October, using the subject, "The Meaning of Yorktown." He gave the same lecture, which presents a graphic picture of the politics of the time, in Memorial Hall, on the evening of October 15th.

President W. L. Poteat made an address, on October 24th, before the Baptist State Convention of Maryland, at Baltimore. He also gave a lecture on "The New Patriotism" at Guilford College, on the 9th of November.

Every friend and student of the College will be glad to know arrangements are being rapidly made for the building of the new dormitory. In their meeting at Raleigh, August 30th, the Board of Trustees committed the building of the dormitory to the following gentlemen: Livingston Johnson, chairman; Carey J. Hunter, W. N. Jones, Thos. H. Briggs, Geo. A. Norwood, Robt. E. Royall, and W. L. Poteat. Upon the invitation of the committee, a New York architect made a visit to Wake Forest for the purpose of making suggestions for the building itself and making a sketch map of the campus on which the sites of future buildings are to be indicated. A cut of the new building and the sketch map has been placed in the President's office.

On the night of October the 28th, when four boys intercepted Mr. Gordon Rhodes on the street, evidently with the intention of hazing him, one of their number, Mr. Frank Powers, was shot and seriously injured. The occurrence is to be deeply regretted from every standpoint. The one who

was wounded is not a member of the student body; and the others found to be implicated in the hazing have been dismissed from the College. The young man Rhodes has been bound over to court. The whole college community rejoices to know that young Powers is almost well again.

The fall Senior Speaking was held in Memorial Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 12th, with the following speakers and their subjects: J. L. Carrick, "A Man With a Purpose"; R. A. Marsh, "The Power of Public Opinion"; O. P. Campbell, "Poverty and Character"; W. T. Baucom, "The North Carolina Spirit"; T. C. Holland, "The Call of Democracy"; C. H. Robertson, "The Newspaper as an Educational Agency."

Arrangements are being made for a series of debates with Davidson College. Wake Forest has accepted the challenge for the first of the series, to be held probably at Winston-Salem or Greensboro next Easter Monday. Accordingly, two debating teams will be sent out at that time, one against Davidson, the other against Baylor.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra, under the directorship of Dr. Hubert Potcat, promises to be the best in the history of the College. The first concert will be given in Memorial Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 19th. After that, a concert trip will be made through the southern part of the State, observing the following schedule: November 27th, at Jonesboro; November 28th, Charlotte; November 29th, Morven; November 30th, Cheraw, South Carolina.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor

Dr. A. C. Dixon preached the closing sermon at the recent meeting of the the Baptist Union. The *Christian World* states that the vast assembly greatly enjoyed his sermon, which showed the tremendous power of his delivery.

Dr. Joseph Q. Adams (M.A., 1901), Associate Professor of English in Cornell University, is preparing to publish in book form his numerous and notable articles on the Drama.

'96. Thomas H. Briggs, instructor in the English Department of Teachers' College, Columbia University, has just published an annotated edition of Scott's "Quentin Durward," from the press of Ginn & Co.

'04. Mr. George Wiley Coggin is superintendent of the city schools of Blackville, S. C.

'08. William Jackson Jones is at the head of a new school for girls, the school to be known as Pineland School for Girls.

Dr. James F. Royster (B.A., 1900), Professor of English in the University of North Carolina, has just published a scholarly edition of Shakespeare's "Love's Labor's Lost" in the notable *Tudor Shakespeare* of the Macmillans.

'97. Rev. Charles L. Greaves, of Hawkinsville, Georgia, is doing right much in the way of literature. He has written some very readable stories, and also has written some poetry.

W. H. Hipps is Superintendent of Public Instruction of Buncombe County. He went from the principalship of Biltmore.

Charles Jenkins, of Aulander, holds the position of principal in the Durham High School.

B. Y. Tyner spent last year at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and went from there to the State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Thomas H. Briggs, Jr. (B.A., 1898) was a graduate student at Teachers' College 1911-12, and was appointed to instructorship in English at Teachers' College.

Dec Carrick is principal of the high school at High Point. He is also one of the editors of "*Who's Who in Education*," in North Carolina.

'10. A. B. Combs is teaching at Elizabeth City.

G. M. Rodwell holds the professorship of Latin at Columbia College, Lake City, Florida.

Floyd T. Holden (B.A., 1910) is Professor of English in Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.

N. A. Melton has charge of the school at Fruitland, and is moderator of the Carolina Association.

C. N. Beach is principal of the Dell High School.

G. E. Lineberry is Educational Secretary of the Baptist State Convention.

'11. N. B. Broughton, Jr., since his graduation has been holding a responsible position in the firm of Edwards & Broughton Printing Company, in Raleigh.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor

According to the classification of the exchange critics by said exchange critics (and practically every critic has classified his fellow-sufferers), we, the above mentioned critics, have been separated into sheep, goats, and goatlets, and again "quartered into three halves" like the Latin beginner's Gaul. For, the first issue is the new critic's opportunity to dispense critical lore, and he does it. It's his prerogative. But the first issue is now passed and we have had our say on criticism as a principle and we have tired every one with reading it. Now let's substitute application for promulgation.

A complete list of our regular exchanges has reached our table this month, good, bad, and indifferent. But as we are true sportsmen, we shall attack only the ablebodied, beginning with the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. The quantity of material in this number (November) is not striking; the quality is. The first essay, "Evolution," contains no startling facts in the experience of the writer as he is being evolved into a lover of good literature, beyond the experiences of the rest of us, but he has analyzed that evolution, its crises, their cause and effect, and without any embellishments, has produced a very readable article on a very dry subject. "No Electricity" is an excellent short story with the weird air of the Middle Ages. The little poem, "To E—," is praiseworthy. "In Gibraltar's Shadows" has an excellent beginning. The description is beautiful, but just as the reader has got a going headway in a story of general interest, he is halted to hear the narration of a personal incident with a British sentinel which, though it closes the story,

should have been but a minor incident in it. With the proper theme but begun, the poor reader with a sudden drop is left cruelly alone "In Gibraltar's Shadow." The Sketch Department is quite readable, and the editorial strong. We give this magazine the first place among our October exchanges. A department of campus notes, for the benefit of the alumni, would remedy this magazine's one deficiency. Don't forget that your alumni are keenly interested in the domestic life of their alma mater.

Thus far but a single *Acorn* has fallen to our table, thin and emaciated, it is true, but this is the usual condition of college magazines after vacation. Conscious that for ages past it has been the ambition of all the budding Macaulays and embryo Popes to cross pens in criticism and sarcasm with their sisters across the Neuse, I approach this space with trembling. However, such criticism as may appear in *THE STUDENT* this year will be more kindly meant. The tone of the first *Acorn* of the season is distinctly different from any we have received before. With profound respect for the past, some numbers of the *Acorn* have seemed mere collections of the best themes of the English department—good, some of them splendid, but interesting only to the English teacher. This number is more independent and comprehensive, and almost makes us hope some day to see between its russet covers a story of the "fly to each other's arms" kind, which would be truly shocking, but delightfully refreshing as coming from Meredith. "The Conquest of the New Minister" is well told, although the author has a hard time getting the "live happily ever afterward" effect in the last four sentences, which are entirely unnecessary. In regard to the use of italics, Poe used them, but newspapers won't print them, and the vast majority of journalists obtain their emphasis in other ways. When used, they are merely to convey emphasis, not to manufacture it. "Chaffeur John," clothing the spirit

of Casey Jones in the language of an old English ballad, is novel and uniquely diverting. The *Acorn* has always been good on essays, and the one on "The Economic Effects of Slave and Free Labor in the South" reaches the standard. However, the formidable array of references suggests that it was written for something else and only copied in the *Acorn*. With a little strain one can enjoy "The Indigents," but it lacks the infinite painstaking that Carlyle calls genius. Although we'd prefer to have an original idea or bit of description worked up into a story or storiote, the Sketch Department has always been popular. The last two sentences of "William Wellington Stone" leaves it very incomplete. "What the *Acorn* Needs" is the one thing that would justify italics. It should be copied in most of the magazines that come to our table, including THE STUDENT. Such a spirit carried into execution must mean a huge success to the *Acorn*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

"Yes," said Dr. Ruth to Tom Britian, who had called upon him, "I will examine you carefully for ten dollars."

"All right, Doc," said Tom, resignedly, "do that, and if you find it, I will give you half."



THE WRONG "CYLINDER."

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding an oil can, beamed on him:

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Dick."

"Cylinder!" howled the motorist. "That wasn't the cylinder. It was my ear."—*Ex.*



MORE FITTING.

A young lady and her fiancé were waiting for a street car. After several cars had passed that they were unable to get aboard the young man became impatient. He waved frantically at the next car as it hove in sight, then leaped upon the platform and said in a pleading voice: "Come on, Helen; we can manage to squeeze in here, can't we?"

She blushed faintly, but sweetly replied: "I suppose we can, dear, but don't you think we'd better wait until we get home?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



A HARD ONE.

Representative Dudley M. Hughes, of Georgia, is called a farmer statesman and devotes much of his time to the agricultural interests of his district. He has requests for many new kinds of seeds, and a time ago received this letter:

"Dear Dud:—Sam Yopp's been tellin' me of a new seedless to-matter the Guvment is growin'. I'm writing to you in hopes you will send me some of the seeds."—*Saturday Evening Post.*



Dr. Taylor (to Philosophy I): "It is true that the blind may determine color by the sense of touch."

"Sure," said Jones. "I once knew a blind man who could tell a red-hot stove just by putting his finger on it."

HAD TO CATCH HIM.

The farmer's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The farmer asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor said he could, and, reaching down into his medicine case, gave the animal some powders. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head and started on a mad gallop down the road. The farmer looked first at the flying animal and then at the doctor.

"How much did that medicine cost, Doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifteen cents," said the physician.

"Well, give me a quarter's worth, quick!" And he swallowed it. "I've got to catch that mule."



SO DID HE.

"Do you know," said the successful merchant pompously, "that I began life as a 'barefoot boy'?"

"Well," said his clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."



A little girl was having her first ride on a big steamboat, crossing the Atlantic. The captain was explaining numerous things to her, among them his telescope.

"Now, what would you like to see through it?" he asked, pleasantly.

"I'd like to see the equator."

The captain pulled a hair out of his head and holding it before the telescope, bade the little girl look. "Do you see it?"

"O, yes," she said, "and there's a camel walking across it."—*Ex.*



THE WAY IT USUALLY WORKS.

"What is that little boy crying about?" asked the benevolent old lady of the ragged boy.

"Dat other kid swiped his candy," was the response.

"But how is it that you have the candy now?"

"Sure I got de candy now. I'm de little kid's lawyer."—*Ex.*



THE MISANTHROPIC CONDOR.

Said the condor, in tones of despair:

"Not even the atmosphere's rare.

Since man took to flying,

It's really *foo* trying.

The people one meets in the air."—*Ex.*

THE FIRST STEP.

President Poteat: "Well, Mr. Moore, ready for college?"

Newish Moore: "Yep."

"What important subjects will you take up this fall?"

"The first thing is the matter of the forward pass."



THE MAJORITY WON.

A physician came across a patient while strolling through the grounds of a hospital for the insane, and, stopping, spoke to him. After a brief conversation on conventional topics, the physician said: "Why are you here?"

"Simply a difference of opinion," replied the patient. "I said all men were mad, and all men said I was mad—and the majority won."—*Ex.*



One of the best laughs of the Baltimore convention was caused by a sergeant-at-arms who was in some doubt whether galleries were plural or singular, and personal or impersonal. He made the following announcement:

"The gallery will remember their conduct. Otherwise they—which is only here as guests—will be cleared. We do not want to speak to it—or them—whether it be him or her, again. It will remain orderly and not be those to cause a disturbance."—*Ex.*



"What is it wound up on that cart?" asked Jeter, visiting the firehouse.

"Fireman's hose," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said Jeter. "You can't tell me that any fireman or any one else ever had legs to fit those things."



GLAD HE LOST HIS LUNCHEON.

Jimmy was a laborer and an optimist. Noon sounded one day and he sat down and felt in his pocket for his luncheon. But the pocket was empty. "Boys," he said, "I've lost my lunch." Then he gave a cheery laugh. "It's a darned good thing I've lost it, too," he said.

"Why so, mate?" a man asked.

"Because," said old Jimmy, "I left my teeth at home."—*Ex.*

THE PRUDENT SCOT.

For two years the most decorous courtship of Sandy and Lisbeth had slowly progressed. One Sabbath night, after a silence of an hour, Lisbeth murmured: "A penny for your thochts, Sandy."

"Weel," replied Sandy, with boldness, "I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissle."

Lisbeth kissed him. Then twenty-seven minutes of silence.

"An' what are ye thinkin' aboot the noo, Sandy—anither?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, iaddle?" asked Lisbeth softly, her heart going pitapat. "An' what micht it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was aboot time ye were paying me that penny for my thochts."



A GORY MOMENT.

"What's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."—*Life*.

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Manager, W. L. EDDINGER, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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January, 1913

No. 4

WINTER

J. B. ALDERMAN.

Leaves are few that now are hanging,
With their tints of red and and gold,
And the winds that now are blowing
Make the weather bitter cold.

O'er the earth is spread a mantle
Beaming with resplendent light,
For those little specks there shining
Are the hoarfrost made at night.

And those little pools of water
That were seen the other day
Now are little icy mirrors
'Round which sunbeams love to play.

NORTH CAROLINA AND LITERATURE

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

Literature is hard to define. In fact, like its most excellent department, poetry, it has never been satisfactorily defined. Professor Barrett Wendell, in his "Literary History of America," says, "Literature is the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life." We confess that this definition gives an added difficulty in making clear what you mean when you say "North Carolina and Literature." And to be perfectly frank, we are not sure but that the uniting of those words destroys the whole meaning of the expression. Do we have in North Carolina "a lasting expression in words of the meaning of life"?

There is a certain sectional pride which demands that we create literature, and which declares in no uncertain tone that we have suffered from the unfair and indiscriminate censure of the critics. We must confess that we belonged to this patriotic band until we had studied more fully the State's literary output.

In Professor Wendell's "Literary History of America," not a single one of North Carolina's writers is so much as mentioned. Also, in Trent's "American Literature," not a word in regard to our literary productiveness do you find. In Manly's ninety selections from "Southern Literature" only four North Carolinians are represented, and one of them is Vance who was a politician and not a man of letters. Trent and Manly are Southerners, too.

And North Carolina has suffered misrepresentation purely from paucity of literary genius. There is perhaps no section of America that can furnish a richer background for a great and abiding literature than our own State. The bold ride of

Mrs. Slocum was more heroic and romantic than Paul Revere's midnight ride, but we have had no Longfellow to make it immortal. Alamance was the "first fought field of freedom," and deserves a place at least of equal prominence with the fight of the Massachusetts farmers at Concord Bridge, but we have not had an Emerson to make it "heard 'round the world." We are the heirs of a romantic history, the observers of a scenery

"From Mitchell, the pride of the mountains,
To Hatteras, the dread of the sea,"

which should give poetic inspiration to the nature lover, and we are the descendants of a people as heroic and chivalrous as any who ever entered the lists in Europe "when knight-hood was in flower." Where is the genius who shall tell, in language which the world will not willingly let die, of the unsolved mystery of "Croatan" and Virginia Dare, of the first fearless stand for American liberty in Mecklenburg, and of the heroic self-sacrificing service which North Carolina rendered in the great Civil War?

Why have North Carolina's literary resources been thus shamefully neglected?

In the first place, a narrow provincialism and a selfish sectional spirit has set up false standards which are always detrimental to art. The kind of public to quicken the energies of authorship is one which will not be "misled nor beguiled" by the unhealthy sweetness of patriotic sentimentality. We need a proper discriminating criticism which Matthew Arnold describes as being a "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Let us not be afraid of the true critic, but welcome him to our State that he may help to stimulate and make known the best in our prose and poetry.

Another reason why North Carolina has failed to produce a great literature lies at the doors of our colleges. We have

not had a deep and broad scholarship. Our poets have lacked a high artistic literary training, and too often they have shown more power of heart than strength of intellect. Harvard College has been the center, the inspiration, and the fountain from which has flowed New England's brilliant literary stream. Not only should our authors be real scholars; but the people must be educated to appreciate the best in literature and in art. As someone has said, "We must make education so general that literary things shall be the community habit of thought."

And in the third place, the people's judgment and patronage of home literature have not been such as to stimulate its production. We shall have a State literature when the people want it—when they buy the books which our native authors write. How many have read a half dozen volumes of North Carolina poetry? Do we of the South read our own productions? Which do you read: *The Saturday Evening Post* or *Uncle Remus's Magazine*? Oh, you say, the merit of the magazine should win its way. But how do you know what value it has, if you do not read it? And what the people read and demand, be sure the magazines will furnish. We need some wide-awake publisher in this State who knows what the public wants. James T. Fields was an active publisher in Boston from 1840 to 1870; and the value of this stimulus to literary production, in New England during this period afforded by such a patron of letters can hardly be estimated. Who ever heard of a publisher's buying a manuscript volume of poems by a North Carolinian? A new book must be put before the public in an attractive form, and be advertised so that the people will be encouraged to buy. It is interesting to study, in the literary world, the cases in which publishers have found timid young men of genius with unknown manuscripts in their hands, and have sown them

broadcast over the world, which turned out to be the making of both the author and the publisher.

While there are many problems which North Carolina authors have faced and are facing today; yet there is a hopeful note to be sounded. During the last generation a new spirit has been growing up in our State. We are becoming more tolerant of criticism, and we are beginning to write, not for North Carolina, nor for the South, but for all mankind. This cosmopolitan progressive spirit will draw out men of genius who will write, while dwelling among the crowd, from their own inner selves, that which will reach out to the universal human heart. A much needed educational revival is going on in the State which tends to build up a book-reading and a book-loving public. There is a publishing house at Charlotte which is becoming a useful agency in our literary growth, and a literary journal, the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, published at Durham, which means much for the stimulation of a higher class of literature in the State. A supplement to the *Raleigh News and Observer* is doing much toward popularizing our present-day literary productions.

The story is still untold; but, today, there may be enrolled in some North Carolina public school an unpolished boy who shall one day do for his native State what William Gilmore Simms has done for South Carolina, Joel Chandler Harris for Georgia, George W. Cable for Louisiana, Charles Egbert Craddock for Tennessee, James Lane Allen for Kentucky, and Thomas Nelson Page for Virginia. The field is broad and unexplored; the store-house is full to overflowing with rich and charming material; and the unique and promising opportunity beckons to North Carolina's coming Man of Letters.

THE LITTLE MAN OF BIG BRANCH

D. MACK JOHNSON.

"Charl', are you goin' to that corn-shuckin' at old man Bill S's tonight?"

There was a twinkle in Oscar's eyes as he asked this question, and Charles knew that he had a joke to play on someone.

"I don't know. What you got in your head now?" asked Charles.

"Well here it is," said Oscar. You know old Cimon Glover?

"Yes, a scary devil."

"Well, he'll be shore to go to that corn-shuckin', and he won't git there till just about dark."

"Yes—"

"And he's got to cross the Big Branch just at the time when he says ghosts and the little man travels."

"Yes, by Jericho, I see what you are up to."

"Well, I've got some fox fire and you know what that looks like in the dark."

"Yea."

"I told him t'other day I saw a light in the branch and he swore it was the little man. Now one of us git on one side the road and one on t'other, so when he comes, one of us'll be in front of him and one behind, and we'll make him confess all the devilment he's ever done and all he ever expects to do."

"But don't you rekin he'll have a gun?"

"Naw: He's got no gun, and if he had one he'd be afeard to shoot the little man."

"The divil and Dan Walker couldn't keep me away from there. Look fer me in time."

The branch was only about three hundred yards from the house where the corn-shucking was to be, and at the appointed time the boys were at the place and had their plans made. They were to turn their coat tails over their heads and hold the foxfire in their teeth. Each one spread a little pile of gunpowder on the ground, which was to be fired just as the old negro got between them.

Uncle Cimon came along giving his favorite halloo, as he said, to keep away the ghosts. All of a sudden he saw a flash just before him. He stopped instantly. Then came a great blur and a volume of smoke rolled across the road in front of him. He turned and started back, but as he did that he saw the same thing behind him. Then came a voice out of the smoke behind.

"Cimon Glover, say your prayers; your time has come. You got your last water millen this evenin'."

"Oh! Laud! I hain't done nussin'; I'se jes gwain 'er help de ole man shuck caun."

"What?" came the voice.

"Oh! Laud, dat der water millen done had 'er rotten end and warn't fit ter eat."

"You were not drunk last Sunday were you?"

"Laud, I jes tuck a little bit ob wine what dat black nigger, Isaac, say wouldn't hurt nussin'. Oh! Laud, lem me go dis time an' if dat nigger gib me any mo' dat stuff I'se gwain to 'port him to de chuch."

"I know you, you lyin' rascal." Came the voice from the other direction. "What you been beatin' your wife about? You can't fool me."

"Laud, dat's de meanest 'oman in dis State, and de debil couldn't lib wid'er dout whoppin' er. Laud, I hain't done nussin', but des lem me go dis time an' I won't neber hit Becky nay nudder lick."

"No, you hain't done nothin'. I've fooled with you long enough an' you better be gittin' on your knees."

By this time the smoke had cleared away, and before and behind, Uncle Cimon could see the little headless man, with the fire in his mouth, inch by inch approaching. He became frantic. He fell upon his knees and prayed with all his zeal.

"Oh! Laud, Becky, I ain't neber gwain hit you no mo', honey. Oh! Laud, I hain't neber gwain 'er ax dat triflin Isaac fer no mo' whisty, an' if he gib it to me I'se gwain ter keep it fer medicins. I'se gwain ter chuch eber—."

There is no telling what all Uncle Cimon would have confessed if nothing had happened. But just as he got that far, Oscar's foot slipped into the water making a loud splash. Uncle Cimon forgot his praying and decided to use his own strength. He sprang to his feet and made a dash for the branch. He stumbled over Oscar and fell broadsided in the mud, where his picture could be seen till the next rain. Cimon was on his feet in a twinkle and tore off up the hill, followed by the little men. They were all entering the lane leading to the house, and Cimon was still in the lead, but just at that moment the farmer's big dog sprang out of the weeds and dumped Uncle Simon another somersault. This enabled the boys to get by.

The old negro reached the corn pile covered with mud and trembling from head to foot, while his eyes seemed to be running in competition with the full moon that was then rising.

The boys were laughing as much as they could after running so far. As Cimon took his seat at the pile one of them said to him:

"Uncle Cimon, did you see the little man in the branch to-night?"

"Laud 'amussy, yea; an' I ain't neber gwain 'cross dat place no mo' arter dark."

"I've been tellin' you about your devilment."

"Well, sah, he knowed all I eber done, an' blib to God hit hain't nussin' but de debil."

"You'd better behave yourself hereafter, Cimon."

After the negroes found out what had happened, it was a month before you could get one to cross Big Branch except by daylight. And old Cimon managed to let one Thanksgiving day go by without getting drunk.

THE BATTLE OF BREMO BLUFF

MC NABB.

It was near ten o'clock of a Friday night in the middle of December. The snow which had begun falling the night before had only ceased this afternoon. Now the earth was covered with a thick white blanket.

Around a cheerful fire in the great back room of a dormitory of Whitehall Academy, a dozen or more boys were gathered. A group of three talked earnestly at one side. Others chatted and joked merrily. Occasionally as a pop-corn popper was drawn from over the hot coals, there was a rush and a scramble for the fluffy grains. Still the group wore an air of expectancy. Suddenly someone was heard stamping the snow from his feet outside the door; and Chick Hankins, the famous quarter-back of the Whitehall school, entered. This tall, silent boy was also noted for his services as a scout. Conversation ceased as Chick approached the fire. The silence was broken by a dumpy, muscular looking, red-headed boy, who had been one of the three.

"Well, Chick, what's the verdict? Any fun stirring?"

The scout rubbed his hands before the fire and deliberated. At length he spoke.

"That pack o' houn's from T. M. I. have beat us to the Bluffs and got a fort just where we intended having ours."

Instantly the room was in a buzz.

"The deuce you say!" ejaculated Pinky, the red-headed boy.

"Darn measly shame old Patty kept us for that Friday evening speaking," grumbled Bobby Van Lear."

"By granny, we'll tear the darn thing down this night," piped little Runt Mickle.

"Just wait till ten-thirty light bell!" shouted a dozen voices.

Pinky, who had been recognized as hero and leader of the Whitehall boys since the day he pitched their nine to victory over their hated rivals, the T. M. I. boys, now beat on a table calling order.

"You bone-heads, hol' on, will you? Do you think we've turned to a pack o' sneaks?" he asked.

"Bet yo' life we ain't!" the fellows yelled in one voice.

"But 'member that canoe them thieves rolled us for last spring!" objected one.

"And 'member how just las' month that dirty Skin Appleton slugged you outen the game and caused us to lose," exclaimed another.

Angry murmurs ran through the crowd.

"Yes, an' 'member how them snobs turned up their noses at us during the fair," shouted little Runt.

"An' that dirty Skin's about turned the queen's head, too," growled Chick.

It seemed as though the boys were about to leave for the immediate destruction of the fort. But Pinky again secured silence by beating on the table. He now addressed the assembly.

"Yes, fellers, I 'member every dirty trick them T. M. I. skunks have played us. But we got to uphold our honor, so we can't come back at 'em with dirt. But I've got a plan that's on the square."

"Let's have 'er!" shrieked little Runt.

"Just hol' your head, will you, Runty?" continued the calm Pinky. "Tomorrow's half-holiday; by after dinner the snow'll roll good, and we'll go out—"

"An' take the fort!" shouted a dozen eager voices.

"Everybody meet in the pines down back of the church right after dinner," concluded Pinky.

At this moment the light bell sounded; and the fellows scurried away to their rooms. Several, among them the solemn Chick, lingered with Pinky to perfect plans.

The old bell at Whitehall Academy was tolling the one-thirty hour. Scarcely had the last stroke sounded when a little army of forty boys marched from the concealment of the pines down behind the Baptist Church. Commander-in-Chief Pinky Bellcraft marched proudly at its head. Behind him came little Runt bearing the standard, a great Whitehall pennant tacked to a broom handle, which he had "swiped" from the matron's kitchen.

Straight for Brema Bluffs, a quarter of a mile away, and midway between the twin villages, Whitehall and Brema, where the T. M. I. school was located, the army advanced. In the bushes near the foot of the Heights a council of war was called.

Even now a T. M. I. scout was reporting to his comrades the rendezvous in the pines and defiant yells were sounding from the Heights.

Brema Bluffs is a rising bit of ground covering perhaps, an acre and a half. From its summit it slopes off sharply in all directions. It is clear of trees and bushes, but ragged rocks jut out from its sides. At its base on the Whitehall side is a thick growth of underbrush. On the Brema side the village streets, if such they may be called, end. It is an ideal spot for a snow fort.

On the summit stood the fort of the T. M. I. boys, forming almost a circle. Its walls were four feet high and very thick. Above the front ramparts floated proudly a T. M. I. pennant. Within the fort lay fifty T. M. I. boys, with countless compact snowballs piled up in pyramids. General Skin Appleton had laid his plans well.

The veteran commander, Pinky, took up his headquarters at the base of the hill facing the front rampart of the fort.

His troops he divided into four squadrons of seven men each, who were to storm the Heights from as many directions. A reserve force of twelve of his best marksmen were drawn up at the general's headquarters to cover the attack of the storming parties.

The besiegers opened fire first—a single ball from the dexterous hand of Lieutenant Chick Hankins (after the scouting was done, Chick was made a Lieutenant) taking General Skin Appleton in the right eye as his head peeped cautiously over the battlements. A cheer went up from the stormers. The crucial moment had arrived.

"Charge!" yelled General Pinky.

Up the hill the storming parties swept in a perfect rain of flying missiles. The shouts of the leaders and the snowballs bursting around ears made it very lively. Only a few of the stormers succeeded in reaching the summit; and these were cut off by the enemy's cavalry and dragged into the fort prisoners.

The rest retired confused and blinded by the well-directed fire from the fort.

However the attack had not been repulsed without loss. Seven T. M. I. boys were in the hospital nigh hors-de-combat—black eyes and nose bleed. Besides the loss of the prisoners the Whitehall army had suffered no serious damage.

For several hours the battle waxed hot. It was glorious excitement, those pell-mell onslaughts of the stormers and hand-to-hand fights. Three times the Whitehall army was near scaling the walls of the fort; but as many times the T. M. I. army, by virtue of their superior numbers and their heroic work, drove their enemy back from the battlements.

At the end of the fifth attack the casualties on either side were about as follows: T. M. I., three men entirely out of

the battle, nine suffering severe wounds, among them three captains and a lieutenant; General Skin Appleton with a gloriously swollen black eye; and nearly all the ready ammunition exhausted. Whitehall: eight men held by the enemy, three cases of nose bleed, and a few other minor casualties.

The Whitehall army has assembled at the general's headquarters and their commander is addressing them.

"Soldiers, bravely have you fought this day; but yonder stands the fort unconquered. Shall we go back to Whitehall licked with eight of our best men in the enemy's hands?"

"Never! Never!" shouts the army.

"Obey orders then! Listen! Lieutenant Hankins, take ten men and slip around through the woods to the enemy's flank. When you hear the signal, attack and give 'em thunder."

The corps under the command of Lieutenant Hankins glided away through the bushes. The rest of the army masses before the headquarters, six scalers having been previously picked out, who are to attack the fort from this side under cover of fire. All is now ready—little Runt defiantly waves the Whitehall standard. Suddenly a snowball falls the standard bearer like an ox and blood covers his face. At a glance General Pinky takes in the situation. A snowball aimed at the general himself by Commander Skin Appleton had hit little Runt—and a stone in the treacherous covering had done its work. Angry blood rushes to General Pinky's face; and for once in his life the veteran commander ignores all plans. Snatching the standard from the ground, he yells the Whitehall warcry, the signal agreed upon with Lieutenant Hankins.

"Whitehall forever! Whitehall forever! Charge them men!" and the army now under the command of General Pinky makes the air ring, as desperately following their general, they reëcho, "Whitehall forever! Whitehall forever!"

Instantly the entire garrison in the fort masses at the threatened point and pours a destructive fire into the charging ranks. The line breaks, but not a missile is returned, nor does a man falter. Right to the summit the terrible charge holds out.

"Fire, men!" yells commander Pinky; and a terrible volley is poured in on the defenders of the fort. At the same time Pinky strikes down the T. M. I. colors and jabs the Whitehall standard into the rampart. As he finishes this act, the hard, bony fist of General Skin Appleton finds General Pinky's left eye. Instantly missiles are dropped and a terrible hand to hand fight begins over the wall of the fort. The struggle goes hard with the remnant of the little Whitehall army. But at this moment Lieutenant Hankins, who has just come up unobserved, pours a hot fire into the undefended rear of the enemy. Attacked from both sides, the defenders of the fort are at once disorganized. The Whitehall army pours over the walls and the fight is resumed within.

"Darn you, I got you!" Commander Pinky mutters as he bears his antagonist, Skin Appleton, to the ground. Little Runt has revived and is at Pinky's side. Instantly the T. M. I. commander is bound hand and foot, and standard-bearer Runt is sitting astride him.

This is too much. Seeing their commander-in-chief fall entirely disheartens the already thoroughly battered T. M. I. army. Defeated, the T. M. I. men begin a headlong retreat toward their village.

The village girls were gathered to their front yards as the defeated army retreated pell-mell to their very campus entrance. And the queen was there waving her handkerchief at Lieutenant Chick.

At the campus entrance the T. M. I. army gathered for a

last desperate stand. But at this instant a great bulky figure came waddling and puffing around a street corner; and the victorious army scattered like mist before the sun when someone sang out "old Patty! Patty! Patty!"

General Pinky vaulted a fence and made through a villager's back yard toward the captured fort.

"What's matter, Pink?" little Runt yelled as Pinky came up.

"Old Patty done caught us down in Bremono. Undo them feet an' les' beat it."

* * *

It was after supper and another group of boys were in the back dormitory room. And lo! in their midst sat the sullen, discomfited Skin Appleton.

"You'd better lemme go. I'll report you to the officers," he whined to the crowd.

"Report! Report, then!" cackled little Runt, "'member that canoe you stole offen the river, and look here!" he added, as he pointed proudly to a ragged cut in his forehead.

"Please let me go fellows, I'll catch thunder if I don't answer ten o'clock inspection.

Pinky yawns and rubs a swollen, black eye.

At this moment Chick Hankins pokes his head in at the door and announces:

"White flag coming up the walk."

"Show 'em in," Pinky sleepily responds.

A T. M. I. boy enters the room.

"What kin we do for you?" queries little Runt.

"Skin," replies the T. M. I. boy.

Pinky straightens up: "Well, les' see; bring back our canoe in good shape."

"And bring over five pair o' skates, 'an' them Christmas firecrackers," chimes in the Runt.

"And four of them new sledges," puts in Bobby Van Lear.

"An' we guess you kin get Skin," concludes Pinky.

"An', say, Pink," growls Chick from the door, "make 'im sign a paper to quit puttin' on so many airs aroun' the queen."

Skin Appleton answered ten o'clock inspection.

WHEN LOVE OVER DEATH MUST GRIEVE

ARTHUR D. GORE.

Sweet Jane o' the daffodils
How often we roamed the hills,
The woodlands, and wooed in song!
The brook where we used to meet
To bathe our bare, youthful feet,
Still murmurs and sweeps along.

The flowers now bloom and fade
A-grieving for you, sweet maid,
For you and the long-since things;
The meadows still mourn for thee,
And night winds bring back to me
The thrill of thy whisperings.

And though, dear, so full o' care,
I loiter and linger where
We played in the by-gone days,—
When you were my queen, my sweet,
And made our lives so complete
Before we had parted ways.

The graces, we love, were thine,
As dew is to each wild vine,
As gold to the winter eve—
But oh, when the vine is dead,
The tints of the evening fled,
And Love over Death must grieve!

MISS NANCY BUSH, SPINSTER

PAT.

Down across the field and up to the fence where Jim Hartman stood rushed the woman like a mad sitting hen and exclaimed:

"Mr. Hartman, this is the third time that bull of yours has been in my cornfield. I asked you to keep him out. You haven't done it. The next time he gets in I'm going to shoot him."

The speaker was Miss Nancy Bush, spinster and farmer. On her head was a large "sundown." Her skirts reached only about half way to her ankles and her feet were protected by heavy boots.

"Now, Miss Nancy, you wouldn't hurt my bull, would you? You know we're too good friends and I like you too well for us to fall out."

"If we're such good friends and you like me so, it looks like you would keep that bull out of my field," replied the lady.

"You know I—"

"I don't want to hear any more of that until you prove it by keeping your bull out. Remember that I will shoot him the next time I catch him in my field. I'm going home and get my rifle and shoot him now if you don't go and get him out."

Mr. Hartman was a widower who lived next to Miss Bush. Only an old rail fence separated his pasture from her cornfield and her green corn had proved too great a temptation for the bull.

The widower captured the trespasser and shut him up in a

stable. When he put up the bars he leaned over them meditatively.

"Bill, you've got to stay out of Miss Nancy's cornfield," he soliloquized. "There's more in it than just keeping lead out of your hide. Miss Nancy's a mighty nice woman and she'd make a good wife. If you don't stay out of her field I'll have to yoke you. I'll have to get one of those newfangled yokes that'll keep anything from jumping and put it on you. Bill, I hate to do it but you've got to stay out of Miss Nancy cornfield."

The next day while Hartman was gone to town for the yoke his son turned Bill out and the bull was soon enjoying the green corn again. When Miss Bush saw the bull in her corn she threw a red shawl over her head, seized her repeating rifle, and rushed out into the field. The bull saw the red shawl. He lowered his head, raised his tail high in the air, let forth a mighty bellow, and rushed at her. She did not flinch, but jerked the rifle to her shoulder and pulled the trigger. Crack! The bull stopped in his mighty onset, emitted a bellow, and fell over—dead.

"He'll never bother my cornfield again," she said as she went back to the house.

When Hartman came home he found his little son on the front doorsteps crying.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked.

"Ou—our bull's dead," whimpered the boy.

"What! How did it happen? Tell me about it," demanded his father.

"I didn't know you wanted Bill to stay shut up. He was kicking up so much fuss and trying so hard to get out that I turned him out. He jumped into Miss Nancy's corn just as soon as he got out and she came out with a red shawl on her head and rifle in her hands. The bull saw the shawl and made for it. Then Miss Nancy shot him and killed him."

When Hartman heard this his wrath boiled over. He rushed right over to see Miss Bush about it. She saw him coming and came to the door to meet him. Over her face was spread a look of determination.

"You've come after your bull, I guess. You'll find him out there in the field. He's good only for beef now for he's dead."

"You've got to pay me for him," burst from Hartman's lips.

"Pay nothing! You're crazy. I told you to keep your old bull out and you didn't do it. Now you want me to pay for him? Leave here! No man stays on my place and talks to me like that."

"Well, we'll see about that," he said. "You'll either pay me for him or I'll indict you for killing him."

"Go on and indict. We'll see whose side the law is on."

As they stood quarreling the widower's heart began to soften and yearn toward Miss Bush and he spoke in more quiet tones.

"Wait a minute, Miss Nancy," he said. "Isn't there any way we can settle this question without going to law?"

"I don't know any. I'm not going to pay for the bull. The beef will bring enough to pay for him."

"But it wasn't my fault that he got into your field today. I had him shut up. While I was in town to buy a yoke for him my little boy turned him out."

"Mr. Hartman, is that so? I am sorry I shot him then. You ought to have told your son not to turn the bull out. I hope you'll not be hard on me for I can't pay you."

"I don't think so hard of you now, I've had time to cool off but it's hard to lose such a nice animal."

"I would pay you half what he's worth if I had the money, but you know I'm a poor woman and can't do it."

"You could pay me a heap more than he's worth if you would, Nancy."

"What do you mean, man? I haven't any money."

"You know my little boy needs a mother and you'd be just the one for him."

She hardly let these words get out of his mouth before she slammed the door in his face and rushed into the kitchen. Hartman sat on the doorsteps for some time waiting her return. He could hear the pots and kettles hit angrily together as they were being scrubbed. Then he went around to the kitchen window and leaned over on the sill with his head inside.

"Don't you think what I said is true?" he began.

Miss Nancy jumped as though she had been shot and nearly dropped the pot she was washing. Then she seized the pan of hot soapy water.

"Get away from here if you don't want to be scalded!" she stormed.

"Miss Nancy, don't throw that water on me. I want to talk to you. We're both almost by ourselves. You live here by yourself and I have only my little boy. He needs a mother and we both need you mighty bad. You oughtn't to live here alone. Why can't you come and be my little boy's mother?"

"Do you mean what you say, Jim Hartman?" asked Miss Nancy as she set the pan down. "I must have time to think."

"How long do you want?" he asked.

"I don't know. This is a serious question."

"I'll give you until this time tomorrow."

One month later Mrs. Nancy Hartman moved to her new home beyond the old rail fence.

THE WITCH DOCTOR

ROY A. MARSH.

"Come on, Bunk," said Dick Appletree, as he threw a fresh chunk of coal on the fire. "Let's have the best you've got in your shop tonight."

"Yes, let's have it at once," said John Matthews. "You're bound to have something good in your mind tonight, for you've been sitting over there thinking to yourself for the last half-hour. And we need something good to comfort us, after such a time as we've had today."

"It's rather long, and it'll take me some time to tell it," said Bunk, "but if you fellows want to hear it I'll go ahead."

"Go your route, old boy, we'd listen to you all night if you'd just keep on talking."

It was a group of medical students, who had been on an unusually hard Anatomy quiz during the day, and they had now gathered in the room of Dick Appletree to crack jokes and tell experiences, in the hope that they might drive away all their troubles. Every one had told some experience except "Bunk" Lenard, the oldest fellow in the crowd, and a man whose life had been filled with many thrilling experiences. When his name was called the fellows all settled down to hear something good, for what he told was always interesting.

"It happend two summers ago, down in Rutledge County, one of the most illiterate and back-woody sections in our state. My brother, Bob, had been running a saw mill there for two years, and I was going on my first visit to his home.

"He met me at the little cross-roads station, which was about five miles from his home. It was the first time he'd seen me in over a year and a half, and he seemed quite sur-

prised that I looked so much like a real M. D. I happened to have my little medicine case along, and had on a pair of new spectacles, so I guess this added somewhat to my dignity. However that may be, it was on our way out to my brother's home, that I went through one of the richest and most thrilling experiences of my life.

"We'd traveled for perhaps a mile, when Bob began to tell me some of the characteristics of the people of the neighborhood into which he had moved. He said that in many ways they were a hundred years behind the times. Among other things he said that they believed in ghosts, witches, and all that kind of thing. And this led him to tell me about a particular family which lived on the road between us and his home.

"This family was composed of the old man and the old lady, one boy, Joe by name, and three girls. The boy was deeply in love with Laura Smithfield, one of the most attractive young girls of the community. John Neck, another young man of the neighborhood was in love with this same girl, and the two fellows were intensely jealous of one another. Each of them had been making all kinds of threats against the other, but nothing really came of it until right recently.

"Well, one day Joe and John were out hunting. They met up together in the woods. Joe sat down on an old log to rest, and John leaned on a tree right near him. Suddenly John asked Joe if he really loved Laura, and on being answered in a strong affirmative, pulled a rabbit's foot from his pocket and passed it three times in a circle before the face of Joe, who was too terrified to resist. He then took from his vest pocket a kind of brown looking powder and blew it all over Joe. After this he told Joe that he would never see Laura again.

"Joe went home scared half to death, and feeling

perfectly sure that he had been bewitched. He went to bed but did not sleep any at all that night. He rolled and tumbled until he worked himself into a perfect fever of excitement. Sometime late in the night, he could not tell how or why, but the thought came to him that if he should get up off the bed and put his feet on the floor he would die. He could not drive this thought from his mind. The harder he tried to get rid of the idea, the more it impressed itself upon him, until by daylight he was just as sure as anything in the world that if he put his foot on the floor that day he would die.

"So the next day Joe lay in bed all day, telling his people that he was sick.

"On the following night the same thought came back to Joe with even greater force than it had the night before. And he lay in bed the next day, still not telling his people what was the matter, except that he was sick.

"On the third night Joe became thoroughly convinced that if he ever put his foot on the floor again he would die right then and there, and he gave himself up to his fate.

"The next day he told his people all about it, and they all agreed with him that he had been bewitched. And so he had now been lying in the bed for over two months, having his food and water brought to him, and feeling perfectly sure that if he ever put his foot on the floor again he would die.

"During this time Joe had not seen Laura, and it looked as if he never would see her again. It seemed as if she really did love him, and wanted to go to him while he was in distress, but she was mortally afraid to go while the 'spell' was on him. However, she refused to have anything more to do with John, who had bewitched her lover and declared that he could never see her again.

"By the time my brother had finished telling me about the family, we came to a little creek just below their house

and stopped to water our horse. It was there that he suggested that we have a little fun. He knew that I was pretty good at masquerading, and, as these people didn't know me, he said that if I would play off as a 'Witch Doctor' we could fool them to death, and have fun that would be worth a million. Of course I entered into the plan at once.

"We threw the old summer lap robe over the horse's back so that he couldn't be easily recognized as one of my brother's. Then, leaving me behind to come on a few minutes later, my brother walked ahead to accidentally drop in, and tell the people about the great witch doctor that he'd seen over at the station, who was going to pass along there that day. In telling me about it afterwards, he said that he boosted me up to the skies. He told them that I was the greatest witch doctor in the world; that I had never been known to lose a case; that I was just down from New York, and would really pass right by their house that very day. And he advised them to stop me by all means, and, if possible, persuade me to examine their son.

"In due time I lit up my cigar and started on up the road—the greatest witch doctor alive. When I came in sight of the house I gathered up the reins, started the horse at a brisk trot, and sat up with all the dignity I could muster, neither looking to the right nor to the left. As I came along side the house I heard a shrill voice erylng, 'Hey, there, hey, hey!' but I did not look around. In spite of the eries that continued to come, I allowed my horse to go on by the house a little distance. I then stopped, and with a Sunday-bored expression on my face condescended to look around to see who was calling me.

"The old lady was coming down through the yard waving her checked apron and still calling with all her might.

"'Is you the witch doctor?' she asked between breaths, as she came up to the buggy.

"Yes, madam, I am the witch doctor, but what do you mean by stopping me like this?" I answered in an angry tone.

"I want you to come in an' see my son; he's been b'witched an' they say you can cure him."

"Madam, I would have you understand that I have other business to attend to, and I can't fool with you here any longer," I said, as I slapped my horse with the reins to move on.

"The poor old lady rushed between the wheels and snatched the lines from my hands.

"Please, please, stop. I'll give you everything we got, to cure my boy," she said as she began to cry.

"The old man had also come out now and added his entreaties to those of his wife. After they had agreed to pay me two hundred dollars if I'd cure their son, and signed a note to that effect, I at last turned my horse up into the yard, and went in to examine the bewitched boy.

"What I saw was ridiculous and I found it hard to keep from laughing, but I managed to keep a perfectly calm and serious outward appearance. My brother also managed his face well.

"There lay on the bed, a great big two hundred pound strapping farmer boy, who didn't look as if he'd ever been sick a day in his life. He seemed to be in perfect health.

"With great deliberation I immediately began the examination, while the other members of the family and my brother looked on in open-mouthed wonder. Before I began, however, I noticed the boy's father standing near the foot of the bed, and there was an expression on his face which seemed to say that he would take no fooling, and I knew that I would have to move with great care.

"I went through with the examination by doing as many peculiar and unheard of things as possible. First, I picked

up the boy's left foot and put my ear to his heel. After listening for a minute I announced that he was in love with a certain young girl of the community and that she was also deeply in love with him.

"'Yes, that's right,' nodded the surprised old lady, as she glanced around at her husband, who was standing with his arms folded and without a word was watching my every movement.

"I next pulled a hair out of Joe's head, and putting on my glasses examined it very closely.

"'Another young man of this community is also in love with this same girl, and you two are jealous,' I announced. 'You were out hunting about two months ago, and while you were sitting down somewhere, this fellow carried a rabbit's foot three times around your face and blew some brown powder on you, telling you that you would never see this girl again.'

"Joe and the others admitted that I was exactly right again.

"Thus I continued with the examination, making all the strange motions I could, and announcing each time something that my brother had already told me about the case. When I had finished I had told them the complete story in detail, and had convinced them that I learned it through my examination of the boy. In the meantime, however, I had made some real examinations of the boy's condition, and found that there was absolutely nothing wrong with him except a pure case of the 'nerves.'

"You certainly have got a serious case of 'Witchery,' I said at last. And you did exactly the right thing by lying in bed. There are two banwacten scorpions under your skin and if you had put your foot on the floor they would have killed you at once.

"The look of horror on the boy's face was awful. He ad-

mitted that he had often felt those scorpions running up and down his back.

"I couldn't think just what to do next, so I told them that I would have to wait until the following day to cure him, and that I would have to have the night absolutely to myself. The poor people didn't have a vacant room for me and my brother came to the rescue by offering to take me home with him.

"That night my brother and I decided that we'd have to go ahead with the case and really cure the boy if possible—and it looked as if it might be possible, for I had succeeded in getting his confidence. So we got everything ready for the next day, and decided just how we would go about the cure.

"When we drove up to the farmer's house the next day they were all waiting for us and anxious for me to begin working my cure. Laura Smithfield had heard about what was going to happen and was there, too, though she did not dare to go into the room of her lover. I lost no time in proceeding with our plans.

"First I gave Joe to understand that he must do just exactly what I told him to do, or he would be a dead man sure and certain.

"Joe had confidence in me and agreed to do whatever I told him.

"I told them that the first thing to be done was to get him off the bed, and I ordered the willing old lady to bring me a quilt.

"She brought the quilt and I put it down on the floor before a chair. I then got down and made a great many peculiar motions over the quilt, mumbling to myself all the while.

"Next I ordered the old man and my brother to get hold of Joe's body while I managed his feet, and we put him down in the chair. However, I held his feet up until I had

made my peculiar motions under them, and then put them down on the quilt slowly, one at a time. Joe was frightened and was trembling like a leaf, though he offered no resistance.

"Finally, I ordered everybody to get out of the room, leaving me alone with the boy.

"'Now, Joe,' I said, 'you've got to do just exactly what I tell you to do. Those scorpions have got to be shocked out of you, before you can be cured. Take hold of the chair now, and look straight in front of you while I run the least one out.

"Joe took hold of his chair and I got around behind him and began to bump him in the back with my knee, and to slap him on the face with one hand, while I got a harmless scorpion out of my coat pocket with the other. My brother and I had caught this scorpion on our way over, and had almost killed it, so that it could now be managed easily.

"'There you are!' I exclaimed, as I held the scorpion around where Joe could see it.

"The terrified boy started to get up, but I ordered him to sit still, and tossed the scorpion out the window.

"'Now I'm going to run the other one out,' I said as I went back behind the boy. 'When it comes out you've got to jump and if you don't jump when I tell you, you are a dead man sure and certain!'

"I knew that I would need no more real scorpions to convince the boy that I knew my business, so I began literally to burn the sides of his face up with the palms of my hands. I was slapping him with just about all my might. His muscles were tense, and when I yelled at the top of my voice 'j-u-m-p,' he jumped about ten feet right out into the middle of the room—a perfectly well man."

"And what became of the girl?" interrupted one of the fellows before Bunk could finish his story.

"Oh, that was the first thing Joe thought of after he struck the floor. He rushed into the next room and though Laura was somewhat frightened when she first saw him, they were soon in each other's arms, and the arms of all the rest of the family were around them. John Neck left the community and has never returned."

A POLITICAL DELUSION

C. R. SORRELL.

Our people throughout the country are coming to recognize the importance of an effective political machinery. They have discovered that under our old system, during the past few years, all the people are not receiving the benefits expected and even demanded of a democratic government. As a result of this consciousness on the part of our citizenship, many political schemes and fads are being proposed as remedies for these defects.

Among those receiving the most comment may be mentioned the Initiative and Referendum. The advocates of this policy claim for it, a cure for all our political diseases. But a careful study of this proposed policy reveals serious defects which may invite disastrous results.

The first objection of serious consequence to their scheme is expressed in the fact that it fails to reach the source from which springs the trouble. We must discover the difficulty before we can apply a remedy. Therefore we should face the facts and see if the trouble is due to an insufficiency of means for the popular will to express itself. In so doing we shall no doubt be forced to the conclusion that the fault is not in the weakness of our Constitution.

Suppose we consider who made the Constitution, and under what conditions they worked. Never in the history of the world has there been displayed so much insight into the principles of government as that which accompanied the adoption of the American Constitution. There was an aggregation of real statesmen, comprising the best minds the world has known; headed by Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin and others who had studied closely the conduct

and collective action of man under every governmental plan of which there existed a record. Thus they had reviewed the entire history of the early forms of government, noted how nation after nation had arisen, flourished and passed away, and seen the cause for each one's downfall. In addition to this they had visualized the map of Europe, seen how the movement of representative government had its origin more than 2,000 years ago in the forests of Germany, witnessed how its growth had been of increasing force and power throughout the history of the English-speaking people. They also saw that the one bright spot on all the map was England where the principles of representative government, based upon the intelligence of a free people, had developed to its greatest perfection. Knowing all this, they deliberately, after a most elaborate debate, established our present system of government.

Notwithstanding these facts some would have us believe that this system has been a failure; that it has made of us degenerate slaves with no possibility of redemption save through a new system of government, such as they propose in the Initiative and Referendum. They would have us forget that under this system we have grown from insignificance to be the foremost nation in the world. Moreover, notwithstanding the multitude of terrific storms with which our government has encountered, it has sailed its tempest-tossed journey for more than a century with increasing force and rapidity and still stands today as the model from which all modern republics draw their forms of government.

Hence, we must acknowledge that the fundamental defects which such proposed measures are intended to cure are defects due, not to the mechanism of our present machinery, but to our neglect as citizens of the political duties devolving upon us. We can not hope to cure the ills of society by legislation. Upon this theory rests the weakness of social-

ism. No political machinery can create the dynamics required to move that machinery. Where the dynannics exist our present system can easily be used for its expression. Therefore our emancipation can only come by a performance of our political duties as citizens. If we base our hopes of effecting a political regeneration upon the enactment of some new code of rules we are destined to fateful results. Should corruption exist (and no one denies but that it does) the people are to blame for it. We now have the power to strike down all abuses. We have the best instrument with which to fight ever conceived in the human mind. Under our present system the people's wishes must be enforced without a recourse to a campaign and its attendant excitement. This has been thoroughly tested, and has proved to be absolutely safe. Therefore let us be sure we have something better to offer before we depart from it.

A second objection is presented in the fact that such a policy is foreign to our American plan of government, and thereby discredits its efficiency. Our ideals of government have ever been that of strong representative institutions, based upon the intelligence of the people, whereas the system being advocated possesses many elements of pure democracy and direct legislation. However, it is claimed that it will not materially affect representative government. Nevertheless it may be clearly seen that a legislative body, with its functions exercised by the people at large, would not long exist save in its name. The weakening of its powers, and the loss of its dignity and responsibility, would be the inevitable cause of its decline, and would soon be followed by the complete destruction of the representative principle.

Our government is so constituted that if you weaken one of the three departments you impair the efficiency and harmonious working of the whole. Each serves as a safeguard upon the other; and if the power of the legislative body be

thus weakened or overthrown, it must unduly increase the power of the other two departments, thereby destroying our system of checks and balances which has proved to be one of the strongest features in our constitutional system. Says Mr. Butler, President of Columbia University, "It strikes at the very root of the institutions which we call Anglo-Saxon: proclaims representative government a failure; and furthermore, when taken all together, constitutes an invitation to surrender our representative Republic and to build upon the place where it once stood the structure of a socialistic democracy."

Let us compare the workings of the two systems. Under our present method of legislation the investigation of proposed measures is so difficult, and yet so important, that such measures are distributed among various committees, who are charged with the duty of considering their exact terms. The body as a whole, though composed of the best statesmen of the country, can not pass upon intricate questions without this close investigation by such committees. The bills are then brought before the assembly and discussed thoroughly before they are passed upon the third reading. And yet with all this precaution some laws are enacted which do not meet the expectation, even, of their authors.

What is the method of procedure under the new system? In Oregon, the State presented as their ideal democracy, a law is initiated by eight per cent of the electors, after which it goes before the people for its final enactment, without a possibility of an amendment or a consideration of a legislative body. No provision whatever is made for its examination by a special committee. Thus it is left for the masses to inform themselves on all these complex questions and be prepared to vote intelligently upon them. There are two questions involved as to the wisdom of such action. (1)

Are the people capable of judging as to the merits of the laws? (2) Will they interest themselves enough to make the necessary investigation which such laws demand?

I do not question but that the American people when compared with the rest of the world are intelligent, honest, patriotic, and I believe can be trusted. But they can be trusted only so far as they are informed. As an evidence of the people's ignorance concerning political questions, select any one of the important bills recently passed in congress, read it to the first hundred men you meet; and I venture the assertion that ninety per cent of them will confess they know absolutely nothing of its merits. How many even of our most learned people, college professors, ministers, physicians, read the laws enacted for the governing of their conduct? Even lawyers are not apt to read them except in connection with special cases.

However, those advocating such a policy claim that it will stimulate the people to become more interested in governmental affairs. In an effort to justify their position, they cite us to Oregon as an example. Should we grant that the people in Oregon are more generally interested in public affairs than we, it does not necessarily follow that this interest is due to their system, but on the contrary it antedates it. Moreover, statistics show that the average percentage of those voting for both State officers and measures has decreased from 78.5% in 1904 to 72.2 in 1910. We all are prone to exaggerate the importance of new legislation, but it is a stupendous assumption that a law amending the machinery of government will have much effect upon the political mind and conscience of our people.

A third objection might be advanced in an inquiry as to its operation in those states where it has been tested. The argument advanced by its enthusiasts is based upon the assumption that it will serve merely as a club in the hands of

the people for the purpose of securing good, and checking bad legislation. Thus such an amendment will be a reserve power and not a disturbing agent. There are three basic questions involved in the maintenance of their position.

(1) To what extent has this scheme served as a reserve power? (2) What has been the character of its proposed laws? (3) Have the people used this power intelligently?

As satisfactory evidence that its operation has been more than merely a reserve power, it is only necessary to call attention to the wonderful increase in the size of the direct legislative ballots in Oregon. The policy was adopted in that State in 1902. In 1904 only two measures were submitted. In 1906 there were eleven. In 1908 there were nineteen, ten of which were constitutional amendments. While in 1910 thirty-two were submitted, of which number the initiative was responsible for twenty-five. At this one election the ballot voted upon constituted a book of more than 200 pages, which volume each voter had to study closely from beginning to end in order that he might cast an intelligent ballot. Continuing at this same rate of increase what is to be the size of the ballot in years to come should this system be able to exist? Hence the extent of its reserve power is clearly seen.

What then has been the character of its proposed laws? Says Mr. Holman, President of the State Bar Association of Oregon, "The general characteristics of its measures have been of careless and loose phraseology, and ambiguities which lead to difficulties, for the Supreme Court." The vagueness of the phrase, "not more than 8 per cent of the legal voters" in the initiative amendment itself is typical of the crudeness of its resulting measures.

But the chief objection to such legislation is that it destroys the constitution which should set forth the basic principles under which the people commit themselves to restric-

tion of individual privileges for the benefit of the mass. Yet where that policy has been established the constitution is being changed as readily as the statutes. The author of an initiative measure may present it either as a law or as a constitutional amendment. The only difference being that the legislature may repeal an objectionable law, whereas an amendment can not be repealed until the next election.

Having seen that its character of legislation is not in any way comparable with that of our present system, let us investigate the people's use of direct legislation, and see if they have voted intelligently on all these measures. Senator Bourne, of Oregon, says that the people of his State have voted wisely. Nevertheless the records show that not a single measure adopted has received a majority of the total vote cast, and on some measures 35 per cent of the electors do not vote at all. Moreover, in every case over 10 per cent fail to express themselves. It must be borne in mind that this percentage is based upon the number voting at the election and not on the registrar's book. It could hardly be said that those failing to vote have acted intelligently.

Therefore we find this reserve power is being greatly abused; that a large number of loosely drawn measures are being voted upon; that the percentage of those voting is rapidly decreasing; that the people do not get an intelligent grasp on the proposed laws; and, finally, that the constitution itself is being continually changed with no regard for its purpose and character.

HOW TO STUDY

C. A. FARRELL.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went."

In attempting to discuss *how to study* one is likely to find himself quite as much at sea as Omar Khayyam was in trying to unravel the riddles of the universe. For it is a self-evident fact that no hard and fixed rules of broad application can be set whereby the would-be student may direct himself, since the disposition and the ability of the individual are the all-important things in study. However a few suggestions might be made.

In the first place it is necessary to understand what we are to interpret study to mean. Study is a mental activity called forth by some specific need or by the desire for knowledge. But in the ordinary sense I think that we interpret study to mean the application of the mind to some object or idea or set of ideas with the view of reaping therefrom the greatest benefit in the way of acquired knowledge. Therefore the theme of this paper will be how to master a body of knowledge or facts with the greatest facility; and toward what end study should be directed.

The ability to concentrate—a gift possessed in widely varying degrees by different individuals—the ability to withdraw the attention from a number of objects and to focus it on one central object or idea is, I should say, the primary factor in study. For without concentration there can be no real study, since the greater the number of objects in consciousness, the smaller is the intensity with which it is able to consider any one. That is: "The extension of one's

knowledge at any given time is in inverse ratio with the intention of one's mind." Therefore it behooves students to exert every effort to focalize.

But focalizing requires an exertion of the will; and it is that that makes study painful to many students, for any exertion of the will towards focusing attention is necessarily painful. However, it is encouraging to know that according to the Law of Habit, by which our powers acquire facility and strength by exercise, the power to study becomes easier and easier with the habit of effort toward study. Therefore we may draw this conclusion: *successful study is largely dependent upon habit*. And according to an illustrious scientist of the age: "To acquire this power of attention should be the primary purpose of all mental discipline; for by it alone can one cultivate and realize his natural gifts; by it alone can he rigorously train them; by it alone can he direct their exercise in the manner best suited to expand and to elevate."

But before there can be any exercise of the will there must be some stimulus, motive, or desire. Volition is merely the factor which decides what direction the currents of desire shall take; for that which actuates us is not the will, but rather the desire lying back of the will. Accordingly the student will discover that successful study is the result of some acute stimulus. Now the stimulus may be pleasant or it may be painful; the student may undertake a piece of work with the greatest enthusiasm or the task may be very irksome. And it is only too true that too many students do find their work painful. Nevertheless, if only there is some stimulus or motive prompting us, we can pursue desired ends to accomplishment. Hence the student should not undertake a piece of work in an aimless kind of manner, but should endeavor first to get before his mind some compelling motive.

Acknowledging indebtedness to Dr. Frank M. McMurry for suggestions, and adopting his paragraph headings, let us now turn our attention very briefly to several other factors in study. (1) *The organization of ideas.* No matter what the subject under study may be it is very essential that the student should first determine the subject, that he should get clearly before his mind the general theme. Then he should do some analyzing. He should endeavor to separate facts, labeling some "vital" or "of supreme importance," others, "of secondary importance," and still others, because of their insignificance, he should cast away altogether. To fix the attention indiscriminately upon all facts would prove fatal. Therefore, it is of the highest importance that the student should carefully distinguish between the important and the unimportant; and that, having made his distinctions, he should endeavor to arrange his facts in groups according to their proper relations. "Mental modes occurring together, or in close succession, adhere, so that the after-recurrence of any one tends to suggest the others."

(2) *The supplementing of thought.* Students are mainly occupied with the ideas of other persons as presented in various ways. But at the very best, authors usually merely suggest their thought and leave much incomplete and much entirely hidden at first sight. Therefore the real student will bring much originality into play; and he may from the storehouse of his own thoughts and experiences conjure up many valuable supplementary thoughts. *He must*, very often, do much digging and severe thinking in order to reach the meaning of some work he is engaged with.

(3) *Memorizing.* Since students are largely dependent upon memory, memorizing is found to be a valuable factor in study. However, I do not believe that memorizing should be given a main place in study, nor that in any way it should precede logical thinking. But since thought is in a way de-

pendent upon memory, memorizing might be considered as a valuable supplement to thought. The power of recall is invaluable in all walks of life. And this is dependent upon (1) recency of an impression, (2) vividness of an impression, and attention to the impression, (3) upon *repetition of the impression*. Hence exercises in memorizing may be found very valuable in their proper place.

(4) *The experimental attitude*. In the progress of knowledge, especially of the sciences, ideas that were once held to be true are continually being disproved or are being materially altered. The student should therefore accept knowledge in such a manner that he may at any time modify his ideas. However there are facts, axioms, which are true for all times; these the student should make his own absolutely.

(5) *Judgment of the value of statements*. The question naturally arises, should the student "gobble down" all that is presented to him in text-books? The author is indeed likely to be better informed in his own particular field than the student is. But authors, like other people, are likely to err; and moreover they are very likely to advance ideas with which the reader can not agree. Therefore, I believe it is the duty of the student, while exercising all respect for the man whose work he is studying, to judge for himself the real worth of statements. And if the student errs occasionally, he will not have lost anything in character; for it is certainly far better to be able to make judgments for one's own self, even though those judgments may be at fault sometimes, than to adopt a docile, passive attitude toward all that is put before him. And if the student finds an idea that he considers worth while it is not only his right, but his duty to make that idea his own.

Since the nature of study can not be determined without a knowledge of the end toward which study is a means, it might be well to state what should be the aim of all educa-

tion: "The harmonious development of the human powers for a life of service in the state and in society, with due regard for the peculiar needs, inclinations, and abilities of the individual so far as his own happiness and his social efficiency are concerned." Accordingly the student should recognize that the ideas and influences of other persons are merely the means through which he is to develop his own sacred self; he should learn to believe in and to trust himself and to hold in high esteem his own peculiar powers; he should understand that in study his sacred duty is to so direct his thought as to endeavor to raise himself to his highest efficiency both as an individual and as a member of society.

As a fitting conclusion I should like to quote the words of President Butler: "I offer as evidences of an education—correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action; the power and habit of reflection; the power of growth; and the power to do."

A HEATED ARGUMENT IN HADES

 BILL.

Dramatis Personæ—Omar Khayyam, Edward Fitzgerald, Walt Whitman.

ACT I.

Enter Omar Khayyam and Walt Whitman.

Omar—Where may this Fitzgerald you speak of be found?

Whitman—You are asking me questions, and I hear you. I answer that I can not answer—you must find out for yourself.

Omar—You speak in riddles.

Whitman—Why, that's poetry, man. I wrote it myself.

Omar—Poetry was not so styled when I was on earth. But perhaps you were engaged in instructing the untutored barbarians in the gentle art of versification.

Whitman—Nay, nay, friend Omar, I have but lately left earth. My poetry is not yet in fashion, but it will be in the next generation.

Omar—All that is doubtless interesting but it has no connection with that Fitzgerald whom I seek. I can not rest until I find him. I'll show the villain how to murder good verse! I'll show him! If the translation is half as bad as you say it is, burning is too good for him! Lead me to him, I say!

Whitman—I pray you, be calm, sir. Why such fiery language? Save the brimstone for Fitz. Perhaps you and friend Browning could get together and heap a few coals on his head.

Omar—But I'll punish him alone! I'll run him down, I'll brand him, I'll singe him! This instant will I get my trusty hell-hounds and hunt him out. [Exit.]

Whitman—I guess I have raised hell now. [Exit.]

ACT II.

Enter Omar with a brace of hell-hounds.

Omar—Ha! I gain on him. Even now I can see him in the distance. On, trusty hounds, on! You shall have an extra soul for supper for this day's work. [Exit.]

ACT III.

Enter Fitzgerald, in haste.

Fitzgerald—What new fiend is this I see pursuing me now? I thought they had all had a chance at me, but you gray-beard is a stranger. How fast he comes! I have reached the very borders of Hades and can flee no further. O, Satan, help me now.

Enter Omar and hell-hounds.

Omar—Villain! At last I have you! Even from the Phlegethon have I pursued you, and now vengeance is mine! Tell me, why did you so cruelly mutilate my dear Rubáiyát?

Fitzgerald—Surely this is not my old friend, Omar Khay-yám?

Omar—Call me not friend, Varlet. Before another fire shall have been lighted you will be out of my way forever. Alas, burning is too good for you.

Enter Whitman.

Whitman—Hold! What means this noise? You'll wake His Majesty with this infernal racket.

Omar—But this is that scoundrel Fitzgerald, I know he is. See, is not that a copy of his perpetration in his pocket even now? I'll burn him, I'll—

Whitman—How many have fondly supposed what you are supposing now—only to be disappointed.

Omar—What mean you by that?

Whitman—Simply that His Majesty does all the burning that is done here.

Fitzgerald—O hear me, noble Omar. A hair perhaps divides the False and True; —

Whitman—Yes, hear him, Omar. There is enough strife in Hell already, without our adding to it. We three should be friendly. Couldn't we raise the devil in style?

Fitzgerald—Yes, great Khayyám, let us reason together.

Omar—Methinks there's much truth in what you say. The evil is done, but grievously hath Fitzgerald answered it, so it can not be bettered. Come, let's have a drink. For cocktails and rickys the Hell Gate Bar is unsurpassed even in Naishápár.

Fitzgerald—Sure, I'll take advantage of your offer. Come on, Walt, let's get a schooner.

Whitman—I thank you, my friends, but I never indulge. Also, I have a date with a lady which can not be broken.

Omar—With whom, Thais?

Whitman—I should say not! None of your wornout Romans for Walt. It's a buxom Broadway damsel for mine. But I must haste away, for that rascal Antony has found that the late arrivals have some rare qualities, and he may run off with my friend. So long. [Exit.]

Omar—Come, let us get those drinks. These cinders clog my throat.

Fitzgerald—Yes, let us get the drinks.

"Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit."

[Exeunt.]

A BEAR IN A FLY-TRAP

LOWELL HAYNES.

"Mamma, mamma, come here quick! Dan's done broke his chain an's loose. He's comin' in the kitchen, mamma. Just look, he's turnin' everything over an' he's goin' to eat up everything."

Johnnie excitedly yelled this through the window of the sitting room and ran back to the kitchen door to see what Dan was doing now. Mrs. Banks flung down her work and ran to the kitchen.

Dan, the pet bear, was kept chained in a kennel in the corner of the back yard. The savory odors of the dinner cooking in the kitchen had been too much for his sensitive smell and he straightway proceeded to seek something to satisfy his taste for dainties.

When Dan walked up the kitchen steps on the porch, little Ringo, the pup, became aware that Dan was out of his place and proceeded to stop him. But Dan did not heed him or his noise. He was determined to see where those fragrant odors came from, and as Mrs. Banks entered the kitchen on one side, Bruin entered the other on all fours. Ringo dared not do more than snap at Dan's heels and he stopped at the door. Dan did not notice Mrs. Banks, but rolled his big, round head from side to side and proceeded to nose into several nooks and corners. As he came round near the stove Mrs. Banks retreated out of the kitchen. Johnnie and Ringo stood at the other door.

"Johnnie, for goodness sake do something! How can we get him out of there?"

Dan did not spend much time about the stove; it was too hot. Under a table he found a basket of apples, crunched a

few of them, overturned the basket and rolled the rest out in the floor. He smelled something else. It was in the cupboard. He rose on his hind legs and began to fumble at the doors with his clumsy paws. He shook his head from side to side and nosed at the doors. Finally he opened it and in he thrust his paw. A number of dishes were pulled up to his nose and raked out on the floor, as he found nothing he liked. He smelled something and was looking for it. On the top shelf he found it. It was too high for him to get his nose to it and he raked it off in his face. The dish of honey overturned on his nose and fell to the floor. Down he sat and began to devour the sweet stuff.

Johnnie had an idea. He ran into the dining room and returned with a dish of honey and a handful of Tanglefoot.

"What in the world are you going to do, Johnnie?" exclaimed Mrs. Banks.

"I'm going to give Dan some more honey," and he proceeded to unfold a number of Tanglefoot papers and spread them on the porch around the door. When Dan was nearly done licking up the honey at the cupboard, Johnnie set down his dish of honey and called to Dan. A few more papers were spread round the dish and Johnnie stepped back.

Bruin licked his chops and looked round for something else. Ringo, who had slipped in the kitchen behind Dan while he was busy, ventured too near. Dan turned and made a lunge at the pup; Ringo turned and made a lunge too, but he got excited and ran against the wall, headforemost, blindly rebounded and ran between Dan's legs, out of the door, picking up all the flypaper he touched. Under the floor he disappeared, yelping, covered with flypaper; and there he continued to yelp.

Bruin turned and faced the door. Johnnie quickly placed some more Tanglefoot around his dish of honey. Dan caught the scent and wobbled up to the dish. He did not

mind a few papers sticking to the bottom of his feet. But when he found it necessary to tilt the dish he raised his paws with the papers clinging to them and awkwardly overturned it. Then the papers on his paws were in his way and he could not wipe them off. Nevertheless he put his nose to the honey. Then he sat down and began to lick up the honey, first from one side of his mouth, then from the other. The papers stuck to his nose. He tried to pull them off with his paws and pasted them more securely on his face. Then he began to rub his nose against the floor. He succeeded in picking up nearly all the papers in this way. He stuck them over his nose; they covered his eyes; with his paws he tipped them on the top of his head and over his ears. He got furious. He snorted and scratched his head. He began to turn round and rub his nose against the floor, which was not a good way to get flypapers loose. Blinded, he rose on his hind legs, turned about, clawing his head, stepped off the porch and rolled over on the ground. Johnnie doubled up with laughter. Dan felt humiliated and made no effort to accomplish another bear dance. The excitement attracted his father, who made his appearance in time to hook the chain to Bruin while he lay on the ground as meek and submissive as a punished child. He permitted Mr. Banks to lead him to his kennel, where he left him to finish clawing off the flycatchers.

THE BROOK FARM

T. C. HOLLAND.

In 1841 a number of people, headed by George Ripley, a Unitarian clergyman, purchased two hundred acres of land at Roxbury, nine miles out from Boston, where they started a communal life for the purpose of exemplifying in real life some agencies of reform which might prove a model for the rest of the world. They determined to combine manual and mental labor in such a way as to achieve the greatest success. Some literary men of that day, such as Hawthorne and Emerson, were in sympathy with and actually took part in encouraging this movement. Hawthorne spent a part of a year on this farm, enjoying the select society, which was held together for six years. Emerson was more of a distant observer, yet his sympathies were with this movement, and he hoped much good might result from it. With this general idea let us notice the farm and some of its results.

This experience gave Hawthorne material for writing his "Blithedale Romance," one of his greatest novels. Emerson was indebted to this farm for the source of some of his miscellaneous writings. Many men in scores of books, and in hundreds of articles, have in some degree helped to give this experiment great prominence, and have thereby received more attention from having treated this subject.

I seek not to change any preconceived idea. Better living was the question at that time. Today we would do well to think on that subject occasionally. Looked at from one angle it might be said with one of our company: "The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom, to know when

it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed." Just so with one's moral obligations, one will most likely doubt at times, still the hope lingers for a better day. But in order to see a better day we need not necessarily abandon warm firesides, deny ourselves all of life's comforts, and have "everything as common and plain as an old shoe." Were it to be tried who could select that golden mean, that would bring gladness to all, when the whole tendency is to gravitate toward the extremes? The first spirit shown in this attempt sought advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. Such is hostility, at large, and not a new brotherhood, although it was clothed in the cloak of socialism.

Kindness may be overtaxed on a snowy night, when all is comfortable within doors. Such causes forgetfulness to the careless, but the professional "lookers-after" the needy should not frown too much, when a hungry frozen person knocks at the door. Yet on such a night, such happened in this communal home, when one of its numbers brought in an unfortunate person out of the cold. All had liked his philanthropy, had it been in season; as it was all loved the philanthropist, and hated his deeds of uncalled for kindness toward the downtrodden race. "Oh! that he would let bad people alone and try to benefit those who are not already past his help," was the sentiment of the company. A spirit not unknown today was common among them, which caused them to think, if they were to live together they must do enough good and bad to keep all their members at work within their own household, although they stood for the spirit of communism. Such were their bounds. "Try again," succeeds at times, so this time a second knock caused the door to be opened. On close succession a young girl, pale and almost frozen was brought in. Much attention was given her, the kind that stands off and looks on; after a while the senior member of the company commanded them to give her a cup of tea and a

thick slice of bacon. This was done, the confusion abated, and they finished their supper in some degree of composure.

A person thrown upon his own resources tries to make friends of the "Mammon of Unrighteousness." For this or some reason this new member showed no little friendship toward the lady of the house, or more exactly, a lady of that family, which was not appreciated at all. The fact alone that she was a member of her own sex saved her from the sorrow and torture she might otherwise have received from the tongue of her mistress. This lady who had been favored with more love than she could conveniently dispose of, began to think the good philanthropist was not interested in the socialistic scheme, and was only seeking the reformation of criminals—a good work no one would deny, but a work she thought below their dignity.

In due order of progress a name was sought for this institution. To such people no common name would appeal, the nature of their work demanded a far better name than Utopia. Some ventured to suggest "The Oasis of Sahara," only to be hissed down in sadness. For lack of a more suitable name all finally settled upon "Blithedale" for the time, which for practical purposes was later changed to "The Brook Farm."

While all this was going on the outside world was looking on, anxiously awaiting to see what the outcome might be; whether they would reform the world, or in a short time abandon this life as impracticable and go back to their former way of living. To say the least, many of their neighbors were incredulous as to the success of this undertaking. Naturally they told slanderous fables about their inability to yoke up oxen, or to drive them after they had been yoked. Worst of all they did not know how to release them at nightfall. They even said that the cows laughed at their awkwardness at milking time, and kicked over the pails in self-defense.

Again it was averred they ploughed up whole acres of Indian corn and drew up the soil carefully around the weeds and raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages. Finally, as an ultimate catastrophe, they reported these socialists were exterminated to a man by the sweep of their own scythes—and the world had lost nothing by the accident. All this may have been due to pure envy and malice, or it may have been told, as many hurtful things are, just for the sake of having something to talk about. Yet the peril, however, was not that they should not become practical agriculturists, but that they should cease to be anything else; since it is possible for a man's soul to be buried and perish in a furrow of a field, just as the body, when buried, in a short time molders to dust as Shakespeare would say of Julius Cæsar. Labor, good as it is, "every stroke of the hoe will not uncover some aromatic root of wisdom hitherto hidden from the light of the sun." To overemphasize either the farm work, or philanthropy, would throw a check upon the literary production of the company, for Burns: "He was no poet while a farmer, and no farmer while a poet." And none denies that Burns is still the people's poet. At such a crisis they concluded: "People never get just the good they seek; if it come at all it is something else which they never dreamed of, and did not particularly want."

Finally the literary man got enough of this sort of life, and longed for the town again. In an age of invention and discovery, one has to hasten to keep up with the times: "No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint." Now he must meet and mingle with his literary friends and get a grip on an idea or two which had come into vogue since yesterday morning. When he reached the

town he found all the love and domestic feeling one could hope for, shown in a private home; for this he sighed and thanked God that people in the world are still capable of right living, apart from the bounds of socialism, communism and every other kind of isms.

This revived notion of an outside world was soon brought to bear upon the mind and heart of the lady in this household, although she had been separated from it for a short while. She, too, came to the city and enjoyed the rank and file of all that society can afford a person. Her better reason told her that the moment of this undertaking as long as a man of only a modicum of common sense was at its helm, would at best be of small importance. She gained the sympathy of us all when she murmured: "I am weary of this place and sick to death of playing at philanthropy and moral progress." To her mind this was worse than empty mockery. And as the only alternative she decided to become a Catholic nun. But alas! before she joined that holy church she drowned herself and sought no further the reformation of the world.

This awful fact brings us to a great grief in this new family. For some reason she realized the failure so far as she could help. Well she might, for up to this time not one criminal had been reformed by this society; hardly a person outside of their own immediate circle had shared any peculiar benefit. All that remained was a future separated from this place and from each other. Were they to benefit the race they must live with them and not isolate themselves, by living in this out-of-the-way communistic home, and an antagonistic mode of life. Remembrances now are all that is left of that beautiful scheme which, during the first summer's existence bade fair to endure for many generations; be perfected as the ages rolled away into the system of a people and a world. But being in its very nature impracticable it was abandoned with sad results during lifetime for its founders.

THE ROTTEN PLANK

ROY A. MARSH.

"Where're we gonner hunt tonight?" asked Jim Timpleton, as he crossed his legs and leaned on the counter in Bill Ashcroft's little one-roomed shanty, which, serving both as store and barroom, was the general meeting place of the country people for miles around.

"I'll be daru' if I know," replied his companion, Jake Husker, as he shoved his glass over to be filled for the third time. "I ain't had no luck in three weeks, and to tell ye the truth I believe just 'bout all the 'possums have done been scraped out o' this part o' the country. Pete Hawkins is the only man I know of that can ketch any these days."

"I can tell you where I betcha a dollar there's plenty o' 'possums," suggested Jim, who was beginning to feel just a little "good" from the effects of the whiskey.

"Where is it?" asked Jake.

"Over on ole man Hayney's place. You know everybody is afeard to hunt over there, because of the haints, and I betcha the 'possums 're as thick as the hair on a dog's back in them big woods all aroun' ole man Hayney's house."

"You're right, Jim, and I'll be dad gum if I don't back you out goin' over there to hunt this very night," boasted Jake, who was also beginning to feel the effects of his whiskey. "I ain't afeard o' nun o' ole man Hayney's ding busted haints."

"Call yer dogs," said Jim, as the two friends started towards the door. "We'll roust some 'possums or haints one, tonight, or ye ken have my ole hat."

No sooner had the hunters passed out of the room than Pete Hawkins arose from his seat in the back of the store,

where he had been sitting in the dim light, unseen by Jim and Jake while they were making their plans for the night.

Pete was a cross between the white man and the Indian. His hair was coarse and black, though somewhat wavy; he had the characteristic high cheek bones of the Indian; his jet-black eyes were deep set, and looked out from under shaggy brows over a hawk-like nose; and he stood six feet two. Pete lived all alone in a little hut on the hillside just across the river from the Hayney place. He had no relatives and had little to do with the other people of the community. Everybody knew that he was the best hunter in the country, and he was now selling a half-dozen 'possums every week. But nobody could find out where he did his hunting.

Pete gulped down the glass of brandy which the storekeeper handed him, and passed swiftly and silently out through the door. If he went home he would have to pass near the Hayney place, and it is said that he was the only man in the country who was not afraid to pass by there at night.

The Hayney place was about two miles north of Bill Ashcroft's combined store and barroom. It consisted of something over a hundred acres of densely wooded land. The old fields, once tended, were now covered with a thick growth of trees and bushes, so that none of the land was cleared up. In about the center of the place stood old man Hayney's two-roomed log house, around which the trees and bushes had grown up as thickly as in any other part of the forest. Nobody had lived there in over fifty years. This old half-decayed log hut and the woods surrounding it were the center of many mysterious and thrilling ghost stories.

The story goes that, in his day old man Hayney was a very dare devil of a man. He had absolutely no respect for human life, and if the occasion arose would kill a man as quickly as he would a rabbit.

One day his wife and little baby were found dead on the floor of the hut. Their heads seemed to have been crushed with some kind of heavy club. The head of old man Hayney himself was found in one corner of the room, and his mouth was drawn into its characteristic wicked smile. Nobody ever knew what became of his body.

After this awful tragedy nobody ever dared to move into old man Hayney's house, and according to rumor the place became the regular home of all kinds of ghosts. For the last five or six years nearly every one who had been around the old place at night had seen or heard some kind of "haint."

It was a common thing to see a light in the house at midnight or after; several people had heard the cries of a baby; two fellows had once heard the piercing heart-rending shrieks of a woman; old Uncle Sam Anderson, colored, told it that one night, when he was passing near the woods on the Hayney place, he saw a headless man coming towards him, and carrying in his hand a bloody club. And thus the stories went, each man having his own experience to tell, and every one enlarging on what every one else told.

It was into such a place as this that, in a time of overconfidence from the effects of bad whiskey, Jim Templeton and Jake Husker had decided to go 'possum hunting.

They reached the place about nine o'clock and had now been hunting almost three hours. Thus far nothing unusual had happened, and they had met with even better success than they had really expected—having caught four good, large fat 'possums in this short time.

However, sometime about midnight their hunt was suddenly interrupted by a low rumbling in the west. It was a warm night and the hunters realized at once that a thunder storm was approaching. They knew how quickly these storms could come up, and how severe they were at times, so they immediately began to think of home and shelter.

"I'll be darn if I ain't lost," said Jim, when he began to look around in the woods for some familiar sign. "This is the first time I's ever in these woods after dark, and I don't know a thing about where we are at."

"I'm in the same fix," answered Jake, beginning to look anxious. "An' the clouds have done covered up the stars, so we can't find our way out by them."

The storm approached and the thunder grew louder and more frequent. The hunters realized that something must be done immediately.

"Let's be movin' somewhere," said Jim, as he picked up his lantern and started on. "Maybe we'll accidentally run out of these woods somewhere. If we don't get out of here I'm afeard we're in fer it, shore enough. That's a terrible storm comin' up, or I'm a mighty bad fooled man."

The hunters tried to take a straight course and were walking rapidly through the woods in the hope of getting out before the storm could catch them. But it was of no use, for the storm was coming down upon them with a mighty rush. The lightning was blinding and the thunder was deafening. The hunters rushed frantically on.

Suddenly, during a bright flash of lightning, the lost hunters saw directly in front of them an old, decayed, vine-covered log house, surrounded by a thick growth of trees and bushes. They at once recognized it as the Hayney place.

"Do yer wanter go in there?" shouted Jim, for he could scarcely be heard above the roar of the storm.

There was an ear-splitting crash of thunder and all at once the rain and hail began to pour down in torrents. For an answer to Jim's question, Jake pushed him toward the door of the hut and followed close behind. They rushed in, and in spite of the strong wind against it, succeeded in slamming the door behind them. The wind had blown out

their lantern and they were now in pitch darkness, except for the rapid flashes of lightning which penetrated the vine-covered cracks with difficulty, and which did not enable them to see anything in the room.

The hunters fell up against the wall near the door at which they had entered. Clinging to each other they stood there for what seemed to them thirty minutes, waiting for the terrific storm to cease. They did not attempt to talk, for nothing could be heard above the deafening roar on the outside.

In a short time, however, the storm ceased, almost as suddenly as it had come up, and the roar passed on in the distance. At once the hunters began to think about going, for the effects of their whiskey had died down and they did not feel so bold as they did a few hours before. They had been thinking about "haints" all the time during the storm, and both were anxious to get out of old man Hayney's house as quickly as possible. Jim began to feel for the latch on the door.

"What in thearnation is that?" hoarsely whispered Jim, as he clutched Jake's arm with a deathlike grip.

"I didn't hear nothin'," answered Jake.

"Listen," whispered Jim.

There came up from the floor, a few feet from where Jim and Jake were standing, a low, mournful groan, as if from a dying human being.

At first, too frightened to move or speak, the two friends stood motionless and silent. Icy sweat popped out on their faces; cold chills ran up and down their backs, and their hair stood on end.

A second groan, more pathetic than the first, came up from the floor, and all at once life seemed to return to the terrified hunters. Like fierce wild beasts, just trapped in a cage, they hurled themselves against the door of the hut,

determined to get out at any cost. Destitute of all reason they did not think to turn the latch, but tried to burst the door out, whereas it should have been opened from the inside. The strong oak door resisted all their frantic and almost superhuman efforts, and this forced them to use a little reason.

"For God's sake strike a light," gasped Jim. "We've got to see how to git outen here."

Jake fumbled around in his pocket and finally produced a match, while the groans from the floor grew louder and began to sound almost like words. Jake struck the match and Jim reached for the door latch, while both instinctively turned and looked in the direction of the groan. They got only a fleeting glance, but what they saw caused them to run as only the greatest terror can make a man run, until they got clear out of the Hayney woods.

The next morning they were down at old Bill Asheroft's store, bright and early, telling their experience.

"I'll swan it looked to me like a real human being," said Jim, who was doing most of the talking. "It turned its face towards us when Jake struck the match, but I couldn't tell nothin' 'bout what it looked like. The light wan't bright enough and I didn't take time."

"Every what it wuz had some size to it," said Jake. "I'll swan it looked to me like it covered half of that floor."

"And one of its legs wuz hangin through a crack in the floor," continued Jim. "I believe it began to talk when we started out the door, but we didn't have time to hear what it had to say."

"Aw you fellers ain't seen no haint," said the storekeeper. "Whoever heard tell of a haint lookin' like a ordinary human bein'."

"If twan't a haint I love to know what 'twas," indignantly snapped Jim.

"Me too," said Jake.

"Wal, I'll back yer out going over there to see if there's any signs loft now," suggested the storekeeper.

"I'll be darn if ye git me back over there," said Jake. "I'm through with that place."

"Aw come on, ye don't mean nothin' ye say," said Bill Asheroft. "Ye ain't never hearn tell of a haint in the day time, besides ye ain't that seary nohow, Jake."

This brought Jake around, and after they had all taken a good drink, old Bill put a good bottle of brandy in his pocket and the three set out for the Hayney place.

"Let me git behind," said Jake, as they came in sight of the Hayney house. "I'm gonner lead the way if there is any runnin' to be done."

Jim took the lead, the storekeeper came next, and Jake brought up the rear. They approached the hut in silence. The door was still standing open, and Jim went up close and cautiously peeped in.

"I hope I'll die stone dead if it ain't still in there," whispered Jim, as he turned an ashen face to the others.

"Still in there?"

"Yes; if ye don't believe it, look for yerselves."

Jake moved further away from the hut, and was ready to run, but the storekeeper decided to take a look.

He walked up and peeped in as Jim had done, but he continued to look for some little time. In fact he stayed there so long that the others didn't know what to think.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim.

The storekeeper motioned for him to come towards him.

"Let's go in there," he whispered. "I know who that is, or I'm the biggest fool in the world."

"Know who it is?" whispered the surprised Jim.

"Yessir," said the storekeeper, as he started into the house.

Jim and Jake would not go any further than the door.

The storekeeper went up to the prostrate form and lightly touched it with his foot. There was a slight movement, and a pale, haggard face was turned up to his.

"Pete Hawkins, how in the name of common sense come you here, and in this fix?"

"Water," gasped Pete.

The storekeeper got down by Pete and placed his whiskey flask to his parched lips.

"What're you doin' here, Pete?" he asked again, as he removed the flask. "And what's the matter with yer leg?"

"I heard Jim and Jake talkin' over at the store last night," began Pete in a weak, jerky voice, "an' I thought I'd come over here an' scare 'em off.——I didn't wan't 'em to hunt here.——When I come in the house a rotten plank went through with me,——an' I broke me leg."

"But wan't ye afeard o' the haints over here?" asked Jake, who at last had got just inside the door.

"I'm the only haint that's ever been in this house," continued Pete, who was beginning to show signs of "giving way" from the exhaustion caused by talking. "I've been livin' over yonder in sight o' this place all me life——an' I knowed they wan't no haints here.——But I wanted to make the other folks think they wuz,——so I could have——all this land to hunt on by myself.——All the haints——that has ever been seen on this place——has been me.——Thet rotten plank——caught me last night.——I guess——there won't be——any——more——haints——now."

FLASHES

"Nerve"

The dishes had been washed, the crumbs had been swept into the crumb-tray and thrown out the back door for the chicks. The table was already set in order and the spread thrown loosely over the dishes to protect them from the dust.

Miss Sallie had returned to her room, had thrown a few pieces of coal into the grate and every particle of dust had been swept into the fireplace. When this was done she arranged the chairs primly, drew up a table into the center of the room and placed upon it her big B. & H. lamp. Then she quietly disrobed for the night and throwing loosely around her a soft silk kimona she dropped into a large leather rocking chair which she had placed near the table. She was taking up her favorite volume of "Mrs. Browning's Love Poems," when suddenly she was interrupted by a light tap on the door.

Thinking that some friend of hers—knowing her to be alone—had come over to spend the evening, she stole out through the long hall to the front door and boldly asked:

"Who's there?"

But there was no reply.

"Who's there, I say?"

Still all was silence.

Then deciding that she had been mistaken, she walked back to her room and was taking up her book again when she heard the second knock. This time she realized that the knock had come from the back door. So, laying down the book again she walked back through the dining room, and on to the kitchen door and asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me," came the gruff reply.

"And who is me?" Miss Sallie asked.

"Please, ma'm, gimme something to eat; I'm hungry," came the gruff, but pleading reply.

"And who are you, anyway?" Miss Sallie asked, as she cracked the kitchen door and stood peeping by aid of the light which fell from the lighted room.

"Ned Jenkins is my name, and I've come a long ways to-day without a mouthful to eat. Can't you gimme a little bite er something to eat, ma'm? I'm simply starving," the voice continued.

"What are you doing coming so far with nothing to eat? Can't you find work, sir?" asked Miss Sallie, with an important air.

"Eer, yes, ma'm, but you see I'm making a trip, and—

"Well, why don't you work for a living?" she continued.

"Got anything cooked in the house, ma'm?"

"No, not a thing," came the hot reply.

"Well, couldn't you gimme a little piece of meat, or something until I can get a little farther along?"

"No, I haven't a thing to give you. Go and work for your living," she added.

"But I'm mighty hungry, ma'm."

"Well, I can't help that."

"Will you please tell your mother to step to the door, mam?"

"No, my mother is out of town; you had as well leave the premises, I'm not going to give you anything. You are able to work for a living; so do it," she hurled.

"May I speak to your father just a minute, ma'm? I'm mighty hungry," he continued.

"No, sir, you can not; my father is down town and I am

alone in the house, so leave the place at once," snapped Miss Sallie, as she started to close the door.

"You say your father is not here?"

"No, he is not."

"Well, I guess I'd about as well help myself, then," said the rough traveler, as he pushed the door open and walked in.

"Get out of here, you intruding rascal," screamed Miss Sallie.

"Yessum."

"Oh, get out of here, I tell you, or I'll call the police," continued the old maid, evidently becoming enraged as well as frightened at her intruder's impudence.

"Please, ma'm, give me a few minutes before you call the police," humbly asked her intruder, as he passed into the closet.

"Get out then, or I'll call the police at once," she commanded.

"Now you wouldn't do a thing like that, would you ma'm?" calmly asked the man, as he began filling his knapsack.

"Oh, come out of there, you wretch, or I'll shoot you," Miss Sallie exclaimed, as she started out of the room.

"Yessum; just a minute," came the calm reply.

Soon Miss Sallie reappeared holding in her right hand a big shining revolver. Pointing it directly at her uninvited guest she emphatically demanded:

"Now leave the room, or I'll take your life."

"Don't shoot, madam; I'm going now in a minute," he said.

"I say get out of here, and that quick," she angrily demanded.

"Yessum; I'm going now," he said, as he scanned the second shelf and pulled down a couple of sausage rolls and stuffed them into his bag.

"Are you going?" she sternly asked.

"Yessum; I'm going now," he said as he continued his search.

Then Miss Sallie walked up in front of the closet door and emphatically demanded, "Get out of here at once, or I'll shoot your head off.

"Ma'm?" came the calm reply.

"Get out of here I tell you. Do you hear me?" she continued.

"You wouldn't shoot me, would you?" said the tramp, turning his head indifferently.

"Yes I will; get out of this room quick, I say," she continued.

"Don't shoot, please; let me say my prayers," replied the tramp, coolly, as he dropped in another piece of meat.

"Yes, I'm going to shoot you if you don't get out of here," snapped the spinster.

"Are you?" he said.

"Yes, and that quick," came the sharp reply.

"Well, things are getting kinder shaky 'round here, so I guess old Ned had better be movin'. Er—good evening, Miss." And he stepped out, calmly closing the door after him.

L. R. O'BRIAN.

Miss Toodle-de-winks and the Teddy Bear

Several members of Professor Knockumstrotum's world-famed troupe of singers lounged lazily around the great stove in the hotel lobby. Jack Balfour, first tenor, a chubby little chunk of devilment, sat on a window seat idly thrumming on the glass with his fingers and musing longingly on "the lights of gay Broadway." He hummed softly:

"Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to"—etc.

Weston was one of those drowsy, listless little old North Carolina towns, and Jack was bored beyond comprehension.

Suddenly a delightful-looking bit of femininity—all canvas spread—hove into sight around the corner.

"Gee! peach of a blonde!" Jack half roused himself; he whistled softly.

"Wish she'd pass this way! Darn if she isn't!" Jack was now thoroughly awake.

The little lady tripped gayly up the street. At the hotel window she almost paused; she caught Jack's eye; a flicker of a smile struggled up to her fur-encircled face; she nodded, then broke into inaudible laughter—and the turtle dove fluttered swiftly up the street.

Jack sat for a moment dumbfounded; then his senses came back with a rush. Visions of scenes on Forty-second Street chased hurriedly through his memory. At last, was this a bit of excitement?

"At any rate I'm not the guy to let a pippin like that nod at me and then escape," Jack exclaimed to himself, as he grabbed his cap and overcoat. Out to the door he went singing softly, but joyously:

"I'm the guy that put the salt in the ocean."

Outside the hotel Jack paused but a moment. The vision disappearing up the street looked back; Jack was instantly away in pursuit. Around the corner the white furs disappeared; Jack was close behind. Into a department store the little woman hurried; in followed Jack.

When Jack sauntered up the object of pursuit was very busily examining some laces.

"'Lo there, Toodle-de-winks," Jack growled softly. No reply.

Jack leaned on a heavy glass showcase and scratched his head. He was stumped.

"A lemon?" he asked himself. "Hold on! There, she's peeping at me from under that dishpan hat." Jack smiled and drew a little closer to her.

"Lo, Toodle-de-winks," Jack repeated. "I guess she didn't hear me the first time," he told himself.

"Oh, sir! I guess you've named me correctly, but won't you pardon that little smile? Really, it was so impulsive—and you did look such a cute little Teddy bear curled up—" the enchanting little Miss Toodle-de-winks answered.

"Can't be over nineteen; and a p. c.," the Teddy bear whispered to himself. Aloud, "Aw, cut your apologies kid; that was some cute."

The violet eyes met Jack's in a loving little smile—Miss Toodle-de-winks had entirely forgotten her laces.

"How 'bout a picture show, sweet child?" Jack queried.

Miss Toodle-de-winks gave a little toss with her fluffy head, pondered a moment, smiled, and nodded assent.

Jack laid his hand courteously on her arm as if to assist—

"Why, Margaret, didn't expect to see you down town—got back early; who—" a tall, dark, athletic looking man had just entered the doorway and was addressing Miss Toodle-de-winks.

"Oh! er—hubby, so surprised; meet an old friend of mine; my husband, Mr—"

The Teddy bear hadn't even growled adieu. He was entering the hotel as fast as a Teddy bear's short legs would permit him to amble.

C. A. FARRELL.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

"Now Frankly—" When anyone approaches you and says "Now frankly, old fellow," you always "sit up and take notice." And when a teacher or public speaker, in a tone of voice not to be mistaken, begins to talk in direct language about home affairs, without trick or disguise, there is invariably a silence and suspense in the audience as the people literally lean forward to catch each word the moment it is uttered. Not only does the message

go home with telling effect, but every man—especially if he be an American college man—admires such a candid, fearless speaker, whether he agrees with him or not. Perhaps the secret of the influence of the late William T. Stead—the great English journalist who in a certain sense swayed European public opinion according to his own views,—can be found in what someone has written about him since his death on the Titanic: “Stead’s main conception of an editor’s duty was to be himself.” Kings and potentates listened when the fearless man spoke.

Professor Highsmith, before his Sunday School class in November, said some plain things about evils in Wake Forest College; and we admired him for it. The picture might not have been painted exactly right, but it was painted honestly, nevertheless; and nobody doubts but that this candid statement will contribute toward a more healthy state of affairs. Now, at least, the wolves can be located more easily, for rest assured they will howl.

We may have some men in College whose characters are not to be admired in every detail, but we are certain there are not many deceivers and sneaks in our midst. A Wake Forest man is certainly candid, frank, and open in his dealings, if he is nothing else. And that spirit which impels us to be openly ourselves before all men is little short of admirable. We understand each other. And that makes us a friend to everybody, although we may not commend everything one may say or do.

“Now frankly,” we want to be courteous to all refined gentlemen, who are considerate of the opinions and feelings of others; but to be all that we must be uncompromisingly candid, free of cant, and “be, not seem to be.”

Music

Whose soul does not thrill to hear good music? We may not all appreciate the exquisitely beautiful poetry in Homer and Virgil, and occasionally a bookworm may be found who does not crawl out to the athletic park to witness every game; but where, oh where, will you discover a man who does not cheer lustily "on the side line" when the Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra is giving a concert?

To be honest with you, we are proud of the Glee Club and Orchestra, which is being so ably directed by that bunch of enthusiasm blended with superb musical ability, Dr. Hubert McNeil Potat. It means much for the College to have such a splendid club to represent it; and for anyone who may chance to attend one of the concerts, there is valuable and delightful entertainment in store.

What's Wrong? During this session there have been thoughtful and prolonged efforts made by Drs. Sikes and Paschal, in coöperation with the two literary societies, to increase the interest in debating and to make it of more real value to the students. We may not be at the top of the scale in athletics among our State colleges, but we do hold the cup for the State championship in debates. For years we have been justly priding ourselves on the splendid work done by our literary societies. But why do we have this present dissatisfaction in the work being done in debating? Is it possible that Wake Forest is growing weaker as a debater? What is wrong?

We most emphatically declare that Wake Forest is not by any means on the decline of power in college debating. We have more able debaters perhaps in college during this present session than we have had in years. This dissatisfaction with the work being done by the societies is but a sign of the

healthy state of affairs which we have reached in our debating. We demand nothing but the best. When the patient becomes quiet and satisfied it is a sign that life is getting low, and there is danger.

We do not understand exactly the new plans for debating which are being formulated, but we have confidence in the ability of the men who have it in charge to work out some practical helpful innovations. No college man can afford to neglect his opportunities to become an effective public speaker. We all are not expected to become great orators, but we are expected to become leaders in our respective communities.

And there is a victory to win next Easter Monday! Let our prospective representatives spare no pains whatever in preparation. It is more than any athletic victory—yes, more than ten athletic victories. Behold the long procession leading from the station, and the flash of bonfires, and the loud hurrahs!

Basketball? Sometime in November there was a rumor
Certainly! that we were about to lose our basketball coach,
 but every man rejoiced to find it only a rumor. But the thing which puzzles us is why anybody should have even started such a rumor. Basketball is undoubtedly the most fitting college game which we have. The student-body as a whole gets more in return for expenditures in basketball than in any other branch of athletics. The entertainment afforded at every game is of the highest order—not an uninteresting moment at any time. And it always pays a dividend to the Athletic Association. So surely instead of withdrawing our support from basketball we are going in more enthusiastically for it than ever before. Common sense would lead us to do that.

Wake Forest has a coach for basketball, Mr. J. Richard

Crozier, who we do not believe can be surpassed in the South. He has done as much for clean athletics at Wake Forest, during the last several years, as any other man. And we have had a splendid basketball record under Mr. Crozier's coaching, having lost only three games on the home floor.

With Mr. Crozier as coach and Mr. T. Boyce Henry as manager, we predict another year of victories.

**North Carolina
Poetry**

A collection entitled "North Carolina Poems," edited by Professor E. C. Brooks, appeared from the presses of the Mutual Publishing Company of Raleigh, in the early part of November. It is a better anthology of North State verse in many ways than its two predecessors—that of Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, which appeared in 1854, and that of Mr. Hight C. Moore, which appeared in 1894.

We are glad to see this new anthology. The book contains a hundred and four poems. Several writers are represented by one poem each, ten by three poems each, five by four poems each. Five poems of Dr. Benjamin Sledd are included—"The Children," "The Mystery of the Woods," "United," "The Vision of the Milk-white Doe," and "The Wraith of Roanoke," and six each from the writings of John Henry Boner, Samuel H. Lyle, Jr., John Charles McNeill, and Henry Jerome Stockard. The editor has provided a brief sketch of each author in the collection.

Every citizen of the State ought to be acquainted with our North Carolina poets. There have been nearly a hundred volumes of poetry written by native authors, but how many people in our State read them? The editor and publisher have rendered to the State and to literature a valuable service in thus getting out a new collection of North Carolina poems.

THE OPEN DOOR

An Athletic Entrance Fee

For the past three months the student body of our college has been endeavoring through petitions and in other ways to get a regulation through the Board of Trustees, requiring an athletic entrance fee. While we have failed thus far to get a hearing before the Board, for technical reasons, we still believe just as ardently in the justice of our cause.

Six years ago the Board of Trustees granted us the privilege of playing inter-collegiate football on condition that the student body eradicate hazing. We have done our part as effectively as can be found in any college in this or any other State. As a practice hazing does not exist here. With the privilege of playing football granted we naturally inferred the attendant privilege of purchasing balls and suits and of hiring a coach—essentials to the game, and as these expenses are not small, nor easily met, we ask permission only to systematize the financing of the sport. How may this be done? Let's ask Richmond College. The following is a letter from President Boatwright, dated December 11, 1912:

RICHMOND COLLEGE

F. W. BOATWRIGHT

PRESIDENT

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 11, 1912.

MR. ROMULUS SKAGGS, *Wake Forest, N. C.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of December 9, and am replying at once.

Upon the request of students and alumni, our faculty recommended to the Board of Trustees in June, 1911, that every matriculate be charged an athletic fee of \$5.00, payable at entrance, the fund thus created to be used for the maintenance of the Athletic Association and its various forms of sport. The Trustees adopted the recommendation of the faculty, with the proviso that the President of the College be authorized to exercise his discretion in excusing any student from the payment of the athletic fee.

The new regulation went into effect in September, 1911, and has therefore been tested at two matriculation periods. There has been no opposition, and I have been called upon to excuse less than one-half of one per cent of the student body. Students who are excused from the payment of the fee are not entitled to the privileges of the Athletic Association. The fee entitles the student to membership in the Association, and to free admission to all College games and events held in Richmond.

Yours sincerely, F. W. BOATWRIGHT.

That letter needs no comment.

What says Davidson College?

DAVIDSON, N. C., Dec. 11, 1912.

Mr. ROMULUS SKAGGS, *Wake Forest, N. C.*

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter yesterday, and in reply will say that so far our system of collecting five dollars (\$5.00) from each student in the fall has been a success. Of course there are always from fifteen to twenty who don't pay, but they are usually the ones whose finances won't permit to do so. It is very popular among the students and has been all the time, for this is the only way that we have to get money in order to carry on athletics here, since we have no endowment fund to draw from. Each student is a member of the Athletic Association as soon as he matriculates, and the five-dollar fee is collected during the first week or ten days of school. Upon payment of this fee the student has all the privileges of all athletic equipment that we have, and can take part in all athletic contests; but until this fee has been paid he is not eligible to take part in any form of athletics, not even class games, and can't use the gymnasium or any of the equipment. Of course, in cases where the students are not able this privilege is granted them.

Hope this information is what you wanted, and if not let me know and I will write you anything else that you would like to know on this subject.

Sincerely, D. A. McQUEEN,
President Athletic Association.

Last, but not least, our old friend A. & M. is ready to testify for us as follows:

NORTH CAROLINA
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

WEST RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 10, 1912.

Mr. ROMULUS SKAGGS, *Wake Forest, N. C.*

DEAR SIR:—In regard to your letter I would like to say that the students decided last spring to have a certain athletic fee paid in

each time they matriculated. After several discussions of the matter by the faculty, it was decided to have a fee of three dollars paid in September and again in January. We can say that so far the system has worked fine and aided a great deal towards helping the Athletic Association. This fee is put in the catalogue, and in this way the parents of each student can see exactly where the money he spends is going.

Then this fee entitles the student to all the athletic contests held on home grounds, and all of the students are sure to be there and help support the team. I highly recommend this system to all colleges.

Yours truly, D. B. FLOYD,
President.

The above letters, printed by kind permission of the authors, illustrate our cause as others see it.

In further defense of this entrance fee, it is not at all at variance with pure athletics. Not one penny is intended to be used to hire men to come to our college for the sake of athletics.

Finally, with the exception of an extremely small number of men who are opposed to athletics in any shape, form or fashion, our student body is unanimous in petitioning our Trustees to coöperate with us in putting our athletics on a firm, systematic basis with that of other colleges. And to prove our words by our works, three hundred and thirty-six of us will be only too glad to come back next fall and pay an athletic entrance fee.

ROMULUS SKAGGS.

A Slump in Leaders

This year the college enrollment has surpassed all previous records. The Senior class promises to be a recordbreaker in numbers. The literary societies have grown, the Bible study classes have flourished beyond previous years, the various college organizations are prosperous and numbers are flattering on every roll.

The standard of debate has never been so high before in the memory of the oldest Senior, and the number of real

society enthusiasts has never been greater. On the other hand, who of us can remember when there was ever before such a dearth of real leaders in the student body? True enough there has been no lack of honor-seekers at every election of every organization, but are the honor-seekers leaders of their fellows? No. Who are the men who are filling the places of Fred Brown, of Handy Hipps, of "Bull" Collins and of Ben Eller in our societies? Who will bring the cups back home? Who is our Poe and our Ferguson in the ministry, or our Hutchins in the Y. M. C. A.?

Once we filled our positions of honor with men who were preëminently able to fill them. Now, in default of those leaders we must quietly vote for the man who is simply looking for the honors.

Athletics in its past record does not suggest that our energy has all been turned to that field. Would any one dare affirm that we lack men capable of leading? Will any one suggest a way of calling them out?

R. S.

Ye Sluggards and Ye Slothful Ones

Having been initiated into the rites of managing a grub joint, and having served in the capacity of manager for some fourteen months, the writer is in a position to know something about the irritations which make life gloomy for the club manager, and which make his already scanty remuneration look like a counterfeit nickel which has just been shoved off on you. One of these irritations—and by no means the least of them—is a certain class of fellows who so persistently neglect to pay their accounts promptly. They are good fellows, all of them—nearly; but their memories refuse to work, well—they never have their cheques from home by the first. However, some do, carelessly or willfully, allow day after day to drag by without settling their accounts

when they might do so, forgetful all the while that the merchant is in a fume because the club bill is unsettled, and that the manager is in a fume because the merchant is in a fume—and because the good matron is sometimes urgent.

Ye sluggards, wake up, and let us begin the New Year right by resolving to pay our board bills promptly. We may thereby make life brighter for our managers; and I believe that our Post Toasties and our steak (?) will thereafter have a better flavor.

C. A. FARRELL.

Card-playing

Is there any harm in card-playing? This is a question which is often raised nowadays, and is a question which to some of us has never been satisfactorily answered. The prevalency of this so-called pastime leads us to believe that there are those in almost every community who do not seem to have any serious convictions against this form of entertainment.

Card-playing is not a game of modern origin. We find that far back, even with primitive man, cards were used. Not, to be sure, in the exact form in which they are now found, but the cards out of which our "Clubs, Diamonds and Spades" have come. In some of our ancient countries the card was accepted as a kind of god and worshiped as such. But in most cases it was considered as the tool of the wicked one and generally associated with immorality.

But what is card-playing? One will answer "I play cards, but I use 'Trail' cards." Another will say, "I play cards, but I use 'Flinch' cards." And still another will play the game of "Authors" and use cards. All these games may be termed card games. So, after all what do we mean by card-playing? And where shall we draw the line?

This is a searching question for some of us and one which is often preferably ignored. However, some of us believe that the line should be drawn where the "Spotted" cards are brought into the game. So far as we know there is only one game of cards which has survived throughout all the ages. All the other games become fashionable, are used as means of entertainment for a short while, and then are placed away, probably never to be heard of again. We might say the same about dominoes, checkers, and other such games. These games are used occasionally, but they do not seem to get a death grip on us. We use them as means of entertainment for awhile and then they pass away and other games take their places.

But not so with the old time card game. There seems to be a very peculiar fascination about it. And when once we begin to indulge ourselves in this seemingly harmless sport we find that never again—without undergoing a violent struggle—are we able to loose ourselves from its tenacious grip. Is there any harm in it? We wish to give four reasons why we believe the question should be answered in the affirmative.

The first reason is purely a hygienic one. One becomes so animated while playing cards that, oftentimes, all knowledge of time is lost. We have known our boys to sit up practically all night while engaged in this so-called "innocent pastime." All duties are made subservient to the game. Rest hours are broken, and the following daily routine of work sadly neglected because of this enthusiastic diversion.

Even some of our mothers and daughters play cards until long after midnight, and then on retiring find it impossible to sleep because of the tension at which their nerves have been held during a game of "whist," "setback," or "bridge." We ask this question: Is there not hygienic reason enough

to convince us that the right or the wrong of card-playing is questionable?

Another reason we offer as being against card-playing is the fact that the game has long since come to be associated with gambling, drinking, and in fact, almost all forms of immorality may be easily and safely ascribed to the habitual card-player. There are those, however, who would not be willing to say that the ordinary custom of playing for prizes is a form of gambling. We believe, however, that in its final analysis it is traceable to the same destructive idea. Now, if any one should incidentally be offended at this statement, we beg to submit that we are very sorry. Nevertheless, the facts remain. Who does not believe that the old-time cards are the instruments used in the gambling dens of New York City? How many of our mothers' sons have gone to destruction and are now behind the bars because of this "innocent amusement," card-playing? Yea, we are afraid if the truth were known some of our students are indulging themselves too much in this "innocent game." Because of these reasons we contend that card-playing is not only questionable, but is undoubtedly wrong.

But suppose we grant for argument's sake that hygienically and from the standpoint of association card-playing is right. There is still another reason why we do not endorse this kind of amusement. We have only to be thrown among a group of card-playing boys for awhile to find that their language or conversation while playing the game is not altogether what it should be. Too often is it the case that our boys curse and use all kinds of profane language while engaged in this sport. We heard only a few Sunday evenings ago some young men cursing and swearing violently while engaged in this "innocent amusement," and yet any one of them will argue that there is no harm in a social game of cards.

But our boys are not alone in this misappropriation of their moral opportunities. Our young ladies—sad to relate—are fast approaching the same standard. In many places it is no uncommon thing to find young ladies who swear and use all kinds of "bywords." And we ourselves have seen young ladies returning from a social evening of cards fairly "blessing out" their friends who they contend did not play fair. It is a sad fact, but true, that often our young ladies actually lose their temper in these games and vow that they will never again play with certain other young ladies. Have you never seen a young lady angry over a game of cards? We dare say that if you have been around where they play cards you have more than once. Then what about such amusement? Is it a wholesome game? Is a game of cards conducive to the highest code of morals?

Last, but not least, we wish to say that we, as students of Wake Forest College and citizens of Wake Forest community, can not afford to play cards because we can not do it consistently. We once knew a lady of another denomination to give up cards because she was teaching a Baptist school. She did not object to cards personally, but she recognized the fact that it was contrary to Baptist rules. Denominationally, we are the backbone of the State. In a majority of the Baptist homes card-playing is condemned. In fact, a great many of our churches place card-playing along with gambling, drunkenness, profanity and so deal with it. Many of our church covenants plainly stipulate that card-playing is a crime and deal with it accordingly.

Now what are those of us who have been so disciplined in this matter going to do when we come into a community in which there is no serious objection to card-playing, and a community in which the majority of our young people participate in this kind of amusement? Shall we abandon the old ideas we have received back in our home churches? Or,

shall we be true Romans and accept the customs of the Romans? We asked a prominent educator to give us some light on this question and he replied, "I am not sure but that our churches were wrong in stipulating any particular evil in their church covenants." Whether he is right or not the facts remain. We are not consistent.

Not all of our students have come from such homes and churches, however, and it is probable that these do not accept the nonconsistent view. But whether card-playing is right or wrong we believe that its questionability has stood and still stands in the way of a glorious revival at Wake Forest. Soon we are to have what is ordinarily termed a revival. Many of us need to have our moral codes revised, if not revived. So we call upon both the citizens of the town and the Christians of our college to do away with anything which is questionable or which might be assigned as a cause for our not having a great revival. If card-playing is questionable, then let us give up card-playing.

L. R. O'BRIAN.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor

Wednesday night, December 15th, the Wake Forest Baptist church formally undertook the building of a new house of worship. The necessary committees were appointed to carry the enterprise through. The local church undertakes to raise \$15,000, and the late Baptist State Convention requested the churches of the State to raise \$25,000, the building to cost \$40,000, with a seating capacity of eleven hundred.

According to all accounts one of the notable addresses made at the Goldsboro Baptist State Convention was that made by Dr. E. W. Sikes on "Old Ministers' Relief Board Report."

The commencement program is completed. Everybody concerned is to be felicitated on the distinguished speakers. Hugh Black, author and theological professor, will preach the commencement baccalaureate sermon, May 21, and make the annual literary address May 22. The alumni address, on the evening of the twenty-second, will be given by Dr. James W. Lynch, the former beloved pastor of the college church, now pastor at Athens, Ga.

The Wake Forest Glee Club made a successful itinerary by way of Jonesboro November 27th, Charlotte, 28th, Morven, 29th, and at Cheraw, S. C., on the 30th. Good crowds and a "large" time, say the boys.

Rev. O. L. Stringfield, assistant secretary of the State Anti-Saloon League, made a striking address on Sunday evening, December 15, in the college chapel.

The substitution of two term quizzes in each class of the college, instead of one term examination, has kept the student body well together to the close of the fall term, December 20. This system is a happy change to all concerned, since it brings less hardship and better results.

The college bursar, Mr. Earnshaw and Mrs. Earnshaw, Dr. Hubert Poteat and Mrs. Poteat, left December 19 to spend the Christmas holidays in New York City.

Dr. John B. Powers and Mrs. Powers spent the holidays at Valdosta, Ga., former home of Mrs. Powers.

Professor Lake has gone to Richmond, Va., where he has undergone a surgical operation. He is reported to be doing well, but will remain in that city during the holidays.

The following is a copy of the resolutions passed by the Baptist State Convention convened at Goldsboro December 5th, determining the manner in which the trustees shall be elected for Wake Forest College and the other institutions mentioned below:

Your committee to whom were referred the several resolutions in regard to the election of Trustees of Wake Forest College, Meredith College, and the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage, respectfully report and make the following recommendations:

1. That the charters of said institutions shall be so amended as to provide that the members of boards of trustees shall be composed only of members from Baptist churches cooperating with the Baptist State Convention for North Carolina.

2. That the charters of these institutions shall, where it is not now so provided, be changed so as to divide the present boards of trustees into three classes, the term of the first class to begin at a time fixed by the present boards, and expire two years thereafter; the second class to begin at the same time and expire four years thereafter; the third class to begin at the same time and expire six years thereafter; and those elected to succeed these several classes shall serve for a term of six years.

3. That these classes hereinbefore provided for shall be composed of the present boards of trustees and arranged by the said boards and submitted to this Convention at its next session for confirmation.

4. That in case of vacancies created by expiration of term, death or otherwise, successors shall be chosen by the trustees themselves and submitted to this Convention for confirmation at its next session thereafter.

5. That a committee of five be appointed by the Convention to secure the changes of charters provided for in these resolutions; and to make such suggestions to the next session of the Convention pertaining to the government of these institutions as they deem wise.

BRAXTON CRAIG,
W. N. JONES,
J. B. WEATHERSPOON,
JAMES LONG,
W. C. BARRETT,
Committee.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor

Rev. Junius Millard fell dead on the streets of Atlanta, December 9. His health had been bad for several years and his death was not a surprise to his many friends.

He came to Wake Forest in 1887. He received both the B.A. and M.A. degree, finishing in 1892. Since leaving college he has held some very prominent pastorates in North Carolina, Maryland, and in Georgia.

He was a strong preacher and his efforts have been attended with glorious results.

Mr. John Caddell, Jr., is living in Wake Forest. His enthusiasm for the prestige of Wake Forest College in the athletic world is hardly surpassed by any of her sons.

Mr. R. B. Powell is in the West, where he has been for more than a year. The alumni of the college will be glad to learn that he is improving rapidly.

Mr. W. R. Powell is living at Wake Forest. He has large interests which engage much of his attention, but he has time to help the students along the line of athletics. He gives money as well as time to it.

Dr. J. E. White has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Charlotte.

R. E. Powell, of last year's graduating class, who entered the Seminary at Louisville this fall, has recently returned to North Carolina owing to a recent nervous attack.

Dr. Arch C. Cree, of Moultrie, Ga., has been elected a secretary to the Home Mission Board.

S. C. Welch, a prominent lawyer of Waynesville, and a member of the class of 1892, died on December 16.

Hon. Gilbert T. Stephenson was married to Miss Grace Morris White of Elizabeth City, December 19.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM H. JENKINS, JR., Editor

One of the first magazines that we find on our table this month is the *Richmond College Messenger*. On opening it we are greeted by one of the most delightful poems that has appeared in any of our exchanges, "On the Seashore." It possesses several points of real merit and the writer is to be commended. Unfortunately the other two bits of verse in the same issue, "Drifting Leaves" and "A Fool's Prayer," fall far below it. Five pages are devoted to an attempt to exhaust the subject "The Power of the Invisible," but the essay shows some real thought. The plot of "Cupid's Reciprocity" is good and the dialect is well handled, but the style is not as free as it might be. The two breaks in the story could be easily dispensed with. "The Fakir" is a strong, well written story, and is interesting throughout. The one sketch, "The Rat," is decidedly true to life, but the sophomore writer betrays himself in the very first sentence. The *Messenger* is a well balanced magazine.

The *Baylor Literary* contains some good material. "Revelers Three" is a clever little story and holds us from the beginning to the surprising climax. A little more local color would add much to "When Happy Quit." "She Did or She Didn't—But Which," can hardly be considered a good title for a story, but the plot is fairly well worked out. "Hungag" just missed being a good story, but we realize that the nature of it makes it difficult to handle. "Egypt" and "Berlin" are sketches of travel and of a class seldom found in college magazines, but both are interesting and well written. The departments of the magazine are well edited and the mechanical make-up is good.

One of the best exchanges of the month is the *Mercurian*. The poetry is up to the average, and the one essay, "Chinese Poetry," shows some research and a fair knowledge of the subject. Although suffragette stories are beginning to pall on the average reader we can not but be interested in "The Militant." The division into acts is superfluous. "The Fifth Stage" is a supernatural story that has the desired effect, and is by far the best contribution to the issue. The plot of "Loaded Dice" is good, and the writer keeps up the interest throughout, but even the most vivid imagination could hardly picture "a heavy belt of timber" bordering on an alkali waste. The editorials of the magazine are to the point and possess the real college flavor.

The *Furman Echo* we commend for its diversity of subject matter. The verse, with the exception of "Childhood Days" is not up to the usual standard of the *Echo*. The attempted picturesque introduction of "The Restoration" is useless and the story would be improved by its omission. The main thing it needs is a plot. "The Buffalo" furnishes us with a good description of that animal and an account of his gradual disappearance from our praries. The other essay, "Value of Spare Moments," contains much copybook wisdom, but little else. "None Other" has very little to recommend it. The title is bad and the style is stilted and childish. By far the best thing in the issue is "The Man and the Bottle." It is a strong story with a real point and the writer does not make the mistake of tacking on a moral at the end.

One fault that we find with many of our exchanges is the lack of a college directory. In some cases it is even difficult to find where the magazine comes from. This is an easily remedied defect and one that makes a great deal of difference to those not familiar with the magazine.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Dr. Sikes: Mr. Moore, what did Alexander the Great do?
Joe: Wrote "Alexander's Rag-time Band."

What is a wordless play, father?

A wordless play, my son, is usually an unspeakable production.—
Punch.

POLITICS IN THE ZOO.

Zoo Superintendent: What was all the rumpus out here this morning?

Attendant: The bull moose and the elephant were fighting over their feed.

Superintendent: What happened?

Attendant: The donkey ate it.—*Life.*

A PIOUS TASK.

Johnny, what are you doing?

Tryin' to learn the fish in this here crick what they'll git if they bite on Sunday.—*Houston Post.*

Professor Ives: The codfish lays more than a million eggs.

Powell: It's lucky for that codfish that he don't have to cackle over every egg.

GOING ONE BETTER.

"Bang!" went the rifles at the maneuvers. "Oo-oo," screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream. She stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man.

"Oh," said she, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."—*Times-Star.*

Neal: When she wasn't looking I kissed her.

Skaggs: What did she do?

Neal: Refused to look at me for the rest of the evening.

THE GUILTY PARTY.

Judge (sternly): To what do you attribute your downfall?

Culprit: The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote.—*Puck*.



Cuthrell wants to know where he can get a copy of Cooper's "Deerfinder."



Newish Harrell (on English II): Doctor, I came here with the intention of being a minister, but I've changed my mind. Since hearing you lecture I've decided to be a *literary genius*.



THE PEACEMAKER.

Deacon: What are you running for, sonny?

Boy: I'm trying to keep two fellers from fightin'.

Deacon: Who are the fellows?

Boy: Bill Perkins and me.—*Puck*.



The following was handed to one of the editors by a Newish and finally strayed to this department:

When the moon looks down in its glory bright,
And the stars twinkle throughout the night,
Casting shadows on left and right,
And there's nothing but Sophomores in sight—
Newish, you'd better run.

But when the heavens are covered with black,
And the bushes begin to crack,
Making a noise like an attack,
And if there's nothing in running you lack—
Don't make another track—*just fly*.



A GASTRONOMIC DILEMMA.

After all, restraint of one's anger is something of a gastronomic dilemma.

I don't understand exactly what you mean.

That you must either swallow your wrath or afterward have to eat your words.—*Baltimore American*.

PATRIOTIC.

Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, tells a brief story to illustrate the exalted opinion that he thinks Americans generally have of their nationality.

It was in a schoolroom, and during a review of history since the creation.

"Who was the first man?" the examining teacher asked.

"Washington," hastily replied a bright boy, quoting a familiar slogan, "first in war, first in peace, first—"

"Wrong. Adam was the first man."

"Oh," the pupil sniffed disgustedly, "if you are talking about foreigners—."—*New York Tribune*.



SPECIAL NEED.

I'm goin' to send my boy Josh to college if it takes my last dollar.
What institution of learning will you select?

I dunno yet. It ain't so much a question of learnin', 'cause Josh thinks he knows about enough. What he needs is a place where they pay extra attention to the hazing.—*Washington Star*.



Dr. Sikes: Give me a haircut, quick!

Caleb: How do you want it cut, sir?

Dr. Sikes: Pompadour, of course.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, W. L. EDDINGER, Wake Forest, N. C.

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

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

If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent, otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

Subscription, payable in advance, one year, \$1.50.

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

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK, Raleigh.
T. E. HOLDING & Co., Wake Forest.
SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Louisville, Ky.
WRIGHT'S HOTEL AND CAFE, Raleigh.
DR. E. H. BROUGHTON, Dentist, Raleigh.
JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY CO., Raleigh.
CITIZENS BANK, Wake Forest.
TEMPLE BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
ROYAL & BORDEN FURNITURE CO., Raleigh.
BANK OF WAKE, Wake Forest.
WAKE MERCANTILE COMPANY, Wake Forest.
WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest.
TYRRE, Photographer, Raleigh.
CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Chester, Pa.
WAKE CAFE, Wake Forest.
WAKE FOREST SUPPLY CO., Wake Forest.
ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Rochester, N. Y.
WRIGHT & DITSON, Boston.
CAREY J. HUNTER & BRO., Raleigh.
H. STEINMETZ, Raleigh.
POWERS DRUG COMPANY, Wake Forest.
SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.
CROSS & LINEHAN CO., Raleigh.
DICKSON BROTHERS, Wake Forest.
H. MAHLERS SONS, Raleigh.
M. J. CARROLL, Raleigh.
C. R. BOONE, Raleigh.
C. Y. HOLDEN & CO., Wake Forest.
J. C. BRANTLEY, Raleigh.
R. W. WILKINSON, Wake Forest.
JACKSON & POWERS, Wake Forest.
TUCKER BUILDING PHARMACY, Raleigh.
E. ALLEN, Wake Forest.
W. P. HOLDING & COMPANY, Wake Forest.
WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS.
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, Richmond, Va.
THE HOWLER, Wake Forest.
A. G. SPAULDING & BROS., Baltimore, Md.
WHITING & HORTON, Raleigh.
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, Chapel Hill.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.
DUNN PLOW CO., Wake Forest.
OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., Chicago, Ill.
NORTH STATE LIFE INSURANCE CO., Kinston.
JEFFERSON STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE CO., Greensboro.
COTRELL & LEONARD, Albany, N. Y.
KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Raleigh.
FRENCH DRY CLEANING AND DYEING CO., Raleigh.
PEOPLES STEAM LAUNDRY, Raleigh.

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ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

A. L. DENTON.

Moon, thou gleamest brightly,
Star, thou beamest nightly;
But constant more and brighter far,
Than thou, O moon or evening star,
 Two eyes once beamed on me;
Beamed with a light more soft and tender
Than ye in all your lofty splendor,
 Have gleamed on land or sea.

I knew no fancies to pursue,
 I dreamed no lover's dream,
Till those two radiant eyes of blue
 Upon me first did beam.

No mem'ries haunt my heart so dear,
 No visions are so fair,
As those that tell me of the year
 We loved—a plighted pair.

These mem'ries naught can e'er efface,
 Nor can these visions fade,
'Till plodding time hath run his race,
 Or life its debt hath paid.

THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

DR. RUTH.

The Rockefeller Institute was founded by Mr. John D. Rockefeller in 1901 for the purposes of medical research.

The financial establishment of the Institute was secured in 1901 by the pledge of Mr. Rockefeller that he would give the sum of \$200,000 for the support of the Institute during a period of ten years. At the end of the first year Mr. Rockefeller promised the additional sum of \$1,000,000 towards the building of a laboratory and the support of the work for the next nine years. For four years the funds of the Institute were applied only in the form of grants to support the work of investigators in different parts of the world.

In 1902 a plot of land was purchased by Mr. Rockefeller between the East River and Avenue A, and extending from Sixty-fourth street to a line north of Sixty-seventh street, the present site of the Institute. A laboratory building, animal house and power house were erected the two following years. The total cost of these buildings was about three hundred thousand dollars. In 1907 the work of the Institute was placed on a permanent basis by a gift from Mr. Rockefeller of \$2,620,160, as an endowment fund. The following year the Board of Directors were invited to submit a plan, which had been maturing since the foundation of the Institute, for an important extension of the field of medical research, namely, a means of studying human diseases in their clinical aspects, under conditions more exacting and efficient. The cost of the hospital was about nine hundred thousand dollars, which was formerly opened in 1910 and patients were admitted for treatment. At this time Mr. Rockefeller an-

nounced a new gift of \$3,641,236 as an additional endowment to support the enlarged activities of the Institute.

The Institute is composed at present of the laboratories and the hospital. The laboratories are divided as follows: Pathology and Bacteriology, Chemistry, Physiology and Pharmacology, Experimental Biology and Experimental Surgery.

Since the foundation of the Institute many important and marvelous discoveries have been made and skillfully worked out. These are too numerous to mention, so only a few will be enumerated and more carefully detailed. Probably the direct cause and establishment of the present Institute was due to an announcement made by Mr. Rockefeller that he would give ten thousand dollars to the person who would discover a cure for cerebro-spinal meningitis. Through the brilliant work of Dr. Flexner, an anti-meningitis serum was prepared and the mortality of the dread and fatal disease reduced from seventy-five per cent to twenty-five per cent. After this first great discovery, others have been following in rapid succession, not only in the bacteriological department, but all other departments as well.

It was in the bacteriological and pathological departments that the first important work on the disease of infantile paralysis; or more technically anterior poliomyelitis, was accomplished. This was brought about by inoculating the brain of the monkey directly with the diseased cord of a human being. Now the virus has adapted itself so favorably to monkey life, that if the nasal secretion of a monkey suffering from infantile paralysis be injected into a healthy monkey, the latter will immediately succumb to the disease. The virus causing this disease is ultra-microscopical. The course of epidemic poliomyelitis in its acute stage is not known to be influenced by any form of medication at the present time.

The animal house, a very important building of the Institute, gives a comfortable and permanent home to many dogs and cats who would otherwise have met the hardships and miserable life on the streets of the large metropolis. These fortunate animals receive the best of attention, being very well groomed and cared for. Some of the incidental treatment they receive is a weekly or bi-weekly bath in a very modern bath tub, and immediately after their baths they are put in a drying cage where they are swept by a warm current of air until dry. The dogs spend their summer vacation on a large farm in New Jersey, where they roam about as they will until the fall, when they return to the Institute and take up the important part they are to play in medical science. How much these dogs appreciate the fact of being victims of science rather than living a misspent life on the streets, no one can tell, but that they are all happy is easily interpreted by their general attitude and countenance.

In the animal house not only cats and dogs are found, but almost every family of the mammal race has its representative. The primates, or the family that man belongs to, is represented by the monkey, these being imported chiefly from Africa. The other mammals to be found are rats, mice, pigs, horses, frogs, cows, sheep, goats, and chickens; every species of animal contributing almost in equal proportion to the advancement of science.

The chicken is at present playing an important rôle in the cancer research department, which here needs mention. Through the peculiarly interesting work of Dr. Rous, it was found that chicken tumor could be transmitted from one chicken to another in a most startling manner. It was previously known for a long time that rat, mice and chicken tumors could be transmitted from one animal to another by transplanting directly a piece of tumor to a healthy mouse. The work of Dr. Rous threw a new light on the transmissi-

bility of tumors, which so far, however, applies only to this particular type of chicken tumor. The chicken tumor was ground in a mortar dish and filtered first through filter paper and later through a porcelain or Berkefeld filter, which is so fine that bacteria can not penetrate its walls, but liquids will pass through under pressure. This filtrate was injected into a new host and after due course of time a tumor grew. This piece of work apparently places the tumor family in the category of infectious diseases. More elaborate work is still being carried on in this department and will probably some day help to solve the much-dreaded malady.

In the surgical department, Dr. Carrel has performed some very wonderful operations and experiments. These are too numerous to mention, and I will describe only a few. That small, isolated pieces of organs and tissues could be grafted has been known for thirty years, when Reverdin, a Frenchman, first transplanted pieces of skin. That organs and even limbs could be transplanted was first accomplished by Dr. Carrel, who has succeeded in transplanting the leg of one dog to another. The new limb, with the exception of a paralysis due to nonregeneration of the nerve, serves the dog almost as well as his own. Likewise the external ear has been transplanted from one dog to another. Another wonderful operation was the transplantation of a human blood vessel, which had been kept in ice for twenty-one days, to take the place of the abdominal aorta in a dog. This dog lived and enjoyed life over three years after the operation. Although the possibility of the transplantation of organs and limbs is still in the experimental stage, it will be only a matter of time until its practical application will be utilized.

Another interesting discovery was that made by Dr. M. T. Burrows, who was the first to grow tissues and fragments of organs of warm blooded animals outside of the body. This was accomplished by planting small pieces of tissue in a drop

of plasma (a constituent of the blood), the plasma supplying sufficient nourishment for the life of the cells. By changing the nutritive material occasionally or by a continuous supplying of the culture media, Dr. Burrows found that tissues would live for a long period of time and isolated fragments of the heart muscle would beat rythmatically and regularly in a glass cage for a period of three months.

This discovery has opened a new field in morphology, as the transition, division and movements of a cell can be studied and followed under the microscope. What the future will evolve from this marvelous discovery only time will tell.

In conclusion, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research is the first of its kind in America, and much credit is due Mr. Rockefeller for making possible the existence of this institution, which is gradually solving some of the more complex problems relative to general health.

REG'LAR BUM LOAFER

PAUL E. HUBBELL.

Frank was sitting on a crate of pop. Around him the empty bottles lay in trays waiting to be washed. A burly negro sweated at the hand carbonator and kept glancing at the height of the water wavering in the tube that measured his time of service. Across the room the big boss was bottling away filling a large rush order—that is, large for the Johnson Bottling Works—six dozen assorted pop.

"Son," bawled out the boss sternly, "get out the crate labels. You and Sambo will have to take this crate to the depot directly."

"All right, papa," Frank replied, "we can do it."

"I guess we'll have to get some more help soon, Frank. Suppose you see if you can't hire somebody. I've just got more than I can do. I'll need some more clean bottles in a little while."

"I'll go and find somebody now," said Frank, laying nails, hammer, and labels in a pile.

"No, label that crate and put a tubful of bottles in soak, first," said the boss in a compromising tone.

The rattle of bottles as they fell into the water and filled up with a hurried *glug-glug-glug* told of Frank's haste to be off. A moment later he slammed the screen door behind him and walked down the street proudly bent on important business.

At ten o'clock in the morning the town of Shannon wore an air of desertion. There were no idlers to be seen either around the depot or on Main street. Frank gave up all hope of finding any help. There wasn't even a yellow negro to be seen and he knew how Sambo hated mulattoes. A rattle-

snake was not more poisonous to this black son of Africa than an American hybrid. As Frank came back behind the drug store, he saw a ragged overgrown boy sitting in the sun at the end of a dirty alley with his back against the wall.

"Hi there, Pete, want to work today? Maybe you are waiting for a pretty girl to come by, though?"

"Dunno. What doin'?" Pete scarcely raised his head.

"We've got a rush of work at the bottling factory and need some help. Papa sent me out to get somebody."

"How much is in it?" asked Pete, still only half awake to the opportunity.

"Fifty brownies and all the soda water you can drink."

"Well, reckon so. I'll be 'long 'rectly."

"Come on now, Lazy Pete, I can give you something to do right away," Frank replied.

"Jes' as well, I reckon. I dunno as I'll like it. I never 'done no such work befo'. Ma don't like for me to work 'round 'ehinery nohow."

Frank pulled the door to as they entered the bottling works and called out:

"Papa, here's the fellow I got to help you."

"Hello, Lazy Pete," said the boss with a frown on his face, "Ill put you to packing a crate, I guess. Pull off that coat."

Lazy Pete did so and took a seat on the nearest crate of pop. He watched the boss and carried out his orders with a listless air. When he began packing a crate of pop he awkwardly dropped a bottle of strawberry soda on his knee which cut through his "jeans" and splashed its foamy, crimson juice over him so that he yelled out in fright:

"Whew, great day."

"What's the matter?" the boss asked angrily.

"Lord, I'm cut, I'll bleed to death. Help, run for the doctor," Lazy Pete shouted with sudden energy.

It took about five minutes to show Pete that there was

nothing but a slight scratch on his leg. Then Sambo was heard outside, as if the factory was not large enough to hold him, laughing and ho-ho-ing for all he was worth and kicking a dry goods box around because it was too stupid to see the joke and share his fun.

"Dat Pete thought he was done dead an' gone 'way fum yere," he exclaimed.

Sambo came back to his normal condition when Frank poured a dipper of cold water on his head. The boss swore and threatened to fire the "nigger," because it was too late to get the crate of pop to the depot now so that it would go off on the local freight No. 81.

The day wore on into the afternoon. Sambo smoked a cigarette at his post by the carbonator pump. Frank washed bottles, long and short, with wonderful swiftness. Pete sat on a crate and packed innumerable bottles of pop. Faster than all of them and sweating fearfully the big boss bottled away. Not a word was spoken and the force worked with the steadiness of machinery.

Pete began to look around. Dozens of bottles were piled up before him waiting to be packed. The lack of sympathy on the part of his companions seemed to strike him. Out-of-doors all men seemed more equal, free, and gentlemanly.

"Even a fellow with a quarter," he thought to himself, "could be a big man in Dimmett's Drug Store or even at the Cotton Mill Café. Work is all a mistake anyhow."

After uttering these philosophical remarks he quit work a moment, began again, and then took a chew of dirty tobacco from a pocket of his coat. While enjoying the "plug" Pete tried the "stunt" of putting his thoughts into practice. He was so well satisfied that he stopped work altogether.

"It's wrong for me to work if I don't want to," he grumbled.

Warning glances from the boss were unheeded and Pete

was ready to convince his employer of the wickedness of labor when the telephone rang.

"Hello," the boss answered gruffly, "what do you want?"

Pete listened closely and saw his employer write down some figures.

"Cancelin' order, boss?" asked Pete, made bold by the influence of nicotine.

"No," thundered his employer, "twelve dozen extra bottles of Cherry-Cheer ordered by four o'clock. Only three hours. Get to work, all hands."

Pete walked across the room to his coat by the door and renewed the process of manufacturing ambier. He stopped on his way to his seat as if he had suddenly remembered something.

"Boss," he asked very confidentially, "I'd like to knock off dis evenin' if you will pay me twenty-five cents. I promised to meet some ladies at Kunnel Harvey's Hotel. We're going to have dinner and take a joy ride, too. They're classy chickens all right. How 'bout it?"

"You reg'lar bum loafer, don't you ever come in my place again, or I'll break your head with a bottle. Get out of here!" shouted the proprietor as he aided Lazy Pete's precipitate exit minus salary and dignity with a strenuous kick.

Frank winced only slightly at the discharge of his employec, but Sambo laughed and threw out a parting shot:

"Po' white trash, lady killer! Har-har-har! Loafin' am his long suit."

THE LITTLE WAIF OF BULL MOUNTAIN

CHAS. A. FARRELL.

A bitter wind was sweeping down from Bald Knob through the gorges of the Sauratown mountains completely enveloping the rude log cabins of the mountaineers in a whirl of snow and sleet. The drifts piled higher and higher against obstructing boulders; the pines groaned ominously under their icy burdens. From far up a gorge, borne along on the wind, came the plaintive wail of a lonely, wandering wild-cat. The night was depressingly dark.

Within the big room of a lonely cabin a cheerful fire popped and crackled in the great chimney. The old gray-haired mother sat at one side of the hearth, musing. Occasionally she awoke from her reverie and raising her wrinkled homely face from her hands smiled sadly at the couple opposite her. And the stalwart, gray-bearded husband hugged the little city boy closer and answered her smile. The little grandson awoke memories of other nights like this.

Suddenly there was a lull in the storm. Then once more the wind broke loose with increased fury and a tremendous gust howled through the eaves and around the corners of the house. The little city boy's big blue eyes opened wider; he started, shivering, and drew himself up closer to the old man's protecting breast.

"What was that, gran'pa?" the frightened child whispered.

"Here, little younker, eat these chestnuts an' apples gran'pap's a-roasting fer you; it ain't nothing but the wind a-swooping down offen old Baldy," the old man soothed. "That's jest the way our little gal Ethel uster be."

The old mother looked up with a start; and a strangely sad, pained look crossed the old man's face.

"I didn't know you had a little girl named Ethel, gran'pa; I thought papa was all the children you had. Tell me about her," the little boy begged.

The old mother answered the husband's questioning look with a nod and again buried her face in her horny palms.

The old grandfather patted the curly head resting against his shoulder and smiled into the child's wide open eyes.

"A long time ago," he began, "me and ma had two younkens who looked like you, with blue eyes and curly hair. Our gal was named Ethel and your dad named Jim, jest like you are. An' we wuz all happy up here among our hills, and sheep, an' appletrees. But bime-by them railroaders commence surveying cross Bull Mountain with their funny tools and their dudy young chaps. An' a gang o' 'em camped right down by the big chestnut tree whar the iron fence is now; an' one o' them tall, pale young houn's uster come up here an' set on the porch o' evenin's." The old man paused for breath; his face had become white and stern, and his hands clenched and unclenched on the little fellow's lap. He continued: "An' somehow or to'other thet railroad wuz bad luck fer us folks—it never come, thank God, but the very thoughts o' it put some o' us wild. Them railroaders left, and one day soon our little gal Ethel went away too, an—"

"Where'd she go to, granpa?" the little boy interrupted.

"Never you mind, little Jimmy, away she went an' she didn't come back. An' purty soon our Jim, your pap, went away to the city to make his fortune. An' the years come an' went with yo' ol' gran'mammy an' me a-waitin' fer our younkens to come home. An' one day we got a letter from your pap atellin' uv us as how he'd saw thet tall young rail-roader what uster come up to our house—but bime-by atter Jimmy saw 'em soon a accident o' some kind nuist a-happened to 'im, 'cause the letter said he was dead. But our little gal we never hearn from."

"Maybe she got stuck up like papa says some town people are, gran'pa, and didn't want to come back home," the little boy volunteered.

"Maybe so, maybe so, Jimmy, anyhow—"

"Listen, gran'pa, I know I heard something this time," the child interrupted.

The wind had lulled again; the old man listened.

"Jimmy, you're hearin' spooks—thar, thet wuz a dog whine on the porch; les' see about the poor fellow," the old man exclaimed as he walked to the door.

The grandfather opened the door cautiously, peered a moment into the night, and exclaimed "Fo' goodness, what's this huddled up here—mammy, bring the light quick."

The mother brought the light and the old man stepped out onto the snow-covered porch and lifted up a little boy over whom a brown shepherd dog had crouched. The little waif was unconscious, but his hand was clasped tightly around the barrel of an old squirrel rifle.

"Quick, mammy, git the bed fixed, an' blankets an' bricks warm, the little younker is froze, I'm feered," the old man anxiously instructed.

The good mother busied herself making the necessary preparations, while before the hearth the old father loosed the stiffly frozen garments and the ragged shoes of the unconscious lad. The shepherd dog had betaken himself at once to a warm chimney corner from where he watched with earnest, mournful eyes the face of his little master. Occasionally he whined softly.

In a few moments the little wanderer, still unconscious, was snugly tucked between warm blankets with hot bricks to his feet. The old father chafed the frozen hands while the mother applied tepid water and smelling salts to his head.

"He ain't dead, mammy, I know; these younkers like him

is hard to kill—wonder whar in Heaven he drapped from seeb a night ez this—” the old man was saying.

“Sh—h—, he’s coming to,” the mother whispered.

The pale eyelids of the unconscious lad fluttered a moment and then unclosed revealing a pair of delirious blue eyes.

The good mother smoothed back the long curly hair from the child’s forehead and soothingly asked him his name. The boy looked startled and began to call wildly, “Rove, Rove, where you Rove?”

At the sound of the voice and the name the great brown dog was on the bed with one spring. He crouched there by his master and uttered little whines and barks of joy. But the sick child noticed him not at all. A burning fever was on the lad and he began to toss about wildly while he moaned deliriously about many things. He would talk about “Rove, an’ mammy, an’ his gun what mammy give him to shoot squirrels with,” and then begin to chatter wildly and inarticulately.

The old father sat holding one of the boy’s rough little hands while he intently studied his features. He looked at the little grandson standing tearfully by the fire and then back to the wild little face on the soft pillow. He started.

“Look, mammy, at them blue eyes an’ the curly hair,” the old man whispered to his wife.

The mother nodded and answered merely, “I wuz jest a-thinkin’ about ’em, pappy.”

“An’ mammy, look at the old rifle thar. It’s jest like the one our little gal uster shoot so good with an’ loved so much. Wonder whar in goodness the younker got it from?” the old man continued softly.

The little wanderer lay near death’s door for several weeks, sometimes unconscious, and then wildly delirious. And when the feverish blood rushed to his brain he sobbed and talked about “mammy” and told her that he was bring-

ing her help. And never was his dear old Rove quite out of his mind. And during those long, sick weeks, the faithful dog hung watchfully around the bed of his sick master, nor could he be persuaded to leave longer than a few minutes at a time. The good old mother and father, using all the skill known in the mountains, tenderly nursed the sick child. There was that about him which linked his life to theirs—they loved him for his blue eyes and his curly hair. The crisis came one night; in the morning hours the fever left and the boy slept quietly.

"Thank God," the old mother whispered, "he's all right now; pappy, you go to rest."

About noon the next day the boy awoke. How hopefully the old father had awaited that awakening! The wildness was gone from the child's eyes but in its place a dull, vacant stare.

On a mild February day the boy was on his feet again and Rove was overjoyed. When the little master did not seem to know his dog and companion, Rove crouched sorrowfully about the boy's feet. When the old husband took the lad on his lap and questioned him about his name and home and how he came to be there the little waif merely smiled a vacant, wandering smile, and said nothing. The kind old man shook his head sadly and whispered to his old woman and to Jimmy, "he's done forgot all about who he is and whar he cum frum."

During the few mild days which followed the little waif roamed absently about the house and yards. He had completely lost his sense of identity and of direction. But in those few days, like little Jimmy, he had learned to call the old mother and the father, "gran'pap and gran'mam." Then one morning the thin snow clouds began to form around "old Baldy," the temperature of the air fell; and soon the heavens were filled with fine snowflakes. It was still coming

down steadily when the old mountaineer and his little family retired for the night.

About five o'clock next morning while the father was engaged in making morning fires, the good old mother stole softly to the door of the little annex which had been assigned to the little wanderer. She looked in, then screamed, "Pappy, pappy, come quick!"

The mountaineer rushed to the door and looked in. Little Jimmy was sleeping quietly on his cot, but the little waif's bed was empty. Indeed, the little wanderer, his gun and Rove had mysteriously disappeared into the snowy night.

No trace of the wanderers could be found around the house. Soon the alarm was spread and many neighbors joined the search. About mid-morning a fox horn sounded way over toward Bull Mountain. It was the signal that something was found.

Soon the anxious old mountaineer, and his neighbors were gathered to the spot. There in the snow the tracks of a boy and a dog began to show. Evidently it had been snowing when the child left the house and had ceased as he came near here.

Down steep mountain sides, over boulders, through ravines, the trail led, sometimes wandering but ever bending again directly toward the tall, silent peak called Bull Mountain. Only once did the company halt; then the good old father went down on his knees at the base of a big rock over which the child had evidently slipped. There were blood stains on the snow. The old man groaned and the searchers pressed onward faster and faster, for as the afternoon waned the temperature dropped still lower, and a biting wind, in which was mingled rain and sleet, chilled them to the bone.

At last Bull Mountain was reached. Up a secluded hollow the trail led. It ended at the doorway of a dilapidated little log cabin. An awful hush fell on the little group as

the cabin was approached. His neighbors hung back for the old mountaineer to advance.

The good old father lifted the latch and entered. Twilight had come, but it was yet light enough within for things to be faintly discerned. It was a plain, bare one-roomed cabin, with some of the flooring gone and with great cracks between the logs; in the chimney where there should have been life and light and cheer there was none. In a corner stood a broken down bed and there was a little huddle on it. Beside the bed knelt the little waif; Rove crouched near. As the good father entered, Rove sprang upon him with a joyous bark. The little waif looked up and uttered the single cry, full of joy and relief, "gran'pap." In a moment the old man was on his knees by the beside. The pale, thin little woman on the bed raised an emaciated hand and smiled a glad little smile of recognition.

The old grandfather had found his long lost Ethel and his little woods-colt and Rove and the old rifle all together.

THE ALARM CLOCK

L. L. C.

Sleep is truly the balm that cures wounded minds and drooped spirits. And yet man, in all his ingenuity, has contrived a machine which arouses us from sleep—the never dying nuisance—the alarm clock. Still we have to use the troublesome thing.

My room-mate was going to leave on a night train. He mentioned the alarm clock, whereupon I asked:

“Can you get one at Wake Forrest? Then I will give you the money and you get one. I want to get up before breakfast anyhow.”

The clock was duly purchased, placed on the bureau, and started on its mission.

What is the difference between music and discord? Music and an alarm clock? Some sounds grate on our nerves, screeching, harsh, guttural shrill sounds, but the most unpleasant is the alarm clock at seven on a cold morning, an unprepared Greek recitation to follow.

Often at ten Jack says, “Let’s go to bed and get up at six in the morning.”

“Well, we’ll do it,” and off we go.

Peaceful slumber, dreamland, fairies playing about in the room and dancing on the walls, Latin and German forgot, to live in the land of phantasy. Then suddenly what a noise! Plump! Plump! Jack’s heels hit the ice-cold floor, and mumbling to himself, he has bad thoughts as he turns off the gong.

“Blame this clock! I wish I could stamp it.”

“Oh, build a fire!” I call out from under the heavy snug cover.

"Oh, hush!" and he scrambles under beside me.

"I thought you were going to get up at six," I suggest faintly.

"Want to stretch a little," and the alarm clock has failed, for the breakfast bell is all that arouses Jack.

But let us come down to serious business. Alarm clocks are useful to some people, traveling men, for instance, who have to catch a train at night, but the student—most of the philosophy is on the negative. But it is well, you say, to get up early and take a cold-water bath. Whew! Who can do it? It would take a Cæsar, or a T. R.—perhaps both—to accomplish the feat on cold winter mornings.

As I write I look up, and our alarm clock is, as the "Star Spangled Banner" was to Key on a certain night, "still there." And it alarms every morning. Why? I do not know, habit, I guess; and yet it is still a habit to be late at breakfast.

All things grow old, some wear out. The clock was at one time so deranged it would not give correct time. Now the most worthless thing in the world is a false time keeper. To prove that I believe it, the other day I gave away a splendid watch because it would not keep time. But the alarm clock is all right now. Perhaps dust has got in among its delicate wheels. Then hail to it! The everlasting nuisance, but a great necessity, causing one to awake at an important time, a bad habit to some people—they will use it, and yet a good custom; it teaches you punctuality, methodical ways, self-control. We need more iron in our blood so we can endure pain without flinching. We need to be taught to use method in our work. How much time would be saved? Self-control, will-power—what great all-including terms, and what a necessity in our life today! The "Simple Life?" Yes, give us the simple life; but, also, the calm majestic life. Stoicism? Do we believe in it? It takes stoicism of a

certain high order to mount difficulties, sometimes to go through the grind of the daily duties. Why such thoughts? Well, to obey the alarm clock requires force of will.

Just then I glanced toward the bureau, and tick! tick! tick! loud enough to be heard across the street—our friend, the alarm clock. And my stars, it is ten minutes past dinner time!

TWO FLOODS

WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT.

A stream of men flows past every day. We touch but few of them and are attracted by fewer. To a rare one here and there our souls are knitted upon sight and the bonds of friendship are sealed for all time. That is somehow done for us—soul finding its mate soul by an inscrutable instinct. Other friends we choose, and traits and gifts of excellent quality unfold themselves gradually before our eyes. But however they may be made, half the worth of life is in its friendships. The happiness of life, its security against moral perils and the triumph of want, strength for its tasks, and the sweetness of its successes,—how could any of these things be ours if we found no friends in the human stream which eddies about us every day?

A flood of ink flows out over us from the fountains of a thousand presses every day. Dispatches with their blood and thunder of war, their slime of vice, their horror of catastrophe; essays heavy, pretentions, bright; reports cold in form but aglow with inward fires, reports from science laboratories, those sanctuaries where the priests of nature officiate at the mysteries; narratives of adventure and discovery, fiction which is truth and philosophy which is not truth but the quest of it; the intimate musings of a soul sanctified by sorrow, visions of the poet making sunrise everywhere; record and prophecy, thought, emotion, and hope of the men and women in whom the race has reached its crown of strength and beauty;—shall we surrender and drift to a final submergence, or stand and choose from this stream, as from the other, the companions of our souls for cleansing and enrichment and guidance? Books, books, all sorts of

books! The wise man of the ancient world thought there was no end to the making of books in his-day. If he should rise from his tomb like old Farinata and look a moment about him, what would he say now?

Thank God for ink and presses. Much of their output is bad, more of it waste. But they bring the Titans of old times to be guests in our poor cottages; the holy and the fair of all climes walk in our humble pathways without condescension or wearying, are never impatient when we are dull, are never slighted when we drop one for another. These mighty ones are too accessible and gracious, and the joy and light of their companionship are too precious for any of us to waste our opportunity with bowing to this last arrived hack-writer or that fresh popular favorite. Let the new and loudly acclaimed drift past. They will be quite promptly engulfed. Current literature—let it flow on. Take only so much notice of it as will suffice to show what is doing. Give heart and time only to your friends, not many perhaps, but chosen out of the tide of books with the same wisdom of soul affinity as that which found you your personal friends, with the same self respect as that which checks the advances of foolish or ignoble people. Fellowship with the accredited masters of the world—what have we to do with popinjays and adventurers!

THE WRATH OF CHEROKEE PETE

CHARLES FARRELL.

Graham's Siding presented a scene of unusual bustle and activity. The melon season was at its height, and the cars were being rapidly loaded for the Northern markets. The "boss" and foreman Jones were directing movements from the platform.

"What ails that Indian, Pete? He's been sulking around ever since the season opened," remarked the boss.

"It's them d—— niggers a teasing Pete about being no Croatan nor Cherokee; Pete never would have anything to do with the niggers, and since them government investigations he's hung himself on to the title 'Cherokee Pete.' listen."

"Working on de railroad, since de good Lawd set-a me free! Lordy, Gawd, white folks, jest like I tell yo', dat Pete ain't nothin' but a common yaller nigger." This came from one of the car doors.

"Better shut that big black mouth, Roland, Pete's going to lick you some of these days," volunteered the little Iky Colyer.

"Haw! haw! Dat Pete lick Roland, six foot three inches barefoot, first cousin to Jack Johnson. I'll mop up de earth with 'im."

In the back end of a nearby box car Cherokee Pete stopped his work and listened. The sour look which he had worn for a week suddenly changed into a deep frown. His right hand clutched at his shirt bosom, was withdrawn, and a yellow fist shook menacingly in the air.

The day wore on. Pete glided steadily and silently about his work. Occasionally his hands clutched convulsively as

some gibe from the negroes reached his ears. When no one looked, his eyes glared savagely.

The seven o'clock mail tore by—the signal for quitting time. All hands dropped their work and made ready to go home. Pete stalked off through the cotton patch towards his cabin. Roland and the other teamsters put their mules in a gallop for the stables.

Once out of sight of the siding Pete stooped and broke into a run toward Cypress Swamp, a quarter of a mile distant. Stealthily down the little footpath he went. At the bridge over Big Bayou, in the densest part of the swamp, he stopped. Dark was fast setting. Pete looked into the murky black water beneath him. The water rippled and a monstrous scaly head showed for a moment. Pete smiled.

"Whoop, whoop-ee, since de good Lawd setta mc free." Roland was coming through the swamp on his way home.

Pete glided into the bushes. Roland came on singing loudly. His voice always reassured him when he passed through the swamp. He stepped on the bridge. A stick snapped behind and the negro wheeled like lightning. As he turned Pete sprang at him, a murderous looking knife gleaming in the Croatan's hand. Roland caught the descending wrist with a grip made desperate by fright.

There in the dark on a narrow footbridge these two were fighting for life, and one for honor. Muscles became taut as steel bands. The negro was powerfully muscled; the Indian lithe and sinewy. Pete fought to free his wrist. Roland fought to hurl his lighter opponent from the bridge. Round and round they struggled, sometimes dangerously near the edge.

With a sudden jerk Pete plunged the knife point into Roland's wrist. With a howl of pain the negro released his hold and jumped backward. A foot slipped and the negro lurched heavily against the rail. The dead sapling

snapped and with a terrified shriek, Roland plunged into the bayou. The great scaly monster slashed the water terrifically with his tail. The water swirled about some moments and the bayou was quiet.

Pete glided away through the swamp. The fires of his wrath were burned out.

When inquiry for Roland began next day, Pete shook his head. Only the big alligator basking in the sun near Big Bayou knew where Roland was.

AN APPRECIATION

"CHANG."

Last summer I had the good fortune to study the finished product of plebeian environment at his worst and at his best. I worked with him shoulder to shoulder in "the cut"—drank with him, ate my midday lunch near him, perspired with him, and consequently smelled bad with him; and best of all, I sympathized with him.

What are the peculiarities of the poor laboring man? He has none. He is like the rest of us except that he is different. He possesses, as we do, all the sentiments of love and hate, of covetousness and compassion, of forgiving and of reprisal, and he possesses them in their primal and unpolished vigor.

The laborer's vocabulary consists largely in cuss-words, and his knowledge is drawn largely from his experience and from the Bible. I shall never forget "Ole Bigun," so named for his physique, who usually made a speech for us during the dinner hour, which covered every branch of knowledge with which he was conversant. His speech ran like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I don't believe in a hell, what use have we got for it? Don't we get enough of it every day? Also I don't believe the earth turns. It is helt up by the axle by a great big turtle."

Second laborer: "What holds up the turtle?"

O. B.: "He sets on his chunk, by gyar. And I don't believe Christ riz from the dead but I do believe that he died for our sins, and now we ought to die for His'n." And Ole Bigun would have done it too if he had known how, for the poor man is certainly loyal to his friends and to his sense of duty. I remember the comie feeling of pleasure and admiri-

ration with which the laborer's songs of chivalry struck me as he sang to the measured beat of his steel hammer which is as personal to him as the poodledog is to the modern lady.

"If I don't make but fifteen cents,
Nor work but half my time;
If I don't make but fifteen cents,
My lady shall have a dime."

The sentiment of those lines is as noble as it is crudely expressed.

Ole Bigun had but finished this stanza when his "buddy," Jake Ely, the other steel driver offered another:

"John Hardy's girl was a pretty little girl,
The dress that she wore was tan;
When John got sick in the tunnel one day,
She drove steel like a man."

Thus a deed, to our conception impossible to woman becomes the subject of one of the laborer's ballads and so is perpetuated indefinitely.

Then Ole Bigun sang the ballad of John Henry, the great hero of construction workers. I do not remember the words of the ballad, but the story is thus:

John Henry was a man of superb physique, and an adept at driving steel. One day during the driving of the Big Bend Tunnel (I believe they call it) on the C. & O. road, John Henry challenged the workers of the steam drill for a race on a two foot hole in the solid rock, and the contest was on. John Henry was armed with two steel hammers each fastened to a short piece of cable rope for a handle. Alternately with right and left hand he brought these hammers down on the devoted steel drill with great force—the steam drill made three strokes to his one, and occasionally got momentarily hung in the rock—but John's buddy, the steel shaker, knew his business and his steel rang free. Fifteen minutes passed, and they stopped to "muck" and measure the

distance gone. The steam drill had gone thirteen inches and John twelve. They rewatered the holes; John Henry mopped his brow, placed his heels together, and speaking a word to his buddy, gave the others the signal to start. Immediately the steam drill began its deafening beating, accompanied by the sharp, fast ring of John's hammers raining giant blows on the steel's flat head which threatened to "jump off" at each stroke. John looked steadfastly at his "bumper" and swung his hammers while the perspiration constantly rolled off his face. The din of battle and the suspense continued for twelve minutes, and they stopped to take measures. John Henry had won by two inches and he fell stone dead!

This is one of the stories which one never fails to hear among the laborers everywhere. It is pure hero-worship as noble as yours or mine.

The ballad of John Henry being ended, a stanza of another kind is volunteered:

"When yer stoop, bring up a shovelful,
Heapt up above the brim—
It's the shovelfuls that load the pesky cart;
If we'll work like 'ell fer captain,
He'p to make a rep fer him,
He'll keep the jobs fer us, durn his big heart."

Cho.—"Get a little on the handle fer yer captain," etc.

The laborer's next dream after giving his lady a dime, is of fighting for his boss, whom, if he loves at all, he loves devotedly, and many of the ballads are addressed to "my captain."

We are inclined to believe our laboring friend is miserable because of his poverty and necessity to labor constantly, but on the contrary, he is happy. He likes the sweet smell of fresh dirt and the odor of powder, and none can tell so well as he how well cold water quenches a real thirst, how delightful to the hungry one food is, or how quiet and refreshing is sleep to an exhausted body.

MEDICINE: ITS ACHIEVEMENTS AND CALL TO SERVICE

(Junior and Senior Thesis.)

WILLIAM MARVIN SCRUGGS.

Since the creation of man, from the period of uneducated and uncivilized savagery, to the present height of attainment, human beings have been seeking knowledge; and we, not unlike our forefathers, have been striving to solve some of the problems of art and nature. And by a long continued agitation of these varied problems by public officials, by public press, and builders of wealth with dreams and visions in restless brains, we have attained and founded a religious and political system, which has excited the admiration of the world, and from which the heaven is to be secured for a still more glorious and resplendent future.

But of all the grand achievements of man in the realm of science or the incredible grandeur of state recorded on the pages of history during the nineteenth century, certainly none have been so fruitful of the welfare and happiness of mankind as those of scientific medicine, especially as regards the prevention of infectious diseases.

One thousand years ago, man thought that science was at the zenith of its glory, but men have been endowed with minds of a greater depth, they have been giving proof of their comprehension of the practical problems they have been called upon to solve, and as the mind of man gradually expanded, science has made so much progress that even the greatest can not appreciate the modern achievements in regard to disease, that lurking monster, which once masqueraded in the very garments of virtue.

And as man's insistence that nature give up her secrets has

become greater with every year, and as thought and research have added to the sum of human knowledge, the medical profession has kept pace, and the sick man has always received the benefit of every discovery that would prolong life or relieve suffering, and it has all been done in the same gracious spirit that characterized the first Great Physician, who made medicine the standing subject of his miracles, and who, on one occasion declared, "I have come that they may have life and that they have it more abundantly."

So in the consideration of the achievements of medicine, we naturally revert to the time when the "demon of Jaundice was entreated to depart into a yellow bird and the chilly spirit of ague to take up his abode in the frog," and trace the development from this age of demonic theory, down to the present age of antiseptic surgery, preventive medicine, and generalized sanitation, the modern triumphs of medicine and the hope of its growth in the future.

All through the centuries the followers of medicine have received inspiration from many and varied courses. We have followed the healing art in a fragmentary way in its long meanderings of more than forty centuries, and have followed it not only to the border land of promise, but have actually seen up to this time how it has taken possession of that land, and one of the first fruits of that magnificent vintage already gathered was the introduction of vaccination, the immortal discovery of Edward Jenner, who conferred upon man a blessing, of which the real magnitude is just being realized. In 1750 to 1780 smallpox was the cause of fully one tenth of the total number of deaths, for in New York City in 1875 there were 1280 deaths due to this disease, but in 1878, after three years use of the vaccine the mortality was only two. Even now the unvaccinated child is 440 times more liable to die in a smallpox epidemic than one vaccinated. It is, in fact, the unvaccinated portion of any community

which keeps the fire of smallpox alive; they, like the vulnerable heel of Achilles, present one point unprotected from attack.

Following this ether and chloroform were introduced as anesthetics, almost simultaneously near the middle of the last century, and this discovery together with the discovery of Sir Joseph Lister, who with the introduction of antiseptic surgery at one blow struck the shackles from the surgeon's hands, revolutionized surgery and enabled surgeons to explore cavities successfully, and to accomplish many new things before deemed impossible. This new sleep "dulls the edge of sharpest steel, brings peace in the eternal war with agony and wafts pain to oblivion on the drowsy wings of night." It enabled surgeons to open new fields for exploration with the human body, made abdominal surgery, with its brilliant success, the possibility of the age, and with dauntless blade and master hand snatched victory from the long hidden entrenchments of death.

Nothing in all the line of progress during the last century has acquitted itself quite so creditably as the science of life saving by operative procedure, and we point with pride to these great achievements in our noble art; to the notable discoveries for alleviating human suffering, to the successful efforts in prolonging human life, and to the accuracy, skill, and daring of our brilliant operators. For originality of conception, boldness of execution, and success in practice, modern surgery stands unparalleled.

From earliest ages the Great White Plague had extended unstayed its merciless dominion, and the people contented themselves with the philosophy "that what can't be cured, must be endured." The people stood aghast at the bloodiness of the Civil War. They pointed out that during that conflict 205,000 soldiers were killed on the red field of battle. Certainly a large mortality; but during that very period, in

the same United States, 650,000 people perished on the white bed of consumption. But in 1882 Koch discovered the Tubercle Bacillus, the cry of prophylaxis was raised, and year by year modern surgery and science is doing more and more to check its ravages. The plague with all its terrors has been mitigated, and its mode of propagation made known. But who could dwell for a moment upon the achievements of modern medicine and not think of Behring's boon to infancy and early youth—the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria?

In like manner results are becoming more and more definite in the control of all infectious diseases, typhoid fever included. Although it is a reproach to any civilized community that this disease exists at all, it is a striking illustration of the efficacy of latter day methods. The combination of the forces of treatment with those of prevention, and with the conscientious application of these latter day methods of medicine, man will increase in value, human rights become safer and more sacred, for,

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The spirit of research is everywhere predominant, and with some of the influences and forces, which in time past hindered our progress, now our faithful allies, the time seems auspicious for the introduction of an era in medical thought and achievement, so far-reaching in the scope of its activities, and in its ultimate results as to astonish even the most optimistic dreamers of the past. I do not wish to eulogize unduly the works of the scientist or the physician, but there is something touching in the giving of health and life to men. The camp, the battlefield, and the intrigues of state have ever charmed the poet and historian, but, in the long silent watches of the night by the bedside of the dying, with all its stifled griefs, or when life trembles in the hands of the physician, alike in the poverty-stricken hovel or the palace of the rich, are

wrought deeds of heroism, unsung, inspired by the "genius of Æsculapius," whose sons are forever crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar. The practice of medicine is one of the greatest works man ever engaged in. Men work together with God in the saving of human life and the amelioration of human suffering.

It is said that when John Kepler, the great astronomer, discovered the laws of planetary motion, he was found in his study overcome with emotion, exulting in his triumph, and with tears of joy streaming down his face was heard to exclaim "I think thy thoughts after thee, O God." And so when I see the laboratory worker with his microscope for observation, and his instruments of precision for experimentation, securely hidden from the approving gaze of the applauding multitude, working out the formula for antitoxin that has become an antidote for the dreadful poison of diphtheria, and thereby saves thousands of lives every year; when I see the severed artery rapidly emptying life's blood and see nature's futile attempt to stop it, and then see the surgeon come to the rescue and secure it with a ligature; when I see a typhoid fever patient slowly yielding to modern treatment and a life saved; when I see the student of yellow fever exposing himself to the ravages of this disease that he may save other lives, and when after years of toil and study he works out the theory that yellow fever is communicated by the bite of a mosquito, and then to substantiate his theory beyond the cant of the most scrupulous, shuts himself up in a room with an infected mosquito and goes down to death a martyr to the cause he loved, believed in and worked to establish—I say, when I ponder these things, I feel like paraphrasing the words of the great astronomer, and saying, "I do thy works after thee, O God."

But turning from this picture of hope and achievement, the record of the past, let us look upon the problems of the

future and see what our part is to be in this great battle for the control of disease and the prolongation of life.

Pasteur laid down the indisputable fact "that it is in the power of man to cause all parasitic diseases to disappear from the earth," but until that result is achieved the call comes loud and clear, for modern hygiene is a reaction against that old fatalistic creed that deaths inevitably occur at a constant rate.

But in the United States during the past year more than 1,500,000 people have died, 4,000,000 are now on the sick list, and unless radical measures are inaugurated, the coming year will only be a repetition of this year's tragedy. Of this 1,500,000 deaths, 600,000 were preventable or postponable and as Prof. Frober has said, "It is a constant tax upon our human resources and should be considered a disgrace to our civilization."

Today we are forming the vital statistics of the world which tell us that more than 150,000 people die yearly in the United States of tuberculosis, and that 500,000 are on the sick list all the time with this same disease, and that before another sun shall set 400 lives shall be sacrificed to this grim monster. This fact proves that tuberculosis is more a social problem than a medical one. Its prevalence depends upon social evils, in turn it aggravates social evils, and the practical eradication depends upon social activity. Think of it! 90,000,000 people in America, 12,000,000 doomed to die of consumption, victims in the prime of life, prevented by an untimely death from giving to the world the genius that lies stored and dormant. The cost and slaughter of war are insignificant in comparison to it. Upon this basis North Carolina is losing over \$9,000,000 yearly by the ravages of a preventable disease, reckoning the economic loss of a life at \$1,700.

The greatest asset North Carolina has is her men, women

and children, but what has she done to protect them? Not one dollar has been spent by the National Government to combat these diseases, but in striking contrast to this, \$40,000,000 have been spent by the government in an effort to eradicate glanders among horses, cholera among hogs, and other diseases peculiar to lower animals. But as Owen has said, "The conservation of our natural resources is of great importance, the improvement of our natural waterways and the fertility of our soil necessary, the conservation of our swine important, but far more important is the conservation of human life and the physical efficiency of the American people."

Why conserve the coal mine and not conserve the miner?

Why conserve the life of the forest and forget the life of the forester?

Why protect cattle from Texas fever and not protect people from typhoid and malarial fever?

Why protect pigs and forget children?

Is it because animals are more valuable than humans, that we spend \$40,000,000 to grow them and practically nothing for the growing of humans? Or is it that commercialism and false patriotism are causing us to look askance and criticise one oil magnate when he offers means to eradicate these evils? It is well enough to be patriotic, but it is cruel folly to deny the defects of your people and leave them to die in wretchedness, weighting you down with their incompetence, unproductiveness, and poverty all because they are your own. I do not care to emulate anyone—but if salvation is of the Jews and we need it, we should accept it with thanks, even if it does not come of us Gentiles.

In this State last year there were over 30,000 deaths, and of this number 15,000 were caused by preventable diseases. We must further awake to the fact that measles and whooping cough were responsible for 75 per cent of this number, and

that it is no more essential for children to have these diseases than that they should have smallpox or typhoid fever. The child is an innocent party, and when Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," he did not mean for them to be killed to get there. For the child all things must be done, "he is the hope of the future, the pledge of God to man," and can we as individuals and collectively afford to be laggards in this great crusade? In the case of emergency and in the dark hour of trial and tribulation the sons of the Old North State have never proved recreant to their duty, and I do not believe they will stand idly by and allow it to be said, that:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre."

In this State the appropriation of \$12,500 for the health propaganda is too small. Even with this small amount much lasting good has been done. The death rate has been lowered, much heartache has been prevented, many preventable diseases have yielded to sanitation, all because of the untiring devotion, unselfish sacrifice of, and supreme confidence in our State Board of Health under the direction of men like Lewis and Rankin.

But not considering the economic loss, we should exercise our best efforts for the prevention of disease from a social standpoint, for as Munsterburg has said, "Hygiene can prevent more crime than law."

Listen to what Prof. Fisher says: "The conservation of health will promote conservation of other resources by keeping and strengthening the faculty of foresight, for a normal and healthy race of men, and such alone will enact the laws or develop the public sentiment needed to conserve natural resources for generations yet unborn. The problem of the conservation of our natural resources is not, therefore, a

series of independent problems, but a coherent, all-embracing whole. If our nation cares to make any provision for its grandchildren or great-grandchildren, this problem must include conservation in all its branches, but above all the conservation of the racial stock itself.

And to be allowed to live and work, this day, in the very zenith of scientific discovery; in the very blaze of the glory of the past, focused on the future is an obligation to the loyal citizenship, who, realizing the diseased, should be inspired by the deeds of men like Watts, of Durham, who has established and founded a hospital, a credit to the State and a compliment to the founder.

So to each of us is a share in this great conflict, in the prolongation of life, the alleviation of human suffering, and the saving of the child, that helpless creature, cast upon the ocean of life, a jeweled petal blown as it were from the rosary of God. The time will come when medical science and skill will be able to remove all the diseases of man, and leave not a single outlet, a single door of retreat, except old age.

THE POND AND LADIES

L. L. CARPENTER.

"Let's go to the pond and go in bathing," suggested Harper, with the sweat standing out on his dust covered face.

"That's the very thing," agreed Joe Bland, as without conscious effort, he let the hoe fall from his hands.

"Well," was all that Arnold Rugby said, with a nod of assent.

The three boys were cutting corn stalks on this late afternoon. Harper and Joe were brothers, but Arnold was a neighbor's boy who had been hired for the day.

As they started across the field toward the little pond in the bottom, Arnold was lingering behind.

"O hurry up," called out Harper. "Arnold you are as slow as a steer."

"Well boys," Arnold hesitated, "don't y-you expect Mr. Bland will care if we stop work?"

"No!" emphatically answered Harper. "He won't care. Ain't we been working hard all day? You are always afraid you'll do something wrong."

"Yes," joined in Joe, "you are too slow and goody-goody to really do something."

"Come on!" both exclaimed together.

Harper and Joe rushed up to the pond, with Arnold fifty yards behind. Two other boys were in bathing. The pond was in the pines, hid from public view. A few farmer boys had joined together to make it. It was small, but it served its purpose well: it was a bathing place for the boys at the noon hour, in the afternoon when work was over, on Sundays, or when work was deserted at any time of the day.

After the two front boys had greeted the bathers, one of

them said, "Boys, let's not let Arnold go in. He is always behind; and he was afraid Pa would object to us leaving our work."

"He don't need a washing nohow," cheerily called out one of the bathers.

From this the sentiment grew in favor of keeping Arnold out of the pond. Every word added to the fun of the thing, but to the discomfort of Arnold.

Arnold was of a quiet, retired nature, and seemed to take life seriously. The older people prophesied that he would one day be a man of great influence; but his companions couldn't understand him. Still they enjoyed his companionship through wood and field. And his judgment was always good. The boys had many pranks, some not so mild, at the expense of Arnold; but he was always patient.

"He never gets mad," was the way one well characterized him.

But everything seemed to be working out strangely this afternoon. The boys soon saw that Arnold was worried. They couldn't understand it, but they determined to see it out.

Arnold had undressed and started into the water. The boys were standing on the further side with rocks ready.

"If you put your foot into that water, we'll give it to you," was the defiant challenge.

Arnold suddenly turned, looked at the boys, and then cast his eyes through the pines towards his uncle's home. He began hurriedly to put on his clothes. The boys looked on in silence.

"What are you going to do now?" one asked.

No answer.

As Arnold walked up the hill with a determined step, Harper called out after him:

"Oh, come back, Arnold! We were just playing with you."

Of course, we want you to come in washing. You know us. Can't you take a joke?"

There was not a word from Arnold as he disappeared over the knoll through the pines.

They plunged into the water again with low murmuring and occasionally an oath.

"I'll swear! I wonder what he's got up his sleeve," commented Harper, as the last one jumped again into the water.

Just over the hill was the home of Arnold's unele, toward which he was going. This unele had two daughters who were just at the age when girls are most easily persuaded.

The boys were soon as happy as ever in the pond. There was swimming, diving, jumping from the spring-pole—incessant activity.

After awhile some one espied through the bushes fluttering calico, and the sharp, excited chatter of voices.

"Ladies! ladies!"

One got a shirt and left a coat; another put a coat over his shoulders and left everything else, and still another saved only his underclothes; while the last to leave the water didn't pay any attention to clothes at all. As he covered the dam, he muttered:

"Oh murder!"

"Why, Arnold!" exclaimed both the girls together as they heard the sticks breaking down below, "you said they would surely be gone by this time."

"They are gone," replied Arnold with a triumphant laugh; "and now we'll go and take our boat ride."

THE CHOWAC FISH THIEVES

Jerold Eason picked himself up from the bottom of his gas boat, where he had been hurled when the boat was violently thrown ashore. He crawled laboriously out and moored it to a pine. All was dark. The water churned angrily and the trees popped and snapped as they bent low before the hissing wind.

"Antony Forman and Martin Boyce didn't know I was watching them when they left home," soliloquized Jerold. "I wonder who that other man with them was."

A light glimmering in the woods attracted his attention and he began to pick his way slowly toward it. As he drew near he heard familiar voices. The men he was following were in an old log cabin. Jerold crept up to the window to listen.

"That thousand dollar reward was a good bluff," said Antony.

"Sure thing," returned Martin.

"The *Transcript* tells the tale," put in the unknown.

"Listen to this: 'One thousand dollars is offered for the capture of the Chowac fish thieves.' Our names on that paper will avert suspicion."

As Jerold stood at the window, the unknown got up and went to the door. Jerold recognized him. He was the sheriff of Chowac County. The sheriff opened the door and peered nervously out into the darkness.

"Why should I fear any one on a night like this?" he muttered as he was going back to his seat.

"How much do I get for keeping quiet?" asked the sheriff.

"Well, we have 750,000 herrings. They are selling at \$3 a thousand. That's \$22,500. Take \$1,500 from that for me as leader and then there is \$21,000 left. There are two

of us. You make three. Divide \$21,000 by three and we'll have \$7,000 apiece."

"You ought to give me more than that," said the sheriff.

"I don't think so," said Antony. "You are not running any risk of being caught and we are. All you have to do to get \$7,000 is to keep quiet. Besides, if you were to tell on us now we could prove you tried to sell your right to tell."

"I guess you're about right. Fix up your contract."

Two copies of the contract were made and they all signed them. The sheriff put one in his pocket and Antony the other in a small box and put the box in his pocket.

"Those fish better have pickle put to them or they'll spoil," said Martin.

"That's right," returned Antony.

"You and Antony go and fix the pickle and I'll go down to the boat and get a jug of wine I left there," said the sheriff.

"All right," replied the two thieves. "The wine'll go mighty good."

The sheriff left the cabin and the thieves went over in the corner and lifted up a trapdoor and went into a cellar. When Jerold saw them close the door behind them, he followed the sheriff. He got to the river just as the sheriff was coming back up the hill with the jug. Jerold had been a star tackle on the Reinfield football team, and when he saw the sheriff coming back up the hill he made a flying tackle and caught him around the knees. They fell, but the sheriff fell on top of Jerold. The sheriff seized Jerold and the fight began. Jerold twisted and squirmed, but the sheriff still stayed on top. Finally, with a mighty effort, Jerold turned the sheriff and got on top himself. He then twined his arms around the sheriff's body in such a way that the sheriff could not move. Just as he got him in this position he saw, by the light of the moon, saw him open his mouth to call for help. Nothing but a groan escaped, for as quick as a flash Jerold dealt him a

blow that rendered him unconscious. He quickly got a rope out of the boat and bound him. Then he took his handkerchief and gagged him and put him in the boat.

Jerold then returned to the cabin and found the thieves still in the cellar. He opened the door quietly and tiptoed to the trapdoor. Noiselessly he shot the bolts and went out. When outside he ran as fast as he could toward his own boat. He got in it and headed toward Cooperville, five miles away, where the fish commissioner lived. He had gone only about one-half of a mile when he saw a gas boat coming toward him. His heart beat more rapidly. Could it be? Yes, it was the fish commissioner's launch. With his megaphone he hailed the launch. It stopped and he drew near. He told what he had done and they returned together to Fish Island. They went to the boat where the sheriff lay and the commissioner's assistant unbound the now conscious sheriff and ungagged him.

"Now, Mr. Sheriff, you come with us," said the commissioner, covering him with his pistol.

They went to the cabin and found the thieves quiet.

"Now tell them to come up and help you enjoy the wine," whispered the commissioner, still covering the sheriff with his gun.

As Jerold quietly shot back the bolts the sheriff said:

"Come on, pals, and have some good wine."

The thieves threw the trapdoor open. They were covered.

"This is your doing," cried Martin to the sheriff.

"I'll get even with you for this," hissed Antony.

The door was open. Antony made a break for liberty, but Jerold downed him with a flying tackle, and the two thieves were soon bound.

THE OPEN DOOR

Social Life at Wake Forest

When a young man has completed his four years course in college and returns home or elsewhere to begin his life's work, if he has received proper training, he at once becomes the center of attraction in the community. The awkward youth who, before he went to college, never attended a fashionable dinner or any other social function of importance, who was at a loss when presented to a stranger, especially of the opposite sex, who did not dare venture into the parlor or dining room when there was company at his home, but stayed in the back yard or kitchen, is now known as a college graduate and is expected to take the lead in social life as well as in other things. He is invited to all the big social functions, and must feel perfectly free and easy at any time and under any circumstances. The people expect him to play the part of a polished, cultured and refined gentleman. Then, it must be a part of the work of the college to convert the uncouth youth into the polished gentleman. Is Wake Forest College doing its duty along this line?

In scholarship, professional training, and ability to cope with his fellow-men in the business world, the Wake Forest graduate is surpassed by none. At college he is treated as a full-grown man, and there he learns to "stand on his own feet" and to look out for his own interests, without encroaching upon the rights of others. The Wake Forest student is in a democratic institution, where he receives the training necessary to make of him a good citizen in a democratic nation. But as far as the social side of the Wake Forest student's life is concerned, we must admit that it is woefully neglected.

Of course there are the "Arc Lights" and "High Flyers" whose privileges in the homes of some of the people of the town are unrestricted, and who have the coveted honor of being included in the "social circle," but we venture to say that half the fellows who come to Wake Forest and graduate, go away without having been invited to a single social function in town, and without having attended more than one or two banquets given at the college. Now, let it be understood that the people of the town can not be blamed in the least for this condition of affairs. It is not their business to see after the students; besides, the "social circle" could not possibly accommodate more than one-fourth of the four hundred boys at Wake Forest. What, then, is wrong, and what is the remedy?

The trouble is, that the college offers no place at which social functions may be held, and as a consequence practically no social functions are held.

The only place at all suitable for a social gathering of any kind is the gymnasium, and even that has recently been refused to a class of would-be banqueters. They were forced to carry their friends of the fair sex to the Biological Laboratory, where the sweet-smelling perfumes, arising from the recently dissected star-fish and earthworm and from the "pickled niggers" in the vat below were very exhilarating, and must have proven a source of keen delight to those who were unaccustomed to such odors.

As to the number of social functions, they are so rare that when a class does get up courage enough to give a banquet and invite the ladies, the whole college is literally torn to pieces and everybody turns out "on the outside" to see how much "cain" they can raise, and the banquet really does more harm to the fellows on the outside than it does good to those inside. In fact, social gatherings at Wake Forest are almost as rare as presidential inaugurations in good weather. The

writer has been here for three years, and he can recall not more than two or three banquets to which ladies were invited and to which as many as seventy-five or a hundred of the student body were eligible, and he can recall very few banquets of any kind given at the college for or by any number of students. Are the fellows at Wake Forest getting the training and experience necessary to make of them what the world expects? If not, what is the remedy?

Let the college provide for us a banquet hall, and the students will do the rest. We can get very little satisfaction and pleasure out of holding a banquet in the gymnasium, or in any of the laboratories or lecture rooms, or in the chapel. We need a hall built and set aside exclusively for social functions alone. A new, modern, and up to date dormitory will soon be erected on the campus, and in it let us hope that there will be a hall suitable for all kinds of social events, and also a place where a fellow may receive his visiting friends, whether male or female.

ROY A. MARSH.

What is the Remedy

The Freshman is monarch of all that he surveys. Hazing is already a tradition, and the campus has no horrors for the belated Newish. With the faculty for his champions, he frequents the drug store and even meets the "Shoofly" with an assurance that is appalling. While being perfectly at home on the campus after dark and going to the Gem are not unpardonable sins, it is easy to see that the Freshman class as a whole is abusing the freedom which has been thrust upon it. They much prefer loafing around the drug stores, or visiting their friends, to studying, so the studying goes "undid."

Then, too, it looks as if they were about to kill a fine old custom, that of raising the hat to members of the faculty. Of course the faculty are not objecting to it, but this much at least is due them. When everything is considered, even the

most skeptical will admit that hazing may not have been altogether bad. Public sentiment has decided that it must go, and it is well that it has; but its passing leaves a void that should be filled by something. Why should good men be allowed to go to the devil because of too much freedom in their Freshman year?

A man generally comes to college with the idea that he is "the whole cheese," and as soon as he gets all such ideas knocked out of him he becomes a fairly decent citizen. Under the present system there is no way by which he can learn such things. The curtain has dropped on the Sophomore, and the spotlight is on the mighty Freshman. On with the dance! Let's see what he will do next. Hazing, "a relic of barbarism," is gone, and nothing has even been suggested to take its place, but in the meantime the unsophisticated are running wild. What is the remedy?

WILLIAM H. JENKINS.

The Wake Forest Student

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor

A Representative Magazine
Many of the readers of THE STUDENT have noticed, perhaps, that the magazine is the product of the English department, and of the seekers for the A.B. degree. Law and the lawyers are practically unrepresented, the subject of medicine ceases to occupy THE STUDENT'S pages, education and civics are not to be found in it, and thus THE STUDENT fails to show up three-fourths of our educational activity.

We do not mean that the lawyers and the "meds" are not writing for us, but that their subjects are not treated in THE STUDENT'S pages. Now, you sharks in sociology and education, prepare for us some essays; ye lawyers and ye "meds," do likewise, and let's have a change from the short story that has necessarily been predominant between our magazine's covers.

And you alumni, if our magazine is not to your liking, write and tell us so; if you have something that ought to be published by the way of an essay, let us have it.

We are getting tired of a magazine of one color, and we are tired of being referred to the Senior theses for a change from the short story.

Every college man should submit at least one good essay to his magazine during his college career. Have you done that?

"Who's Who and Why"

CLASSES	Number of Readers.	Percentage of Class.	Kind of Reading.		Percentage of all Reading.	Number of Books Read.
			Miscellaneous Reading.	Reference to Course.		
Freshman.....	38	25	85%	15%	30	81
Sophomore.....	24	20	70%	30%	24	51
Junior.....	15	16	66%	33%	15	33
Senior.....	15	20	60%	40%	22	46
Total number.....	92	Percentage of student body reading			20%	

The above figures, taken from the librarian's record for the month of December, will give the reader some idea of the reading done by the fellows and its distribution among the classes.

This article was suggested by a recent statement of a Harvard professor that the average freshman was not prompted to attend college through a desire for knowledge.

In studying these figures one must remember that they are the record of a school month of only three weeks, the last week including final quizzes.

The figures represent only the books actually taken from the library for a period of two weeks, and do not represent the research done while in the reading room, nor the vast amount of reading of periodicals.

The column headed *Miscellaneous Reading* indicates that 85 per cent of the freshman's reading is aside from his course, and as we descend that column the figures decrease. In the column "*With Reference to Course*" the freshman makes the poorest showing, while the senior makes the best—the explanation is obvious. "*The Percentage of Class*" estimate is only approximate and may not be relatively true, but the figures as they stand are in favor of the freshman. The per capita reading is easily in favor of the senior. On the whole, the Wake Forest freshman seems about as thirsty for knowledge as the rest of us. But can it be said of us as a whole that we are thirsting for knowledge when little more than twenty per cent of us are searching, actually searching through our library for it?

But why should we read? The answer to this question is sufficiently convincing as found in "*Two Floods*," by President Potcat, in this number.

The New System

We hesitate, naturally, to approach the subject of the new system of sixty-minute lecture periods, because we do not wish to seem to advise or criticise our faculty. Censoriousness is a fault which most student editors are heir to, for who can not criticise?

But the student editor, selected by his fellow students, is expected to voice their sentiments (the speakable ones) in the pages of their magazine. Why not?

Just now there is a very positive and general feeling against the grinding system of sixty-minute lecture periods. Besides 98 per cent of the student body, a large number of the faculty is openly expressing itself against the system. For what advantage has it for the professor? Certainly none. On the other hand, it requires more of his time for the preparation of his lectures; it takes away from his limited time for recreation or general investigation; and it adds only to his grind and to the dryness and length of his lectures.

What does the system mean to the student? Many of us have five or even six subjects. Three times per week, perhaps, we go on class at 8:10 a. m. and remain there until 3:30 p. m. without intermission, save that for dinner. The medical student has three or four hours of laboratory work per day, which under the new system crowds out some of his course, his gymnasium, or his sleep. Then we must study some or flunk, sleep a little at night or on class, and take outdoor exercise or break down. Carter raised such a quantity of oats that he had to have another field to stack 'em in. Will some one get for us three hours added to the twenty-four for study?

Seriously, what are the merits of the new system? Longer periods do not add to the students' interest in the unimproved lecture, nor is the average mind capable of sustained attention for longer periods than forty-five minutes four or five periods in succession. Our venerable Professor of Philosophy insists that he can say all that the student can retain in the space of forty-five minutes.

Finally, the "system" has sadly bungled our courses. Laboratory, lectures, and gymnasium are all mixed and fighting for a place. Naturally some one of them will ultimately succeed!

What, then, is the sum of all this talk? It is this: give us the shorter, juicier lectures and the system of the former

plan of courses, with a chance to stop and think and to familiarize ourselves with the taste of the things that we are now forced to gulp down so greedily.

A Suggestion There has been a feeling at Wake Forest that there should be some new system about the societies. In recent years they have grown much larger. The value of these societies diminishes in proportion to size.

The editor was asking Dr. Sikes the other day for some suggestion. He said that what was needed was more frequent speaking by more men, and that one way to meet the congested condition was for one society to take charge of the recitation rooms in the Administration building and the other those in the Alumni building. On Friday nights have the societies divided into four or more sections—each section to occupy a recitation room and conduct a debate; to limit the session to a definite period, say one hour. That on Saturday morning the societies meet in their halls for the transaction of business.

This would necessitate the election of more officers, but it would train more men in the art of presiding. There would be joint discussions when some contest involved the whole society.

The advantages of such an arrangement would be shorter sessions, more speaking, more speakers, and more real debating. Practice is the only thing that will make a public speaker. An expert logician may be a poor speaker. Classical English does not always flow from the lips of the man who can hold his own on the platform. Any man can become something of a public speaker if he will keep speaking in public.

So, what do the societies think of this suggestion? Shall they appoint four of the best men in each society to divide up

and give this suggestion a trial? The editors will welcome any other suggestions.

A hundred years ago the greatest missionary **The Next Issue** of modern times sailed for India. The whole world pauses to pay honor to Adoniram Judson, and to prepare for larger work along all lines of missionary work.

Wake Forest College has always been an inspiring scene of missionary activities. She has sent forth scores of missionaries, both to the homeland and to the foreign fields. She numbers among her sons such men as Yates, Britton, Bostick, Green, Newton, and Justice—a long list of devoted men who have gone forth to the ends of the earth to proclaim the Everlasting Gospel. Her sons have been equally as active in the establishment of the Kingdom in this country, and are to be counted among the most useful supporters of Home and Foreign Missions.

It is in honor of the Judson Centenary and to tell the story of Wake Forest's long and honorable connection with mission work that the editors will publish in next March a special Missionary Number of **THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT**.

The interest will not be confined to what Wake Forest alone has done. For North Carolina is rapidly becoming one of the greatest missionary States of the South, and it is the purpose of the editors to show to the world what North Carolina has done in missionary work.

This number will, therefore, be an authoritative account of missionary activities of all kinds by North Carolina, for the Old North State, for the South, and for the world.

Articles will appear by Dr. Willingham, Rev. Hight C. Moore, Dr. J. F. Love, Dr. R. T. Bryan, Dr. C. E. Taylor, Dr. W. L. Potcat, Dr. E. W. Sikes, Rev. W. C. Newton,

Rev. J. F. Justice, Mrs. Janie P. Duggans, Miss Sophia Lanneau, Mrs. Britton, and others.

Miss Fannie E. S. Heck, of Raleigh, President of the Ladies' Missionary Union of the Southern Baptist Convention, has promised an article on "The Work of North Carolina Women for Missions"; Rev. Livingston Johnson has a valuable treatise on "The Relation of State Missions to the General Mission Work." These two articles alone will be worth the price of the issue.

This booklet should be in the hands of every North Carolinian who believes in the great commission to send the Gospel to every creature.

Let every person who receives this magazine secure orders among his church and friends for copies of the special "Missionary Number" of *THE STUDENT*, price twenty-five cents. Send all orders to W. L. Eddinger, Wake Forest, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

We announce with sincere regret that the business manager of THE STUDENT, Mr. J. Henry Jones, found it necessary to be out of college during the spring term in order to accept a business position at Lumber Bridge, North Carolina. However, we were fortunate in securing Mr. W. L. Eddinger, last year's efficient business manager of THE STUDENT, to succeed him. Mr. Jones showed marked business ability in his management of our magazine, and we predict for him much success in his new work.

Professor J. Henry Highsmith gave three lectures on "Teaching," before a Sunday School Institute held in the First Baptist Church, Durham, North Carolina, January 9-11. He, also, made an address at the Fourth Street Baptist Church, Portsmouth, Virginia, on January 19th.

Dr. W. R. Cullom delivered a series of five lectures on "Genesis" at a Sunday School Institute, Chattanooga, Tennessee, January 13-17. On January the 12th, he spoke at Asheville, North Carolina, on the work of the Board of Education.

On Saturday evening, January 11th, President Wm. Louis Potcat delivered an address on "Adolescence," at Durham, North Carolina, before a Sunday School Institute; and the next morning, he spoke to the young men of the Second Baptist Church.

Dr. E. W. Sikes spoke before the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of January 6th, using as his subject, "A Decade of Baptist Struggle in North Carolina"—the decade being 1830-'40, and the Baptist leader Thomas Meredith. Rev. Walter N. Johnson addressed the Associa-

tion January 13th, using as his subject, "A Punctured Christian."

On January the 7th the contract was signed for a debate between Wake Forest College and Davidson College, to be held at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Easter Monday. The delay in signing the contract was caused by Davidson's demand, which Wake Forest could not afford to grant, that a certain class of men be ineligible for the debate. The question submitted by Davidson is as follows: "*Resolved*, That a more easy and expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution should be adopted."

In the Freshman-Sophomore basketball game, December 5th, the Sophomores won, score being 13 to 10. On December the 12th the Juniors won over the Seniors 9 to 7. And then the class championship in basketball was won by the Sophomores against the Juniors with a score of 12 to 9, on January the 14th.

Mr. Rowland S. Pruette, baseball manager the coming season, announces that a schedule is being prepared to play the leading college teams in the State, besides some in other States. Mr. Frank Thompson will be the coach again this season. With such an able coach and such promising men to select from Wake Forest bids fair to put out a winning team.

Dr. W. H. Smith, Editorial Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of Richmond, Virginia, preached Sunday morning, January 12th, in Memorial Hall, and he made an address before the Missionary Society in the evening.

On December 2, 1912, the following officers were elected to serve the succeeding year in the Young Men's Christian Association: E. P. Stillwell, President; D. M. Johnson, Vice-President; R. H. Norris, Recording Secretary; M. D. Phillips, Treasurer; and O. W. Yates, Corresponding Secretary.

Miss Louise P. Heims, the College librarian, spent the Christmas holidays in Philadelphia.

On December the 28th Dean Charles E. Brewer attended a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the National Orphans' Home Jr. O. U. A. M., at Tiffin, Ohio.

The committee appointed by the Wake Forest Baptist Church on the new church building plans had a meeting on January the 15th, and authorized Mr. James M. McMichael, of Charlotte, to make the plans and specifications. The church asked the Board of Trustees for a suitable lot for the location of the building next east of the Alumni Building. On January the 21st the board met at Wake Forest and voted to deed the lot at the place indicated.

The new dormitory has been located in the area between Wingate Memorial Hall and the Alumni Building. Mr. Frank E. Perkins, of New York City, is at work on the plans and specifications. As soon as these are completed and the contract is let actual work on the building will begin. It is to be erected in a series of units, so much of it to be now finished as will accommodate sixty-five men.

Up to the middle of January 456 men had registered, this being twenty-one in advance of the total registration of any previous year.

Wake Forest will debate Baylor University, of Texas, at Raleigh Easter Monday, using as a question, "*Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people.*" Wake Forest will defend the negative; and the team to represent the college will be selected at a preliminary debate February the 7th.

Professor Jay B. Hubbell spent the Christmas holidays with his father at Elkin, North Carolina.

Manager T. Boyce Henry has announced the following basketball schedule:

Jan. 17.	Elon College	Wake Forest
Jan. 21.	Liberty-Piedmont Institute.....	Wake Forest
Jan. 29.	University of Georgia.....	Wake Forest
Jan. 31.	Davidson College	Wake Forest
Feb. 7.	Guilford College	Wake Forest
Feb. 8.	A. & M. College.....	Raleigh
Feb. 13.	A. & M. College.....	Wake Forest
Feb. 15.	University of North Carolina.....	Wake Forest
Feb. 17.	Trinity College	Durham
Feb. 18.	Elon College	Elon
Feb. 19.	Wofford College	Spartanburg, S. C.
Feb. 20.	University of Georgia.....	Athens, Go.
Feb. 21.	Augusta Y. M. C. A.....	Augusta, Ga.
Feb. 22.	University of South Carolina.....	Columbia, S. C.
Feb. 25.	Trinity College	Wake Forest
Feb. 28.	V. P. I.....	Wake Forest
Mar. 1.	V. P. I.....	Raleigh

Games are to be arranged with the University of North Carolina and Guilford College as soon as the dates can be agreed upon. Owing to the energetic and efficient work of the manager, Mr. Henry, this is the largest schedule Wake Forest has ever had.

The basketball season opened with a game between Wake Forest and Elon College, played at Wake Forest January the 17th. Wake Forest easily defeated the visitors in a slow game with a score of 48 to 10. The Wake Forest quintet was composed of the following men: Bruce Holding (Capt.), center; W. W. Holding, Jr., forward; Hugh Cuthrell, forward; Phil Utley, guard; Ham Davis, guard. The following played a few minutes in the last part of the game: E. J. Williams, C. V. Tyner, Alex Hall, G. M. Billings, and F. B. Scruggs. Captain Bruce Holding, the strong center, who is playing his third year on the team, began the score by putting the ball in the basket three times in succession. The usual high standard of Mr. Crozier's coaching is shown in this season's snappy team.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor

Hon. Bruce White and Miss Grace Ward, both of Franklin, N. C., were married January 15. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. E. White, the groom's brother. Mr. White is prominent both in the educational and legal professions.

Rev. C. J. D. Parker is back in North Carolina after a long pastorate in Norfolk. He is located at Rcidsville.

Rev. W. A. Smith has taken charge of the Pritchard Memorial Church of Charlotte. He has been in Norfolk for several years.

Bob Camp is seriously ill at his father's home in Franklin, Va. His many friends wish for him a speedy recovery.

Rev. Osear Powers left Scotland Neck to take charge of work in Louisiana.

E. B. Josey has charge of a large fertilizer factory in Tarboro, N. C.

Chas. A. Smith, Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, has been placed on the program to preside at one of the meetings of the Laymen's Movement, which is to convene in Chattanooga.

T. B. Davis, pastor at Morehead City, has been elected secretary of the B. Y. P. U. work in this State.

Dr. W. B. Oliver, who was once pastor of the First Church in Wilmington, and later of Florence, S. C., is now at Mt. Olive, N. C.

Henry C. Lanneau is very successfully engaged in business at Savannah, Ga.

Chas. H. Durham was reëlected president of the Baptist State Convention at Goldsboro.

F. B. Hamrick is doing good work as representative of the Thomasville Orphanage.

Hon. E. Y. Webb has been mentioned in connection with the governorship of the State, but has refused and is to become a candidate to succeed himself in Congress.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM H. JENKINS, JR., Editor

As we look through the various exchanges before us we find ourselves asking the question, "Why will college magazines allow some of the perpetrations, masquerading as poetry, to litter their pages?" Some of it is really laughable and would go well in the joke department, but has no place in the body of any magazine that pretends to be literary. The method of getting rid of such stuff is simple—just throw it into the fire or the waste basket, whichever happens to be the most convenient. Some of it is really as bad as this:

"Today I am dreaming
Of a life that's to be,
And my dreams they are golden
And all silver to me."

Another gem ends in the following touching manner:

"He saw a smile within her eyes
That turned his heart from stone;
He whispered close into her ear,
'Don't make me go alone.'"

No, we didn't write that ourselves. It was taken from two of the "literary publications" on our table. The stories and essays of both magazines were average, but such trash offset the good articles.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* begins with "Virginia's Son," a piece of verse which, while not quite as bad as that quoted above, is bad enough. The meter is defective, and as a eulogy of Woodrow Wilson it is a failure. The plot of "A Double Game" is much like that of many another college magazine story and the style is weak, but it is worked out in a new way and is not altogether bad. "Virginia's Roads" is a good essay and the statistics are fairly accurate but the

writer presents no new arguments because everything possible has been written before, but too much can hardly be said in favor of good highways. The poem "The River of Life" is the best article in the issue. "Wordsworth's 'Ode on Immortality'" shows a good knowledge of the poem but the writer gets beyond his depth and tries to make his essay too profound. The plot of "A Planter's Revenge" is good, although very improbable. A story of this kind should at least be within the bounds of possibility. The editorial department covers a part of one page. This should be one of the most important of all the departments, but instead we find it occupying the smallest place.

The *Guilford Collegian* is rich in essays but verse is conspicuously absent. We commend the editors for "The Advancing Ages," an essay on science and theology. The writer's treatment of Galileo is especially interesting. "An Anecdote of Wilkes" is an entertaining little sketch of an incident which occurred in Wilkes County during the Civil War. The writer could have made a very interesting story out of it but he prefers to stick to history and facts. Perhaps the best article in the issue is "A Savior of Society." The writer of "Labor Unions" seems to be familiar with the history of labor organizations, but the subject demands more than three pages. The plot of "Patsy" is rather weak but it is a charming little story. "The Sunshine After the Cloud" is another one of those love stories of which we find so many in college magazines. Why will college men and women insist on attempting such stories? They are exceedingly difficult to write and are generally failures. In the editorial department we find one article, "The Balkan War." The newspapers generally cover such subjects very satisfactorily, so why not leave this department for editorials dealing with college problems? Taken as a whole the December issue of the *Collegian* is a disappointment.

The *Southern Collegian* is in many respects one of the best of our exchanges. The poetry in the December issue is especially good. "The Finale" and "Lines to a Friend" show a depth of poetic feeling seldom to be met with in such a publication. The other two poems, "The Sailing" and "The Sea" are not quite so good, still they are above the average. "The Institution of the Society of the Cincinnati" gives us an interesting and accurate history of an organization about which so little is known. "The Melungeons" is another excellent essay, showing a good knowledge of the mysterious tribe around which so much mystery and conjecture centers. The author has that free and fluent style without which no essay can be made interesting. The stories are a bit disappointing. "By Niagara's Roar" is the old, old story of the college engagement, later success, and returning of the hero to find that the object of his affections is engaged to another, and the happy end in the reunion of the true lovers. "Toddles, Jr.," is exceedingly well written and the style is charming, but it is hardly up to the other contributions. The departments are all ably edited.

It is with genuine pleasure that we read the November issue of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. The magazine abounds in verse, fiction, and stories, nearly all of which contain some real merit. With the exception of "To——" the verse seems to be a little too high-flown and in some cases the meter is imperfect. The best contribution is "The Gypsy Singer," although the story of the model's jealousy of the finished picture leading to her destruction of it is old. Two pages seems rather brief treatment of such a subject as "The Power of Purpose," but the essay is written in a clear, concise style and is excellent as far as it goes. "The Spark Unquenchable" is admirably worked out but some of the sentences are stilted and a phrase appears here and there which smacks of E. P. Roe. In "Memory" the writer has at-

tempted something which none but a master can handle successfully—a description of the sea. Some few word painters, such as Hearn, can do the subject justice, but it is too much for the average college writer. "Science, the Ally of Religion," as an essay deserves praise. The writer takes up his points in a logical manner and develops them convincingly. "Richard Rathsberg, Attorney," is not quite up to the other articles. The editorials are all on live college issues and many of our exchanges who stray off into politics and war would do well to notice them. The magazine is attractive and well arranged throughout.

The *Lexington High School Magazine* comes to us in a neat cover and contains some good material. The mechanical make-up is good, having essays, verse, and fiction. The departments are interesting and the editors are to be commended.

We acknowledge the receipt of our usual exchanges.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

June Smith (at the drug store): Mr. Powers, I want to get a copy of Homer's "Eyelid."



FOR A SCENT.

A grouchy butcher, who had watched the price of porterhouse steak climb the ladder of fame, was deep in the throes of an unusually bad grouch when a would-be customer, eight years old, approached him and handed him a penny.

"Please, mister, I want a cent's worth of sausage."

Turning to the youngster with a growl, he let forth this burst of good salesmanship:

"Go smell o' the hook!"—*New Orleans States*.



OUCH!

Hunk Smith: What are you thinking about?

Hubbell: Just nothing.

H. S.: You always were an egotist.



POETS WITH POWER.

"Twinkle! twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!

Way above the earth so far the stars a-twinkling go.

—*San Francisco Call*.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean, roll!" another voice was heard;
And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.

—*Louisville Herald*.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command;
And every winter now we hear it blow to beat the band.

—*Boston Transcript*.

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state," a poet once did sing;
And ever since the ship of state's been doing that same thing.

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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NEEDHAM YANCEY GULLEY, M.A., LL.D.,
Dean of the Law Department, Wake Forest College.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIV

February, 1915

No. 5

WAKE FOREST LAW SCHOOL

DR. N. Y. GULLEY.

The Trustees of Wake Forest College made an order at the meeting in June, 1893, to establish the School of Law. Arrangements were made for the opening of the same in September of that year, but no students were present.

In the summer of 1894, there were two for a part of the time and one during the remainder of the session.

The total enrollment for the session 1894-'95 was fourteen. During this session all the teaching was done by N. Y. Gulley, who lived then in Franklinton, N. C., and came to the college on three days in each week. In June, 1895, N. Y. Gulley was made a full professor and moved to Wake Forest to give his entire time to the work.

In September, 1895, the first students of this school applied for license to practice law. They were three in number and all passed. Only one man from this school failed before the adoption of the system of written examinations in September, 1898. Since that time a number of classes have lost only one man, and nine have all passed without a failure.

From 1900 to 1904, S. F. Mordecai, Esq., then a leading member of the Raleigh bar, aided in the work; then our sister institution, Trinity College, made him Dean of its Law School.

In 1906 E. W. Timberlake, Jr., was elected Professor of Law, and has done admirable work from that time to this. N. Y. Gulley has been teaching in this school from its begin-

ning, being now in his twenty-first year of actual service, with one more year of nominal service. This is probably the longest period of teaching in a law school for any one man in the history of our State.

The number of students increased from year to year. At the end of the tenth year we had an enrollment of eighty, and one hundred and seventy have been licensed. The enrollment last year, the twentieth year, was one hundred and sixty-seven. During the past summer fifty-two were enrolled. The enrollment for the present session will be the largest in the history of the school. The total number licensed to date is five hundred and forty-six. Of these, twenty-four are known to be dead, thirty-three to have abandoned the practice. Over four hundred are actually in the practice now in North Carolina, with a considerable number in other States, as will appear from the following

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 *Wilson, E. R., Mt. Olive.
 Walker, R. E., Windsor.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1913.

Balfey, G. D., Burnsville.
 Blanton, R. R., Forest City.
 Davis, G. C.
 Herring, R. L., Clinton, N. C.
 Hughes, Chas., Hughes.
 Johnson, E. M., Lumberton.
 Knott, L. D., Wilson.
 Mayberry, D. F., Charlotte.
 Ramseur, B. F.
 Royai, W. S., High Point.

AUGUST TERM, 1913.

Allen, C. M., Goldsboro.
 Ashcraft, F. W., Marshville.
 Bobbitt, M. T., Rowland.
 Barse, A. T., Jefferson.
 Brown, J. C., Madison.
 Beckham, V. C., Hiddenite.
 Boon, W. D., Winton.

Bland, J. T., Burgaw.
 Craver, J. B., Winston-Salem.
 Cox, W. D., Moyock.
 Cashwell, C. C., Wilmington.
 Chandler, B. C., Sumter, S. C.
 Dickens, A. O., Loulsburg.
 Edwards, J. S., Marshall.
 Eddinger, W. L., Thomasville.
 Glover, J. B., Statesville.
 Goodman, J. P., Portsmouth, Va.
 Guy, Chas. L., Dunn.
 Lee, C. C., Four Oaks.
 Oliver, C. M., Mt. Olive.
 Simpson, M. B., Elizabeth City.
 Stillwell, E. P., Webster.
 Stringfield, P. R., Fayetteville.
 Tyler, W. H., Benson.
 Voyies, W. R., Murphy.
 Whitaker, F. G., Hendersonville.
 Watson, E. T., Kenly.
 Wellons, E. J., Smithfield.
 Whitehurst, H. P., New Bern.
 Williams, L. C., Chapel Hill.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1914.

Burton, E. T., Wilmington.
 Edwards, G. W., Forest City.
 Hannah, H. B., Siler City.
 Jackson, D. R., Raleigh.
 Kitchin, L. M., Scotland Neck.
 King, D. B., Sanford.
 Klutz, L. F., Hickory.
 Morris, W. L., Winston-Salem.
 Rowland, G. B., Durham.
 Taylor, H. P., Wadesboro.
 Wilson, J. T., Dunn.

AUGUST TERM, 1914.

Adams, J. A., Greensboro.
 Alexander, J. J., Stony Point.
 Avera, T. A., Rocky Mount.
 Bridges, W. M., Hendersonville.
 Duncan, G. W., Beaufort.
 Fisher, W. H., Roseboro.
 Grindstaff, G. H., Asheville.

- Guthrie, T. C., Jr., Charlotte.
Harris, A. J., Jr., Henderson.
Hollingsworth, J. W., Louisburg.
House, A. R., Oak City.
Henry, O. L., Wadesboro.
Gilman, T. E., Jacksonville.
Jarvis, G. L., Shelby.
Jarrett, C. M., Dillsboro.
Johnson, H. P., St. Pauls.
Joyce, J. R., Reidsville.
Joyner, G. H., Woodland.
Keith, V. W., Raleigh.
Marshall, G. O., Acme.
McLeod, J. A., Bules Creek.
Mitchell, A. S., Winton.
Millsaps, L. H., Charlotte.
Nance, J. H., Winston-Salem.
Parker, R. H., Enfield.
Paschal, R. F., Siler City.
Roberson, A. G., Staunton, Va.
Snider, W. O., Winston-Salem.
Sherrin, M. B., Wingate.
Schulken, F. J., Whiteville.
Strawn, J. A., Marshville.
Sanders, W. H., Smithfield.
Sustare, B. T., Mathews.
Strickland, H. C., Raleigh.
Wallace, J. C., Winston-Salem.
Walls, M. A., Winston-Salem.
White, S. W., Elizabeth City.
Yates, E. P., Winston-Salem.

TWO DECADES—SUCCESS AND YET MORE

JOHN A. OATES.

"The best Law School in North Carolina" is a distinction well worth while. To be accorded this is good; to merit it is more.

A school doesn't "just grow," like Topsy. Neither do bricks and mortar make a school, any more than castles and battlements make a state. Gulley and Timberlake would make a law school with no roof above them save the blue sky and no seats save the greensward.

The housing is incidental—and to be sure very incidental, at Wake Forest. The material is an attachment in education; that intangible something called personality—with all that it includes of learning, of experience, of adaptability, is the cause, the major, if you please, in that wonderful work of induction and deduction, which we call Education. Let it not be overlooked that personality needs the best assistance in equipment that the material environment may help and not hinder the personal.

The Wake Forest Law School, like our Orphanage, was not greeted everywhere by hosannas and the waving of palms. There was a big question mark hung over its cradle. There was no gold, and not much of frankincense or myrrh.

But it has justified its right to live—and more, to be fostered as an agency of peculiar power in our denominational life and in the civic life of the State. Judged by the severe standard of profitable production, this school is entitled to most honorable mention.

From the day of its opening in 1894 to this good day, the Supreme Court of the State has granted license to five hundred and forty-six. What a record!

INEXPERIENCE.

"Did you ever dress a chicken?

"No, my girls are all boys. But I understand it costs a heap of money."—*Houston Post*.



TO KEEP UP.

Lives of social lions tell us
That, if we know what is what,
We'll put dignity behind us
And will learn the turkey trot.

—*Houston Post*.



USEFUL RESEARCH.

Dr. Brewer: So you are engaged in some original research? Upon what subject?

Rodwell: I'm trying to discover why the ink won't flow from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest.



NOW WE KNOW.

Son: Why do people say "Dame Gossip?"

Father: Because they are too polite to leave off the "e."—*Le Crabbe*.



WISH REALIZED.

Le Fanu, in his "Seventy Years of Irish Life," tells of a peasant who said to a gentleman:

"My poor father died last night, your honor."

"I'm sorry for that, now," answers the other, "and what doctor attended him?"

"Ah! my poor father wouldn't have a doctor; he always said he'd like to die a natural death."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.



THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE.

He: Ah, darling, may I be your captain and guide your bark down the sea of life?

The Widow: No; but you can be my second mate.—*Life*.

SLOW CHAP.

"Yes," laughed the girl with the pink parasol, "he is the slowest young man I ever saw."

"In what way, dear?" asked his chum.

"Why, he asked for a kiss and I told him I wore one of those knotted vells that takes so long to loosen."

"And what did he do?"

"Why the goose took time to untie the knot."—*Ex.*



EASILY PLEASED.

Gabe: What is an optimist?

Steve: An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bowlegged.



DOUBTFUL.

Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't know why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."—*Ex.*



POST-MORTEM CHAT.

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to believe yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor alive."—*Philadelphia Record.*



A new explanation of the "quick and the dead" is as follows:

"The quick are those who see an automobile coming and jump—the dead are those that don't jump."—*Ex.*



DISCONCERTING.

"What does this nation need?" shouted the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the

Pacific, if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubber boots," suggested the grossly materialistic person in a rear seat.—*Ex.*



A WILD CHASE.

"Did you read Admiral Dewey's receipt for good health—horse-back riding and no banquets?"

"I can go the Admiral one better. Give me banquets and night-mares."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



CHERISHED MEMENTOES.

Senator Clapp, at a dinner in Washington, chuckled over the appearance before his committee of Colonel Roosevelt.

"The Colonel," he said, "certainly got back at everybody. He reminded me of the Irishman.

"A friend of mine, traveling in Ireland, stopped for a drink of milk at a white cottage with a thatched roof, and, as he sipped his refreshment, he noted, on a center table under a glass dome, a brick with a faded red rose upon the top of it.

"Why do you cherish in this way,' my friend said to his host, 'that common brick and that dead rose?"

"Shure, sir,' was the reply, 'there's certain memories attachin' to them. Do ye see this big dent in my head? Well, it was made by that brick.'

"But the rose?" said my friend.

"His host smiled quietly.

"The rose,' he explained, 'is off the grave of the man that threw the brick.'"—*New York Tribune.*



Business Man: You are married, I suppose?

Applicant for Job: No, sir. I have been sick. That's why I look that way.—*Ex.*



KANSAS DIAGNOSIS.

An Emporia girl was complaining to her chum the other day of the way her steady was treating her.

"Why don't you give him the mitten?" the friend asked.

"It isn't a mitten he needs; it's a pair of socks. He's got cold feet," was the answer.—*Emporia Gazette*.



SETTLED.

"The garment worker is on strike," announced Eve.

Seeing it concerned him, Adam hastened to make terms.—*New York Sun*.



HE KEPT A COPY.

"Do you really love me?" she wrote.

"Referring to my last letter," he promptly replied, "you will find that I love you devotedly on page one, madly on page three, and passionately on pages four and five."—*Ex.*

TO
LIVINGSTON JOHNSON
BELOVED SON AND HONORED TRUSTEE OF
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LEADER OF NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS IN ALL
MISSIONARY ENTERPRISES
THIS JUDSON CENTENNIAL NUMBER
OF
THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

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REV. LIVINGSTON JOHNSON
Corresponding Secretary Baptist State Convention of North Carolina

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 6

THE FIRST CALL TO MISSIONARY EFFORT IN NORTH CAROLINA

"IS NOT THE KEHUKEE ASSOCIATION WITH ALL HER NUMEROUS AND RESPECTABLE FRIENDS CALLED ON IN PROVIDENCE IN SOME WAY TO STEP FORWARD IN SUPPORT OF THAT MISSIONARY SPIRIT WHICH THE GREAT GOD IS SO WONDERFULLY REVIVING AMONGST THE DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OF GOOD MEN IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD?"

[In October, 1803, ten years before Judson sailed for India, the Kehukee Association proposed the query which is given on this page. For the far-reaching effects of this resolution in awakening the Missionary spirit among North Carolina Baptists see the article by Dr. Sikes: "A Century of Baptist Conquest in North Carolina."]

JUDSON LONGING FOR HIS BURMAN HOME

BY H. S. WASHBURN.

A stranger in my native land!
O home beyond the sea,
How yearns with all its constant love,
This weary heart for thee.

I left thee, when around my heart
Was gathering thickest gloom,
And gentle ones have since that hour
Descended to the tomb.

O Burmah! shrouded in the pall
Of error's dreadful night!
For wings—for wings once more to bear
To thy dark shores the light.

To rear upon thy templed hills
And by thy sunny streams
The standard of the Cross, where now
The proud Pagoda gleams.

One prayer, my God! Thy will be done—
One only boon I crave:
To finish well my work,—and rest
Within a Burman grave.

THE JUDSON CENTENNIAL CAMPAIGN

EDITOR HIGHT C. MOORE

The Judson Centennial Movement was inaugurated by the Southern Baptist Convention at Oklahoma City in May, 1912. It was launched for the purpose of securing sufficient funds to adequately equip our various mission fields in pagan and papal lands. It is one of the most statesman-like and significant undertakings ever assumed by the Baptists of the South.

Let us consider it in five aspects: It was born of a great need; it calls for a great program; it is associated with a great name; it offers a great appeal; and it anticipates a great outcome.

I.

The fundamental need of the world is the gospel of Jesus Christ. To supply this need we must follow in the footsteps of the Master, who went about the cities of Galilee performing a three-fold ministry—the ministry of teaching, the ministry of preaching, and the ministry of healing. And to perform this ministry with efficiency and success there must be material equipment. That is, in our ministry of teaching we must have schools; in our ministry of preaching we must have homes for our missionaries; in our ministry of healing we must have hospitals for the care of the sick; and to make all this of most effect there must be the ministry of the press scattering its leaves of life among the nations.

But in this equipment the foreign mission fields of the Southern Baptist Convention have been and are sadly deficient. We need better homes for our missionaries. Our hospitals are utterly inadequate to the need and the demand. Our schools are altogether inadequate to the high task of

training native workers to carry on the work. The growth of our missions has been faster than their equipment. Besides, the phenomenal recent changes in heathen lands call for far better furnishing than we have at the present time.

II.

We can not touch the rim of this colossal need with anything short of a great program,—a program that is concrete in its need, comprehensive in its survey, and compelling in its appeal.

The financing of it calls for the raising of \$1,250,000 for educational and general equipment purposes in foreign lands. Of this amount \$200,000 are to be spend on the publication of Christian literature; \$250,000 for the building of churches, hospitals, and missionaries' homes; and \$800,000 upon the equipment of our mission schools. This great sum is to be raised within the next three years, nor is it to interfere with the regular annual contributions to Foreign Missions.

The fields are ready and waiting. No sooner was the movement launched than a thorough investigation of the needs of each of our mission fields was made, the maximum and minimum defined, and the whole submitted to the board in Richmond for readjustment and approval. This process required six months and necessitated a reduction of \$400,000 from the total applications in order to come within the prescribed amount.

The forces back of the movement are the two and a quarter million white Baptists in the Southern States. The Convention appointed a general committee consisting of one member from each State in the Convention and entrusted the leadership of the campaign for funds to Rev. T. B. Ray, D.D., educational secretary of our Foreign Mission Board at Richmond, Va.

The campaign in North Carolina was by the Baptist State Convention at Goldsboro, in December, 1912, entrusted to a committee consisting of Hight C. Moore, Livingston Johnson, W. C. Tyree, N. B. Broughton, and Cary J. Hunter. The equipment of the Central China Mission, the field laid out by Dr. M. T. Yates, was designated as North Carolina's part in the movement; and Rev. R. T. Bryan, D.D., of Shanghai, China, now in this country on furlough, was secured to take the field in this State with a view to raising the requisite funds.

III.

This movement, as with every other religious campaign, is, first of all, associated with the "Name above every name." But, secondarily, and appropriately, it is linked with the name of Adoniram Judson, who one hundred years ago went out to Burmah as the first missionary from America. It was he who shocked the new world into a sense of its responsibility to the heathen, and by a most singular and happy Providence aroused the Baptists of the United States to their missionary obligation and opportunity. It is well to perpetuate the memory of this great man and erect a suitable memorial through this great fund.

But in North Carolina by determining to equip the Central China Mission we have linked with the name of Judson that of another great man—Matthew Tyson Yates, the first foreign missionary from North Carolina, a man who stirred our people to their duty and kindled a fire inextinguishable on heathen shores. The inspiration of these great names should greatly stimulate the present movement.

IV.

All of these things constitute an urgent and practical appeal to the Baptist people of North Carolina and of the South. A proposition is before us that is business-like in

method, definite in objective, and specific in its claims. It is designed to make permanent our work in heathen lands. It is far-reaching in scope and in prospect. In particular, it calls for sums that can not fail to interest the man of wealth who is especially to lead us in the enterprise we have undertaken. It is a great appeal in every way.

V.

This campaign should prove to be of great cultural value to our people at home, educating them along missionary lines, especially by an intelligent survey of mission fields and the story of missionary heroes. It should, moreover, enlist many who have been hitherto neglectful of their duty and should elicit large amounts for worth-while causes on the far-away Christian frontiers. The reflex influence must, therefore, be highly beneficial.

But the work abroad should forever feel a new and powerful impulse from the impact of this movement upon the heathen world. For it means a new survey of the field, the location of strategic centers, and the establishment of mission work in its manifold phases upon a permanent basis. It means an increase in the efficiency of the missionaries who go out from us to the front. It means a divine economy in the training of native workers who among their own people can accomplish more than many of the best from abroad.

There is every reason to believe that the Judson Centennial Movement will prove a mighty agency in hastening the glorious Yet-To-Be when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Raleigh, N. C.

ADONIRAM JUDSON AND ANN HASSELTINE
JUDSON

G. W. PASCHAL.



Adoniram Judson and his wife, Ann Hasseltine Judson, were the pioneers of what has become a numerous and glorious company of missionaries from America to the peoples of Asia. I do not include Luther Rice because his work was done in America. The Judsons, on the other hands founded the first American mission and spent their lives in work on the foreign field. In every way they are worthy to stand at the head of the long line of heroic women and men who for the past cen-

tury have been advancing the standard of the Cross in the East.

It is but just in our backward glance over a century not to forget that the spirit of missionary enthusiasm to which we owe our Judsons had its origin among the Baptists of England; primarily with William Carey, then with Andrew Fuller, then with ten other less known Baptist ministers. It was these twelve who in 1784 organized the first Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, which nine years later sent its founder, William Carey, to preach the Gospel in India. For it was these men and not the ministers of the Church of England who heeded the Macedonian cry for eight missionaries for India made by Charles Grant in 1787. Thirty years later, when the missionary spirit had overspread the world,

and the peoples of India were seeking salvation, "a nation in a day," this same Grant wrote: "I had formed the design of a mission in India; Providence reserved that honor for the Baptists."

Thus it was that the work of the English Baptists aroused interest in missions in America. In response to this interest already several missionary societies had been organized in our country, when, in 1810, the first American proposed to devote his life to preaching the gospel to the heathen. This American was Adoniram Judson.

At that time Judson was a student at Andover Theological Seminary. He was born August 9, 1788, at Malden, Massachusetts. His father was a minister of the Congregationalist Church. From boyhood young Judson was devoted to study, learned to read when three years of age; entered Providence College, now Brown University, when sixteen, and after three years of study graduated at the head of his class, September 3, 1807.

While Judson was in college the teachings of French infidelity which arose with the French Revolution had spread their sinister influence to America, and Judson fell under it in so far that he became a professed deist. This fact is worthy of mention, because this very experience doubtless prepared him for the numerous quibbles and disputations of learned Buddhists which he had to meet and refute in after years. From these views he was converted in 1808 by almost miraculous interposition and the prayers of his mother, and henceforth his faith was like that of him who saw the vision on the road to Damascus. Devoting himself to missionary work in 1810, he set sail on the 7th of February, 1812, from Salem, for India, as a missionary of a Board of Commissioners of the Congregationalist Church.

But he did not go alone. Two days before he embarked he married Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, a lady two years

his junior. In her early years she was described as "a beautiful girl, characterized by great vivacity of spirits and intensely fond of society." At the age of sixteen, as a result of a deep religious experience, she had become a Christian. From that time, to use her own words, she "had sweet communion with the blessed God from day to day; my heart was drawn out in love to Christians of whatever denomination." Her education was got in the academy at Bradford. For several years before leaving her native land she had taught school at Bradford and the neighboring town. And this was her equipment for her future work.

Thus they embarked, this youthful pair, for India, doubtless like Paul and Barnabas, "sent forth by the Holy Ghost." After a voyage of four months they reached Calcutta, where they were joined by Luther Rice. Shortly after their arrival they did a thing that only heroic souls could have done—they changed their views on baptism to accord with those generally held by the Baptist denomination, thus severing themselves from the church which was undertaking their support. And let us remember that this was a century ago, when hardly an American was in India, when the voyage was by sail around the Cape, and when heathen darkness covered every land on which they were allowed to live. "It was extremely trying," writes Mrs. Judson, "to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our dear Christian friends in America—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than anything, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other.

We were baptized on the 6th of September (1812), in the Baptist chapel in Calcutta."

Time would fail me to tell how, after their purpose to preach the Gospel became known, Judson and his wife were driven from post to post by the insane fears of the British East India Company. But finally, on June 22, 1813, on board a "crazy old vessel," they reached Rangoon, the scene of their future labors, and took possession of the English Baptist mission house, which had been occupied by a son of Dr. Carey, who, however, had done no missionary work.

Here was a mighty nation, supposed by Mrs. Judson to number nineteen million souls, with territory as large as the State of Texas, lying across the bay from India to the west. The people were nobler than those of India, quickwitted, the "Irish of the East." Education was universal among the men. Their government was an absolute despotism, maintained with all the pomp of barbaric gold and pearl. The prevailing religion was Buddhism, of which Mrs. Judson says, "The system of religion prevailing here has no power over the heart or restraint on the passions." Such was the people our young missionaries set about winning for Jesus Christ.

The labors of Mr. Judson may be divided into three periods: First, life in Rangoon, 1813-1823; second, life in Ava and Amherst to death of Mrs. Judson in 1826; third, life in Manheim, 1827-1850. It is my purpose to consider only the latter.

First, Mr. and Mrs. Judson had to learn Burmese, the most difficult language of the East. At that time it had no printed books, no grammar, no dictionary; these were made first by Mr. Judson. And it was a printing press of the mission which printed the first pamphlet and the first book ever printed in the Burmese language. But the grammar and dictionary came years afterwards. Judson had no help

of the kind. Day after day he sat on one side of a table, his native teacher on the other. "They chattered all day long with hardly any cessation," wrote Mrs. Judson. This he could do since this sweet little lady, who was also learning the language, yet had taken upon herself "the entire management of the family."

We may easily believe that the matter of support was of no little concern to them, and yet they do not seem to have taken too much thought of the matter. Luther Rice had returned to America, to persuade the Baptists of this country to adopt them as their missionaries, and he was successful. One dreads to think into what bonds of inaction and "Hardshellism" the American Baptists might have come had not Providence thus laid upon them the support of this infant mission. The first general convention of American Baptists met at Philadelphia on May 18, 1814, "in order," says Mrs. Judson, "to concentrate the energies, and direct the efforts of the whole denomination in sending the gospel to the heathen." After this support was provided. But more important even than this the zeal of our denomination was given a missionary direction. It was a young Baptist who a few years later wrote that sweet missionary hymn, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

For six long years in their Burman home the missionaries were working and waiting. One of the most remarkable things is the sweet patience both Mr. Judson and Mrs. Judson displayed with reference to results. The people at home might grow impatient when year after year elapsed and no converts were reported. But it was otherwise with the Judsons. Says Mrs. Judson:

"We never felt a despondent sensation. Those providential occurrences which directed us thither, were referred to as a kind of assurance that we were in the path of duty; we were convinced that we had followed the leadings of Providence, and doubted not that by

the time we were qualified to communicate religious truth, the present apparent insurmountable obstacles would be removed, and that some way would be opened for the establishment of the mission."

In such a spirit they waited for six years before Mr. Judson baptized the first convert. In two more years the number had increased to about twenty. All these converts seem to have been Burmese, and several of them were from aristocratic families. "These aristocratic Burmans, when converted," says a missionary now on the field, "make Christians of character and moral backbone."

But the Judsons did not come through these years without trial and danger. Twice Mrs. Judson had to go to India for medical treatment, and on several occasions Mr. Judson's health was nearly wrecked. On two occasions Mrs. Judson was left alone for months in that barbarous country. Then as their true mission became known, they were subjected to opposition and persecution, and were often in peril of their lives. But they worked right on. Mrs. Judson won favor wherever she went, and the learning of Mr. Judson caused him to be greatly respected by the subtle philosophers of Burmah. He was printing and distributing tracts and portions of the Scripture, and preaching as occasion offered. When forced to give up preaching he would turn to translation and in process of time worked out the Burmese Bible, which is said by scholars to be one of the greatest versions of the Scriptures. And in all this he was laying the foundations broad and deep.

One is tempted to go on and tell of the deeds of heroism and the privations incident to Mr. Judson's imprisonment at Ava; it is a story that reveals Mrs. Judson as one of the heroines of all time, but we have told enough to indicate in some way the character of the work they founded. For the result look at Burmah in this year of grace. It is the very flower of Baptist missions in all the world. Nearly fifty

thousand Baptists are found in Burmah; some forty or fifty missionaries are at work preaching and teaching, and last summer 10,000 Burmese Sunday school children were gathered in one body. There is a Baptist college in Rangoon with nearly a thousand students, which edneates the native administrators of the Burmese government. The printing press of the Baptist Publication Society is also in Rangoon, in one of the most conspicuous buildings in this grand city. It is by far the largest printing establishment in Burmah, and one of the finest in the East. Though its work is not confined to religious books, yet this is its principal work, and in this way it is carrying forward the work begun by Mr. and Mrs. Judson.

THE SOLITARY'S LAMENT

(Written by Judson in 1829.)

“Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die
And hand in hand those crowns receive
That wait us in the sky.”

Thus Ann and I, for many a year,
Together raised our prayer;
One-half reached Heaven's propitious ear,
One-half was lost in air.

She found a distant lowly grave,
Her foreign friends among;
No kindred spirit came to save,
None o'er her death-bed hung.

Her dying thoughts we fain would know;
But who the tale can tell,
Save only that she met the foe,
And where they met she fell.

And when I came, and saw her not
In all the place around,
They pointed out a grassy spot,
Where she lay underground.

And soon another loved one fled,
And sought her mother's side.
In vain I stayed her drooping head,
She panted, gasped, and died.

Thus one in beauty's bright array,
And one all poor and pale,
Have left alike the realms of day
And wandered down the vale.

The vale of death, so dark and drear,
Where all things are forgot;
Where lie they whom I loved so dear;
I call—they answer not.

O, bitter eup which God has given!
Where can relief be found?
Anon I lift my eyes to heaven,
Anon in tears they're drowned.

Yet He who conquered death and hell
Our Friend at last will stand
And all whom He befriends shall dwell
In Canaan's happy land—

Shall joyful meet, no more to part.
No more be forced to sigh,
That death will chill the warmest heart,
And rend the closest tie.

Such promise throws a rainbow bright
Death's darkest storm above,
And bids us catch the heaven-born light
And praise the God above.

RELATION OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS OF MISSION WORK TO EACH OTHER

LIVINGSTON JOHNSON

Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention.

The division of our mission work into State, Home, and Foreign, is not something new, but is the program of missions as laid out by our Lord himself. In the commission, which is our "Magna Charta" in mission work, Christ recognized territorial limits. He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Of course that meant at home and abroad. In Luke the division is more distinct: "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Those who see nothing in the commission except Foreign Missions, say that the correct rendering of this sentence is "beginning from Jerusalem," showing, as they think, that the disciples were to go out from Jerusalem and preach to the regions beyond. That proves more, however, than the most ardent advocates of Foreign Missions would be willing to admit. If all the disciples were to leave, and mission work was to cease altogether in Jerusalem there would be no recruits to go out from the birth place of Christianity to take the places of those who might fall on the "far flung battle lines," or to add to the force on the field when the success of the missionaries should make enlargement necessary.

The most clear-cut division is found in Acts 1:8. "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Here Jerusalem represents city missions, or the local church doing mission work in its own community, Judea

represents State Missions, Samaria Home Missions, and the uttermost part of the earth, Foreign Missions. Not only were the fields laid off and territorial limits established, but certain men were designated for certain fields. James was pastor of the church at Jerusalem, and had charge of things at the home base. Peter was a home missionary, preaching to the scattered Jews. Paul and Barnabas were called of God to be foreign missionaries, for the Holy Spirit said to the Antioch church, "Separate me Paul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them." Each of these was called of God to preach the gospel, and each was assigned his field of labor. It was all missionary work, and in these several divisions we find the divinely arranged missionary program. The divisions were made merely for the sake of convenience, but it was all one work, each department necessary to the others, and all recognized and approved by God.

Suppose we take a few commonplace illustrations as showing the relation between the different departments of mission work. We may use an ordinary wheel as an illustration. The hub represents State Missions, the spokes Home Missions, and the rim Foreign Missions. Now it takes all these parts to make a wheel, and if you remove any one of them the wheel is destroyed. To build a wheel it is necessary to begin with the hub, because it is in the hub that the spokes center, and from it they radiate. The spokes center in the hub, and the rim is supported by the spokes, and thus each part is important in the construction of the wheel. A wheel can be no stronger than its weakest part; therefore, in order that it may render the best possible service the parts must be made in proper proportion. A wheel would be useless if the hub was the proper size for a buggy and the spokes and rim large enough for a log cart.

State Missions is our great denominational dynamo, scattering light throughout our State, and on to the ends of the earth. "The light that shines the farthest shines brightest at

home," is a striking aphorism recently coined by some bright speaker, and frequently used by those who would magnify the importance of Foreign Mission work. That statement is unquestionably true, but those who make it as an argument for the reflex influence of Foreign Missions upon the work of State Missions, have gotten cause and effect sadly mixed. They would make the impression that the light shines brightest at home because it shines farthest, when in fact the light shines farthest because it shines brightest at home. The distance a light shines depends upon the strength of the current, and the strength of the current upon the power of the dynamo. In a light plant the business of the dynamo is to send light abroad. The wires must be coupled with the dynamo and extended throughout the territory to be lighted, else the light plant is a failure, no matter how powerful the dynamo, or how well it does its work. I do not hesitate to say that if we do not enlarge our Foreign Mission undertakings in proportion to the enlargement of the work at home our mission work at home is a failure, and any plea for its support should not be heeded. It is gratifying, however, to know that, during the last twelve years, the contributions of the North Carolina Baptists have advanced more rapidly to Foreign than to State Missions. Twelve years ago we gave to State Missions \$18,530.14, and to Foreign Missions \$9,805.79; while last year the figures stood \$47,941.31 to State and \$44,536.75 to Foreign Missions. These figures show that while we increased our contributions to State Missions 160 per cent, there was an advancement of 354 per cent to Foreign Missions.

One more illustration may not be out of place, showing the importance of keeping up every department of our mission work, and of making advancement all along the line. What is now the great Seaboard system of railway was once the old Raleigh & Gaston, a stretch of road about ninety miles long, which ran by Wake Forest. One of the first con-

ductors on that primitive affair said that when he began his run the track was made of scantling with strap iron nailed on top of it. The rolling stock was very light, and the maximum speed was ten miles per hour. After many years a company was organized which purchased the little line and extended it until it now reaches across the country from Norfolk, Va., to Tampa, Fla. The men who purchased the Raleigh & Gaston road did so in order to extend it and make it a great artery of traffic. Suppose they had said, "We have this road and it is paid for; we need not expend any more money on it. We will use our money on extending the system. On the new part we will put down heavy rails and iron bridges in order that we may use heavier and more up-to-date rolling stock. We will build and equip new tracks, but will not expend any more on the old, as that is already built and paid for." Everybody knows that such a policy would have been exceedingly foolish and shortsighted. In order to save a little money on the ninety miles they would have practically paralyzed the whole system. These business men did not act in that way, but on the contrary they expended a vast amount of money in the improvement of the original property, making it the equal of the new. A force of hands is placed on this section, just as on the new portions of the road, in order to keep it in good repair. If, in the coming years, double-tracking should become necessary, the old section will fare just as does the new. The original line is now part of the great system, or it would be more correct to say, the original line has grown into the great system, but is no less a part of it than if all had been built at the same time.

Is it necessary to make the application? "Beginning from Jerusalem" doesn't mean leaving Jerusalem for good and all, but using Jerusalem as our base, we are to work on to the ends of the earth.

In this paper the writer is not attempting to unduly mag-

nify State Missions, or to minimize the importance of the other departments of mission work. His purpose is to show that it is all one work, divided into departments for the sake of convenience; that we should recognize the relation that each has to the other; and that if one department is neglected or allowed to suffer, the others will suffer with it. The mission enterprise has for its end the enthronement of Jesus Christ in the hearts of all men, everywhere. This is a mighty task, and there should be between those engaged in it sincere sympathy and hearty coöperation.

The writer asks the privilege of using, as an appropriate conclusion of this discussion the closing paragraph of a report which he wrote, and which was approved by the Board, and submitted to the Baptist State Convention at its session of 1911:

"Every department of our mission work is clamoring for enlargement, and the importance of each is sufficient to call for sacrifice on the part of our people. By supporting State and Home Missions, we strengthen the stakes, while in giving to Foreign Missions, we lengthen the cords. It is true that, by the work of State and Home Missions, we are to maintain our base of supplies; but the necessity of strengthening the base will be made more apparent by heavy drafts upon it to supply the needs abroad. It is true, we need a virile Christianity at home in order to impress the heathen nations with the life giving power of our religion; but nothing does more to create a virile Christianity at home, than the aggressive prosecution of mission work abroad.

"So we see the wisdom of the missionary program given us by Christ. A policy of giving all our strength and energy to Foreign Missions would work injury, immediately to State Missions, and ultimately to Foreign Missions, by cutting off the base of supplies. On the other hand, if we confine our efforts and direct our energies to mission work in the home land alone, we will become self-centered, and have less of the Spirit of Him who, while He wept over Jerusalem, died for the whole world.

"As we start out on the new year, let us say with the Psalmist, 'In the name of our God, we will set up our banners,' and on that banner we should inscribe the motto, 'A whole people, giving a whole Gospel to the whole world.'"

Raleigh, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

R. J. WILLINGHAM.

The people of this generation know of North Carolina as a State deeply interested in the Foreign Mission work, but they are not conversant with the facts which led up to her taking this high position. In 1845 the Southern Baptist Convention was organized. At that time there was but little known in reference to Foreign Mission work throughout our bounds. While the churches here and there were taking some interest in Foreign Missions, yet that interest was very meager. To give an idea, for the whole Southern Baptist Convention the contributions for Foreign Missions for the first year of its existence (1845-'46) were \$11,735.22. It was the close of the first Convention year that a young man was graduating in Wake Forest College by the name of Matthew Tyson Yates. He appeared before the Foreign Mission Board and was appointed, August 3, 1846, for the work in China. In the providence of God this man was a giant in Israel. He spent forty-two years of his life in China, but the influence of that life was not only on China, but on his own native land, and especially on North Carolina, from which he went out. No one can estimate the influence of Yates' life in his own native State. He graduated from Wake Forest College with honors, and there has seemed to rest a blessed halo on that institution ever since. While she bestowed honors on him when he graduated ever since that time he has been honoring his alma mater. It is impossible in a short article like this to tell of his life, for we must present other facts. Mrs. Eliza Moring Yates, who went out with him, was a true helpmeet, a noble worker for the

Lord. Their daughter, Mrs. Seaman, still lives, and has given thousands upon thousand of dollars for the upbuilding of the cause which her father and mother so dearly loved. She still pours of her substance into the Lord's treasury, and has aided in putting up a number of needed buildings in China, such as churches, schools, etc.

The next missionaries appointed from North Carolina after Dr. and Mrs. Yates were Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Bryan, who went out also to Central China and took up the work which Dr. Yates laid down. Dr. Bryan has been a worthy successor to his noble predecessor who laid the foundations in Central China, and he is still doing valiant work for the Lord in that country.

We give below a list of the missionaries who have gone out from North Carolina in the history of our Convention. It will be noticed that while most of them went to China doubtless largely through the influence of Dr. and Mrs. Yates' life, some went to other countries, such as Brazil, Africa, Japan, Italy, Argentina, and Mexico. We indicate by the letters "W. F." those who attended Wake Forest College. We know that the dear old mother institution feels proud of her noble sons who have so well represented her in the different portions of the earth.

CHINA.

Matthew Tyson Yates.....	1846—W. F.
Mrs. Matthew Tyson Yates.....	1846
R. T. Bryan	1885
Mrs. Lulu Freeland Bryan.....	1885
L. N. Chappell	1888—W. F.
Mrs. L. N. Chappell.....	1888
T. C. Britton	1888—W. F.
Mrs. T. C. Britton.....	1888
E. F. Tatum	1888—W. F.
G. P. Bostick	1889—W. F.
Miss Fannie Knight	1889
G. W. Greene	1891—W. F.

Mrs. G. W. Greene	1891
Miss Lottie Price	1894
Miss Anna M. Greene.....	1898
W. E. Crocker	1899—W. F.
J. C. Owen	1900—W. F.
W. C. Newton	1903—W. F.
W. D. Bostick	1904—W. F.
Mrs. W. D. Bostick.....	1904
Miss Sophie S. Lanneau.....	1907
D. W. Herring	1907—W. F.
Mrs. D. W. Herring.....	1907
Miss Gertrude Abernethy	1908
Miss Lila McIntyre	1908
Miss Catharine Bryan	1908
Miss Lettie Spainhour	1909
Mrs. Mary Bryson Tipton.....	1909
Mrs. Pansy Greene Anderson.....	1910
Chas. A. Leonard	1910—W. F.

AFRICA.

C. C. Newton	1889
Mrs. C. C. Newton	1889
Miss Alberta Newton	1889

MEXICO.

Mrs. J. P. Duggan.....	1889
Miss Beulah Bowden	1908
Miss Laura Cox	1910

BRAZIL.

S. J. Porter	1893—W. F.
Mrs. S. J. Porter.....	1893

ITALY.

Mrs. C. J. F. Anderson.....	1900
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ARGENTINA.

J. M. Justice	1908—W. F.
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JAPAN.

Mrs. C. K. Dozier.....	1906
Mrs. E. Johnson Willingham.....	1911

CONTRIBUTIONS.—In addition to the contribution of her sons and daughters, we give below the amounts of money which North Carolina has given for the work since 1845 up

to May, 1912. It will be seen by examining this table that the gifts in the last few years have very largely increased. For the past year the State gave \$43,851.41, and she is asked this year for \$50,000, which we hope will be given in full.

1845—1879.....	\$58,624.10
1880—1890.....	59,911.56
1891—1900.....	82,141.69
1901—1912.....	326,980.08

OTHER GIFTS.—Not only has North Carolina given men and women who have gone to the foreign field and done a great work, but her sons and daughters at home have accomplished great things for the Master.

It is well known that the very efficient and beloved President of the Woman's Missionary Union is a North Carolinian. She has planned faithfully and well for many years in leading our sisters all over our southland into higher efficiency in the Lord's work.

Anyone acquainted with the Baptists of the South and of the United States and of the world, knows how from North Carolina have come some of the strongest preachers of our country, and if he will simply look over the records he will find that the churches which have been the largest givers for Foreign Missions, have in a number of instances been manned by pastors from North Carolina. The very influence which goes out from the State seems to mean much for world-wide missions.

Brother S. J. Porter, former Field Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, is a North Carolinian. Brethren C. D. Graves and C. J. Thompson, present Field Secretaries, are both North Carolinians.

We do not feel that it is necessary to emphasize the relationship which Wake Forest has had to this great movement.

The men she has sent out who so nobly represent her on the foreign field, and also those in the home land, show forth her glory without any need of praise from us.

May the spirit of Yates, which is the spirit of Christ for missions to the uttermost parts of the earth, dwell richly in the heart of every man and woman and child of the grand old State.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF DR. M. T. YATES

DR. CHAS. E. TAYLOR.

Author of the Story of Yates the Missionary.



After having, several years ago, made a study of the character and career of Matthew Tyson Yates, I find myself asking what were the influences that ripened the one and made successful the other. The result of this inquiry I very briefly present.

1. In making any estimate of such a man as Yates, it is impossible to ignore the fact that he was, in the best sense of the phrase, a self-made man. Of course everybody who ever becomes "made" at all has put self-help into the making, even when opportunity has been abundantly afforded. And it is also true that no effort can be of much avail unless it is reinforced by at least some assistance from without. But after all this is said, it is to be admitted that some men have forged their way to the front in spite of external conditions of extraordinary adversity.

It happens that I am writing this on the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The pictorial papers of the week have abounded in illustrations of his strenuous boyhood and youth. Rail-splitter, farmhand, roustabout, he evinced insatiable thirst for knowledge and neglected no opportunity of satisfying it. Now I am not an unqualified admirer of the man who precipitated a great civil conflict, but no one can help applauding the youth who amid almost

insuperable obstacles sought to satisfy his desire for learning.

All this might easily be written of Matthew Yates. For we are to remember that when doors of widening opportunity opened before him it was his own hand that had laid hold of the latch strings.

All honor to him—and other youth—who, despite circumstances, have taken by violence the kingdom of knowledge.

2. No student of the life of Yates can fail to be impressed by the very great emphasis which he himself put upon prayer to God. Indeed, this seems to be the master key to any true understanding of that life—or of any life of unusual consecration.

In his history of the Reformation, D'Aubigné relates, "the event that changed the vocation and whole destiny of Martin Luther." * * * "Within a short distance of Erfurth he was overtaken by a violent storm. Thunder roared and a thunderbolt sunk into the ground by his side. He threw himself upon his knees and * * * made a vow to forsake the world and devote himself to God's service."

As a friend afterward wrote to him, "Divine Providence saw what you would become, when the fire of heaven struck you to the ground, like another Paul."

This experience was nearly paralleled by that of Yates. A great oak, under which, with other boys, he was playing, was twice struck by lightning and shivered to the ground and he was prostrated to the earth. "This incident, so sudden and unexpected," he wrote years afterward, "made me feel that God is everywhere, and that I must pray. Then for the first time I uttered in spirit the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The next morning I sought and found in a thick brush a large oak. There I erected my altar for prayer and there, for years, I prayed.

And, later, when he entered the Thompson Academy, near Wake Forest, he found a hollow oak tree in a ravine. Thither he went every morning before daylight. "This hollow tree was darker than Egypt, but I was not afraid, for I knew that the Lord was with me."

It was because he had proved it to be true from his own experience that long afterward he wrote from China to his sister, "The Lord will draw very near to them who draw nigh unto Him."

3. The natural outcome of Yates' communion with God was lifelong consecration to God's service. "After I gave myself to the Lord," he wrote, "my prayer was 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'" His duty, he said, "soon seemed plain as a sunbeam." "The Lord met me at the old stooping oak and told me it was my duty to preach the gospel."

At a later period he spent one Sabbath afternoon in earnest prayer for guidance and for grace to do his duty. Nearly forty years later he wrote, "Upon my knees I was enabled to make a complete surrender of myself, soul and body, a living sacrifice unto God, to do whatsoever the Spirit of Truth might point out as my duty in life and to go wherever He might assign me my work."

4. No one who knew Dr. Yates personally or is familiar with the story of his life can question his possession of unusual common sense and the sense of humor which is its twin sister. While Yates was still a student at Wake Forest, Professor White wrote to the Foreign Mission Board, "I think that he has a well-balanced mind." How fully the after-life showed that the youth was father to the man! To enumerate the instances in which his sound judgment, clarity of vision, and sunny temperament manifested themselves would be to write a biography. The Board in Richmond, as the years passed by, learned to rely very much upon his advice in regard to mission work, not only in China, but else-

where. Said J. C. Williams, the oldest member, after Yates' death, "He was regarded by the Board not merely as a missionary but as a statesman."

5. The perseverance of Yates was unique and wonderful. The same persistence that carried him through high school and college opened a way through that greatest wall of China—the language. His eyes failed; he put his ears to extra duty. His voice failed; he wielded his pen. A great war in China imperiled his life, and many foreigners fled; he stood his ground. War in America cut off supplies from home; without abandoning his work as a missionary he supported the whole mission by accepting a lucrative position as an interpreter.

During the forty-one years of his residence in China he witnessed the final departure for home of scores of discouraged workers. He remained faithful until death and his body was laid in a grave among the people he had sought to save.

6. Yates was a man of prophetic vision. He was willing to abide faithfully in the field to which he believed God had sent him and to do the work that God had appointed him to do. And all through the long years he discerned only the most meagre fruitage of his toil. But that the seed he sowed would germinate and come to fruition he never doubted. He well knew that he was helping to lay foundations only. But by the eye of faith he could catch glimpses of the glorious structure that would be erected thereupon. Every mail now brings tidings of the organization of churches and the multiplication of converts. These things were as real to the confident expectation of the patient missionary as they are to us as we read of them. And his far-reaching glance into the future was clear enough to discern the downfall of the Manchurian Dynasty and the establishment of the Republic

of China—an event which startled, while it thrilled, the whole world just one year ago.

Ever since submitting this little article on Yates I have been haunted by a feeling of dissatisfaction with it. Not that I would unwrite a line of it, so far as it goes, but I fear lest I may have given an inadequate idea of my opinion as to the real and manysided ability of the man. And so I want to say that I consider him one of the most able men that North Carolina has ever produced. If, instead of obeying the Divine call he had studied law and entered the political arena, there is no height of preferment to which he might not have successfully aspired. In saying this I do not mean that Senators and Governors are to be extolled as of higher rank than missionaries. Gladstone was no greater than Livingstone. Each was a "grand old man." But they were great in different spheres. That's all.

C. E. T.

February 24, 1913.

DR. GEORGE W. GREENE

LEVY L. CARPENTER.



Many hearts were made sad when a few months ago the news came that Rev. George W. Greene, of Canton, China, had passed to his reward on December 10, 1911. Truly, indeed, another veteran and strong servant of God had fallen.

Dr. Greene was born at Globe, N. C., June 29, 1852. He was baptized in 1865 by Rev. John B. Powell and united with the Lower Creek Church, Caldwell

County, North Carolina. He entered Wake Forest College the following year and graduated in 1870. He graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary—in 1875—and after a number of years of pastoral work in western North Carolina and one year of service as professor of Latin in Wake Forest College, he was appointed by the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board in 1891 as missionary to Canton, China. In 1876 Dr. Greene was married to Miss Dora Mauldin, of Greenville, S. C. She died in 1890, leaving three children. Before sailing for Canton in 1891 Dr. Greene married Miss Vallie Page, of Morrisville, N. C., who went out with him as a missionary. They have two children, one of whom, Miss Valeria Greene, is teaching in the Woman's Training School of Canton. Mrs. Greene is in charge of the Woman's Training School in Canton.

Dr. Greene was a noble, true, successful missionary, and highly esteemed. At the time of his death he was a teacher in the Graves Theological Seminary in Canton, China. For twenty years he had labored faithfully with blessed results.

SKETCHES OF NORTH CAROLINA MISSIONARIES NOW ON THE FOREIGN FIELD

[The editors gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Dr. W. H. Smith, Editorial Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, for his permission to use the Missionary Album in the preparation of the following sketches:]



Rev. G. P. Bostick was born in Rutherford County, North Carolina, May 28, 1858. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1884, and from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1886. He served as a missionary to China under the Gospel Mission Movement for a number of years, but was subsequently received under the regular board. He was a pioneer in evangelistic work in the region near Pochow, where he now resides.

Rev. Wade D. Bostick was born in Rutherford County, North Carolina, January 22, 1874. He entered Wake Forest College in 1895, receiving his degree in 1899. He went to China first in 1904 under the Gospel Mission Movement, but was afterwards received under the Board of Southern Baptist Convention. He is at present stationed at Pochow, where he ministers to a great and needy field in evangelistic work.



Mrs. Flora Holloway Bostick was born in Raleigh, N. C., in 1878. She received her education at Meredith College.

She became the wife of Wade D. Bostiek in 1901 and went out with him in 1904 as a gospel missionary. Together with her husband she was appointed by the board of the Southern Baptist Convention. Her work is among the women in the interior of China.



Rev. T. C. Britton was born in Northampton County, N. C., August 25, 1862. He graduated with the degree of Master of Arts in 1886, and afterwards studied two years at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He sailed for China November, 1888, and is now living in Soochow, where he covers large territory in itinerating and evangelistic work.

Mrs. Nannie Sessoms Britton was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, March 6, 1867. She was graduated from Chowan Female Institute in 1887. Her marriage with Rev. T. C. Britton took place in October, 1888, and in the next month she sailed with her husband for China. Her work consists of educational and evangelistic efforts among the women of Soochow and the neighboring districts.

Rev. R. T. Bryan, D.D., was born in Duplin County, North Carolina, October 14, 1855. He was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1882, and from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1885. He sailed for China in November of the latter year. For many years he has been connected with the Shanghai Baptist Seminary, and has been engaged in very active evangelistic and literary work in and about Shanghai.



Miss Laura Cox was born at Winterville, North Carolina. She was educated at the State Normal College at Greensboro and at Meredith College. She afterwards attended the W. M. U. Training School. She was appointed as missionary June 3, 1910, and is engaged in educational and evangelistic work at Guaymas, Mexico.



Rev. W. E. Crocker was born in Lincoln County, North Carolina, March 15, 1867. He received his education in local schools, and afterwards entered Wake Forest College, from which he was graduated in 1890. He sailed for China November 9, 1896, and is engaged in successful evangelistic work around the city of Chinking, which he makes his residence.

Rev. D. W. Herring was born in Pender County, North Carolina, July 13, 1858. He graduated from Wake Forest College in 1882, and from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1885. In the same year he sailed for China. He worked in the Gospel Mission Movement several years, and was afterwards received under the Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. He was the pioneer of mission work in the interior of China, his present place of residence being Chengchow.



Mrs. Maude Burk Dozier was born in Statesville, N. C., September 18, 1881. She was educated at the Statesville Female College, the Normal and Collegiate Institute, and

Meredith College. She was active in Y. W. C. A. work. After one year's attendance at the W. M. U. Training School she was appointed as a missionary, April 4, 1906. She was married to Rev. C. K. Dozier on June 6th of that year, and sailed for Japan on September the 4th. She conducts special class work among women and girls in Fukuoka.



Rev. J. M. Justice was born at Hendersonville, N. C., April 10, 1876. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1905, and received the degree of Th.G. from the Southern Baptist Seminary in 1908. He was appointed as missionary to Argentina on May 28, 1908, and sailed October 7th of that year. He is stationed at Buenos Ayres, where he is engaged in evangelistic

work and serves as President of the Theological Training School.

Miss Sophie S. Lanneau was born at Lexington, Mo., August 19, 1880. She moved to North Carolina in childhood when her father became a professor in Wake Forest College. She was a student of Franklin Seminary of Virginia, and afterwards at Meredith College, from which she was graduated with honors and in which institution she served a year as instructor. After a year of two of educational work in Porto Rico, she was accepted as a missionary to China, and sailed October 24, 1907. She is stationed at Soochow, where she is Principal of the Shoochow Girls' School, and devotes a great part of her time to Sunday School and evangelistic work.



Mrs. Vallie Page Greene was born at Morrisville, Wake County, North Carolina, April 16, 1866. She was graduated from Oxford Seminary in 1886. Her marriage with George W. Greene took place in 1890. Since the lamented death of her husband she is still serving as head of the Woman's Training School in Canton, China, and is also engaged in evangelistic work.



Rev. C. A. Leonard was born in Statesville, N. C., in 1892. He entered Wake Forest College in 1903, from which institution he was graduated in 1907. He received his Th.D. degree from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1909. After a year of postgraduate work in the Seminary he was appointed as a missionary to China, June 3, 1910, and sailed in September of the same year. He is stationed at Laichowfu, and is engaged in evangelistic work in a large district of country.

Rev. W. C. Newton spent his early youth in Africa, where his father was a missionary. He was a student of Wake Forest College during years 1891-'94. Subsequently took a course at Rochester Theological Seminary. After several years of pastoral work in North Carolina he was accepted as a missionary to the foreign field. He is now stationed at Hwangheen, China, where he is serving as Professor in Bush Theological Seminary, and is also engaged in evangelistic work.



Mrs. Maggie Griffith Entzinger was born in Charlotte, N. C. After completing her college course she taught in Gaffney, S. C., and in the Greenville Female College. She married Rev. W. E. Entzinger July 7, 1891, and sailed on the 18th of that month for Brazil. She does educational and evangelistic work in Rio.



Miss Lettie Spainhour was born at Mouth of Wilson, Virginia, 1884. She attended the Patton High School and the State Normal and Industrial College of North Carolina, from which institution she was graduated in 1905. She attended the Union Missionary Training School in 1907, and the Woman's Missionary Union Training School in 1908. She was appointed as

a missionary, May 27, 1909, and sailed in September of the same year. She is engaged in educational, Sunday School, and evangelistic work in Soochow.

Rev. E. F. Tatum was born at Farmington, N. C., April 26, 1849. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1887. He afterwards studied for one year in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and sailed for China in 1888. He lives in Shanghai, where he is especially active in Shanghai Baptist College and Seminary, devoting a great part of his time, however, to evangelistic work.



Mrs. Mary Bryson Tipton was born in Bryson City, N. C., March 26, 1878. She attended Judson College, North Caro-

lina, and the State Normal College. She received the degree of B. A. at Rogerville Synodical College. She married Rev. W. H. Tipton August 3, 1909, and sailed for China on the 16th of the same month. She does evangelistic work among the women of Woochow.



Mrs. Foy Johnson Willingham, daughter of Rev. Livingston Johnson, Secretary of the State Mission Board of North Carolina, was born in Scotland County, North Carolina, October 6, 1887. She was graduated from Meredith College in 1907, and subsequently served as an instructor in that institution. She married Rev. Calder T. Willingham on June 7, 1911, and was appointed to work in Japan. They sailed on August 19th of that year. She is engaged in language study and evangelistic work among the women at Kokura.

Miss Lila McIntyre was born in Pender County, North Carolina, September 18, 1877. She received her education in the Wilmington public schools. She afterwards was employed as teacher in the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage, and was afterwards engaged in work in Tabernacle Infirmary, Atlanta, Ga., from which institution she was graduated as nurse in 1903. She was appointed by the Mission Board, October 8, 1908, and sailed for China January, 1909. She is now in charge of the Woman's Department of the Baptist Hospital at Chengchow.

**CENTRAL CHINA BAPTIST MISSION, YATES'
FIELD—TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS GROWTH**

DR. R. T. BRYAN.

For eighteen long and lonely years, Father and Mother Yates lived and labored in Shanghai, praying and pleading for more co-laborers. January 10, 1886, brought an answer to their prayers and joy to their hearts in the arrival of their missionary children, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Herring and Mrs. R. T. Bryan.

Large in body, broad in mind, true in heart, great in courage and faith, Dr. Yates had selected a strategic field, laid broad and deep foundations, and planned for great things. The language had been learned, some needed books prepared, three churches organized, and a few native leaders trained.

His field was a triangle with Shanghai at one angle, Soochow at another, and Chinkiang at the third. It is the richest, most densely populated, and most influential section of China.

They were called home to enjoy their well-earned and large reward. Dr. Yates died weeping and praying for more laborers, saying, "God needs men." His tears were not shed in vain for God has answered his prayers in the enlargement of his field by two other main stations, the great cities of Yangchow and Nanking, also by many outstations, and by increasing the number of missionaries from two to thirty-nine in twenty-seven years. There would have been forty-two, but three went out to establish the Baptist Interior Mission in Honan, which now has eighteen missionaries. We might say two missions with fifty-seven missionaries, instead of one mission with two missionaries, truly a marvelous growth for about a quarter of a century.

The three churches organized by Dr. Yates were united into an association soon after his death, and the three having increased to nineteen. Four are almost self-supporting and others are paying a part of their expenses. The association has a Home Mission Board that is supporting one native missionary and hopes soon to support another.

The number of church members has increased from about one hundred to nearly twelve hundred, and are now multiplying far more rapidly than ever before. They have not only grown in quantity, but also in quality. We have many Christians of quality, men and women whose lives are counting much for the coming of the Kingdom of China. The question is often asked, What kind of Christians do the Chinese make? Some of the first generation of Christians become good and efficient, a few remarkably so, and those of the second and third generations will compare favorably with Christians in the home land. Special mention ought to be made of the young men and women who have graduated from our mission schools, who, together with those from the schools of other denominations constitute China's Christian aristocracy. These are rapidly increasing in quantity, quality, and influence, and are doing much to popularize Christianity.

In place of two or three evangelists of twenty-seven years ago, we *now* have about thirty, nearly all of whom have the Seminary diplomas. The hope of the future for a Christian China is largely in this ever increasing band of better trained, more efficient, more trustworthy, native workers. After all China must be evangelized by the Chinese, and it is our privilege to help them by training them for better service. We must stop speaking of *native helpers*, because we are the helpers and they are the principals. I had the pleasure and privilege while President of the Shanghai Baptist Theological Seminary of giving diplomas to about fifty graduates.

who have gone out as evangelists into the work of the Northern and Southern Baptists. I consider my part in this the *best* work of my life.

Twenty-seven years ago there were no trained Bible women, but now we have more than ten and about the same number of teachers in our schools. These are doing great work among their sisters, both in and out of the churches and the schools. The women of China need the Gospel; more, they must have it. The Gospel in China needs the women even more than in the United States, and the need is being supplied by the salvation and training of many women.

Dr. Yates had some small day-schools from time to time, and Mrs. Yates herself supported a girls boarding school for awhile, but these had to be given up for lack of money and time. Now there are two boarding academies and a number of primary day schools containing about five hundred boys. We also have three boarding academies and several primary day schools with about five hundred girls in them. This thousand boys and girls are daily studying God's Word, hearing it preached and seeing it lived. They are the future's brightest hopes, for from among them will go forth more intelligent, more consecrated, more trustworthy, more influential, and more efficient leaders and lay workers.

We have united with the Northern Baptists to establish the Shanghai Baptist College and Theological Seminary. In this Institution there are now about one hundred students. We also have several Bible training schools for women with about fifty students. Our school work is constantly increasing in both the quantity and quality of better trained workers, thus hastening the day of Larger Evangelism, when we shall gather in the saved by the thousands. Our present very large increase of baptisms is due to the increase and efficiency of the native workers.

We have all come to see the importance of Educational

Evangelism to prepare the Chinese to do their own work. Baptists have lost much and are still behind some other denominations, because they did not see this earlier.

While we have been growing more able to do Larger Evangelism, the Chinese have been becoming more favorable in their attitude toward Christianity. The recent Revolution, changing the obstructive Monarchy to a progressive Republic, has brought religious liberty. It has thrown open all the doors of the minds, hearts, homes, and country. Just before leaving China I was invited with other missionaries by a Commander-in-Chief of about forty thousand Republican troops to preach for four days in succession in a large theater building which he had secured. This building held about a thousand, and was filled one day with officers, one day with soldiers, one day with officers and soldiers, and the last day with literary men, wealthy merchants, prominent citizens, and officials. The last day the Mayor, the Judge, the Chief of Police, and the Commander-in-Chief of the army, were all on the platform. During the four days the audience was very respectful and attentive, sometimes even cheering the speaker. While the great audience of a thousand listened to and applauded the preaching of the Gospel, thousands were on the outside wanting to get in, but there was no room for them. This was in very marked contrast to twenty years ago when the officials opposed our entering this city, and we found it difficult to even rent a little room in which to preach the Gospel.

Immediately following the above meetings while on my way back home passing through another city I was invited by two of our missionaries and a native evangelist to accompany them to a large Buddhist temple up in the mountains. They had themselves been invited by the Head Priest of the temple to come and talk the Gospel with him in his temple. They entertained us royally for one day and night, giving us

their best rooms, best food, and best beds. The Head Priest with some others seemed to be interested in hearing us talk about the Gospel. When leaving them they begged us to come back and stay a month, which I hope to be able to do after returning to China. O that God would take our home people upon the mountain and give them the vision of the open doors and the urgent opportunities.

The people are turning away from the old China and are looking for something new and better. If we delay to give them the better Gospel, they may soon choose something even worse than that from which they are turning away, and these great opportunities will be lost.

We have outgrown our equipment. We must have larger and better church buildings and school buildings to enable us to take advantage of these present great opportunities.

What is true in our Mission is true in all China. God is getting China ready for her part of the Judson Centennial fund.

The Convention at Goldsboro unanimously agreed to take as a part of North Carolina's share of this Fund the equipment of Dr. Yates' Field in China. Will it be done? Let the pastors and the churches answer, it will, it must be done. If they take it up as something that must be done, it can be easily done.

Money given *now* will count many times more than money given *later* when these great opportunities, if neglected, will be lost. Great victories have been won, greater victories are being won, but the greatest victories await our greatest efforts in the gifts of our brightest sons and daughters and our largest contributions. The day has come to make large sacrifices to accomplish larger things for God.

December 26, 1912.

FIVE YEARS IN SOOCHOW

MISS SOPHIE S. LANNEAU.

It is small wonder that many tourists go home from abroad to criticize the work of missionaries. The five years which it has been my privilege to spend in China have called for a constant succession of mental adjustments in order to see facts in their real relations. A lifetime is too short to learn all of the facts and another could well be spent in studying them. Meanwhile there is the day's work to be done, and most of the missionaries are doing it. Some of them, perforce, are doing yesterday's, and a few courageous souls are guilty of attempting tomorrow's. The following is an effort to set down some of the outstanding facts presented to one often-puzzled mind during the past few years. Wise or otherwise, it is impossible not to put in some of one's own conclusions.

Soochow is a large, densely populated city, noted for its beauty, culture and wealth. A foot-weary acquaintance with miles of cobble-stones, in course of which one has been jostled and jammed by numberless elbows, adds emphasis to the first part of that statement. One's perceptions need cultivating, however, before the culture and the beauty of this ancient city can be properly noted. Dr. Dubose has given more meaning to the word "ancient" by telling us that the Chinese workmen were building these very walls when Ezra was celebrating the completion of the second temple in Jerusalem. Here are scores of temples to false Gods, but even their repulsive images fail to express the reality of heathenism. That reality is felt only when one begins to know the life of one's new friends and neighbors.

So with missions: the outward things, the statistics, only

begin to tell the tale, and yet they are a necessary part. To begin then, Soochow has five Protestant Missions. They are the Southern Methodist, Southern Presbyterian, Northern Presbyterian, Episcopal, and our own Southern Baptist.

The Methodist Mission is the oldest and the largest. To a Wake Forester it is like a glimpse of home to go across the city to that miniature college town of theirs, to walk into the campus of Soochow University and see the boys at football or hear their eloquence on Commencement Day. Close by are two hospitals and a girls' boarding school, while another compound perhaps two miles away has a whole cluster of institutions for women and children. The Southern Presbyterians have a large hospital and a girls' school. The Northern Presbyterians have a smaller hospital for women and a boys' school. The Episcopal Mission has a boys' school. Of course all have churches and street-chapels and day-schools.

What of our own Baptist Mission? It is not the youngest, but five years ago it was the most poorly equipped of all the missions in the city. For years and years while others were founding the institutions mentioned above, Mr. and Mrs. Britton were the only missionaries of our Board in Soochow. The results of his long and faithful preaching in city and country can not be estimated. The loss caused by not having co-workers with institutional work to conserve those results can be estimated. It can be done by comparing the status of our work with that of others. The basis of comparison is not numerical church-membership, but effective church-membership, capable of self-propagation. That comparison has not been a pleasant one for the Baptist. It is no question of competition. If any one fancies that the presence of four other missions makes our Baptist work in Soochow superfluous, let him consider whether Baptist churches, presses and schools are superfluous in Raleigh and Asheville, Rich-

mond, Va., Greenville, S. C., Atlanta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., and Louisville, Ky. The combined population of all these cities would make one city as large as Soochow.

Something may now be told of the encouraging development of our Baptist work in Soochow during the past five years. At the beginning of that time Mr. Britton was no longer alone. Mr. Hamlet had just arrived. Mr. McDaniel had been here about five years, and besides sharing the evangelistic work had opened a boys' school, and Mrs. McDaniel had worked up a good day school for girls. After vain attempts to enlarge the original Baptist compound, Mr. McDaniel bought an old foreign house a half-mile away from the Southern Presbyterians. They also had tried in vain to buy adjacent property, and were then moving outside the city in order to enlarge their work. Mr. McDaniel took up the task laid down by them and finally succeeded in buying the coveted old garden next door and also a large Chinese house beyond it. This provided a home for the boys' school. Between residence and street was a crazy collection of Chinese quarters, one room serving as the girls' school and another as a street chapel. It was practically impossible to take the pupils to the services at the church, so a little church of seven or eight members was organized in this chapel. As the congregation grew, a larger place of meeting was needed. Dr. Yates' daughter, Mrs. Seaman, responded to an appeal with a gift of (\$5,000, Mex.) five thousand Mexican. On the site of the old chapel the stately columns of the new church began to rise. Mr. McDaniel was his own architect, draughtsman, contractor and overseer through all the long, hot summer and the cold, damp winter, when school duties had also to be reckoned with. A separate chapter could be written about his exploit in moving the last of the seventeen turns of Dog-bite Alley, so that it would not run directly along the side of the church. A few steps up the street, at

the new entrance of the alley stands a tablet recording that grave disturbance of wind and water permitted by the officials, under promise that such an impious deed should never be repeated.

While the church was building, money came to buy land for the girls' school. This expansion of our work was made possible by the initial gift of Mr. W. R. Powell, now of Wake Forest. The buying of the girls' school compound across the street from the new church took twelve months of hard work and harder waiting. There was an old tea-shop, and a fish-pond, and some public land, and a large house and some little houses, every tiny bit of property to be haggled over separately, and every one with its peculiar ins and outs. Then came the harrowing uncertainty of getting the promised deeds from the Land Office, not relieved until three months after Mr. McDaniel had gone home on furlough. In a year he was back, and began to build the girls' boarding school, for which a friend of Mrs. McDaniel had given the money, \$2,500, increased by another friend to a total of three thousand dollars gold. Though the pond had been filled up and much work done, for nearly two years the handsome building has stood on the only bit of level land in the compound, with the most of the backyard a hole and the most of the front yard a mountain range. As motive power is supplied from the treasury the mountain slowly moves, and the wilderness is beginning to blossom.

Meanwhile the boys' school had been demanding a foreign building, and again Mrs. Scaman responded with a gift of twelve thousand Mexican dollars (12,000 Mex.). The boys' compound was enlarged by the purchase of adjacent property on which stood some large Chinese houses, belonging to the Koo family. The boys in the history class were just then studying about the noted prime minister of that very family in the days of its past glory. The large hall with its heavy

beams and curious carvings is now restored to its former dignity. It makes a beautiful assembly hall. There, a few days ago, patrons and friends attended the first public commencement exercises of the school. Thirteen fine young men, all except two, Christians, received their Academy diplomas. Just beyond the assembly stands the new foreign building, with class rooms on the first floor and dormitory rooms above. In front is a yard just large enough for football. To those who live here the long straight walk to the street gate is one of the most attractive things about the enlarged compound.

Besides all this, friends of Mr. Hamlett have given the money for the Woman's Bible School to have a new home larger than the little house crowded up on Mrs. Britton's small compound. It is hoped that this Bible school will soon be built on part of the girls' school compound, after enough land has been added to provide a reasonable street frontage.

This tale of buying and building may be dull, but the living through it was anything but dull. There was the time when the god of the temple opposite the new church was reported to have pursued Mr. McDaniel on his homeward voyage and killed him. There was the time just after his return when the temple burned down, and the evangelists came in a body to tell him that they feared trouble for him from the devotees of that temple. There were the months when Mrs. McDaniel's front yard was full of lumber and workmen, when her children were found playing near a sawyer who was discovered to have leprosy, when there were delays, difficulties and trials without number. There were the many times when the missionary in charge of the buying and building longed to be free to devote himself to study and preaching and teaching, but went on unselfishly preparing the means whereby others as well as himself might teach and preach to larger numbers.

Today our mission is beginning to prove the value of its new equipment. The two churches, formerly a half mile apart, united a year ago in order to be able to support a Chinese pastor. Only the newer building could accommodate the growing congregation. On Sunday afternoons the church is thrown open for the children of the neighborhood. Grown people are also invited, but children have first place. There are usually from a hundred and fifty to two hundred, and once there were five hundred. The interdependence of educational and evangelistic work is shown in these meetings. The children are divided into small classes and taught Bible texts, catechisms and hymns. The grown-up church members help, but we could never get enough helpers without calling on the school girls and boys, who in turn are benefited by giving out what they have learned of the Gospel. The mothers who come to these meetings form a class led by a Bible-woman. They often inquire if we have a day school. Such a day school has grown as a direct result of this evangelistic work. It has enrolled over a hundred children this year, and the children taught during the week have helped us to tame down the others on Sunday. A large per cent of the active membership of the church has already come from the boarding schools. Several of the boys are now in college, and some of the most promising are preparing for the ministry.

It is gloriously true that the evangelistic opportunity is unparalleled in China today. Because of this it has even been suggested that all missionaries might better devote themselves entirely, to preaching the Gospel for the next few years. Suppose that there should be an unusual spiritual awakening in North Carolina. Suppose that Mr. Moore, of Mars Hill, and Mr. Campbell, of Buie's Creek, and others like them should all close their schools and send the boys and girls to the State institutions, in order that they themselves might

give all their time to preaching. Suppose that Wake Forest and Meredith were to close their doors in order to set Dr. Poteat and Dr. Vann and their faculties free for the same purpose. Would the State Convention approve? If a commonwealth already permeated with the spirit of Christianity can not give up its distinctively Christian schools without decreasing the supply of effective workers for the development of its own Christian life, how can a mission in the day of China's renaissance do without Christian schools to provide the effective Christian workers needed for the creation of a Christian commonwealth out of heathenism? Five years in Soochow do not entitle one to wisdom, but they do furnish an unequivocal answer to that question.

Soochow, China, January 23, 1913.

FROM THE SUNSET COAST

MRS. JANIE PRICHARD DUGGAN.

It is certain that I could not go now to the place, on the edge of the woods, just north of Wake Forest town, where the question of being a missionary was finally settled for me. The chief reason for this is that the woods are no longer there, replaced now by a humming tide of human life and labor. Yet even if they were, I doubt if I could find the shady spot again, although in my memory, the bent tree trunk is plainly seen leaning over a deep, red gully, where I sat alone and made the final decision.

The choice of a missionary life is not always, however, a deliberate act of the will alone. Influences set in action before one's birth have to be counted with, and sometimes the circumstances of one's life lead by the straightest of roads into the "regions beyond." Yet, somewhere along the way, whether deliberately or otherwise, the choice is made, and many a time have I looked back from very different scenes to that leafy spot on the edge of the dear village as the place where God gave His last call to me. Not once, in the twenty-three years since that day have I regretted the answer given to the call. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and time has swept me along with it, faster and faster, from the days of deep disappointment at not going to China (for health's sake) to a few actual years in Mexico; then, after a time of illness at home, through a dozen busy years in Porto Rico, our own beautiful West Indian Island, until just now, with the dark-browed, hard-working Mexicans again my charge, I stand on the sunset coast and look across with no repining now, toward the China of my first mission dream.

There is a certain free-masonry among all missionaries, a subtle understanding of one another's difficulties, hopes and failures. For, in mission work in Samoa and in Italy; in Japan and Buenos Ayres; in St. Petersburg and on the Congo; among the Huns in Pennsylvania, and the Syrians in San Francisco; and the Hindus of Burma and the Mexicans of Aztec lands, there are certain phases common to all. For, however missionaries themselves differ in temperament or training, all realize sooner or later, that those really touched by their teaching form a minority among the great untouched; that this minority usually diminishes before it really grows into something significant; that it is the commoner people who first hear the gospel gladly; that there are weak-kneed disciples and even, now and then, a denying apostle among the cherished believers; that all Christian enterprise moves slowly, and that over-hasty growth is to be as much distrusted for lasting effect as, for instance, the reedy *lechosa* tree of the tropics—springing from a slip to rank fruitage in a few months—is to be distrusted for a corner pole of a shack! Yet, with all this, few missionaries have had more diverging experiences than have been mine in even my few and short years of service, the only factor common to each field, apart from those common to all fields, having been the language spoken in each of the three.

In 1889-1902 Mexico was gaining the height of her prosperity as a long-suffering republic, under President Porfirio Diaz. Doubtless there were even then discordant elements among men in high and low places. Certainly there existed the age-long-abuse of rich land-owner and peon class. But Mexico seemed a very beautiful and interesting country to me during those three years and four months of my life there. What most impressed me, after I had begun to get my fill of the beauty of the deep blue sky, and the pink and amethyst mountains round about Saltillo, Coah., and radiant nights,

was the perfect setting for Bible events in the life of every day. Some one has said that if a traveler in the Orient could be borne, blind-folded, on a magic carpet and set down in any street or *potio* of a Mexican town of the old days, and if he should be asked, "Where are you?" his reply would be, just as likely as not, "In Palestine."

Nature's colors, many customs of ordinary life, the low, flat-roofed houses, the narrow, rough streets, the life outdoors, two women grinding at one mill, the herds of sheep, the shepherd, all suggest the native land of our Master. But these are mere outside things, and with the years the larger Mexican cities are becoming modernized and progressive.

The Mexican is himself a compound of the proudest spirit of Spain and the Indian's plodding, tenacious, patient soul, with all both mean of evil and good. His religion and his language came from Spain, although there are pure Indians living in the mountains, and some even haunting the public plazas of the capital city, barely touched by either.

When Cortez landed on Mexican shores in 1519, the cross of Rome accompanied the sword of the cavalier—*Cabellero*, and the pagan Indian was converted into a Christian subject of his Majesty, Charles V, of Spain. So, with the natives who survived and with the Spanish colonists belonging to the Church of Rome in this new world, the Mexican race of today was actually founded, three hundred and ninety-four years ago. But it was three hundred years before Mexico finally freed herself from Spain and began to become a nation to herself.

Mission work is "hard" in Mexico. The people are tenacious, superstitious, well-trained from infancy in the religion of their fathers, and only in the present generation have they had the well-equipped government schools, eye-openers toward liberty of thought, while the teaching of girls was left to the

nuns alone. An intelligent Mexican seaman, of middle age, said to me this week, "I have never been able to lay hands on a Bible in my country." In childhood his old-fashioned schooling served to keep him in ignorance of many things; he was made to kneel on the brick floor for long periods, in *penitencia* for some failure in lessons or prayers, and kneeling to hold a rock in each outstretched hand. In our mission schools radical differences from this system of instruction soon began to be made known. At the end of my first year in the Madero Institute in Saltillo, (so named for the grandfather of the present President, a patron of the first years of the mission school and Governor of the State) there was, as was usual, a public examination of the classes. A professor in the young men's college of the city was invited to examine the writer's class of girls in Latin. After the examination, the professor danced with glee and running up to the director of our school, Dr. Mosley, he threw his arms around his neck and congratulated him on having had the first class of girls to be taught Latin in the Republic.

But school was for me only the bridge across a chasm of necessity, to the road I sought of direct contact in Bible-work with the homes and the hearts of the people. In Guadalajara (Pearl city of the west) I gladly went about the streets, by the little mule cars and on foot, and tried to show some the simple way to God. It was possible, after awhile to hold a women's meeting each week, in a place which is hardly possible to point in terms to be understood by the uninitiated. A long, darksome room opened off an inner court. In a far corner was a hard platform bed for some members of the large family. Others would merely wrap their blankets about them and stretch their tired limbs on the earth floor till morning. A rough loom hid the bed and was used for weaving the coarse blankets used by them as wraps by day and coverlets by night. The clatter of the huge pedals, and

the rattle of the shuttle accompanied us in our Bible study. Even the women sitting about me, near the little window where the bird cages hung and the cat dozed watchfully, worked steadily during our "meeting." Dona Catarina and her girls wound the big spools for weaving the blue and white *rebozos* or scarfs for women, from morning till night at their wheels. But Catarina was a Christian, member of our small mission-church, and she liked to have the missionary come, and sometimes a neighbor joined us from the court outside.

It was she who prescribed for the rheumatism which was to end my work in Mexico all too soon for my own high hopes. A terrible, wee Chihuahua dog, hairless and shivering with eternal chill, always sought the shelter of my skirts when in her house. "Take one to bed with you *Senorita Juanita*," she would urge, "so cold are they that they will draw from one's limbs the heat and inflammation of the rheumatism to warm themselves!"

But not all Mexico is like this. Palaces of luxury, libraries, galleries and museums of art, happy homes of comfort, watering places abound there as elsewhere. But, always, the missionary knows first and best the humble home of the laboring class.

Perhaps because I could never bring myself to adopt the prescription of my Mexican sister, it was the rheumatism which closed the first chapters of Mexican mission work for me.

There is not room here to tell of those twelve years of home and foreign life in Porto Rico. And, again now, after an interval of many years, I live within sight, so to speak, of the Mexican border, although on the wrong side of it this time.

I find the Mexican of this wonderful western country the same man he was in his own land, with the addition of his complicating character of immigrant. This class does not include the real Californian, born of forefathers who lived

here before the gold epidemic of '49, when our own "old-timers" first began to swarm out west. There are some Mexicans here who still resent our occupancy of the southwest. "We belong here," a sombre-eyed woman said to me recently. "This country is ours by rights."

Many highly educated and refined Mexican families own ranches and city homes, having identified themselves thoroughly with American life. But the rank and file of their countrymen are those who come and go across the border, the thousands of patient hewers of wood and stone and drawers of water, for the civic and plantation enterprises of the State. You would know him at a glance, with his low stature, his swarthy complexion, his soft Spanish eye, his blue working garb and his broad, gray felt hat.

It is with these that our missions have largely to do. Some of them stay after coming, and buy homes and rear families, and some of this number have lived here many years already. Still others flow and ebb over the border with the rise and fall of the revolution.

The Roman Catholic Church in the west takes excellent nominal care of its parishioners, and these do not here feel the oppression sometimes experienced from priests in Spanish-American countries. They need the Bible, as undiluted and life-giving food, here, however, as elsewhere, and as I go in and out of humble homes and chat by the wayside with these strangers in a strange land, I find many desiring to know the Book. This week I came upon a mother of six children living close by the Bay Front in a small shack. Her husband—*el viejo* she called him—was ailing but at work. I spoke to her of a certain saying of Jesus. "I had a Bible once," she said, "but I left it when we came away from Mexico. While my mother lived I had to keep it hidden, because she believed vipers attacked any who read it. Then, I bought a Testament here, and wore it out teaching 'the old

man' to read. We had no other book. Now, I have this," showing me a torn copy of the Gospels, "a little boy gave it to me, because his mother bought it thinking it a story book, and on finding out what book it was, she washed her hands with soap for having handled it and would have no more of it.

The Roman Catholic Church in this beautiful golden west has for a valuable asset, in its history and influence, the picturesque background of the Old Missions, and the romantically courageous lives of some of the Spanish "mission-fathers" from 1769 until the secularization of the Mission properties in 1833-37. Doubtless some of those pioneer missionaries to the California Indians were inspired with a holy zeal for souls. We know that their leader, Junipero Serra, was. But we should not let our eyes be blinded, nor our consciences be soothed by this fact, nor by any apparent modern leniency of the Roman Catholic Church of the present anywhere. Its spirit and tactics are the same they have ever been, although some of its external practice may seem to conform itself to the progressive spirit of today. Said a young French priest to me, in substance, not long: "I consider your coming to our village, (near Los Angeles) to teach the Bible an interference. We can take care of the religion of our people. It is not good for them to read the Bible without guidance. The Church must decide what part of it they can know with profit. After all the Bible was written by men, and the Church has Jesus Christ's authority for the instruction of the people who belong to His only true Church."

This belief is strong among such Romanists as have been thoroughly instructed in the writings of certain of their own authorities. This is what Cardinal Gibbons says in "The Faith of Our Fathers," page 102: "Did Jesus intend that His Gospel should be disseminated by the circulation of the

Bible, or by the living voice of the disciples? I answer most emphatically that it was by preaching alone that he intended to convert nations, and by preaching alone they were converted. No nation has ever yet been converted by the agency of the Bible Associations."

So, with sincere and cultured Roman Catholics of our own nation I have found the Bible, it is true, but not occupying the place in their lives that it must in our own, as the best means for knowing God.

Strange to say, the restiveness against this dictum of the Church is seen, among the Mexicans, in the lower class, who are asking why the Bible is kept from them.

Therefore, my mission work here, like that of all who work with me in this great southwest, has to deal not only with sin, unbelief, wild cults of many species, but with the deliberately blindfolded, mostly unaware of their plight.

The desert places of the west are blossoming into flower and fruit and grain with the irrigation systems, gigantic and of small range. With the opening of the Panama Canal two years hence, multitudes of immigrants will pour into this Promised Land, not only of those already booked for passage from Europe, but also from Central and South America. Thousands of these will bring the Spanish language with them. A more important mission field than this "land of the sun-down sea" can hardly be considered.

And, so, for the time at least, in the booming little city of San Diego, first port of call north of Panama, as I go daily from street to street "rounding up" Mexicans, I still thank God that He deigned to give me a last call on that far-away day in Wake Forest, in one of those holy places,

"Where man in the bush with God may meet."

San Diego, California.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION A SKETCH

MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK

President of the Woman's Missionary Union of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Never has a country made history so rapidly as ours. Never has a country been more careless in preserving the records of the history it was making. To do the deed has ever been all important. To record it of little moment. The battle was won, who cares now? sums up our historical attitude for two thirds of our national life. The strained ear of the most attentive historian can catch no echo from the stir of many important events, because the last living voice is now silent and there is no written record.

It may be put down, however, as an axiom that wherever men were working for missions women were also at work. Just how is not always easy to trace.

North Carolina was early in missionary interest. A great revival swept the State in the first years of the last century. The desire to propagate Christianity, which is a never-failing sign of a true revival, was awakened. Roused by the news of Carey's effort to extend Christianity to India, North Carolina Baptists turned to the pagans at home. The Baptist Philanthropic Society of North Carolina took shape in 1803 and the next year we hear of "floods of tears" greeting missionary addresses. While other efforts for the conversion of the Indians were made by different organizations, this society stands alone, among early Baptist organizations, as the one solely devoted to this purpose.

What part women had in this work can not be gathered from the fragmentary records, but one can hardly imagine them, under these stirring appeals, withholding either their tears or their gifts.

Their part in the next general missionary organization is clearer. In 1813 the 200,000 Baptists of the United States were deeply moved by Judson's clarion call from India. About this time the North Carolina Society for Foreign Missions was begun. A musty copy of its reports, dating from 1816, tells us that "the letters directed to be prepared for the Female Societies" were read and approved and were conveyed by especially appointed delegates, to the Female Baptist Mission Society near Fayetteville and the Hyco Female Cent Society. This volume contains also the third, fourth and fifth annual reports of the Hyco Society. The names of the donors are given, among them is "Negro Amey" who gave nine cents. This record places North Carolina societies among the very first organized in the south.

Others have told of the beginnings and growth of the North Carolina General Meeting of Conference which, organized in the ninth year of the century, grew to the Baptist State Convention in 1830. This was missionary to the core, the representation, at first, being from the Missionary Societies and not from the churches. At the second meeting of the Convention there were among the thirty-seven delegates men chosen and sent as their representatives from the Raleigh, Bethel, and Cape Fear Female Benevolent Societies.

Thus bound up with the very beginnings of our Convention the women never relaxed their interest, though their efforts were unorganized and in many cases spasmodic.

The war's bitter flood obliterated for a time all trace of woman's work for missions. Their hearts and hands were busy with the devout Christian work of holding the threatened home life anchored to the old ideals of truth and righteousness. But they could not long remain wholly self-absorbed. The Southern Baptist Convention met in Raleigh in 1872. Among those in attendance was the sweet faced, saintly Mrs. Ann Graves, mother of Dr. Roswell Graves,

whose more than half a century of service in China has recently closed. Mrs. Graves had only the year before organized the Baptist women of Baltimore into the Society of Woman's Work for Women, which was endeavoring not only to enlist the women of that city but of other Southern States. She pleaded earnestly with the ladies in attendance for the support of Bible-women, this recent "experiment" having proved eminently successful.

A missionary society in the First Church of Raleigh was one answer to her plea.

From this church, five years later, the Foreign Mission Board appointed a State Central Committee for Foreign Missions. Alas! for the fair hopes of its first year. Its first report to the Convention, instead of being greeted with the commendation they had expected, brought on a war between friends and opponents of woman's work. So fierce was the battle that its innocent cause was trampled upon and soon afterward died of its wounds.

Eight years passed, in which Central Committees in the other states were gathering many societies for mission service; eight years in which no one dared to speak a good word for woman's work in our Convention. At last Dr. Theo. Whitfield pleaded their cause before the State Mission Board and a Central Committee for State, Home, and Foreign Missions was appointed in December, 1886.

Since then there has been no break in its work. The same President and Corresponding Secretary appointed then hold office today, the latter now as Treasurer. To say that the committee met with universally cordial greeting would be far from the truth. It, however, won its way by gentle persistence. It discussed nothing but its work. Hard words, doubts of its right to exist, or its work brought no reply. It simply did what it was appointed to do. The numbers of

societies and the annual gifts rose steadily. The Committee and the Societies learned to do by doing.

Some scenes rise up from the long years.

After years of looking forward on the part of the women and amid many gloomy forebodings of many "prudent brethren," representatives of the woman's work in the Southern States, in 1888 sit together in Richmond. The two-years-old Committee of North Carolina is represented by two lookers-on. They have been instructed by the State Mission Board to take no part in the counsels or ally themselves with this new movement, which *may* prove a new danger. If they enter this conference even to vote against organization, they may be outnumbered and, being overruled, will be committed to the will of the majority. Thus instructed and warned they sit silent, while the Woman's Missionary Union of the Southern Baptist Convention, soon to be the praise of all lovers of missions, comes into being. Two years later the North Carolina Committee is reinstructed. We are given permission to fall into line, and since then North Carolina women have kept steady step with the Baptist women of the South.

The scene shifts. Five years have intervened. It is 1892, the centennial year of modern missions, and the Union, which is holding its second annual meeting has met in Raleigh. Dr. F. M. Ellis, of great and burning heart, is to plead for great gifts to memorialize this great occasion. His night has been sleepless with the continual prayer for the morrow, when he will speak to the women. The church is crowded. The women weep at his pleas. They give as they had never dreamed of giving before, sparing neither money or jewels. When it is over a young woman comes forward weeping begging that some will not cease to pray for her until she finds Christ. Kneeling in a quiet room, prayer does not cease until her sobs are turned to praise.

In striking contrast to this memorable day is another. We have come to a town lying at the foot of our western mountains for another annual meeting. Any want of welcome we have attributed to the fact that all are overtaxed with the care of the Convention. The rain pours in torrents. The only cheerful sound which breaks the monotonous downpour is the whistle of a negro boy. We plod through the rain to find the church cold and cheerless. A handful of women come in shaking the rain from their skirts. Eight delegates answered the roll call. The twenty or thirty others present are supposed to the Baptist sisters from the town. Not so. Later it is revealed that they are Methodists and Presbyterians who have come because they are sorry for us. The Baptist pastor had instructed the women of his flock not to lend their presence to so undesirable an endeavor! Be it recorded that this minister has long since repented and made due acknowledgment of his mistake.

Again after a number of years the annual meeting is in Raleigh, and the first church is crowded. Over in the Tabernacle, where the Convention is meeting as well as here, there is deep interest in the question to be decided: Shall the Woman's Missionary Union henceforth meet at a separate time and place from the Convention, to which it is auxiliary? The matter is debated long and carefully. To the surprise of all less than a dozen vote against separation and they cheerfully yield to the majority. With joyful unity we pass into a larger phase of woman's work.

Another scene: It is a crowded evening meeting in Oxford. As never before the women are swayed with emotion. It is not now a plea for Home or Foreign Missions as a *part of life*, but the consecration of the *whole life*, out of which shall grow, as grows the flower in the sun, a life in which all is the fulfilling of the mission of Christ. The son of a missionary to Africa, himself a missionary to China, pleads.

The call is too strong to be resisted. Women who have never heard their voices in a "mixed meeting" break into prayer or praise.

"Heaven comes down their souls to meet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat."

Amid scenes such as these has our Union grown. The fourteen societies of its beginning have become a thousand. Its little gifts of the first year have grown to a fourth of all given by the North Carolina Baptists to State, Home, and Foreign Missions. The children have been gathered and instructed; the young women trained to glad service; the organization perfected and extended in the associations from the mountains to the sea. Thousands of women have lifted up their eyes to look across the home land on to the uttermost parts of the earth, and seeing the need, have rejoiced that they were among the hosts accounted worthy to be co-laborers with Christ.

Raleigh, N. C.

THE SOUTHWEST AND ITS RESOURCES

DR. J. F. LOVE.

The Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has set for itself the comprehensive task of Christianizing the South. This means something more than evangelizing and baptizing. It comprehends more than the conversion of men and women of the South and inducting them into our churches. Our Christian mission to the South will not be finished until our whole southern citizenship is turned into agencies, and all our marvelous physical resources are converted into a means for the promotion of righteousness in the land. Through its evangelists, mission schools, mission literature, enlistment campaigns, erection of church buildings, and all its multiform activities, the Home Board is about the task of Christianizing the South.

As Secretary of this Board for its territory west of the Mississippi River I am committed to this task in the west, and have been requested by Professor Gorrell to tell the readers of *THE STUDENT* about my work.

My field comprises six states west of the Mississippi River, and is as much larger than the ten states of the Southern Baptist Convention east of the river as the combined states of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina and South Carolina. In this extensive area there is necessarily great variety of soil, climate, products, and social and religious conditions. Examination of a recent physical geography will impress some of these features upon the reader. Those who live in the east are accustomed to associate the west with prairies and plains. The plains are, however, for the most part, table-lands, with an average elevation higher than most of the mountains of the southeast-

ern states, and beside the plains and rising from and above them, is a southwestern mountain region which in extent is quite out of proportion to the thought given it in the east.

·PHYSICAL RESOURCES.

The resources of the southwest are incalculable. From under the mountains are being mined coal, iron, lead, zinc, gold, silver, and other valuable ores, while on them is being grown some of the finest fruits known to the horticulturist. Oil and gas have already yielded fabulous fortunes in Texas and Oklahoma, and Louisiana has only begun to develop its subterranean wealth. The great cotton harvests which have gives Texas the first place among the states that produce this staple are significant of the agricultural possibilities of the southwest. With one-fourth of its cotton land in cultivation, Texas already produces one-fourth of the cotton ginned in America. The cotton acreage in Texas is greater than the combined acreage of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Galveston, one of the many Texas seaports, already holds the first place among the cotton export ports of the world. Contrary to popular opinion the southwest is today richer in live stock than ever before in its history. There are more cattle here today than when the southwest was famous for cattle raising alone; and the grades are finer in all classes of marketable stock. No other land under the sun can surpass this southwestern empire in variety or yield of the products necessary to sustain a civilized race of men. Indian corn, cotton, wheat, oats, rye, hay, alfalfa, peas, potatoes, broom corn, milo maize, onions, beets, melons—all are grown with ease and profit in this vast and fertile country. Horticultural products range in variety and yield from the unexcelled and hardy fruits and berries of Missouri and Arkansas, to the semi-tropical products of Louisiana, South Texas, and New Mexico.

Apples, peas, plums, strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, grapes, oranges, bananas, pomegranates, prunes and figs of excellent quality may all be grown in some or all parts of the southwest. The long stretch of gulf coast supplies, in great quantity, all the fish and oyster delicacies known to the epicure. In short, this vast and marvelously rich territory embraces all soils and climates known to the American continent, except the forbidding temperatures of our extreme north, and yields all the staple products upon which the race subsists in any part of the world.

The resources of the southwest have naturally attracted capital and stimulated industry and enterprise. The result has been such marvelous and rapid material development as perhaps was never witnessed in any other land or time. The tamest and most truthful recitation of the achievements in the southwest during the past quarter century, and even now in progress, would read like fiction, and the facts recounted would have the appearance of magic. The cities and railroads that have been built, the districts populated, the raw material produced, the transformations wrought, the factories built, the money spent, made and distributed, the vast, complex and enormous industries and trade established, stagger the faith and challenge the admiration of the world.

Manufacture is just in its infancy in the southwest, and growing rapidly. Cotton, flour, rice, and sugar mills, oil refineries and meat packing establishments, are a few of these industries which are growing in number and extent of output with each week and every year. The southwest has a coal field of probably 50,000 square miles, or a territory as large as the State of Alabama. Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana market approximately \$25,000,000 worth of oil annually, and new wells are "coming in" all the time. Oklahoma alone supplies 250,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas daily, and no strike labor can stop the flow of this wealth.

Who can forecast the future of manufacture in a country so rich in resources of raw material and fuel with which to run factory machinery as in this southwestern domain? If it is true, as Mr. Carnegie affirms, that raw material will ultimately attract capital and labor to itself instead of being attracted by them, no man can forecast the future wealth and population of this land on which grow such abundance of products and under which there is such a supply of fuel for their manufacture.

The great material resources of the country are, of course, the magnets which drew to Oklahoma an army of 100,000 men, with a few intrepid women, in one wild rush in a single day in 1889, and created one town of 15,000 people and a half-dozen rival towns over that territory between sunrise and sunset, and has since drawn there a steady tide of immigration. Guthrie, until recently the State capital, was established at that time; Oklahoma City, the present capital, was settled on the same day, April 28, 1889. The first sermon in the latter city was preached the following Sunday from the text, "Thou shalt endure hardness as a good soldier," a most appropriate motto for the people who heard it, many of whom, while having no thought of departing, would have no house to live in for months to come, so taxed were the railroad and wagon transportation lines and lumber mills.

The first birth in Oklahoma City was on May 2, and the first marriage May 16, 1889. The first church bell was rung on August 3, 1889. The city now boasts of a population of 64,205, according to 1910 census. Scarcely more than a fourth of the farming land is yet broken.

The new state was given an appropriate name. Oklahoma means "the home of the red man," and there is irony in that name. In it the white man in his triumph has recorded for future generations the Indian's humiliation, but none the less the nation's shame. Fate has caused this new home of the

white man, the old home of the red man, to bear a name which characterizes it a usurped possession. To the Indian the name signalizes the white man's dishonor, while he himself is mocked by a reminder of the things that were. The names of many of the towns, in the music of their syllables, sing the dirge of the Indian's hope, as, for instance, Muskegee, Nowata, Okemah, Okmulgee, Pawhuska, Pawnee, Sapulpa, Tahlequah, Tishomingo, Watonga, Waurika, Wewoka.

The "boomer," the "sooner," the "squaw man" and the "squatter" will after a while be but a memory, but the increasing conscience of a Christian nation will in the years to come feel pangs for the injustices meted out to a vanishing race, and for the violation of treaties made to last "as long as grass grows and water flows," and scarcely kept for a season. Oklahoma, unlike many of her sister states, entered the Union peaceably and sober, in spite of all that the liquor and brewery interests could do, she adopted a prohibition plank as a part of her superb constitution. The State is a worthy member of the incomparable sisterhood, and an important part of this southwestern empire. Her marvelous development challenges the pen of some genius like Washington Irving, who, in 1833, visited this country, and wrote of its "grassy plains, verdant wastes, the elk, the buffalo, and wild horse, all in their native freedom"—though he proved himself without kinship with the prophets by writing also that "the great plains of the west will one time become inhabited by a hybrid race—the offspring of the aborigines of the country and the refugees of justice from the eastern states."

It may, however, be said that the descendants of white intermarriage with the Indians have in many cases shown an inheritance of rare manhood elements. Some of the first citizens of the southwest are the offspring of intermarriage of white men and Indian women. The "squaw man" has not

always been a renegade. General Rucker and Sam Houston married Indian women, and today Indian women administer the domestic affairs of some of the finest citizens of the southwest, and with their husbands are rearing children who will be a credit to the nation.

Arkansas and Missouri, with mountains full of coal and other minerals, and lands which, to quote an enthusiastic Missouri Congressman, "should be sold by the peck for seed," are today admitted to be far on the way to the front rank of industrial wealth and education, strengthened by a moral tonic which is rapidly throwing off the infection of the liquor traffic and other moral diseases which feed upon and threaten the nation's life.

RESOURCES IN MANHOOD.

The southwest presents a civilization with distinctive characteristics, and these enhance the missionary appeal and magnify the Baptist opportunity. If we were confined to two words with which to indicate these characteristics, we should choose the words "democratic" and "optimistic." Nowhere in the world has individuality freer play than in the southwest, and nowhere are the people, as a class, more exuberantly hopeful. Citizenship here is not hampered by the discriminations of senseless custom. Merit and ability to cope with the situation receive recognition. The instinctive democracy of the Anglo-Saxon shows itself here. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the whole world has the Anglo-Saxon so perfectly and freely expressed the deep things of his independent soul as he has in the Southwest. There is not much finicky culture in the West, not much effete conventionality, though there is less illiteracy than exists in the older states. In the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention east of the Mississippi river eighteen per cent of the population is

illiterate, while in the six states west of the river, the illiterate element constitutes only twelve per cent.

A Westerner said some time ago: "We are not trying to maintain the prestige of our fathers; we are trying to make prestige for our children." The test question here is not so much "Where do you come from?" as "What are you driving at?" And the way is open for any who come to drive straight forward.

Those who come to the West are usually the hardiest element of our citizenship. The luxury loving and effeminate, the moral degenerate and debilitate do not venture into the strong tides of life on the plains. It was men and women of the Southwestern type who made the nation and projected our conquering civilization. The foundations of this Republic were laid by the frontiersmen, and in such there is hope for the nation and for the Kingdom of God today.

The nation is indeed never so much in danger from its rugged toilers, whether in shop, factory or field—from the plain men and women who win their bread by the sweat of their faces, nor even from the defeated and depleted sinners and outcasts, as from the plutocrats who, fortified by wealth and social alliances, defy decent public sentiment in their vulgar social habits and extravagances. A different class made the nation, and a different class must preserve it. Democracy is essential to the life and security of this Republic, and, to quote a Westerner, "The frontier has ever fought for the fundamentals of pure democracy." One has pointed out that the great epoch-makers in American history—Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln—were frontiersmen.

The West has always lured the Caucasian race and been the goal of its hope, the field of its exploration, the object of its conquest. Through the centuries the race has followed the sun drawn after it the best civilization known to man. In an orderly stream of migration the peoples of this stock

have flowed across continent, sea and ocean, an intrepid, irresistible human tide. Exploration and adventure are in their blood. By night the race has dreamed of waiting wealth, of lands, of liberty, of homes for the poor, and freedom for the oppressed, and opportunity for all; and by day have followed the vision westward.

OUT OF THE WEST.

Carol me, carol me, out of the West,
Songs of the prairie and songs of the quest,
Songs of the journey and songs of the fight—
Carol me, carol me, songs of delight!

Sing me the pride of the prairie and hill,
Mighty spring freshets and sweet waters still,
Primeval canons and deserts unclaimed,
Snow-powdered pinnacles, rivers unnamed.

Sing me the songs of the mind of the race,
Eager and buoyant and proud to keep pace
With the hurrying age and swift-flying need,
Sciences new, and new wonders to breed.

Sing me the comrades, the equal and free,
Yoke-fellows noble and destined to be
Mighty forefathers and mothers of peace,
Ruling together—God speed their increase!

Waves of the ocean of wonders rejoice!
Breeze of the prairie with magical voice,
Carol me, carol me, out of the West,
Songs of promise and songs of the quest!

—Margaret Ogden Bigelow, in *Overland Monthly*.

Responding to this call of the West to their natures, hither have come the most venturesome, the bravest and most self-reliant, the most thrifty and hopeful. The timid heart and tenderfoot have remained behind where life was easier and where life is sheltered, and where the softer amenities are observed. Politics, business and religion are masculine on the frontiers of civilization. Men think independently, act

for themselves, even sometimes with a ruthless disregard for custom, personal feeling and popular opinion, and go straight at the mark.

The society of the Southwest is not a growth; it is a combination. It is the resultant of many men of many minds, from many quarters, finding themselves neighbors with mutual interests. It is the quotient of a common divisor for varying opinion. Each state West has been made up by all the states East, and for the most part, of the most robust and independent element of these older states. The social order thus constituted is a modification of that of all the older communities represented; and in parts of the Southwest will continue to be modified by other additions, as well as by the growing self-expression of the present quality of manhood and womanhood. The contribution which the new life is constantly making to the social order is suggested in the fact that during each decade since 1836 more immigrants have come to Texas than the total population of the state amounted to at that time.

There are, even yet, few natives in the dominant and characteristic West. The immigrant element constitutes the distinguishing citizenship, for the most part. But this element has, so to speak, been westernized by the forces already pointed out, and others. The truth is, no country was ever made great by its aborigines. Men grow great by transplanting, and make a country great in turn. America began at once to grow a fresh and vigorous manhood from the discontented European elements which composed the colonies. Within a few decades America presented and it now continues to present a distinct and commanding type of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In a less pronounced way, but under the law which controlled the growth of the nation, the Southwest is exhibiting like distinguished characteristics.

Climate and environment contribute to the energy and

character of the inhabitants of a country. The vastness and freedom of the plains inspires courage and a bouyant optimism. Westerners attempt things which to their conservative eastern relations seem audacious, and remain hopeful under circumstances which would depress and dishearten others.

The Southwesterner has, too, a peculiar inheritance of patriotism which must affect the spirit of an intelligent citizenship. In his "Winning of the West," Mr. Roosevelt has paid high tribute to the courage and patriotism of the Southwesterner, both of the earlier and more restricted and of the later Southwest. He has shown that while the Northwest was subdued by Federal forces, "in the Southwest the early settlers acted as their own army and supplied both leaders and men. All our territory lying beyond the Alleghanies, north and south, was first won for us by the Southwesterners fighting for their own land. The northern part was afterwards filled up by the thrifty, vigorous men of the Northeast, whose sons became the real rulers, as well as preservers of the Union. But these settlements of the Northerners were rendered possible only by the deeds of the nation as a whole. They entered a land the Southerners had won, and they were kept there by the strong arm of the Federal Government, where the Southerners owed most of their victories only to themselves. The former took but an insignificant part in the contest by which the possession of their land was secured; besides, the strongest and most numerous Indian tribes were in the Southwest. The Southwest developed its civilization on its own lines for good and for ill."

The patriotism of San Jacinto and the Alamo is an inheritance which enters into the blood and spirit of the people in a great section of the Southwest today. Great history is a mighty factor in making a great people, and there is nothing sublimer in the annals of American history than the courage

of the early Southwesterners who faced the Spaniards, the Mexicans, the Indians, and the privations of frontier life. This history will help to make Southwesterners great for generations to come.

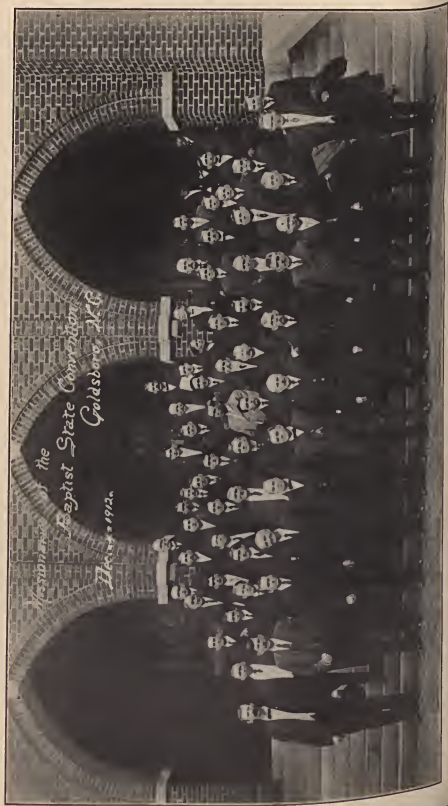
There is nothing which so perfectly matches the characteristic West as the Baptist message. The evangelical gospel which we preach is not only good exposition of Scripture, but the finest adaptation of religion to the Anglo-Saxon spirit in the full possession of its ideals of liberty and democracy. Our personal gospel is a response to the westerner's sense of individual independence, and our democratic church government satisfies his ideas of liberty. There is a relation between the southwestern characteristics and our marvelous missionary success in the West during the past half century. No other denomination so perfectly embodies the democratic spirit and no other has equaled us in missionary success in the southwest.

What a western statesman said recently may contain a suggestion for Southern Baptists: "The call of the West," he declares, "is the call of the future. The years are all our own; they are a virgin page, and we can inscribe them as we will. The future of our country and the happiness of posterity depend upon us."

It is in the West that evangelical Christianity may hope to gather volume and momentum for the final and complete overthrow of China and the East with a tide of modern civilization and a regenerating gospel. With the material presented in the West out of which to make a civilization, with a gospel able to mould it, and the freedom with which we may here apply that gospel, we can create a civilization virile enough to accomplish that task and the west will possess the spirit of venturesomeness to undertake it.

"The mighty West shall bless the East
And sea shall answer sea."

This, in brief, is the task which the Home Mission Board confronts and at which it is working in the Southwest. Christian men who covet great opportunities for service and are not staggered by great responsibilities will find here a welcome challenge to their courage and liberality as the servants and stewards of Jesus Christ.



Members of the
Baptist State Convention
Goldsboro, N.C.
December 1912.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE MISSIONARIES

On the opposite page there is a picture of the missionaries who attended the last session of the Baptist State Convention. In this group are to be seen about one-third of the missionaries employed by the Board last year. About midway in the front row stands Secretary Johnson, and to his right Assistant Secretary W. R. Bradshaw, while immediately behind Secretary Johnson stands Mr. E. L. Middleton, Sunday School Secretary, who was invited by the missionaries to meet with them.

The missionaries who appear in this group are:

T. J. Ragland. ✓	J. W. Nobles.	W. S. Ballard.
G. W. May.	W. R. Bradshaw. ✓	E. C. Snyder.
T. J. Crisp.	C. E. Stevens.	C. E. Edwards.
W. P. Campbell.	E. L. Middleton. ✓	T. J. Hood.
J. E. Kirk. ✓	L. Johnson. ✓	J. W. Snyder.
K. W. Hogan.	E. G. Usry.	C. N. Norris.
M. A. Adams.	C. M. Murchison. ✓	J. F. Murray.
O. N. Marshall.	J. A. Snow.	J. R. Williams.
H. B. Hines.	S. F. Morton.	W. O. Biggs.
R. E. Hoffman.	J. J. Adams.	J. A. McMillan.
J. W. Cobb.	C. C. Smith.	W. B. Avery.
J. R. Pace.	Duncan MeLeod.	V. M. Swaim.
E. C. Andrews.	G. J. Dowell.	T. C. Keaton.
J. L. Kirk. ✓	R. E. Peele.	J. K. Henderson.
W. H. H. Lawhon.	W. G. Hall.	E. A. Paul.
R. P. Walker.	R. W. Horrell.	W. B. Daughtry.
T. S. Crutchfield.	E. S. Brooks.	

A CENTURY OF BAPTIST CONQUEST IN NORTH CAROLINA

E. W. SIKES.

The first fixed date in the history of the Baptists of North Carolina is 1727. In this year Paul Palmer established a church, or an arm of a church, at Shiloh, Camden County. But there were Baptists in the settlement doubtless from the beginning. The early settlers came to the beautiful shores of the rivers that pour into Albemarle Sound from the north as early as 1650, but no government was established till 1663. The religious life of the settlement had found its expressions through the Quakers who occupied Perquimans and Pasquotank counties, and through the Church of England, which was dominant in Chowan County and which was nominally the established church of the colony. In some other colonies the established church prevailed, but its history in North Carolina was anything but pleasing to its friends. It did not answer the needs of the Quakers, the Independents, and the Baptists. They would have none of it. Freedom of religion was promised these early settlers and they had little patience with any legislation that sought to deprive them of it.

The leader around whom the dissenting forces gathered was Paul Palmer, a planter, a slave owner, and a Baptist preacher. Though an effort was made soon after the enactment of law establishing the Church of England in 1715 to destroy him and his influence, he rose superior to all opposition, so much so that Governor Everard in 1729 wrote to the Bishop of London that hundreds were following him. The colony was growing toward the west, settlers were going across the Chowan into Hertford County, and thither two

of Palmer's members at Shiloh—Joseph and William Parker went—both ministers and organized in 1729 Parker's Meeting House—now Meherrin church, one mile from Murfreesboro.

In and around New Bern there was growing up a densely populated section of Germans, Swiss, and some French. Thither Palmer wended his way and even on to New River in Onslow. At New Bern in 1730 some Baptist citizens asked the court to allow them the privilege to erect a house of worship, but the only answer that the court gave them was to require them to give bond for their appearance at the next term of court to answer charges of misdemeanor, etc., "in contempt of the laws now in force."

But Paul Palmer was a traveler. On one of his journeys into Virginia he met William Sojourner and prevailed upon him to come into North Carolina. Sojourner and his friends made their settlement on the south side of the Roanoke River, on Kehukee Creek, in Halifax county, and there in 1742 organized the Kehukee Church. The position was strategic. People were flocking to this region and it would soon be formed into a county. Then, too, it was on the roads leading to the south and on the rivers leading to the east, and was on the frontier line of settlements which was rapidly extending westward.

Sojourner was a man of fine parts and his people were full of missionary zeal. His work began to spread in every direction.

It crossed the river into Northampton and Bertie; it went down the river into Edgecombe, Pitt, and Martin; its march went down the highways toward Wilmington; and it spread westward through Halifax into Warren, Granville, Franklin, and Wake. William Walker and William Lancaster kept pushing the line forward with a zeal worthy of their cause. Walker preached far and wide. Finally he

was stricken with palsy while preaching, and as he fell he cried out "Blessed be God; I have fallen in a good cause." The work in eastern North Carolina passed on into the hands of Henry Abbott in the Albemarle section, Lemuel Burkitt, Francis Oliver in Duplin, Jacob Crocker in Wake, Willam Taylor in Cumberland, and others.

The other great center from which the Baptist forces of the State made their conquest was at Sandy Creek, now in Randolph County. A great tide of immigration was pouring into this portion of the State from the north. The immigrant trains started in Pennsylvania, came down the valley of Virginia and broke into North Carolina through Guilford and overflowed the State to Meeklenburg.

Into this territory in 1755 came Shubal Stearns with his friends and kinspeople. He settled at Sandy Creek, now Randolph, in easy reach of the three tides of settlement. He was on the border of the Scotch-Irish settlements on his west; the Scotch were coming up the Cape Fear River into Moore and Montgomery; and the English settlers of the east were pushing their frontier line close to this place. Here where the tides met Shubal Stearns pitched his tent and organized the Sandy Creek Church in 1775.

Stearns was born in Boston in 1706. He grew up a Congregationalist. He was converted during the great revivals under Whitfield. He partook of the zeal of the great leader but he was dissatisfied with the Congregationalists, separated himself and joined the Baptists in 1751. He thus became a Separate Baptist. Wishing a field in which to use his powers he came to Virginia in 1754, but the field was not ripe for him. Just across the line into North Carolina had gone some of his friends. They urged him to come into the State. He came and found the harvest ready for the reapers. Sandy Creek began with sixteen members. Stearns pursued the simple methods of Palmer, fired by zeal like

Whitfield's. Wherever he made converts, there he organized an arm of Sandy Creek. In three years Sandy Creek had 900 members. The first church to go out was Abbott's Creek, in 1758. Their first act was to call Daniel Marshall, the assistant pastor of Stearns and his brother-in-law, to be pastor. Churches now began to spring up, north, south, east, and west. Either Stearns or the men who had come under his influence pushed southward across the State into South Carolina and on to Georgia; westward into the mountains, following the frontier line; northward into Virginia, and eastward till they met the line of Palmer and Sojourner.

Stearns organized the churches into the Sandy Creek Association in 1758. As the circle of conquest widened and churches were multiplied, new associations were given off from the mother stock. In 1765 the churches of the east met at old Kehukee and organized the Kehukee Association. As convenience demanded other associations were formed out of this territory.

The men who had carried the Baptist idea of religion had been full of missionary zeal. They made long journeys and were gone for weeks, preaching by the roadside, under brush arbors, and in private homes. Where the people went there they went. Where there was a need for the Gospel these men carried it.

But the horizon of these men was widening. They had become aware that a missionary tide was rising in the world. The result was that when the Kehukee Association met in 1803, ten years before the sailing of Judson, the following query was propounded:

"Is not the Kehukee Association, with all her numerous and respectable friends, called on in Providence in some way to step forward in support of that missionary spirit which the great God is so wonderfully reviving amongst the different denominations of good men in various parts of the world?"

This resolution was an outgrowth of the great revival in Kentucky. Lemuel Burkett had gone to Kentucky to be in that revival. He returned to his association in 1801 and told of the wonderful things he had seen. A great revival began and swept over the Kehukee Association. This resolution was proposed in October. Some of the hearers had been present at the great meeting at Parker's Meeting House in the previous August, where 4,000 people gathered and a thousand braved the rain to hear Lemuel Burkett preach. During the year 1803 the ministers were full of a new zeal and preached to great crowds. One thousand people came to see the baptism of a prominent public official in Bertie.

Out of this great revival came this great resolution.

A special committee, consisting of Lemuel Burkett, Martin Ross, and others were appointed to meet with similar committees from other associations to plan ways and means to support the missionary cause.

The result of this resolution was the organization of the Philanthropic Baptist Missionary Society in 1805, and the Chowan Baptist Missionary Society. These were followed a few years later, 1811, by the General Meeting of Correspondence, in which most of the associations joined. The missionary sermon and the collection became a part of the regular program of the association.

All these organizations were merged into the North Carolina Baptist Missionary Society in 1821, which was superplanted in 1829 by the Baptist Benevolent Society.

But none of these societies were satisfactory. Then, too, change was in the air. Andrew Jackson, with his practical democracy, had just become president. The people of the State were calling for changes in their Constitution that they might express themselves more easily and completely. The first track of railway in the United States had been laid.

Some bright young men had come into North Carolina and joined hands and hearts with the older ones. The day of Meredith, Wait, and Armstrong had arrived. The Baptist State Convention had arrived and was organized in 1830, with Patrick Dowd, President; John Armstrong, Corresponding Secretary, and Samuel Wait, General Agent. The critical and experimental stage of organized work had passed. The little companies planted by the evangelical zeal of Palmer, Sojourner, Stearns, and their successors could now unite into a great army.

Soon follows the founding of the *Biblical Recorder* and Wake Forest Institute, Bible Societies, and Sunday Schools. and the annual contribution for Home Missions, Foreign Missions, and Education.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE AS A MISSIONARY AGENCY

DR. W. R. CULLOM.

The making of men is the most fundamental thing in the work of God's Kingdom. The evident climax of the Creator's purpose was reached when he said, "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness."

To the realization of this purpose he has been giving himself through the ages with ever increasing clearness and persistence.

In Hebrews 2:8 we read this: "For it became him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the author of their salvation perfect through suffering." What is it that Jesus is doing for men in bringing them "unto glory"?

Too many people in their thought, or lack of thought, try to escape the process and go at once to the finished product—the man perfected in the image of God. Not so with Jesus. He speaks of planting the seed, then having the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. He said again, "The field is the world, and the good seed, these are the sons of the Kingdom." (Matthew 13:28.) His great purpose in dealing with men was to bring them to have God's thought of things—of man, of life, of sin, of righteousness, of service, etc., that is, he was trying to make men in God's image, and leave them to go on creating and recreating the world in this image until that primeval purpose had been realized and God and His children could look squarely at each other, "face answering to face." This is bringing "sons unto glory."

When we come to think of mission work as catching the

thought of the Eternal, and falling in line with the process of carrying that thought on to perfection, then Wake Forest College becomes as truly a missionary agency as anything that Adoniram Judson did a hundred years ago. The original purpose in planting this college was to train men as preachers of the gospel, and for the work of leading the Baptist churches of the State into their heritage of service in the work of God's Kingdom. And right well has the college adhered to this purpose. If it had never done anything for the world other than give to it the hundreds of faithful ministers of the gospel that have gone into all parts of the earth from its classrooms and atmosphere, surely we might well appropriate the words of the Saviour and say that wisdom has been justified by her works. Such men as Matthew T. Yates, Jas. A. Stradley, W. R. Gwaltney, Columbus Durham, and a host of others equally as worthy and efficient might well constitute the sole pride and glory of any institution. The work of making men in God's image has been the passion of these men wherever they have touched human life. But, as the years have gone by, we have enlarged and broadened our conception of the mission of the college. Men no longer think of the church as the only agency that God is using to carry into effect his purposes; nor do they think of the ministry as in any way possessing a monopoly of privilege and opportunity in realizing God's ideal in and for man. In this, surely, we must all rejoice. Moses said once that he would rejoice to see all the people become prophets. Are we not beginning to catch a glimpse of what the realization of Moses' ideal would mean? During the history of Wake Forest College between five thousand and six thousand men have come under its influence, and gone into the world to express each in his own way the ideal of life and service received from *alma mater*. Where are they? What have they done? In the educational awakening and progress of

our State; in the making and execution of just and humane laws; in the great temperance reforms that have been brought about amongst us; in the growing effort among our people to establish social righteousness along all lines; in every effort to give the common people an opportunity to come into the full inheritance of their birthright as men, Wake Forest men have had a leading and a worthy share. If we go beyond the borders of our own State and look into the leading cities of our land, into the halls of our National Congress, and into the various movements for the betterment of men we shall find the same to be true. Wake Forest College tries to put into its men God's ideal for them and for their race. It tries to inspire them with the conviction that they are to have a part in the realization of this ideal, at home and abroad, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. To the extent that the college adheres to and succeeds in carrying out this purpose, to that extent it is and will be a missionary agency in God's hands—an agency for carrying into effect his original purpose of making men in his own image, and of bringing the earth into subjection to him and to his will.

As we come to celebrate this, the hundredth anniversary of our organized Baptist Mission work in America, shall we not dedicate Wake Forest College afresh to the task of joining hands with the Eternal God in carrying on to a glorious consummation his original ideal for his children? If we can make the college to serve this end it will be in the most real and vital sense one of the great missionary agencies of the earth.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE AND THE KINGDOM

PRESIDENT WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT.

The Kingdom of Heaven is the framework of the Gospel story. It is the theme of Jesus' teaching. In his thought it is a universal social ideal which is to be realized in human experience on the earth. It contemplates and involves the progressive transformation of the existing social order so radically that all the organs and activities of community life shall come to be inspired and controlled by the spirit and mind of Jesus. Such an ideal is impossible except as it is based upon the transformation of the individual units which make up the social body. A just society can be made only of people who are good. Accordingly, evangelism is a primary agency of the Kingdom.

But it is equally apparent that the good man needs to be trained, if he is expected to render efficient service in the realization of the Kingdom. Education follows close upon evangelism as an agency of the Kingdom. Do they not join hands and go forth together for the regeneration of the world?

The Baptist churches of North Carolina were hardly more than organized for concerted work in missionary evangelism before they recognized the necessity of an institution for the training of the men who were to bear the responsibility of leading the Christian forces of the State. One of the primary objects of the Baptist State Convention organized in 1830, as stated in the second article of the constitution, was "the education of young men called of God to the ministry." And on the third of February, 1834, the first session of the Wake Forest Institute was opened with Principal Samuel Wait as the sole teacher of the sixteen students who began

the long line of men trained here for the service of the Kingdom. But Baptists not only saw that an efficient leadership must be a trained leadership. They saw with equal clearness the importance of raising the general level of efficiency in the rank and file for the success of the enterprise to which they had set their hands. And so, from the first, ministerial students have constituted a small minority of the total student body. In the present session the proportion stands ninety-eight to four hundred and fifty-seven. But Wake Forest enjoys now, as it enjoyed last session, the distinction of having the largest representation of all the colleges of the country in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

No man is rash enough to estimate the range and depth and permanence of the missionary work which Wake Forest preachers have done. It has strengthened the home base in thousands of churches in all the states of the Union, it has touched with blessing well-nigh every important section of the non-Christian world. All honor to the sons of Wake Forest who, like Yates and Newton and Greene, have passed into their rest from the distant outposts of the Kingdom, and blessings upon those who, like Herring and Bostick and Crocker and Newton and Tatum and Britton and Leonard and Justice and Gardner, are today fighting back the enemies of the Kingdom and setting up its banners in newly conquered territory!

But what is to be said of the thousands of laymen who have caught the Wake Forest spirit and ideal and have gone out to swell and direct the forces which are committed to the regeneration of humanity? The mere number of them arrests attention. It will certainly go above four thousand. They have not all been active agents in the spread of truth and righteousness in the world, but it is the universal testimony that the Wake Forest man, the typical Wake Forest man, will be found to be not only efficient, but efficient on the right

side. Even if the college had trained never a preacher or sent out never a missionary, the practical leadership of these laymen in the affairs and progress of the Kingdom would establish beyond question the claim of its friends that this college in the day of its power, as in its humble beginnings seventy-nine years ago, is still the child of the Kingdom and finds even yet the reason for its existence in the hope of pushing forward the boundaries of Christ's dominion until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord.

THE WAKE FOREST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DR. E. W. SIKES.

Today the missionary activities at Wake Forest find expression through various channels, such as mission bands, the Y. M. C. A., and other organizations, but for many years the Wake Forest Missionary Society was the only formal channel through which such activities were expressed.

The organization was peculiar. For many years every student and citizen was presumed to be a member. Each member was expected to pay five cents a month, and collectors waited on all members. It was largely a student organization being officered entirely by students. The hour of meeting was on Sunday afternoon in the small chapel. All students took part in it. As a Freshman my first acquaintance with it was the hearing of a paper on Hawaii by Howard Foushee, now a member of the Superior Court Bench. Hawaii was just coming into the political horizon in America, and the young men were quick to interest themselves in the missionary phase.

Here the arguments for missions were made, and made by young men to young men. To many a young man on entering college, missions and tariff are familiar words but meaningless. He has never stopped to consider their meaning. But when he finds the student body of which he is a real part interested in these things then he begins to take an active interest. Prior to this time he has heard the pastor or the public speaker discourse on such subjects, but he has felt that they were officially preëmpted.

This was more true when this society was organized than it is today. In the high schools and the churches there are today missionary bands and classes, but there were few such

at an earlier period. It was the Wake Forest Society that emphasized and popularized missions at Wake Forest.

The society has always kept in touch with the missionaries who have gone out from it. The corresponding secretary kept up a regular correspondence, and the letters from the front were read at the meetings. These letters from the firing line were thrilling and gave reality to the cause. A letter from Bostie or Herring was a letter from a friend who was there on the battlefield and saw things with his own eyes. These letters gave suggestions and deepened impressions on young men at critical moments of their lives, at the moment when they were considering life choices.

As is well known, Wake Forest is fond of debating. To make the missionary society interesting, discussions were sometimes arranged. On one occasion, M. A. Adams and W. R. Cullom debated in a most interesting manner missions and anti-missions. The genial W. R. Cullom, who has spent so much of his life in training young missionaries was appointed on the anti-mission side. He presented the arguments on his side with force, but I am afraid with little compelling conviction for the audience knew that he was full of missionary zeal.

One object of the society has been to keep in touch with new fields and call attention to opportunities. For nearly a year once the South American field was discussed. Not long afterwards, Justice went to South America to supply the place made vacant by Porter.

The Society has been addressed by many prominent men. All returned missionaries like to address it. The strong young men and the faculty make addresses frequently. Consequently the mission idea has been placed on a high plane. Missions as a factor in civilization has been fully appreciated. The lamented Carlyle made one of his last public addresses at Wake Forest before this body.

The society was organized just after the war at the reopening of the college. Probably the first of its members to offer himself to the Foreign Mission field was Robt. Prichard, son of the martyr, John L. Prichard and brother of the lamented Mrs. Chas. E. Taylor and of Mrs. Duggan, who contributes to this number. He was a brilliant young man. He had been accepted by the Board, but death intervened. Probably the next of its members was Herring. He did not come to Wake Forest a minister, but while here he felt the call of the ministry which was at the same time a call to the foreign field. The decision of Herring was a delight to the Society. It knew that Yates was nearing the close of a successful career and it wanted a man on the field to take up the falling banner.

But the Society has not devoted all its time to Foreign Missions. It treats missions as one. Its contributions are made to all, and its sons enter all its phases. It has a large number of its sons in the Foreign Field, but then it has Love, Greaves, Cree and Thompson in the Home Field and Livingston Johnson and his corps in the State.

The old Society will soon celebrate its fiftieth anniversary of noble endeavor. No one can estimate its influence over the countless throng of students who have come under its influence during their residence at Wake Forest.

WAKE FOREST VOLUNTEER BAND

C. E. SORRELL.

The missionary spirit has ever been inherent in the life of Wake Forest College. But in no period of its history has there been such a goodly number of young men volunteered for the foreign field as at present. With a membership of sixteen we have organized for mutual service and helpfulness.

The band meets on Wednesday evening of each week for the purpose of studying the problems which confront missionaries in the period of preparation as well as while in actual service on the field. We also desire to make these meetings a great spiritual dynamo in the life of each member. One can readily see how spiritual power may be generated in such meetings.

The object of the band, primarily, is to keep alive this missionary spirit which should ever be predominant in the lives of men, and to bring more men face to face with the fact of missionary zeal and effort. Thus we feel that every man in college, whatever his profession may be, should realize this strong appeal for the heroic and unselfish life.

Moreover, we desire to bring before the people of the various churches, in reach of Wake Forest, some reasons why men should interest themselves, in a practical way, in Foreign Missions. People, in general, are indifferent about Foreign Missions because they have never caught a vision of the imperative need. For this reason each member of the band has been asked to prepare a message on some phase of Foreign Mission work. The man preparing for a medical missionary will study his phase of the subject; so will the man expecting to become an educational or evangelical mis-

sionary. In this way we hope to be able to offer unselfish service to those churches who may care to call on us. However, let it be understood that we shall not expect for our service more remuneration than is required to meet the actual expenses. In other words we desire "to minister, and not be ministered unto."

Since this was the purpose for which our Master came, lived and died, and since it is in keeping with His last command while on earth, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," we hope we may have the sympathies, prayers, and hearty coöperation of all Christians throughout the country.

ONWARD

CARL MIDWAY.

Onward to the battle's front we go,
 In the service, doing good to all;
 Singing praises in this world of woe,
 Telling honest souls of sin's dark pall.

We will send the Word to every land,
 That no longing soul of earth may be
 Barred from sitting at the Lord's right hand,
 When he calls them in Eternity.

We will tell to them in doubt and fear,
 How He comforted in ages past;
 And by giving peace to those who hear,
 They'll find Victory through Christ at last.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

The Judson
Centennial

Adoniram Judson takes rank perhaps as the greatest, as he was practically the first, of the many missionaries sent from the United States into foreign fields; his consecrated zeal, his devotion to duty, and his fortitude in the face of danger mark him as the prototype of the American missionary. He sailed for India in the year 1812. Because of the great significance of the sailing of Judson and his subsequent change to the Bap-

tist position, it was especially appropriate that the Southern Baptist Convention at its last meeting should have launched the Judson Centennial Movement. Certainly the people of our own denomination must be interested in the effort to raise one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for educational and general equipment purposes in foreign lands. This raising the Judson Centennial fund gives us an opportunity to commemorate in a most practical way the sailing of our first missionary by showing our devotion to the great cause for which he lived and died.

Wake Forest College has always been a great dynamo for the generation of missionary spirit and activity. North Carolina has sent out many of the strongest Christian pioneers to other lands, and Wake Forest has been the recruiting station and the training school for these strong servants of God. And so, in honor of this Judson Centenary and in order to add something to missionary education, the editors of *THE STUDENT* thought that the simple story of Wake Forest's contribution to missionary history should be told. We desire to acknowledge with cordial gratitude our indebtedness to each one who has contributed to this special missionary number. We were fortunate in getting in each case those most capable of speaking with authority, to write on the different subjects, in regard to Baptist work at home and abroad. We believe that what these leaders have written will prove to be of permanent interest and value in the history of the world's conquest for Christ.

While we are commemorating the sailing of Luther Rice and Judson for India we should not forget Judson's associate, Luther Rice, who exerted such a wide and lasting influence upon the Baptist denomination in America. Rice was born in Northborough,

Massachusetts, in 1783. He, too, was a Congregationalist, and he was a schoolmate of Judson's at Andover Seminary, where together they became deeply interested in the subject of foreign missions. Rice was not appointed with the first company of missionaries by the board, but, being bent on going, he was allowed to do so on condition that he should raise the money for his outfit and passage. This he did in a few days, and so he, too, sailed for India February 18, 1812. Shortly after his arrival in India he united with the Baptists. He soon returned to the United States to adjust his relations with the American Board. Having now become identified with the Baptist denomination, and being commissioned as an agent by a company of Baptists in Boston, he traversed the country, stirring the Baptists to take up the cause of Foreign Missions.

Luther Rice was a preacher of great power and earnestness. He rode horseback through the states from Maine to Georgia with the dash of a courier, saying, "Horseflesh is not as valuable as the souls of men." With his missionary zeal Rice united an eager interest in ministerial education. Several institutions of learning were established partly through his influence and efforts. It is certain that he visited the little village of Wake Forest at least one time, and so, no doubt, the founding of Wake Forest College is connected in some way at least with our first two flaming missionary enthusiasts: Judson who labored and died on the field of action, and Luther Rice who worked so earnestly in the development of a strong home base to keep Judson at the front. Therefore every friend of Wake Forest should be particularly interested in the missionary movement, and the Judson Centenary. As over, Foreign Missions and Christian education at homo went hand in hand.

**Class Reunions
at Wake Forest**

We want to call special attention to the article by Hon. Gilbert T. Stephenson, of Winston-Salem entitled "Decennial Reunion of Class of 1903" in our Open Door Department this month. We wish every alumnus of Wake Forest College could read that timely article. In our judgment it is a movement in the right direction. We hope that every class which has gone out from our college will follow the good example of the class of 1902. Let no class be guilty of hindering in any way the possibility of these decennial reunions becoming regular features of the Wake Forest Commencements.

These reunions will certainly add a delightful feature to the Wake Forest Commencements. There must be an indescribable joy in meeting your classmates from whom you have been separated for ten years. And then the benefits which will accrue to the college are incalculable. It is recognized by all that the alumni do not keep in as close touch with the college as they ought. The success of Wake Forest depends in large measure upon the loyalty of her alumni. The endowment is not collected from a few money kings, but from the people all over North Carolina, influenced largely by patriotic alumni of the College. These decennial class reunions will tend to keep the alumni more deeply interested in the success and activities of the college.

Men of the 1903 class, what do you say? We are depending upon you to make the reunion idea permanent at Wake Forest. Do not disappoint us.

**The Chattanooga
Convention**

The first Laymen's Missionary Convention of Southern Baptists was held February 4-6 in the charming and historic city of Chattanooga, Tenn. It was indeed a great, meaningful meeting. There were about two thousand men present. And they

came from every state in the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention. They were lawyers, doctors, college students, ministers, college presidents—leaders in many different professions—and were evidently of the highest quality of Christian manhood.

This was preëminently a laymen's convention—a business men's meeting, in which effective up-to-date methods were discussed. The keynote of the convention was struck by Secretary Henderson when he said, "We are to learn the duty of giving God the preëminence in all things." Those wise statesmen and successful business men discussed such subjects as "Titching," and "Stewardship," as enthusiastically as they would the tariff, or stocks and bonds. Indicating it by rising it appeared that the great majority in that large audience signified their intention of giving at least one-tenth of their income to the causes of the Kingdom of God. In fact the spirit of the whole convention seemed to be, as some one so aptly expressed it, "Not how much of my money shall I give to the Lord, but how much of the Lord's money shall I keep for myself." And it was not merely talking; you could tell those men meant it, and were practicing it. Perhaps their viewpoint can best be expressed in the words of Mr. William T. Ellis, who puts Missions in the list of giant industries: "The biggest work in the world should be done in the biggest manner in the world and by the biggest men in the world." Mr. J. Campbell White, General Secretary Laymen's Missionary Movement, of New York City, delivered a strong, impressive address on "Stewardship." He gave forcible utterance to such great truths as this: "All the money in the world is God's. He leaves it a little while with us, to see if we are men enough to make a decent use of it."

Possibly the climax of the whole convention was reached when President William Louis Poteat, of Wake Forest College, delivered an address entitled "Putting the Kingdom

First." To put the Kingdom first should be the absolute standard of every Christian, or else the name is misapplied. There can be no equivocation, no compromise, here. The great Founder said, "Ye *can not* serve God and mammon."

But the writer has never been thrilled quite so much by any speaker, anywhere, as he was by the last on the program. The time had come for the summing up of the whole convention. The subject was, "What Shall We do About It?" and the man was George W. Truett, of Texas. The man, the occasion, and the subject had met. He gave the object, the spirit, and the motive of the whole convention in one sentence of ten words: "David served his own generation by the will of God." He told how the Christian is debtor to the whole world—his service not optional, nor elective. He *must* serve, serve! The speaker's voice rang louder; his teeth gleamed whiter; the beams of his eyes shot farther. An then he told of how we must serve our own generation, today. When he exclaimed, "Difficulties do not discourage us; they fascinate us," he began to soar. His eyes no longer flashed—they streamed, beaconing forth the message of the man's blazing soul. He had become the prophet, with the burning zeal of the reformer. What is the motive for service? Not selfishness, nor merely altruism, but "the will of God."

The thrilling message had been delivered. Ministers, business men, educators, all look like they had just awakened from a spiritual trance. They had been carried on a mountain top, where a mighty vision was lifted into view; and the first Southern Baptist Laymen's Convention was no more.

"What Shall we do About It?" But let us come back to Dr. Truett's question: "What Shall We Do About It?" Christian soldiers have come to see that they are really in partnership with God, therefore they are beginning

to make their plans large. We are going to take this world for Christ! Our own homes, our native State, this whole planet shall be dominated by the great principles of Jesus, and He alone shall be King.

Wake Forest has had a part in the spreading of the Kingdom among all nations. A yet larger share awaits her in this heroic service. On February 21-23 the North Carolina Volunteer Union, which is composed of one hundred and fifty young men and women, met in Greensboro, N. C. Mr. Henry J. Langston, a member of the Senior Class at Wake Forest is the energetic president of this union. These volunteers represent some of the strongest students of all Protestant denominations, in our North Carolina institutions of learning. We must sound a hopeful note for "the evangelization of the world" when we think of this large band of consecrated young soldiers soon to be enlisted into active service on the Lord's field of battle. This splendid company of new recruits must be supported by those who stay at home. Some fight at the front; others at home supply the food and equipment. Where is your place, O, servant of God? You *must* have a place, or cowardly step out from under the flag!

THE OPEN DOOR

Decennial Reunion of Class of 1903

Last Commencement the class of 1902 had a decennial reunion. Every member, with one exception, was either present or was heard from. The May issue of *THE STUDENT* had a biographical sketch of the members of the Class. The Class had a banquet on Wednesday night of Commencement, which was a delight to the souls of the 1902 men. A member of the Class was elected president of the Alumni Association. On Thursday afternoon, of Commencement, the Class had a regular love feast in the Eu. Hall, when the fellows told one another how they had been getting along and what it meant out in the world to be Wake Forest men. They unanimously adopted a resolution to have a reunion at Wake Forest every ten years from then on until the last one was too feeble to get back to the College. The Class of 1912 showed its sympathy with the reunion idea by appointing a committee to arrange for its decennial in 1922.

This is written as a hint to the Class of 1903 to carry the good work on. If the 1903 men have a reunion this year, the custom will have been fixed, and hereafter the Class reunions will be regular features of Commencement. Apart from the sheer delight of the fellows meeting one another after ten years, they are brought back into touch with the college and with the Hill. Benefits are bound to accrue to the college as well as to the men.

It was the experience of those who worked up the reunion of the Class of 1902 that it took several weeks to do the work. It takes a long time to get into touch with thirty-five or forty men scattered every which way and in all sorts of businesses and get them to write an account of their doings

during ten years and get them enough interested to make sacrifices to go to Wake Forest in May. It is high time that the 1903 men were getting busy. It may be that they have already begun to plan for their reunion—one that will outstrip in every way the 1902 reunion. I hope very much that it is so. But if nobody has made the start yet, I would say to the 1903 men, "It depends upon you to decide whether or not the decennial reunions are to become regular features of the Wake Forest Commencements. If you knew the great joy of meeting your classmates on the Campus, about the Hill, in the Society Halls, after an absence of ten years, you would make any sacrifice within reason to have such a reunion."

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

Winston-Salem, N. C., February 10, 1913.

The Hour Period

In view of the recent article in the "Editor's Portfolio" of *THE STUDENT* mildly complaining of the recitation period of a full hour, it may be well to state why the Faculty thought best to adopt it. Perhaps I should say return to it, inasmuch as the full hour was the original length of the recitation period in the college, and the change was made, so I have heard, for the convenience of the Faculty.

On the other hand, the recent change to the longer period was made solely in the interest of the students. As far as the personal comfort of members of the Faculty goes, this could be better secured by a shorter period, say of forty minutes. Under such a schedule all classes could be heard before the noon hour and the afternoon devoted to matters of pleasure or profit. But it is the good of the students that all of the work of the college should contemplate, and as I have said, it was this primarily which was in the minds

of the members of the Faculty when they voted for the longer period.

The consideration that most directly concerns our students is that length of recitation periods is now recognized as one of the factors that determine the grade of an institution of learning. Since the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation the work of the colleges has had to undergo a much more rigid examination than formerly, and in determining upon the grade of a college and the recognition to be given a student bearing its degrees every possible aspect of the curriculum including length of recitation period is subjected to the strictest scrutiny.

I suppose that all will recognize the desirability of our students' getting as much training in a course here as they would get at any first class college, and further that work done at Wake Forest when put to the test should be rated as highly as possible. For instance, it directly concerns a medical student with a Wake Forest diploma that it should gain him admission without condition to the medical college of his choice. If it is to do so, our curriculum must not be found wanting when weighed in the balance. And we are constantly reminded that the better class of medical colleges have very nicely adjusted balances. Nor is the medical student the only one who will almost immediately after leaving college have the work he has done subjected to a test of this kind. The prospective teacher and graduate student may expect to be asked for a copy of his college catalogue. Even though a student may belong to none of the above classes he may be certain that sooner or later his college work will have a proper value set upon it by the world at large, and most important of all he will find that he can put no fictitious value upon his college course as an asset in his endowment for his life work. Hence, every student should welcome

anything that will tend to make his college course as good as the best.

The hour period, so far as I have been able to learn, is the rule at every college and university of first grade in this country and at nearly every one of second grade. For post-graduate courses the periods are often two hours in length. For any institution to introduce a shorter period would at once jeopardize its standing, and cast suspicion upon the character of its work. And this would be just.

More work can be done in an hour than in fifty minutes, twenty per cent more. No one will dispute this in the case of laboratory work. Every student can verify it from his own experience. In ten minutes more he will do ten minutes' more work. It may not be quite so patent that more and better teaching can be done in sixty minutes than in fifty. But this is certainly true where the teaching is done by recitation as it is done in the languages and mathematics. In such subjects the necessary drill requires time, and the sixty minute period so generally adopted is none too long, as any teacher of these subjects can testify. A teacher in Wake Forest College cannot hope to do as much work of the same character in fifty minutes as another teacher equally as well fitted for his place and with students of equal grade will do in sixty minutes. At the end of the same number of weeks the course with the longer period would be found to be when everything is considered at least twenty per cent more valuable than the course with the shorter period. And as far as subjects requiring class drill go the same comparison will hold through all the college course.

It may be that in some of the courses where the teaching is largely by lecture the need of the full hour period is not so much felt. If so, the teacher has the option of dismissing his classes when he thinks best. There is no necessity for

him to talk against time. But even the lecturer will be able to do more and better work in the longer, less hurried period.

Some have seemed to think that with a shorter period we at Wake Forest may spend as much time in actual teaching as at the great universities with a longer period. But this is a mistake. Of course in some of these larger institutions where the lecture rooms are widely separated some of the classes may require a little longer to assemble, but as a rule only about five minutes is given for the shifts.

It should be observed further that the present schedule is in some ways more convenient for the students than the one displaced. Of course there are some inconveniences which are inevitable in all transitions. But these will soon be through with. Then, as is now provided, all laboratory work with the possible exception of that in some of the medical courses will be complete at 3.30 in the afternoon, and students and professors in those courses will be done with the routine of the day. It will be remembered that under the old schedule the work in the laboratories continued until 4:30, and often had to be done by candle light. At present there is no necessary conflict between laboratory work and ball games or ball practice or tennis or the afternoon stroll. And what is of much more importance than the student usually recognizes, the meal hours are arranged at more equal intervals. This is a thing which makes for better health.

G. W. PASCHAL.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor. W. R. POWELL, Alumni Editor

Anniversary has come and gone, the most successful since the memory of the oldest alumnus runneth not to the contrary. Six inches of snow only added to the hilarity of the occasion. The good people of the town and community suspended business, defied the measles (which is our favorite malady this season,) and joined in the festivities of this, our chiefest gala-day. Young ladies to the number of five hundred or less, from Meredith, Oxford and other "foreign ports," graced the occasion with their presence, so that each fellow had one or more girls. Each fellow received a new *coup d'amour* and necessarily some were relegated to the mad-house the next day; they have since become clothed and in their right minds.

The debate in Memorial Hall during the afternoon (Friday 14th) was a superb discussion of a live question: "Resolved, that all the Public Officers in North Carolina should be nominated by direct primaries, as in Wisconsin, rather than by the convention system." Mr. P. A. McLendon was President, and Mr. G. M. Harris, Secretary. Messrs. O. F. Herring and E. P. Stillwell advocated the affirmative, and Messrs. F. C. Shugart and E. P. Yates defended the negative.

The decision of the judges—Dr. W. L. Poteat, our President, Hon. T. W. Bickett, Attorney-General of the State, and Rev. Hight C. Moore, Editor of the *Bibical Recorder*—was without consultation rendered unanimously in favor of the negative, and so, one more question is settled.

The orations in the evening were well prepared, well delivered, and well received. For the Phi. Society, Mr. C. R.

Sorrell spoke eloquently on "America's Master Passion," defining it as equality of opportunity. For the Eu. Society, Mr. V. A. McGuire spoke informingly and effectively on "The Industrial Possibilities of China."

Following the exercises in Memorial Hall came the informal reception in the Society Halls and Library, and this was a fitting climax to a series of superior programs rendered without a hitch.

Our basketball team is proving itself equal to the "bill-of-fare" which Manager Henry prepared for it, as given in the February number of *THE STUDENT*, if winning a large majority of the games played counts. Out of eight scheduled games played we have lost two, both on strange floors.

The first big game of the season on the home floor was played with the fast team from A. & M. College on Thursday, 13th. The feature of the game was the superior guarding done by Ham Davis. Ham deserves a name among Wake Forest basket-ball guards, and we are all ready to give it to him. A second possible feature, and a painful one, was the jeering and hooting of the referee by a few over-zealous but well-meaning local rooters. We do not like the principle, so let's taboo it before we get the habit.

Our second big game was with the quintet from Chapel Hill, and they were worthy foes. The game was fast, fierce and friendly, and was settled only after five minutes of extra play, required to break the tie. Again Ham very gracefully and successfully diverted his fast opponent, Tillet, while William Holding astounded the natives at goal-shooting.

SILVER WEDDING AT WAKE FOREST.

Wake Forest, Feb. 8.—Wednesday evening, February 5, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Dickson (nee Miss Mary Katherine Walters) is the third

daughter of the late Dr. William T. Walters. Mr. Dickson is one of Wake Forest's leading merchants and is the son of the late Maj. W. W. Dickson.

The guests were received at the door by Madames J. M. Brewer, Jr., and W. R. Powell; little Misses Ruth Janet Sikes and Minta Holding receiving the cards. They were presented to the receiving line by Mesdames B. F. Sledd and R. E. Royall, which was in the following order: Mr. and Mrs. William McDowell Dickson, Miss Lullie Dickson; Dr. R. T. Vann, the officiating minister; Mrs. Wiley M. Rogers; Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Dickson; Dr. W. S. Rankin; Mrs. W. O. Riddick; Miss Hally Hester, and Miss Lou Norwood.

Delicious refreshments were served and the dining room was in charge of Madames T. E. Holding and Charles Jackson, assisted by Misses Margaret Rogers, Margaret Gulley and Virginia Wilkinson. From the dining room the guests were ushered into the coffee room by Mrs. Hubert Poteat. Madames Charles Newcomb and R. L. Brewer presided at the table and were assisted by Mrs. W. B. Dunn, Jr., and Misses Louise Himes and Imogen Magee.

The many beautiful and costly gifts attest the popularity of the couple.

The out-of-town guests were Misses Wiley M. Rogers, Charles Newcomb, I. G. Riddick, Z. V. Peed, of Raleigh; W. O. Riddick, of Asheville; Misses Margaret Rogers, Louise Peed, Margaret Gulley, of Raleigh; Hally Hester, of Tryon, and Lou Norwood, of Goldsboro; Dr. W. S. Rankin, Dr. R. T. Vann, and Mr. Wiley Rogers, of Raleigh; Attorney-General Bickett, of Louisburg.

At Chapel services on February 22d, Prof. J. H. Highsmith made a brief and fitting talk on George Washington, "Our nation's gift to the world."

Prof. T. W. Shannon, of Marietta, Ohio, was the guest of the Y. M. C. A. from February 23d to the 25th, delivering a series of lectures. Prof. Shannon is one of the directors of the World's Federation for Purity, and is one of the foremost authorities in America on Sex Hygiene and on social problems.

While in Wake Forest Prof. Shannon delivered the following lectures: Before the Baraca Class, Sunday morning, February 23d, "Teaching the Truth"; at 4 o'clock p. m., before a male audience, "The Making of a Man"; at the

regular preaching service Sunday evening, "Eugenics"; at Chapel Monday, February 24th, "Psychology of Sex"; at 6:45 the following evening, "The Problems of Young Manhood," which lecture was concluded Tuesday morning at the chapel service.

Professor Shannon also organized a chapter of the White Cross Sign Standard, now composed of approximately one hundred and fifty of the students. Professor Shannon is highly popular with our student-body and has left an influence for good.

On the third of February the Wake Forest men of the city and county of Durham organized themselves into the Durham County Alumni Association with Principal Chas. H. Jenkins, of the City High School as President. They banqueted together at the Hotel Lochmoor. Dr. Sledd represented the College. Dr. W. L. Foushee responded to the toast "Wake Forest and the Bar of North Carolina"; Mr. W. S. Holloway, "Wake Forest Fifty Years Ago"; Mr. D. W. Sorrell, "The Silent Partner"; Dr. E. H. Bowling, "The College Man in Medicine"; Rev. M. O. Davis, "Wake Forest and the Pulpit."

Wake Forest Law Class again scored one hundred on the Supreme Court examination in February. Every applicant received license. The successful gentlemen are the following: R. R. Blanton, G. D. Bailey, D. F. Mayberry, B. F. Ramscur, D. M. Johnson, R. L. Herring, L. D. Knott, Chas. Hughes, W. S. Royall, and G. C. Davis.

The list of students prepared for the new catalogue shows twenty-six graduate students and a total enrollment of 457.

On the occasion of the preliminary debate February 7th, Professors Gully, Timberlake and Paschal, Committee, selected the following gentlemen for the Baylor debate: J. C. Brown and R. S. Pruett, with McKinley Pritchard as alter-

nate; for the Davidson debate: S. Long and W. R. Chambers, with E. P. Yates as alternate. Both these debates fall on Easter Monday, the first in Raleigh the second in Winston.

The ladies of the Hill with the coöperation of the college community have secured two performances of the Coburn players, to be given on the campus in the month of May.

The spring series of College lectures will be given in March by Mr. Hamilton Holt, the distinguished editor of the *New York Independent*.

At the recent Southern Baptist Laymen's Convention W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College, made an address on "Putting the Kingdom First." This address was a model in scope and depth and light and humor. W. L. Poteat always husbands his personality. He has great powers of reserve. Deliberate, delightfully conscious that he has himself and his audience well in hand, he sallies, and thrusts, and mimics and annihilates. He arraigns with passion, luridly portrays, finely contrasts, sympathetically woos and wins.—*Biblical Recorder*.

The State Volunteer Union met in Greensboro February 21-23. Our large and flourishing Band was represented there by Messrs. C. R. Sorrell, L. R. O'Brian, D. J. Carter, J. G. Booe, R. B. Duckett, and H. J. Langston. Mr. Langston was reëlected President of the Union. Our representatives report a very successful meeting.

"The first North Carolina Conference for Social Service was held in Raleigh, February 11, 12. The object of the Conference was 'to study and improve the social, civic, and economic conditions in our State, especially conditions that injuriously affect child life or tend to perpetuate preventable ignorance, disease, degeneracy, or poverty among our people.' * * * Dr. W. L. Poteat spoke with his usual aptness and ability on 'The Correlation of Social Forces,' taking up successively the home, the school, the press, and the institutions of both religion and government. It was a most adequate and appropriate address, introducing and covering the spirit and purposes of the Conference."—*Biblical Recorder*.

A chronic weakness has been evident in two departments of our magazine, evident to our readers and to the editors.

That weakness is not due to a lack of push on the part of the editors of those departments, but the nature of those departments makes them unworkable in large measure by student editors. For example the average student, editor or not, knows a very limited number of the alumni and is naturally incapable of working that department to its greatest capacity. Again the department of "Town and College Notes" is capable of being worked to greater advantage. Our College and our town are a unity in every-day social life; they are essential to each other. But it is evident that the College student will not be able to keep up with both his daily work and the town's activities at the same time. On the other hand the alumni were once socially intimate with the people of the Hill, were aided and befriended by them and would now be interested, quite naturally, in seeing something in the magazine's columns about them—a word from home.

At the earnest solicitation of the staff, therefore, the two Societies added to it two new alumni editors, Dr. E. W. Sikes, Alumni Editor of the Alumni Department, and Mr. W. R. Powell, Alumni Editor of the Department of Town and College Notes.

We are now weaning these new editors from their natural timidity and breaking them in, after which, in their respective departments we hope to afford our readers, and especially the alumni, a more excellent sop.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

It was with deep regret that the many friends and acquaintances of Mr. Robert G. Camp heard of his death.

Mr. Camp was born in Hertford County, N. C., August 12, 1885, and died January 22, 1913.

Mr. Camp attended school at Franklin Academy in his early childhood. He entered Wake Forest and graduated in 1904, receiving a B. A. degree. Later on he attended the University of Virginia where he received the M.A. degree in 1906.

Mr. Camp, at the time of his death, was actively connected with several large business interests, the most important of which was the Camp Manufacturing Co., of Franklin, Va., and the Marion County Lumber Co.

Mr. Camp was prominent in both the business and the social world. He was widely known as a result of extensive travel relative to the large business concerns with which he was connected. While he was a student in college he won for himself the admiration and respect of all by his studious habits and manly carriage.

He was a member of the Franklin Baptist church. He was buried January 23, in the family plot in Poplar Springs cemetery, near Franklin, Va.

Wake Forest enjoys the distinction of having a large number of men in the present General Assembly. There are ten men in the Senate, and twenty-one in the House.

Those in the Senate are: Bridgers, Carson, Coffey, Daniel, Davis, Hall, Hannah, Hobgood, Jones, and Little of Wake. In the House the following can be found: Allred, Bennett, Bunn, Carlton, Clark, Cornwell, Deaver, Devin, Dunning,

Gold, Hutchins, Justice, Reavis, Roberts, Sikes, Thomas of Anson, Tillet, Weatherspoon, White, Williams of Cabarrus, and Wooten.

The following men are serving as clerks: Journal Clerks of the House Chas. W. Davis, and R. L. Huffman. Reading Clerk of the House, McLean.

'02. Mr. R. H. Burns is Vice President of the Southern Life and Trust Company of Greensboro, N. C.

'11. Mr. G. W. Johnson is putting into practice the training which he received while in college. He did much writing while in college, and was recognized as one of our strongest students in the department of English.

The *Lexington Dispatch* paid him the following compliment on retiring from its staff:

"The *Dispatch* regrets to announce the loss from its staff of Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, who left Saturday to accept a position with the *Greensboro News*. Mr. Johnson had been a member of the *Dispatch* family for fifteen months and his work was always of the highest order. He greatly endeared himself to a wide circle of friends here in Lexington and all of them regret his departure.

"Mr. Johnson is a bright young newspaper man and the *Greensboro News* is to be congratulated in securing him. There is no more promising young journalist in the State, and he will make good with the *News*."

'12. J. C. Riddick is traveling for a wholesale grocery house of Scotland Neck. Jack is an energetic fellow. While at Wake Forest he was very popular, and represented the college both on the baseball and football teams.

'12. A. C. Bernard has gone into the practice of law with Mr. R. P. Cooley, of Nashville, N. C. Mr. Bernard will, no doubt, make good in his profession.

"Infant" Smith has accepted a position with the Independence Trust Company of Charlotte.

'06. V. O. Weathers is in Ohio surveying for the B. & O. Railroad. He has been with this company for four years which speaks well for his training and integrity.

'12. J. S. Cline is practicing law at Neulon, N. C.

'08. V. F. Hamrick lives at Pueblo, Colorado, where he is engaged in the cattle trade.

H. A. Wallin is teaching at Spring Creek, N. C.

George Blanton holds the position of cashier of the First National Bank of Shelby, N. C.

'06. C. T. Tew lives at Caroleen, N. C. He preaches at Caroleen and Henrietta Baptist churches.

J. Y. Irvin is superintendent of the public schools of Cleveland County.

Rev. W. E. Goode holds a pastorate at Marshall, N. C.

W. D. Burns has charge of the Piedmont High School.

'10. O. V. Hamrick is teaching at Pembroke, N. C.

'11. J. P. Copple holds a position in a bank at Monroe, N. C.

'12. W. J. Crain is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Lynchburg, Va.

'11. F. M. Huggins preaches at Vain Mountain, N. C.

O. B. Moss expects to locate at Spring Hope, N. C., for the practice of law.

J. M. Moss is at present in Richmond pursuing a course in stenography in order to increase his efficiency as a lawyer.

'09. C. J. Jackson entered the secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Tennessee in September, 1909.

After one year's experience in this position he entered upon the duties as Field Secretary for the State Committee which position he held until August, 1912. From August,

1912, to February 15, 1913, he has been Executive Secretary of the Nashville Y. M. C. A.

He became State Secretary February 15, 1913. In entering upon these larger duties the *Association News*, of Nashville, Tenn., had the following to say:

"In addition to the personal qualities Mr. Jackson possesses which make him a valuable man as State Secretary, and enable him to render efficient service, Mr. Jackson has the advantage of being personally acquainted with every employed officer of the Young Men's Christian Association in Tennessee, and is familiar with the problems before the associations of the State."

Mr. R. R. Blanton, A.B. '11, who has been studying law at his Alma Mater this year, has recently been appointed judge of the recorder's court of Rutherford County, which place was created by the last Legislature. Mr. Blanton received his law license in February. He has now formed a partnership with Mr. H. Craig Richardson, of Forest City. Roy was an able "grind" in his college duties and we have no hesitation in saying that he will be able on all occasions to "deliver the goods."

Santford Martin, who has been on the *Winston-Salem Journal*, has been made editor-in-chief. Those who were here with him have full confidence in his ability to make good. He is a fine, all-round man, who can handle a pen or make a speech. The *Journal* is a first class daily of eight pages, with a Sunday edition of sixteen to thirty-two pages. The management makes the following announcement:

"Effective today, Mr. Santford Martin, for the past two years city editor of the *Journal*, becomes editor of this paper, succeeding Mr. Herbert B. Gunter, who becomes editor and manager of the *Insurance Forum*, a monthly publication recently launched at Greensboro. Mr. Martin in turn is succeeded by Mr. Clarence Scroggs, who for several years has been on the local staff of the *Journal*.

"The *Journal* regrets exceedingly to announce the resignation of Mr. Gunter, who has worked hard and faithfully on the upbuilding

of the *Journal* for more than four years—harder and more faithfully than any but his co-workers could possibly realize. Mr. Martin, however, is a worthy successor to the editorial desk, being well equipped to handle the difficult duties of this position. Mr. Scroggs, who becomes city editor, has done most excellent work for the *Sentinel*, and under his direction the present high local standard of the *Journal* will be maintained.

The retiring editor speaks in the following terms of Mr. Martin:

"The *Journal* is being left in mighty good hands. Mr. Martin, who becomes editor, is one of the brightest young men in the State. His work as city editor of the *Journal* has been of the first order, demonstrating unquestionably that he is a born newspaper man. We are sure hundreds of people in Winston-Salem will agree with us when we say that he had absolutely no superior in the State as a city editor. As an editor, he will be a brilliant success, and under his direction the *Journal* will go forward with even greater strides than in the past."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM H. JENKINS, JR., Editor

College magazines abound in stories, verse and essays. Often we find a creditable story, sometimes a real poem, but rarely indeed do we meet with a really good essay. The fault lies partly with the editors. Anything with a formidable title, which contains some information and a few statistics, is considered an essay and allowed to pass. But it is the writers themselves who are primarily to blame. The student decides that he ought to write something for his magazine, gets up a few cut and dried facts and some statistics and begins. It never occurs to him that he should introduce any originality. It is so much easier to look at his subject from the viewpoint of someone else. Let's get it out of our heads that an essay is easy to write. The essay that people will read is one that is full of originality and individuality, one that has been worked out carefully and thoughtfully. Discard the idea that the one thing necessary is the desired reference books from which to copy. Of course we must have the reference books sometimes, because we generally need some information and facts, but these facts must be illuminated and woven together by that indefinable something known as "style." *The Southern Collegian* is worthy of becoming an example in this respect. Its essays are always breezy, interesting and readable.

The Chimes is perhaps the most attractive-looking magazine we have yet received. The mechanical makeup is excellent and the tasty arrangement of material catches our eye at once. Nearly all of the poetry is selected, which detracts somewhat from the interest because the attractiveness of college magazines lies in originality. "Hanchen's Christ-

mas Joy" and "Billy's Dream" are delightful little Christmas stories, and the free and expressive style make both well worth reading. "A Comparison, Wordsworth and Roosevelt" is a really creditable essay. The rather unexpected title catches our eye and forces us to read, and after we have done so we are not sorry. "The Pleasing Adventure of Sir Thomas Beaucheval" is the best contribution. The plot is good and the writer handles the difficult style very well. "Christmas in the Cabin" is a fairly good sketch, and contains some points of merit, but the dialect is defective. "Barnesby Gardens" is not quite up to the standard set by the rest of the magazine. The atmosphere of "Christmas at the Street Carnival" is good. The unusually large number of departments are interesting and well edited, while the editorials are snappy and to the point.

The Carolinian opens with a biography, "George Armstrong Wauchope," which is one of the best of its kind that has appeared in any of our exchanges. It is something more than a mere biography—it is an appreciation, and as such, interesting. The plot of "The Sacrifice on Granite Shelf" is excellent, although a better title could have been found. The story is padded a trifle too much and some of the sentences are clumsy. It contains one rather unusual simile—"A full yellow moon with a wisp of white cloud around it, floating like a poached egg in the sky—." "What is News?" is an exceedingly clever sketch and shows a ready knowledge of newspapers and newspaper methods. It is without doubt the best article in the issue. "Upon the Occasion of Returning to a Lady Her Gloves" has very little to commend it. "The New Regime" is much like many editorials that have appeared in the dailies since November 5th, and lacks originality. "Rosetti's 'Jenny'" is a really creditable piece of work. The writer thoroughly understands the poem and

treats it in a decidedly original and interesting way. The verse in this issue is mediocre for the most part, with the exception of the translation, "Two Sonnets of Heine," and the meter of this could be improved. The editorials are all good, especially the first, "Ladies We Love." It is doubly interesting because the same thing applies to every college and most college students. The addition of an Alumni Department would add much to *The Carolinian*. One word to the exchange editor: in commenting on "The Spirit of Christmas," which appeared in the December issue of THE STUDENT, he overlooked the fact that it was selected, and written by Shakespeare himself! It may be found in "Hamlet," Act I, Scene ii.

The January number of *The Acorn* shows decided improvement if we overlook the first two contributions. "New Year Greetings" is an idle jingle, and the story "Why?" is full of the "sticky" sentiment that is almost invariably found in such love stories. Some of the articles are really surprising. "The Mysteries of Udolpho" by Mrs. Radcliffe as Ridiculed by Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" is interestingly and entertainingly written. "Snow Flowers" is the best piece of verse that we have seen in *The Acorn*. The meter is good and it is rich in poetic feeling. "When the Rules were Suspended" is a creditable story of a high school love affair. It is rare that a really good love story appears in a college magazine and the writer seems to recognize this, this one being devoid of the cheap sentiment usually found in such stories. "Current Magazine Poetry" shows a keen appreciation and a ready knowledge of our modern poetry. The writer develops her subject in no haphazard way, and the result is a clean cut, readable essay. The plot of "Long Warren's Hair-cut" is a fine bit of fun and the atmosphere is good. "An Old Friend Passes" is a

spontaneous little poem, much better than "New Year's Greetings," by the same author. The two sketches, "The Lowerys" and "Gloom" are fairly well done, although the latter is the better. "The Free Press" is, as usual, interesting.

The midwinter number of the *Davidson College Magazine* is one of the best exchanges of the month. The essay "The Trend of Education" is an exceptionally strong article, bringing out the evils of the present elective system of our colleges. The writer discusses the great need of "more rigid mental gymnastics," and shows how the student of today is following the line of least resistance. This is a vital question, and the essay is timely and to the point. "Experiences in a Country Town" is full of the sleepy, indifferent atmosphere of the country town where the natives "kept the noiseless tenor of their way." "Her Violin" is by far the best piece of verse in the issue. There is a monotonous sameness between the verses of "Evening on the Campus," while "To Our Bells" is a parody of a kind that college magazines should either throw out or put in the Joke Department. The plot of "The Chimney Sweep" is good and the story is well written, but the first break is superfluous. Asterisks are indispensable at times, but should be used only where it is impossible to avoid them. "The Balkan Complication" is a rather incomplete review of the Balkan situation, but is very good as far as it goes. In "Woman Suffrage" the writer discusses the question as it affects the southern states, and treats old points in a new and original manner. "The Anglo-American Ambassadors—Reid and Bryce" is an excellent appreciation of the two men.

Who's Who and Why?

YOU WILL FIND THEM ON
THE FOLLOWING PAGES.
PATRONIZE THEM AND
NO OTHERS, BECAUSE
THEY PATRONIZE US.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXII

April, 1913

No. 7

TO A VIOLET

W. J. C.

Within a book, long from the eye recluse,
Moulden with age and dusty with unuse,
I found a flower.

Faded were the petals, browned and pressed,
As ne'er the dew had kissed or winds caressed
Its drooping head.

Spent was its fragrance, withered its stem and dry
As if it ne'er had turned to the deep blue sky
Its azure face.

I took its stiffened stem and pondered long:
"Who with a tender kiss or careless song
Has placed it there?"

But not for me was perhaps the gentle prayer
I placed it back, content to leave it there
In solitude.

THE MEANING OF YORKTOWN

An address delivered by Dr. E. W. Sikes before the Yorktown Association on the One Hundred and Thirty-second Anniversary of the Capture of Yorktown, Oct. 18, 1913.

We have met here today to commemorate the consummation of our Revolutionary struggle, and it is well for us, the children of a new century, to ask the meaning of this struggle, to interpret in the light of this fuller day the events of the struggle.

Time often makes ancient truth uncouth and reveals to us men and measures in their truer significance. How often it is that the participants in a struggle know not its full significance. The eyewitnesses may be the best of witnesses, but the poorest of judges. Time only can give to Lincoln and Lee their proper place in American history. Cromwell's poor dead body was hanged in chains by the returned Stuart's, but time has changed the judgment of Englishmen and today he is regarded as England's greatest ruler. Philip II, adored in his age, is now deemed to have been the cause of the ruin of his Spanish land. So here on this battlefield—131 years after the boom of the cannon is hushed, we meet and ask each other the question, "What did it all mean?" "Why did these men struggle and die?"

In the first place, it was not a national war, but a civil war. There was no American nation when this struggle began; there was none when it ended. It was later that we became a nation. In 1775 all were Englishmen, all loyal to the same crown—all had fought under the same flag. All were born under the same roof-tree, all read the same books and revered the same great men. Washington was an English gentleman. In the House of Lords or of the Commons, he would have been at perfect ease. The whole coterie of our Revolutionary statesmen would

have felt at home in an English drawing room. In America the states, counties, towns and homesteads were named in honor of English folks. No, the struggle was not between strangers of different races or nationalities. It was a struggle between brothers.

Neither was the Atlantic ocean the dividing line. In this great struggle each party had its partisans on each side of the ocean. There were Americans who prayed and fought for the triumph of the British. In England there were men who prayed and fought for the triumph of the colonies. In some colonies there were more loyalists than revolutionists—more Tories than Whigs. Twenty-five thousand Americans were enlisted in the British armies; at times more Americans were fighting against Washington than for him. On the other hand many a British soldier prayed for the success of Washington while he was fighting him. This Civil War is older than Lexington and Concord. It was already being waged in England before it broke out in America. In England the battlefield was the British Parliament; in America it was Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

The Revolutionary War was not a clash of arms, but a clash of measures. Behind the arms of the soldiers stood ideas and ideals. The English people were hopelessly divided. For the thirteen years preceding the Revolution, Englishmen were fighting battles in the halls of Parliament. The ruling King, George III, had deprived the English people of the liberties that they had enjoyed for more than a hundred years. He was restoring and had restored an outgrown, outworn, effete system of government. Pitt, Burke, Fox, and others were fighting in the British Parliament to regain their lost liberties, and out of this struggle came the Revolution. The war in Parliament was transferred to the colonies. The policy that led the colonies to revolt was the King's policy; but many of those sent to fight the colonies

belonged to the other party and were opposed to the King's policy in these colonies.

Sir William Howe was put in command at Boston. It is well known that he and his brother, the admiral, were in sympathy with Boston. Sir William did not want the command; an older brother had fallen at Ticonderoga in the French and Indian war; that brother's name was revered at Boston. Howe came to Boston to command, but he had no heart in the struggle. He permitted Washington to lay siege to Boston for a whole winter. Howe had veterans and artillery; Washington only a handful of untrained men without equipment. Though Howe had had military experience and had won a deserved military reputation, he sat supinely in Boston all the winter and waited for Washington to seize Dorchester Heights, to seize the hill that controlled the city. Would not the merest novice in warfare have known enough to keep such a place out of the hands of the enemy? Then he sailed to Halifax, out of the zone of hostilities, leaving armaments and stores which Washington gratefully accepted. After a good long rest in Halifax he sailed for New York, which he entered practically without resistance, showing that his trip to Halifax was useless. While Howe was at Halifax Congress thought the time opportune and issued the Declaration of Independence.

In New York he was joined by his brother, Admiral Howe, who with William was strongly opposed to the war. Here he sat down and waited for fresh troops till he had 35,000 to 40,000 well armed, well fed, and well disciplined troops with which to oppose Washington's 5,000 to 15,000 ragged and ill fed men. Howe never conducted a vigorous campaign. He was for peace all the time. Finally the Howes resigned, returned to England; their conduct was investigated, and the facts as related were brought out, but they were too influential politically to be punished. In the begin-

ning the American war was in the hands of men who had no sympathy with it. Tradition says that even Cornwallis, who laid down his arms here at Yorktown, had no sympathy with the King's colonial policy, and when offered a command in America, asked: Is this a request or a command? When told that it was a command, "Then I obey," he said.

Now, what was at stake in England that so divided the English people, and how did this division relate to the Revolutionary war?

In 1648 Oliver Cromwell brought Charles Stuart, King of England, to trial before the House of Commons for high crimes and misdemeanors. Then followed the twelve years of the Commonwealth. Cromwell gave England a breath of freedom which she loved.

The restored Stuarts never regained their lost absolutism. When James II attempted it in 1688, the whole nation rose and sent him into friendless and helpless exile. The succeeding rulers, William and Mary, Anne, George I, and George II, ruled as they were told to rule by the strong men of England. The Bill of Rights was the basis of their constitution. In other words, England now enjoyed constitutional liberty. In 1760 George III became King. He inaugurated a change of policy. Whereas England had been ruled by her great men like Walpole and Pitt, George III now determined that he would revolutionize the whole system; that he would be no King hampered by a constitution, but that he would be absolute. George I and George II had been content to let Walpole and Pitt rule, but not so with George III. He is said to have been the most stupid King that ever sat upon the English throne. Of imagination he possessed none. Shakespeare he regarded as a driveler, dull and dry. But one lesson he had learned well and that was taught him by his mother. His mother urged him as a boy "to be a king." Lord Bute, his instructor, borrowed the prof

of Blackstone's Commentaries and read to him Blackstone's definition of the powers of the king. Blackstone's theory was all right, but in practice the King had no such absolute power. George III was narrow-minded and bigoted. He who disagreed with him in policy was pursued afterwards with relentless hatred. His opponents he regarded as natural enemies. Consequently he surrounded himself with time servers who gratified his every whim and who warned him of none of his danger.

Through corruption George now began to take full control of the government. He acted as if he were supreme in the courts, in Parliament, in the army and everywhere. His sycophantic friends urged him on. The changing conditions in England gave him the opportunity to build up a party which advocated the royal prerogatives—royal absolutism. This party was able to break down every opponent who rose against it.

Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, was the greatest man in England or in all the world. Out of the long struggle with France England had emerged triumphant. In 1759 Pitt had driven the French from America. Almost in one year he had given England two continents, yet this great man George III cordially hated and often expressed in public the wish that he were dead. He soon drove Pitt from power, lost Cuba and the Philippines, and Prussia—England's warmest ally on the continent—was converted into a bitter foe.

Edmund Burke—the other great orator and statesman—belonged to the opposition also. He saw the tendency of the times and saw that parliamentary corruption was the tool George III used to maintain his authority. Burke began to agitate reforms. Great, wealthy, and populous sections of England were unrepresented. Rotten boroughs were owned by the King's friends.

Charles James Fox completed the great trio. Though the petted and spoiled son of a noble sire, he never tired of lifting his voice in behalf of liberty wherever she was struggling.

These three, with Adam Smith, the greatest economist of the time, opposed George III. For thirteen years the struggle had been going on. George III seemed entrenched in his position when the trouble with the American colonies arose. These problems were not serious. There was no disloyalty in America. Together, the colonists and the British had fought for the expulsion of the French; the glory of Quebec was the glory of all; but now begins the troubles that George III fanned into a flame.

Pitt, Burke and Fox regarded the colonists as Englishmen and opposed George's policy of taxing them. These men were the Insurgents of the Old Whig Party and George III recognized in them his most formidable opponents. George III knew that if he ever admitted that there could be no taxation without representation, parliamentary reform would sweep away his rotten boroughs; that great and wealthy cities like Leeds and Manchester would gain representation in Parliament; that it would be the end of his personal rule. He knew that if he recognized the right of the colonies to representation he must recognize the same thing at home. There were two places where the quarrel could be fought out, either at home or in the colonies. George III preferred to fight it out in the colonies. Townshend brought forward his trade laws and regulations, stamp acts were passed, Boston port was closed, general search warrants were issued, charters of the colonists were threatened, and a whole mass of irritating laws were passed. Pitt—both father and son—protested against them. Pitt declared "if I were an American as I am an Englishman I would fight so long as a foreign soldier was on my territory." Burke in strains of undying eloquence, pleaded for conciliation with America.

Impulsive, warm-hearted Charles James Fox said openly that he hoped that the colonies would win. Adam Smith pronounced the whole policy bad. Lord North, George's Prime Minister, objected to the whole scheme, but George was stubborn and insistent. He was now doing battle against the men whom he wished to destroy. He pictured them as defending rebels who had nothing in common with Englishmen. Against the revolting foreigners he hoped to stir up the local pride of Englishmen.

The fears of the insurgent statesmen were not chimerical. They had seen free parliaments start in Spain only to be stifled by the despotism and absolutism of a king. France had not had a free national parliament in more than 150 years. Free institutions had been lost in every European nation save Holland.

A resolution was introduced into Parliament declaring "the King's power has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." The resolution was lost, but it drew the lines in England. Back of George III stood the country squire with his landed estates. Nobility and the kingship and the churchmen stood together. Many of the merchants and manufacturers were with him, their interests were involved; but those who looked for human rights stood against him. These men were patriotic, they loved their country. Pitt's patriotism was a consuming flame, but he did not believe that England would ever fulfill her mission in the world through the narrowness and debauchery and political corruption of George III.

In America the colonists were divided also. As has been said, the King had his friends in America. Here also was both a conservative and a liberal party, but there was this difference: in England the liberals were fighting to regain what they had lost, to regain liberty; in America they fought to retain what they had, to retain liberty. The colonists had

grown up since the time of Cromwell; they had been nurtured under a constitutional monarchy; they had grown up under the new dispensation, and they had no liking for the ancient regime. George III did not grasp this fact or he might not have preferred to pitch the fight in America. And, yet his following in America was strong, intelligent and influential. His friends in America consisted of (1) his governors and their political friends; (2) non-smuggling merchants who were injured by the lax enforcement of the laws against trade; (3) clergy who were attached to the English Church; (4) large landholders in the middle states; and (5) the great class that had nothing to gain by a change. Tom Paine said that all Tories could be divided into four classes: First, *interested men* who are not to be trusted; second, *weak men* who can not see; third, *prejudiced men* who will not see, and fourth, certain *moderate men* who think better of the European world than it deserves. In New York the Tories were most influential. New Yorkers were prejudiced against New England. North Carolina voted that the cause of Boston was the cause of all, and promptly sent aid to the city.

In Pennsylvania the Quaker sentiment did much to repress the insurgent movement. In Virginia the higher classes went with the insurgent sentiment though the great exponent of the loyalist cause was Boucher, a Virginia clergyman. In North Carolina the division was close. A great host of new immigrants had just come into the State—the Scotch—and they made up the bulk of the loyalist party. Among the Scotch-Irish there is said not to have been a single Tory. In South Carolina there was the most virulent animosity between the two parties and they were about equally divided.

Let us not forget that Washington had no united country behind him. His movement was an insurgent movement, but in it were the men of action and enterprise.

The liberal or insurgent party in America was composed of various classes:—

1. The smuggling merchants were very active members of the liberal party. Smuggling was not considered wrong. There was an innate feeling that the English navigation laws were unnatural and contrary to the laws of right. John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, a leader in Massachusetts, was in possession of a fortune made by smuggling. He himself was the prince of smugglers and John Adams was his attorney. These men knew that a strict enforcement of the trade laws meant the ruin of their business. Fourteen merchants signed the Declaration of Independence.

2. Another class who were strong for the liberal movement were the lawyers. They were the attorneys of the merchants and in the legal battles for their clients saw the injustice of England's commercial restrictions.

3. A majority of the newspapers were members of the liberal party. Even a literary Englishman, like Addison, had advised restrictions on the American press.

4. As to the physicians it is hard to determine. The "Tory doctor" was not molested, he was too much of a necessity to be expelled by political opponents.

5. The aristocratic planters of Virginia and the Carolinas joined the party of liberal ideas. They were not traders, England's commercial policy did not bear heavily on them, but the injustice of the whole legislation was evident to them. So we find the Virginia planter, Washington, side by side with the New England merchant, Hancock.

The trade of New England, the budding manufactures of the middle colonies, and the westward expansion of the southern slaveowner and his desire for more land—these three economic forces backed up the political motive and

brought about the Union of the dominant classes in the thirteen colonies.

But let us not forget that in the struggle at Yorktown another nation stood by our side. On the sea, France was for the moment supreme. DeGrasse with his fleet kept the English navy at bay, and drove it back to New York to nurse its wounds. Side by side with Washington on land stood Rochambeau. And why were the French there? The usual answer is that it was because France hated England. France and England did hate each other—each was anxious to destroy the other—but behind this was a newer and stronger motive which the Americans have failed to appreciate. The French King did not want to take the part of America. The French King was absolute; the colonists were fighting absolutism. Why should one despot encourage insurgency against another despot? The force that finally drove the French King to take the part of the colonists was the new philosophy of idealism. The French nobility was idle. Louis XIV had made them pensioners at his court. They had been reading Montesquieu, Rousseau and Voltaire. Rousseau had preached the doctrine of natural right, of a primitive state of society, when all men were free and equal. These ideas became the fads of the Frenchmen, and when the revolution broke out these Frenchmen thought the realization of their ideas of equality had arrived. What had already come to pass in America existed only in the imagination of the French. Consequently French sympathies with America were due more to sentiment than to clear political understanding on the merits of the case. One Frenchman, writing, said "there is a hundred times more enthusiasm for the revolution in any one coffee house in Paris than in all the thirteen provinces united." There went to France at that time plain Benjamin Franklin, who, for astuteness had no equal in the world. He knew how to direct French feel-

ing toward his country. Franklin became the fad of the French people. His simplicity was adored by the gilded aristocracy of Paris. The very Declaration of Independence was couched in the terms of European liberalism. The French were plainly convinced that the American revolution was after the Parisian model. America made use of this feeling; flattered and elevated the young La Fayette, and fraternized so completely with the French that today in the gallery at Versailles is a great painting depicting the great French victory of Yorktown.

So here on this battlefield met the two great nations of the world, and here was born the third. But the victory was no French victory, no American victory, and no English deed; it was the triumph of liberty for both friend and foe. It made possible the America of Washington, Jefferson and Adams; it made possible the England—not of George III, but of Pitt, Peel and Gladstone; and for France it opened up the floodgates and the waters tumbled old time absolutism out of the way, cleared the path for Napoleon, and sent French liberalism marching through the streets of every capital in Europe.

And thus it is that the American Revolution was no unrelated event, but was a part of the history of the British race, and had its influence on the world.

THE LAWS OF THE KNIFE

HANS HEINRICH

Footsteps and the dull rolling of rubber wheels disappear down the hall. The air is choked with ether. Near the middle of the room stands a long table piled with gory towels and instruments smeared with blood. I take up a knife. It is sticky. As I run my finger along its keen edge an instinctive shudder runs over me. It is the fear of the knife. For ever since the first man raised a sharpened flint against his brother, the cutting edge of stone or steel has caused suffering, death and murder. It appears to us in the battle-ax, the sword, the dagger, the stiletto, the hangman's ax, and the guillotine. Wherever the stories of war have gone, or the tales of intrigue; wherever deeds of justice have been told, or vengeance on the field of honor, the knife has dripped warm with human blood, ingraining into men's consciousness a natural fear for its keen edge.

But there is another knife in the history of mankind, not of pain and sorrow, but of mercy, and as old as human needs. Achilles paced the shores of Troy in despair because Machaon was ill. From the battlefield came the call, "Machaon! Machaon!" Who was Machaon, the God of Battle or the leader of the swordsmen? He was but a vagabond following the hosts of war, skillful in extracting arrows and amputating mangled limbs. Susruta, in ancient Sanskrit, gives directions for sewing up wounds, extracting foreign bodies, and amputating limbs on the battlefield. In the wake of war and conquest this knife was born, teaching a skill not of tearing down, but of building up the human frame, the skill of surgery.

Yet the knife of mercy was closely akin to the sword which

it followed. Often the ax was reeking with blood as it turned from pursuing the enemy to hack off the shattered limb of a friend supported on a cross of two sticks driven into the ground. Both inflicted their suffering, the sword in the thick of the battle, when the frenzy of the fight knew no pain, the surgeon's knife, after hours of torture and misery, when death was so welcomed. Both killed their thousands.

But there dawned an era when the art of curing with the knife was not confined to the battlefield, when certain men turned their intellects to the laws that govern this bit of steel I now hold in my hand, and have changed its sharp edge from an instrument of pain into a means to relieve the sufferings of mankind. Such men stand forth as benefactors of humanity, they have influenced the evolution of the human race and have given the world a glorious heritage.

The first of these came at that brilliant period in Greek history known as the Age of Pericles. It was Hippocrates, author of the "Oath" that hangs above every doctor's desk. He freed the knowledge of the past from its superstition, and combining with it the observations of a Greek intellect, started on its course the science of medicine. In surgery he gave directions for reducing dislocations, setting fractures, and trepanning, that are hardly surpassed, even in our own mechanical age.

But the first to catch a glimpse of the part the knife was to play in allaying human suffering was Herophilus, the Alexandrian. Realizing that surgery should be based upon a knowledge of Anatomy, he pursued its study untiringly, and gathered around him a school known all over the world as one of the few places where the human body was dissected. To Alexandria, from Greece, Italy, and the far East flocked students eager to acquire this new knowledge of Anatomy with which surgeons, who before had been mere barbers and bleeders, controlled hemorrhages, dared take out enlarged

veins, and even entered the abdominal cavity to remove stones from the bladder. Rightly is Herophilus called the "Father of Surgery." What would be the thoughts of the ancient scholar if he could awake today and see the surgeons following sub-consciously the laws he studied and reasoned to formulate, and to witness the practical application of laws whose existence he had never dreamed of? Suppose he should enter the room now. Where would he find the straps and cords for binding the patient, which he considered so necessary? The odor of the ether which assails him would answer—the realization of his dream of the "lethal apple" whose perfume would still all pain. But where are the ghee and honey, and the complicated bandages with which he tried so hard to prevent suppuration? For an answer he would be pointed to a basin in which some instruments lie covered by a colorless disinfectant. He would learn the significance of the wonderful word "sterile." But imagine his disgust when told that we of today spend two years dissecting one human body. He dissected seven hundred! And would not he with just pride point to that depression in the back of a skull, which has borne his name for two thousand years?

From the Grecian savants that the Roman conquest gathered at Rome, there arose a man whose work was to tide over that long and unprofitable period of the Middle Ages. It was Claudius Galen, surgeon to the gladiators. He was prompted by the same zeal and ambition that makes the great men of the present. Some of the facts that he discovered have served as stepping stones for the principles of today. Among them was the distinction that he made between veins and arteries, which anticipated Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood. But when he opened a frog and watched its heart beat, and wondered what made it do so, he started a problem that succeeding generations have been fond

of chasing, but unable to run down. During that dark period in history known as the Middle Ages, before a spark of the civilization that flickered and waned around the Mediterranean had fallen onto Western intellect, there was fostered in a monastery at Montpellier the germ that was to bloom into the surgery of today. It was the works and practices of Claudius Galen, the old Roman surgeon. There were taught the laws of Anatomy and of healing, the laws of the knife as Galen found and interpreted them. Greater than the Crusades the Roman Church launched against the Saracens, greater than the kingdoms it marked out and the kings it appointed to rule them, was this spark of learning nourished in the school at Montpellier.

It was war that stimulated the revival of research and investigation in the field of surgery. In the army of the French King, Francis I, there was among the barber-surgeons one whose name was soon to be known at all the courts of Europe. It was Ambroise Paré, a man who dared think for himself. Following his observations and common sense he disregarded the universal practice of treating all gunshot wounds with boiling oil, and put more faith in the simpler palliative dressings, such as the white of an egg. He also introduced the practice of tying arteries to stop bleeding, a law that we apply today. In history is there an instrument that has relieved more suffering than the knife Ambroise Paré used in the hospital, at the court, or on the battlefield—the little knife that folded like a pen knife into a handle ornamented with a nude female figure? His services were sought by kings and princes, with “presents of great value.” Still he remained throughout a man of the common people, writing in their language, and holding to the assertion that “I dressed him, and God healed him.”

The Civil War in England produced Richard Wiseman, the Father of English surgery. Enduring the checkered

fortunes of a Royalist, he finally became Surgeon-General to Charles II. It was the aim of the schools which he founded to raise the practitioners of surgery from servants to gentlemen. To the laws of the knife he contributed the observation that amputation of a gunshot limb before inflammation set in eliminated a great deal of the lockjaw and blood-poisoning which were nearly always sequels to such wounds. He also improved the operation for protrusion of the intestine through the abdominal wall, called hernia.

At the same time Jan Palfyn was doing for the French schools what Wiseman did for the English. It is doubtful if since the day of Claudius Galen any single man added more to the prominence of the knife than did Jan Palfyn. The eyes of the world opened wide with astonishment at what he found in the human skull. His books on Osteology and Surgical Anatomy and his advances in the operative treatment of cancer and in obstetrics carried forward at a bound the usefulness of knife and forceps.

Among the wonder workers of the last century there stands out in bold relief the figure of Joseph Lister. J. C. DaCosta said the other day to his class in surgery at Philadelphia, "Gentlemen, I'd rather have been Lord Lister than all the crowned potentates of Europe." What was it that caused Lister to stand out from his fellow-men, that brought the world to pay tribute at his death? It was not as a mere surgeon, for there are more skillful surgeons than he today. He applied Pasteur's germ theory of fermentation and supuration to surgery and freed forever the knife from the nightmare of blood-poisoning and gangrene. You statesmen who have applied some hidden law of economics to make a nation prosperous, you educators who have found a method to increase the capacity of the human brain, you warriors who have discovered a martial law to change the map of the world, look at what Joseph Lister did when he discovered a

law of the knife, antisepsis, and cut the suffering of humanity in half.

Yet the knife demanded its awful price. It is hardly possible for the mind to conceive of the anguish and torture suffered by the unfortunates whose only hope lay in its use. But there is a perfume sweeter to sufferers than any perfume of balsam or flowers. It is the perfume of ether. There have been many attempts to strip the glory of the discovery of anesthesia from the Hartford dentist, Horace Wells. They tell how a Georgia physician performed the first operation under ether, and point with jeers to the miserable failure of Wells' first clinic, when the howls of the patient were mixed with the hisses of the onlookers. But the fact remains that he gave the world its first knowledge of anesthesia. After ether followed nitrous oxide, or "laughing gas," and chloroform in close succession. Now, the opposition that anesthesia first encountered seems ridiculous. Especially from the hale and hearty ministry came the objection to "losing hold on that high and noble power, Reason." But some surgeon remembered the "deep sleep" that was caused to fall upon Adam in the Garden of Eden when the Lord had the resection of a rib to perform, and no more opposition was forthcoming. Now that local anesthesia has sprung into prominence, the old Greek myth of the "lethal apple" has been surpassed in modern reality.

Twenty years ago if you had been told of a light that was going to make flesh transparent, reveal bones and locate foreign bodies, you would have pronounced it "absolutely impossible." But that is exactly what the X-ray is doing today, called after its discoverer, a German physicist, the Roentgen-ray. Its usefulness does not end there. It stops malignant growths, and reduces inoperable cancer to the operable stage. Every day goes to convince us that the possibilities of this new force have been hardly skimmed.

That skin could be transplanted and would grow to cover a raw surface has been known for some time. Skin-grafting is an every day occurrence. What will be thought of the sprouting of feathers by a man upon whom there has been grafted the skin of a chicken? But to have a dog trotted before you with the leg of another dog, the kidney of a second, and the body of a third, as a medical convention had the other day, tests the credulity even of the present.

From the battlefield the knife comes to us, losing its terrors as its laws are revealed, to ease our pillow or bring back one we love.

And the end is not yet. Who would dare say of the knife, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"? Who would dare predict its future?

Again I run my finger along its edge. Isn't it a beautiful knife?

BOTTOM BOY, No. 33

The massive tin box machines clanked and whirred; belts of all sizes turning wheels of as many different sizes hummed in strains varying from a high tenor to a low bass; great knives worked constantly chopping big sheets of tin into various smaller sizes; half a hundred barrel trucks filled with tin boxes in differing stages of completeness rattled over the floor; three hundred men and boys bent steadily to their work; the "floor bosses" hurried here and there inspecting work, yelling orders, urging on delinquents, and swearing at blunders and blunderers; the superintendent, a tall, angular man, limped about the great room surveying the work.

To the stranger this room was all din and confusion and discord. The contented smile on the pale, thin face of "bottom boy No. 33," his cheerful whistle, his eagerness as he deftly ran the tin tobacco boxes through his bottoming machine, were evidences that to him the sounds in this room were harmonious and inspiring. Doubtless this hopeful, undersized fourteen-year-old lad had a little mother at home in some humble factory cottage for whom he was pouring out his heart and his energy; perhaps a little sister or a younger brother for whom he was sacrificing.

In this great box factory no one cared about the domestic circumstances of his fellow worker. Here it was a survival of the fittest and the devil take the hindmost. The bright, earnest face of the boy at bottom machine "No. 33" showed that he understood the game.

"Hey! what you doing there, Dixie?" "No. 33" yelled as he jumped down from his machine seat and grabbed the edge of a truck full of boxes which a big, thick-necked bully was about to steal away from machine "No. 33."

"What in H—— do you reckon! I'm running my barrel of boxes around to get it punched up," the bully called Dixie growled.

"Them ain't your boxes, Dixie; I just run that barrel myself," No. 33 replied kindly while he continued to hold to the truck.

"Turn loose o' that truck 'fore somethin' falls on your knot," the bully yelled as he gave the truck a violent jerk.

"I tell you these are my boxes and you shan't have them; you've already swiped two o' my barrels today," No. 33 answered as he swung on desperately to the truck which the larger boy was jerking violently.

"Turn loose o' my boxes or I'll smash yo' mug in," the exasperated bully yelled as he advanced threateningly on the little boy.

A scene such as this was so common in the big factory that it attracted very little attention; and it is likely that "No. 33" would have got a drubbing had not a kindly foreman, who was watching the incident, interposed in favor of the smaller boy.

"Get back to your machine and leave '33' alone, or I'll fire you out of here, you dirty scoundrel," the foreman yelled at the bully.

As he sulked away to his machine the bully shot an evil-boding, malicious look at happy "No. 33."

Occasionally during the forenoon the bully and his "machine pal" might be seen whispering together and casting sly glances towards "No. 33," who had forgotten the incident and was whistling as happily as ever at his work. The bully and his pal were plotting mischief evidently.

About four o'clock "No. 33" rolled a barrel of boxes around to a "floor boss" who punched his wage ticket. It must be understood that in these great factories the workmen are paid by the number of pieces of work they do.

Tickets are supplied to the men and as often as a man fills a barrel with boxes he gets a hole punched in his ticket, which means about two cents on the day's salary.

A minute later the bully glided up to the superintendent and whispered something in his ear.

"What do you know about it?" the superintendent growled as he frowned sourly.

"Me and Tom saw him—just come and ask Tom," the bully answered smoothly.

The superintendent limped around to the bully's machine and after talking a minute with the bully and his pal sauntered up to "No. 33" and laid a rough hand on the little boy's shoulder.

"No. 33" looked up with a start.

The superintendent pointed to a wall sign which read: "Any one caught cheating will be handed over to the police." He jerked "No. 33" from his seat with an oath.

"You're such a mite of a kid, I won't hand you over—but, d—— you, get!" he snarled as he kicked viciously at the astounded little fellow.

"But what have I done? I ain't cheated." A lump rose in the boy's throat and a tear stole over either cheek.

The superintendent was not naturally an unkind man; but he had been provoked to the extreme by cheaters recently. Accordingly he was likely to be hasty.

"No jawing now—get out."

"But, Mr. Vernon, I ain't cheated—and mama needs this week's check for rent," the little boy sobbed.

"Get out, we don't want you any longer," the superintendent continued as he turned away. Already he regretted being so rough and hasty.

"Why, hello, Margaret—didn't expect to see you down today; and Billy! Come to papa, kid?" It was visitors'

afternoon and among the little party led by a guide was the superintendent's wife and little Billy.

In a moment the unpleasant incident with "No. 33" was forgotten by the superintendent as he took charge of the visiting party. "No. 33" had not moved; he stood looking at his beloved machine in a dazed manner. The bully and his pal passed by him each with a taunting, malicious smile on his face. "No. 33" did not see them. He was completely overwhelmed by his calamity. What would mama do now that his job was gone?

All at once a woman's terrified scream was heard. "No. 33" started. The superintendent and the group of women stood as petrified while little Billy was whirled round by a large balance wheel which had caught in the back of his Norfolk jacket. Luckily for the child the wheel protruded away from the side of the machine else little Billy's brains would have been battered out at the first revolution. He will be killed long before the great motor can be shut off. To seize the child and pull him out is impossible. The mother screams again—an answer to her baby's scream. The father is pale and helpless. A moment more and—an active figure sprang past the group, thrust a belt stick between the belt turning the machine, threw the belt from the wheel, and then jumped with both feet upon a brake pedal. The great iron machine stopped almost instantly, perhaps no more than thirty seconds after the child was caught. Little Billy uninjured, but in a faint, was liberated by eager hands.

"No. 33" stole away down the floor. The superintendent with tears streaming from his eyes caught him.

"Get on your machine, Jim—and here's rent money," the superintendent slipped a bunch of bills into the happy boy's hand.

A minute later as "No. 33" sat at his machine surrounded by hysterical women and proud workmen, the kind foreman,

who had taken his part against the bully in the morning, struggled up with either hand in the coat collar of the discomfited bully and his pal.

"Mr. Vernon, here are the cheaters, and the root of the whole trouble; I've been watching them all day."

Some minutes later the bully and his pal occupied berths in the city jail; and "No. 33" was telling the proud news to his happy little mama.

A MORNING IN FEBRUARY

A. L. DENTON

Since, while winter days still tarry,
Thou hast come so calm and fair,
Morning bright, in February,
Breathing out thy balmy air;

And to every nook and corner
Some good message dost thou bring,
All things hail thee as forerunner
Of the near approaching spring.

Nature, with a blushing visage,
'Neath thy tread so soft and light,
Smiling, wakes and heeds thy message
With a sense of calm delight.

Thy fair presence thrills the woodlarks,
Brings new life to everything;
And thy breeze among the treetops,
Softly whispers: "Coming spring."

THE "UNWRITTEN LAW"

An address delivered by Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., before the North Carolina Bar Association.

Of all matters which are of interest and importance to the legal profession at the present time, there is none which I could approach with so much hesitation as that of the so-called "unwritten law," for there is probably none other which is so difficult to treat of with clearness and impartiality, at the same time avoiding anything that partakes of the scandalous and offensive.

With the full realization, therefore, that a delicate subject must needs require delicate treatment, it has seemed proper to approach it from two or three different points of view—the first of which is the historical. It is a fact that there have been periods in history in which the right of the individual to take the law into his own hands and inflict punishment for a wrong done has been recognized. Probably the most noteworthy instance of this right was the satisfaction given for the blood of a murdered kinsman. This custom, known as blood revenge, has at times been almost world-wide in its operation, and was especially characteristic of society in the earlier stages of its development. It is recorded in Holy Writ (Ex. xxi: 23): "If any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth"; and again, in Numbers xxxv: 19, it is declared that "revenger of blood shall slay the murderer; when he meeteth him he shall slay him." We find in the Koran, page 230, that "whosoever shall be slain unjustly, we have given to his heir power to demand satisfaction." Such was the Arab custom, while the right to avenge blood has been practised among the Semitic peoples generally from prehistoric times.

While it is true, historically, that the cases in which the technical right of blood revenge has been exercised have been nearly or all of them cases of homicide, and while we do not anywhere find authority for the practice where the sanctity of the home has been invaded, yet the theory is not unlike the modern conception of the right claimed under the "unwritten law" in its present technical sense. Indeed, it might be said that the "unwritten law" is blood revenge limited to satisfaction for the encroachment upon family purity.

The second point which it seems proper to notice is that the "unwritten law," as it is technically understood, disregarding the matter of its justification, has an existence in fact, although its existence is to be found rather in public sentiment than in any definite recognition by the courts. There are two general classes of cases in which one may be exempted from punishment for homicide—self-protection, which is a natural right, and the defense of his household against the intrusions of the felon. The sentiment in favor of adding a third class, namely, exemption in those cases in which one kills in defense of the family relation, is the natural result of the high supervision which every enlightened community feels itself bound to exercise over the chastity of the family and the sanctity of the home. The matron's honor and the virgin's purity are, and of right ought to be, the peculiar objects of watchcare of every civilized community, for upon their protection rests the preservation of society. Says Milton, "Who knows not that chastity and purity of living cannot be established or continued, except it be first established in private families, from whence the whole breed of men come forth?" The higher the degree of civilization to which a State has attained, and the higher the position to which women have been assigned in the community, just in such proportion has this sentiment, as expressed in the "unwritten law," increased and developed.

In the early ages, when men were yet barbarians, and their habits of life nomadic, when war and the chase were their chief occupations, and the standard of excellence measured by their qualifications for these pursuits, it is not unnatural that women should have occupied an inferior and degraded position. The result was a certain laxity in the social relation. But even in this early age might be found the rudiments of a moral sentiment destined to grow and develop as civilization advanced. Marriage existed as an institution, and the value of chastity was recognized in the feeling against violations of the marital obligation. The first distinct step was taken towards the elevation of women in the abandonment of the custom of purchasing wives and in the repudiation of the practice of polygamy. Monogamy prevailed at an early age in Greece, while "the whole history of the siege of Troy," says Mr. Lecky in his *History of European Morals*, "was a history of the catastrophes that followed a violation of the nuptial tie."

But the inquiry may naturally be suggested, I think, whence comes the present intensified sentiment as manifested in the "unwritten law"? The answer must of necessity be hazed in uncertainty. It is clear that it is not of sudden nativity. It is rather a growth, born of instinct. But a suggestion may possibly be worthy of consideration. May not the present intensified sentiment be a survival of the ideas that were so strongly characteristic of the Age of Chivalry? Or, at least, may not Chivalry have had a pronounced influence in shaping and developing it? This social arrangement seems first to have assumed the defined character of an institution during the eleventh century, and appears to have had its origin among the German tribes, whose moral purity, Tacitus tells us, has never been surpassed by any race of people. Is not this very fact suggestive? With the introduction of feudality into England, Chivalry reached its full propor-

tions, and has been regarded by some writers as "the complement of that institution." Feudality exhibited the political, Chivalry the moral and social side of medieval life.

The most characteristic feature of the institution, however, and that one with which our inquiry is chiefly concerned, was the devotion to the female sex. Says Sir Walter Scott in his *Essay on Chivalry*: "Amid the various duties of knighthood, that of protecting the female sex, respecting their persons and redressing their wrongs, becoming the champion of their cause and the chastiser of those by whom they were injured, was represented as one of the principal objects of the institution. Their oath bound the new-made knights to defend the cause of all women without exception; and the most pressing way of conjuring them to grant a boon was to implore it in the name of God and the ladies."

Of late years, however, our fair sisters have seemed disposed to doubt our ability to conduct their quarrels after the fashion of a true knight, and have demanded a place by our side in the tournaments of the forum. To our field of ennobling strife we bid them welcome, and hereafter, in the language of a not unappreciative member of the fraternity, "When we speak of our honored profession we must be understood to embrace our sisters in law."

It is obvious that an institution in which extravagance and exaggerated ideas were such a pronounced feature could not endure, and it cannot be said that it is desirable that it should have done so in all its intensity. At the same time, the habits derived from the Age of Chivalry have produced a significant effect upon our manners, and have helped to establish a public sentiment which, upon the whole, has been for the improvement of society. As has been said by an eminent writer, "Every man enters the world under the impression that neither his strength, his wealth, his station, nor his wit will excuse him from answering, at the risk of his life, any

unbecoming encroachment on the civility due to the weakest, the poorest, the least important, or the most modest member of the society in which he mingles. All, too, in the rank of gentlemen are forcibly called upon to remember that they must resent the imputation of a voluntary falsehood as the most gross injury; and that the rights of the weaker sex demand protection from every one who would have a good character in society."

Need we go further to find an explanation of that sentiment that demands protection for the weaker sex? I do not undertake to pronounce Chivalry its birthplace, but offer the suggestion for what it is worth. That the sentiment back of the "unwritten law" exists, more strongly, perhaps, in some localities than in others, is undeniably true; whether for good or for evil, I do not assume the responsibility of judging. As government grows strong, the individual grows correspondingly weak, and each member of society surrenders to central authority many of his natural rights in return for its protection. All governmental powers are delegated powers. All powers being originally in those who formed government, they delegate whatever powers they desire to be exercised by their servants, and these, acting under this delegated authority, become the officers of the law. Thus the power to grant redress for civil injuries and to punish for crime generally has been yielded by the individual to government. But the right to protect the weaker sex, the right to guard the sanctity of the home, and to punish him who dares invade it, is one which the individual has not been willing to surrender. He feels that the injury is peculiarly mischievous to him; he is not willing to accept the remedy afforded by the slower process of law, but feels that vengeance must be speedy and sure. The death penalty alone will satisfy. This is the individual feeling, and public sentiment allows it. The judges decri it, but the juries admit it.

In commenting upon the famous Strother case in Virginia, the *Law Register* of April, 1907, says:

"There are times and circumstances that seem to make it necessary to the welfare of society that a common-sense view of right and justice should prevail over the arbitrary letter of a statute, and civilized and enlightened men everywhere are inclined to regard the protection of women as a mitigation of otherwise unpardonable crime. Whatever may be the opinion of the public concerning its effect on morals, or of the judges as to its weakening influence or fear of the law against homicide, the decision will be, or at least should be, a strong deterrent to the Bywaters brand of enterprise in the Old Dominion, and may result in lasting good to society and the State."

Says the *Raleigh Evening Times*, May 31, 1907:

"Right or wrong—from the cold and exacting standpoint of the statutory law—it is an extremely difficult matter for the average properly constituted man, who has a mother, a sister, and perhaps a wife, to bring himself (as a juryman) to the point of condemning a prisoner for doing what he knows he himself would do under the same conditions. And, therefore, there comes a time when he will say 'not guilty,' although he knows, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the man whom he is trying killed the man for whose murder he is indicted, deliberately and with malice aforethought.

"The majesty of the law is indeed a great thing to contemplate. Upon it as a general proposition the order and safety of society depend. But it never has and never will and never can revolutionize the working of a human conscience, nor transform the character of the acts of a man performed in response to its promptings and dictation."

If there be one who doubts the existence of the sentiment supporting the "unwritten law," let him but glance for a moment at the records of the cases in which it has been invoked, and the verdict in each. Probably the most noteworthy case of its kind on record is the prosecution of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles for the murder of the Hon. Philip Barton Key in Washington City in 1859. These gentlemen had been friends for years, but Key had violated the bonds of friendship in a most unworthy manner. From the front window of his home Mr. Sickles saw Mr. Key drive past and

wave his handkerchief as a signal to Mrs. Sickles. A few hours later, meeting Key upon a public thoroughfare in the city, and outraged and mortified beyond endurance, Mr. Sickles exclaimed, "Key, you scoundrel, you have dishonored my house; you must die!" Whereupon he shot and killed him upon the spot. Perhaps the most powerful argument ever made in a case of this character was made by Edwin M. Stanton in defense of General Sickles, the trial resulting in a verdict of acquittal.

Since the killing of Stanford White in Madison Square Garden, a number of similar cases have occurred. Not long since, in Fulton, Missouri, Edmund F. Bailey shot and killed Jay Lawder, a wealthy mine owner, pleaded the "unwritten law" and was acquitted. At Buena Vista, Colorado, Mrs. Carl Bode was shot by Mrs. Grace Hutchinson, having been accused by the latter of breaking up her home and stealing her husband. Mrs. Hutchinson was almost instantly acquitted. Even in Mexico the "unwritten law" found efficacy. when at Valerdina, Frank Bauer was released on a nominal bond and was given to understand that his case would be continued indefinitely. A remarkable case transpired at Goldfield, Nevada, when Count Constantine de Podhorski was shot and killed by Jack Hines, this case being similar in many respects to the Thaw tragedy. Young like Evelyn Nesbit, Mrs. Hines, then Miss Edith Marr, was only seventeen when she met Count Constantine; poor like Evelyn Nesbit, she was forced to earn her own living by stenography; beautiful like Evelyn Nesbit, her personal charms led to a tragedy. The fatal shot fired, the outraged husband, like Harry K. Thaw, dramatically exclaimed, "He ruined my life," and declared his willingness to take the consequences. In the Strother case, *supra*, Judge Harrison, an able and conscientious lawyer, announced in the beginning that the defense must stand or fall by the written code—that there was no un-

written law in Virginia. But when the jury returned a verdict of acquittal, thereby deciding that there is an "unwritten law" in that State, Judge Harrison thanked them for their patience and painstaking care, and made the statement that "no man should be punished for defending his home."

It is hardly a matter of surprise that the plea should have proved ineffective in the Thaw trial. Mrs. Evelyn Thaw's past history was not a stable enough structure for the "unwritten law" to rest upon. Taking into consideration this fact, together with the other evidence tending to disprove the "gallant" conduct and to lower the "high moral" attitude of the prisoner, it could scarcely be supposed that a jury of twelve intelligent men should have accorded a very ready response to the appeal. Not even in Mrs. Thaw's "sublime renunciation" nor in Delmas' "*dementia Americana*" could this delicate instrument find an adequate support. "But where the 'unwritten law' is invoked in a just cause," declares a prominent North Carolina daily, "where the woman in the case has led a clean life hitherto, it has nearly always been effective, and will probably continue to be so, in the South especially, for time indefinite."

The third and last point of view from which it has seemed proper to approach the treatment of this subject is, supposing the existence of an "unwritten law" in individual feeling and tolerated by public opinion, can its existence be justified? Is there a justification, beyond the fact of its *de facto* existence, sufficient to warrant a definite recognition by the courts? In short, should the "unwritten law" be received as an established defense to homicide?

Homicide is defined to be the killing of a human being, any may or may not subject the doer of the deed to legal punishment. The circumstances determine whether or not the act is a legal crime. A man is justified, and is, therefore, exempted from judicial punishment where he kills another

in protecting his own life from a murderous and unprovoked assault or in the prevention of a forcible and atrocious felony. Whether or not one is to be held justifiable in those cases arising out of the social relation is the problem presented for solution. Note the situation in this last class of cases. A husband kills the paramour of his wife; in invoking the aid of the "unwritten law," two lines of defense are presented to the court—one, that under the peculiar circumstances of its commission the act is justified in law; the other, that by reason of the prisoner's state of mind the doing of the act, whether justified or not, entails upon him no legal responsibility. In either point of view the relations which the prisoner and the deceased sustain toward each other at the moment of the homicide are to be observed—on the one side, an outraged husband; on the other, the invader of the marriage relation, without justification for his act. The incensed husband kills and dares to take the consequences, if need be, in order to be revenged upon him who has wronged him in his most sacred relation. And who among frail mankind would assume to judge him harshly? When a woman joins her hand in holy wedlock, she promises to love, cherish and obey her husband, and him only; but, her affections alienated and she having wandered away from the protecting love of her lord, no man can measure the awful consequences. The husband is deprived of the companionship which by the law of God and man are rightly his; the children of the union are despoiled of a mother's tender care and affection, their portion a heritage of dishonor. "Who, seeing this thing," asks Mr. Stanton in his famous argument in defense of General Sickles, "would not exclaim to the unhappy husband: Hasten, hasten, hasten! to save the mother of your child. Although she be lost as a wife, rescue her * * * ; and may the Lord who watches over the home and the family, guide the bullet and direct the stroke."

A brief examination into the authorities bearing on this question may not be improper at this point. There seems to have been four periods in which the right to punish in this general class of cases was permitted, namely, under the Jewish dispensation, in the laws of Solon, among the early Romans, and among the Gothic peoples. The Jewish law was particularly stringent in punishing offenses of this character, and even among the Assyrians, as far back as Hammurabi, 2250 B. C., we find the law scarcely less strict. Code Hammurabi, sections 129-130. In the 34th chapter of the Book of Genesis an interesting case is recorded. The sons of Jacob put to death a certain Shechem, the son of one Hamor, who dwelt in a city called Succoth, and the reason assigned was that he had brought reproach upon the name of their sister Dinah. It has been said that in England, from the reign of Edward II to that of Charles II, no case is to be found in which a husband was punished for having killed one who had wronged him in his marital relation.

And yet this is undoubtedly not law at present. Blackstone states the law in this class of cases as follows: "So, if a man takes another * * * and kills him directly upon the spot, though this was allowed by the laws of Solon, as likewise by the Roman Civil Law, and also among the ancient Goths, yet in England it is not absolutely ranked in the class of justifiable homicide, but is manslaughter." 4 Black. Com., chap. 14. The leading authority for this proposition is the celebrated Manning case, decided in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Stanton argues with great ingenuity in the Sickles case that the decision in Manning's case was the result of the great corruption prevailing during the period in which it was rendered, and that conditions being no longer the same, it ought not now to be considered as authority.

However this may be, modern decisions, both English and American, hold to the view that killing under such circum-

stances is not justifiable, nor even excusable, but is manslaughter at least; and even then, if there has been sufficient cooling time, the slayer may be guilty of murder. The rule is laid down and the distinction drawn with great clearness by the Supreme Court of North Carolina in the cases of *State v. Samuel*, 48 N. C., 74, and *State v. Neville*, 51 N. C., 423. Says Nash, C. J., in *State v. Samuel*, "* * * if the prisoner had slain him (deceased) on the spot, the crime would have been extenuated to manslaughter, the provocation being considered in law a legal one, as producing that *brevis furor* which for the moment unsettles the reason. But if sufficient time has elapsed for the passions to cool, the crime is not extenuated to manslaughter, but the slayer is guilty of murder."

A careful examination into the authorities has failed to disclose any modern case from which the inference could be drawn that the principle of the "unwritten law" can be made a legal defense to homicide. At the most, it could only be taken as an extenuating circumstance, reducing the act to a lesser degree of crime.

One other thought, and this discussion is closed. Has the "unwritten law" found justification in public policy? The answer must come unhesitatingly, no. There are some who would deny its justification from this point of view upon the theory that it is only a species of lynch law, and they would condemn both with equal severity. Says the *Charlotte Observer* of some weeks ago, in speaking of a recent Georgia tragedy, "Of course, the 'unwritten law,' one of whose recognized precedents is that any negro accused of having a difficulty with a white man is to be lynched, immediately proceeded to demonstrate its entire freedom from color blindness."

However, it is submitted that there is a distinction between the two, worthy of consideration. There is no ground

upon which the bloody deed of a mob can be justified or excused. Not only is mob law a usurpation of the function of government, but it is for the time being, so far as it is concerned, an overthrow of government. It knows no law. It has sustained no personal wrong at the hands of its victim, but slays without personal provocation and because it thirsts for blood. On the other hand, he who kills where the sanctity of his home has been invaded has sustained a personal wrong, and it is through personal provocation, not merely through bloodthirstiness, that he takes the life of the wrongdoer. It is true, his motive is one of revenge, but he is seeking it for a wrong done himself, not for a wrong done somebody else. Unlike the mob, he recognizes law, and in his own mind justifies his act under the law. Granted that he usurps the functions of government, the danger is not so great as when the mob is the usurper.

But a more satisfactory and more tangible reason may be found why the right claimed under the "unwritten law" cannot be justified. One of its greatest dangers to public policy comes into play when you consider the fact that the victim of the outraged slayer may have been guiltless of the offense for which he has been slain. At this point the "unwritten law" hangs on a slender thread indeed. In a recent Virginia case Judge Loving shot and killed a young man, Estes, who was supposed to have drugged his daughter. Subsequently discovered facts seemed to point to the innocence of the deceased. And yet these facts, by an iniquitous rule of evidence, were excluded from the jury, and the name of the dead man is left with the stigma of an infamous crime upon it. In *State v. Neville*, *supra*, Chief Justice Ruffin in writing the opinion of the Court, illustrates very clearly the wisdom of the law on the subject. He says: "If it happen that he (the husband) be the deluded victim of an Iago, and that he has a chaste wife, how is it to be then? These inquiries

suggest the impossibility of acting on any rule but that of the common law, without danger of imbruing men's hands in innocent blood, and certainly of encouraging proud, headstrong men to slay others for vengeance, instead of bringing them to trial and punishment by law."

One of the most vicious results of a law "unwritten and undefined" is that it makes its executioner the sole tribunal to judge of the guilt or innocence of him who is arraigned under it. By its terms judge and jury become one and the same, the presumption of innocence is discarded, and evidence of guilt only is admitted. Here is a court of extraordinary powers indeed—a one-man tribunal having original, exclusive and final jurisdiction, and whose only resumption is that the prisoner at its bar is guilty. The person supposed to have committed a breach of the "unwritten law" is not allowed the opportunity to introduce evidence of his innocence; it is not even necessary to establish his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. The only requisite is to charge him with the offense and execute the sentence. If it should afterwards be discovered that the deceased is really guiltless, he only is hurt, and the hurt done him is repaired in the vindication of his memory! It looks very much," says the *Rome (Ga.) Tribune*, "like this 'unwritten law' business is being run into the ground, and that a few written verdicts of guilty by juries throughout the country might have a salutary effect."

This article is intended neither as an attack upon the "unwritten law" nor as a defense of its doctrine. Its purpose is rather to enter a plea for the "orderliness and security of our social system." It would perhaps be not unwise for our lawmakers to take into consideration the question whether or not the present legal remedies against the encroachment upon family purity are proportionate to the enormity of the offense. In some cases under the rigid rule of the "unwritten law" the offender undoubtedly gets his just deserts, and pub-

lic opinion approves the sentence. Perhaps it might be well if the law of the land prescribed the death penalty for him who invades the sanctity of the home; but it does not. Perhaps it might be well if this concession were made to public opinion. Such a compromise would give no recognition to the "unwritten law," but might go far towards removing the cause for its operation. It might go far towards satisfying the outraged individual, by imposing upon the offender the very penalty demanded under the "unwritten law," while it would at the same time insure to the offender the trial which the "unwritten law" denies.

I do not wish to be understood as going to the extent of advocating so far-reaching a step—there is much to be said both for and against—but as merely advancing the suggestion as a possible solution of a problem which is undoubtedly confronting the profession at the present time.

With the "unwritten law" itself no compromise can be made. Unsustained by authority and unsanctioned by public policy, it can find no legal justification in a well-preserved and perfectly organized community.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

A hundred years ago, on the nineteenth of the present month, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland, David Livingstone was born. It is eminently fitting that Christians of whatever creed or clime celebrate the Centenary of a man who wrought so mightily for the bringing in of the Kingdom of righteousness.

In connection with Livingstone's life and work it is interesting to note the status of affairs relative to Missions at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1806 occurred the Haystack meeting at Williamston. This prayer meeting really inaugurated the Foreign Mission Movement in America. In 1812 William Carey's printing house in Serampore was burned, but out of the ashes grew a mightier institution.

It was in 1810 that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized, to be followed six years later by the formation of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society was organized in 1819.

Truly this was the day dawn of foreign missions. Not only so, it was a day of inquiry and exploration. In 1834, six years before Livingstone went to Africa, the slave trade was abolished in all British possessions. The Chinese opium war was soon to be waged. Every part of the earth was being brought under the scrutiny of the civilized nations, and the minds of adventurers had for years been turning to Africa, the Dark Continent. "Into the Kingdom at such a time, and for such a time, Livingstone came." Great movements are the product of two forces—the man and the time. General conditions were ripe for a period of missionary progress, and

the right man was at hand to become its leader, especially in Africa, the most difficult and most neglected of mission fields.

Three elements must enter into the making of a great life. The truly successful man must have an aim, a consciousness of a high calling; he must have a willingness to spend and be spent, and he must have a consciousness of God in his life, or the element of religion. All these things Livingstone possessed in abundant measure, and was superbly qualified to become a missionary to any part of God's world.

Livingstone's preparation for his work was such as to warrant a large measure of success. He came of splendid sturdy Scotch stock, and had nothing to lament with regard to heredity. "The only point of family tradition," says Livingstone, "I feel proud of is this—one of these poor islanders—one of my ancestors, when he was on his deathbed, called his children around him and said: 'Now lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for wrong-doing. Be honest.'"

Another factor in his preparation for large usefulness was a definite religious experience. Livingstone was profoundly conscious of God in his life. Says he, "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in its relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If any thing I have will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given up or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes, both of time and eternity. May grace be given to adhere to this."

The foreign missionary needs a strong mind in a strong body, for the foreign mission field is no place for an invalid. Livingstone had unusual strength of both body and mind. He engaged in athletic sports that he might be strong physically, and studied diligently that he might develop strength

of mind. With his first week's wages he bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments." He mastered Latin in the evenings after factory work was over. Amid the roar and rumble of machinery he concentrated his mind on the book laid open on the spinning jenny before him. He had a passion for knowledge, and blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after knowledge, for they shall be filled. Realizing that medical training was an indispensable equipment for a life which was to be hidden for years in the fever jungles of Africa, he set out to earn a medical diploma, and he tarried until it was won. "With unfeigned delight," he says, "I became a member of a profession which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavors to lessen human woe."

Livingstone was a missionary enthusiast. After his conversion he joined the missionary society in his village, and became familiar with such lives as Henry Martyn and Carl Gutzlaff. Here also he met Robert Moffatt who told him that he had "sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been." Livingstone's heart was open for the call of God, and it came. He read Gutzlaff's "Appeal" for China, and was inclined to go there, but the opium war had closed the door of that country. Then it was that Moffatt's appeal for a thousand villages constrained Livingstone to give his life to the Dark Continent. He gave as his reason, "the claims of so many millions of his fellow creatures, and the complaint of the want of qualified men to undertake the task."

On the evening of November 16, 1840. Livingstone went home to Blantyre to spend the last night with his parents. At five o'clock the next morning breakfast was eaten, David read the 123 and 135 Psalms, and led the little group of father, mother and sister in prayer. The gray-haired father walked with David to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer which left early in the morning. On the Broomielaw father

and son looked for the last time in each other's faces. David, obedient unto the heavenly vision, went out to a land that God would show him, and his father walked slowly back to Blantyre, with a lonely and heavy heart, but with gratitude to the Father who sent the Prince of Light into the world.

Livingstone's work in Africa may be divided into three periods:

1. As a regular missionary under the London Missionary Society, 1840-1856.
2. As the explorer of the Zambesi and its tributaries, at the head of a government expedition 1858-1864.
3. As an explorer under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society, 1865-1873.

It would be impossible to speak adequately of the stupendous labors of the great missionary without consuming too much time and space, and only the characteristics of this princely man will be given.

1. He had the guidance of the Spirit of God. The fact that the Holy Spirit is still engaged in the missionary enterprise is too often forgotten by those who administer missionary affairs. Under the guidance of the Spirit he declared to his brethren that he was ready "to go anywhere, provided it be forward." The message of missions to the church today is that the Holy Spirit is still leading in the work of redeeming the world.

2. He had the right motive in his work. He was often misunderstood. It seemed to many, for example, in the second and third journeys, that the missionary was being swallowed up in the explorer; but not so. He was simply laying a broad foundation for real constructive work. And in his evangelistic work this purity of motive is evident. He did not strive for nominal adherents. He writes: "Nothing will induce me to form an impure church. Fifty added to the

church sounds fine at home, but if only five of these are genuine what will it profit in the great day? I have felt more than ever lately that the great object of our exertion ought to be conversion."

3. He had a knowledge of the people. He knew the people and the people knew him. He spent the first six months in Africa among the natives that he might get an insight into their inner life. Concerning this experience he says: "To endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, gambling, quarreling and murdering of these children of nature, was the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties." He always exerted a powerful influence over the natives. He was gentle, fearless and kind, and his real love of the people soon won them competely.

4. Livingstone's preaching was very simple. He soon realized that the Atonement was the one supreme message for any people, and he told the story of redemption to a childish race with child-like simplicity, and with the faith of a little child it was heard and received. Some of his favorite themes were, "The Abounding Love of Christ," "The Real Fatherhood of God," "The Glories of the Resurrection," and "The Last Judgment." And this is the second great message of missions to the church today: The Atonement is the everlasting gospel, and it never fails to reach the hearts of the sons of men.

On the first of May, 1873, at 4 o'clock in the morning, at Chitambo's village in Ilala, the spirit of the immortal Livingstone, the greatest Methodist missionary since the days of St. Paul, went out to the God of the universe. The great men of earth have vied with each other in paying tribute to Livingstone's memory, and in framing eulogies in some measure befitting the man. Stanley, who found Livingstone in Africa, pronounced exceedingly significant words before the Methodist preachers of New York.

Florence Nightingale, the sweet singer, in writing a letter to Dr. Livingstone's daughter fittingly quoted these words:

"He climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toll and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in his train."

Among the kings and queens and nobility of the earth Livingstone's body lies in Westminster and this is his epitaph:

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS OVER LAND AND SEA

HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

MISSIONARY

TRAVELER

PHILANTHROPIST

BORN MARCH 19, 1813,

AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE

DIED MAY 1, 1873

AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA

FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN AN

UNWEARIED EFFORT

TO EVANGELIZE THE NATIVE RACES

TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED SECRETS

TO ABOLISH THE DESOLATING SLAVE TRADE

OF CENTRAL AFRICA,

WHERE WITH HIS LAST WORDS HE WROTE:

"ALL I CAN ADD IN MY SOLITUDE IS, MAY

HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN ON

EVERY ONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR TURK,

WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL THIS OPEN SORE

OF THE WORLD."

Open the Abbey doors and bear him in

To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage.

The missionary came of weaver kin,

But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name

Which man shall prize while worthy work is known;

He lived and died for God—be this his fame;

Let marble crumble; this is Livingstone.

"LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER"

MERTON S. HORRELL

The train pulled up to the station and Harry, having arranged his baggage, took a taxi for the hotel.

He had been away a long time. It was five years ago that he left his wife and went to Canada. They had quarreled. He was coming back now to find her and make a second proposal. He was sure she would accept.

The taxi stopped and he leaped to the pavement and into the lobby of the hotel. He knew not why but he seated himself comfortably and sat and studied.

The last time he saw his wife's name in the paper she was still at this hotel. He remembered the exact room. He now allowed his mind to fall into a trend of thought which took him back five years and up to this same room.

He arose and as he placed his foot on the first step to the elevator he fell helpless on the paved floor. Doctors were summoned and as soon as they saw him pronounced it apoplexy. He was taken quickly to the hospital.

As he was being placed in the ambulance a woman, whom he recognized as his wife, came out of the hotel and inquired as to who the man was who was being carried to the hospital. Nobody knew.

For two days he lay unable to move any part of himself but his eyes. However much he tried he could not turn his head nor even move his hands. He could see and hear but he could not speak. He never worried about his condition. He hoped soon to be well and then he would go and get his wife and be happy once more. He felt sure that she was waiting for him to come.

In the afternoon of the second day he saw her come into

the hospital and walk directly toward him. Some one must have told her that he was here. His heart came up into his throat and tears of joy came into his eyes. She would surely recognize him. She was even bringing flowers. They must be a peace offering. He was sure now that she loved him as well as ever. He had treated her cruelly, but he would make amends when he was well again.

On the other side of the screen lay another man. Harry could see him almost plainly because a window was on the other side of the man. It was to this man instead of to him that his wife came, and his heart receded to its usual pace with a dreadful palpitation.

It was no mistake. He could see her profile against the light as she stooped and placed the flowers on the man's breast and, seated beside him, took his slender hands into her own. It was almost unbearable. He envied the man as he heard her talking love to him, as long ago she had talked to himself. Her voice was so sweet. Presently he heard the man speak.

"Dear, why can't we get married? It's too long to wait till I get out of here. I am anxious."

"Well," she said, "we might, but I have not quite given up hopes of my husband's return. He may be dead. I rather think he is because he left me about five years ago, and if he were not dead he would have come back or written to me before now. But I'll decide by tomorrow."

How he wished he could call her. She still cared for him. If he could only motion to her as she left the room, and bring her to his side she would surely recognize him. Maybe she would see him tomorrow when she came.

He looked forward with mingled awe and eagerness to the time of her next coming. It was a long time but at last she came. He could command nothing but his eyes and he looked hard and straight at her, hoping to draw her attention if

perchance she might throw a single glance toward him. But she looked neither to right nor left as she threaded her way to the other man on the other side of the screen. She carried a fresh bunch of flowers and again she deposited them on the breast of her lover.

On being asked as to her decision she replied in the affirmative. They set the time for tomorrow. At her regular time of coming she would bring a clergyman and they would be married.

Harry looked not so eagerly to this next meeting; in fact, he dreaded it as a knowing sheep dreads the butcher's knife.

However, it came. The marriage began without hindrance. The minister reached that point in his ceremony which says: "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Harry struggled to utter a single "no" but could not breath a sound. He was in distress. Now his wife, the wife whom he had hoped to have again, was married to another.

The next morning in that part of the paper containing the obituaries was this statement:

"Harry Montcalm threw off this mortal coil at the St. Martin Hospital yesterday at 5:00 p. m., after a few days illness from a stroke of apoplexy. At 3:30 his wife was married to a man in the opposite berth. The supposition is that he died before the ceremony was performed."

TO —————
—————W. J. C.
—————

Thou, who from the ivory tipped keys
Canst ring such music angels fain would sing;
Who at thy touch upon the unseen chords
Myriads of melodies do burst and bring
Their rhythmic strains of love,
Play on for me a melancholy strain,
A strain which swerves my soul from out the line
Of common things, and loosing it in fancy
Lets it go forth to walk with thine
In realms of ecstasy.

THE CLASSICS—THINGS OF THE PAST?

The thrice three muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.

Education is cultural, not vocational. Its principal aim is to develop the power and the habit of reflection, not to fill the mind with information and a varied assortment of facts, which may often prove worse than useless. It is to fit men for good citizenship, not to make of them bread winners alone; to prepare the individual for meeting the ups and downs of life, and for serving his State and his fellow-man with the best that's in him. What college is not just as proud of having graduated some active, society-serving Christian citizen as of having graduated some king of finance? What college does not honor just as much a son who has endured severe misfortunes and still stands with unbowed front as it does one who has climbed to the top rung of the ladder of success?

Yet in recent years we have drifted further and further from our ideal of education. As in all things American, even the colleges and universities are falling in and keeping step with the spirit of the times which is tending more and more towards commercialism, and are coming more and more to stress the practical and to exalt the utilitarian. This age, fired by the unlimited possibilities of our country, given over to worship of the god of success, demands that we give our youth practical education, with no concern for the education of all those finer qualities with which they may be endowed. Perhaps the old education was too linguistic, too impractical. But we have not found a golden mean—the new does not concern itself enough with the Humanities; it is too practical. The Classics are no longer among the list of our college requirements. The sciences and the vocational, practical

courses are strongly in vogue. Even the modern languages are not required for certain degrees; and the B.A. degree has come to be regarded as a "cinch." Students are no longer compelled to "bore" for their "sheepskins," but may travel the primrose paths to learning.

Our modern elective system is assuredly bad, because it encourages students to avoid those studies which develop best the mental muscles and to elect the snap courses. The average college freshman has no conception of what is best for him. Our elective systems force him to plan his own course, and he usually follows the line of least resistance. It is disheartening to discover that in many colleges, after the first-year Latin is passed off, there are hardly enough men wishing to pursue the study further to justify the professors in organizing classes. Many of those who take Latin I do so merely because they decide that it will involve less work towards their degree than will the required amount of substitute work in the modern languages. Very few students, other than the ministerial, who deem a reading knowledge of New Testament Greek indispensable to their profession, take Greek at all. Indeed, the tendency among college men is to scoff at Latin and Greek as so much "dead, worthless stuff"; and to regard time spent in the study of the classics as so much time wasted. Yet on the other hand it is a common boast that a B.A. degree may be got at such and such a college without forcing the student to buy a book. The attitude of our colleges and of our college men toward the classics is causing very indifferent work to be done on Latin and Greek in the preparatory schools, where the classics are taught at all. The high school student reasons that he need not learn his grammar thoroughly, since he need not take the work further in college. The entire situation would be amusing were there not such a strong element of pathos and tragedy in it.

Statements issued in the last year or two regarding the

alumni of quite a number of Northern colleges show that the men who did their Latin and Greek well in college have in general far outstripped their fellows in the professions. The editor of the strongest New York newspaper says that a man has no business attempting editorial work unless he can read Homer's Iliad "with his feet on the fender." Nearly all of the scholars, statesmen, and foremost citizens of the past have been conversant with Latin and Greek. From time immemorial the wisest educators of the earth have regarded Latin and Greek, along with mathematics, as the very foundation of all education. The story of Tom Brown's Schooldays serves to illustrate the English attitude. Poor Tom was put to work on a Latin book very soon after his arrival at Rugby. Yet we frequently hear college men asking why they should waste their time studying Latin and Greek.

"Give our boys practical, vocational education," the age demands, as though in the end Latin and Greek were not the most practical subjects that could be studied. There has arisen in recent years a class of educators and philosophers who deny the theory of formal discipline, which asserts that the study of the classics gives to the mind training and power which may be turned to account in other fields of endeavor. It is on this ground that much of the present opposition to the classics as required studies has arisen. A mastery of the classics requires many different forms of mental activity—accurate perception, sound reasoning, careful discrimination, good judgment, and tenacious memory. Just as dumb-bells and Indian clubs serve as means for physical gymnastics, so Latin and Greek serve as instruments for mental gymnastics; just as the gymnasium prepares the body to endure hard labor, so do the classics prepare the mind to do arduous, systematic work. And if the student applies himself to these studies without taking the "short cuts," the end will be certain. He will find that his mind has become responsive to

his will and he will be able not only to do arduous mental work, but to do it with enthusiasm. Recent investigations regarding the success of Harvard alumni who had entered a certain profession support this fact. Those who had applied themselves conscientiously to their duties in college had outstripped their fellows in the remarkable ratio of fourteen to one. If for no other reasons than these, at least one of the classics should be given a permanent place on the list of requirements in our college curricula.

The classics are invaluable as supplements to the courses in English. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue is an absolute requisite of an education. Paradoxical though the statement may seem, more may be gained toward these through a study of the classics than through a continued study of English. A large part of the basal words of the English come either directly or indirectly from the Latin and Greek, while nearly all technical words find their origin in some of the foreign languages. In translating from one language to another the student has words brought to his attention in such a way that he appropriates many for his own use. Thus while one is studying a foreign language he is constantly learning words, their synonyms, and the use of these words. And as regards matters of orthography and fine distinctions of meaning, a man can not become a master unless he does know Latin and Greek. Few students express themselves clearly, concisely, or logically. These qualities, together with the quality of emphasis, a study of the classics helps the student to attain. For aside from the fact that the Latin and the Greek contain some of the best thought of all the ages, they are peculiarly adapted for securing proper emphasis. Thus the practice of translation helps a student very materially in achieving a good English style.

To the neglect of the Classics may be traced absolutely the inferior quality of essays and fiction that are being produced in America. The diction of American graduates is going

from bad to worse, and will continue to degenerate until the Classics are reinstated as requirements in the college curriculum. The real literature of the present time is being produced by Englishmen. The Classics have not been dropped from the English curriculum. Hence young Englishmen graduate with the power to write good English. Along with other requirements made of Rhodes scholars is a knowledge of Latin and Greek. This fact is very significant.

The root of the trouble in America is the spirit of the age. Our educators have been forced practically to drop the Classics from the required studies in the college curriculum. And students, either through sheer laziness or through ignorance of the value of Latin and Greek, prefer the easier courses. Let us hope that readjustment is speedily to come and that those who aspire to degrees will be forced, for their own good and for the good of society, to take the Classics.

Latin and Greek are worthy of being studied for their refining value alone. When really appreciated they appeal to the moral and æsthetic senses. They nurture the finer qualities of sentiment. They broaden the sympathies by linking the modern to the ancient world. Nowhere can lyrics more beautiful or satire, more pointed, be found than in Horace. Nowhere can description or beauty of expression be found so sublime as in the language of Homer. Furthermore the fabric of all that is best in American life is woven from the truths of Roman civilization, coupled with the art, the literature, and the culture of Greece. Our art and our architecture are valued according as they compare with the remnants of those of Greece. Our laws are founded upon Roman law, and the Greek philosophers are still quoted as authority. The Classics are incorrectly called things of the past. A civilization will never die which

"Brings us home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

PERPETUAL MOTION

ROY J. HART

The term *perpetual motion*, as it is generally applied, means a machine that will, without the help of any outside force, continue in motion forever. In other words it is a machine that will create sufficient energy to run itself. We know from physics that if a body is set in motion it will continue to move, unless it is hindered by some outside force. Therefore, if a machine could be made that would create just enough energy to overcome the friction, perpetual motion would be realized. The ideal of the ancients, however, was not simply a machine that would continue in motion, but one that would also do useful work. Thus among their designs we find the clock that would wind itself, continuing to run till its machinery was worn out; the wheel that would turn a mill, and others of the same kind.

Often in our attempts to criticise we fail to appreciate the efforts of the perpetual motion enthusiast. It is not so strange that many attempts were made during the middle ages, and even later, to invent such machines, when we remember that not until the nineteenth century was the law of the conservation of energy established, and many of the principles of dynamics are of recent discovery. However, if we note the general characteristics of those who have tried to invent perpetual motion we find that they belong chiefly to three classes: (1) Those ignorant of physics; (2) that unscrupulous class of schemers, greedy and ambitious for a short road to wealth and fame, (3) experimentalists, similar to the alchemists and astrologers who seem to have had nothing else to do.

Many of these enthusiasts in their day attracted the atten-

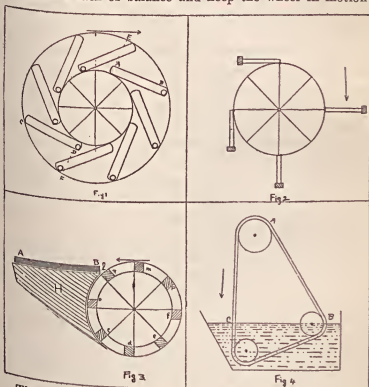
tion of the world. A few of them were even shrewd enough to get men of wealth to spend money on their inventions. One of the most famous of these was Bessler (about 1700), who obtained the patronage of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Bessler's machine was the frame work of a wheel, covered with oilcloth, twelve feet in diameter and one foot and two inches thick. What was inside of it has been a puzzle to mathematicians. As far as is known it had no connection with any outside body. It is said to have run for eight weeks without stopping. Bessler became so annoyed with spectators that he took it out one night and destroyed it.

Another man (about 1880), in America, had an arrangement of wheels which, by their continuing to run, aroused the curiosity of the world for a while. Thomas Edison was invited to examine it. After watching its motion for a while he noticed that it moved in jerks. Then he remembered how in turning the grindstone he used to set his weight against the crank as it went over, hastening its speed, and would bring it up slowly. The motion of this machine was precisely the same. Edison ran down into a little cellar where he found an old man turning a wheel. This had a secret connection with the reputed perpetual motion. When he came out the famous inventor had disappeared, and was never more heard of.

The most often repeated attempts in experimenting with perpetual motion have been to utilize the force of gravity on weights attached to wheels. The same principle has been applied in almost every case—the principle of moments—although the weights have been variously arranged. The inventor has always tried to have them farther from the centre on one side than on the other. In order to bring this about many a machine has been made so complicated that the inventor of it lost his mind trying to understand it.

Figure 1 illustrates a common arrangement of this kind.

When one of the cylinders gets to the position AB the weight in it rolls down to B, and when it is in the position CD it rolls to D. The weights are therefore farther from the centre while on the right than on the left. Why, then, should this not cause a lack of balance and keep the wheel in motion?



The inventor of this device forgot that in rolling from A to B to get farther from the centre the weight moved forward through an angle equal to the arc EB, and to get nearer the centre rolling from C to D it moved backward through an angle equal to the arc CF, thus requiring longer to go up on the left than to go down on the right. You see at a glance then that more weights will always be on the left of the vertical diameter line than on the right. So the ad-

vantage gained by having those on the right farther from the centre is lost.

Another wheel which was made to work on the same principle as that in Figure 1, but which for the same reason failed to work at all, is shown in Figure 2.

Attempts have also been made to utilize magnetism in producing perpetual motion. And of all complexities ever heard of some of these machines have them in the superlative degree. One of the simplest and perhaps most ingenious is shown in Figure 3. AB is a magnet; m, n, o, P are pieces of soft iron. H is a substance intended to intercept magnetic attraction. The magnet, AB, will attract the piece of iron, m, till it passes l, where the attraction will be intercepted by the device H, and by this time P, another piece of iron, will be at m and will go through the same process. In this way the motion will be kept up. Searches for the proper substance to intercept magnetic attraction have been in vain. So this machine has never been made to work.

Another way that has been tried to produce perpetual motion is by means of liquids. In this two principles have been applied: (1) that of the siphon; (2) capillary attraction.

In Figure 4 is illustrated one of these in which the principle of capillary attraction was applied. Around the three wheels, A, B, and C, is a sponge belt. Now it is known that in a sponge water will violate the rule of rising to its level and will rise above its surface. Since it will rise both at C and B however, this is no advantage. In order to remedy this a chain similar to a bicycle chain is put around the wheels on the sponge belt. It presses down at B and prevents the liquid from rising there, but allows it to rise at C, where there is comparatively no pressure. This will cause the part of the belt at C to be heavier than the part AB. The continuing of the liquid to rise will keep the machine in motion.

This is a very beautiful theory, but it failed to work. So after experimenting nine hundred years the human race has never been able to produce a machine that would do more work than there was energy supplied, and the problem of perpetual motion, therefore, remains unsolved.

SAM, THE DESERTER

PAUL E. HUBBELL.

Two mountaineers stood by the rude gap in the rail fence and looked at the log cabin before them.

"Come in, Pete?" asked the younger man, glancing at the cottage.

"No, Sam, I'll get up home. I just thought I'd come by with you. It's been so long since I seen you that you seem 'most like a stranger."

"Yes, I reckon so. Guess there ain't nobody knows I'm in that'll tell it?"

"Naw, nobody on Long Branch would serve you a bad turn, Sam. Didn't you see how glad Miss Jones was to see you? I wonder Uncle Hiram wasn't there, too. He'll want to see you and talk about the war."

"Yes, he will. Well, come and see me 'fore long."

"All right, Sam. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Pete."

Sam Weaver watched his neighbor cross the foot log over the branch and disappear behind the alder bushes before he walked into his own yard and looked about him.

"Wonder where the folks are?" he murmured as he saw no one to welcome him.

As he put his foot on the steps to enter the cabin, he heard the sound of voices in the kitchen and recognized the pleasant odor of hot biscuits.

"Hello!" he shouted like a schoolboy.

Before he reached the porch, mother, wife, and six bouncing children tumbled through the front door and captured him with loving greetings on all sides.

"Let me catch my breath," Sam shouted. "This is worse than taking a Yankee camp."

"You came a long ways to storm it," his wife, Mary, replied.

"It's better worth taking than any camp I've ever seen," Sam answered, with a smile.

"Have a seat, Sam, and tell us how you got here," his mother said.

"I reckon you don't wan't any supper, Sam?" said Mary, teasingly.

"Oh, just enough for four men will do, Mary."

Sam laughed as he caught and filled his lap with two or three lively youngsters, who always wriggled away from him faster than he could recover them.

"Ma, Pete Black was a sight glad to see me, and Ole Mis Jones' most et me up down at the store this evenin'."

"Grandma and mama finished eatin' you when they saw you, didn't they, papa?" Sally, the oldest, asked quickly.

"Not quite, Sally. They left enough of me to be tired."

"Stop your talking and come in to supper, if you're hungry," Mary called cheerily from the kitchen.

When supper was over and Sam had seen everything on the place, from the old horse apple tree, full of yellow fruit, down to the fuzzy turkeys Sally had raised, the family took seats on the porch. The setting sun shone in their happy faces and long after it was behind the lofty hills their father pointed out to his children the path over Rose Knob, by which he had come. The last light of evening fell upon the pathway of the peak and caused it to shine with a softness that made the ripening fields of buckwheat and corn by its side more beautiful than ever.

The peak shut out the great world beyond and Rose Knob held a store of interest and delight for Sam Weaver's loved

ones because he had crossed it on the way to his humble home. Around his cabin the great spruce pines towered with an air of sovereignty in silent beauty above the running brook, familiar to childish feet. In their dreams the children saw Long Branch bathed in a light of glory, the happiest place in the world.

The tired soldier slept without a dream, resting from the long tramp and freed from the fatiguing care of camp life. Yet at midnight the house was aroused by loud knocks on the door.

Cries of "Come out, Sam Weaver," were heard by those within the house. Sam looked out at the window and saw that the house was surrounded by men. He opened the door and looked into the faces of some thirty odd men and boys in motley uniforms. They were armed with shotguns and pistols and a few had been told off to hold their horses ready for a chase.

"Here I am fellows, if you want me," Sam said.

Captain Carter came forward and said to him:

"I arrest you, Sam Weaver, in the name of the Home Guard, by advice of Colonel Mosby, on the charge of desertion."

On hearing this Mary Weaver rushed forward and pleaded with the captain:

"Please leave me my husband. Sam's been a good soldier. He's been in the army three years now, and you want to take him away from home the first night. Don't take him away from his old mother and us. We won't have nobody if you take Sam off."

The old mother began to cry and whimper and the young children howled in fear.

"Hush!" said the captain. "Do you want to bring the Federals down on us?"

"Federals?" Sam asked. "Where are they?"

"All around us," the captain said, "and we didn't find it out until we got up here. Pete Black told us he saw Federal cavalry in the valley just below his house at sunset. He wouldn't talk about you, but he said the Yankees were out on a raid."

"Where are they going?" Sam asked eagerly.

"They've already passed us and are between us and Mosby's men now. They'll attack them tomorrow night. We were ordered to look out for the Federals and report from here all the Yankees that came this way. There's no hope of getting a message to Mosby now. The Feds. would catch any man between here and the Confederate lines," continued the captain of the Home Guard.

"Yes, but Mosby will get away over the Holston River on that South Fork bridge, won't he?" Sam asked.

"No," the captain said in a matter of fact way, "the Yanks are going to burn the bridge and then attack the camp. Two bodies of Federal troops will catch him between them. He'll have to look out for himself now."

"To horse," was the low command. The farewell that Sam gave his family was short and sad. He was placed on an old horse and closely guarded.

Sam found out by listening to the talk of the men that Colonel Mosby was at Laurel Glen, twenty miles away, and that the Federals had cavalry outposts on the roads between Long Branch and Laurel Glen.

"If I was only free I'd carry the news to Mosby," he muttered.

Captain Carter fell back and gave orders about Sam in a cold, contemptuous way:

"Keep that deserter from getting away now. We are on the Big Cliff road and he might try something here."

The Home Guard made a turn as they followed the rocky road along the river's bank. As they came out into the open

just beyond the cliff a shower of bullets fell among them, and a squadron of Federal cavalry charged from the corn field in which they had been concealed. Many were knocked down by sabres and taken prisoners.

The Confederates who escaped jumped into the laurel thicket and fled away through the pine forest. The narrow road was blocked by men and horses, both dead and wounded. The prisoners were placed under guard and the army silently marched towards the south.

At sunrise the Federal captain halted his company for breakfast. While the soldiers were going into camp Sam, no longer closely guarded, saw Pete Black stalking around. The guards were busy eating and Pete sat down near Sam and asked very tamely:

"Give me a chaw of that 'ar tobacco."

Each one showed his joy in meeting again by a glance at the other. They whispered together a good deal while the guards smoked their pipes and talked of the night's work they had done.

"Pete, how did you get here?"

"The Feds. got me for a guide last night. That darned Home Guard had passed me and asked me a hundred questions, I reckon, not five minutes before."

"I'm darned glad I got away from that bunch."

"Yes, Sam, and so am I. What are you going to do?" asked Pete, glancing about carefully.

"I want to let Colonel Mosby know the Federals are here and are going to fight him," Sam answered.

"Sam, what do you care for a few darned Rebs? You deserted Mosby and he'd have you shot this mornin', if he could get his hands on you."

"Pete, they mustn't be killed like sheep. That blamed Home Guard can't help them. You and I must save Mosby."

"Well, if you say so, all right. What must I tell him for

you? I can get on ole Bess and outride a hundred Federals."

"Say, I'll guide the Yanks, Pete. On the timber road through Laurel Glen tonight at twelve o'clock. I overheard that much this morning."

"That's the stuff! Tell them it's nearer and unguarded if they balk, Sam. Good-bye," he added aloud, "I'll see you again."

"Good-bye, Pete; I'll be glad to see you," he added, for the benefit of the guard.

As a guide Pete had the freedom of the camp and was not very closely watched. About ten o'clock he mounted his gray mare, ole Bess, and rode out with the staff to reconnoitre. Sam watched them until they were out of sight among the trees and bushes of the slope below him. He looked across the South Fork of the Holston at the fertile bottom lands filled with cattle enjoying the luxuriant bluegrass. Far beyond them were the dark mountains just beginning to brighten with a golden glow in these first days of the Indian Summer.

Evening found Sam impatient. He had been confined to a tent since noon. He had only heard the guards say that a detachment of Federals had gone forward to destroy the bridge over the river. This movement would cut Mosby off from his supplies and an attack that night might annihilate his little band.

Sam ate his supper in the tent that night. The Federal commander came in when he had finished and spoke to him.

"Good evening, my man. Do you know the road to Laurel Glen?"

"Yes, sir; I've traveled it several times."

"Well, we move camp tonight and we want you to show us the way. There's money in it for you."

"I'm your man," Sam said.

"Be ready in five minutes, then," and the general left the tent with his followers.

For two long hours they rode through the darkness, along sandy patches of river road, by the side of steep precipices with streams far below, through laurel thickets black as night, and all the while the road grew steeper and rockier.

When they reached the fork of the road Sam reined in his horse. Here was the valley road through Sinclair's bottom on the left and the timber road to Laurel Glen on his right.

"Which way now?" asked the commander.

"To the right," Sam replied. "It's nearer and more apt to be unguarded. It's awful rough, though," he volunteered.

"That's all right about its being rough! Column right," the captain ordered.

As Sam reached the top of the hill, a mile away, he checked his horse and let him breathe a spell. Far below them they saw a light and the smoke curled heavenward over the fire beneath.

"That's the bridge on fire," the captain said, almost involuntarily. "If we could only strike Mosby now."

The body of cavalry, several hundred in number, pressed behind and Sam rode down the winding road into the valley, known as the Heart of Laurel Glen. Close in the rear came the cavalymen and urged the foremost men forward impatiently.

Sam spoke to the captain: "We'd better be quiet, now, don't you think?"

The commander repeated an order for absolute silence and rode on bravely.

"How far is it now?" he asked, as they heard a mountain stream rippling before them.

"Not far; the top of the next hill has a view of the whole place. I deserted these men only a week back, and I know the country well."

"Is that so? Then you wouldn't go back on us for a good deal?" inquired the captain.

Sam was not in a position to answer. He had heard with his keen ear the cock of a musket, and he got off his horse as if for a drink from the brook.

"I'm going to drink out of a leaf," he said.

A second later the call of a crow, made by the leaf in Sam's hands as he lay beside the little stream, startled the echoes.

"You durned Rebel," shouted the officer, drawing his pistol. "I'll——"

He did not finish his threat for a volley of musket balls struck him and his companions before the sentence was finished. Sam had given the signal of Mosby's men and the Federals were shot down by invisible foes. Soon the Rebels closed in on all sides and engaged the enemy in close conflict. Swords, pistols, and the butts of guns were used on both sides. The Confederates won the conflict after an hour's contest and the group of Federals around the stream, who had made a brave stand, surrendered to Colonel Mosby.

By the light of the torches his men bore, the Colonel took the wounded captain's sword and placed the captured Yankees under guard. As he turned to give some orders to an officer near by, a rough mountaineer with bare head and bloody clothes come running up and said to him:

"Colonel, a poor fellow wants to speak to you over here."

He led the way down the road and there upon his back lay a man with long auburn hair and pale features. His hand held a bloody sabre and as he saw the colonel his face kindled with a dying flush of brightness in the torchlight.

"Colonel Mosby, I'm Sam, the deserter."

Pete Black, the rude mountaineer, wept at his comrade's side and brushed the hair from his forehead.

"Can you forgive me?" cried Sam. "I've been unfaithful."

"Samuel Weaver," said the colonel, "there's nothing to forgive. Your record is brighter than ever since you saved us from the enemy. Let me thank you sincerely for this service to the regiment. We can never forget what a death you saved us from."

Sam turned to Pete and whispered:

"Pete, tell Mary an' the little uns at home I warn't no deserter."

WALT WHITMAN

 W. H. J.

Walt Whitman, the great high priest of democracy, realized to a greater extent than perhaps any other poet the divine mission of poetry. From earliest childhood he absorbed all the poetic influences which he found around him, and directed these influences toward the formation of a poetry that should teach life—not necessarily the good and beautiful alone, but the ugly and deformed as well. In view of the fact that so little is known about his life, it might not be amiss to devote a little space to a brief biography.

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819. His mother, Louise Von Vilsen, was Dutch, while his father, Walter Whitman, was of English ancestry. Walt was the eldest of a large family of strong, robust girls and boys. He inherited all the Dutch characteristics of stubbornness, practicality, endurance and neatness of person of his mother, with very few of the characteristics of his father beyond his shiftlessness. Of his boyhood and home life we know very little beyond his own description of it in "There Was a Child Went Forth." This contains a few lines descriptive of the character of his father and mother:

The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper table,
 The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a wholesome
 odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by.
 The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, unjust,
 The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure.

Of the influence which his early environment had over his life, he says:

The early lilacs became part of this child,
 And grass and white and red morning glories, and white and red
 clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird,

And the Third-month lambs and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the
mare's foal and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pond-side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and
the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water plants with their graceful fat heads, all became part
of him.

His career was checkered, like that of most self-made Americans. He was first employed as errand boy in a lawyer's office, worked for a time in a printing office, and then tried his hand at teaching school. In 1836 he founded the *Long Islander*, and edited it for three years at Huntington. He was editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* from 1846 to 1847, then drifted to New Orleans and was on the staff of the *Crescent* for one year. Returning to New York he spent most of his time for three years following his trade as a carpenter, in the meantime writing for the magazines and reviews and turning out several novels. All this time he was revolving in his mind the scheme of "Leaves of Grass," the first edition of which appeared in the summer of 1855. It failed to attract any attention whatever until a letter from Emerson pronounced it "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." This letter was published in the *New York Tribune*, and immediately launched the little volume on a career of a great temporary popularity. In 1856 a second and enlarged edition of the "Leaves" appeared, and in 1860 a third. In 1862 Whitman went to Washington to nurse his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Whitman, who was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg. For ten years he remained in and about Washington, acting as a volunteer nurse in army hospitals during the war, and afterward working in government departments. As a result of his experience as an army nurse we have "Drum Taps." Some time in the early part of 1873 he received a stroke of paralysis which partially disabled

him. He retired to Camden, New Jersey, to spend his declining years, and died there March 27, 1892. Two lines of his own, written about himself, probably best express what he really is:

I am the poet of the body,
And I am the poet of the soul.

Readers who browse around in his "Leaves" expecting to be regaled with beautiful flowers and sweet perfumes will undoubtedly be disappointed if not shocked. He wrote of life as he found it, his one desire being to "sing and laugh and deny nothing." It is not by reading a line or a verse here and there that the reader can grasp the true poetic significance and rhythmic beauty of his lines. Analyze a single line and it will generally seem absolutely formless and unmusical, but read page after page and the true beauty separates itself from the ruggedness, and poetry of vast conceptions and enthusiasms, together with an unlimited depth of love for humanity and appreciation of the good bursts upon us.

Our pleasure in the metrical, rhymed, highly polished verse of the more popular poets is doubtless more acute and instant than it is in the irregular, heaped-up lines of Whitman, for the popular poetry is more in keeping with the artificiality with which civilized man surrounds himself—perfumes, colors, the upholstered, sterilized, perfected existence of a pampered age. Whitman's is a more simple, natural state of being, the poet of the rough side of life, of the unhoused elements—frost, rain, sea. All the sham, tinsel and burlesque he lays aside and puts himself in close sympathy with the unartificial in men and things.

Like Browning he was born a poet; like Browning it was many years before he won any way at all; and, unlike Browning he died before any sort of appreciation was offered him. His power of suggestion was very great. The very obscurity

of some of his lines seems to lend them thought-suggesting power. Browning gives us intimations of prenatal existence and of future incarnations; but the theory of the immortality and unity of the soul is never absent from Whitman; it is in his constant iteration:

O, living always, always dying,
 O, the burials of me, past and present,
 O me, while I stride ahead, material, visible, imperious as ever,
 O me, what I was for years, now dead (I lament not, I am content),
 O, to disengage myself from these corpses of me, which I turn and
 look at, where I cast them,
 To pass on (O, living, always living!), and leave corpses behind!

Whitman has been accused of being deficient in appreciation of the really beautiful in life and nature, but his work abounds in lines on nature of exquisite and haunting beauty: Press close, bare bosomed Night! Press close, magnetic, nourishing Night!

Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!
 Still, nodding Night! Mad, naked summer Night.

And what can bear evidence to a greater depth of love of nature than "A Word Out of the Sea"?

Low hangs the moon—it rose late,
 O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love.

* * * * *
 Shake out carols!
 Solitary here—the night's carols!
 Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
 Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
 O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the sea!
 O reckless, despairing carols.

We are compelled to admit that there are lines in Whitman's work that shock the poetic sensibilities, and can lay no possible claim to the title of poetry. There is something startling in the familiarity, the lack of reserve and dignity in such lines as—

I tucked my trouser-ends into my boots and went and had a good time;
 You should have been with us that day over the chowder-kettle.

One can only reflect that he wrote for posterity and for the ages. In writing of the common, everyday activities, he used common, everyday language, thus destroying all possibilities of poetic beauty in some lines. "Be not afraid, it is I," loses all its strength when it is transposed into the simple language of a little child, "Don't be scared, it's me coming."

As a whole his unmetrical matter comes under no present definition of poetry, and much of it has no poetic significance. Page after page is given to a monotonous enumeration of things or cognitions. His minute dissection and redissection is generally superfluous, and some of it even vulgar. At times it seems as if the light he were flooding over existence is too dazzling to bear, and again his thought is vague and mist-hidden, and we search in vain to find what he is driving at.

Whitman had the true poetic attitude toward death. To him it was nothing to be afraid of, rather something to be looked forward to. Death meant to him the beginning of the immortality in which he was such an ardent believer:

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!
That the exquisite scheme is for it, and the cohering is for it!
And all preparation is for it! and identity is for it!
And life and death are altogether for it!

"Darest Thou Now, O Soul," which should rank with Matthew Arnold's "Wish," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and Browning's "Prospice" is illustrative of his absolute fearlessness of death:

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
 Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
 All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.
 Till when the ties loosen,
 All but the eternal, Time and Space,
 Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.
 Then we burst forth, we float,
 In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
 Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfill, O soul.

He gave his time and substance freely to others, and associated with the common people, day laborers, hack drivers and tramps. It was his one great desire to write for the plebians, and in attempting to throw off all the restraint of former poetic forms and write in a free, simple style, he defeated his own purpose and is understood and appreciated by only a few. The masses can only appreciate what they are familiar with, and Whitman's lines were of a kind unheard of before. He said he was "willing to wait to be understood by the growth of taste" of himself, and this growth of American poets by Europe and England promises well for his work in his own country.

While his work has been the subject of much severe criticism, and while much of it may not be considered true poetry, there is a body of his verse that reveals a richness of poetic imagination unexcelled in America and will outlast much of the so-called popular poetry of the age. Many have tried to figure out the problem he has propounded, but little has been done to solve the riddle. Doubtless he will never be fully understood; perhaps our attitude toward his work will always be what his was toward life—

O how plainly I see now that life can not exhibit all to me—
 But there is a power of expression and depth of feeling in it all which places it on a pedestal of its own, and promises to make it live as long as anything in existing American poetry.

THE LACK OF ABILITY IN OUR LEGISLATURE

L. Q. HAYNES.

Over the man of ordinary intelligence there comes a feeling of disgust after spending an hour in the House of Representatives at Raleigh. When one looks upon this crowd of noisily clamoring representatives and watches them go over their daily schedules of measures, he is reminded of what one said to some protentious lawyers: "Ye have omitted the weightier matters of the law * * * these ye ought to have done." The subjects that employ the time of the House are, to a great extent, inconsequential, and the speeches made on them are made by Representatives talking buncombe. Very few of our Representatives have at heart the welfare of the State as a whole. And if they did there are few of them who could defend their positions with clarity and force. They are not well enough educated. Many of them make colossal blockheads of themselves in their butchery of the Queen's English. Appearance may not count much, but it revealed lots lately in a session when two or three mossbacks with celluloid collars on, and others with no collars on, and some with no cravats, tried to support an insignificant local measure. The visitors in the gallery, women and all, had a right to poke fun at them. No person who does not have sense enough to prevent the galleries from making him the butt of ridicule, has a right to represent a county in the North Carolina Assembly.

The bills that occupied the time of the Legislature show what kind of Representatives we have. Nearly all the measures are local and narrow in nature. This man from _____ County wants a law to tear down a stock fence, while another begs to have the groundhogs in his county protected. Little interest is taken in State revenue and Statewide school laws.

Who is to blame? The people of the counties who send them there are chiefly to blame. Our people have not been politically educated. If the people are to be under a democratic form of government they must educate themselves up to their responsibilities. And political education comes with public school education. No wonder some of the near-illiterate Representatives do not favor Statewide school laws and other farreaching reform measures; they have deceived their untaught constituents and made them great promises. Let the newspapers continue to publish to their counties the un-garnished truth about these old fogies. The people must know some things before there is any improvement.

THE EXILE'S RETURN

W. H. J.

Mickey was lonely. He looked out of the window at the ragged urchins playing in the street below and his heart was filled with rebellion. He was tired of this fine house and these unpleasantly clean clothes that must always be kept in order. Three months ago Dr. Connor had picked him up from the street and tried to make a son of him. The doctor and his good wife had been too kind.

A newsboy was passing the house, and looking up at the window he recognized Mickey.

"Hi dere, Mickey," he cried. "Why don't yer come down an' have a little fun? Don't yer never git tired o' bein' a dude?"

"Hi, Beppo," cried Mickey, his face lighting up. "You wait a minute. I'll be down in a hurry."

Mickey rushed to the attic and snatched his old, ragged suit from the chest where he had so lovingly hid it, thrust himself into it and ran down to Beppo. He left the big house without looking back. The two little waifs made their way to the *Herald* office, got their usual bundles of papers and took their old stands.

"Paper, mister?" shouted Mickey. "All about the big murder."

He was again in his element. The exile had returned. The cold drizzle and sharp, biting wind chilled him to the bone, but Mickey was Irish and stuck to it cheerfully. When night came he and Beppo set out to find a place to sleep.

Down at the riverfront was a line of empty, tumble-down grain elevators through which the wind whistled, but it had been good enough before, so Mickey made his bed in a corner

on a heap of old bags. In the morning there was a dry, sore feeling in his throat and he had a deep cough. Three months of civilization had spoiled him.

For two days he stood in the continuous rain and sold his papers, and his cough grew worse and his fever went higher. Then came a morning when he did not get up, and Beppo looked on with the dumb, helpless expression of the ignorant. All day Mickey grew worse and when the sun rose again over the river he could hardly speak.

Suddenly the two little Arabs heard voices outside and a burly policeman came in, followed by a man in a big fur overcoat. They came up to Mickey and the sick boy recognized Dr. Connor. The doctor knelt down beside him and placed his hand on his forehead. It was burning with fever.

"Mickey, won't you go back home with me?" asked the doctor.

"I'd rather not," whispered Mickey. "Yer see, I ain't never had no home, and anyhow a home ain't fer the like o' me. I'm much obliged ter yer and de Missis for bein' so nice ter me, but I guess you'd better leave me and Beppo. I'm goin' away soon anyhow."

The doctor turned away sadly and went to call an ambulance. In a few minutes it came and the two attendants followed him into the old warehouse. They found Beppo holding one of Mickey's hands and crying on his coat sleeve. Mickey had gone home.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor.

That Fee Three objections have been raised to the proposition of an athletic entrance fee, viz.: (1) the system would promote the hiring of athletes and crush competition among the regular students for positions on the teams; (2) the fee, by increasing the expense of matriculation, would discourage the poor young men who wish to enter our College; (3) the system would put the financing of athletics on the shoulders of the College.

To answer these objections in their order. First, the system does not mean the hiring of any man save the coaches for

the respective branches of athletics. The system is wholly consistent with pure athletics, and does not mean that we contemplate hiring men to fight our battles for us; we do not. It simply means the systematic meeting of the expenses which have heretofore been consistently putting the Athletic Association in the hole—literally burying it.

The second objection, one that has loomed up large in the eyes of the opposition, is a simple technicality which has been satisfactorily solved by all the numerous colleges that have adopted the system, Richmond College for example, as cited in the January number of *THE STUDENT*. If a candidate for matriculation could not pay the fee he would be excused by the President of the College, and experience in other colleges has proved that cases of this kind are extremely rare.

The third objection of putting athletics on the shoulders of the College is baseless, for beyond receiving the fee and transferring it to the Association the College would have nothing to do with athletics nor its financing.

We do not believe that any of our Board of Trustees is opposed to Athletics; that's too old. It would be well for some morose dyspeptics if the athletic entrance fee were adopted and an attendance on 75 per cent of the inter-collegiate games were required. They would come away from the games with fresher minds, hoarser voices, new friends and broader sympathies, with a new and stronger love to bear away for Alma Mater.

Playing the Man

One or two years ago a young man came to our College fresh with the laurels of his high school. These are his grammar school and high school stunts which he has brought with him: He selected his circle of "pals" and has associated with them exclusively, refusing to speak with anyone else, Senior or faculty, thus stamping himself in the very beginning of his col-

lege career as a very narrow man with a very narrow place to fill. Naturally he is being allowed to spread himself in that little place after his own fashion.

He goes on class (part of the time), takes a back seat, chews gum, and in an undertone, talks to his pals beside him or whispers derogatory remarks at the lecturer and his subject. He meets all the trains, of course, and has been known to throw snowballs through the windowpanes, shattering them in the faces of the young lady passengers; he then makes amends to the railroad company and a name for his college by beating his way on the next passenger train toward Raleigh. He goes to the college games and yells "cheat" and "rascal" at the visiting referee and strikes a visiting player from the side-line. He goes out behind the infirmary at midnight and entertains the nervous patients by bravely puncturing the heavens with his little pistol. He wantonly destroys annually four hundred dollars worth of college property and half of his more sober fellow's contingency fee. These and similar deeds constitute his sole originality.

This young man is not a renegade and he is not going to ruin himself utterly; for one, two, or possibly three years without once thinking he has played the part of a grammar school manikin while both he and his parents are proudly believing he is playing the part of a full-fledged college man. Of course he is a gentleman, and of course he is going to graduate with honors, but why does he not stop and think?

Campus
Beautiful

Wake Forest campus is bounded on the south and east by an incomparable stone wall, partly demolished in places, totally strayed in others, and covered here and there by intermingled saw-briars and honeysuckle. It is bounded on the north and west by nothing it can claim as a visible boundary of its own, but by a series of quagmires during the winter season, more or

less geometrically arranged and vulgarly called a street. Within these boundaries the casual observer is struck with the large variety of trees, evergreen and nevergreen (some of them are dead), from the smallest shrub to the haughtiest oak, nuciferous, bacciferous and coniferous. A second and lower glance reveals over the east half of the campus, varying heights of ragged brown field sedge, struggling with a thick stand of wild onion for the possession of the land. Here and there a dilapidated settee harmonizes with its surroundings to complete the picture of "Oh, Go to France." To the embryonic or matured college pride of the Freshman or the Senior this picture is wormwood and gall. Each knows that our campus affords potentially the fairest view, the pleasantest promenade, and the sweetest secret bower, covered by the deep-shaded magnolia and perfumed by the soft sweet breath of the honeysuckle.

Could we not make it so?

Heretofore it has been the custom of each Senior Class, with few exceptions, to leave as a token some deed of campus improvement. We might create a "Chair of Campus Beautiful," elect Doc Tom to the position to pursue it exclusively, keeping the grass constantly mowed, the walks mounded and drained, the waste paper and other rubbish removed, the flower-plots well ordered, and so on to the making of our campus a perfect park, in keeping. The sum of two hundred and fifty dollars—less than three dollars from each Senior—would be sufficient for the keeper's salary per annum, and if donated by each graduating class would be perpetuated. If the system were once begun we believe its results would insure its permanence.

Our college authorities would do this, we believe, but they are already overburdened, and must content themselves with a little pre-commencement effort of this kind. Could the present Senior Class leave its mother a worthier offering than the one suggested?

THE OPEN DOOR

Literature Versus the College Student

"Not entertaining enough" was what a student said the other day, in a disappointed tone. He was speaking of one of the shows he had been to see. He belonged to the class of choice spirits known as "youthful sports" or "connoisseurs" in things theatrical. Tired out with modern shows and their authors, he could no longer be satisfied with the spectacular effect of "The Slim Princess," "The Soul Kiss," and "The Merry Widow," for he had not given a passing thought to the social problems and conditions that form the background and the theme of these sensational shows. The question arises, "why didn't this man take an interest in the matter upon which the show was founded?" Was it not because his mind was untrained and debased? Are not the fellow's faculties socially unfit for use in any field where men are needed? Here is the result of your system of education and here is your educated man. Behold and admire your work, rulers of W. F. C.

We have boys in college whose whole delight is in sentimentalism, second-hand wit, sensationism, bareface frivolities, and vulgarity both in speech and reading matter. They can not think soberly if they would. Nothing they read is worth while. They peruse cheap magazines filled with hair-raising stories of adventure and foul stories of sentimentality and suggestion. They speak of an author as a wonderful writer whom only fools admire, for the tendency among modern writers in thought and morals is effeminate and degrading. Such students do not consider moral stamina in men or books of any worth. Shaw, Wells, and other dramatists and novel-writers of the same school are widely read today.

They break with every tradition, good and bad; they are socialistic, free of thought and speech, they revere nothing on earth or in heaven; they dabble in ideas that hell might reverence; and they were dyed to the core with the spirit of the age that has for its motto, "Have a good time."

These same men hate Shakespeare with unusual fervor, scorn at Sophocles, and ignore Moliere and Racine with very self-possessed omniscience. Such prejudice make them hate even the best works of the standard authors, because they can not see their own loss in neglecting real study. Their lack of training is the cause of their distressing "ennui" when any occasion comes up that demands thought. The American mind turns to action rather than reflection. Is action without wisdom desirable? The ordinary boy's mind is frivolous, untrained, and immature. His training, neglected at home, can only be remedied by a course of study, wide reading, and deep thinking during his college career. The "Newish" is oposed to work and he detests literature, for it is the product of mental labor. As a senior in the high school he learned to avoid study and to strut about in glory, priding himself on his lily-white hands, unsoiled save by Piedmont nicotine. When he comes to college he has no "backbone" and attempts to get along without studying as he did in the preparatory school. Therefore we need a course of compulsory study so that the would-be omniscient, yet all-ignorant freshman, shall not leave his Alma Mater, as a graduate four years hence, without drinking a deep draught of the classics.

Here at Wake Forest we read books and do not remember them, we skip Greek and Latin, and even dodge the professors on the walks. We are afraid of work, we dislike books, and we consign literature to the bottomless pit when we pass the course. Time was when men read more and loved to keep their old books of literature, standard novels, and vol-

umes of the poets. There are only a blest and faithful few that yet keep up the dear tradition. Even some of these regard their books as mementoes never to be disturbed except when summer calls them to pack up and perhaps wipe the cobwebs from the outsides of these volumes of great value.

Ignorance is to be regretted. What hope is there for a student, however, whose mind has never known the beneficial discipline of reflection and study? We need a change at Wake Forest that shall give us training equal to that in the northern colleges. The reaction to the study of the classics has already begun there. In Oberlin and Dartmouth the men are required to study more Greek and Latin than before and must take general rather than special work during the course prescribed for the bachelor's degree. The freshmen are allowed to specialize no longer and are compelled to devote more time to liberal studies.

The period of maturity is becoming longer, hence men in North Carolina must be better prepared than ever for life. They have to contend with northern competitors when they begin their life work. Unless our college curriculum is as good and as strictly adhered to as that of others, southern youths will be handicapped. If a man fails to educate his child, the latter loses by the neglect of its parent. Then, if a college does not prepare her students for life by teaching them methods of study and thinking, shall not the present students be losers by this system? There is need for more thorough work in college. Require more work and study from the students and do not cram them so full of lectures. Compel them to dig out each subject for themselves more than they have to now, for study and application are the things that shape and develop honest and sterling character. And require more Greek and Latin for a diploma. Two years of college Latin are advisable, for if Latin is

worth getting up at all, one year of college work cannot give the student the full benefit of his hours of study. The pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction at other places. We only cater to the wishes and do not consider the best interests of the students if we refuse to uphold the ideal of better training embodied in the "Literature of the Ages." Thrust the real loaves of education and *culture* before college men or else confess that you are untrue to the real meaning of your motto, "Pro Humanitate," and that you give them the stone of pretense for the bread of intellectual life. There is no student so blind that he will turn aside from the paths of understanding if you place his feet upon the path of true wisdom.

PAUL E. HUBBELL.

Things Municipal

Wake Forest consists of a town of two thousand or more inhabitants and Wake Forest College. This is about the most nearly correct statement that can be made. Surely Wake Forest College is not Wake Forest.

Here are some of the things that Wake Forest has: two banks, a cotton mill, two iron foundries, three lumber mills, a number of department stores, two drug stores, hardware stores and grocery stores, with many other firms doing miscellaneous kinds of business. Here are some things Wake Forest does not have: a decent public school or public school building, a single foot of paved sidewalk or a well-kept street, with the exception of a few yards of Faculty Avenue; a system of sanitation; an adequate hotel.

They say there is going to be a school building soon. But it is a shame that there has not been an excellent school in such an educational center for years. Doubtless there are in all half a thousand children of school age in town who ought to be in school.

During bad weather it is nearly impossible to reach the business side of town on account of muddy streets without sidewalks. Even in front of the department stores and shoe stores there are mudholes in the walk. Maybe the shoe man knew his business when he established his store behind a mudhole. One can fall out of the uneven, steep streets, over embankments, into the grocery stores.

No pretension is made to neatness and sanitation. Three or four old pumps surrounded by negroes and mules, take up space in every street crossing. On week-end days fish mongers ply their dirty, odoriferous trade around them. From morning till night, every day of the week and Sunday too, chicken-coops grace the entrance to the grocery stores. And the narrow streets and alleys are filled with rubbish. I venture to say that if the college campus and Faculty Avenue were taken away, not much town beauty would be left.

Why can't the town have some pride and clean up? There is plenty of wealth that can be taxed. Besides all this, Wake Forest is a trading center of the county for miles around, and is the largest town in Wake besides Raleigh.

L. Q. HAYNES.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

In a basketball game played at Wake Forest, February the 25th, Trinity College won against the home team with the close score of 16 to 15. On February the 28th, Wake Forest won against the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the score being 41 to 12. At Raleigh, March the 1st, Wake Forest won the score from V. P. I., 39 to 16. Against the University of North Carolina Wake Forest was defeated on March 4th, the score being 19 to 15. This hard-fought game closed the season for Wake Forest.

Perhaps a summary of the results for the whole basketball season would be interesting. Wake Forest won six games on the home floor and lost two, the ones lost being played against the Emory and Henry and Trinity teams, both of which were exceptionally strong teams this season. On the trips three games were won and five lost. This makes a total of sixteen games played by the Wake Forest team, nine of which were won and seven lost. Coach J. Richard Crozier developed what was practically a new team into a very creditable and successful quintet.

William Holding, Jr. led the team in scores made, having sixty-four field goals and sixty-one foul goals to his credit for the whole season; and Mr. Crozier says he is the best foul thrower Wake Forest has ever had. Bruce Holding, the strong center comes next in scores made with fifty-three field goals to his credit. Alex Hall, although playing in just a few games toward the last of the season, threw nineteen field goals, and toward the close he was rapidly making for himself an enviable reputation in basketball. Hugh

Cuthrell another forward, was strong in passing the ball, and he placed the ball in the basket seventeen times for field goals. Although Phil Utley was a guard he claims seven field goals as his contribution toward victory. Ham Davis, the other guard, was an exceptionally fast player, and was about an even match with Utley as an effective guard. All of the men mentioned above, together with G. M. Billings, who played guard as substitute, have won their W in basketball.

Mr. J. Richard Crozier, director in physical culture, is conducted a special class in advanced gymnastic work, following the regular classes in the afternoon, to prepare for an exhibition to be given sometime in April. At this exhibition the men will compete for the six gym jerseys to the six men best in all round work. Mr. Crozier hopes to continue this kind of work, until in two or three years, it can be arranged that the men qualifying for certain prescribed work on the different pieces of apparatus, including mat work will be eligible to the college W. It is hoped in this way to encourage and stimulate gymnasium work and thus contribute more to the general physical development of the men.

Dr. Edward S. Ruth has recently been elected a member of the American Association of Anatomists. His friends will be glad to know of this distinction which has come to Dr. Ruth.

On the evening of March the 13th, in Memorial Hall, a concert was given by the singing class of the Oxford Orphan Asylum. An audience of probably six hundred people were present at this delightful concert, and there was an enjoyable evening for all.

From February 27th to March 1st, Dr. W. R. Cullom delivered five addresses before the Dell School, Delway,

North Carolina. He, also, supplied the Baptist pulpit at Scotland Neck on Sunday, March 9th.

Mr. T. C. Britton, Jr., the Manager, and Mr. C. V. Tyner, the captain, have a strong group of men out on the campus every afternoon training for the track team. Manager Britton has announced the following schedule

March 24—A. & M. College, at Raleigh.

March 29—Trinity College, at Wake Forest.

April 12—A. & M. College, at Wake Forest.

April 26—State meet, at Raleigh.

And the following meets will probably be held:

April 5—Davidson, at Charlotte.

April 18—University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

April 19—Trinity, at Durham.

The formal beginning on the new church building was made at noon, March 19th. The opening prayer was led by Dr. William B. Royall. The Scripture lesson from the 11th chapter of Nehemiah was read by Dr. W. R. Cullom. Rev. Walter N. Johnson, the pastor, then made a brief address, which was followed by the prayer in dedication of the site led by Dr. Charles E. Taylor. Professor E. W. Timlake, Jr., read the deed of the Board of Trustees of the College, conveying the plot of ground 125 by 140 feet to the trustees of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. Committees made two breaches in the campus wall and began the process of removing the trees on the site, several hymns being sung meanwhile.

The Spring Term Senior Speaking due March 14th was postponed to March 20th, at which time the following men delivered orations: W. A. Young, "The Annexation of Cuba"; J. P. Harris, "The Influence of Commerce on Universal Peace"; L. L. Carpenter, "North Carolina and Literature"; Randolph Benton, "Constructive Statesmen"; L. C. Williams, "The Renaissance of the South"; E. F. Sullivan, "Suicide."

Both students and citizens greatly enjoyed lectures given by Mr. Hamilton Holt, Managing Editor of the New York *Independent*, on Wednesday evening, March 5th, and Thursday evening, March 6th, in the Wingate Memorial Hall. His lectures were a part of the college lecture course. On Wednesday evening his subject was "The Federation of the World." He told of the plans of the peace movement to bring the forty-six civilized nations of the world into a political federation, and thereby causing all international disputes to be settled by reason instead of by force. On Thursday evening Mr. Holt discussed "Progress and Journalism." He reviewed the causes of editors turning from the straight and narrow path of duty. He designated the chief cause to be commercialism as it was, he said, the greatest enemy to the church. Large audiences heard these lectures with pleasure and profit.

On the evening of the 10th of March, in the small chapel, a chapter of the White Cross Single Standard League, consisting of one hundred and twenty-two members, was organized. The following officers were elected: I. P. Frazier, President; W. W. Walker, Vice-President; J. C. McCurry, Secretary-Treasurer; and W. M. Johnson, Historian. The purpose of the League as given in article two of the constitution and by laws is as follows: "The object shall be as stated in the constitution of the League, to gradually revolutionize the prevailing standard of manhood by obliterating the existing double standard for men and women, and gradually setting up one Divine Standard of purity in heart, mind, body, speech, thought, and outward conduct, and in abstaining from profanity and intemperance in thought, act and speech; to cultivate self-control in all respects, as the bedrock of all virtue, and to leaven humanity with these ideals, as far as possible."

Professor E. B. Turner, of the New York City Bible Teachers' Training School, led the chapel service on March 12th and made a brief address on the opportunities and needs of Christian service.

The Wake County Medical Association under the presidency of Dr. Hubert A. Royster and the Vice-Presidency of Dr. W. T. Carstarphen met in the Memorial Hall, March the 13th. Papers were read by Dr. Carstarphen, Dr. Fletcher Harris, of Henderson. President W. L. Poteat made a brief address. There followed at the biological laboratory demonstrations by Dr. Edward S. Ruth, of the growth of tissues outside the living body; by Dr. John B. Powers, of microscopic sections of tumors; and by Dr. Poteat, of the chromosomes as the carriers of heredity. Something like a dozen visiting physicians were present in the meeting.

In the weekly issue of March the 5th of the *Virginia Teck* we are glad to note the following comment in regard to the basketball game of February the 28th, played on our home floor against the team of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute:

"Wake Forest, remembering only too well the game of last year, had practiced long for this game. They showed splendid team work against the Techs in this game. The two Holdings were stars, but Hall showed up equal to the best. The Techs changed their line-up and this helped a little, but Wake Forest was bound to win. The game was very clean and everything was done to show the V. P. I. team a royal good time before and after the game. But the sad part was W. F. C. 41, V. P. I. 12."

President Wm. Louis Poteat made two addresses at Chapel Hill on February 23rd. He delivered his address, "Putting the Kingdom First," at the Raleigh Tabernacle Baptist church Sunday evening, March the 2d. He gave a lecture on "Heredity" before the Philosophers' Club of Danville, Va., March 4th, and at a Frances Willard memorial

service Sunday evening, March 9th, he spoke on prohibition at the First Baptist church, Wilson, N. C.

A Sunday School Institute for the Central Association was held at Wake Forest, March 7-9, under the direction of Mr. E. L. Middleton, Field Secretary for Baptist Sunday Schools of North Carolina. He was assisted by Dr. B. W. Spillman, of the Southern Baptist Sunday School Board, of Nashville, Tenn., and by Rev. Joseph Thomas Watts, of Richmond, Va. Mr. Watts preached at the regular service of the Wake Forest church Sunday morning, March 9th, and that evening at the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society, Dr. Spilman spoke on "The Missionary Committee and the Sunday School."

On the evening of March the 3d, at the regular meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, several students discussed "A College Man's Temptations." And on Monday evening, March 10th, Dr. George W. Paschal addressed the Association, using as his subject "Christ's Temptations."

Professor J. Henry Highsmith has delivered the following addresses: on March 1st, at New Bern, before the Teachers' Association of Craven County, subject, "Qualifications of the Teacher"; March 28-29, at Elizabeth City, before a Bible Conference, a lecture on "Young People and the Church," and one on "The Modern Sunday School."

Professor Jay B. Hubbell made two addresses, "The Teacher" and "The Preparation of the Lesson," before a teachers' institute at Oxford, February 27th to March 1st.

On the evening of the 6th of March Rev. Livingston Johnson, of Raleigh, spoke to the ministerial students of the College on "Preparation and How to Make the Most of It."

Mr. E. P. Yates, the energetic manager of the Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra, announces the following schedule: April 10th, at Oxford; April 11th, Weldon; April

12th, Scotland Neck; April 14th, Rocky Mount; April 15th, Tarboro; April 16th, Williamston; April 17th, Kinston; April 18th, Mt. Olive, and April 19th, ending the trip at the Meredith College auditorium, Raleigh, under the auspices of St. Luke's Home, where a large audience is expected.

Rev. Walter N. Johnson was present and made a brief address at the opening of the new Baptist church at Rocky Mount, March the 15th. Mr. Johnson was pastor of this church twelve years ago.

The Church Building Committee for the Wake Forest church of the State Convention is planning twenty luncheons to be held in the leading towns of the State in the near future. The committee is seeking to do three things in the luncheons: to enjoy the old time Wake Forest fellowship, to get the support of the Wake Forest Alumni for the new church building, and to leave permanent alumni organizations. Besides these twenty leading towns, there are seventy-two other places to be visited in the interest of the church.

The architecture of the new church building at Wake Forest is byzantine. The building is to be in the form of a cross with a spacious dome in the center. The basement will be arranged for the primary and junior departments of the Sunday School, and for social purposes. The auditorium will seat 1,100 adults, 700 on the lower floor and 400 in the gallery. A new feature in the arrangement will be that the gallery communicates with the platform. This will be one of the most convenient, one of the most spacious, and one of the most beautiful churches in the State.

On Monday morning, March 17th, at the regular chapel service, the following resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted by the student body:

"WHEREAS, There is a great deficit in the treasury of our Foreign Mission Board; and, whereas, other colleges are now uniting in the

support of a foreign missionary; and whereas, Wake Forest College is a Baptist institution and was founded in the true missionary spirit:

"*Be it resolved:* First, that we, the students of Wake Forest College, as an expression of our interest and coöperation in this great work, and in view of the present need of funds, pledge ourselves to pay the yearly salary of a missionary at six hundred dollars a year.

"Second, that this plan, if adopted, be in effect for the year nineteen hundred and thirteen.

"Third, that we ask each succeeding president of the Young Men's Christian Association to present this matter to the students at the beginning of each succeeding spring term and fall term."

On account of heavy work Mr. Rowland S. Pruett found it necessary to resign as manager of the baseball team this season. To succeed him the assistant manager, Mr. Paul C. Carter, was elected, March the 12th. Manager Carter announces the following baseball schedule:

- March 18—Trinity Park, at home.
- March 19—Elon College, at home.
- March 22—Horner, at home.
- March 24 (Easter)—A. & M., at Raleigh, N. C.
- March 27—Liberty Piedmont Institute, at home.
- March 28—Trinity (Conn.) at home.
- March 29—Trinity, at Henderson, N. C.
- April 2—Eastern, at home.
- April 4—Trinity, at home.
- April 5—A. & M., at home.
- April 8—Davidson, at home.
- April 9—Atlantic Christian College, at home.
- April 12—Open.
- April 14—A. & M., at Raleigh, N. C.
- April 16—Carolina, at Raleigh or Durham, N. C.
- April 18—Open.
- April 19—Trinity, at Durham, N. C.
- April 21—Durham League, at Durham, N. C.
- April 22—Davidson, at Davidson, N. C.
- April 23—Furman, at Greenville, S. C.
- April 24—Furman, at Greenville, S. C.
- April 25—Clemson, at Clemson College, S. C.
- April 26—Riverside School, at Gainesville, Ga.
- April 28—Georgia Tech., at Atlanta, Ga.
- April 29—South Carolina, at Columbia, S. C.

IN AND ABOUT TOWN

W. ROY POWELL, Editor

Miss Mary Caddell was visiting her sister, Mrs. Keith, at Cronly, North Carolina, during the latter part of March.

Mrs. Harriet Baker died at her home at Glen Royal, March the 9th. She, like Dorcas, in the Bible, will be remembered by the old students as one who spent her life pressing and mending clothes.

The alumni and friends of the college will be interested to know that the plans for the new church building have been accepted and work will shortly be begun. The Trustees of the College have deeded to the church an ample lot on the south side of the campus, east of the Alumni Building, on which the church will be erected.

The Shakespeare Club of Wake Forest has been fortunate enough to secure an engagement with the Coburn players. They will present Romeo and Juliet on the college campus on the night of May 10th. The student body as well as the entire community are looking forward with pleasure to the event.

A very lively auction of town lots was held on February 25th. Forty lots were put on the market and all sold for good prices.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Stillwell, of Savannah, Ga., were guests for a few days of Mrs. W. R. Powell. Mr. Stillwell recalled with pleasure his college days of '98-'99.

Miss Laleah Stillwell, of Savannah, Ga., who is attending Meredith, spent a week end very recently visiting relatives.

Miss Mattie Rice, of Greensboro, N. C., spent several days with Miss Ruby Reid.

Miss Elizabeth Brewer, of Roanoke, Va., is visiting Mrs. Cary Brewer.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'87. Hon. E. J. Justice was a member of the last General Assembly. He was one of the experienced members of the House, and was the leader of the Progressive portion of the body. There was no man in the body more fearless, or more persistent in his efforts to write into the law things demanded. His fight against the railway rate discrimination has endeared him to the people of North Carolina. That state is fortunate that has in public life a man who does not fear to face a big interest, and who has the tenacity to hold on to it. His critics call him a "dangerous" man, but he seems dangerous only to unjust discriminations and corrupt practices in politics.

'01. Another Wake Forest man who is bringing things to pass as County Superintendent is Mr. M. L. Royall, in Johnston County. Under his leadership such an impetus has been given to education in Johnston County as was never before known. One of the State high schools of the county has been named for him.

Prof. J. L. Kesler, of Baylor University, recently delivered an address before the Baptist Congress at Chattanooga. It has since been published in several of our religious periodicals.

'03. Mr. L. R. Parker is in the mercantile business at Wade.

Mr. H. B. Jones is proving very efficient in his position as Professor of Latin at the Cullowhee Normal School.

'91. A recent member of "Leaves of Healing" has an interesting letter from Rev. F. M. Royall. Mr. Royall first

was one of the Gospel Mission men that went out from this State to China. Afterwards he united with Dowie's church and for several years has had charge of the mission and educational work of the church at Shanghai.

'97. Mr. Hubert Martin, who has long been clerk to Senator Overman will be advanced to an important clerkship in the new organization of the U. S. Senate.

Ray R. Blanton, who is a graduate of last year's class has been appointed to the office of Recorder for Rutherford County. This is a responsible position, but we predict success for him in his work. He passed the Supreme Court examination last February.

'92. Rev. M. A. Adams, formerly of Winterville, is now pastor of the Newton Baptist church.

'11. L. Q. Haynes is back in college this year taking work for the M. A. degree. He has been elected a teacher for next year in the Round Hill Academy, Union Mills, N. C.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

WILLIAM H. JENKINS, JR., Editor

There was a time when college magazines were filled with essays, stories and sketches being mere side issues or fill-in material. Now it looks as if stories are predominant, with an occasional essay to uphold the dignity of the magazine. Some of these stories are good, others only indifferent, and many absolutely bad. One great trouble with some college story writers is that they fail to catch the distinction between a real plot and an incident. Many seem to have trouble in selecting good titles. The E. P. Roe and E. D. E. N. Southworth style of giving general titles such as "A Young Girl's Wooing," or "A Love Affair," should by all means be avoided. For snappy, suggestive titles, O. Henry is unsurpassed and some valuable hints may be had by glancing over a list of his stories.

The *Tattler* comes to us in an exceedingly attractive cover. The first article is a poem, "Desiderium," the thought and structure of which is good. Although the title, "A Fairy Tale" is perhaps a little too general, the story is delightfully written. The plot is excellent, and the fairy story style is carried out perfectly. "The Poetry of Stephen Phillips" is one of the best essays to be found in our exchanges of the month. It is logical, clear and concise, and above all, interesting. The writer shows a good knowledge of Mr. Phillips' work, and applies this knowledge, the result being a readable article. By far the best poem in the issue is "Before You Go." The blank verse, generally considered the hardest to write, is very good in construction. "Dusk" is almost a poem—it is impossible to say just how it missed being one, but it did. "The Value of Frankness" is a clever bit of satire. "Teapots and Springtime" is very well written and the plot is worked out interestingly, but the first

paragraph is superfluous. "It" is a trivial bit of verse and can lay no possible claim to the title of poetry. "The Verge" promises to be an interesting drama. The first installment is good and we look forward to the next impatiently. The three sketches are fine, especially the first, "Two Harpies." The departments are all well edited and "The Hammer," with its unusual motto, "Its purpose being to give a rap where it is needed!" is especially entertaining. As a whole the *Tattler* is one of the best of the month's exchanges.

The cover of the March number of the *Southwestern University Magazine* is a great improvement over their covers of the past. The very simplicity of it (even if it is like that of the *University of Virginia Magazine*) appeals to us, and would make an excellent permanent cover design. "To Violets" is a pleasing bit of verse, full to overflowing with the true spring atmosphere. "German in the Public Schools," contains some eye-openers, and some rather broad statements. The writer's attitude toward the study of Latin can hardly be commended, for where the substitution of modern language courses for the classics has been tried, in the end the old course was resumed. It is not to be denied that modern languages, especially German, are necessary, but Latin, as a mind trainer and foundation for the study of all languages, is indispensable. "When the Worm Turns" is a pathetic little sketch, but the title is by no means new. "Hub on 7L Ranch" is a ranch story of interest, and the atmosphere is good. "Discontent" has very little to recommend it. The essay "The Function of the Newspaper" is written in a clumsy style, although the theme is not bad. One or two bad grammatical errors also occur. "A Corporal's Guard" is a fine bit of fun, and notwithstanding the fact that the average college writer finds difficulty in writing in the first person, the style is well handled. Juvenile stories have

no place in a college magazine, and "The Indispensable Friend" is a kid story of the most kiddish type. The one sketch, "All on a Summer's Day," is clever. The first two editorials, "President Wilson Inaugurated" and "Mexico" are hardly of a kind one would expect to find in a college magazine, but we can forget them when we read "College Spirit," a really creditable editorial.

The February issue of the *Bessie Tift Journal* contains some good material. "The Pines" is a musical little poem, and is almost perfect mechanically. The title of "For the Love of a Man" would lead one to expect the usual "sticky" college love story, but instead we find a well worked out war story. The plot can hardly be called original. The essay, "The German School System versus the American," contains some very good points on our educational system, and the advantage of the German system of schools over the American is clearly brought out. "What Do You Do?" is an idle jingle, without merit. As a child's story, "For a Little Bit of Love" is not bad. The "Slip Sheets" are bright and spicy and add much to the magazine. The departments are all readable and full of life.

"Is writing poetry a lost art at Wake Forest?" one of our exchanges asks. Another states that "a wealth of prose, though excellent, with an accompanying lack of verse, makes a magazine 'one-sided.'" We have just one thing to say in defense of our lack of poetry—we have stopped publishing mere verse. A magazine which pretends to be literary cannot afford to fill its pages with every piece of rhyme which may be handed in by would-be poets. We hold that it is better to print only a few poems, and those creditable ones, than to allow Mother Goose jingles to fill the space which might be occupied by better prose.

We acknowledge the receipt of our usual exchanges.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

POWERFUL VOICE.

Skaggs: Do you think I could keep the wolf from the door by singing?

Neal: You could if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music.

Bryan: What made poor Herndon go crazy?

Williams: A train of thoughts passed through his brain and wrecked it.

JUST SPRUNG UP.

A small Norwegian lad presented himself before a certain school teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

"And how old are you, Peter?" asked the teacher.

"Ay not know how old ay bane," said the lad.

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay not born at all; ay got stepmother."—*Ex.*

Neal (on English II): Dr. Stedd, who was Cleopatra's wife?

RELIGIOUS OPINION.

Preacher: Come up and jine de army of de Lawd, sister.

Sister: Ise done jine.

Preacher: Where you jine?

Sister: I jine de Babbist church.

Preacher: Lawdy, sister, dat ain't de army. Dat's de navy.

Jere Newbold (glancing at the *Saturday Evening Post*): This story called "Who's Who and Why" must be mighty good. I've seen it in the last four numbers.

ONE ON HER.

A young wife was troubled by her husband, who insisted on coming home intoxicated in the wee small hours of the morning. One night she sat up and waited for him to make his shameful appearance.

He appeared after a short while, and entered the bedroom carrying his shoes. His wife threw a shawl over her head and in deepest tones said: "I am Satan! I am Satan!"

The husband looked her over carefully, and holding out his hand, said: "Shake, old boy! I married your sister."

THE FRESHMAN.

The Freshman is not wise at all,
 His head is like a basketball,
 But not so good;
 The ball is pumped up full of air,
 A Freshman's head is not—I swear—
 There's nothing but a vacuum there,
 Walled in with wood.

The Freshman is a growing thing,
 Like the growing things of spring—
 So green and good;
 And if he grows and grows some more,
 'Twill not be very long before
 He'll be a fullgrown Sophomore—
 Just as he should.—*Ex.*



HOW IT STRUCK HER.

Hub (with newspaper): Listen to this, wifey: "For every missionary sent abroad last year, Christian America sent 1,495 gallons of liquor."

Wifey: Merciful goodness! Who'd ever think missionaries were such drinkers!—*Boston Transcript.*



Prof. Vann (on German 0): For tomorrow's lesson we have the Ten Commandments—translating—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." We all know them, anyhow.



PLANS FOR FUTURE.

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chattered with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said, hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a post-office."—*Philadelphia Star.*



JOURNALISM.

Editor: This stuff won't do for a "filler."

New Assistant: It's good dope; some of Solomon's proverbs.

Editor: Bah! Nobody ever heard of him. Tell you what we can do, though. Head it "Business Epigrams of J. P. Morgan," and we'll run it on the front page.—*Puck.*

HE HAD IT IN HIM.

"Children," said the teacher, instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice one bright lad turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stommick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy, and my dinner."—*Newark Star*.



"I am a self-made man, I am.

"Well, I think there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."—*Tit-Bits*.



A THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower today than it was last night."

"I'm no sae very sure aboot that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."—*Argonaut*.



A union butcher workman was suing a packing firm to recover damages for injuries sustained in a Kansas City establishment. A colored laborer in the plant was called as a witness.

"Did you work with Jones, the plaintiff?"

"Yassah."

"Do you know the foreman and the other officers of the plant?"

"Yassah."

"What are your relations with them?" continued the attorney.

"Now, yo' look-a-here, boss," said the witness. "I'se skeared. That's a-why I looks so white. Them folks ain't no relations of mine."—*Argonaut*.



INFLATED—PUNCTURED.

"Our college won."

"They did? Rah! Rah! Rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."

"Oh, pshaw!"—*Washington Herald*.



Dr. Sikes: Mr. Weathers, what is bankruptcy?

Weathers: That's when a bank goes broke.

STRONG LAND AND LANGUAGE.

"Wonderful soil here," said the traveler. "I've never seen such big corn."

"Yes," said the farmer, "and we had to plant a dwarf variety to keep it down to this size."—*St. Paul Dispatch*.



THE MEAN THING!

Mrs. Newrich: We're going to live in a better neighborhood hereafter.

Mrs. Keen: Ah! So are we.

Mrs. Newrich: Then you are going to move, too?

Mrs. Keen: No; we're going to stay right here.—*Boston Transcript*.



The following gem, full of inspiration but weak in meter, was written by a Freshman on the eve of suspension. The writer wishes it to be understood that his apologies to Tennyson are profuse.

Sunrise, and chapel bell,
And one long note for me;
And though I felt quite far from well,
I went to the Faculty.

Sunset, and evening star,
And freight train blowing shrill;
I'd like to know what I'm shipped for
Before I leave the Hill.

For though from out this Christian place
The Faculty send me far,
I long to meet that sky-pilot face to face
And crown him with a bar.



NO MOURNER LEFT.

"I ate a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher, thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said, as a final argument, "how badly the mamma worm felt to have her little baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mamma, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher.—*Harper's Magazine*.

ANOTHER IDEA.

"Now they say it is not sanitary for lovers to kiss."

"Well, did you ever hear of lovers doing it for their health?"—
Baltimore American.



Hensley C. (looking at an invitation to Meredith): I suppose this "R. S. V. P." stands for the motto of some secret society, doesn't it?



WHY SHE WAS SCANDALIZED.

The young lady, visiting her aunt in the country, came in late one afternoon.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked her aunt.

"In the hammock all afternoon," she responded, "with my beloved Robert Browning."

The aunt eyed her sternly. Then she said: "If I hear of any more such scandalous proceedings I shall certainly write to your mother."



Tillson: Dr. Poteat, how many, and just what particular selections must a person be able to play on the piano in order to become an accomplished musician?



Ask Babe Scruggs why John Neal calls him "Jock."

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COACH FRANK THOMPSON

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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FRANK THOMPSON

C. E. C.

By following Ruskin's "good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word or making a friend," Frank Thompson has endeared himself to the heart of every Wake Forest man. For the past two years he has been the coach of the baseball and football teams, and today he is beyond a doubt the most popular man at Wake Forest College. If he has an enemy within the ranks of either the faculty or the student body, it is not known. His honesty has never been questioned nor has his judgment ever been doubted. If he has spoken unjustly of any of his subordinates it has never been heard, or if he has failed to give any candidate a "square deal," no one has even made the charge. In defeat, as in victory, in failure as in success, he is the same Frank Thompson, honest, true and hopeful.

Frank Thompson in two years has brought the baseball and football teams to heights hardly before dreamed of, and while he has demanded for Wake Forest recognition with other colleges in these two forms of athletics, he has done more. In the words of Doctor Paschal "he has put the fighting spirit into the team." If Frank Thompson had done nothing else than this, his labors would be worthy of praise.

Frank Thompson is never over confident. He always

realizes the strength of the opposition. His last word to his team before every contest is "fight all the time." Since Frank Thompson's coming to Wake Forest the football team is never beaten until the timekeeper blows the whistle, and the baseball team is never defeated until the twenty-seventh batter is put out. If his team is winning, they fight until the game is over, and if they are losing they never give up hope.

Frank Thompson is a hard-working coach. He prepares for every contest in which he launches his team. He studies diligently every point of attack and carefully guards every weak point of defense. Although not a Wake Forest graduate, there could be no more jealous admirer of Wake Forest. He has spent the two years here as if this was the place he meant to spend his life and he has put above all the reputation and honor of the college.

Frank Thompson is not a talker nor a public speaker. He never boasts about what his team has done or ever would do. His speaking is confined to the "true word" order, and only once has he spoken in a massmeeting. He is of the quiet, sober kind, not only is he no boaster or public speaker, but he never fusses with his team, nor criticizes them unjustly. He is full of hope and encouragement when only the dark side of the contest is his. One day this spring his baseball team had early in the game taken a decisive lead against their opponents, who were their ancient and keen rivals. Along towards the last of the game the opposition scored several runs, in fact several runs more than they should, had not some of the Wake Forest players made several almost inexcusable errors and bone-head plays. When the team came to the bench they expected a rebuke from their coach. But not so. The only word from Frank Thompson was one of encouragement, "Don't mind that," he said, "let's jump in there and make some more runs." This attribute of not

over-talking is one that makes him loved by every man on the team.

Frank Thompson never fails to do a kindness, thereby making a friend. He is not only popular at Wake Forest, he is popular both with his opponents and with the supporters of his opponents. People who have no connection with Wake Forest, and who have never supported its team have often been heard to say "I want Wake Forest to win for Frank Thompson's sake." He has not only unified athletics at Wake Forest but has intensified interest in Wake Forest all over the State.

Frank Thompson's greatest attribute is his fighting spirit. Wherever his name is mentioned, there are thoughts of a man with plenty of nerve and of a brave man. He hates and detests a coward, and the only person he has been heard to speak ill of is a coward. Wake Forest is proud of its coach because he is a brave man, a man who will stand up for that which he believes to be right, and a man who will fight when the necessity arises.

For whatever Wake Forest has done in baseball and football during the past two years, the credit is due Frank Thompson. He "knows the game" and instills into the team that headwork and brains which has done as much as muscle and brawn to win the victory.

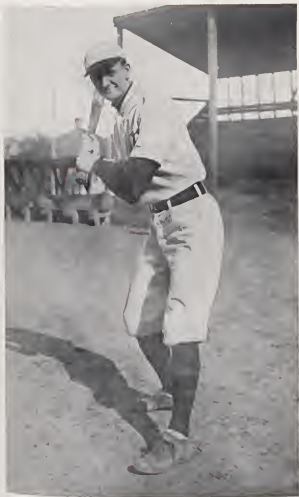
As long as a Wake Forest man shall live, he will remember the baseball and football seasons of 1911 to 1913, with its hardships and victories, and with its disasters and almost superhuman successes but above all he will remember, the coach, Frank Thompson, fighter, kind, just, arduous in the performance of his duties, and ever loyal to Wake Forest.

PHIL UTLEY

R. S.

Wake Forest athletics now stands at the place of highest honor in North Carolina, wreathed, pennanted and bedight in the colors and scalps of our foes. To Phil Utley is due, more than to any other, the credit for that standing. For four years Phil has been the hero of our "fans," the bane of the foe.

Phil is 23 years old, 6 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, weight 170 pounds, and is tolerably good looking. He was "foreordained and called upon" to be an athlete. His record will bear him out. During his Freshman year Phil was the first 'Varsity pitcher, winning the famous Carolina-Wake Forest game of 13 innings; score 2 to 1. It was during this year that Phil developed the habit of batting home runs which he has not quit to this day. At the end of the season he received the honor of all-state pitcher. During this same year Phil made 'varsity football and sub-basketball. His second college year found Phil playing in his usual style at half-back in football, right guard basketball, and first base on the baseball team. An injured shoulder took him from the box and robbed Wake Forest of one of the best pitchers that ever heaved her ball. It also gave her her best first baseman, for Phil has held that place handsomely for three seasons. In the fall of 1911, Phil made all-State quarterback, and held his positions at first base and right guard on the baseball and basketball teams respectively. During his fourth year Phil has held the last two honors and has added to them, all-State half-back. On the track Phil has won points in the high hurdles, shot-put, etc., *ad infinitum*. The price of ink forbids our further elaboration, so we will just finish by stating



PHIL UTLEY

that in Utley's basket of honors you will find a variety that would turn Jim Thorpe's eyes green.

Where does Phil show at his best? He does not do much sight-reading in Greek nor make stump speeches in Sanskrit, but his head-work in any form of athletics would teach Archimides a trick in mental speed and accuracy. At football, the spectator forgets the game in watching Phil. When Utley comes to the bat and swats the ball a fair one, the enemy's rightfielder drops his cap (containing his name and address) and disappears over the horizon. Incidentally, Phil is usually carried home from the game.

What are some of Phil's personal characteristics? We have just mentioned that he is tolerably good-looking. He is of uniformly pleasant address. He is free of the petty pride which too often is distasteful in the amateur athlete. He never sulks at his position nor sours on the team. Whether we are winning or losing, it is always pleasant to keep an eye and an ear toward his position. All of the fellows, all the people of the Hill know him and love him and salute him affectionately when he passes. Moreover, he is personally highly popular with the ladies—and yet this popularity (wonder of it all) has not hurt him.

What is to become of Phil? This is his last year at Wake Forest, but this sketch is not going to bury him; he would make a very poor corpse, possessing, as he does, none of the earmarks. He would make a most excellent coach, football, baseball or basketball, for any college. He plays with Rome Ga., the ensuing summer.

THE SCORER'S TALE

"C"

At the time of this writing the smouldering embers of the bonfires still send up their filmy wreaths of smoke, the yells and cries of victory have hardly ceased to echo across the campus, and the old bell aroused from its nocturnal slumbers, to peal forth the news to the slumbering world, has scarcely caught up its lost sleep. And well might the bonfires blaze and the bells ring out for the eyes of Wake Forest are lifted beyond the borders of the Old North State to the South Atlantic championship. Nothing seems to impede its stride. Only one of the fifteen adversaries escaped with his scalp. The series from both A. and M. and Trinity have been taken and stored away. The ardent aspirations of A. and M. were properly embalmed and after lying in state for a few moments in the halls of Meredith, buried with the proper ceremonies.

Davidson has bit the dust, Elon, Eastern, and Atlantic Christian College have likewise shared its fate. Like Alexander of old, Wake Forest has turned its face southward for new worlds to conquer. Can Clemson, Mercer, Georgia Tech, or Furman stop its victorious advance? This is the question that is being asked all along its line of conquest.

But pause a moment, however, to look at the aggregation that Coach Thompson has gathered under the Old Gold and Black. The season is not yet over and the team has hardly reached its stride. However the statistics come after the Raleigh leaguers have fanned their hitless game.

The batting average of the entire squad is 301 and that of the team 303. The individual averages are:

Gooch	420
Parker	316

Edwards	317
Lowe	305
Utley	302
Faucette	262
Billings	231
Huntley	250
Stringfield	231
Woodall	450
Hensley	185
Holding	455
Cuthrell	294
Smith	222
Ferree	333
Moore	250

The team has secured 150 hits for 193 bases and netting 115 runs. Twelve two-base hits, eleven three-base hits, and three home runs have they plucked while their opponents have secured only 67 hits and 33 runs.

Smith "the elongated underhand artist," the "much-tooted wonder" has pitched six games, won four and tied one, and in 47 innings has allowed 25 hits.

Cuthrell, the flinger of baffling curves, has pitched five games and won them all, having pitched 45 innings and allowing 25 hits.

Parker leads in run-getting and base running, having scored 19 times and stolen 12 bases.

The past with its Temple, its Pope, its Hamrick and its Turner, fades into insignificance before the present with its Billings, its Smith, its Utley, and its Faucette. Patriarchs shall tell the feats of Billings, the hitting of Gooch, the marvelous, unerring peg of Lowe. Posterity shall hear of the deeds of Parker, Stringfield and Edwards on the diamond; and on the pages of history shall be told of the greatest college nine that was ever gathered on North Carolina's soil, the Wake Forest Baseball Team of 1913.

EASTER MONDAY

H. H.

'Twas the beginning of the ninth. The crowd that fitted like a horseshoe around the field was going wild. The score between A. and M. and Wake Forest stood tied. This inning would give to the one or to the other the greatest athletic victory of the year, the Easter Monday baseball game. Above the clamor could be heard the dull beating of a drum, and swamped in the crowd on the bleachers could be seen a brass-band puffing and blowing in a vain effort to be heard. From the grandstand in mighty unison came the guttural yells of Wake Forest.

The team of A. and M. trotted into the field. As the ball shot around the infield the bleachers shouted and the band played louder. But there was a pause. Where was Wake Forest? The eyes of the crowd turned to the Wake Forest bench, and saw a sight they'll never forget. Coach Thompson, the Napoleon of baseball, stood in the center, and gathered around him with arms on each other's shoulders and heads in a ring was a team that had never met defeat. There was no smile there. But a seriousness shone from their eyes like steel. Only a second did they stand there. Someone leaned from the grandstand and heard the words, they snapped like electric sparks, "One run will do it. Now who's going to get it?"

From this clump stepped Faucett, the fair-haired center-fielder of three years errorless ball. He picked up a bat and stuck it under his arm while he wiped the perspiration from his hands. No Casey Jones ever mounted to his cabin with more direct orders than did "Spickett" step to the plate. Hit it? Well, he doesn't know. The ball crossed the plate,



THE TEAM

From left to right: Fausette, Lowe, Woodall, Strinsfeld, Edwards, Huntley, Parker, Hensley, Cuthrell, Gooch, Billings, Uley, Smith, Coach Thompson

his bat rang out, and the next thing he knew he was standing on first with someone wringing his hand, "You did it!" His heart jumped, he dared not think. Second base lay only a few yards away.

From the bench "Kinky" Parker stepped. As he walked toward the plate he turned toward Coach. He got his orders, they were in one word, "Bunt!" And from the grandstand he heard the melodious growl, "P-a-r-ker, P-a-r-ker." He bunted solid and started toward first. He didn't know what became of the ball, that Russell made a fumble, but when he turned around the umpire's hand was down, "Safe!"

Next the huge form of Gooch faced the pitcher. What would this Hans Wagner, this home-run fiend do was the question that passed among the crowd. Every heart jumped as he bunted toward first. But Faucett and Parker had advanced to third and second.

Faucett didn't know that the grandstand was on its feet, he didn't hear the yells that deafened the ear from every side, he only saw a little white plate a few yards away. It was home. Again he heard, "One run will do it. Now who's going to get it?"

When the stolid and flaxen-haired Lowe balanced his club across the plate the fielders were nervous. And Russell watched the purpose in his face settle into a smile and was afraid. Four balls passed outside the plate and Lowe walked to first.

From the grandstand and sidelines there arose a yell such as has never been heard from that day to this. Edwards, who had already added two hits to his credit, walked to the plate. The crowd recognized him, and as his name was called he waved one hand back to the grandstand. On the bat of this Freshman rested the hopes of Old Gold and Black for nineteen hundred and thirteen. He hit. And the crack of his bat was heard wherever a North Carolina college

raises its pennant, for as the ball raised the dust in center-field Wake Forest lay her claim to the State Championship—Faucett and Parker had crossed the plate!

It matters not when A. and M. faced Smith for a final effort what would have happened if Faucett had missed Correll's line drive, or if Winston's single had been a home run. In a triumph that Julius Cæsar might have envied, Wake Forest marched back through Raleigh, leaving her hoodoo of seven summers groveling in the dust.

THE LAST A. AND M. GAME

R. E. WILLIAMS

April 14th, Coach Thompson took his charges to Raleigh for the third and deciding battle with the Techs on their home field. Each team had the proud record of having lost only to each other and both were equally confident of carrying off the spoils of the day. Over 2,000 fans and fannies turned out, and nearly all of them loudly expressed their confidence in either the Old Gold and Black or Red and White.

The Tech student body were out in full force while a number of the Wake Forest students were kept away by the failure to secure a special train which would have enabled them to attend both their classes and the game. In spite of this about 150 of the loyal under the leadership of George Pennell were on hand and produced more noise than was heard from the opposing bleachers, which were enveloped in a mysterious silence during the concluding third of the program. The girls from Meredith and the outside supporters of the team, together with the rooters on the left formed about half of the crowd, while it was all A. and M. on the right. The Raleigh Capitals, who had been unable to secure as much as one measly single off of Smith's delivery just three days before were all there and were well satisfied with the result.

The game might be divided into three parts. For the first three innings we had the defensive while A. and M. made their best showing of the game. In each of these frames the Techs got one hit but did not get a man beyond second, while only nine men faced Russell who was handing 'em up in great form. In the second and third we took the offensive,

got a man on through an error, in the fourth got our first safety in the fifth, and in the sixth chapter things began to happen in earnest.

With one out the Techs' twirler signed a pass which entitled Captain Billings to the privileges of the first sack. Smith came up and slashed one through third, putting one on first and second. Faucette was up next and smashed one past first sacker Terry, taking second himself, scoring Billings and placing Gooch (running for Smith) on the corner nearest home. Parker fanned, making the second out. It was Gooch's turn to take a swing at the pill and Captain Billings was put on to run for Smith. With one and one on the batter Spickett and Mig pulled of the double steal in great style, putting the second count across the rubber. Gooch singled, sending Faucette in with the third. The big boy made an attempt to pilfer his way to the midway station and was caught in the act, retiring the side.

This ended the scoring but there was excitement a plenty yet to come. For the next third the Farmers tried to overcome the lead but in vain, while the Baptists successfully strove to retain their advantage. In the seventh the first man up slashed a scorching double to right, but his teammates could not carry him the other two pegs. In their eighth, for the only time in the game, a pair of Red and White stockings perched safely on the corner nearest home. This trick was turned by a single, a foul over next to the grandstand, which Lowe caught in a splendid manner, but too far away to throw the man out at second. The next man singled, putting one on first and third. A run was prevented at this stage only by the sensational stop of Billings. As a Raleigh paper stated, his work at short was far superior to anything ever seen at the shortstop position in Raleigh. He accepted ten chances, four of which were of the most difficult variety without being guilty of a single miscue.

A and M. kept up their efforts but were unable to materialize them into a single trip around the circuit. We put another scare into the enemy's camp in the eighth when Woodall got his second hit, and Hensley, who was taking care of the hot corner in the absence of Stringfield, followed suit.

It was a great game of baseball as well as a great triumph over old rivals. It was a Smith victory over Russell, won from an opponent who proved himself a force to be reckoned with at all times, a victory won by pitching when pitching would prevent runs. But by no means was it a one-man victory. There is no wish of dividing the laurels, neither could it be done. Suffice it to say that it was a victory of ten men on the diamond; for when the game is remembered Coach Thompson's name will not be forgotten. The game was won from worthy foemen by superior use of the weapons which were employed.

When all was over the team were through, but not so with the loyal. They had done their part on the field and that right well, but they were in the Capital to make their presence known, and make it known they did. They assembled at the corner led by Cheer Leader Pennell and Alumnus Bagwell, who was unable to resist the call, aided by several able lieutenants. Forming in line, two and two, they marched to an undertaker's establishment and procured a coffin draped in Red and White which had been prepared for the occasion. After the pallbearers had taken the trophy in charge it was escorted by a solemn procession down Fayetteville street as far as the Yarbrough and then back to Meredith where appropriate yells and songs were engaged in among which was "Pass around the coffin and we'll all take a peep." During this demonstration the crowd was joined by about one hundred and fifty students who had been unable to stay away from the celebration and had chartered a special all their own, composed of solid sidedoor Pullmans. Af-

ter some more demonstration the procession was again formed and after it had been taken up and down Fayetteville street again, was restored to its resting place

Taking it as a whole it will probably be a long time before there will be another such game, or another victory so sweet. After seven long years of supremacy the Red and White lies buried and here's hoping that it will be seven times seven years before the resurrection.

MR. J. RICHARD CROZIER AND BASKETBALL

LEVY L. CARPENTER

It is impossible to say much about the history of basketball not only at Wake Forest but in the State without mentioning very prominently Mr. J. Richard Crozier. He organized at Wake Forest in 1906 the first basketball team in the State and was the principal leader in starting the movement for inter-collegiate basketball in North Carolina. Not only in basketball, but also in all forms of athletics and physical culture at Wake Forest he has been the pioneer and leader, and to him more than to any other one man is due whatever position Wake Forest now occupies in all branches of athletics. And so a record of his work should form the leading feature in any complete and impartial account of Wake Forest athletic history.

Mr. J. Richard Crozier was born at Evansville, Indiana, in 1876. His father, Mr. William M. Crozier, was a boat-builder by profession. Richard attended the public schools of his native city. During his youth he served for twelve years in the printing and bookbinding business. He says that he became interested in athletics as far back as he can remember. He got most of his athletic experience in gymnasium work at the Evansville Young Men's Christian Association, where he was captain of the basketball team for several years.

Mr. Crozier played his first professional baseball in 1897 on the Evansville team. However, he did not play much until the first year of the present Southern League when he joined the Little Rock (Arkansas) club in 1901, playing on this team during the season 1901-'2. He went to Atlanta in 1903, and was the noted sunfielder at the old Piedmont Park

in Atlanta, during the seasons 1903-4-5-6. He played left field but part of the time was shifted to center field. Leaving Atlanta he managed the Augusta, Georgia, team in 1907. In 1908 he played with the Decatur, Illinois, team, finishing second place in the race for the pennant that year. 1909 found him manager of the Raleigh, North Carolina, league team, again his team finishing second place for the pennant. At Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1910, his team won the pennant in the State League. Mr. Crozier gave up baseball in 1911 to go to the Harvard Summer School of Physical Education, which he also attended in the summer of 1912. He will get his diploma there in the summer of 1913.

Mr. Crozier married Miss Etta M. Cross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Cross, of Evansville, Indiana, January 9, 1901. Mr. and Mrs. Crozier have only one child, Dalores, a girl ten years of age. Dalores shows something of the interest in and aptitude for gymnastic stunts which characterizes her father.

Mr. Crozier came to Wake Forest in the spring of 1904 and stayed just one month to coach the baseball team. Only nineteen players responded to the call for practice that year. Dr. George W. Paschal had charge of baseball that season and financed the team, hiring Mr. Crozier as coach, there being no athletic association at that time. In 1905, Mr. Crozier accepted the position as director of the gymnasium and as coach of the baseball team, staying only from October 1st to April 15th. From this time he continued to coach baseball until he resigned in May, 1911.

Perhaps Mr. Crozier showed the greatest ability as a baseball coach in the training of the 1910 team. During that year he took what was practically raw material—all the team being freshmen except one—and developed it into a splendid team, which defeated Carolina in a thirteen inning game at

Raleigh and defeated Trinity two out of three games that season. Such work as that is what showed real ability in a college coach, to take a group of new men who are *bona fide* students and develop them into a winning team. Pope was probably the best pitcher which Wake Forest had during Mr. Crozier's coaching. White Hamrick was one of the best catchers the State ever turned out. Temple, who is now making good in the Connecticut League, came to Wake Forest in 1908 as pitcher.

Mr. Crozier organized the first Wake Forest Athletic Association in 1905, and for the first time equipped the baseball team with suits, the players being compelled to buy their own suits previous to this time.

As we have mentioned above, Mr. Crozier organized the first basketball team in the State of North Carolina and played the first inter-collegiate game with Guilford College in 1906. Trinity College defeated Wake Forest only one time in the four years following this time and that was on her home floor. Mr. Crozier has coached basketball every year since 1906, and during that time our team has lost only six games on the home floor. He also coached track in 1912.

Mr. Crozier took charge of the gymnasium in 1905. Gymnasium work was optional at that time, but was made compulsory in 1906 and was first graded as a part of the required course in 1908. The work of Mr. Crozier as director of the gymnasium has been of an exceptionally high order, and he has a special talent for encouraging the men in their own physical development. Small in body and supple in action, he is a regular acrobat. And Mr. Crozier is responsible for many improvements around the gymnasium building. Most of the galleries were put up with money made by gymnastic exhibitions gotten up independently by him, and did not come out of the college fund.

At present Mr. Crozier is studying medicine in Wake Forest College, and with his course in physical education in Harvard University, he is thus preparing himself to be even more efficient as a teacher of physical education.

Wake Forest has always been at the top in her basketball record. And this form of athletics perhaps furnishes the best entertainment both for the students and the citizens of the town, and the team is always more than self-supporting financially. During this present season the receipts amounted to about \$90 above all expenses. V. C. Couch, the first captain and forward of the Wake Forest team, in 1906, was perhaps the best basketball player the State ever produced. In 1907 Kyle Elliott was the best jumping center we ever had. W. C. Duffey, captain in 1909, was one of Wake Forest's strongest guards. W. C. Allen was captain in 1910; Royall Holding, 1911; Hugh Beam, probably Wake Forest's best all round forward, and together with Royall Holding, constituting our two best-balanced forwards, captain 1912; and Bruce Holding was captain in 1913.

During the season of 1913 Wake Forest maintained her usual high record in basketball. Considering the fact that Coach Crozier did not begin work with the squad until just before Christmas and that the team was practically inexperienced as far as playing together was concerned, the season's work was especially noteworthy. Wake Forest won six games on the home floor and lost two, the ones lost being played against the Emory and Henry and Trinity teams, both of which were usually strong teams this year. On the trips three games were won and five lost. This makes a total of sixteen games played by the Wake Forest team, nine of which were won and seven lost. Mr. Crozier developed what was practically a new team into a very creditable and successful quintet. Owing to the able and efficient manage-

ment of Mr. T. Boyce Henry a large and well-planned schedule was played this season.

The best all-round game of the season was won by Wake Forest against the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, on our floor, February 28th, with a score of 41 to 12. For good team work and superior goal shooting backed up by fine passing this game was not surpassed. The most spectacular game was played at Wake Forest, February the 15th, against the University of North Carolina. This game showed the fighting spirit of the team to advantage, winning with a score of 22 to 21 in the extra five minutes after it had been declared a tie. William Holding was the hero of the game, astounding both spectators and the opposing team with his remarkable goal shooting.

William Holding, Jr., led the team in scores made, having 64 field goals and 61 foul goals to his credit for the whole season; and Mr. Crozier says he is the best foul thrower Wake Forest ever had, and considering all styles of shots he is probably the best goal shooter that ever played on our team. Bruce Holding, our strong center and captain of the team, comes next in scores made, with 53 field goals to his credit. This was Bruce's third year on the team, and he played consistent ball and worked hard at all times, making one of Wake Forest's best centers. Always game, he showed the fighting spirit and inspired his team with confidence. The spectators always watched him play with special delight. Alex. Hall, although playing in just a few games toward the last of the season, threw 19 field goals and toward the close he was rapidly making for himself an enviable reputation in basketball. He promises to win glory for "Old Gold and Black" in the next few years. Hugh Cuthrell, another forward, was especially strong on defense and in passing the ball. He placed the ball in the basket 17 times for field goals. Although Phil Utley was a guard he claims

7 field goals as his contribution toward victory. Ham Davis, the other guard, was an exceptionally fast player and was about an even match with Utley as an effective guard. All of the men mentioned above, together with G. M. Billings, who played a strong guard's substitute, have won their W in basketball. C. V. Tyner was a substitute at center and did fine work in the few games which he played.

The story of basket ball and of Professor Richard Crozier's connection with athletics at Wake Forest has been told. The record is one of which every friend of the college should be proud, and the work and achievements of Mr. Crozier should be appreciated and honored by all Wake Forest men. Mr. Crozier came when athletics was at a low ebb at Wake Forest; and he labored untiringly until now we stand in the front ranks among North Carolina colleges. And he has always stood for healthy, clean college athletics. May he continue for many more years to be the leading force in the physical education and athletic guidance of Wake Forest men.

A SUMMARY OF 1912 FOOTBALL

The football season of 1912 at Wake Forest was not all that had been predicted, nor what we hope it will soon be. Wake Forest is in the game, however, and, too, she is in it to win, if grit and determination has anything to do with it.

We were handicapped the past season because of a lack of funds. It was with difficulty that uniforms were secured for the small squad of men who reported for practice each evening. This state of affairs has been overcome by the adoption of the fee plan. Next year Coach Thompson will be enabled to furnish uniforms for the men, and thereby have a larger number of men from which to pick a team.

Wake Forest is regarded no longer as a joke by football enthusiasts. She has steadily climbed until now the best teams in the country solicit games with her. Last year we played altogether eight games. We won only two of them. A mere mention of the Universities and colleges played will be sufficient evidence to convince you that they are among the best in the south. While we did not defeat all of them let it be understood that Wake Forest is not wholly out of their class.

In this State we played A & M, Carolina, Davidson, and Horner. The scores were as follows: A. & M. 12, Wake Forest 0; Carolina 9, Wake Forest 2; Davidson 13, Wake Forest 7; Horner 0, Wake Forest 49. We played three games with colleges of Virginia: Washington and Lee 20, Wake Forest 0; Medical College of Virginia 23, Wake Forest 14; University College of Medicine 0, Wake Forest 33. In South Carolina we played only the University of that State. They defeated us by a score of 10 to 3.

The game with Carolina was the most exciting game of the season by far. It was not only exciting to Wake Forest lads

because the score was 3 to 2 in Carolina's favor until the very last minute or two of the game, but Carolina was scared as she has never been before. Many of Carolina's own students admit that Wake Forest outclassed them in every point of the game.

The season as a whole did not furnish any spectacular work. For the most part the games were slow.

The team of 1912 rallied around Bruce Holding as captain. Holding played his position well, and is a fighter to be dreaded. His position was in right tackle. Bruce has another year to play, and with his grit and experience will be a genuine first class man for next year.

Britton, Moore and "Sky" Powell held down the position of left tackle. Moore and Powell are Freshmen, but they love football, and showed up well in consideration of their limited experience in the game. Britton has played two seasons. Britton has both the strength and the "pep," and is a fast man.

Camp and Abernathy held down left guard. Camp is young, but gives promise of being one of the coming stars in College football. Abernathy had experience before coming to us. He is always on his job, and will fight until the whistle blows.

"Big" Williams, right guard, has played only two years. He is a senior this year, but expects to study Law next year. He is a steady player, and his teammates never fear any trouble on his side of the line.

"Duke" Carter has held the pivotal position for two years. His superior as a center in North Carolina is questionable. "Duke" comes as near playing his position perfectly as the next one. He always got tackles at every stage of the game. He has been elected captain of the team for the coming season.

H. Faucette and Whitted were right ends. They divided

honors in this position. Faucette was handicapped because of weak ankles. Cuthrell and Daniels played left end. Daniels is a fast man and with another year's experience should prove to be one of our very best men. Cuthrell is without an equal as a hard worker and he tackled well and sure. "Cutie" loves the game.

A quarterback was hard to find this year. Stringfield, White, and Rankin ran the team with credit. But the best man on the "Hill" for quarterback is "Mig" Billings. "Mig" has a good head, and runs the team with speed and judgment. He is one of the best if not the very best quarterbacks in North Carolina. If it had been learned earlier in the season that he possessed such marked ability as a quarterback doubtless the scores would have shown up different.

At left half we had Gooch and A. Riddick. Both are good men. Gooch is fast, and has the weight. There is no reason why he should not be one of the very best football players in North Carolina. A. Riddick has nerve enough for any man. He always hits the ball for gains, and tackles well.

Phil Utley, at right half, has played for four years. Utley knows the game well. He carries the ball as good as the best and is hard to tackle. Phil was the guard for the whole team. If a man loafed Phil would tell him about it, and put the spirit in him again. He is the only man who made the all-State team.

At fullback was W. Riddick. He has all the qualities of a good player, and his superior is hard to find. Wallace will be back next year and we are expecting great things of him in football.

The substitutes were Bill Holding, Horn, W. Faucette, and Ferrec. These men showed up well in the games they played. Those of the second team who helped to make the varsity, and who went out every afternoon until the close

of the season to be battered up and kicked around were Carlton, Carter, D. J., Smith, W. K., White, S., Blackman, Jarrett, Shepherd, Oliver, and Hubbell. Too much praise cannot be given these men for their loyalty and fighting spirit.

Those who won letters were Whitted, Abernathy, W. and A. Riddick, Gooch, Cuthrell, Camp, Moore. Stars were won by P. C. Carter, Utley, Billings, Williams, Britton, H. Faucette, and B. Holding.

Taking everything into consideration we have no reason to be discouraged. The outlook for a good team next year is brighter than it has ever been. Instead of laughing at Freshmen they should be encouraged to go out. We need a larger squad on the field from which to select a team. Coach Thompson will give every man an impartial tryout. Let every man in college aid in the most fascinating and blood curdling game known to our American school boys, and help to place Wake Forest in the forefront.

TRACK

W. H. J.

For some reason the track team has never been considered very seriously at Wake Forest. Always lacking the necessary funds, seldom having a coach, and supported only by a few men, the past record of our track teams is really remarkable. The fact that we have not won the championship since 1909 does not necessarily mean that our squads have not done good work. Take, for instance, the record of last year. In the first meet with A. & M., held at Wake Forest, the Farmers were easily defeated by a score of 65 to 52. In the second meet with A. & M., this time at Raleigh, Wake Forest lost by one point, 59 to 58. When the State meet came off at Raleigh, Wake Forest took second place, while A. & M. had to be satisfied with third, the University carrying off first honors.

The habitual knocker will ask, "Why didn't Wake Forest take first place in the State meet?" Well, that was due to several causes, chief among them being a general lack of support. The men on the team did good work, but they could not possibly do it all alone. There were not enough men on the squad, consequently nearly every man had to enter several events. This scarcity of track athletes may also be traced to a lack of interest and support.

On Easter Monday we met our hereditary foes, the Farmers, in Raleigh, and were defeated by a score of 61 to 56. Notwithstanding the fact that Wake Forest made five points less than A. & M., we have no reason to feel bad about it. Our team won eight first places as against only five by A. & M. The Farmers did not have a show in any of the dashes or hurdles. The high jump, broad jump and pole vault

were won easily, but the distances and weights—well, the position was slightly changed there. Wake Forest won third places in the hammer throw, shot put, and two mile, and failed to get any place in the half mile and mile. Up until the last two events the result was hanging in the balance, Wake Forest ahead at one moment, A. & M. the next. The half mile decided it, A. & M. taking first, second and third places.

The following Wake Forest men won places:

100-yard dash: Tyner, first; Mayberry tied for second. Time, 11 seconds.

220-yard dash: Tyner, first. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

440-yard dash: Mayberry, first; Langston, third. Time, 35 3-5 seconds.

High hurdles: Horn, first; Herring, second.

Low hurdles: Herring, first. Time, 30 seconds.

High jump: Langston, first; Herring, third. Five feet two inches.

Broad jump: Stringfield, first; Tyner, second. Eighteen feet, four inches.

Pole vault: Britton, first; Tyner, second.

Shot put: Horn, third.

Hammer throw: Williams, third.

Half mile: No place.

Mile: No place.

Two mile: Inscoc, third.

As THE STUDENT goes to press we have two, and possibly three more meets scheduled—one with Trinity, at home, April 21, and the State meet at Raleigh, April, 26, while manager Britton is trying to secure another meet with A. & M., at home, in place of the meet which was scheduled for April 12, and was made impossible by rain. When this reaches the eye of the reader all these meets will be decided, but we have as good a team as last year's, and cannot help but expect favorable results.

One or two failures should not discourage us. We have the material for the best track team in the State, and with the hearty support and coöperation of the student body and

the Alumni Athletic Association, there should be nothing to keep us from being the State Champions. Track athletics is the cleanest of all college sports, and deserves the personal support of every man interested in the welfare of Wake Forest. Let us get together *now* and make plans for a coach and a good cinder track for next year, and with the necessary funds to back the team, victory will be an easy matter.

THE GAME OF THREE

When love is a game of three,
One heart can win but pain,
While two between them share the glee
That all had hoped to gain.
And one in his bitter sadness
Smiles on, lest the others see,
But two in their new-found gladness
Forget 'twas a game of three.

THE FACULTY AND ATHLETICS

HUBERT McN. POTEAT.

There are certain men in every college who consider the members of the faculty their natural enemies, and who, consequently, lose no opportunity in knocking their professors. And it is very largely through such persistent and vicious criticism that a feeling exists which is quite widely held in college communities, especially by the admiring satellites of these faculty-baiters. The feeling to which I refer is, to state it bluntly, that the teaching force is out of sympathy with athletics and is always striving to deal it a death blow. Here in our own college you will find men who pretend to believe this of the faculty, and who proclaim their half-baked beliefs, in season and out of season.

I need not set forth at length the potent necessity for scholarship rules governing membership on teams. Every sane man knows that if there were no rules of this kind, college athletics would speedily become professional athletics, an evil to be assiduously guarded against by all respectable colleges. Granting the imperative necessity for rules, the next step is their enforcement. This disagreeable task falls, of course, to the lot of the faculty, and thereby renders its members targets for all sorts of harsh criticism. "They don't want us to have athletics anyway," say the critics.

Now the sole purpose of this brief article is to plead for a little more coöperation and mutual understanding. I will give you one instance of the need for this. Last fall, we all but lost one of our best football players because some malicious busybody told him that one of his professors said he wouldn't pass him if he played on the team. Naturally



W. L. EDDINGER
Business Manager

the player in question was offended, and was making plans to leave. Upon inquiry from the professor, it was learned that the report was absolutely false. College men are all too ready to give credence and circulation to such reports. A Roman poet once said that gossip was the greatest of the evils. Give the faculty the benefit of the doubt. Know and then speak.

Even in this enlightened and progressive age there are a few people who see only harm in athletics, and who, consequently, either do nothing to promote it or else enlist actively against it. Occasionally one of these misguided persons strays into a college faculty. But nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand college men, teachers and students alike, know that athletics is a good thing, that a college without it would die with dry rot, and that it is part of their duty to do everything in their power to broaden its scope and multiply its good effects. The members of our faculty here are actuated by these sentiments, and their enthusiasm on the athletic field is as keen as that of any student, though the proverbial professional dignity may prevent their showing it as plainly as they would like to do.

All that is needed to insure perfectly smooth relations between the faculty and athletics is the spirit of mutual understanding and fairness. With this spirit in full sway at our beloved college we need fear no unpleasantness or turmoil, but may go on our way in peace and perfect good fellowship.

HOME-RUN KUTEY

It had long been the opinion at Forestville College, in baseball circles at least, that when any member of the team got mixed up with a skirt, bad luck was certainly pending. Accordingly, the day before the great championship game between Forestville and Rinity found certain members of the Forestville team and certain "Hill" fans in deep sorrow. Little groups talked in whispers here and there. And Coach Hompson was heard to remark as he sadly shook his head, "It's no use!" In short, it was rumored abroad that Kutey, the star twirler, who was slated to pitch the great game, had fallen victim to the wiles of the blue eyed Lorelei who lived over the hill.

"Kutey! Kutey! who in the devil ever heard of such a thing! Never dared to look at a rag before!" growled William Fleet, official scorer. "He'll lose all his old pep now," Sampson Little, reporter, chimed in sadly, as he bit the end off an Old Virginia.

"D— right! Amen!" Meedham Nangum always had the final say.

That evening, despite all Coach Hompson's advice after the afternoon practice, Kutey was seen by the "Vigilance Committee," who were keeping tab on his movements, furtively skirting the byways and hedges which lead "over the hill." He timidly rang the bell at the big brown-stone front.

"Hello, Kutey," a soft voice purred a moment later, "come on in, the air's most too cool out tonight."

And the star twirler was lured away into some inner recess of the fair enchantress' castle.

"Don't know what she done to 'im inside," growled the chairman of the Vigilance Committee, "but 'bout ten they came out and talked a while low, an' Kutey was scared to

death like he allus is when a skirt nails him; and she twisted them slender fingers into his button-holes an' told him if he done somethin', she'd pay up."

"What'd Kutey do?" growled coach.

"Kutey! O Kutey didn't do nothing; he jus' said 'yes-sum,' and started down them steps in a hurry—an' I tell you the devil's got us. Kutey stepped right onto a blame black cat's tail, and you never heard such howlin'. Dimn it all, win ten straights and then get mixed up with a skirt and a black cat all in one night! Blame hard luck! Come on, coach, an' get a dope."

Unlike the days of most great championship games, that of the Forestville-Rinity game came on, cloudy and threatening.

"Rain! just like I thought!" grumbled the local weather prophets squinting at the lowering clouds.

"Our infernal luck's starting," echoed the chronic grouches.

Nevertheless by three o'clock the crowd at the baseball park was steadily swelling; and at half-past three when the game was to be called both the grandstand and the bleachers were crowded with anxious fans and twittering fanabelles, while a great scuffle was on between the small boys and the "coons" for choice seats in the neighboring trees.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—batteries for this afternoon, Rinity, Fitzspoon and Withergerald; Forestville, Doerell and Dowe," announced the umpire.

While Professor Bopeep's rag-time band struck up "*Marching Through Georgia*," and the grandstand applauded, and the bleachers "petered out" on a yell, "Old Black and Gold" trotted proudly out on to the field, Kutey Doerell taking the box.

"No pep! no pep!" growled William Fleet from the scorer's box.

"Isn't Kutey just darling?" whispered the blue-eyed enchantress to her companion in the grandstand.

(Now don't get nervous yet; I'm not going to have a real thrilling situation in this story until the fifth inning when the rain began with—but, never mind. You know five innings count a game.)

"Well, just look at that now! I knew it! O Lordy, Lordy! a three-bagger!" groaned the locals who were betting on Forestville.

Hurrahs from Rinity's rooters; sighs and silence from Forestville's. The first man up for Rinity had batted out a clean three-bagger.

Immediately Coach Hompson began to warm up Smith Tall. And the gang who knew the secret of the calico and the black cat, gathered around Meedham Nangum, heard him prophesy that this was only the beginning and that the devil had the game by the tail, and the whole beast slung across his shoulder.

And he was partly right. When the inning closed Rinity had sent seven men across the home-plate.

The first man up for Forestville fanned. The second one struck out, and the third smote three times where the ball wasn't.

Kutey took the box again. He was in better form. Rinity failed to score.

The game stood seven to nothing until the fourth inning. Forestville's big end was up, Spighetti at the bat.

"Hit 'er out, Spig—pullin' fer you, ol' boy—got a knot tied fer you, lad"; these and similar yells from the bleachers. "Whee! Smoke! Lordy!" Spighetti got a single. But the fun didn't stop there. Forestville smote the horse hide mightily; and great was the rejoicing of Forestville fans when, at the end of the fourth, the score stood seven to six.

Rinity failed to score in their half of the fifth. Kutey was pitching great ball.

That fatal fifth! When Forestville came to the bat a few big raindrops were falling as warning of what was about to come. A few "cold feet" were already sneaking away from the grounds. Forestville's weak end was up. Sorrowful ones who had money up on the locals were already dreaming about the pleasures that money might have bought.

Despite the mighty rooting and tooting from the bleachers and grandstand the first two up for Forestville made easy outs. From Forestville sympathizers came groans of despair; from Rinity's, howls of scorn and delight.

The third man up got to first base on an error. Then the mighty Kutey, the pet of the school, the cause of it all, the man who had never hit a ball in his life, picked up a bat. The rain was beginning to fall slowly but steadily. Everybody was tense with excitement—and everybody was getting ready to go home.

"A rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair," quoted Sampson Little somewhat cheerfully—considering all things.

"Yes! and a d— black cat"! ended Meedham Nangum.

As Kutey walked toward the plate he glanced slyly at the grandstand. He saw a pair of smiling violet eyes and a soft white hand flutter.

"One strike!" (groans of misery and hoots of delight.)

"Two strikes!" (The crowds began to leave the field.)

"Kutey's going to knock a home run," whispered the fair one in the grandstand.

"Smash!" Kutey's bat met the ball square on the nose. (Howls of delight and groans of misery.) Down the third base line it tore. And as Kutey crossed the home plate and was gathered in by loving arms the rain poured in torrents.

"I had a hunch we'd get this game!" joyfully growled Meedham Nangum, as he fell on Sampson Little's neck.

Meedham was thirty cents to the good. Kutey's home run had saved the day.

The sun set in a clear sky. And by nine o'clock the bonfires and celebrations of the victors were in full progress. Faculty wood and contingent deposit were hurting.

But Kutey—the remainder of the tale I have in the words of Sampson Little:

"Me an' Jimmy Bigboy were comin' down town to get a dope when Kutey sneaked across the street almost in front of us and went up the steps of the brown house. Somebody met him on the porch an' we heard 'er say, 'Dear old home-run Kutey, you did it and I'll pay up.' It's pretty dark on that porch but Jimmy says he saw a pair o' arms go around Kutey's neck and saw him wipe his mouth with his coat sleeve. And both of us heard a big smack and heard Kutey say 'yum, yum.' But just about that time some unprincipled skunk hollered out 'o the dark: 'O you Kutey!' And at the same time the front door opened and the old man, it sounded like, yelled, 'Margaret!' and about a second later Kutey passed us like a young freight train. That was day before yesterday and I ain't seen Kutey yet.

"Say, th' ain't a blame thing to a skirt, an' a black cat."

THE TAR HEEL IN LITERATURE

LEVY L. CARPENTER

In his last lecture delivered in the chair of poetry at Oxford, entitled "Sweetness and Light," Matthew Arnold asked: "If England were swallowed up by the sea tomorrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind,—would most, therefore, show the evidence of having possessed greatness—the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of the time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed?" In answer to this, he maintained that the greatness of England did not consist in her wealth of coal and iron but in the development of culture among her people, which is ever bent on "seeing things as they are," and thus dissipating delusions in regard to material prosperity and "fixing standards of perfection that are real." In other words, this great literary critic saw the value of a true literature to a State and a nation.

In one sense of the word, there cannot be a State literature; for "the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life" is such an immaterial and indefinable thing that it can not be contained within territorial boundary lines, but must make its appeal to the universal human heart. However, in another sense in which we use the term, there can be a State literature; there ought to be, and there must be a State literature. For, as Arnold shows, no commonwealth however prosperous in commerce, or prolific in great political leaders, can be complete unless there shall be among her native born citizens those who give us by the power of the pen, an insight

into the life and character of her people, and a true interpretation of the meaning of life.

America, when compared with Europe, has a surprising scarcity of literature which really "smacks of the soil." And whatever American literature there is, belongs to New England, the North, or the West.

Allow us to say here that we have unfortunately fallen into the habit of saying "Southern Literature." Why not American literature? You never hear of the books written by Longfellow, by Lowell, by Emerson, spoken of as Northern literature. Have they appropriated so much of the spirit of the nation as to give them the sole right to be called American writers? Joel Chandler Harris expressed the true estimate of a great literature, when speaking of the Southern writer: "He must be Southern," he said, "and yet cosmopolitan; he must be intensely local in feeling, but utterly unprejudiced and unpartisan as to opinion, tradition, and sentiment. Whenever we have a genuine Southern literature, it will be American and cosmopolitan as well. Only let it be the work of genius, and it will take all sections by storm."

But however much we may love our native State and pride ourselves in her matchless history, we must confess that the most significant thing about North Carolina literature is the lack of it. North Carolina has produced orators rather than writers, and great political leaders rather than men of poetic genius. Hence Peele, in his "Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians," says: "It will be remarked that some of the best sketches of our distinguished dead have been written to be spoken; but they are none the less effectual among North Carolinians, who have generally been hearers rather than readers: those, therefore, who have desired their attention have cultivated oratory."

There is no accurate history of our State. One reason for

this is that there are whole periods for which we have no historical documents. And it is a serious loss—it makes it hard to write a history of the State. There is a distinction between history and literature. History is more or less a record of events, while literature gives an inner clue to the life of the people. It is much easier perhaps to find out what the people of Shakespeare's times were thinking about than our own grandfathers. The life of the pioneers was exceedingly interesting, but no one has taken up the pen to chronicle their heroic deeds. There are seven volumes in our State library written in defense of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. If there had been a man of that time to write history, perhaps there would not be a dispute about it.

Poetry is the highest expression of the life of the people. England has a great history which makes the distant past loom into view almost larger than the present; but the inspiration and preserver of England's ideals is her masterpieces in poetry. But who, pray, has read half a dozen books of poetry written by native North Carolinians?

Why has North Carolina not produced a great literature? In the first place, she has been an agricultural State with no cities and literary centers. Politics has been at the front, which arose from the life of the people. And then there has been a sad lack of popular education. It is necessary for the people to be so educated that their thought will be along literary lines. Only recently have our people begun to get in touch with the men who write in other parts of America and in Europe. Literature has never been a profession in our State. Who makes a living by writing? For years Southern writers were ashamed to sign their names to what they had written, which statement can be verified by glancing over the pages of the old *Southern Literary Messenger*.

But without considering further the reasons why there is such a noticeable lack of a great literature, let us now glance

at what contribution North Carolina has actually made in the field of literature.

Our State literature may be only a feeble expression of the spirit and life of the people, but it is our own and therefore we treasure it. Such statesmen as Benton and Jackson have gone out from our State to become the flaming heralds of other sections, and their speeches coming down to us show what might have been produced in the State under favorable circumstances. The speeches of Vance, being of a certain high type should have a permanent place in our libraries, and the lamented Charles B. Aycock has left behind more than one eloquent speech in defense of the school children of his State which deserves to live.

But speeches are not literature of the highest type. Let us notice what has been done in fiction by our native writers.

In our State library you will find twenty-nine volumes written by Christian Reid. How many in the State, and some who consider themselves to be really cultured, know anything about Christian Reid? Yet she has lived most of her life in North Carolina—she is Mrs. Frances Tiernan, of Salisbury. O. Henry, that prince among short story writers, was born at Greensboro in this State, and he had a home at Asheville at the time of his death in 1910. We are glad a permanent memorial of him is to be placed in the State Hall of History. And Thomas Dixon, Jr., whatever the critics may say, got hold of an undiscovered period in American History and, in a fresh and original way, brought before us the spirit and life of the times.

Not only do we have fiction, but there are more than a hundred volumes to the credit of our poets, at least a few of which embody genuine poetry. Mr. Hight C. Moore, in speaking of the critic who would unwisely condemn all North Carolina poetry, said: "He may not know that a few of our bards have won high praise from the foremost literary

critics in America, or possibly he is unable to appreciate such stirring lines as Holden's 'Hatteras,' Fuller's 'The Last Look,' Boner's 'Poe's Cottage at Fordham,' Sledd's 'The Children,' or Stockard's 'Homer.'"

John Henry Boner (1845-1903), born in Salem, has been called North Carolina's first man of letters, because he was the first to take up letters as a regular profession by which he earned his living. The volume of his writings is small, but in his "Whispering Pines" and "Lyrics" he shows a wide range of themes and types, and he attained to a perfection of which any American poet might feel proud.

The longest poem and perhaps the masterpiece of poetical philosophy in North Carolina literature is Fuller's "The Angel in the Cloud." Fuller, who was born in Louisburg in 1847, revised and published this poem in book form in 1871. This work, of course, will not measure up with Milton's "Paradise Lost"; nevertheless it is marked by vivid imagination, lofty thought, and stately verse.

In October, 1908, Mr. J. W. Bailey addressed the State Literary and Historical Association in session at Raleigh; and he charmed his cultured audience with a tender, beautiful appreciation and estimate of our own Wake Forest "Young Lycidas Dead Ere his Prime." In speaking of the State's love for John Charles McNeill, he said: "Our inmost souls respond to his 'October,' as he voices so perfectly the autumnal spirit; his 'Little White Bride' interprets all our conceptions of that unique situation; his 'O, Ask Me Not' is the lover's philosophy of life in fullness of truth and perfection of phrase;—and it does not matter that we have volumes of Dante and Shakespeare or Browning and Tennyson on our shelves, when the mood strikes we must dream a little by the fireside with our own heart's interpreter and sweet companion, John Charles."

And then a certain critic has called Dr. Henry Jerome

Stockard, of Raleigh, "The Voice of North Carolina." Although his audience may be few, it is fit; and already some of his sonnets have taken their place among the best in our literature.

Across the street from a North Carolina College campus there stands an old-fashioned big-roomed southern residence. It is the home not only of an inimitable teacher, but of a real poet, Dr. Benjamin Sledd, of Wake Forest. His two volumes of poems, "From Cliff and Scour" and "The Watchers of the Hearth," have received the favorable comments of America's best literary critics; and he has now in the hands of his publishers, to appear next year, two other volumes. One reviewer of his works says: "One is invariably impressed with two qualities in Professor Sledd's poems; the crystal purity of their form, perfect to the last word and note; and the utter genuineness of his sentiments."

While there has been fearful neglect of the development of our literary resources, yet, as we have shown, there have been some books written by North Carolinians which deserve to live; and today there are forces at work which are making for our literary growth. Conditions are rapidly changing. We are becoming more national and cosmopolitan in spirit. We had an educational governor several years ago; and only this year the legislature took an important forward step by passing a law which provides for a six months' public school in every county in the State. Charlotte and Raleigh, in a certain sense, are becoming literary centers. Not only is there a leading daily paper in each of these cities which is doing much toward popularizing and encouraging present-day literary production, but at least one publishing house of some kind can be found at each place which is having an influence as a stimulus to, and a patron of letters. The State Literary and Historical Association, which will hold its fourteenth annual meeting this fall, is a useful agency in the col-

lection, preservation, production and dissemination of our State literature and history, and is a powerful factor in the inculcation of a literary spirit among our people.

Most of the literature we now have has been produced within the last two decades. A new group of writers, such as Stockard, Mims, Sledd, Durham, Poe, and Archibald Henderson, are coming to the front in literary America because they are doing something in literature really worth while, and some of these show what perhaps deserves to be called genius. What may we not expect from such a company of able men?

The Old North State has had no adequate chronicler to tell her story. Many interesting events and characters in our history need but the touch of the gifted pen to make them famous and immortal. Why James A. Weston of Hickory is the author of a book, "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney," which brings into notice a subject hardly to be equaled for romantic treatment, and but awaits the genius of a Scott to develop it into a masterpiece. Weston holds that Napolcon's great Marshal was not executed after the Battle of Waterloo, but escaped to America, and died in Rowan County, North Carolina, in the year 1846. Very little of such North Carolina local color has been used by the novelist.

What will be North Carolina's future literary history? The outlook is bright. We have many graduate students in our best universities who are doing special research work in Southern fields. As we have seen, there is a wealth of practically virgin material in our own State. It only awaits the touch of a masterhand. When our preëminent man of genius comes, he will be an incarnation of Paul Hamilton Hayne, "the King-Poet of the Old South," in devotion to his art, which is expressed in his letter to Mrs. Preston: "By my brains—my literary craft—I will win my bread and water;

by my poems I will live or I will starve." A man inspired by such an ideal and devoted to such a work will not be allowed to starve by his grateful and appreciative countrymen, nor will his memory be blotted out forever.

BY THE SUNSET SEA

ARTHUR D. GORE

There alway by an ink-black sea,—
There alway by a storm-raged sea,
Hell-like screams from an imp's harsh throat
Dolefully float.

There grim Death in his midnight veil
Stares gaunt-eyed from a face that's pale—
Smites each down with a fleshless hand
There by the strand.

One bark awaits by the great, lone shore,
And one guide with his star-bright oar
Rows out slowly with sails full-spread,
Watching the dead.

There God's mansions await earth's all,
God's great love and His world-wide call.
Then Lord, over the Sunset Sea
Carry Thou me!

AMERICA'S GREATEST GAME

J. A. A.

After due consideration of the available facts in the athletic world we have come to the conclusion that football is the greatest of all games or attractions.

This, the game of games, originated about thirty years ago, when a small body of Yale students went to see their team do battle with Harvard's. The spectators were no more than a handful, and it was not thought necessary to provide seats for them. The game continued in spite of the small attention paid to it by the sporting world.

In 1882, the first chartered train ever run on American soil to a football game carried two hundred ardent Yale partisans to Boston to see the royal battle. Early in the nineties the game began to receive special attention by all the students and alumni of the various colleges and universities. The attendance at the Thanksgiving game in 1893 between the Blue and the Crimson was about fifteen thousand. These were all sportsmen who flaunted the ribbon by virtue of the influence of the campus sentiment that swayed them this way or that. The tickets never sold for more than face value, and most of them were disposed of by the primitive method of forming a line in front of the office of the manager in some college dormitory. Then the happy-go-lucky students camped out over night in order to get an early choice and whiled away the waiting hours with song and play.

But this was not a condition to remain long this way. The game has been craved by the public appetite for college football, so that all previous plans of accommodation have been submerged in a sea of enthusiasm and the managements are at a loss as to visible means of escape.



LEVY L. CARPENTER
Phl. Editor-in-Chief

The attendance at the Yale-Harvard game in 1910 was 40,000 people, who watched from the "kick-off" to the last minute of the fourth quarter. The accommodation was limited to that number or the attendance would have been at least sixty or seventy thousand. In the first games the receipts were too scanty to pay the policemen to keep the spectators out of the way. In last year's season, three days before the game, the seats in a desirable place could not be had for three hundred dollars, while many sold for five hundred. That amount, however, was not charged by the management, but was brought about by the speculators. Though the students and alumni were requested to pledge that they would not sell their seats, some were not true to their word and enough tickets were given up to enable the speculator to do his work.

To give a little better idea of this phase of the game we may consider the amount spent to see two games, namely, the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton of last fall. Here is an afternoon sport whose gate receipts are probably unique. Of actual play at each there was hardly more than one hour, yet 40,000 people were glad to pay from \$2 for a seat in the remotest part of the amphitheater to \$300 for one of the more coveted; and thousands were turned away. It is safe to say that 100,000 people would have witnessed these games if accommodation could have been furnished and tickets sold at face value.

It is safe also to reckon that the average expenditure of this vast army of men and women attending the two games would have swelled the total cost of the two afternoons of outdoor diversion to half a million dollars.

Many old gentlemen may wag their gray beards, shake their hoary locks, and scold at American extravagance, but football comes only once a year and youth's demands will be served.

What makes this one game so attractive? Is it because of its brutal, cruel, beast-like practices; or is it the entrancing dazzle of the theatre? It is neither. It is because it calls into practice skill, alertness, determination and strength,—the qualities that the American people worship.

A great amount of solemn preaching has been done to prove that these great crowds are ethically wrong and that the players are demoralized and sink to the level of gladiators or pugilists. This theory sounds plausible but it happens to be all wrong. The multitudes massed around the football fields of 1912 were there not only to behold a spectacle, but also because the game revealed the fighting spirit of the race in its finest flower.

The Hague tribunal and peace movements in general to the contrary, the qualities that are best in the soldier are admired beyond all others by mankind at large. Football is mimic warfare in that it demands courage, hardihood, indifference to self-sacrifice and strict obedience to orders. It is absurd to compare a football game with a Spanish bull-fight, or with gladiatorial or prize-ring contests. If men are hurt in the shock of the "scrimmage" or the charge of the "interference" it is an accident. Above everything else the football player is taught self-restraint, self-control, and watchfulness lest he inflict an injury on an opponent. It is a physical contest of man to man, clean and fair and hard. This is why thousands of our best men and women cheer until the last "line buck," the last "end run," the last "forward pass," and the last charge of the "interference" has been resisted, and the ball is declared "dead" in the last moment of play.

We wish now to speak a word in defense of the player himself. So much has been said as to its being so degrading to play football that he cannot be brushed by unnoticed. As the great game stands today it is a contest from which twenty-

two splendid young men, who lunge, plunge, and scamper over the chalk-marked carpet of turf only to emerge stronger and braver. The player feels the responsibility of his position from the start to the finish.

When eleven men face eleven, with hands on the ground and the ball in place it is time for every muscle to be ready to act.

When the quarterback calls a tangled mass of numbers each member of the opposing team sees a certain play and rushes to his task so that no part of the machine will be faulty. If his part is a fake in this move it may be the most important in the next. If the team advances the ball it is the result of a planned scheme, but if they fail it is because of the instantaneous work of their opponents. Football is the seeing and preventing, in an instant, what your opponents have planned and perfected after weeks of practice.

So long as the young American has to be strong physically and mentally let us have football in our colleges. This greatest of games cannot all be bad neither can it all be good, but there is so much good in the worst of it that the people as a body see a result that they are unwilling to give up. All games of skill are better than those of chance, and of all games of skill there is but one that gives the player that strength of body, power of intellect, breadth and depth of thought, and self-responsibility that life demands, and that is our one great game—football.

AN INCIDENT OF THE POT AND SHEARS

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

The substance of the following tale was given me by an upper classman, one who had "gone to and fro upon the campus and walked up and down in it." I have reason to believe he was implicated in the affair, but that is a matter to be dealt with behind closed doors by the mysterious Senate and the irate faculty, and must be referred to by you and me with bated breath.

"Newish" Green was entirely too fresh. This was the consensus of Sophomore opinion; an opinion proclaimed on the bulletin board by an adequate number of skull-and-cross-bone signs, and shouted aloud, with qualifying adjectives, from dark places at night. These occasional intimations proving of no avail and Mr. Green persisting in his prep-school presumption, it was duly decided that the "Newish" must be blacked.

How this decision was reached, how scouts were employed and sentinels posted, how signals were arranged and how, finally, the sable brew was concocted—these things must be left to the imagination of the discreet reader, for, if revealed, they might bring down upon the head of the informant similar retribution to that intended for Mr. Green. It suffices for the purposes of narrative that such preparation was made, and the date set for a night in late September.

Upon that night of destiny the unsuspecting Freshman, being something of a social light, called upon his lady. At eleven o'clock he made the usual remark about a pleasant evening, set his hat at its wonted angle, and walked out, smiling, into the noonday lustre of a golden harvest moon. In order to reach his "hole" he had only to walk through a

hundred yards of the Avenue's lights and shadows, and penetrate a corner of the ebony blackness of the Campus. As far up Faculty Row as Green could see, no human being was stirring; the long moon-lit street was empty and hushed as a cathedral aisle. He started home, consequently, without uneasiness, and walked slowly, smiling, and wondering what she would have replied if he had made a different remark from one which he had made at a certain point in the conversation. Entering the Campus he took the shortest path, as usual. Someone else, coming from the opposite direction, turned into the walk just ahead of him. Green recognized Professor.....!

"Good evening, Doctor," ventured the Freshman, tipping his cap.

Professor condescended with an academic smile, and continued on his way. But the meeting had recalled to Green's mind a neglected task, a score of sentences which must be handed in to this identical Professor the next morning. He paused.

"I'll run over to Smith's room and see if I can borrow them," was his conclusion; whereupon he turned and retraced his steps.

A quarter of a minute sooner someone concealed in the shadow of the gate through which the dreaming Freshman had passed had given a long, shrill whistle, vibrant with meaning; it was the signal.

The masked men in the bushes screwed up their courage as near the sticking point as possible. They had waited long. When the indistinct figure on the walk reached the strategic point they sprang, shadowy and silent; before their victim could utter a sound or frame a thought, he was prostrate, and they had smeared him with the unspeakable ointment.

The Artist of the Pot had finished his study in black and

white within the bat of an eye; now the man with the clippers sprang forward to perform a tonsorial operation. Imagine the surprise of the masked barber when he felt beneath his nervous hands a head smooth and BALD!

The blacking-pot was overturned; the frightened phantoms disappeared into encircling shadows.

On the next morning wondering students read the following notice on the bulletin board:

"Professor..... will not meet his classes today."

HELEN

A. L. DENTON

When shall I see my Helen, O ;
When shall I hear again
That voice of which deep in my soul
Sweet echoes still remain ?

I long to press her hand and, O,
Those rosy lips so sweet
Of which my heart leaps up so oft
Fair images to greet.

When I am with my Helen, O ;
It never matters then
How restless grows the outside world
My heart keeps calm within.

My heart is like the aspen, now,
My bosom like the sea,
But O one clasp of Helen's hand
Then sweet tranquillity.

"THE MOVING PICTURE WRITES"

W. H. J.

Curly slipped around the corner and with the skill born of long practice, lost himself in the ever-shifting crowd. The plain-clothes man gave a disgusted snort and signaled to someone further up the street.

Curly found himself able to move at will once more, but just as he was beginning to enjoy his new-found freedom to the fullest extent, a soft voice purred at his elbow and a pair of bright blue eyes looked up into his. A nervous feeling immediately downed his exuberancy, for next to plain-clothes men, he hated women. This important fact was written down in the big book at the Chief's office, along with his description and Bertillon measurements. But the voice purred again.

"How about a picture show, Curly?"

Curly took another look at the owner of the voice and saw that she had a deep dimple in each cheek, and that her hair was the color of—what was it? Yes, it was gold; it would have been sacrilegious to call it red. That look decided him. She tucked the smallest of hands under his arm and they entered the Arcade.

The cool, dark room brought Curly to his senses and he took a more deliberate survey of his companion.

"If she wasn't a woman she would be some classy kid," he told himself, but he felt his old hatred for the daughters of Eve dwindling away.

He paid very little attention to the pictures, for was it not much more interesting to watch this new-found curiosity? As the minutes passed his interest grew and the pictures were forgotten entirely until he saw the announcement of the next

film, "The Wages of Sin." He became interested at once, and as the drama unrolled itself before his eyes he saw a case almost parallel with his own, only the man in the picture didn't escape. There he was, sitting on the edge of his prison cot in a suit of stripes. The barred door opened and a woman came in, and the old, old tragedy was reënacted before Curly's eyes. When it was ended the perspiration stood on Curly's forehead in great beads and his voice trembled.

"Where to, now, kid?" he asked.

"I will have to leave you now," she replied. A soft look came into her eyes, and she turned away.

"But say, don't leave me like that. You might at least give me your address."

"No, not this time, but meet me tomorrow at the corner of Church and 43d if you really want to see me again."

"You just bet your sweet life I'll be there," replied Curly.

They separated at the corner, Curly going to his "third floor back" bedroom and the lady to police headquarters. The white-haired old chief laid aside his pen as she entered.

"Well, what did you do with Curly?" he asked.

"I just couldn't land him this time," she said. "I have an appointment with him again tomorrow and if nothing happens we'll get him. I'll walk by the Fifth Ward Station with him, and you will have to have one or two cops there."

"All right, any arrangement you make will be satisfactory if we get him, but mind you, we don't want any more foolishness about it."

Curly waited impatiently at his corner and finally he saw the lady coming toward him. He almost ran to meet her, and as he started to take her hand she pushed him away and he saw a frightened look in her eyes.

"Don't pretend that you know me too well just now," she said. "At least wait until we get away from this street."

Surprised, he walked beside her in silence for two blocks and then he saw that they were very near to the Fifth Ward Station. He had good reason for not wishing to pass here, but he could say nothing. But suddenly the expression on the lady's face changed.

"Don't go a bit farther," she said. "Meet me again at 3:30 at the Old Church and I will explain everything to you, but don't go by Fifth Ward Station. Goodbye, until tomorrow."

She went hurriedly to headquarters and reported to the chief.

"I suppose it's all up with my job, but I just couldn't land him," she said. "I guess he got suspicious, because he didn't keep his appointment."

"You're some fine decoy, aint you?" growled the chief. "What do you think we keep you for? An ornament? I guess you had better try a different line. Good day, madam,"

The lady went out gladly, and seeing that the clock was striking three she went to the Old Church. She was not disappointed. Curly was there, but he was not alone. The Rev. Jones was with him, and the lady saw it all at once. Curly opened his arms and she ran to him with a happy laugh of relief.

And the underworld lost a great leader and the police lost a great decoy. Rev. Jones pocketed a crisp bill with a deep sigh of satisfaction, and the man and the woman went out into a new world.



ROMULUS SKAGGS
Eu. Editor-in-Chief

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROMULUS SKAGGS, Editor.

One Word
More

In the past issues of THE STUDENT we have argued the proposition of an athletics entrance fee for Wake Forest College, pro and con, answering all the cons, real or imaginary; presenting the pros without bias. We have not argued athletics as a cause—that would be unnecessary since it is universally accepted. A few of the unsophisticated are not yet reconciled to the financing of athletics, without which financing there could now be no athletics.

We are not now offering any new argument but simply reiterating the old and asking the Board of Trustees to consider our cause without prejudice if not with a measure of sympathy, in their May meeting. We have shown that our proposition is a success in many similar institutions, that in justice to ourselves, it is a necessity at Wake Forest College, that our student body who must pay the fee upon matriculation unanimously desire it, that it is not at variance with any of the aims of the institution.

Our athletes are steady, studious gentlemen, who are highly popular with the faculty and a credit to our college in work or in play, at home or abroad. One cannot believe that our trustees will disregard them and discourage those like them who will come to our college later, by ignoring or tabling our earnest petition for an athletic fee.

For two years there has been growing in our **A Reformation** student body a sentiment against vandalism, against cheating, and against hazing—a sentiment that is commendable, to say the least. The “rough-neck”—if we have one—is no longer lionized, and his business is “on the bum.” The student body takes care of its own behavior through its own Senate and Honor Committees without the interference of the faculty. A student can no longer cheat on examination and with impunity go on his way rejoicing. “Ye verdant ‘Freshie’” of four years ago is “my first year friend” of today. While the abolition of hazing has left an aching void which ought to be filled by substituting certain rules governing the behavior and attire of the Freshman so as to make his imagined commensurate with his real importance, nevertheless, we are all enjoying the congenial class feeling of this later day. May we continue to “evolute.”

We cannot lay down our pen without making one more plea in behalf of our literary societies. That they constitute the most potent auxiliaries to the well-rounded course at Wake Forest is freely granted by every student, alumnus and friend of our College. That much of our Alumni's success and our college's fame is due to the work of those societies is accepted. But that the phenomenal growth of our college makes a consequent state of congestion and inadequacy of those societies, on the other hand, is equally evident. Our society membership has grown until the work of the organization has become impersonal, and extensive rather than intensive. Even society politics has lost its virility and the organizations' honors are bestowed indifferently upon whoever will consent to bear them.

But we are not knocking; we simply speak of conditions as they exist. Members of the faculty have observed and commented upon these growing weaknesses.

And the remedy is not far to seek. A further division of the two organizations into working sections, or the establishing of one or two new societies, either would furnish the remedy and reestablish us in our ancient vigor. And it simply requires a few good men to take up the task and to do it. We believe the time is ripe for the doing.

In Passing We are about to lay down our pen and give up the desk to a successor. We have refrained from knocking, from dreaming, from packing, and from advising the faculty. In as small space as possible we have advocated sincerely the needs and interests of our institution. We naturally hope that our successor will continue to pull for, at least, the major issues that we have advocated until they are realized. Our associates and associations have been uniformly pleasant. We owe a debt of gratitude to our student contributors and to our advertisers.

THE OPEN DOOR

The Davidson Debate

While we are all following with eager interest the career of our phenomenal baseball team, few perhaps will care to know just exactly what happened down in Winston when, while the rest of the student body were crowing over defeated Baylor and humiliated A. and M., Chambers and Long fought it out with Davidson. "How did it happen?" was the first question that was asked me on my return to the college. This I have been asked so often that I feel sure that even some of the fans would like to know how it happened that Wake Forest did for once did actually lose a debate.

A few days after the debate, I happened to see one of the judges. "What did you think of the debate?" I asked. "It was a good debate," he said, and added, "Davidson won on the merits of the question." Here is how they did it. The question we all remember: "*Resolved*, That an easier and more expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution should be adopted." The burden of proof resting on Davidson in advocating the affirmative was, it would seem, to show, first, that the present method is inefficient and, second, that some easier and quicker method to be proposed and defended by them is preferable. But Davidson could find no one method that they felt willing to defend against our men, who of course were prepared to attack any conceivable method; so they dodged us. Davidson's first speaker announced that his side would discuss only the first issue, leaving the easier method to be proposed by anybody who wanted it. Mr. Long, our first speaker, called for a definite method in his first speech. Davidson's second speaker said: "All right, you want us to propose a method. Here is one. How

do you like it?" Then he proposed some fifteen or twenty various methods, naming them so rapidly that, as some one said, "forty Philadelphia lawyers couldn't have taken them down." He then insisted that the negative must refute them all to prove the present the best of all methods. Then came the rejoinder.

Our men were prepared for every possible line of argument except that which Davidson had taken. They insisted that Davidson had yielded the question by refusing to name and defend a definite method since comparison is the only sure way to test the merits of any method. To crown all, Davidson's last speaker in closing the debate, stated and defended a definite method, which our men had not had time to refute and could not then refute for their last speeches had been delivered.

Our men had looked for a battle in the open all the way through, and Davidson had won by shifting ground twice and by lugging practically new material into the rejoinder. But as the judges had unanimously voted for Davidson, we didn't raise a howl of protest—as some baseball teams do—but we thought of Raleigh filled with rejoicing Wake Foresters and planned for revenge next year. We saw that we had been outgeneraled, and though we didn't think it quite fair, we congratulated our victors and took them to the alumni banquet with us.

I wish to add that we were treated with the utmost kindness by our friends in Winston. The Salem College auditorium was an ideal place to speak in. The crowd was interested and enthusiastic. And the banquet, from which we adjourned at two o'clock in the morning, fitly closed the evening, leaving us with the conviction that though defeated, the College Alumni are always loyal.

What could we have done beforehand to have ensured victory? Nothing perhaps except to have devised some way to

force Davidson to come out and fight for a definite proposition. But some things we might have done to have made the burden of the team lighter. We should have had a second preliminary, for one thing. The lack of this forced Mr. Chambers and Mr. Long to write speeches on two separate questions and after that to meet the enemy without adequate time for preparation and with little help from anybody, student or teacher. This was particularly unfortunate since it turned out that the Baylor debate was a walkaway and the Davidson debate was a battle royal.

The defeat is not without its lessons. As I said to some one before the debate, the Baylor team had the glory to win, but the Davidson team had the battle to fight. We should provide next year for a second preliminary and for more time to work up the question.

One other thing. Some may recall a frequent saying of mine that debates are almost invariably won or lost on the rejoinder, or at least might be. Our only possible chance to win the Davidson debate occurred in the rejoinder, but owing to necessarily hasty preparation, we did not see it till too late. It is rumored about the college that some members of the societies do not encourage students to come back on the rejoinder. This is unfortunate. I think we should emphasize the rejoinder above everything else. We should have a rejoinder in all our society contests since this is the only real test of a debater's mettle, his ability to think on his feet before an audience. And next year when Easter draws near, we should all get behind the teams, encourage them, and help them in every possible way so that it cannot be said of them that "they were beaten before they left Wake Forest."

JAY B. HUBBELL.

The Scrub

While the whole college is down on its knees before the "stars" of our 'varsity team, I should like to say a few words about the man, who, in my opinion, deserves more honor and gets less than any other man in college—I mean the patient, hardworking "scrub."

The members of the 'varsity teams get praise on every hand. They get glowing "write-ups," they are heroes on the campus, and, sometimes, they are given privileges by the faculty. Against all this, I haven't a word to say, for I am sure these men deserve every honor and privilege they get. But I do say and I do believe that, while we give laurels to the varsity men and get down on our knees before our "stars," we have no right to forget and ignore the spunky little "scrub" who represents the first round in the ladder of these 'varsity men's fame. He is the basis upon which the 'varsity man must build his reputation.

Take for example a little man like Jim Cline, whom we all remember so well. At the very beginning of his Freshman year he answers the call of the athletic men and goes out for football. He does not make the team, of course, for, as he himself knows, he is too little and light. Still he does not hesitate to give his time and himself for the honor of his Alma Mater. He goes out for two or three hours every day, and is hammered upon and run over by the big 'varsity men until he feels blue all over. And he does this simply to help put out a winning team for his college, knowing all the time that there is not a ghost of a chance of his making the team and winning honors. He not only goes out his Freshman year, but his Sophomore, Junior and Senior years as well. In the writer's opinion, this little man shows more real spunk and "stick," and more genuine college spirit than any other man in college.

So while we give just praise to our 'varsity men and to our "stars," let us not forget to show our appreciation of the work of the little "scrub." It is the "scrub" who makes the 'varsity man possible, and to the "scrub" should go part of the honors which are heaped upon the man he has helped to create.

ROY MARSH.

Onward to the Student Conference for 1913

Onward to the Student Conference is being rung at this season of the year throughout the length and breadth of this country. Within the next few weeks there will meet in this country eight summer conferences of the Young Men's Christian Association. This means that thousands of students of the colleges and universities of this country will meet to discuss and make plans for the Kingdom of Jesus. This host of students that are to meet in these conferences are the cream of the various student bodies, just as the student bodies are the cream of the country's young men. And to be one of this cream of the student bodies is a rare privilege and an opportunity that comes once in a lifetime. To miss one of these conferences is to miss something that cannot be secured elsewhere. And as you pass this student life but once why not get the blessing of one of these student conferences?

June 17-26 the Southern Student Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association meets at Blue Ridge, North Carolina. At this conference there will be about five hundred southern college and university men. For the most part, all of these men are Christian gentlemen of the finest type. They come to this conference to get a vision and to find their place in the world of service and to help their fellows and to get strength to give to the world their best. These men are led at this conference by the best and largest

and ripest leaders of our day and generation. Men like Weatherford, Cooper, who did so much for us, Turner, Spicer, Mott, the Poteat brothers, and others that could be mentioned. To get a vision of these men and to hear them speak out of the experience of their hearts is something that can be had only at the Student Conference. How would you like to have a personal interview with Mott, the man of God, who has a line on the world, and whose vision and experience is world-wide, and who knows the condition of the known world of today? To have an interview with Mott and hear him talk of how real Jesus is to him is but to stand in the presence of Jesus. What about going to this conference just to get an interview with such a man?

Then, besides listening to the messages of the great men of God, there are yet other things to be had at this conference that are most valuable which broaden and extend one's knowledge. The association and the fellowship and the friendships formed at this summer conference are such as can be had no where else. You meet men from every southern state; men that hold high places of honor and distinction at their colleges; men that are full of life; men that are athletes. These men are playing ball and running for Jesus. Would you not like to line yourself up in the biggest business in the world and play ball or run for Jesus? Think about it! Then the associations one gets at this conference are valuable. The writer is unable to give you any conception of it. He once had the rare privilege of attending one of these conferences and he today would not trade it for any one year in college. In those mountains in western North Carolina you not only meet with and associate with men, but with Jesus. How would you like ten days of this life? Again there is the fellowship such as language cannot describe in this conference. How about going to Blue Ridge and learning of this great fellowship with both men

and Jesus? And, lastly, the forming of friendships at this conference is such that just to attend the conference for it would pay a man a hundred fold. You will form friendship with men that are to serve their day and generation in every part of the known world. To know their names and to shake hands with them and to watch them work as the years come and go is an inspiration well worth while.

Then let onward to the Student Conference for 1913 be your watchword! It has many blessings for you in the form of a vision of the world, its needs and the open doors of opportunity which are calling for the best and strongest men of this generation to serve and to give life and light to the world! Do not miss this conference, say you will go; and when June 17th passes you will stand with those five hundred men in the dining hall of the Blue Ridge Hotel and sing praises to the King and offer thanksgiving for another ten days of festivities from the hand of God.

HENRY J. LANGSTON.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEVY L. CARPENTER, Editor

An athletic mass meeting was held in the Small Chapel on the evening of March 17th, at which T. L. Bray was elected to assist O. L. Stringfield, Jr., and George Pennell as rooters. Several new yells were announced and some time spent in practicing them.

After the mass meeting the young Men's Christian Association met and in a student meeting the subject "Drifting," was discussed.

The baseball season for Wake Forest opened on March the 18th with a game on the home diamond with the Trinity Park School of Durham. Henry Faucette was the first man to go to the bat for Wake Forest. The batteries were Smith and Lowe. Wake Forest won with a score of 23 to 2. The other games played on the home field with scores in favor of Wake Forest are as follows: March 19th, Elon College, 5 to 1; March 22d, Horner School, 6 to 4; March 26th, Liberty-Piedmont Institute, 17 to 2; March 27th, Trinity, of Connecticut, 5 to 1; March 28, Trinity, of Connecticut, 8 to 0; April 2d, Eastern College, 11 to 4; April 4th, Trinity College, 3 to 2; April 8th, Davidson, 2 to 1; April 9th, Atlantic Christian College, 16 to 1.

Wake Forest played Trinity at Henderson, March 29th, the score being 13 to 7 in favor of "Old Gold and Black." The only game Wake Forest has lost this season thus far was with A. & M., April 5th, on the Wake Forest diamond, the score being 6 to 2.

Easter Monday, March the 24th, was preëminently a Wake Forest day. The place where the victories for "Old Gold and Black" were won was our State capitol, Raleigh.

North Carolina's leading daily on the following Tuesday morning carried these happy, triumphant head lines: "N. C. Baptists Out-Talk Texas," and "Baptists Defeat Old Time Hoodoo"—the "Hoodoo" referred to being the A. & M. baseball nine.

Some say that the game played March 24th was the thirteenth game between A. & M. and Wake Forest, and only the second victory for Wake Forest. Nevertheless this thirteenth game was a beautiful victory with the score of 4 to 2 in favor of Wake Forest. L. W. Smith's "mysterious underhand heave" kept him on the safe side and kept the Farmers guessing. It was not a pitcher's battle exactly, but the virtue of the contest was in its universality of play." There was hardly a man who did not make at least one good play during the game. Nobody ever saw a better arm than Lowe, Wake Forest's splendid backstop, has. He whipped the men off the bases and literally tied the men on bases. Billings at short was especially fast, and Parker at second picked up some difficult balls. Edwards was the star at the bat, making three of the six hits for Wake Forest.

By winning the inter-collegiate debate from Baylor University, of Waco, Texas, Easter Monday evening, in the Raleigh auditorium, Wake Forest won also the right to enter the third of the series in Atlanta, Easter Monday, of 1914.

The query was, "Resolved that Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people." Upholding the affirmative were C. W. Orrick and W. A. Jackson of Baylor, and Junius C. Brown and Rowland S. Pruette, of Wake Forest, defended the negative. The alternates were J. M. Pritchard for Wake Forest and W. M. Harrell, for Baylor. The president of the debate was Dr. T. W. O'Kelley of the Raleigh First Baptist Church. The Marshals—O. W. Sawyer,

D. F. Mayberry, T. L. Bray, F. G. Whitaker, L. S. Brassfield, E. Prevette, G. G. Moore, and M. H. Hood—handled well the crowd of probably 2,000 people.

All three judges—Judge James S. Manning, of Durham, Judge Henry G. Connor, of the Federal Bench, and Professor E. K. Graham, of the State University—cast their ballots for Wake Forest.

With a score of 61 to 56, A. & M. won the track meet over Wake Forest, at Raleigh, March 24th.

At Winston-Salem, March 24th, the decision of the judges in the first of the series of three debates between Davidson and Wake Forest Colleges was unanimously in favor of the Davidson team.

The query was, "Resolved, that an easier and more expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution should be adopted." Davidson defended the affirmative and Wake Forest the negative. The speakers for Wake Forest were S. Long and W. R. Chambers, E. P. Yates, alternate; and for Davidson, W. S. Golden and J. M. Williams, F. W. Price, alternate. The judges were H. E. Rondthaler, Dr. W. P. Few, Dr. J. I. Foust, Mr. Z. V. Long, and Mr. H. P. Grier. The trophy cup, which was awarded the winning team, was donated by Dr. H. E. Rondthaler and the Winston-Salem Board of Trade.

After the debate a banquet was given by local members of the Wake Forest Alumni Association at the Zinzendorf Hotel.

On Tuesday evening, March the 25th, the student body carried the Wake Forest-Baylor debaters and the baseball team from the depot to Memorial Hall, where an ovation was given the victors over Baylor and A. & M. The victors rode in a wagon decorated with "old gold and black," and pulled by members of the student body, followed by the

cheering crowd of students. In the Hall speeches were made by members of the Faculty and of the two successful teams. Shouts of triumph filled the air.

On March the 31st, Dr. Benjamin Sledd made an address before the Young Men's Christian Association on "The Balkan War"; and on April 7th, Dr. W. L. Poteat addressed the Association using as subject "What it Means to be a Christian." Both addresses were heard with pleasure and profit by a large crowd of students. April 14th, Professor Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, gave a very interesting address on "Survivals of Earlier Times and Foreign Races on the Coast Islands of the Carolinas."

Friday afternoon, April the 4th, Dr. W. O. Carver, Professor of Missions and Comparative Religions of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, located at Louisville, Kentucky, spoke to the Ministerial class about the Seminary; and that evening he gave an address in the small chapel on "Christianity and Present Day World Movements."

At the Johnston County School commencement held at Smithfield, April the 4th, Dr. E. Walter Sikes delivered the address of the day to an estimated audience of 4,000 people. The *News and Observer* correspondent said of the address and the orator: "It was a masterpiece and enjoyed by the large crowd present. He is a prince among public speakers and entertains and instructs his audience."

At Suffolk, Virginia, April 11th, Professor J. Henry Highsmith spoke to the teachers of Nansemond County. April the 13th, he delivered two addresses at the Fourth Street Baptist Church, Portsmouth, Virginia. He also delivered a series of lectures at a Sunday School Institute, New Church, Eastern Shore, Virginia, April 18-20. On Sunday evening, April 6th, Professor Highsmith spoke to the Wake

Forest Missionary Society on "David Livingstone." April 16-18, he attended a conference for education in the South, at Richmond, Virginia. On April the 23d, he delivered the commencement address at the Red Oak High School, near Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

At the coming commencement, May 21-23, seventy-six men are expecting to graduate with the following degrees: eight men for the Bachelor of Laws degree; fourteen, Bachelor of Science; forty-six, Bachelor of Arts; and eight, Master of Arts.

The entire student body in mass meeting showed its sympathy in the death of Phil Utley's father, Mr. W. M. Utley, at his home in Raleigh, Wednesday, April 2d, by sending a beautiful floral design for the funeral which occurred April 3d. The Wake Forest baseball team also sent a wreath of flowers. The student body also showed its appreciation and esteem for "Phil" by making him a present of twenty-five dollars in cash.

Dr. W. L. Pickard, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Savannah, Georgia, conducted the chapel service on April the 10th.

Dr. W. R. Cullom gave a special course of lectures at Buie's Creek Academy, April 10-11. He preached at the Baptist church at Dunn, Sunday morning, April 13th, and the evening of same day at Fayetteville. He spoke at a Union Meeting at Warren Plains, March 29th and assisted in the ordination of R. S. Fountain, at Warrenton, March the 30th.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, Miss Louise A. Williams of Augusta, Georgia, gave a delightful entertainment in Memorial Hall, April the 9th. The large audience enjoyed "An Evening in the Old

South," which consisted of plantation medleys, log cabin anecdotes, a negro ghost story, and a monologue sketch, "Looking for Marse Willie." The stories and songs of Miss Williams were interspersed with selections by a student quartet—G. W. Lassiter, G. W. Holliday, J. B. Alderman, and G. F. Strole. The proceeds from the entertainment amounted to about \$53.

The Wake Forest Glee Club and Orchestra left Thursday, April the 10th, for a ten days trip through the eastern part of the State, ending with a concert at Raleigh, April 19th. The Glee Club and Orchestra this session, owing to the energetic and exceptionally high class of work of Director Hubert McNeill Poteat, has been an honor to the college and has given a high class entertainment at every town visited. The members of the Glee Club and Orchestra for the season of 1912-13 are as follows:

H. M. Poteat, '06, Director; E. P. Yates, '14, Business Manager.

GLEE CLUB.

T. A. Avera, '14, Leader.

First Tenor—C. A. Farrell, '13; R. Skaggs, '13; A. P. Sledd, '15; J. E. White, Jr., '15.

Second Tenor—T. A. Avera, '14; E. A. Daniel, '13; H. B. Herndon, '15; O. L. Stringfield, Jr., '14.

First Bass—J. R. Hall, '14; E. H. Harrell, '15; H. M. Poteat, '06; L. T. Stallings, Jr., '16.

Second Bass—J. B. Alderman, '15; T. Hipps, '14; W. B. Oliver, Jr., '14; R. M. Sawyer, '13; L. C. Williams, '13.

ORCHESTRA.

C. W. Mitchell, Jr., '14, Leader.

First Violin—C. W. Mitchell, Jr., H. M. Poteat.

First Cornet—J. R. Hall.

Second Cornet—W. B. Oliver, Jr.

French Horn—J. L. Kesler, '16.

Trombone—O. L. Stringfield, Jr.

Double Bass—J. B. Alderman.

Drums—H. W. Bryan, '16.

Piano—K. T. Raynor, '14.

A gymnastic exhibition was given under the leadership of Mr. J. Richard Crozier, head of the college Physical Culture department, Tuesday evening, April 8th, and was one of the most enjoyable and entertaining events of the session.

A class of about thirty from the regular gymnasium classes, picked by Mr. Crozier, gave exhibitions of the regular college gymnasium work. Exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bar, and side horse were given, as were also dumbbell and wand drills and tumbling exercises. Several athletic games were also played by the class. The exhibition was the first of the kind ever given here and it took well. It was simply an indication of the efficient work which Mr. Crozier is doing with his gymnasium department of the college.

The college orchestra furnished the music for the occasion, and Mrs. Crozier at the piano for the drills.

Mr. and Mrs. Crozier gave an informal reception to the exhibitors after the performance.

The contest for the "gym" jerseys will be held Friday afternoon, April 18th, in the gymnasium. The jerseys are to be awarded to the men who do the best work on the various pieces of apparatus.

The students will be especially interested to know that Mr. Crozier is expecting by next year to have better facilities in the bath room. He is now working on plans for better bath facilities and for more locker room.

The three men—C. R. Sorrell, I. P. Frazier, and H. J. Langston—engaged in taking subscriptions for the support of a foreign missionary by the student body, are having good success in their work.

On March the 20th, a track preliminary was held, at which time the men to represent the college in the coming track meets were selected. Manager Britton and Captain Tyner have a hard working, strong group of men who can be seen training on the campus in the afternoons. On account of rain the track meet which was scheduled to be held with A. & M., April 12th, had to be called off.

After being confined in the college hospital for several weeks with a mild case of typhoid fever, Mr. I. T. Johnston left for his home at Idlewild, Ashe County, North Carolina, on April the 8th. We are glad to announce his recovery to health again.

President William Louis Poteat has delivered the following addresses: March the 28th, two addresses before the Northeast Baptist Bible Conference, Elizabeth City, North Carolina; April 8th, met with the Board of Trustees of Meredith College; at Warrenton, April 12th, an address on "Charm and Promise of Country Life," before the public schools of Warren County; April 13th, spoke before the Young Men's Christian Association at Durham; attended Conference for Education in the South, at Richmond, Virginia, April 16-18; made an address at Lynchburg, Virginia, April 18th, at a banquet of business men in connection with State Convention of Young Men's Christian Association of Virginia.

For eight short innings in a baseball game, April 11th, the Raleigh league team tried in vain to solve the puzzling delivery of L. W. Smith. Neither side scored and Smith pitched a wonderful no-hit game.

On April the 14th, Wake Forest defeated A. & M. in a game at Raleigh with a score of 3 to 0. With the Easter victory this makes two games in a series of three won by Wake Forest against A. & M. this season.

Representatives of the Davey Tree Expert Company, of Kent, Ohio, were employed in trimming the trees of the campus for several days in April.

The baseball team begins its southern tour, April 22d, with a game with Davidson College, at Davidson, and plays the last game on the return with the University of South Carolina, at Columbia, April the 29th.

A group of students met with Dr. E. W. Sikes, April 17th, to organize an Economics Club, the purpose of which is to discuss current topics and encourage debating.

Mr. E. B. Cox was the winner of the scholarship for the Spring Term in the contest to secure the largest number of subscriptions for the special Missionary Number of THE STUDENT, which was issued in March.

The following men have been selected by the Faculty to represent the Senior Class as Commencement speakers: O. F. Herring, C. R. Sorrell, L. L. Carpenter, S. Long, V. A. McGuire, and T. C. Holland.

IN AND ABOUT TOWN

W. ROY POWELL, B.A., Editor.

Miss Louise Haines returned to her home at Augusta, Georgia, April the 1st, after a sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. J. Richard Crozier.

Miss Annie Gower and mother, of Portland, Maine, after spending about a month on the "Hill," returned to their home, April 15th, via Washington City, where they attended the Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Ruby Reid visited Dr. J. W. Lynch and family at Athens, Georgia, during the Easter season.

A force of workmen were engaged for some time in April in putting in concrete sidewalks for Messrs. Fred Dickson, W. M. Dickson, Charles E. Brewer, and R. E. Royall.

Misses Mamie and Annie Highsmith, and Miss Ruth Allen, of Meredith College, spent a "week-end" in April with Miss Margaret Gulley.

Dr. Harry Walters, of Warrenton, North Carolina, and Mr. Robert Walters, of Florida, visited their mother, Mrs. Walters, a few days in April.

Mrs. W. M. Dickson spent Easter at Winston-Salem with Dr. and Mrs. Conrad, and from there she went to Charlotte, where she visited, March 26-30, her daughter, Miss Lulie Dickson, who is secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in that city.

On Saturday night, April 5th, Mrs. W. L. Poteat gave a delightful little party to the younger set in honor of her

daughter Helen's birthday. The game of the evening was progressive hearts, Miss Elizabeth Royall winning the prize. The guests were Misses Elizabeth Royall, Minnie Mills, Ellen Brewer, Gladys Sledd, Bessie Holding, Rosa Holding, Louise Holding, Lois Dickson, Virginia Gorrell, Nell Allen, Irwin Magee and Leah Graves; and Messrs. Eugene Daniel, Charles Daniel, Wallace Riddick, Newton Shepherd, Allen Riddick, Arthur Sledd, William Holding, P. A. McLendon, Seddon Goode, John E. White, Jr., L. T. Stallings Jr., and Russell Ferrell.

Miss Virginia Gorrell entertained on Friday evening, April 4, from 8:30 until eleven, the occasion being her birthday. Progressive hearts was the game played. Those present were: Misses Ellen Brewer, Elizabeth Royall, Gladys Sledd, Minnie Mills, Bessie Holding and Virginia Gorrell; Messrs. Ward, Hunter, Rawlins, Hardaway and Blanchard.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEORGE N. HARWARD, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

A recent issue of the *Biblical Recorder* contained the following article by E. D. Poe, who is now at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.:

The prospective graduating class at the Seminary is a record breaker. There are more men taking post-graduate work than ever in the history of the institution, and more taking the language courses—of course, leading to full graduation.

But it is only our purpose to say a few things about our North Carolina men—those who expect to graduate this spring and those who are taking post-graduate work.

Of the ten men in the whole institution applying for the Th.D. degree, three of them are North Carolinians and sons of Wake Forest. We present their faces elsewhere and give you just a word here about them.

Brother Barnes finished his course at Wake Forest at the early age of twenty-one, having served both as Senior and Commencement speaker. He then came to the Seminary and took the full course, finishing in 1907; then, having married one of Kentucky's fairest ladies, he went to Cuba to serve as President of our Baptist College at Havana, where he remained until last fall, when he returned to the Seminary to take the doctor's degree.

He has been well designated as "Barnes, the beloved." We might add—beloved scholar, for no student in the Seminary surpasses him in scholarship as none surpasses him in loveliness. Several churches and schools have been making overtures to him to cast his lot with them. We do not know yet where he is going to settle, but we know success and blessing await him, and happy that church that finds him.

Brother Mangum has been called "Mangum, the modern churchman," because of his lively interest in the problems of the church as related to the social life of our day. While in college he was the winner of the Fiction medal, editor of *THE STUDENT* and *The Weekly*, and was also Commencement speaker. With no reflection on any who may have been editor of *THE STUDENT*, it will be granted that Mangum put more juice and judgment in that periodical than almost



GEORGE N. HARWARD
Phi. Associate Editor

any other has put. He writes with "the pen of a ready writer," and with a force and a vim that characterize a man of conviction and thought; and, to use Dr. Lynch's expression, "he can speak the bark off of a tree" as well as write.

After finishing at college he was pastor at Selma for two years and led in the building of their commodious church home. Since coming to the Seminary he has preached almost every Sunday to churches in Indiana, doing fine work and greatly endearing himself to his people. We happen to know that a good church in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been wanting to call him.

The third of this trio is Brother Brown. He is often designated as "the flaming Evangel." Somebody said of him not long ago: "He is North Carolina's 'Rising Hope' for a great preacher."

While at college he won the Freshman medal for oratory, was twice intercollegiate debater, and also anniversary orator. Since coming to the Seminary he has preached regularly to churches in Kentucky, and in the summer filled engagements to present the Home Mission cause at many associations and conventions.

He has been sought after by several churches, and now two or three are pressing him for his heart and hand.

But enough.

I just wanted to tell our folks about these three men, and, incidentally to suggest very frankly—not that these men know I am saying this, for they do not—that three stronger men never graduated from this institution at one time from any State, and every one of them would be glad to come to North Carolina if they had a chance. Brethren, if you do not try to get these men back home, don't blame them if they go elsewhere.

There are three other men here who expect to take the Th.M. degree this commencement: Brethren J. B. Hipps and H. H. McMillan, both of whom expect to return next year for post-graduate work and then go as missionaries to China. Then there is one other too close to home to talk about, who takes the Th.M. degree this year and expects to be back next year.

We have also four men who are taking the Th.G., namely, J. E. Lanier, H. N. Blanchard, R. E. Hoffman, and Jesse Blalock. Brother Lanier has been called to Smithfield, and Brother Blalock is in communication with a field in Virginia. Brother Blanchard expects to be back next year.

Our only North Carolina representative at the Training School, Miss Pauline Olive, graduates this year. Let more of our girls come to this place for preparation for the Lord's work.

Louisville, Ky.

'10. P. Q. Bryan has gone to Moultrie, Georgia, to practice law.

'88. B. Hassell is Superintendent of the schools of Selma.

J. U. Teague is teaching at Princeton.

'90. D. B. Oliver is engaged in business at Pine Level. He is also chairman of the County Board of Commissioners.

'09. John Lanier, who is now at the Seminary has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Smithfield.

'88. Rev. A. T. Howell preaches at Hamlet. He has just completed his first year there. He was recently called to a church in Richmond.

J. T. Jackson is principal of a school at Spring Hope.

'91. T. Ivey lives at Cary. He is engaged in several business enterprises. He farms, holds the position of carrier on a rural delivery route, edits a paper, and makes a great many speeches all over the State under the auspices of the Farmers' Union. He is a gentleman of great worth to his community.

'98. W. O. Williams is engaged in the Life Insurance business. His headquarters is Durham, N. C. He was a great baseball pitcher while in college. His enthusiasm for athletics has not diminished through the few years that he has been away from college. Every opportunity that he has to see Wake Forest play ball is taken advantage of, and his presence is always an inspiration to the fellows on the diamond.

A. M. Yates is in the drug business at Lexington, N. C. He has been out west for several years working with a large mail order house.

An old Wake Forest student who is widely known over North Carolina is Dr. Highsmith, of Fayetteville. He owns a large sanitarium, and treats patients from over a large section of the country. He is one of the leading surgeons of our State.

Rev. J. S. Snider holds the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville.

Dr. C. A. Adams is the leading physician of Durham. He is admired by all classes of people because of his friendly manners.

Rev. C. A. Upchurch is doing work for the Baptist State Convention with headquarters at Raleigh, N. C. His purpose is to stimulate the weaker churches, especially the country churches, to more liberal giving, and to show them the necessity of holding preaching service more than once a month.

Carl Dunn is in the wholesale business at Fayetteville.

M. A. '85. Dr. A. T. Robertson is the author of a number of books which are regarded as authoritative. Among his latest publications are to be found "The Glory of the Ministry," "John the Loyal," "Epochs in the life of Paul," "Epochs in the Life of Jesus," "A Brief Grammar of New Testament Greek," and "Grammar of the New Testament Greek," which is in the hands of the publishers. The last one is perhaps the most extensive of all of his works.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

WILLIAM H. JENKINS, Jr., Editor.

Our readers have all had a chance to form some opinion of Volume XXXII, either good, bad, or tolerant, and now, in the last number it would perhaps be well to publish the opinions that our exchanges have of THE STUDENT. We have been fortunate in securing comments from most of them, and either from a spirit of charity or brotherly sympathy nearly all of these comments have been favorable. We have tried to be fair and just in our criticisms, and we believe that we have gotten the same in return.

In publishing the *Bouquets and Brickbats*, it is not our desire to parade our own greatness but rather to let our readers see us from the point of view of the ones best capable of judging a college magazine—our southern college publications. We have enjoyed the good stories, poems and essays found in our own exchanges, and have tried to profit by their helpful criticisms, and it is with a feeling of genuine regret that we give up this department to more capable hands.

* * *

We congratulate THE STUDENT on "The Moral and Ethical Side of the Back-to-the-Country Cry," and "Francis Parkman." Each shows a thorough appreciation of subject and sympathetic treatment. But what seems quite as amazing as the "South's Amazing Progress," is the exhaustion of a subject that might have been treated in three volumes, in a three-page essay; the subject is too broad for the treatment it gets. The short stories, too, with the exception of "The Peg Pants," which shows that a wornout theme can be treated in a new and original way, are scarcely perfect. For in-



W. H. JENKINS, Jr.
Eu. Associate Editor

stance, "The Pipe" lacks one of the requisites of the short story, that of plausibility. And this seems to be the fault of the atmosphere and general setting; for one seldom connects such supernatural and unreal happenings with the real and commonplace anniversary. The characters of the students, too, are a little strange for the enlightened age in which they are placed. Would these students have taken the abrupt coming of the old man, with the "pensive face of a philosopher" so calmly, and would they, after twice demanding of this philosopher without receiving a reply as to his intentions, have gazed listlessly into the roaring fire? And would normal students have left him to his dreams, and probably to their possessions, and gone out into the night? There seems to be a lack of unity of impression in "The Ghost of Baxter House," for from the general tone of the first paragraph, one is not prepared for the shocking denouement. Too much interest, too, seems to be placed on the old colonel's life and his manner of living to make the interest undivided.

—*The Acorn.*

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is one of the very best college magazines we have received. We admire the clever arrangement of the contents, and it is our opinion that much time and thought has been spent in preparing it.—*The Wahisco.*

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT comes to us this month in its usual attractive dress, with all departments well balanced and full of interesting reading. The story "The Full Peg Pants" is amusing, while the article, "A Day on the Appian Way," gives us in clear detail the story of a day spent along the old Roman road. The article, "The South's Amazing Progress," treats a theme overworked in Southern college magazines, and is burdened with statistics. One of the features espe-

cially commendable is the strong editorial department, so pitifully lacking in many of our exchanges. The issue is short on poetry, but the literary quality is excellent and shows earnest effort on the part of the editors.—*University of North Carolina Magazine.*

* * *

This month the October issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT strikes our eye with particular brilliance. The magazine has an attractive covering, but the inside is what possesses charm. It is well balanced—there is not too much prose, nor too much poetry. All the poems are good, but the prose seems to excel. "A Day on the Appian Way" is good; "The Pipe" makes one feel a little "skeery," so intense does the interest become; "Francis Parkman," "The Full Peg Pants," and "The South's Amazing progress" are all good and are well written; "The Ghost of Baxter's House," is some "hair-raiser" and certainly must have been written especially to be read on Halloween night; "Pinkey, the Shark," is a good story and true to life. "The Moral and Ethical Side of the Back-to-the-Country Cry" to our mind is worthy of special notice. It strikes home to one of the greatest problems, if not the greatest problem, outside of the whiskey question, that the nation faces today. It might have been written differently to an advantage; but of course, every one to his own taste. We sincerely hope, however, that conditions are not as bad as the author seems to think and that "all city girls are not flirts."—*The Furman Echo.*

* * *

Is writing poetry a lost art at Wake Forest? Surely with all those essayists and short story writers more than two pieces of poetry could have originated in some fertile brain. The essays and stories, however, give us just enough deep

thought and "in lighter vein" to make the contrast agreeable.—*The Ivy*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—"The Open Door" leads us through a devious maze of correspondence to a really promising title, "Card-playing." The principles of the article are sound food for digestion and application in every modern College (We say this to let Wake Forest see that the "backbone of the State" is not alone in her severe spinal curvature); but a tendency to sermonic moralizing leaves a bad taste—naturally so since it proceeds from one—like that of fine food too highly flavored. Just a little more hardshell heterodoxy and less of the didactic we would advise for THE STUDENT.

"Winter" is rather a puerile arrangement of overworked poetic conception.

"In "North Carolina Literature," we find, however, a thoroughly pleasing and well-written article on a subject of moment. This argument is well presented, and its appeal should find universal answer.

"When Love Over Death Must Grieve," barring a few metrical ungracefulnesses, is an appealing bit of verse, possessing the true poetic quality of simple, suitable diction, pleasing to the ear as well as to the sense of the æsthetic in poetry. "The Wooing and Winning of Miss Nancy Bush, Spinster," was at least a naive affair, well handled by its narrator. "A Heated Argument in Hades" needed only to have been executed by the author of "The Houseboat on the Styx" to have become immortal, for the *idea* is certainly neat.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT, you are a good magazine; a bit too studious, maybe, of the relative values between ha'nts and heroes of the grizzly gridiron and the real things that go to make up a magazine.—*Davidson College Magazine*.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT perhaps deserves first mention. Its material consists of greater variety than any of the others. It contained three poems. The first is just what its title, "Idle Words," suggests. "The Pipe" is a story of an old man who has spent his life in wandering on account of being disappointed in love in his youth. Although love stories are not always highly appreciated by our exchanges, we all enjoyed reading this one. Its conclusion was brought about in an unusually mysterious way. The poem "The Outlook and the Uplook" will be found helpful to each one of us. The stories and essays are of different types, making altogether a good collection.—*The Criterion*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—This exchange is one of the best that has come to our table so far, the stories are well selected and balanced by the proper proportion of verse.

This number of THE STUDENT, which is the educational number, contains splendid articles by J. Y. Joyner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, D. W. Greene, Dr. E. W. Sikes, G. W. Paschal, Prof. J. H. Highsmith and F. A. Smethurst.

"The Spirit of Christmas" is a charming bit of verse, delicately handled, without falling into the usual "Christmas Spirit," echo of the "Christmas Poet."

"The Red Haired Hobo" is a story of that most fascinating of all lives, the news gatherer, and the author writes of it with an ease that betokens familiarity with the "staff." Its technique is good, and the whole gives evidence of the painstaking care which one of our great writers characterizes as genius.

In "The Christmas Story a la mode," the author, C. J. Hunter, Jr., gives us a clear satire on the "College Christmas Story" which is refreshing. He writes in no haphazard

way, and the article betokens the careful handling which it must have undergone to save it from the pitfalls of mediocrity and buffoonery which is the usual lot of the writer of satire.

"The Paths of Glory" is rather a pathetic tragedy, masquerading as a short story, but we would that the author had not so far forgotten himself as to call the residence princely. The interest is well sustained throughout, and the action, in general, is good.

"The Diamond Crop and the Wedding Bells." It is very hard to get interested in a dialect story unless it contains a unique plot, or some special points of interest, as is the case with the story mentioned above, by Chas. Farrell. His plot is decidedly original and some good dialectic words are brought out.—*The Carolinian*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for October contains a poem of real power, "The Dying Buddhist's Prayer," although we would say that a better title could be found. There is a natural and clever sketch, but the stories and other verse and essays are not of a high order. THE STUDENT is well printed.—*The Baylor Literary*.

* * *

"On a Moonlight Night," in the February issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, is quite a success as a poem. It is especially attractive because of its variety of verse form; and, while the underlying thought is rather old, the working out of this thought is somewhat new. The article on the "Rockefeller Institution" is very instructive. We are glad to note that the various departments of your college are actively engaged in the support of your magazine.

"Reg'lar Bum Loafer" and "The Little Waif" are stories

of human interest and appeal to all of us. They both have well defined plots and are worked out in a very attractive manner. The first is not lacking in humor, nor the second in pathos. Another story in this issue, "The Wrath of Cherokee Pete," has a new kind of ending. The conventional "live-happy-ever-afterwards" ending is overworked and we are glad to note a departure from the "beaten path."

The thesis, "Medicine: Its Achievements," is one of the best that we have found in the college magazines this year. While the subject sounds dry, the treatment proves exactly the reverse. Take, for instance, "to each of us is a share in this great conflict, in the saving of the child, that helpless creature, cast upon the ocean of life, a jeweled petal blown as it were from the rosary of God." This is not dry, nor is it prosy; on the other hand, it is poetic and vital.

The editorials are exceptionally good. The topics are those of interest, and we feel sure that the matters discussed are things talked about in the college halls.—*The Concept*.

* * *

The educational number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is worthy of becoming an example, if not worthy of imitation. The subject-matter could not fail to be excellent writing as it is by prominent Alumni of Wake Forest and based on "source" material collected from the counties. "The Red Haired Hebe and Hobo," and "Christmas Story a la Mode," are excellent for local color. "The Paths of Glory" is very suggestive. While wise heads advise a sparing use of asterisks by amateurs, they answer a definite need and are used well in this story. The other short stories are more or less good. "Paid in One's Own Coin," in spite of a few awkward expressions, shows promise, though it lacks genius. "The Diamond Crop and Wedding Bells" adheres to the chief requisites of the short story. The author shows

that he knows not only where to begin but also where to stop. The Open Door is an interesting department. "The Sophomore" would probably be dubbed by even the newish as "cute."—*The Acorn*.

* * *

In perusing THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, one is thrilled by the enthusiastic spirit which rings throughout the entire booklet. The attack on the educational methods of North Carolina, strongly emphasizing the condition and great needs of education, is one of the most serviceable articles ever edited by a college magazine. This matter cannot be overstressed and particular attention should be devoted to it, by students especially. The fiction department is strong. In "The Red-Haired Hebe and the Hobo," we are transported to the hum and bustle of the printing rooms, to witness the actions of a perfectly natural Hobo, and to return charmed with our visit. Though the plot of "The Paths of Glory" is well developed, and the atmosphere cleverly created, the conclusion should be stronger. Some ingenuity is found in "The Christmas Story A-la-Mode." The characters of "Paid in One's Own Coin," are individualized clearly, the simplicity is pleasing, but the title reminds one of the yellow-back novels youths so delight to indulge in. "The Elixir of the Plot" contains vivid pictures, while "The Diamond Crop and the Wedding Bells" is fascinating. The open-hearted boy, and the bashful girl are true representative types. The editorials of this magazine are excellent.—*The Bessie Tift Journal*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT was the first to come to our hands this month. It is large, containing two poems, four essays, six stories, besides three miscellaneous productions. The large size of this magazine is very commendable. It

shows that much interest is taken in it; and that many productions are printed from a comparatively small student body. Taking the contributions separately, we find some very good contributions—but not the poems. College poems are generally “bum,” anyway. The essays in this issue are about as good as the average—no worse, also no better. It is the stories that seem to form the backbone of the magazine; and some of these are really good. “The Little Man of Big Branch”; “Miss Nancy Bush, Spinster”; “The Witch Doctor,” and “A Bear in a Fly Trap”—all are fairly good—let us pass over them before we say anything worse. “The Battle of Bremono Bluff” is interesting so far as the plot is concerned and would delight a twelve-year-old boy; but unfortunately it was written for college students and consequently its woeful lack of truthfulness to life is glaringly apparent. The other story, “A Rotten Plank,” hasn’t much of a point to it, but nevertheless is decidedly the best of the lot.

In the Exchange Department of THE STUDENT we notice a criticism of our own publication. We wish to thank the editor for his favorable criticism; and as for his adverse remarks, well, we will try to do better because of them.—*The Furman Echo*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is very thin this month for a college of Wake Forest’s standing. The departments are well edited. “The Pipe,” “The Full-peg Pants” and “The Ghost of Baxter House,” short stories, deserve special mention.—*The Red and White*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is balanced well, but the material is not as good. Although the articles are instructive they are not interesting. The authors lacked the art of

moulding them so as to lead the mind on. The stories are interesting and well written. The poetry is also good.—*Guilford Collegian*.

* * *

One of the best exchanges of the month, considered from all viewpoints, is the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. One glance at it tells us that it is keeping up its former good reputation. The verse is especially good. "Idle Words" "appeals to the heart as well as the head." The same may be said of "The Outlook and the Uplook." The subject matter of the essays is of live interest today, not having been formerly exhausted by other writers. "The Moral and Ethical Side of the Back-to-the-Country Cry" emphasizes a fact which has long needed to be impressed upon the minds of the city dwellers. "The Full-Peg Pants" is by far the best of its stories this month, both in subject matter and in style. Considering everything, we pronounce the October issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT "good."—*State Normal Magazine*.

* * *

The essay "Medicine: Its Achievements and Call to Service," in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, is a good essay, containing much thought, and it is well expressed. The story, "The Little Waif of Bull Mountain," is a good story, showing the undying love of a fond old parent. Nothing can be more heart-rending than the fond old parents' search for the features of their lost child in the little waif who comes to them one stormy night. The editorials in THE STUDENT are splendidly written and arranged. In fact, taken as a whole, it is one of the best magazines which we receive. We are always glad to exchange with them.—*The Radiant*.

* * *

We are glad to have THE STUDENT on our table and welcome it right heartily. It has an unusual lot of good stories,

and one or two very good short poems. The December issue was a special number, devoted mainly to a discussion of the educational outlook in North Carolina, its own State. We found some interesting reading matter in it, as well as facts which are well worth knowing. We will be most glad to have THE STUDENT again.—*Mississippi College Magazine.*

* * *

"Idle Words," "The Outlook and the Uplook" are good poems. Also the prose articles are good, showing research work in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—*Black and Gold.*

* * *

There is a preponderance of the short story in the January number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. "The Battle of Brems Bluff" is unique, it portrays school spirit in its most bellicose form. It is well written. "A Political Delusion" is a well handled article on the political system of today. "How to Study" should be read—and followed—by every one who wants to study with the least expenditure of time and energy. The editorials are timely and interesting.—*The Chimes.*

* * *

"Sleep is truly the balm that cures wounded minds and drooped spirits. And yet man, in all his ingenuity, has contrived a machine which arouses us from sleep—the never-dying nuisance—the alarm clock. Still we have to use the troublesome thing."

Now, confess, wouldn't anyone fall all over himself to devour what followed such an attractively and cleverly introduced article as that? It is directness and simplicity itself, attributes which charm even the old, gray-haired men in the amen-corner of a country church. Now what follows the above extract is just as fascinating and interesting. It

is taken from the "Alarm Clock" of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. The other productions of this able magazine are, on the whole, splendid.—*The Journal*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is one of our most resourceful exchanges. It abounds in spicy little stories and carefully written articles. An interesting feature of the January number is the intelligent use of the college magazine for the furthering of athletic interests. An appeal for athletic fees is made and testimonials cited. The exchange department is pithy and concise and deals with definite facts rather than with vague generalities.—*Maryville College Monthly*.

* * *

One of the best exchanges we have received is THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT from Wake Forest College, N. C. The editor believes in expressing his views on college life and its needs. This is shown by the extensive editorials. There are more than the usual number of stories and all of them are good. "The Pipe" is an interesting story, but leaves the reader puzzled at its mysterious ending. Though it does not deal with love, college life or hair-breadth experiences, the article on "Development of the South" is a very fine one. We think college magazines should contain more such articles. Let us hear from you regularly.—*The Trinitonian*.

* * *

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT makes its first appearance on the *Mercerian* exchange table in the October issue. THE STUDENT is not so much in quantity but is excellent in quality. The student body seems to be supporting the magazine with liberal contributions. The variety of contents is to be commended. "The Ghost of Baxter House" is a good story for suspense. It has some of the weirdness of Poe and Kip-

ling. However, there is no point to the story. "The Full Peg Pants" has some good local color, but the point is too obvious from the beginning. But we realize that it is difficult to handle a plot like that without giving the reader some hint as to the outcome, and the author must be given credit for some cleverness. The sketch, "Francis Parkman," is good. It shows evidence of research and study. We hope the author will give us some more of these historical sketches. The three poems also deserve mention. They are so well composed and the thought is good. As a whole, THE STUDENT is a good magazine, and we are glad to have it on our exchange list.—*The Mercerian*.

* * *

A host of splendid short stories, one or two good essays, two poems, a catchy little sketch or two, constitute THE STUDENT which has come to our desk for this month. The stories are much varied as to treatment and theme, but all are very interesting short stories. The essay on "How to Study" gives a few rather good hints, but they are presented somewhat crudely for the character of the article. "Flashes" makes a most original department, and we recommend it to other college magazines. The sketch, "Miss Toodle-de-Winks and the Teddy Bear," is certainly out of the common run of stories in most of our exchanges and causes the reader a little surprise. "A Bear in a Fly-Trap" may be very well for *St. Nicholas* or *The Youth's Companion*, but it strikes us as being entirely too childish for a magazine of a man's college. "The Battle of Bremo Bluff" is rather interesting in its way, and the plot is very nicely developed. It seems to the casual observer, however, that "Skin Appleton" is pretty much of a rogue for a college boy; he belongs in the reform school class. By far the most

original plot, and the most skillfully-handled story in *THE STUDENT* is "The Witch Doctor." It is full of good, hearty laughs, and its fun is by no means crude. The author of it is to be congratulated and thanked for taking us out of the regular run of stuff usually found in college publications. *THE STUDENT* is a well-edited and neatly-published magazine.—*Mississippi College Magazine*.

* * *

It might not be amiss to include in this department letters from Dr. R. J. Willingham and Dr. J. F. Love commenting on the Judson Memorial number of *THE STUDENT*.

FOREIGN MISSION BOARD
OF
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

RICHMOND, VA., April 1, 1913.

Messrs. L. L. Carpenter and R. Skaggs, Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR BRETHREN:—A copy of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* (March, 1913), the Judson Memorial Number, has reached me today. I have looked over it with deep interest and much pleasure. I congratulate you on getting out such an excellent issue of your magazine. It conveys much information and will create a new interest in the work.

Not only do I congratulate you, but I thank you for the excellent work which you have done. I rejoice that there is such a deep spirit of missions in Wake Forest College. This will tell out in the future in the work in North Carolina, our own land and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

God bless Wake Forest College, her faculty, students, alumni and friends.

Yours fraternally,

R. J. WILLINGHAM.

HOME MISSION BOARD
OF
THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 7, 1913.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell, Wake Forest, N. C.

DEAR DOCTOR GORRELL:—I congratulate the editors of THE STUDENT upon the excellence in missionary value of the March number.

That there is such a spirit of missions in Wake Forest College should commend the institution to the Baptist people of North Carolina and of the South.

Yours fraternally,

J. F. LOVE.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Neal: Goodness, Vann, where have you been?

Vann, W.: I fell in Holden's pond.

Neal: What! with those new trousers on?

Vann: I didn't have time to take them off.



THE ONLY WAY OUT.

The Atlanta Dappens and Birmingham Gold Dusts, negro baseball teams, were playing a strenuous game in Atlanta. In one inning the Gold Dusts had the bases full with no outs. An ebony-hued batter stepped to the plate. The pitcher sent the sphere to the catcher.

"One ball!" called the umpire.

Again the pitcher got tussy.

"Two balls!" called the umpire.

After the third ball pitched, the man with the indicator shouted:

"Three balls!"

Once more the sphere went across the plate.

"Fo' balls; yo' out!" shouted the umpire. The batter was highly indignant.

"What!" he yelled, "me out? Whar you git dat, niggah?"

"Now, look a-heah, man," said the umpire, "yo' gotta be out; dey ain't no room fo' yo' on de bases."—*Ex.*



AT RANDOLPH-MACON.

In chapel recently Dr. B——, professor of the dead languages, was praying. Those on the front row heard him say, "Oh, Lord, give us high and noble aspirations." But those in the back seats heard, "Oh, Lord, give us Hind's and Noble's translations."—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*



NO WONDER SHE GOT MIXED.

A girl asked her father: "Pa, where were you born?"

"In Boston, my dear."

"And where was mamma born?"

"In San Francisco, my dear."

"And where was I born?"

"In Philadelphia, my dear."

"Well, isn't it funny how we three people got together?"

HE WAS BORN WITH IT.

A woman was listening to a longshoreman as he was delivering himself of a perfect torrent of picturesque language.

"My man," she said, "where *did* you learn such awful language?"

"Learn it, ma'am?" asked the man in surprise. "You don't learn it; it's a gift."



A volunteer Sunday School teacher tells us a story about how he had a lot of trouble explaining the joys of the future life to his young charges. To a little girl he said:

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Of course I do," answered the child.

"But why do you want to go to heaven?"

"Well," she answered, "I got to go somewhere, haven't I?"



"What makes Willoughby look so woebegone? Disappointed in love?"

"Yes."

"Who got the girl?"

"He did."



The directions in the lab. manual read something like this: "To test for iodine, mix the substance with bromine and agitate," etc.

Dr. Lyles came up to Dr. Brewer and, showing him the directions, said thusly: "I've added the bromine to the substance, but I can't find the agitate anywhere."



NOT THE SAME ONE.

An old negro, who for several years had conducted an illicit still among the mountains of Kentucky, fell a victim at last to the vigilance of the revenue officers, and was brought before the court.

"What name?" inquired the judge, when the frightened negro appeared before him.

"Joshua, Yo' Honah."

"Ah," returned the judge, "I suppose, then, you are the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sah," was the prompt reply, "It's not dat Joshua at all; I's de Joshua what made de moon shine."

WHAT IS BETTER?

Wife (with suffragette leanings): Until women get the vote, it is impossible for them to get justice in the courts.

Husband: True; they get more mercy than justice.—*London Opinion.*



Bost: Professor, have you heard about the new mineral wool that's been found?

Professor Lake: No, I haven't heard about it. Where do they get it?

Bost: They get it by shearing the hydraulic ram.



A NEWISH SOLILOQUY.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder
 Is where somebody lied,
 For when one's girl is 'way off yonder
 By another fellow's side,
 And you at school must work and work
 To get more seventy-fives,
 And dodge the bushes where nightly lurk
 The Sophs. in hordes and hives;
 And when you are here boring down
 On Math. and English One,
 They're at the show or off "down town"
 And having all grades of fun.
 Therefore I believe with all my heart
 That I love best when not apart.



The modern Romeo helped his Juliet to descend from the vine-covered balcony.

"Dearest," he called, when she had climbed into the big motor, "shall we take away the rope ladder?"

Just then the upper window was raised, and the old man leaned out:

"Just you leave that 'ere ladder where it is, young feller," he cautioned. "I've got a couple more darters I want to get off my hands."—*Tit-Bits.*



CRAFTY.

First Englishman: Why do you allow your wife to be a militant suffragette?

Second Englishman: When she's busy wrecking things outside, we have comparative peace at home.—*Life.*

MIKE KNEW A THING OR TWO.

It was during the dinner hour, and Mike and Pat were playing seven-up while waiting for the whistle to blow. In the midst of the game Pat paused.

"Oi'll bet you twinty-foive cents, Molke," said he, "thot Oi kin cut the ace of diamonds th' furrest shot."

"Oi'm wid yez, Pat," promptly replied Mike, producing the coin.

Whereat Pat carefully shuffled the cards and then, going to another part of the building and getting an adz, he cleanly cut the deck in two.

"Oi'll take the twinty-foive cints, Molke," he happily remarked. "Oi guess Oi cut th' ace of diamonds all right."

"Begorra, an' Oi don't think you will," responded Mike, taking the card from his pocket. "Oi slipped it from the deck whin ye went after th' adz."—*Los Angeles Herald*.



TOO DEEP A QUESTION FOR HIM.

Two colored men were on an expedition to the Colonel's henroost one dark night. Mose had planted the ladder, climbed up to where the chickens were roosting, and was passing them down to Ephraim, who put them in a bag. Suddenly Mose stopped.

"What's de mattah, Brudder Mose?" inquired Ephraim anxiously.

"I's jest been thinkin', Brudder Ephraim, how me and you is mem-bahs ub de church, an' whedder it's right to take de Cunnel's chickings?"

"Brudder Mose," said Ephraim, "dat am a great moral question which you an' me ain't fit ter wrastle wid. Pass down anudder chicking."



WARNING HIM.

Reverend Gude: We Christians have a beautiful city made of solid gold, with streets of pearl, gates of precious stones, and——"

Deacon Bullion: Great Scott, man, chop that dope! Before you know it you'll have the Fujo bunch up here asking you where you got it.—*Puck*.



JEALOUS.

First Satanic Imp: Who's the latest arrival? He's making quite a hit.

Second Satanic Imp: Traveling salesman, I guess. Old Rabelais and Munchausen are sore as pups over something.—*Puck*.

DOING A MAN'S PART.

"What are you doing for our cause?" asked a suffragette worker. "Doing?" replied the man. "I'm supporting one of your most enthusiastic members."—*Detroit Free Press.*



I'LL MISS YOU.

I'll miss you for your constant bloomin' cussin',
 And I'll miss you for your wild and careless ways;
 I'll miss you for your everlastin' mussin'
 Of our English into semi-medic phrase.
 You have carved upon the hearts of defunct niggers
 Till you have but slight respect for God or ghouls,
 But I'll always think of you, my medic fellows,
 Hard and great at heart—and cussin', but no fools.

And I'll miss you, with your faces fixed for mournin',
 Mr. Ministers, and dewdrops in your eyes;
 And I'll miss you for your clerical demeanor—
 Your fingerin' of step and chapel sighs.
 Be your lachrymal supply a-brim for flowin'
 When perchance you come to weep with them who weep;
 May collections heap up high upon your baskets,
 But be merciful when shearin' of your sheep.

And you lawyers, with your systematic thinkin',
 Bull-dog stubborn and as calm as an old cow,
 When the torts and retorts put your eyes to blinkin',
 Put a mathematic cut about your brow,
 I'll remember you for all the things we've called you,
 (Which you wasn't) "judge," "solicitor," and sitch;
 May you live to skin a thousand wealthy clients,
 Lift the guilty human oxen from the ditch.



HIS REMINDER.

"Now, children," said the visiting minister who had been asked to question the Sunday School, "with what did Samson arm himself to fight against the Philistines?"

None of the children could tell him.

"Oh, yes, you know," he said, and to help them he tapped his jaw with one finger. "What is this?" he asked.

This jogged their memories, and the class cried in chorus: "The jawbone of an ass."

AMERICAN VIEW.

"So you don't approve of these London suffragettes?"

"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne; "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."—*Washington Star*.



MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

'Arold: Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?

Jimmie: No, one. I was lookin' thro' a knot hole in the fence at a football match and got it sunburnt.—*London Sketch*.



WANTED TO SWAP.

Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers. Consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi*, several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addressed the court:

"Jedge, yoh Honah," he said, "cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don't want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttlinly like to trade yoh Honah one of dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

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