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WAKE FOREST  
Number 1

# THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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October, 1913

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIII

October, 1913

No. 1

## FAREWELL MY LOVE, FOREVER

A. L. DENTON.

Come bid me last farewell, dear Lou,  
The clock is striking seven,  
And lightly falls the evening dew,  
And brightly glows the heaven;  
My boat is waiting in the bay  
My skiff is on the river  
And I must clasp your hand and say  
Farewell, my love, forever.

REFRAIN.

Farewell, my love, forever,  
Farewell, my love, forever,  
And I must clasp your hand and say  
Farewell, my love, forever,

When first we chanced to meet, dear Lou,  
Our hearts to each were given,  
And to maintain a love full true  
We both have bravely striven;  
We bound us closely life to life  
With silver cord and tender,  
But oh! came fate with falsehood's knife  
And clipped our lives asunder.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

## REFRAIN.

Farewell, my love, forever,  
Farewell, my love, forever,  
And I must clasp your hand and say  
Farewell, my love, forever,

Now like a ship far out at sea  
With sails all torn asunder,  
Out in this wide, wide world from thee  
Alone I drift, I wander;  
But tho' you've wrecked my life, dear Lou,  
And though tonight we sever  
My love is true and only true  
To you and you forever.

## REFRAIN.

Farewell, my love, forever,  
Farewell, my love, forever,  
And I must clasp your hand and say  
Farewell, my love, forever,

## PLAYING POKER BY PROXY

I. T. JOHNSON.

It was an August evening in the little mountain lumber camp. The buzz of the big saw, mingled with the puffing of the engine and the rattle of the planks, could be heard far into the little cove below.

As the sun touched Big Lump there was the shrill scream of a whistle, the hiss of escaping steam, and all was silence in the camp. Some of the men retired to their shacks, others stood in groups silent and smoking.

A little apart from the others, two tall roughly dressed mountaineers were leaning against a pile of lumber. A side glance showed that they were as much alike as twin brothers could be, but a closer scrutiny revealed in the drooping eyes and deeply lined forehead of one the unmistakable evidences of dissipation.

Looking stolidly at a notch he was whittling in a plank, this last mentioned lumberman said slowly, "So, Jim, I hear you've swore off playin' poker."

"Not 'zactly swore off, Bob," replied the other smilingly, "I've jist stopped. I aint got religion or nothin' like that, I jist decided it don't pay."

"Don't pay! Jim Haynes, what do you mean? It's the only amusement about a place like this, and if I had your luck, I wouldn't mind playin' till the chickens crow up thar on the Blue Ridge."

"I'm lucky, I admit," said Jim, "but it aint right to take money from the unlucky chaps who've got fam'lies to s'port. Now Bob, here you are wastin' all your money fast as ye make it."

"Yes," Bob admitted, "I've put in all of last month's wages but three dollars, and I'm calkerlatin' on puttin' that up to-night. Luck's bound to turn sometime."

As Jim turned away with a sigh, a small boy ran into the camp, calling for Bob McGuire.

"That's the boy from the postoffice over at Edgebrook," said Bob, as he and Jim joined the group that quickly gathered.

"A letter for Bob McGuire," yelled the boy.

Bob took the letter, tore it open and read it while Jim held matches for him. As he finished, he murmured, "Let's go to the shack, Jim."

Inside the shack, he said simply, "Read it, Jim."

Jim read:

"DEER BOB, cum home at wunst I am sick and we are out of anything to ete cum at wunst this from yore wife."

The head of the big lumberman had fallen upon his chest while Jim was reading.

"Jist what I've been lookin' for," he said.

"O, I'll let ye have the money, Bob," said Jim cheerily. "How much will ye need?"

"I can't take it," was the sad response, "and I won't take it."

Then with a sudden lifting of his head, he cried out, "Jim, thar's one thing ye can do for me, if ye will. Take my three dollars and go over where they're playin.' Play fer me to-night. If ye, win, I'll take what ye git and go home to my wife and young 'uns."

Jim hesitated. But one glance at the countenance of the man before him upon which one ray of hope was flickering, and behind which, in the dim background, he saw a suffering wife and children, brought instant decision.

"All right, Bob, hand over your three," he said.



With Bob McGuire's money tucked in his pocket, Jim Haynes passed out into the night. His firm, quick strides soon brought him to one of the larger shacks, which he entered.

About a dozen lumbermen were gathered in the poorly lighted room around three rickety tables upon which packs of playing cards lay waiting. In one corner of the shack stood a big brown jug, with a cob cork in it. The air was thick with clouds of tobacco smoke.

Jim walked in, ignoring the jests of those who "knewed he'd come back." Soon, however, he was seated at a table, opposite one of the brag poker players of the camp, and the game was on.

Back over at the little shack, Bob was passing some restless moments. Taking his revolver from his box, he saw to it that it was loaded, then laid it on a nearby shelf. He walked to and fro in the little shack, muttering and smoking.

As the hands of the little alarm clock pointed to the hour of twelve, he walked outside. Out of the depths of the cove, a screech owl sent up a quavering cry. Up on the Blue Ridge, the prince of some hen-roost shouted his midnight challenge. But Bob did not hear.

"Why don't Jim come back?" he cried.

But the chirp of the cricket was the only answer.

At one o'clock as Bob was bending over the little lamp in the shack, Jim entered.

"What luck, pard?" Bob asked weakly.

"Bad," replied Jim, "I lost yer three, and fifteen of my own!"

"Then," said Bob desperately, "I'll end my part here," and he snatched the revolver from the shelf. But a strong hand seized his arm.

"No, Bob, listen a minute. I played tonight as in a dream.

Joe Hartley never played better. I did lose your three and fifteen of my own. Then Joe got hicity, and sez he, 'Ye're the only rival I've got for champion player of this camp; le's raise the bet and go to it! I 'roused myself and agreed. The bet was seventy dollars on a side, all Joe had no doubt, as he was shore of winnin'. He shuffled, and we looked at our hands. I showed him mine, ace, jack, king, queen, ten-spot. I scooped in the change and left him. Here's fifty-eight dollars. Hush, man! If I didn't win it all with your three, I was playin' fer you to-night. Go to bed and git some sleep. Ye'll want to hit the narrer gauge in the mornin' and go to yer wife and young'uns."

## PROFESSOR SLEDD'S NEW POEM

G. W. PASCHAL.

*At Lexington.*—A Memorial Poem by Benjamin Sledd. Published and copyrighted August, 1913.

The theme of this poem is Lee. It is written out of the author's experience. In a little foreword he tell us that, "One fine September morning with books and clothing packed in a pair of saddlebags I rode away on old Frank across the counties to Washington and Lee University." Towards evening he came to the hill that overlooks Lexington, halted for a while, and looked down upon "those dreamed of pillared walls" of the University buildings.

"And there below  
Shadowed by many a tree  
The tomb of Lee."

It is in this setting that the poet gives expression to his estimate of the great chieftain. In his words, though they are modest and restrained, the poet has not concealed his devotion and love for the great hero, a devotion and love that his youthful ardor must have turned into something very much like hero-worship.

Then the scene changes. The youth descends from the hill top to the precincts of the University and finds

"Everywhere the soul of Lee."

In the gathering darkness he goes like a pilgrim to spend the night at the tomb. As he lingers through the dark hours there comes upon him the reverential aspiration,

"Some day to come and lay  
Tribute of deathless song—  
Voiced alike by friend and foe—  
Upon his tomb and somewhat pay  
The debt a nation owes."

This day came, we suppose, when a few months since Professor Sledd as the representative of the Wake Forest College Faculty attended the exercises on the inauguration of President Smith.

It is a noble tribute our poet brings. Perhaps it is "deathless song." It is modest, free from rhetoric and unpretentious. But it is chaste and pure in its expression and literary form. Many of the lines have an inevitableness about them that makes for immortality. A charming musical strain runs through the whole. But the main value of the poem is that it suggests as has never been done so well before the power of the life of Lee to "teach high thought, and amiable words, and courtliness and love of truth, and all that makes a man." I can not resist quoting the conclusion.

"His very name  
Time's self will keep  
In sacred trust.  
Out of war's ruin, wrong, and shame,  
Just or unjust,  
The work of peace that here he wrought,  
The patient, far-off ends he sought,  
His ever-brightening star of fame,  
In the long years to be,  
Our stern, high task before us set,  
Our hands in love and duty met,  
Will lead his people yet  
To victory."

## THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

HENRY J. LANGSTON.

The writer of this article has quite a bit of evidence to the fact, that there are a large number of men in the Wake Forest student body who do not really know the Young Men's Christian Association, and it is a sense of great pain to the writer, that of this large number of men who do not know the Association, and what it stands for and what it is trying to accomplish, are members of the Ministerial class. Now the writer wants it to be understood that he is not wishing to criticize any one, but on the other hand, he desires to call the attention of the men, both in the college world and in the practical world, to the great value of the Association and what it has for men everywhere of every type.

First, let it be understood that the Association is not the church or a church. It was organized to help the church and to reach out and get hold of men that the church is unable to get hold of. Then the Association is a great organization in the church and it seeks to use both churchman and non-churchman in lining up the forces of men into the business of the Master. In brief, the Association is an organization world-wide in its scope and it recognizes all men, showing no favors, and seeking after no special class, but it stretches its hands out to the whole world, opens its heart to all men, and invites the whole world and all men to come in and feed on those three great things which Jesus stood for—the Body, the Mind, and the Soul. These three things the Association stands for. Is there a single man who does not wish down deep in his heart to be the possessor of these three things and be an all-round man able to serve his day and generation by the will of God?

Just here, the writer wishes you to halt a minute! Perhaps, you have heard some one of the critics of the Association speak, and his speech leads you to have little or no regard for the Association. In such a case, you did an injustice to yourself and the Association by not getting the evidence of him who criticises the Association and the evidence of the fellow who says the Association is a good thing. Of course, the Association has critics, (all organizations have,) but these critics are for the most part ignorant of the Association and its work and what it stands for and what it is seeking to accomplish. They just talk, like a number of other folks, with their mouth, using their imagination for facts. Therefore, play fair and learn of the Association. When you have done this you will with the men of your own generation, who know the Association and who are linked with it, say the Association is *doing a great work* that is *world-wide in scope*. Indeed, the Association is like Jesus who went about doing good.

Here the writer wishes you to consider three things that show the value of the Association, and in passing they are advantages to the man who is a member of the college Association, and in good standing.

1. Things material or things that have to do with the Body—a thing which was not overlooked or left out in the Life of our Master, while on earth. These things the writer will enumerate as follows: (1) access to a gymnasium, (2) swimming pool, (3) shower baths—cold and hot, (4) reading room, (5) tennis courts, (6) meals for one third of what they cost elsewhere, can be had in a number of city Associations, (7) rooms to live in much cheaper than elsewhere, and these rooms are much nicer and better furnished than in most hotels. These are some of the things the Association

offers to us in the shape of material things. Do you think they are worth while and have they any pleasure for you?

A number of men travel every summer, and in every Southern state these things are to be had. Would it not pay you from a material standpoint to belong to the Association just to get the advantage of these good things?

2. Things intellectual, or the things that have to do with the Mind—a thing which was quite important in the life of our Master. You have been out at work hard all day or you have been on the road perhaps, and you come into the Association building and you are most cordially welcomed. You are invited to make yourself at home and use as your own the many things the Association offers. Hence you get a good bath and supper or dinner or whatever it be. You then enter the reading room where you have at your disposal plenty of good reading matter or material which will help you to enter at once into the realm of beautiful and pure thinking. Then there are various classes to which you may go to find food for the mind to feed upon. These things could be spoken of at length, but you have some idea of the great world of mind-food the Association offers to you and to me.

3. Things spiritual or the things that have to do with the Soul—a thing which our Master prized highest, for "what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" The Body and the Mind are important and neither should be neglected; and the Soul is most important and should not be neglected. All three—Body, Mind, Soul—should be cared for in the very best manner possible. But we are to think now of the things spiritual. For the soul to get the *best* out of life the body and mind must be the forerunner, so to speak, in order for the soul to get the best.

Supposing you have now accepted the first two things

mentioned above, we will together think of what the Association offers to you as food for the soul. This realm is as large as God Himself. He has the food and He wants to give it to you and me, but we must be ready to receive and use it for the glory of Jesus before we can get it. There is the life of Jesus, rich and full of soul food, and the Association offers it you and entreats you to come in and eat and be filled. There are Missions of every kind, and the Association offers this to you. To know Missions in the broad sense is but to feed your soul on that which will make you a missionary, realizing that you were born into the world and not into any one country, and that in thus being born you become debtor to the world. There are meetings that are full of spiritual stimulus and the Association offers them to you. What do you think of the great table spread before you, that is full of good things and your soul is hungry for them? Will you feed your soul or pass by to grow weak and faint by the way?

All of these things the Association offers you, and they are the stuff that men are made of. You are invited to the feast. Will you be foolish like those of old who refused to come to the feast and thus had to pay the penalty of their lives? This is your day and time to become a man! Then be wise and feed on the food the Association offers and be a man! for,

"The moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."



## CUPID ON BANJO BRANCH

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

"And what sort of girls have you got up here in the big hills?" I asked Jim.

Jim Bracey, deputy collector in the Internal revenue service, looked out of the window and smiled.

"True blue," was his answer, after a moment of dreaming, "but they don't look at anything wearing trousers that grew east of the Blue Ridge."

I looked over Jim's shoulder into the mirror which hung above the washstand and adjusted my cravat. "Come off," I remonstrated, for I doubted my friend's statement seriously.

The Deputy shifted his quid of Reynolds' sun-cured from one bronze cheek to the other. "It's the gospel truth," he said, taking a random shot at the cuspidor. "Eleven years ago, when I was about your age, and just out of college, I didn't believe that a beau who said 'yan' could hold a candle to me. I was proud of my recent appointment to the position of Deputy Collector and, although an Easterner, considered myself pretty wise to the ways of the mountains. I knew the Great Smokies, which lay in my territory, like a book. Then, one day, I got order from headquarters instructing me to go to the Banjo Branch section and arrest Bad Ike Barley.

"These charmingly simple orders meant trouble. Bad Ike was a character; a mountaineer by birth, a rough-neck by inclination, and an operator of illicit stills by profession. He was known throughout ten counties as a feudist whose quickness at the trigger had done much to counteract the effect of

a constantly increasing birth rate in a rival family and to cause the promotion of young revenue officers. I had seen Ike once; he was a young fellow of steel-blue eyes and weather beaten complexion, broad chest and sinews that almost burst his leggings. He was to be arrested for shooting a former revenue officer, and I was afraid of him; but, I was confident, as most young fellows try to be.

"I set out for the Styx at daybreak. I stopped at Brevard to eat dinner, feed my horse, and press into the service two possemen who lived in the vicinity; the three of us pushed on through winding paths that led straight up, crossed Banjo branch at dusk and rode into the settlement just as the older inhabitants, who disapproved of such dissipation as sitting up till nine-thirty, were going to bed.

"The settlement consisted of a combination store and post-office, a dozen houses and as many pig pens, and an indefinite number of chickens roosting all over the landscape. I rode up to the largest house.

"My knock brought a girl to the door who held a lamp in my face. She was divinely tall and would have been most divinely fair if her parted lips had not revealed pearls darkling amid dotted snuff. She stared at me, and said,

"Haint this Mister Bracey?"

"She had evidently met me somewhere, and I entered into a painful series of mental gymnastics.

"'Well of all things! What on earth are you doing here?' I ventured.

"'Wa'al, I got a right to be here, I reckon, being as I been a-livin' here fur night onto eighteen year.'

"'Why of course,' I attempted, being too well occupied to pay much attention to her implied claim of eighteen summers, 'but you see, I wasn't expecting to run across an

old acquaintance up here. I believe I met you at a—er—at the Riverside park in Asheville, didn't I?

"'I hain't never been nigh Ashville yit,'" she rejoined. 'You met me up on Laurel, at er corn shuckin'!'

"'Why sure, I remember now. Believe me, I'm glad to see you again, Miss Blub-blub-blub.'

"She was charitable, and relieved my suffering. 'Mandy Jenks is my name,' she said, 'but I'd like to know what on airth you be a-doing in this part of the country.'

"When she mentioned her name, I began to remember. The corn shucking at Laurel came back to me, and with it an important detail. Unless I was mistaken, this girl had gone to the affair with no less a person than Bad Ike Barley, who had not at that time put himself in the shadow of the strong arm of the law. I thought quick, and answered:

"'A couple of fellows and myself are on the way to Mt. Mitchell. We promised to meet two friends from Marshall here, and they have not showed up. We will have to spend the night somewhere in the neighborhood, if you can suggest a place.'

"'Why sure,' she replied, with that famous mountain hospitality which I had expected, 'you can spend the night here, if you're willin' to put up with sleeping with my li'l buddy. Your friends can sleep over at Uncle Bill's I reckon. Go put your hosses up in the barn.'

"I obeyed, for I saw my chance. Mandy Jenks probably knew something of Ike Barkey's whereabouts if anyone did, and I began planning to worm the secret out of her by the old method of making love. The horses were hustled into the barn, and the possemen into a house across the road, with instructions not to reveal the fact that they were revenue officers under any conditions.

"I was introduced to Mandy's people. Her mother, an

old woman of sallow complexion, extended to me a hand horny from the hard usage of sixty years and said she must go to bed. Her father lingered for half an hour with his shoes off smoking a corn-cob pipe. Then he hobbled upstairs, and I took Mandy out on the porch.

"For an hour I did my best. All the arts of the professional 'masher' were with me. I lapsed into the drawling brogue of a son of the hills; I flattered, I talked of the moon and the stars and compared the latter to her shining eyes; I talked of many things. Mandy was interested; she demurred and coquetted, she smiled and dipped snuff. I realized that I was at a disadvantage in having such a limited amount of time; but determined to crowd all the gallantry of a long courtship into a few hours. I took her hand, she removed it and pretended to arrange her hair; I took it again and she looked away. I had seen an organ in the parlor. I insisted that she perform upon it; she objected that playing would keep the family awake, but promised to play in the morning. I took the cue, and promised to postpone my trip to Mt. Mitchell and be on hand in the morning. That completed my maneuvering, and I said good night.

"I felt that I had done well, but somehow, although her brown eyes were open and confiding, when I looked into them I couldn't help thinking that she was looking farther into mine."

The Collector paused and took a chew. With an increased bulge in his right jaw, he continued:

"Just before sunset the next afternoon Mandy went out to milk the cow, and I went along to milk the secret out of her. The day had been well spent. My friends, put wise to the plan, had loafed and played poker; I had made furious love. Now I was determined to bring about the climax.

"When the milk began spurting against the bottom of

the tin pail I looked around. The coast was clear; the red western sky furnished a suitable background. I slipped my arm around her, and drawled,

"'Mandy, would you like to live in Asheville?"

"She stopped milking and looked into the distance, and toyed with the handle of the bucket a while before answering,

"'It would be mighty nice, I reckon.'

"Silence. For a moment I remember hearing nothing but the cow chewing her cud; I was planning my next move. Suddenly Mandy turned and looked full at me with big, round eyes. She laid her fingers on my lapel.

"'Jim,' she pleaded, 'tell me, honest, what you be er-doing up here. I won't tell nobody.'

"'Mandy,' I confided, half afraid to follow my plan, 'I am looking for Ike Barley.' Many an hour since that little sunset scene I have tried to determine exactly what force impelled me to tell the plain, unvarnished truth. I had arranged another reply, but when she looked at me I told the truth, and proceeded to play a strong game. 'And Mandy,' I continued, 'I want you to help me to get this man. My whole future depends on this job; if I get him we can go to Asheville and be so happy—tell me where I can find Ike Barley tonight, Mandy,—won't you do this for me? I believe you will, because I know what kind of girl you are.'

"Mandy looked frightened. 'Jim, I can't,' she pleaded, weakly, 'we-uns up here think hit's a low down trick ter put er officer wise on er moonshiner. Don't keep on er-askin' me like that, Jim, please don't.'

"'Then you think more of that moonshiner than you do of me?' I was speaking confidently, because all doubt had vanished and I felt that my stronger will was winning. 'Just one little sign will mean so much, honey, it will mean so much for me and for us. Won't you?'

"She blushed, and whispered, after a pause,

" 'Wa'al, listen. I wouldn't do no such er thing for nobody else. Sh-sh.' She got up and led me to the fence, where we could see a limitless range of purple mountains. 'D'ye see that trail over yander? Wa'al, ye take that trail till ye comes to er branch with er crossin'-log over it. Ye turn ter the left an' foller er path up the branch for 'bout er quarter of a mile, an' then yer come to a clump er mountain laurel. In that thicket is whar Bad Ike's goin' ter be a-moonshinin.' Better be keerful, Jim, 'cause yer know your Mandy don't want to see yer full of lead.'

" 'Mandy,' I exclaimed, pressing her hand, and said no more. My mind was too full to say more, but not too full of the thoughts which I hoped her to imagine were making expression unnecessary.

"At nine o'clock that night I was starting up the trail with my two possemen, on horses and armed to the teeth. We reached the stream crossed by the foot-log and, dismounting, tied our horses. Finding the path, we crept along among bushes, in pitchy darkness save for the moonlight which filtered through from above. Suddenly the path seemed to end in a wall of mountain laurel.

" 'We have not come over a hundred yards,' I whispered, puzzled, 'so this cannot be the thicket Mandy told me about.'

" 'I don't see anything but bushes ahead,' one of the possemen began, 'this is the end of the p—'

"He got no further. I was seized from behind by iron arms; men with drawn pistols sprang from the thicket. An ambush!

" 'Ive got 'im!' shouted the man who held me, and I recognized the voice of Bad Ike. 'Hold on ter 'im, that's the fresh guy!' quavered someone in high soprano, and when I recognized that voice (the voice of a girl) I felt the hot blood rnsn to my cheek.

"We were bound, gagged, blindfolded, and thrown across horses. For the next quarter of an hour my mind was a confused tangle with only one clear thought, a thought which I could not drive away, and which stung me. I have a vague recollection of jogging along over rough ground, almost cut in two by the sharp back bone of the beast I was astride, and at length of being led into a house of some kind. Blindfolds and gags were removed, and we were left, still bound, in a tobacco barn.

"It was pleasanter not to think, so I lay for a long while without framing a thought. After many minutes I became aware that my companions in misery were cursing in rich, well chosen mountain profanity. Then I heard a noise on the roof.

"The roofing was being slowly removed. I saw, through a small opening, a patch of sky sprinkled with stars. My friends stopped making remarks. The opening grew larger; then I saw a human form against the sky; someone climbed down and said 'sh-sh.'

"The caution was unnecessary.

"'You fellers peer to be in a purty bad fix,' said someone. It was Mandy. I groaned.

"She untied us, and said, 'Now you-all git out of here in a hurry. Git!'

"We got. Outside, in the dark, she led us a little way down a path. 'Here's yer hosses,' she said, 'git on 'em an' don't stop this side er Asheville. An' if ye ever start out this-er-way any more be sho' an' cut yer eyeteeth first!'"

Jim paused. "Well?" I inquired.

"A few weeks later," he continued slowly, "I saw the mail carrier whoso route lay through Banjo branch. I asked him for the news from up country, and he said, 'Wa'al, there was ar big marrin' up yan yestiddy. Bad Ike Barley got hitched up wid a mighty purty gal,—ole man Jenks' daughter. He got moro'n he deserved, I reckon.'"

## ATTEMPTS AT COMMUNISTIC LIFE IN AMERICA

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R. B. DUCKETT.

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It is necessary to go back to the very dawn of our country's life in the study of this subject; but this research does not reveal one attempt following close behind the other, even if these experiments or attempts do reach from the first to the present time. Some great attempts that have been made have been followed by equally remarkable failures and great lapses of time have intervened after each.

The first notable attempt at communistic life in America was made by the Puritans or Pilgrims settling on the coast of Massachusetts while our country was still an infant in the cradle rocked by the hand of Destiny.

This system of living was adopted, as the outcome of a brotherly feeling which placed the colony on the basis of a large family. A large storage and distributing house was built in which all goods were stored that belonged to the colonists, and from which all things were distributed as they were needed. All received alike, no preference was shown, no matter if one person was a teacher and another a ditcher or one worked diligently and another slothfully.

With all the ardor born of firmness of purpose in the face of severest persecutions, these good people thought that once escaping from the Old World to the New, their lives would be a Utopian dream. In the attempt to realize this dream, they tried to transplant an old worn out system to this country.

Mr. Webster says:

"The student of the middle ages will at first sight see Communalism everywhere. It seems to be an all pervading principle. Communities rather than individual men appear as the chief unit in the governmental system."



How could this old, thoroughly exploited system of the Old World become new in the New?

Then too this same people was foremost in advocating freedom. To be completely consumed by a principle in one phase of life means that the principle advocated will eventually take entire possession of that person. The first New Englander was no exception to this rule. Religious freedom to him eventually was freedom in both physical and mental realms as well as spiritual. He could not be hampered by being placed on a common basis with every other man in the company even though it were small. The strong, able-bodied young man was constantly reminded of the fact that he was forced to work for the weakling, the unmarried for the married, the well for the sick, and the industrious for the laggard and indifferent, without recompense. When a man makes a thing he wishes to enjoy the results of that. In part William Bradford, in summoning up the causes for failure said:

"Upon the point of all being to have alike, and all to do alike, they thought themselves in like condition, and one as good as another; and so if it did not cut off those relations that God hath set up amongst men; yet it did at least much diminish, and take off the mutual respect, that should be preserved amongst them."

So after a trial of one year which resulted in complete failure, the Puritians returned to individualism.

By far the most widely known and most concentrated of all attempts at communistic life in America was made by a handful of the Transcendentalists of New England at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, from 1841 until 1847. These philosophically turned minds had been for some time planning such an enterprise as resulted in the Brook Farm Association. This was helped or advanced wonderfully by suggestions from the Fourier Communistic movement of Europe about this time, and an impetus came also through the reli-

gious disputes of New England at this period. They believed that Christ had set about the reorganization of society, and their dominant idea in the experiment was liberty.

This farm of two hundred acres where a number of the Transcendentalists assembled was at Roxbury, about eight miles from Boston. Here they carried out more or less perfectly their theorized life for about six years. A number of the master minds of New England either participated in the actual experiment, or watched the workings of the plan with eagerness and sympathy. Among the former were William Henry Channing, George Ripley and his wife Sophia, George William Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, Charles Anderson Dana, John Sullivan Dwight, and Margaret Fuller; Emerson was one of the most interested outsiders.

One of the chief plans was to combine labor, both physical and mental, believing that in this way the very best in each would be obtained. So from the beginning special care was taken that the brilliant minds of the community should have worthy objects upon which to exercise. As there was plenty of intellectual power at first, this side was for a while highly successful.

There were people, it is true, who looked on with interest but the overwhelming majority, which included most of their neighbors, noting progress uphill with a mixture of scorn and ridicule. Soon the current stories of the unfortunate ignorance of these philosophers became ridiculous indeed. But slowly they began to feel the emphasis of the physical side of this life to the detriment of the intellectual, for Hawthorne and others seemed, after a month or so at this work, to have discovered that no inspiration, no poetry, could be drawn from the plow or hoe, or the clods of the corn field. Financially Brook Farm was a failure from the be-

ginning. What could these city-bred people hope to do on a farm in competition with the trained and experienced farmers? Not a one in the company knew the practical side of the work required of him on the farm. But the final, shattering blow fell on March 3, 1846, when the chief building of colony "phalanstery" was burned. Some few held on until the next year when the general disorganization took place.

During the six years of its existence, Brook Farm changed creeds twice. In 1843 Foureirism took the place of Transcendentalism, and one year later they came out dressed in the garments of Swedenborgianism.

The only experiment in any way similar to these others, worthy of notice, occurred in recent years. John Alexander Dowie, an adventurer, born in Scotland and at one time a pastor in Australia, was the promoter. After various experiences in different phases of life, he founded Zion City around his lace-making industry near Waukegan, Illinois. He announced to the world that he was Elijah, the prophet, and formally launched his movement; but in 1903 both press and pulpit in denouncing him, declared themselves against the plan of Zion City. Two years later he took the fatal step that brought the experiment to a miserable failure by starting from Chicago to New York with 3,500 followers for the purpose of securing converts and exciting interest.

What will be our next great attempt at communistic life in America? Who will start it? How will it be carried out? For some time a little cloud has been forming on the horizon, the cloud of Socialism. They advocate principally public ownership of all things with public control of all corporations. Europe is the birthplace of Socialism, but it is being felt here. We have something new coming to us.

Why have all these world exciting enterprises failed both

in America and Europe? Is it impossible to carry out a scheme of this kind today that will help to solve our problems? A careful student of existing conditions declares the following: Our difficulties cannot be met and overcome by withdrawing into confinement. They must be met out in the open where they exist, in the crowded slums of the cities and in higher social life.

Communitistic life breaks down the barrier around the family, the cornerstone upon which rests the present day civilization. All questions must be settled with the family in view; as it is affected so is civilization affected. Grenlund says:

"Family supremacy will be absolutely incompatible with an interdependent solidaric commonwealth."

The survival of the fittest is a law that stands all tests and communal systems break themselves on it as a ship is broken on the rocks. Each person must struggle for himself to "work out his own salvation," or fall.

Today, as with primitive man, the instinct to surpass; not only to equal but to excel, is dominant. The child is born with it, and the boy and girl express it forcibly. In the marts of trade, upon the highway of life it is visible in man until Death claims him. No Socialism, no Communitistic life is possible with these laws and instincts battling, with Nature as their ally, against them.

## WAKE FOREST BEATS 'EM ALL

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GEO. W. LASSITER.

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(To J. Henry Highsmith, Jr.)

When sunny spring comes 'round an' then,  
I hang upon my wall,  
An' watch the fellows as they pass  
To practice playing ball.

An' when the first match game is played,  
I for my ticket call;  
An' git into the big grand stand,  
An' watch them play base-ball!

An' then I see the Rag-band play  
And heah those rooster' squalls!"  
We beat them fellows "al-to-socks!"  
There's nuffin' like base-ball!

We beat those Preps, Sub-newishes,  
So quick!, 'tweren't much at all!  
Elon, Horner, Trin'ty Park—  
They couldn't play NO Ball!

And when that Easter Monday came,  
The "Farmers" took a fall,  
I too, just HAD to celebrate  
Such victo'ry in Base-ball!

Then Eastern and TWO Trinity's—  
In fact we've beat them all;  
We let A. & M. just have *one* game,  
So we could play *more* Ball!

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

We beat the league at Raleigh; then  
In Honor of their fall,  
We beat and buried A. & M.,  
And took State Champ. in Ball!

And then there came the biggest time,  
We took Carolina's "Gall,"  
And now we're Champions of the South  
In playing "Big" Base-ball!

The only thing that's left for us,  
Is win Foot-ball this fall,  
So watch us, how we'll "skin" them,  
And "Nail 'em to the Wall!"

## WHEN JUDGE WINTER SAID "SHOO"

E. T. E.

"And so you have never seen Judge Winter? Neither have I, but I've a notion that he is a very wintry sort of a person indeed. One wouldn't dare have even a frivolous *thought* in his presence for fear of being arraigned for contempt of court. And, too, he can probably tell at a glance whether we can name all the capitals. Don't you dread the ordeal of being introduced?"

Adriane smiled at her companion's nonsense. "It sounds formidable, she replied dreamily, "but really, don't you think it is very good of the Winters to entertain the summer school—such a horde of women?"

"Why sure, it's awfully decent of them. I suppose Mrs. Winter put the Judge up to it. She is a social celebrity, it seems, president of the Woman's Club, and patroness of everything else that is worth while in the community. She must be very proper indeed, and I'm saying 'prunes and prisms' as hard as I can to get my lips in the proper shape to greet her. Have you brought your prettiest manners along?"

Adriane's emphatic shake of the head, and her apparent lack of interest in the conversation made Loula Wood turn her attention to a more appreciative audience.

Adriane closed her eyes, and wondered how soon the jolting trolley ride would end. She viewed the coming reception with no enthusiasm, having elected to attend it rather than spend the afternoon in her hot little room in the new dormitory or in the restricted limits of the campus.

The summer school's first week was drawing to a close—a week crowded with excellent but inevitably wearying lectures.

Adriane had said before leaving home that she was going to pursue her summer studies sanely and quietly, not allowing herself to be drawn into the maëlstrom of excitement too often caused when a large number of high strung women are together. But she had soon found herself rushing with the rest. Now she was exhausted from the strain upon nerves and body.

When, just before graduation, she had agreed to teach one of the lower grades in the school in her home village, her mind had been full of delightful plans. She had a love for teaching inherited from a long line of college presidents and professors. It was with unfeigned eagerness that she had looked forward to the middle of September. Now, leaning listlessly against the hard back of the seat, she foresaw the bitterness of failure. In that moment she was half inclined to quarrel with fate for forcing her to earn a livelihood. Then her mind traveled back to college days. Memory had already plucked all thorns from those recollections, leaving only fragrance and beauty. Adriane wondered how she could ever have looked forward to leaving those ivy clad walls.

There were other memories—these more recent and yet so perfect that they needed no kindly fingers to remove thorns. Immediately after graduation, Adriane attended commencement at the college where her brother was a junior. It was a totally new experience, and the week was like a rose colored dream. To begin with, Adriane's clothes were prettier and more becoming than ever before. Her brother was justly proud of her, and his friends, after one glimpse of "Bob Ward's sister" did not wonder that he should feel so. The afternoon of the tennis tournament was etched more clearly than any other event. Then it was that Winter Russell came into the foreground of the picture. He was one



of the prominent men of the graduating class. Records showed that he was not only a hero in college athletics, but also in class room and on the campus. He was universally popular with his fellow students, and Robert Ward adored him. Unable to play in the tournament because of a disabled wrist, Winter Russell asked to be Adriane's escort.

The tournament was exciting throughout, but there were two people who hardly knew it was going on. They were discovering an amazing number of points of congeniality, and they felt very soon as if they had known each other for a long time. The afternoon seemed very short—before they had been in the athletic park an hour (seemingly) the crowds began surging homeward, and Adriane felt herself coming back to earth with a bump that bruised her sensibilities.

And now—this! The halcyon glow of commencement was changed to plain, unbeautiful drab. Instead of being singled out for favors and admiration she was merely one of three hundred young women at the normal school of her State. Her individuality seemed as naught.

The special cars delegated to carry the summer school bodily to the Winter's country home, creaked to a stop. Adriane Ward, suddenly wakened from day dreams, found herself clambering out with the rest. She had a sudden impression of spacious grounds, refreshingly green and as close cut as the hair of a small boy in summer. Then the house loomed up with its fluted columns, green shutters and seductive balconies. She felt herself borne along in the wave of femininity, and then heard Loula Wood's voice saying clearly:

"Why, it's to be an *al fresco* affair—how nice!" then, instructively to the whole company, "you know '*al fresco*' means 'out of doors.' When my cousin was in Italy—" the

chatter ceased as though some one had shut down a lid, for the progress up the long front walk was nearly achieved, and Judge Winter and his wife were seen standing at the foot of the low steps. A receiving line was formed in an instant, and Adriane found herself shaking hands with all degrees of educational celebrities. It comforted her to remember that she was a stranger, for her brain refused to invent bright speeches. Indeed her name, spoken indistinctly at first, was soon lost altogether.

After the formalities of introduction were over, she wandered off aimlessly, almost wishing she had stayed at home, for the shrill chatter on all sides made her head ache. At any other time the sloping lawn would have impressed her keenly, but now not even the rose garden brought forth an exclamation from her lips. She saw the distant foothills of the Blue Ridge, lapped in blue haze, and the willows which tended the murmuring river in the foreground, and wanted more than ever to be alone. Then, quite unexpectedly, the ubiquitous Loula seized her arm.

"I've been looking for you," she said, "I'm passing the word along that the returning cars leave at six. Isn't the old Judge a pet? I tried to think of the Preamble to the Constitution to say when I was introduced, but when he bent so graciously over my hand I forgot everything but the multiplication table. As for Mrs. Winter—well she is the original 'Lady of the manor'—gracious, what stunning can-nas!"

The bed which they were approaching was a circular mass of crimson bloom. The girls paused to admire, and just then a dignitary of the summer school passed. Adriane was directly in his path, and stepped hastily out of the way. One foot was obliged to infringe just a little on the canua bed. Alas! the girls were not aware that the flowers derived much

of their verdure from soft, rich soil and copious watering until Adriane's foot, trimly clad in white, went exploring in the muddy depths. It was a white pump no longer when she extracted it from the caress of the soil, but a shapeless clump of black mud, which oozed mercilessly around her ankle!

Loula gasped, and stood staring at the sorry spectacle for a moment; then she flung her head back and fairly shrieked with laughter. Adriane's face was crimson. Fortunately no one else had seen the accident, but now Loula's uncontrolled merriment would attract a crowd. This, she felt, would be unbearable.

"Do you mind coming around to the back of the house with me?" Adriane asked tremulously, "there are probably servants there who can do something for this muddy shoe."

Loula sobered instantly. "O, I hate to go poking around people's back doors" she said, unwillingly. "Then, too, something else jolly might happen while I'm gone. Still, I'll go."

"No, you needn't. I don't mind going alone—really, I'd rather." And Adriane was gone, her muddy foot squishing over the turf.

Aunt Charity was picking a chicken on the kitchen steps when she saw a glint of white through the privet hedge that screened the rear premises from the front yard, and then a shrinking, girlish figure in a white dress and rose wreathed hat dived through the opening. She was holding her filmy muslin shirts in both hands to avoid intimacy with a mud soaked shoe.

The old colored woman thrust the denuded chicken into the dishpan, wiped her hands on her gingham apron, and hurried out to meet Adriane. Her kindly black face was full of sympathy as she heard the story.

"Well now," she said, after Adriane had explained the situation, "ain't dat pitiful? Yo nice, puty slipper done

spilt in de mud! I be'n tellin' Unc' Nebbychadnezzar he ben waterin' dem cannerses too high. Now look at dat! It sholy was a unpopular time for sumpen lak dis to happen, wif all de white folks partifyin'! But doan you worry, lamb, Cha'ity'll hope you. Come wif me, baby."

Adriane followed Aunt Charity into the kitchen and through the open door into the dining room, where she had a fleeting impression of old mahogany furniture; across a narrow hall and into a small room.

"Dis am Marse John's study room," she explained, wiping off a chair with the ever useful apron. "Now you set down, and we'll git dis hyar gormed up shoe off'n yo puty li'l foot."

Adriane dropped thankfully into the chair, while Aunt Charity knelt before her and removed first the muddy pump, then the stocking with gingerly fingers. Then she chafed the damp foot with a warm, cushiony palm.

"I'll jes rub out dis stockin' an' hang it by de kitchen stove whar dey's a nice, hot fire. It'll dry in no time. I kin clean de shoe too, so don' you worry, Sugar. You set right still; nobody gwine come in."

"Are you sure, Aunty?" This possibility had just occurred to Adriane.

"Sholy certain. Marse John an' Mis' Julie, dey out spechifyin' to de comp'ny. De udder folks is away fum home."

In another moment Adriane was alone. It was a real luxury to sink back against leather cushions, to close one's eyes, to luxuriate in a sense of perfect quiet, undisturbed by hurrying feet on bare corridors and the din of shrill voices. She could almost have slept here, with her foot tueded under protecting skirts, had not the room diverted her.

There was shelf after shelf of calf bound law books, and Adriane, glancing around with interest, judged that "Marse

John" must do most of his studying at home, instead of at the town office. There was a well worn set of Thackeray—"The Newcomes" well nigh to pieces—and rows upon rows of other standard books, not one of which looked spick and span and unread. Over the desk a stern visaged man in a black stock gazed down out of the canvas so rebukingly that Adriane looked down hastily to see if her foot was securely covered.

There was a step in the hall—heavy and sedate! Adriane cowered down in sudden horror. She longed to flee, but knew she must sit still. In another moment the Judge's tall figure was framed in the doorway."

"Ah," he said, and his voice was full of surprise, "my study is honored."

Adriane swallowed hard. What could she say? Her presence in the house must be accounted for, but evidently it would not do to explain, for Loula had implied that he was stern and uncompromising.

"I—I came in" she began, lamely, "I didn't feel very well, and so—"

"My dear young lady, I am distressed to know it! Allow me to call my wife!" Surprise had melted into solicitation.

"No, no," protested Adriane, remembering Loula's word picture of Mrs. Winter, "really it is nothing. I think perhaps a little rest will make me feel perfectly well."

"Then rest by all means. The house is yours. Will you not permit me to call one of the servants? I cannot bear for you to suffer if there is any means by which you might be relieved."

"Please don't call anyone, I am not in any pain at all."

But still he hesitated. "You have chosen a rigid seat. That chair is my abomination. There is an exceedingly comfortable couch here by the window. Will you not let me assist you to it? And my wife keeps a supply of excellent

blackberry cordial on hand, which is invigorating. It would be so easy to mix a glass for you. You must know that serving a guest is a real pleasure."

Adriane cast an agonized glance toward the gentle, courteous old gentleman. He seemed so eager to help her that she longed to pour out her whole story. But she dared not. Instead she broke the short pause that had ensued after his last words by saying in a voice which sounded harsh because she was trying to keep the tremor out of it:

"You are very kind, Judge Winter, "but I prefer to remain as I am."

He stood regarding her with his brows knit. His handsome old face was full of trouble.

"You will at least allow me to move your chair nearer the window," he urged, "you have no breeze where you are, and the room is very close."

"Thank you, Sir, I am perfectly comfortable where I am." Blushes scorched her fair face as she spoke. She knew just how indignant she would be if any girl treated her own father's courtesies with such nonchalance—her father was just such a man as Judge Winter.

He bowed. "I am sorry I can not be of service to you," he said, and withdrew. And as his erect figure disappeared from sight, Adriane was ready to cry.

But another and more trying ordeal awaited her. Hardly had the heavy footsteps died away down the hall before Adriane heard some one singing "Bonnie Dundee." It was a tenor voice, buoyant and full of music, and Adriane felt ominously that it, too, was bringing its owner to her place of refuge. She was not mistaken. A moment later she was face to face with Winter Russell!

Since the day of the tennis tournament there had grown on him a liking for rose wreathed hats. And yet, when on

several occasions he had happened to spy such hats in milliner's windows he had been conscious of disappointment. At last it dawned upon him that it was the golden hair and piquant face under the hat rather than a mere concoction of artificial flowers and straw that was lingering in his thoughts. At any rate, the recollection was there, tucked away in one of Memory's pigeonholes.

And now—was he dreaming, or was the girl of the tennis tournament outlined against the sober background of his uncle's study furniture?

"Why Miss Ward!" he exclaimed after a moment of breathless silence, "you and the rose hat! Is this a fairy-tale?"

Adriane's eyes, after one glance, were lowered, and she drummed the chair arm restlessly.

"Good evening, Mr. Russell," she said frigidly—and wondered if those on the lawn could hear the steady thump-thump of her heart!

"Well, this is the jolliest surprise I've had in a year!" He laughed joyfully, "funny, I was just thinking—" He paused confusedly, for Adriane had evidently not seen his outstretched hand.

"I suppose," he continued, attributing her silence to embarrassment, and determining to make her look up and smile, "I suppose you came out to the summer school 'shooroun' as our cook calls it. I had no idea you were to be of the party; if I had, I wouldn't have sneaked in the back way like a naughty boy. Are you really attending the summer school?"

"Yes."

"Fine! And how runs the world away with you?"

"Very well, thank you. I—yes, very well."

"That's good. How is Bob?"

"Bob is well."

"Always is. I say, Miss Ward, it is glorious outside, let's abandon this musty place."

Adriane's head was bent lower. What should she say? She dared not use the excuse invented for the Judge, though it was entirely true that she did not "feel well." This masterful young person would probably alarm the whole household. She grasped wildly at the first thought that swept into her mind:

"Thank you" she faltered, "I can't leave. I am waiting here for—for a friend." For was not Aunt Charity a friend indeed?

"O, well," he brushed the excuse aside like a cobweb, "the friend won't mind waiting a few minutes if you aren't back in time. See here, I'll wager you haven't see Aunt Julie's rose garden! And there's a view of the river from one corner of the lawn which you really mustn't miss. And here's another inducement: they're serving tea in the summer house, with the jolliest sandwiches you ever tasted. Come now, you are too conscientious about that friend. Let me be your pilot! I want to tell you how famously I am getting along in my first week of law practice with Uncle John. You hadn't heard I'm living with them now? That's so, I haven't written Bob a word since commencement. Are you ready?"

The words came so eagerly, and his pleasure in seeing her again was so real, so spontaneous, that Adriane felt a sudden longing to respond to his mood. But he was almost a stranger—how could she explain?

"I'm so sorry" she said, conscious that the reply sounded, in spite of the warmth she tried to put into it, like a shower bath on his enthusiasm, "but I must wait for my friend."

He regarded her for a moment with reproachful eyes—



and they were keen and blue, like his uncle's—and then straightened up suddenly.

"I am afraid I am intruding," he said, "please pardon me for my arrant stupidity!" With that he was gone, and the study seemed suddenly very bleak and empty.

Five minutes later Aunt Charity came waddling in, holding aloft a stocking, still hot from the iron, and a clean pump. These she slipped on Adriane's cramped foot, talking in an affectionate stream the while. And Adriane, with tear dimmed eyes averted from the kind face, thanked her as fervently as she could.

Then she rejoined the other guests, just in time to hurry down to the cars that were waiting on the switch.

That night the Judge and his wife sat at supper discussing the events of the afternoon. Their nephew was also at the table but for some reason he was not disposed to join in the conversation. Usually he furnished amusement for the three of them. There was a pause, and the Judge, turning his attention to the carving, thrust his knife into a particularly tender drum-stick. Then his blue eyes began to twinkle, and his wife smiled. She knew a story was coming.

"You've heard the old tale," he began, "admirably retold in Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, by the way, of the old darkey who brought the roast goose to the table where there were a good many guests assembled, and then stood behind his master's chair in abject terror because one of the drumsticks had been surreptitiously removed in the kitchen. In carving this was, of course, discovered. The servant was taken to task about it, and explained that he had taken the goose from a flock none of which had but one limb. So after the meal the host, with all the guests, sallied out to disprove the old darkey's explanation. Sure enough, the whole flock

was standing on a log by the river on one foot, with the other tucked comfortably up under the wing. "See dar, Master?" called the servant in triumph. The host called "Shoo!" very loudly, and every single bird displayed its other foot. But the servant was not to be taken aback. When his master turned to him sternly the darkey exclaimed: "Yes sah, but you didn't shoo de one on de table!"

Enter Aunt Charity with hot waffles.

"Apropos of the story," added the Judge, helping himself to a portion, "I am reminded of something that happened this afternoon. After I had greeted our guests, and had said all the agreeable things I could think of, I came back to my study for a little recess. To my surprise—for I remembered it was the understanding that the guests were to remain on the lawn—I found it occupied by a very pretty young lady in a hat trimmed in roses. She excused her presence there by explaining, in great embarrassment, that she was not feeling well, and had come in to rest. I insisted upon doing something for her but she was so exceedingly vehement in her refusals, even to move, that I withdrew—not, however, before noticing that she had but one foot visible. Now that I come to think of it, perhaps if I had said 'shoo!' she would have displayed the other foot and perhaps have been more responsive."

Mrs. Winter looked at him smilingly, and wondered what in the world a pretty young lady in a rose wreathed hat could have been doing in the study. Her nephew inadvertently buttered a slice of ham and salted and peppered his waffle. But Aunt Charity availed herself of an old servant's prerogative and began to speak—

"I reckon you alls is talkin' ob dat po', purty lamb dat got her shoe all gormed up in de canna bed," she said, taking her stand behind Mrs. Winter's chair, "I was pickin' chickens

fur breakfus' wen she come sloppin' roun' de back way, mos' bout to cry, she was dat flusticated. I ast her in de study room, an' shucked off de shoë an' stockin' an' natchelly washed 'em out, dey was dat bad off. She had ter wait, settin' on her li'l bare foot—dat's how she wa'n't no mo' joyful to see you, Marse John. Twant her fault, twant yo' fault, an' 'twant *nobody's* fault but dat good-fo' nuthin' Nebby-chadnezzer, him waterin' de cannerses untel day's a reg'lar junglecush!" She was gone to the kitchen—indeed, the last part of her remarks were addressed to her unfortunate spouse, who was sitting in the outer door.

The Judge exclaimed in a gratified way, and said that he thought all the while that a girl with such refined features could not be really ill-bred. Mrs. Winter murmured something about "what the poor child must have suffered from embarrassment." It was noticeable, however, that their nephew's moodiness had slipped from him like a garment. He did not speak until near the end of the meal, when he addressed the head of the house:

"Uncle John," he said, "if you have no objection, I would like to use the car to-night. I understand there's to be a concert in the summer school auditorium."

## MEMOIRS OF A "NEWISH"

ADAM NEWISH.

NOTE BY EDITORS.—MS. found among the papers of the lately deceased Adam Newish.

## PREFACE.

When I had attained to the much coveted eminence and experience of a Sophomore, I felt myself justified in casting a retrospective glance back over that stormy period of my life attendant upon my first year at college. My friends had for some time been urging me to write down in a readable form my recollections of that eventful year for the perusal and edification of the unsophisticated Newish that yearly adorn the environs of the college. Through a sense of modesty and of my own deficiencies I for some time hesitated to embark upon so gigantic an enterprise and it was only upon the repeated solicitations of my friends that I finally openly avowed my intention of consummating this great work. Having once committed myself, I felt it incumbent on me to do ample justice to my pretensions and so set myself assiduously to the completion of this task. Many unforeseen obstacles presented themselves which, I candidly admit, I found great difficulty in surmounting. Fortunately I had kept a diary the preceding year and on recurring to its pages I found my memory greatly freshened by the facts and reflections jotted down there with painstaking care. Finally, it is with many misgivings that I venture to launch upon the long suffering Public these "Memoirs" or "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" and I am only persuaded to do so by the hope that some Newish may peruse its pages if not with pleasure at least with considerable profit. I gratefully acknowledge the valuable services of Messrs. Brown, Smith, and Jones.

ADAM NEWISH.

Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.

My father (and here dear, gentle reader, let me pause to shed a tear on this page in his blessed memory)—My father always set great store by book learning, for what reason it has never become clearly patent to me, and when I had reached what he considered as years of discretion, he summarily informed me that I was ripe for a collegiate education. I do not exactly recollect my emotions at that time. Certain it is that our views on the subject were mutually agreeable. Up to this time I had not evinced any signs of unusual precocity, which I now consider a decided advantage, for it has enabled me to understand the ordinary man as I otherwise could not possibly have done; but now somewhat like my predecessor, the illustrious Don Quixote, I so fired my imagination by sedulously assimilating all the college literature I could lay my hands on that I suddenly conceived myself to be a great genius and only waited for an opportunity to distinguish my partronymic.

On the day appointed for my departure I set out with the family benediction and the usual formulas of farewell which I will not repeat here for fear of becoming tedious. When I got off at Wake Forest Station, though I alighted as unobtrusively as possible, I immediately noticed that I was attracting universal attention. I noted particularly that a large red tie that I affected on that occasion seemed to elicit many profound "oh's," "ah's," and other ejaculations of pleasure and approbation. To say the least, I was somewhat embarrassed by the general scrutiny, which made me feel like an anachronism of the twentieth century. Hurriedly despatching what little business I had to attend to at the station I retired hastily and in what I considered perfectly good order toward the campus. Before entering this domain I paused to decipher the Latin quotation engraved on the arch-

way which I found to be, "Pro Humanitate." It had its usual effect and I advanced greatly impressed.

I had hardly got halfway across the campus, which I will not describe for obvious reasons, when a hatless, breathless, young man rushed up to me, grabbed my valise, shook hands heartily, and said, "Johnson's my name. Dinner will be served directly. This way please—over to Fairfax Club."

I confess that at this time I evinced little of that spirit which was so characteristic of my later career and followed meekly enough behind my guide. When we approached the club house, though I am not a person of vain disposition, I noticed that my appearance again created quite a commotion, which I now attributed to a certain poise of manner which distinguished my carriage. I shook hands, in a manner which I strove to make as little condescending as possible, with all the students and soon managed to ingratiate myself into the good graces of all present. Striking indeed, was my conduct compared with unpardonable awkwardness of other first-year men who kept streaming in and whom I now learned were designated by the peculiar cognomen of "Newish." I took no heed whatever of the witticisms that the upper classmen delighted in, but on the contrary assumed an air of extreme lassitude and indifference which I think was very impressive.

After supper, while I was sitting on the front piazza contemplating the stars, a bunch of noisy sophomores rushed up to the gate and demanded all "Newish" to come forth and give an exhibition of their ball room accomplishments. At this stage I remained perfect master of myself. After instituting a careful and deliberate inquiry I fully satisfied myself that this was the usual custom and consequently submitted with such good grace that I appreciably advanced myself in the interest of the student body. Upon someone sug-

gesting that my shirt be extracted, I again instituted a careful inquiry and again becoming fully satisfied that this was the usual thing I chased up the road with all my native dignity and grace.

The next day I met with my first real difficulty. This was on the memorable second of September. I had thought to matriculate without any trouble, but after trying in vain to map out a course of study without conflicts I concluded that my knowledge of mathematics was deficient. In this dilemma I applied myself to an upper classman with such good results that I soon found myself duly enrolled among the student body.

I now revert to my Diary for greater brevity in relating events.

Sept. 16. Arose very early in the morning and organized the freshman class. You my think it strango that I was not elected president but, to tell the truth, I would not have accepted the office if it had been offered to me.

Sept. 28. While sitting with a sociable crowd of fellows, some one remarked that there was a pear tree in the neighborhood that had acutually not been molested. We acted at once.

Sept. 29. Put on a uniform and went out on the gridiron. I enjoyed the game very much, but on my roommate remarking that my health seemed to be declining I quite readily acquiesced in his views and left off practice though it gave me great pain to do so at tho time.

Oct. 3. My roommate complained of a severe case of homesiekness. I at once diagnosed his case and administered a large dose of Lydia E. Pinkham's famous vegetable compound. On his surviving, I wrote my congratulations to the above mentioned lady, the faesimilo of which I afterwards

noted with pleasure in the periodical which she distributes gratis over the commonwealth.

Oct. 7. Made my first speech in society. I have been frequently told that it was a great effort. When I walked out on the mat I perceived for some unknown reason that my audience was in a very humorous mood. With the intuition of a born orator I immediately adjusted myself to the prevailing spirit and became very witty in my remarks—so witty indeed, that I kept the hall in a continual roar of laughter despite frequent admonitions from the chair. When I sat down a low browed ignoramus rose hurriedly and attacked my argument with great warmth of manner. I immediately rose and so effectually squelched the gentleman that he remained silent all the rest of the evening. The applause that greeted this second effort was very flattering to my vanity. It has come to my ears from various sources that the charm of my address, the lucidity of my style, and the cogency of my reasoning were very exceptionable.

November 18. Hit with bag of water thrown from dormitory window.

November 19. Blackened.

November 20. Recovered.

November 27. Politicians were out "legging" with their ingratiating smile and affable manner. I never imagined I had so many friends.

I now began to feel myself a man of experience. Having been reared in a religious home, I naturally began to luxuriate in a highly immoral atmosphere and soon took to cards like a duck does to water. I had already begun to find great consolation in my cigar, and to promenade the campus in a peculiarly breezy and aggravating manner that was at once the model and despair of my contemporaries.

My literary efforts at this time were prodigious. I once



contemplated writing a scientific treatise on "Loafing: its general phases with concrete examples," which I flatter myself I could have done ample justice to, but my attention at this time was engrossed by letters home. Upon these epistles I pride myself not a little and lavished all my art. I devoted the main body of the letter to playing upon the paternal heart and in a postscript at the end, as of minor importance, I put in my urgent need of funds. This I considered a masterpiece of the creative faculty and I soon began to look down upon those students who achieved notoriety by writing under a pseudonym and then letting the fact out casually to a few private friends.

When mid-term holidays drew near I purchased a pair of spectacles which made me appear very studious and gave me an air of great erudition. I also bought a neat suit of clothes as I did not wish to attract too much attention. I wrote home to have all notices of my coming kept out of the newspapers as I wished to spend the holidays very quietly.

NOTE BY EDITORS.—At this point these illuminating little reminiscences abruptly end. We regret to say that after a prolonged search we have been unable to find any continuation of the MS.

## FISHING IN DEAD DOG LAKE

R. F. PASCHAL.

It has been only three days since the opening of our session, and yet our Professor of English has already organized his classes and is demanding a story. A story just at this time would involve a draft on my imagination much beyond its capacity, so I am submitting the following statement of facts with reference to my last fishing experience with which I hope under the circumstances my kind-hearted Professor of English will be satisfied.

I had been wanting to go fishing all the summer, but something had always prevented, until the day before I left home for College. By that time all the good fishing ground had already been fished dry. We should have had our labor for our pains had we tried any of it. There was left only one piece of creek anywhere which had not been fished. This was known as Dead Dog Lake, and was a part of little Brush Creek about a mile in length, extending from the Cheek Ford to the Brooks Ford. It got its peculiar name from the fact that many dogs that ventured into the swamp along this lake disappeared forever. This lake was known to be full of fish, but despite this fact no fisherman had ever ventured to seine it. The creek as a whole gets its name from an almost impenetrable growth of bushes and briars that extend from either bank for a distance of twenty to a hundred feet. But especially along Dead Dog Lake the growth is so intertwined with thorns and brambles that no one had ever been able to reach the banks. One could only guess what was the nature of the channel, for none had ever ventured down it.

Yet so eager were we to fish that in our folly we determined to try our fortunes in this unexplored lake of water.

Our party consisted of my brother, who professed not to be afraid of the Devil much less any of the frightful monsters reputed to inhabit this stretch of creek, of two of my uncles, who had already made their wills, myself, and three stout buck negroes who had recently come into the neighborhood to work at lumber and who did not know the reputation of the water into which they were venturing. On the day set we provided ourselves with a twenty foot seine cut from a much longer closing seine and entered the creek at the Cheek Ford. Before we got out we were to have experiences which seem as unreal as the stuff dreams are made of, and which put one of the negroes into the asylum at Goldsboro.

Our first strange experience was on entering the creek. We had not proceeded twenty steps before we felt a strange exhilaration of spirits as if we had drunk very deeply of the hardest and best horseapple cider. The negroes burst into snatches of song. I remember one especially lugubrious strain sung to the words,

"Where was I when Jesus found me?  
Hanging over hell in misery."

There was clearly something in the atmosphere that affected all of us. I observed that it made my brother much more dare-deviled than usual.

But we were soon busy. About the first haul we brought up seventeen fino fish which we turned over to the four negroes, each of whom was carrying a five bushel meal bag, for our expectations were proportionate to the risk we were taking. And here I must halt to describe some of these fish which I believe are not usually known. I have failed to find one or two of the species listed in Professor Dunbar's Complete Catalogue of American Fishes and Reptiles.

The first I will describe is the Jo-Snorter Cat. (*Pisces Felis Iosnorterus*.) This fish gets his name from an im-

mense horn which he carries at the end of his nose. Unlike the other horns of the catfish this horn is hollow. Through it when he is in the water he is able to blow a stream of muddy spray and thus hide himself from any enterprising didapper that would like to make a meal of him. Out of water, however, when first caught he blows a strong blast of air through this horn, and makes such a noise that he has been heard to a distance of three miles. Often people unused to the sound have mistaken it for the toot of a locomotive whistle. His skin is a beautiful golden yellow. He grows to no large size. I have never seen a specimen longer than twelve inches nor one weighing more than two pounds. But what he lacks in size he makes up in flavor. I have eaten about all kinds of catfish, including the tame catfish of the Indian River, the blue cats of the Mississippi and the Red River, but I do not hesitate to pronounce the Jo-Snorter cat much the finest flavored of any that swims. I do not know that this catfish is found outside of Dead Dog Lake, though I have heard that there is a kindred species in some of the waters of the Everglades in Florida.

Omitting the intended description of the other fish, for lack of time just now, I will hurry on to the other notable incidents of our progress down the creek.

Once out of sight of the ford we found the creek flowing in a straight course down an avenue of green. The bushes from the sides met in the middle, forming an almost perfect arch over head. The water below looked dark and green. Sometimes all sunlight was cut out and we would find great festoons of bats hanging from side to side of the stream. We struck the first one of these without seeing it and naturally the bats caused a little excitement to us as we had caused to them. The festoon struck me right across the neck, and it was a mighty leathery, sticky, creeping sensation they caused

me. Besides one or two of the little vixens slipped down between my shirt or rather my sweater and my skin and began to scratch and bite at such a rate as came near unnerving me. But I recovered on recognizing their well known screeching, and on hearing one or two of the negroes crying out, "Boo-hoo-oo, oo-oo." The bats had been trying to form again and had mistaken the negro's ear for the wing of another bat.

At first we had some little terror of snakes. Great numbers of what we called water moccasins were hanging in the bushes overhead and were continually dropping into the water. Most often they would become alarmed in time to drop in front of us, but sometimes they would come slipping down on our necks and shoulders and plunge into the water at our side. We knew that they were harmless but the sensation of having a cold snake slipping around one's neck never gets to be pleasant.

One very amusing incident happened amid so much that was gruesome. I refer to the fun we had on making a big draft of eels. Once when we brought the seine up we found that it was full of these reptile-like fish. I never could endure to touch an eel. But the way my brother and those negroes went for those eels was delightful. They caught and caught and caught, but never bagged one of the slippery, writhing, grimy things. For they always would get entirely free and drop back into the water before they could be got to a bag. When they were all back in the beloved water the hands of the negroes were so full of slime that they resembled a battered pig's foot. One negro also had a streak of slime across his mouth, giving evidence that he had vainly tried to hold an eel in his teeth. He explained that he did want one eel's skin, as it was a sure cure for rheumatiz.

I could never, had I a thousand tongues, relate all the

strange experiences of that day. The most horrifying is still to tell. We had come where a small stream enters into the Lake. On this stream had been located one of the numerous saw mills that are so sadly wrecking our once beautiful forest of oak and hickory. The sawdust from the mill had been allowed to fall in the stream and had been brought down to the Lake. When we came to this about half the distance from the upper to the lower ford we had already caught about all the fish our negroes could carry, but still for the sport of it we did not know how to stop. One negro had the cats, another the pikes, another the perch. The cats were bellowing a most plaintive note, and the faithful carriers were saying that it made their heart sick to hear them. All at once we stepped into the sawdust which had been brought down by the small stream. Down we toppled; down all the negroes toppled. The one who was carrying the catfish let his burden slip over his shoulders and float down stream. Floundering as we were we began to use rather violent language to that negro, and were making our way to recover the bag containing our most prized catch, when we heard such a commotion in the water ahead that we all turned to see. A hundred yards down stream the water was flying from the middle of the channel filling with spray the whole arch of bushes overhead. On it came. We dashed to the banks leaving the bag of catfish in mid-stream. The thing was upon us before we recognized what it was. And it was nothing less than a formidable dragon, one of the few relics of the age when Saint George slew that monster in Phrygia. He made for those catfish, and took the whole five-bushel bag into his capacious maw. Never did greediness get speedier punishment. Ho had forgot that those catfish were of the Jo-Snorter variety and had horns. As he tried to swallow them each fish stiffened his enormous horn and shot it into the

dragon's throat. Such a beating of the water as the dragon's tail made. In fright and terror we ran. Even my brother forgot his boast. The negroes who were groaning before under their burdens now carried them as if they had been sacks of Brer Rabbit's famous Winnianimous seed. We ran and ran until our tongues were out, and still we ran. The water was shallow enough not to impede our progress for several hundred yards, and we were already in sight of the lower ford when my brother who was leading the race suddenly plunged into water to his neck. We were all beside him in an instant. Only then did we take time to look around, when to our surprise we saw nothing of the mighty serpent or whatever it was. So with what haste we could but with no undue excitement we came to the lower ford.

What was our surprise when on coming out to find about the whole township gathered to greet us. They professed that they had come because they were alarmed for our safety, but we had fished enough to take this statement with a pretty big grain of salt. What these people really wanted was to get their teeth upon our fish. This was easy to see. When they beheld our faithful blacks struggling to drag their immense bags to land, they were mighty obliging to lend a helping hand. How ready they were to suggest methods of cooking the fish. Some actually helped to get a little water and a little wood, and did a little towards the cooking. Soon the twelve bushels of pikes and perch we had caught were ready for the pans. We cooked them very carefully and piled them in pans. Then all day long until the setting sun we feasted, nor did any soul lack an equal feast, with the music of the banjo, the one our Cuffy had. And for us the coffee was served by the kinky-headed Sambo, the son of the bright eyed Susan, her of the round black face.

Now after we had dismissed our desire for food and drink

we turned to telling tales. Then once more we went to the ford of the stream, when, lo, the frightful monster of a snake had floated down and was lying right athwart the stream, dead. The bag of catfish caught in his throat told the tale of the dragon's undoing. This we carefully withdrew, and emptying it out found that it contained more than four bushels, which we distributed to be carried home to the "women folks." I mention this to our credit, for fishermen are not usually thoughtful of those they leave behind to look after the house. And yet it in no wise pleases women to find that they have not been remembered.

The skin of the dragon was carefully taken off, stuffed with sawdust and hung in my grandmother's porch where it extended for a distance of more than forty feet. To render it more life-like we found we needed something for eyes. After long search we secured two glass jugs, which were said to have once contained the only whiskey shipped into our good old State since the Prohibition law went into effect. By stuffing these with red flannel and fitting them one in each eye socket we made them serve our purpose admirably. The morning sun shining full upon them was fiercely reflected. Moreover, by placing a dry battery lamp in each jug and properly connecting it, I was able from my seat on a certain porch rocker to make the monster seem to wink most furiously. For some time I found great amusement in the experiment, but in the end it came near proving disastrous and actually did cause the wreck of a panel of my grandmother's fence. For chancing one evening about dark to perform the experiment in the presence of some rather timorous and mistrustful colored friends without explaining beforehand what I was undertaking, I had the horror to see the whole company break into precipitate flight in the course of which they dashed against the fence crashing through at serious risk to life and limb but without checking their pace in the least.



This was the end of my dragon. For my grandmother hearing the noise came running out, and when she saw the wreck of her fence insisted that the ugly snake must come down at once, that her faithful Tom, the cat, had not been in the house since the snake was hung, that it was going to cause her to lose all her fence, and she would have no more of it. So nothing would do, but I most cut down my trophy, and burn it to ashes. This may be considered a great loss to science, but fortunately the bones of the monster still exist and I have a very fine photograph of him as he appeared before he was skinned, which I am ready to turn over to any interested zoölogist.

## "TO WOMEN"

UNKNOWN.

The ladies God bless 'em,  
So long as they're quiet;  
Our offspring they dress 'em  
And tend to their diet.  
They train our young daughters,  
And tutor our heirs,  
So what should they know  
About Public Affairs?  
The duck in her puddle,  
The dove in her cote—  
Should birdies like these  
Be permitted to vote?

The ladies God bless 'em,  
Our troubles they share 'em;  
So lock them away  
In parlor or harem.  
We give them ideas,  
We pay for their chains,  
And what is more sweet  
Than a wife without brains?  
So here's to the angels  
We foster with elegance,  
Bless their sweet eyebrows  
But d— their intelligence.

## THREE CHOPS ON A POPLAR TREE

DE MAC JOHNSON.

"Oh my! What a grove! What do you say to stopping there for the night, Harry?"

"It's as solemn as a grave yard. Wonder if it's a farm house or a blockade?"

"Very likely we can get something there to make us feel good."

"Pretty God-forsaken looking place right here in North Carolina and Robeson County at that."

"Yes, and the twentieth century."

"Looks like there might be somebody there needing Howard's Headache Healer."

"Well, we've got the dope for 'em. Come on let's see what it seems like."

"Long walk up there through all this grass and sand, but isn't this shade pleasant?"

"You couldn't tell from the house that anybody lived there though that farm looks like it."

"Quite likely it is an old slave house, and some big land-owner has some niggers in it, Jack."

"No, there comes a lady now."

"Yes, if you can put up with the fare," she answered to their request to be allowed to stop for the night.

"Just make yourselves at home, gentlemen. Joe and Howard, my sons, will be in in a few minutes. And I must get supper, if you will excuse me."

"Polite as a dish of peas eh, Jack," said Harry after Mrs. McPherson had left the room."

"Yes, I have found all these Southern people polite, Harry."

"Well, I wonder what Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Maryland would say if they knew where I am now?" said Harry.

"Yes, and Mr. Noble. I'll bet he'd laugh," said Jack.

Harry left his seat and walked across the room to examine a picture.

"Very much like you, Jack," he said.

"Yes, what's the name?"

"Captain John McEntyre."

"What?" cried Jack, springing from his seat, "my great-grandmother was a McEntyre, and from North Carolina, too."

"Well maybe you've got home, Jack," said Harry smiling. "But that picture does look very much like you."

By the time supper was over Jack and Harry felt very much at home for while the McPhersons were just good country folks, they were very pleasant. And it was after eleven o'clock before they thought of retiring. And by that time a drizzling rain had begun to fall.

"The young men will occupy the room at the foot of the stair," said Mrs. McPherson.

"I can't keep from thinking of that portrait," said Jack after they had entered their room.

Harry laughed. "Say Jack, I'll bet that old cabinet was here before the war. Look how shaky it is?"

"I'll bet that's where the old captain kept his money."

It was twelve o'clock. The boys had not been asleep long, before Jack rose up and listened. There was a knock, knock, knock heard somewhere in the old cabinet. He was just fixing to call Harry, when he heard him whisper.

"Who is that, Jack?"

"I don't see anybody, but I hear something knocking on that old desk," whispered Jack. "Listen, he knocks three times and stops."

"Oh, Lord, Jack," cried Harry there it is. Look! Look! Its big and white."

As the boys left the bed together, one of the drawers of the cabinet slid out and fell to the floor. They made a charge for the sitting room, running over the old drawer and broke it all to smash.

They rushed right into the room where Mrs. McPherson was sleeping and a scream from her brought Howard and Joe to the door.

"What the devil's the matter," demanded Howard.

"It's a robber, in our room a robber, a—a—"

"The devil it is, more than likely it's a ghost," said Joe.

"Well, I am not going to stay in there any more," said Harry.

Though they did manage to get far enough in to get their clothes, and then they dashed back into the room where the McPhersons were, still in their night clothes.

"It was old Captain McEntyre, more than likely," said Howard, though he hasn't been prowling around here none in ten years, but for a few years after he was killed, by the Lowery gang, he came every night."

"What did they kill him for?" asked Jack, becoming interested.

"For his money; but he had none or at least none was found. Some say he had hidden it in the marsh down there (pointing with his finger) and if he did it'll stay there, for it's two miles across and as thick as it can grow, and it'll never be found. But the old slaves do say that he went off one rainy evening about sundown carrying a pot and did not get back till late the next day. But I thought he had forgotten it all."

"You see," went on Mr. McPherson, the old Captain was not satisfied. He had only one sister and she had run away long ago, and no one knows where she is now."

"Whom did she marry?" asked Jack.

"She married a McRae first, and then er—a—I think she married a Noble."

Jack sprang from his seat and seized Howard McPherson by the hand.

"That woman was my great-grandmother. Her name was Isabel. And I am the only one of the family except my father."

No more was said about it just then for at that moment the sound was heard in the room where the boys had slept.

"I am going to see what that is," said Howard picking up the lamp.

The three men crept softly into the room, but nothing was to be heard or seen, except the drawer of the old cabinet. Howard gave it a kick. When he did a false bottom fell out and with it a large dingy paper.

Jack snatched it up and opened it. Written in large bold letters were these words: "Follow these directions and you will find a poplar tree which has three chops on three sides of it. Buried under this tree is all my money in gold and silver."

Jack and Harry don't sell Howard's Headache Healer any more, and the spirit of Captain Mc Entyre rests peacefully.

## ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE

ROY J. HART.

In the most ancient times men showed their athletic ability by fighting with wild beasts and dragons as Nimrod, Perseus, and Siegfried. In the next age it was by fighting with one another, as the Roman gladiators. The modern athlete, however, engages in milder sports, in which there is not so much bloodshed.

In early times in Greece, games were held occasionally at festivals in honor of the gods, but especially at the funerals of distinguished men. These games consisted merely of running, jumping, wrestling, and other simple sports, out of which grew the famous Olympian games.

At first an Olympian game was simply a gathering of adventurous people, soldiers, etc., from the different principalities to engage in sports; but the great honors and extravagant prizes bestowed upon the victors caused such popularity of the games that men began to make special preparation for these occasions. To the Greek an Olympian victory was a greater honor than a triumph at Rome.

Specialization was soon so great that the games were carried on entirely by professional men. To enter them the athlete had to have at least ten months' training. So they ceased to be a sport which everybody could take part in and enjoy. They became very corrupt, and though they were kept up for many years, it was at the games that men met to gamble and to engage in corrupt practices.

Several forms of athletics during the time of the Romans and through the Middle ages had histories similar to this.

The two most popular games played today are perhaps football and baseball—the former in Europe and the latter

in America and Japan. Some nations which are not very far advanced in civilization still practice bull-fighting and similar bloody contests for sport.

Baseball was derived from the old game of town-ball. In 1839 Abner Doubleday, later an officer in the United States army, devised a scheme for playing it. It then grew in popularity till in 1845 the Knickerbocker club of New York adopted a code of rules in order to play with other clubs.

Those who took part in the games at first played only for recreation and amusement; but soon they began to specialize, and played for money. With professional ball came many evils, the most prominent of which was gambling. This brought the games into such disrepute that a convention was called in 1867, by those interested financially and other ways, to remedy the condition. In this meeting over five hundred athletic associations were represented—a fact which shows how interest in the game had spread. Many improvements were made, but the desired reformation was not effected.

After baseball had gained such popularity with the outside world many schools introduced it for the amusement of the students. It at once attracted considerable attention. In 1879 a baseball association was organized by Harvard, Princeton and a number of other Northern colleges, the first of its kind to be organized in this country. The purpose of this organization was (1) to give a general plan on which all colleges might play with one another; (2) to stimulate interest in athletics in general; (3) to keep out of college athletics such evils as accompany professional athletics. Since that time intercollegiate athletic associations have been organized all over the United States.

The introduction of intercollegiate athletics brought with it many problems.

It is universally recognized that nothing in life is more



needful than a sound body. The supreme purpose of athletics has been to furnish sufficient recreation and physical training of one kind or another to develop such a body. The problem before all colleges now is how to make athletics accomplish this purpose.

Using a concrete example: The present enrollment of students at Wake Forest College is 415. Out of that number not over thirty practice regularly on the football field, although the athletic association has been kind enough to get one of the best coaches of the South, and to maintain an athletic park for the benefit of the student body. Now what will be the result when the football season ends Thanksgiving? It will amount to this: About twenty members of the student body will have had extravagant physical development. The rest will have got no benefit from the game at all, except the few hours of excitement which they get by looking on, and the pleasure of feeling that they have a strong team. Football then at Wake Forest is failing to effect the primary object of all athletics—sound, physical training for the average man.

If it were only football that will have such a history at next commencement we might rest in peace; but the basketball, track, and baseball seasons will leave the same record behind them.

There are several reasons for the presence of such a condition.

In the first place the average student does not think about the real purpose of athletics at all. He thinks about having a strong team and defeating the other colleges. Great numbers of them go out to the field every evening to watch the team practice. Some of them sit on the grass and smoke, some stand around and gossip about different members of the team, and others bet on the game. They call this developing

college spirit, but they do not think for a moment that to develop the proper kind of college spirit they should each try for some team.

Next there are so many young men in athletics who had already to a certain extent specialized before coming to college, that the average students can not compete with them. They feel embarrassed to go out and show up so badly beside trained men. There is probably nothing that keeps more untrained men from entering college athletics than this one thing. But how can we blame a young man, who is capable, for specializing in athletics? From the remotest dates of which man has a record it has been esteemed a high honor to be a champion athlete. We find that even before the days of Abraham the expression, "Like Nimrod, a mighty hunter," was used. We also read in the earliest mythology interesting stories about Achilles, Atalanta, and hundreds of other heroes, who were, of course, athletes according to the customs of their day. The men today who are known better than the governors of our States, are the members of the big league teams. And even in college a boy who is a good athlete is hailed by the student body as a hero. Then it is perfectly natural that a student should make a desperate effort to win this honor.

After a thorough investigation of college athletics it has been found that only about one-fifth of the students make any attempt to get on any varsity team. From one-third to one-half of those who play on the teams had specialized before coming to college and came mainly for that purpose.

If intercollegiate athletics then reaches so few men and is failing so far to accomplish the purpose for which it was intended, why have it at all? We admit that a student body needs something to keep it united, and that nothing can do this better than intercollegiate athletics. The only question

is, if we did not have this, would there be anything to take its place and would the student-body not get along just as well without it? This has been proved by experiment.

At present Columbia University and a number of other colleges have no intercollegiate football. They seem to get on as well as those which do have it. There are also several colleges in the United States that have no intercollegiate athletics at all. The most prominent of these are perhaps Valparaiso University of Indiana, which registers over five thousand students every year, and Reed College of Portland, Oregon, which is recognized as one of the leading colleges in the Northwest.

At Valparaiso University there are gymnasiums and plenty of athletic facilities and all the students are urged to take a great amount of exercise. Reed College has a large tract of land over which the students are at liberty to roam. Besides, there are athletic fields, tennis courts, and gymnasiums where *all* the students are encouraged to take exercise. Both of these schools have been so successful in getting the student-body as a whole to take part in athletics that they forbid all intercollegiate contests.

Ex-president Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, remarked to a trustee of a prominent Eastern college, that one of the greatest attainments of Leland Stanford, during his administration, was the eliminating of all intercollegiate athletics; that it stopped specialization, and that the average student now took more genuine interest in athletics than ever before.

As long as we have intercollegiate athletics men are going to specialize because of the honor in defeating another college. This discourages and crowds out the untrained men, the very ones who need the training. Every year more and more students come to college who have already specialized.

More students now get their expenses paid, simply that they may be in athletics, than ever before. Within a few years intercollegiate athletics will be carried on almost entirely by professional men.

What is a remedy for this? Eliminate intercollegiate athletics! Spend one-fourth of the money now spent for its support, and build gymnasiums, tennis courts, and athletic facilities of one kind or another; and give the average student a chance.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

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A. L. DENTON.

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Drifting, drifting, drifting,  
Like the low black clouds at night  
That from the East to West go shifting  
In the pale moonlight.

The joys of youth on wings uplifted  
Rise and take their flight,  
And with the fleeting years are drifted  
Quickly out of sight.

And we strive with vain endeavor  
Still to call them back;  
But they've flown, alas! forever  
Like the drifting rack.

# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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R. F. PASCHAL, Editor.

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The annual opening address by President Few, at Trinity College, September 21st, was given an important place in our daily papers. The text of his address was, "What a College Should Provide: First, Education; Second, Society, and Third, Religion." He quotes Jowett: "The college is a place of education, a place of society and a place of religion." "These three fundamental conceptions of the college," says President Few, "are likewise the three fundamental

conceptions of human life." He goes on further to say that if we are to build up great colleges in the South we must shift the center of interest from undergraduate trivialities to real intellectual pursuits, and to guard against the enthusiasm for athletics. To quote again from President Few: "This giving of undue consideration to athletic ability without reference to intellectual or moral worth by perverting college ideals must not only imperil the educational integrity of any student community, but will destroy the moral fiber of the institution itself."

It seems that the colleges of our State would do well to consider this statement of Jowett's. Are we meeting these requirements, developing each one of the three college activities? How does Wake Forest meet the demand?

In the first place let us look at education at Wake Forest. There is a growing tendency to get a degree quick, and notwithstanding the curriculum has been raised repeatedly we have a great number of three-year men. The students evade the classical and mathematical courses which require regular preparation before each recitation and take reading and lecture courses. In these latter courses there is a great temptation to neglect preparation until the night before an examination or a quiz. Sometimes cramming does not meet our expectations and to get information by unfair means is very tempting.

Of the different B.A. groups the "letters" group is the least sought on account of the hard, punctual work which it requires, while the civics group is full to overflowing, because of the many lecture courses in it. The ministry group is necessarily taken by several ministerial students. On account of the language this course requires considerable study. The education group is taken by few. So much for the B. A. degree. The question is, does it really make edu-

cated men? Too many reading and lecture courses, too many hours of recitation considering the amount of preparation, and the clipping of the course one year by so many doubtless hurt its quality.

Those who take the B.S. degree are almost invariably medical students, and it is a recognized fact that they must study hard from the very beginning. In the medical department we really have the best work done in college. The law courses are good, but too many of the students have little on which to build. Instead of having two years of college work before taking up the vocation, as in medicine, many come from the high school very poorly prepared.

As for society at Wake Forest there is little or none. The lack of it is plainly apparent, and is a great drawback to Wake Forest College men. Can something be done to repair this defect? What? The friends of the institution should begin to think. We are badly in need of new society halls. The present ones, when all members are present, are overflowing. We should have club rooms and other places for the development of our social life. We should have a larger and better paid faculty that they may give more of their time and thought to this neglected part of our college course. The lack of social advantages has already shown itself in the student body and is causing the boys to turn their attention more to other organizations than to the Literary Societies. It seems that unless something is done the time will soon come when many of the boys will form a kind of fraternity. As a consequence the Literary Societies will surely suffer.

When it comes to Religion in college we feel a hesitancy in discussing it. However it seems that there is a general spirit of honesty, reverence and truth. There are very few grossly immoral. The Sunday morning services at church seem to be well attended by the students. Every teacher



who has a student Sunday school class has a good attendance and an attentive audience, and although the students are not compelled by any faculty regulation to go to Sunday school there is always a good delegation. The Y. M. C. A. is an important part of the college course. The men who compose it are not all ministerial students by any means, but a representative body of the college as a whole, and, too, the interest which these young men show in mission study and other like religious undertakings is commendable.

There is much room for improvement in all three of these branches of college life: the educational, the social, and the religious. What is to be done that one of these branches may not be developed to the serious neglect and injury of another?

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### Hazing

It used to be a custom at Wake Forest to black all the new men at the beginning of every year. We hear the men who entered here ten to twenty years ago tell some interesting stories about how they were attacked by the sophomores. Some of them seem to take pride in telling how they defended themselves. According to their report many a sophomore went away with a sore head, and, no doubt, part of this is true.

On account of the tragedies that occurred last year, Wake Forest has eliminated hazing altogether. New men who do not conduct themselves properly are no longer hailed by the sophomores as "too fresh," but are carried before the Senate Committee. The following code of rules, known as the "Eleven Commandments," printed in a little book called the "Newish Bible," has been adopted for new men:

1. In *all* cases touch your hats to Professors and Instructors, and salute all graduates and men of higher classes, who salute you.

2. Go promptly to all college meetings and games.
3. Never make yourself conspicuous by shouting out of windows of the college buildings, or on the campus.
4. Observe all rules in regard to the wearing of freshmen caps and on all occasions appear in modest haberdashery.
5. All displays of pipes, canes or cigars, are positively forbidden.
6. Mix not in the conversation of your superiors.
7. The wearing of "prep" school insignias, pins or medals is positively forbidden.
8. Always allow a man of a higher class to precede you through a door.
9. Learn all yells and "Old Gold and Black" at once.
10. Stay away from drug stores, station, and post office after 7 p. m.
11. *Don't forget the fact that you are a "Newish."*

Most of the new men have observed these rules very well, and so far there has been no hazing this year. R. J. H.

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### A Better Day

We are pleased at the spirit of the upper classmen towards the freshmen this fall. So far there has been little effort to intimidate or molest new men. Even the harmless, but senseless pastime of dancing them, having them sing, and deliver "patriotics" extempore, is little engaged in. Every indication points to the conditions so long hoped for by the friends of the institution—to the time when the brutal, dangerous, and senseless practice of hazing would be a thing of the past.

To the forbearance and sense of honor of the upper classmen we must give due credit for present conditions. They are entitled to it; for we venture the assertion that there has never been a student-body here in the past with a more generous spirit, and more desirous of doing the right thing than the present one. But we must not forget in this connection that public sentiment has been a strong force in

bringing about the suppression of the evil. It is the modern force that controls practically every phase of community life. A little belated, it is now making itself felt in our schools and colleges. The two deplorable affairs at this and one of our sister institutions in this State last year put people to thinking as never before. Having thought, they talked; and having talked they took their initial action through the last General Assembly.

But there is another side to the question. We maintain that seventy-five per cent of all forms of hazing is the direct result of some indiscretion on the part of the sufferers, which a little common sense and forethought would have prevented. So long as that individual who comes to college armed, swaggers about town at all times of the day and night, flaunts at tradition, and, by his general demeanor, invites the interference of upper classmen is with us, so long may we expect to have some hazing. So it behooves the Senate Committee and the "powers that be" not only to look after upper classmen, but to see to it that no new man be permitted to make himself so abnoxious to them as to invite their interference. We maintain that such a freshman stands in just as much need of discipline for inviting hazing as the sophomore who perpetrates the deed. This type of freshman has not appeared this year, and we sincerely hope that he will be conspicuous by his absence in years to come. C. H. J.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

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C. H. JOHNSON, Editor, W. R. POWELL, Alumni Editor.

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Mr. W. C. Powell and family, of Savannah, Ga., have been spending the latter part of the summer at his old home on Faculty avenue.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, who is filling Spurgeon's pulpit, in London, made a flying trip to his alma mater in August.

Mrs. Riddiek, of Asheville, mother of Messrs. Allen and Charles Riddiek, students, spent several days here at the opening.

Mr. Robert Walters, of Florida, was in town a few days at the beginning of the session.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Perry, of Winston-Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of South Carolina; Mrs. Alderman, of Belhaven, and Mrs. Clugh were here several days in August, attending a family reunion at Mr. W. T. Perry's.

Mrs. Coy Pool and two daughters were the guests of Mrs. E. W. Sikes a few days at the opening.

Miss Hallie Powers, who has been taking treatment at a hospital at Richmond, has returned home, much improved in health.

Prof. R. L. Paschal, of Texas, together with Mrs. Paschal and his mother, paid a visit to his brother, Dr. G. W. Paschal, this summer.

Mr. Dee Carrick, after spending a few days here with his brother, Mr. C. W. Carrick, left for Cornell University September 21st.

Mr. J. Mark Kester, who has spent most of the summer traveling in Scotland, England, and France, stopped with

us a day on his way back to Newton, Massachusetts, to resume his studies at the Seminary and at Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Louisville, Ky., and Messrs. E. F., J. B., and Sam Turner spent some time with Mrs. S. B. Turner in August.

The many friends of Mr. Eugene Turner will be interested to know that he sailed for China September 29th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., to do Association work there.

To date 151 new men have registered, and a creditable lot they are. The fellow who comes to take the hill and to paint the town "green," in defiance of all traditions, and the Sophomore Class thrown in for good measure, is little in evidence. To this fact, more than to any other, is due the unusually tolerant attitude of the Sophomores towards the Freshmen this fall. To nearly every case of hazing there is some provocation, though it may be trivial.

The excavation work on the first of the three units of the new dormitory is nearing completion, and some material is on the ground; so we are beginning to hope that in the not too distant future this building will be completed, for it is very badly needed.

On September 4th, at our first chapel service, Dr. E. W. Sikes delivered the first of the annual series of Faculty Lectures, his theme being "The Genesis of Wake Forest College." Dr. Sikes handled his subject in his usual interesting style, tracing the history of the institution from its conception in the minds of its founders to the present time.

The ladies and gentlemen who compose the Campus Improvement Association, in coöperation with the Committee on Grounds, are doing their part in the work of keeping the campus in a better condition. The mowing machine has been kept pretty busy through the summer and fall, and it

looks now as though few weeds will mature. We hope these interested people will bring some influence to bear that will prevent the accumulation of those unsightly heaps of ashes and rubbish in the rear of the dormitory and around the Gymnasium. If they should succeed, the student-body would owe them a debt of gratitude.

The work on the church is proceeding nicely. The steel framework is nearly all in place, and the walls are well above the first floor. The pastor tells us that he hopes to see the roof on by December.

On the night of September 10th the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception to the student-body. Mr. E. G. Wilson, inter-state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., conducted the devotional exercises. Short speeches were made by the following gentlemen: Dr. H. M. Poteat, on "Athletics"; Dr. C. E. Brewer, on "College Life," and Mr. H. J. Langston, on "The Benefits of the Y. M. C. A." At the close of the exercises refreshments were served.

Under the direction of Professor Crozier the much-needed and long hoped for improvements in the arrangement and the equipment of the bathroom in the gymnasium are nearly completed. The old shower and lavatory stalls have been removed and eight improved showers installed in their stead, practically doubling the capacity of the room. The furnace and tanks have been removed into an adjoining room, and their capacity increased by an additional furnace and tank. An additional dressing room has been equipped also.

On September 13th in a mass-meeting the following officers of the Athletic Association were elected: R. B. Green, President; Lee Carlton, Vice-President; W. W. Walker, Secretary; B. F. Giles, Manager of the Baseball Team; R. L. Williams, Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team; T. Ivey, Jr., Assistant Manager of the Football Team.

There were several candidates for each of the offices to be filled, and an energetic, but friendly campaign was conducted. The men elected are splendid fellows, with plenty of "pep"; but the same is true of those who lost.

The following gentlemen have been elected to compose the Student Senate for this year: W. P. Mull, chairman; W. W. Walker, O. W. Yates, C. W. Carrick, N. J. Sigmon, G. Dotson, T. E. Avera, Geo. Pennell, P. C. Carter, and G. L. Jarvis.

Prof. Luther R. Mills, with his kindly interest in the boys, with his rich store of original humor, and with his quaint philosophy, is moving about the campus, as is his wont, busy getting acquainted with the new men.

In order to increase their working capacity and to stimulate a greater interest in their work, at the suggestion of interested members of the faculty, the societies have divided themselves into several groups, each with its own organization. It is hoped that this arrangement will increase the average attendance, as there will be no necessity for lengthy sessions. The sections will all meet on the same night for debate, so there will be no Saturday night session. It is hoped that the new arrangement will revive some of the old-time interest in society work.

Coach Thompson is hard at work hammering his football material into shape. While we have lost some strong men from last year's team we hope some of the new material on hand can be put in shape to fill their places with credit.

Manager Goode has arranged the following schedule of games:

- September 27. University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.
- October 4. Horner, at Wake Forest.
- October 11. University of South Carolina, at Columbia.
- October 18. Richmond College, at Wake Forest.

- October 25. Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.  
November 1. A. & M., at Raleigh.  
November 8. Gallaudet, at Raleigh.  
November 15. Medical College of Virginia, at Richmond.  
November 27. Davidson, at Charlotte.

We regret to announce that Dr. Edward S. Ruth, who has filled so efficiently the chair of Anatomy since last November, has resigned to accept a similar position at the Southern Methodist University, at Dallas, Texas. During his short stay here Dr. Ruth has won the esteem not only of the students but of the entire community. He stands high in his profession both as teacher and physician. In securing his services the Texas institution is fortunate indeed.

On the night of September 4th, Dr. J. E. White, of Atlanta, Ga., one of the college's best known alumni, delighted the students and the people of the community with an address on *Sidney Lanier*. Dr. White is an ardent admirer of the South's greatest singer, and never loses an opportunity to make the dead poet's name and reputation better known among his own people.

The Political Science Club, organized last May for the study of current social, political, and economic questions, has begun work in earnest and we believe it is going to produce results. Its membership is composed of upper classmen and members of the faculty.

Since the opening Drs. Poteat and Sikes, who are frequently in demand as speakers for all occasions, have delivered addresses as follows: Dr. Poteat at Chapel Hill, before the Y. M. C. A., September 14th; and Dr. Sikes, at Franklinton, on "Home Missions," on the same date.

All classes have organized and elected officers for the year. From the amount of "legging" done, we judge that most of the offices were hotly contested. Even the "New-



ishes" caught the spirit and a few of them went at it with the ardor of veteran college politicians. The Freshman class was the last to organize, and having waited till all the other classes had organized, the Freshmen met in the Chapel and chose their officers without molestation.

The officers of the various classes are as follows:

Senior: A. O. Dickens, President; S. W. White, Vice-President; R. F. Paschal, Secretary; N. J. Shepherd, Treasurer; C. W. Mitchell, Historian; D. M. Johnson, Prophet; C. J. Whitley, Orator; E. P. Stilwell, Statistician; R. J. Hart, Poet; and John Watson, Testator.

Junior: H. H. Cuthrell, President; S. Goode, Vice-President; Leo Horn, Secretary; A. R. Gay, Historian; R. H. Taylor, Prophet; H. M. Sweaney, Treasurer; and C. W. Carrick, Poet.

Sophomore: I. A. Ferree, President; N. J. Sigmon, Vice-President; D. R. Perry, Secretary; C. J. Hunter, Jr., Historian; L. E. Bird, Prophet; Roy Tatum, Poet.

Freshman: R. A. Hall, President; B. M. Boyd, Vice-President; C. L. Wharton, Secretary; V. Mitchell, Historian; W. C. Harward, Prophet; O. G. Sullivan, Poet.

Law: Geo. Pennell, President; G. L. Jarvis, Vice-President; L. L. Brassfield, Secretary; W. W. Walker, Historian; E. Prevett, Poet.

Medical: I. C. Prevett, President; H. M. Vann, Vice-President; J. R. Vann, Secretary; W. P. Mull, Treasurer; Eugene Daniels, Historian; ....., Prophet; J. W. Vann, Poet; "Dick" Rankin, Surgeon; C. V. Tyner, Chaplain.

Teachers': W. E. Fleming, President; D. M. Johnson, Vice-President; A. S. Ballard, Secretary; E. C. Jones, Treasurer; T. Ivey, Historian; O. P. Hamrick, Prophet; R. H. Norris, Poet.

Ministerial: W. L. Griggs, President; O. W. Yates, Vice-President; J. F. Carter, Secretary; J. R. Redwine, Prophet; Dwight Ives, Poet.

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

It is the purpose of this department to record as faithfully as possible what the alumni are doing and the Editors will be grateful for all information of interest that is furnished them. There have been various suggestions made by members of the Alumni, regarding the welfare of the college, which we shall try to print in future issues. It is the purpose of the Alumni Editor of the department to give a sketch of the earlier classes of the college during the session, the first of which, the Class of 1834 will appear in one of the fall issues.

## Alumni Notes

'13. The following men who received their B. S. at Wake Forest in May have matriculated in the Medical department of Columbia University, New York City; P. A. McLendon, F. C. Shugart, W. H. Sherrill and A. J. Ellington.

'11. J. T. Cabiness who enjoyed the peculiar distinction of having received three degree at Wake Forest, will also continue his study of Medicine at Columbia.

'13. J. C. Brown has accepted a position as principal of the High School at New Bern, N. C.

'12. H. B. Conrad (M.A., 1913) will study Medicine at Johns Hopkins University this year.

'13. Mr. T. B. Henry has accepted a position with the Whitney Drug Co., Palmerville, N. C.

'13. Roland S. Pruette has become a member of the law firm of Robinson, Candle & Pruette, with offices at Wadesboro, N. C.

'13. J. P. Harris has accepted the position of Principal of the High School at Middleburg, N. C.

'13. E. D. Johnson will teach science in the Asheville High School this session.

'13. B. H. Johnson has become a graduate student in the Teachers' College of Columbia University.

'13. W. A. Young has been elected to a position in the high school at Wilson, N. C.

'13. G. M. Harris has accepted a position with the Liggett Meyers Tobacco Co., with headquarters at Henderson, N. C.

'13. E. A. Daniel and L. W. Smith have decided to study medicine and have matriculated in the Medical department at Wake Forest.

'13. R. A. Marsh has become professor of English in the Boiling Springs High School, Shelby, N. C.

'13. H. J. Langston and C. L. Woodall have returned to college and are applicants for the M. A. degree.

'13. Romulus Skaggs is now principal of a high school in Virginia.

'13. Ed Lane and Joe Waff have decided to continue the study of medicine and with that end in view have entered the University of Maryland.

'13. J. A. Strawn has accepted a position with the Bank of Wake at Wake Forest, N. C.

'12. G. T. Watkins, Jr., who was a student in the Medical department at Wake Forest last year has entered the Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia.

'13. The following men of last year's graduating class have entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary: L. R. O'Brian, W. T. Baucom, J. L. Carrick, N. C. Coggin, J. B. Currin, G. N. Harwood, C. H. Robertson, O. W. Sawyer, C. R. Sorrell and I. E. Wishart.

'13. C. G. Smith is the new principal of the high school at Lewiston, N. C.

'13. T. T. Lanier has accepted a position in the school at Benson, N. C.

'12. W. L. Eddinger received his licence to practice law at the August Term of the Supreme Court. "Fatty" is now connected with the *State Journal*, which is published at Raleigh.

'11. L. Q. Haynes (M. A., '13) is now principal of the Round Hill Academy.

'13. Marvin W. Simpson, who received his licence to practice law in North Carolina in August, is now associated with E. W. Aydlett, attorney, at Elizabeth City, N. C.

'13. B. F. McLeod has become a member of the faculty at Buie's Creek Academy.

Among those to receive their license to practice law at the last term of the Supreme Court were E. P. Stillwell, A. O. Dickens and C. C. Cashwell, all of whom have returned to college. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Stillwell are members of this year's graduating class.

'13. D. E. Josey is taking a course at the Eastern Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'12. H. M. Beam (M. A. '13) is again the associate principal of the Liberty Piedmont Institute, Wallburg, N. C.

'13. N. E. Wright is the new principal of the high school at New London, N. C.

'13. F. K. Pool is now the assistant principal of the Fruitland Institute.

P. E. Hubbell (M. A. '13) is now instructor in Latin at Mars Hill College.

'13. R. Benton has accepted a position as principal of the Newnan (Georgia) High School.

'12. R. R. Savage, who has been in the engineering department of the Norfolk and Western Railway for the last

year, has announced his intention of returning to college for his M. A.

'13. L. D. Knott will be in college again this year.

'13. O. F. Herring is now teaching at Delway.

'11. S. C. Garrison (M.A., '13) is the new Superintendent of Public Instruction in Lincoln County.

P. H. Shanks is taking a special course in mathematics in the Teachers' College, of Columbia University.

Rev. Bruce Benton (M. A. '96) is now pastor of the Baptist church, at Rockington, N. C.

'02. A. W. Honeycutt has moved to Florida, where he is engaged in the real estate business.

'88. Judge Howard Foushee has resigned as Superior Court Judge and Governor Craig has named as his successor another Wake Forest man, Mr. W. A. Devin, of the class of 1890.

'12. Mr. D. S. Kennedy is now taking a course in Journalism in the Pulitzer school of Journalism, Columbia University.

'08. J. E. Ray, Jr., M. D., has won an appointment over one hundred other physicians to the position of surgeon on one of the new battleships of the Argentine Republic.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

---

ROY J. HART, Editor

---

One of the chief purposes of the exchange department of college magazines is to give all the colleges a chance to criticise the literary works of one another. This is done in a friendly spirit, and no one is offended when the criticisms passed on his works are unfavorable. It causes all the editors to be careful about the material which they select to be printed. If they know that their magazines are to be criticised and compared with others, they will strive all the more to make theirs one of the best.

Another purpose of this department is to give the colleges an insight into the life and spirit of each other. The magazines which are sent to the exchange editor are put in the library, where all the students have access to them. In them we get jokes passed by students on one another; we have samples of stories, essays, and poems written by students. In fact almost every department of college life is represented in some way in the college magazine.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXIII

November, 1913

No. 2

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## ON A DEAD MOCKING BIRD

---

A. I. DENTON.

---

Arouse, O feathered generation!  
Arouse, and mourn throughout your nation  
For him, your king and minstrel, who  
Now lies here—pierced through the head  
With fatal missile—stiff and dead  
And wet with dew.

O villain man or larking lad!  
What pretext here could you have had  
To shed a blood so meek and pure?  
You have no love for minstrelsy,  
Or did it utter thoughtlessly  
Of crime, I'm sure.

And O thou! my poor mocking bird,  
This morn thy voice I have not heard  
To rouse me early from my bed,  
So I have hither come, to see  
If thou hast naught to sing for me,  
And find thee dead.

Above thee, on the cherry tree,  
Where thou hast often sung for me,  
Above is perched thy silent mate,  
A cloud of sadness on her brow,  
And nodding with the nodding bough,  
She mourns thy fate.

It breaks my heart to see thy mate  
So sadly grieving o'er the fate  
Of thee, most honored feathered chief.  
I've seldom felt a pain more keen,  
Nor e'er beheld a sadder scene  
Of death and grief.

No more, sweet bird, thy silent throat  
Shall e'er respond with merry note  
Unto the fragrant April breeze,  
That breathing, sighing soft and low,  
Hath often tossed thee to and fro  
On orchard trees.

But I'll protect thy mate and young,  
Record thy songs so sweetly sung  
In blossoming trees and tangled vines;  
For O my soul pours out for thee  
A lonely schoolboy's sympathy  
In these poor lines.

## ROOM THIRTEEN

ADLAI STEPHENSON.

The Bursar's office was one writhing, seething mass of Freshmen. All day the Bursar's voice could be heard as he droned out the numbers of the dormitory rooms.

Toward night all was quiet in the little office. The Bursar rested with the satisfaction that he had done a good day's work.

"Thank heavens," he exclaimed at last, "all the rooms are taken except old Thirteen, and nobody will want that."

As the Bursar sat stooped over his desk, Lucian Pellet and Royall Whitmore, two big, husky Freshmen, slowly shuffled into the room and up to the Bursar's desk.

"Say, Mr. Hinshaw," began Lucian, "we want a room in the dormitory."

"I am sorry, but all the rooms are taken except old Thirteen."

"Why couldn't we get that one?" asked Lucian.

"You can get it, but I'm afraid you boys won't like it. It has been very unpopular, and no one has roomed there for several years."

"Why?" demanded the Freshmen. "Isn't it a good room?"

"The best in the dormitory."

"Well lighted?"

"Yes, two large windows."

"Well, what's wrong, then?"

"As I told you before it has been quite unpopular, but for the life of me, I don't know why."

"Your price, Mr. Hinshaw? We want a room and are obliged to have it tonight."

"Twenty-five bones," mumbled the Bursar; "but since you

boys are taking it under such circumstances, I will let you have it at half price."

"Gee!" exclaimed Lucian, "we are in luck. Can we go up now?"

"Come here, Doctor Tom, and show these boys room Thirteen," shouted the Bursar.

Doctor Tom and the boys walked down the long corridors of the old dormitory. "Doc" was musing.

"Say, boss," he began, "I'se ben here a long time, but you is the first gem'en it's ben my priv'lig to show dis here room, and I don' b'eiev' you's agwine to like it."

"That's all right," assured the boys as "Doc" unlocked the door.

"Gosh! Luck again," said Royall. "There's no scars on the wall and the furniture is new."

The boys straightened up their room as best they could in the limited time they had.

That night no one visited Thirteen. Outside the boys could hear the wild eries of the "Sophs" and even the singing and dancing of "Newish" in adjoining rooms.

"Thank the Lord!" mumbled Lucian. "No hazing here. Aren't we in luck?"

The boys, after writing letters home, retired. It was early, and they lay on top of the cover for some time and talked. After awhile they dozed off.

"Great Cæsar! Lucian, what's wrong with you?"

"Wrong with me? What's ailing you?"

"Don't you hear that noise?" broke in Royall.

"Yes, I've been hearing it for the last half an hour. What do you reckon it is?"

"And listen, Lucian, the noise grows louder. And it sounds like a woman crying. What the deuce can a woman be doing up here?"

"Hush your fool mouth, Royall. It's just some prank the 'Sophs' are playing on us. Let's go back to sleep."

"No, it's not the 'Sophs,' and we are on the third story. Impossible! I aim to find out what it is."

Both the boys got up. They stumbled around in the darkness for the light.

"I'll be hanged, the d—l's in our light, too," said Royall.

The room was filled with a soft, illuminating light that seemed to rise and fall with the weird sound.

"Great goodness! Royall, look yonder on the wall. See that hand?"

"Yes, and it grows larger. It is the face of a woman."

"Heaven knows, there's not only a woman but a man by her side."

"Look at her. She is pointing right at him."

Such words of awe passed between the Freshmen as they saw the figures move on the wall in a regular drama.

"Let's go back to bed, and show these 'Sophs' that they can't rush us out in a night," said Lucian, after a pause.

"I'm going to leave the light on," said Royall.

"All right. Turn it on."

Suddenly the figures vanished, and there was nothing but the blank wall.

"Great God! Lucian, are we drunk?"

"No such luck as that. This is a dry town."

Finally the boys got back to bed. They covered their heads and soon were asleep again.

The college bell awoke them early the next morning. They went to breakfast.

"Say, boys, did you get a room all right?" inquired Senior Hicksley.

"Yes, sir; we are rooming in the dormitory, room Thirteen," said the Freshmen.

"I am sorry for you boys," shouted "Soph" Dillmore.

"Why?" asked the Freshmen.

"Strange things happen in there. The window changes place with the door, and both are turned upside down at times."

The Freshmen valued not the words from a "Soph." They tried to figure out all day how a "Soph" could get up there.

That night Senior Hicksley knocked on their door.

"Come right in here," exclaimed the boys.

The Senior walked in and began:

"Boys, I just came in to see if there was anything I could do for you. I recall that you said somebody tried to pull off a joke on you last night. Now, should anything happen tonight, just come to my room at the head of the stairs."

"Thank you, sir," said the Freshman.

They made sure that no one could enter either by window or door, and retired. It was hot, and they lay on top of the cover.

"My Lord! there's that same noise," began Lucian, after they had lain there for some time.

They got up again.

"See yonder," said Lucian, "there's that hand."

"Yes, and there's the woman," said Royall.

"And the man, too. The woman continues to point at the man," said Lucian.

"By gosh! I can stand this no longer," began Royall. "I am going to Mr. Hicksley's room."

"There's that blamed thing just above the door," moaned Lucian.

"Hide my cats! I'm going to take that chance."

The two Freshmen flew down the hall, their night gowns flapping behind.

Into the Senior's room they broke.

"Come right in, boys. What's wrong now?"

The boys sat down and told their story. The Senior, when they were through, said:

"Boys, would you mind going back in there with me?"

"Not a whit," said the Freshmen, and the Senior, with two scared "Newish" swinging to his coat tail, went back into old Thirteen.

They stood and saw the drama for a long time. Then the Senior comforted them by saying, "Boys, come stay with me. My old 'lady' is away."

Now they were back in the Senior's room and had grown quiet by his talk.

"Boys, what county are you from?"

"Jackson."

"Did you know Tom Bryson?"

"Yes, he is from Sylva, our home town."

"What kind of man was he?"

"Rather recluse. Never talked much. It was rumored that he wronged some girl and left for college. The last we heard of the girl was that she was in Raleigh, coming this way."

"That very man," continued the Senior, "was here four years ago. He roomed in room Thirteen for a few days and departed rather mysteriously. I heard that a girl came up here one night, looking for him. She was last seen between Wake Forest and Neuse, her body mangled."

"Great Lord!" sighed the Freshmen.

"Look! it's after twelve o'clock, and I have a quiz to get up," wailed the Senior. "You kids get to bed over there and be quiet."

And old Thirteen is still vacant.



## UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION

---

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

---

It was a day in early autumn. Yet the old man shivered in the glare of the evening sun. He pulled his worn and tattered coat about his emaciated form. He then looked down the long, dusty road before him.

"I'm tired as thunder," he grumbled wearily. "Twenty mile and I'm an ole man."

He shambled on a few steps farther and then paused again and leaned upon his cane.

"What can I do?" he mumbled sadly. "I reckon all them who keered fer me air dead. I ain't been here in fifteen year. I haint scen a soul I knowed. I thought I'd be so glad, but I ain't. I wish I was back thar. I'd not be lonesome; and I'd not be as tired as I am. I wish I could see somebody I used to know. What can I do?" and his watery blue eyes blinked doubtfully.

All at once the clatter of wheels behind him aroused him from his reverie. He looked back. A farmer in a one-horse wagon was overtaking him.

"Hello, Jim!" he piped out shrilly, as he recognized a former acquaintance. "Won't ye give me a lift? I'm pow'ful tired. I've come twenty mile today."

"Who air ye?" asked the farmer roughly.

"Don't ye know ole Bill Jenkins that was sent up to the State's Prison—"

"To hell with ye!" shouted the farmer, as he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Why didn't I tell him a lie?" wailed the old man. "But a lie I told put me in prison, and I said I wouldn't any more."

He trudged slowly on. The lengthening shadows warned

him that night was approaching. With new resolution he planted his rude staff viciously in the dust and quickened his pace.

Soon he came to a farm house.

"I know this place," he muttered. "Hen Jones used to live here. Maybe he does yit. I'm a ole man, and maybe he'll have pity and let me stay all night."

"Jist look, mammy, at that funny old man," shrilled a girl of ten as she dodged behind the door.

The mother stood on the doorstep with a big jar on her hip and eyed him boldly. He looked at her. She was Betty Jones, grown older and uglier.

"Howdy, Mis' Jones," he said, in as pleasant a voice as he could command. "I wan't to stay all night. I've walked twenty mile today, an' it's hard on a ole man. Can't I stay?"

The woman set down her jar and stared at him a moment.

"Ain't ye Bill Jenkins? Git, will ye? I ain't got no use fer jail birds."

The old man turned and walked totteringly on.

"Nobody wants me," he whimpered. "What kin I do?"

On down the dusty road he hobbled, murmuring to himself in his own feeble way, of fate and what a cheat it had been.

Soon he came to a quick bend in the road. He paused and looked about him.

"Ah!" he muttered, "I used to hunt over these hills when I was young. Le's see. They used to be a path goin' up the hill here. And they used to be a cow shack up thar. I'll hunt fer it, an' if I kin find it, I'll stay to-night. I don't see no chance o' nothing t' eat, an' it'll be better'n out o' doors. I believe it's goin' to rain," and he shivered again as he looked at the clouds gathering to the northward.

"Thar was a big rock whar the path started," he mused.

After a short search he found the big rock and a path over which the weeds and briers had almost grown together. For

only a moment the old man hesitated. A glance at the gathering clouds and the lengthening shadows decided him. Parting the weeds and briars with his rude cane, he began the ascent up the hill. It was a faint trail for so senile a climber. Yet he plodded on, muttering over memories of his early years.

At last he reached the little hut on the top of the hill. It stood in a wilderness of weeds, dilapidated and deserted.

"Here's the place," he mumbled. "I stayed here all night one night, me an' Jack Baldwin," an' the old man trembled violently at the rush of memories the name brought back to him.

Entering the hut, he glanced over the decaying floor. The faint rays of light coming through the cracks in the wall deepened the sombre appearance of the interior. In a corner he discovered a pile of rotten straw.

"O, I'm tireder'n sin," he grumbled again, as he threw himself upon the straw.

The old man stretched his aching limbs. But sleep did not come to him. With shaking hands he drew a flat bottle from his inner pocket. It was whiskey. Only a few drinks had he taken that morning. He had kept the rest, hoping to meet some old comrade and share it with him. It was no fun to drink all alone. But now, memories were his companions, unwelcome, too, they were, and he wished to drink them away. So he turned up the bottle and drank deeply, corked it again, and tossed it in the straw beside him.

"O, good gosh!" he rattled off, "why can't I sleep? What makes Jack Baldwin come back tonight? I know I told a lie on him, and he raised a fuss with me, an' I killed him. Yes," he shrieked, "I killed him! But not for fifteen year has he ha'nted me as he has tonight. I wish I was back at Gibbsville in prison," and he tossed and moaned on his unmade bed.

Sleep still eluded him. He stared and stared as weird forms danced before him. The walls glared grimly at him, and every crack seemed the grin of a fiend.

"I can't sleep here," he shrieked. "I must git away."

Stumbling to his feet, he staggered across the room, and fell over some object in the opposite corner.

"A ladder!" he yelled excitedly. "I'll go up in the loft and git away from these devils."

With uncertain steps he ascended the shaking ladder into the loft.

"They shan't come up here," he declared as he pulled the ladder up after him.

The after effects of the whiskey were now beginning to tell, and he sprawled on the ricketey board floor and soon fell asleep. But it was not for long. The tramping of feet and voices outside soon aroused him. He sat up and listened in terror.

He heard the door creak as someone pushed it open. Then he heard footsteps enter; and then the sound of voices.

"This is a cinch," said one; "it's beginnin' to rain. Ain't we in luck?"

"We shore are," agreed the other. "And it's gittin' chilly. Le's build a fire. If anybody follers they won't be apt to see us here."

Then came the rattle of planks, the scratch of a match; and soon the crackle of the flames mingled with the patter of the rain outside.

"Wasn't that bank deuced easy to git into?" a voice inquired.

"Dead easy," replied the other. "An' didn't we git a good haul fer two? Jist ten thousand. By G—d! le's have a drink or two, an' then try a game o' set-back. Le's celebrate."

Soon the game was on, and as the liquor took effect, the voices grew louder and louder.

"You're a liar!" shouted one. "You had that card up your sleeve, you sneaking thief."

The old man crept to a crack and peered down into the room. The two men stood facing each other angrily. The cards were between them and a half empty bottle of whiskey stood nearby.

"I don't take the lie off o' no man," one of the men yelled, as he drew a pistol and fired.

The other fell with a moan to the floor. The man who fired the shot looked on dazedly as the body quivered and then became still. He sank back upon the floor.

"My God!" he whimpered in a sobered voice. "I've shot my pal. And a posse might come any time. Git up, Avery; ye ain't much hurt, are ye?" and he shook the body as if he would arouse his dead comrade.

The old man arose, picked up the ladder, let it down into the room, and ambled his way down unsteadily.

"Who are ye?" gasped the man by the body, as he drew back with fear on his youthful face.

The old man looked fixedly at the youth, as if he was struggling to recall some elusive memory of the past.

"An' who air ye?" he murmured at last. "Yer face looks familiar to me. By jucks! ye look like my John who I heered was killed in the mine. Who air ye?"

"My name is Ed Jenkins," replied the boy. "But I oughtn't to a told ye," as he glanced at the body.

"Was yer father John Jenkins, the son o' Bill Jenkins?" inquired the old man in a shaking voice, as he looked intently at the boy's face in the glare of the firelight.

"Yes," the boy replied.

"Then I'm yer own granddaddy," the old man faltered, as he crossed the room and placed his thin hands on the boy's shoulders.

Just then they both heard the clatter of horses' feet outside.

"The posse!" gasped the boy in terror.

"Git up that ladder quick," the old man whispered. "Git the ladder up with ye. Save yerself, boy!"

The boy and the ladder were no sooner out of sight than a rush of footsteps were heard near the door.

"Here they are, the thievin' devils!" a big voice cried out. "Ain't there the light of a fire shinin' through the cracks? Surround the house and break down the door!"

The door was broken down and a crowd of armed men rushed into the hut. Every man recoiled in astonishment. An old man stood in the light of the blazing planks, bending over a dead body, with a revolver grasped in one hand and a bag of money in the other.

"This ain't our man," declared the astonished sheriff.

"Who air ye, old feller?"

"I am yer man," the old man shrieked hysterically. "I shot him! I shot Jack Baldwin an' him. We robbed the bank, an' I wanted it all. Yes, I shot him, I tell ye. Take me back to prison, where I belong. Nobody wants me no-how. Take me away!"

"Say you shot him?" asked the sheriff. "Why, bless my life, if it ain't old Bill Jenkins! I thought you was in the State's Prison."

"I was pardoned out," yelled the old man. "And we robbed the bank. I shot him, I tell ye."

"Well, men," said the sheriff, "it looks darned strange to me. But he says he shot him. Put the bracelets on him, and fetch him along. We'll leave the body for the coroner. Git that money, though, shore."

They handcuffed the old man and led him out into the rain and the darkness. He was still murmuring, "I shot Jack Baldwin an' him."

When the noise of the departing posse had died away in

the distance, the boy let down the ladder and climbed down into the room.

"Damn 'em, they turned over my whiskey bottle," he muttered as he gave the body a furious kick.

He then gazed at the body a moment.

"Avery, I don't like the looks of ye. B'lieve I'll cover ye up," he mumbled, picking up the straw and throwing it over the dead man.

As he did this, a bottle dropped out. He seized it joyfully.

"Whiskey!" he shouted, "and half full! What luck."

Uncorking it, he drank deeply.

"Grandad's whiskey, of course," he mused. "Well, our folks allus did keep good whiskey. Didn't that guy say somethin' about a coroner? B'lieve I'll beat it."

After taking another drink, he went out, singing drunkenly, into the rain.

## SOCIAL LIFE AT WAKE FOREST

---

G. W. PASCHAL.

---

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile for those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for any fate."

This was the first song I ever heard at Wake Forest. Well do I remember the circumstances. A month late in entering, because of sickness, on September 29, 1889, I came in on a dingy, dirty car attached to the tail end of a slow freight train from Raleigh, arriving at Wake Forest about nine o'clock at night. On the same car was a young fellow named Riddick, who told me much about the College, said that he was then a student at Lehigh, and was on his way to Wake Forest to train the football team. As our train came to a stop at Wake Forest, a band of students outside burst into shouts of "Riddick! Riddick!" and as Riddick showed himself greeted him with such a rousing ovation as I had never heard. What joy! What heartiness! It was something entirely different from the humdrums of the town in which I had been working. While Riddick was getting out of one door, my brother and some friends had seized me and hurried me out of the other door. They carried me up the railroad to Mrs. Simmons' house, where my brother had his lodgings.

On the way up we met a number of fellows who were singing the song from which the stanza above is taken. That song, some of our party went on to say, was a favorite of Dr. Taylor's, then president of the College, and perhaps Dr. Taylor had asked the fellows to learn it. Evidently, the authorities approved of the boys being gay and happy.

A little later we were gathered in my brother's room. As



many as seventeen came in before the evening was over. Some were boys who had come from humble homes, others were scions of families with a statewide reputation for political and social influence. Some were poor, others rich. But all were at ease and on terms of perfect fellowship and equality. There was not a snob or a toady among them. One fellow did have a little strut. He was a Freshman and could play the organ. Consequently, Professor Poteat, or whoever it was who looked after the music in those days, had taken a little notice of him, and this was making him feel very important. But his strut had no relation to his fellow students. So it did not matter much.

I have told the above story because it reveals the two influences under which the social life of a Wake Forest College student develops. The first of these influences is the healthy vigorous, untrammelled, joyous spirit of youth; the second is the genuine and all-inclusive democracy that reigns on our campus.

With regard to the first, I have never known another place so free from cant, and pretense, and bigotry as Wake Forest. I once heard a fellow say that one reason he got his education at the State University rather than at Wake Forest was that he thought the members of the Wake Forest faculty dressed in Prince Alberts and silk hats, and stalked around the campus with high heads and long faces. He was much surprised to find this place less pharisaical than any other he had ever known. Here there is no repression on anything that is right. Our students are expected to show the pleasure and rapture of youth, and in their freedom they have seldom gone to the excesses caused by undue restraint from without. Wake Forest is a good place for a fellow to get a healthy view of life. Not that there is no religion here. Rather the opposite. Religion is here and its influence is powerful to engender serious thoughts and high resolves and clean living and noble

deeds, but I am glad to say that it has not tended to debar but to open up the pastures where life may be had more abundantly.

As the expansive spirit of young men is not repressed in Wake Forest from without, it has likewise been the settled policy of the institution that it should not be hampered by any cross walls of social caste set up within by the students themselves. The spirit of Wake Forest is uncompromisingly opposed to social clubs, cliques, and fraternities. Wake Forest endeavors to be a place of real democracy, because of the conviction that a better man socially is developed in a democratic society than elsewhere. A man in the democratic environment will touch life at more points, have deeper and more numerous sympathies for his fellows, and be more able to make his life a blessing to himself and others. It is in this kind of society that a student of Wake Forest lives. If he does not develop his social nature, the trouble lies within himself. The opportunity is before him. If in this society he is not quickened to improvement, it is hardly probable that he will ever be. In most cases, I am happy to say, the quickening influence is felt, and men get that deeper insight into human nature in its various aspects that makes the successful lawyer, statesman, teacher, physician, and minister of the gospel.

And here I may say a few words about the baneful influence of fraternities. They have hardly ever existed at Wake Forest except *sub rosa*, but whether openly or secretly existing, they have been a curse as often as they have got a footing among our students. They enbroil students against students, students against members of the faculty, members of the faculty with one another, and disgruntle alumni. Their presence has invariably poisoned the whole college atmosphere, and turned shouts of joys into growls of suspicion and hate, and,

worst of all, have contaminated that man-developing democratic spirit.

In closing, let me admonish our students to get all they can out of association with the members of the college, both students and faculty. Touch the college life in as many points as possible. Every kind of dealings with one's fellows, whether in a social talk or in the brush of the football ground, or in our religious activities, or in the classroom, or in the society hall, may be made a means for social development. All that is needed is that the desire for improvement be present, and that in everything one show consideration and sympathy in word and deed for all whose lives touch his.

## COONS AND RABBIT BOXES

L. S. INSCOE.

"I'll fine out who's been pesterin' my rabbit gums," mumbled Moses in a half audible tone, as he reset the fallen door to his rabbit box. "Leas', I already knows who 'tis. I knows dat track down yonder in dat san'bar where my tuther gum's settin', an' if dat Pete White doan' mine I'll get eben wid 'im fur stealin' my rabbits."

By this time Moses was on his way home, still talking to himself in a low tone.

"What 'ad Pete been doin' when I met 'im rat here las' Saddy mornin'? He didn' have no mo bizness here 'an I got in de boss's watermelon patch. Dat's all right, I'll fix 'im; jes let me ketch er rabbit tomorrow mornin' in his gums an' see who eats de rabbit hash. Dat's all rite; dat's all rite; jes let 'im wait an' see. I'll fix 'im, er lowlife black rascal."

Moses awoke, turned over in bed and looked at the gray streak of light showing itself through the crack between the two planks which served in the place of a window. Suddenly he threw back his tattered quilt and sprang out of bed. After slipping on his pantaloons and coat, both of which were serving their second master, whom they did not fit, he sneaked out of the door as noiselessly as only his bare feet would allow.

Ten minutes later found him at Pete's first rabbit gum. At the second trap he found a rabbit.

"I b'lieve I'll take de whole shebang," said Moses, as he looked in at "old molly har" crouched down in the rear end of the box.

Placing the box on his shoulder, he started off down the

small footpath leading toward his own traps. The pathway was crooked and led through some rough places where the bushes and reeds were very thick, but Moses knew the ground well and it didn't matter with him, if the sun would yet wait half an hour before showing itself.

He had reached the roughest place in the pathway. Reeds rose up on either side in a dense mass. It was darker here than in the more open places, but it was light enough for Moses to travel with safety, even with his bare feet.

Suddenly he heard a noise behind him. Casting a hasty look backward, he broke into a run.

Crash! Suddenly there was a sound of splintering wood, a loud thud and two fearful shrieks, as Moses smashed headlong into Pete, who was running at a lively pace also. The gums were smashed by the collision, and the rebound of woolly head from woolly head threw both boys backward. Two rabbits scurried away through the reeds and bushes at their fastest clip. Two boys gazed at each other a moment without speaking. Pete broke the silence.

"You good-fer-nothin' black rascal, you; who's rabbit gum's dat you got an' smashed?"

"You common low life gully dirt, you, whose is dat you smashed?" returned Moses.

"Dat's my gum you's got, an' I'se goin' ter have ye up fer stealin'," said Pete in threatening tones.

"Den I'll have you up fer de same thing," was the reply.

"Moses, let's quit dis thing whar 'tis an' 'have ourselves."

"All right, Pete, I'm wid ye."

Two young coons started off down the pathway in opposite directions, each with a smashed rabbit gum under his left arm, while with his right hand he was rubbing a big bump on his forehead.

## WALT WHITMAN

JOHN E. WHITE, JR.

Time passes, new ideas fix themselves upon the minds of a people. Writers come, write, are eulogized and die. Men work and their labors are for others.

This is an age of democratic doctrines, an age of ever changing events, an age of thought and thoroughness, and the people are those who are benefited.

When I begin to think of men, what they have done, of civilization and the strides it has made during the last one hundred years, I am brought face to face with a number of great advances in civilization.

To the man who is interested in the government we can show Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, Cleveland, and Roosevelt.

To the man who is interested in the world of agriculture, we can show Burbank, Whitney, Wilson, and others.

To the man who is interested in science we can show Edison, Bell, Morse, Dr. Carrell.

To the man who is interested in education we can show Dr. Eliot, Woodrow Wilson, and others; and we can place before the man who is interested in American literature a host of men whose names are written upon the minds and hearts of the American people.

To the Sophomore with his lack of knowledge, the task of writing a just account of the life and works of Whitman is indeed a hard one. And so it is with a sense of reverence and awe that I attempt to learn Whitman.

It would be safe to say that from the standpoint of pure and uncultured democracy, the name of Whitman stands preëminent among those men who made American literature, and were I to say what epitaph should be put on his grave,

or by what name the American people should know him by, I would go to the Bible and take from it that passage, simple but comprehensive, "my brother's keeper"; for to my mind these few words sum up the whole life and character of Whitman.

Born at Suffolk County, Long Island, his environment was of such a nature that it instilled in him those doctrines which played such an important part upon his life and his works. For in that narrow slip of land around Long Island independence was the creed of all, all were independent and all loved each other, and here passed his early life, a life of free thinking and free living, coming in contact with all forms of men, for the people of Suffolk County were all one big family.

We know very little of his early life. His education was very meagre and he perhaps finished the grammar school. Experience and the study of life and men was his education.

His life was as varied as his works. He longed for the open, and for many years was a roamer and a wanderer upon the earth. He traveled over eight thousand miles without any permanent occupation. He saw active service in the Civil War, where for two years he nursed the sons of humanity. When the war was over he was given a government position in Washington, but was dismissed when he published his "Leaves of Grass."

He received another appointment, but paralysis soon cut short his efforts, and on March 27, 1892, in the city of Camden, N. J., he died.

As we take up the study of his poetry, we undertake, perhaps, the hardest man to know and to understand in all American literature. There still remain a few who refuse to call his works poetry; but that idea is rapidly dying out, and Professor Trent, in a recent article, says: "He is too large a man and a poet for adequate comprehension at present."

And the best foreign critics consider him the one and only poet truly characteristic of America.

His world of poetry is big, full, and democratic throughout. He writes for the love of writing, and as he loved the common man, he wrote for him. His writings though sometimes rough and sensual are yet full of realistic thought and beauty, and it is only showing his genius more plainly that he could with equal effect write with the Romanticism of Irving, the culture of Emerson, the morality of Longfellow, and the roughness of Twain, and above all he expressed the fundamentals of American Government.

From the standpoint of rhythm his poems, to those who read them for the first time, seem to be crude and unpolished, but let him who longs for true poetry, the expression of the body, and the expression of the soul, read those lines of "There Was a Child Went Forth," and read them aloud and he will tell you, whether he likes them or not, that he has read true poetry.

Take him on any subject. In nature he was beautiful; for true expression of the sea he was supreme, and again read him as he writes on death, he is magnificent and reverent, realizing the real truth of mortality.

His works have been severely criticized, but for the real poetic sense, for the true love of his fellow-man, he stands unequalled and is the fullest expression of the democracy that America stands for.

"Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,  
Cheerful for freest action, formed under the laws divine."

No student of American democracy, its ideals and social spirit can afford to leave him unread.



### CATERPILLAR'S PREMATURE CHANGE

On a hot August day, all kinds of insects, bugs and worms flew and crawled some from train Number 12, some from train Number 11, and others from train Number 19, on to the Wake Forest plaza. Among these insects, bugs and worms was a timid little caterpillar, crawling in for his first time to take his place among this grand assembly. Now this little caterpillar started out in his newly possessed abode in a way pleasing to his older companions, the insects and bugs. He would crawl about modestly, always letting the insects and bugs have advantage of the passages first. He never croaked loudly nor while his superiors croaked, only when they commenced "Old Gold and Black," then he would join in. He was never seen at the drug store, station, movies, nor postoffice after dark, but about dusk he would crawl in his hole, coil up and there remain until day. For awhile he was an ideal caterpillar. As time passed, he got used to the diet of bull and fish and began to grow fat and to puff out. He soon came to display himself obnoxiously, which was very offensive to the insects and bugs. One day before the time allotted by the king of worms, bugs and insects for his evolution from a caterpillar to a butterfly, he burst forth into a butterfly. He then thought himself equal to the bugs and insects, his superiors, and began to flutter around with great display and to join in the croaking whenever he heard his superiors croaking. He no longer stayed in his hole at night, but would fly all about the places forbidden for the worms to gather; and also to fly around with the bugesses, a thing forbidden to all worms. A few bugs and insects met to decide what should be done with this premature butterfly, which still by rights was a worm.

The bold candlefly was the first to express his opinion

"Fellow insects and bugs," said he, "all have been noting the premature change of Caterpillar. This should not be permitted; it is against all precedent. Who has ever heard of a caterpillar ever becoming a butterfly without having first been here at least one year? I am in favor of sending him to the king of bugs, worms and insects, and let him dissect him and find the vital cause of this premature change and report his findings to that august body composed of Lord Billy and his peers, and let them deal with him according to their good judgment."

Next the wise and learned Glowworm in his calm and composed way began. "Insects and bugs, I readily agree with my friend, Candlefly, that Fresh Caterpillar should be dealt with at once, but I do not favor his plan of dealing with him. I would not for one moment doubt that Dunbar is well informed in everything pertaining to wormology, bugology, and boreology, and that he can probe into the vitals, discover the deficient organs, and show them to Lord Billy and his peers; but if he should do so Lord Billy would say, 'King Dunbar, your discoveries no doubt are true, but there are no distinctions shown here to either the insect, bug or worm; all are on the same footing; I dismiss this charge at once.' So the Fresh Caterpillar would go uncensured. I, myself, am in favor of the Caterpillar being tried before our comrades, the Bug Senate."

Then the Diptera, beloved by all of his comrades on account of the firm stand which he always took against a fresh worm, spoke: "Comrades, my predecessors are right in declaring Caterpillar fresh, and that he should be dealt with at once; but they are both wrong in their plan to deal with him. Glowworm has very truthfully said that Lord Billy and his peers would let him go uncensured, but he is wrong in claiming that Bug Senate will deal with him. What have they been doing? Time and time again fresh worms have been re-

ported to the Bug Senate, and they remain still and do nothing while matters go from bad to worse. I am in favor of dealing with Caterpillar ourselves. This is the only way he will ever be punished. Tonight while he is flying home with Miss Beetle, we can seize on to him, peck off his wings which he so vainly displays, and in this humiliating way teach him that he should still be only a worm."

The last plan was thought wise by the assembly and they decided to carry it out. That night while Caterpillar was flying home with Miss Beetle, the bugs caught him and pecked off his wings. In this humiliating way Caterpillar was brought to realize that he was only a worm, and was not yet a bug.

Moral: Be what you really are.

## THAT MULE OF MARTIN'S

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Uncle Ben Brown was talking. An eager group stood around him with necks craned forward, with only an occasional aside to squirt tobacco juice in the road below.

"Why," he was saying, "I've had more accidents than that mule o' Martin's, an' I guess I'm jist about as able to work now as hit is. Of course that mule is a wonder. Martin jist couldn't do without hit at all. It's the main stake of the fam'ly."

"Uncle Ben," someone volunteered, "you was speakin' of accidents. Tell us what's happened to ye."

"Why," he replied, "the first accident wus when I wus born. I never did have any hair. And then I've had my arm broke, three ribs broke, an' one eye put out. An' my life has been made up of hard lieks and knocks. Ye know I used to ditch fer a livin'. The young bueks nowadays are afeared of such work. Well, they might spile their patent leathers," and the old man eluekled softly, removed his hat and scratched his shining scalp.

"Speakin' o' that mule o' Martin's," said Tim Yates, the storekeeper, "yonder comes Martin and hit now, jist as shore as I'm a foot high. Jist watch hit wobble along. I'll bet Martin never trotted hit a rod in hits life."

The group, which had gathered for conversation on the porch of Tim Yates's store, had turned with one accord and looked down the road.

Bill Martin rode slowly up to the hitching post, alighted, tied his mule, and joined the group, with the greeting, "Howdy, gents!"

Some of the men sauntered out toward the mule, with as

much curiosity, seemingly, as if they had never seen it before. The mule merely pricked up its ears and stood there, as if thoroughly accustomed to being looked over. It was a large mule, not under fifteen hands high, gray, with a blaze face and a roman nose. These peculiarities were excuses for the continual interest its appearance excited. Besides, some of the accidents to which Uncle Ben referred had caused the hair to grow out white in patches. One of the most serious of the accidents had occasioned the loss of an eye. On the whole, it was a very individualistic mule indeed.

In the meantime, Bill Martin had called Uncle Ben across the road to the mill house.

Pausing before the door, Martin said, "Read that notice tacked up thar, Uncle Ben."

"Aw, shucks!" said Uncle Ben. "I ain't got my glasses. What is it, Bill?"

"It's a notice advertisin' my mule fer sale," replied Martin sadly. "Ye know I owe Rob Little a hundred dollars I borrowed from him when I built my house; and he's got a mortgage on my mule. And he's got it advertised fer sale under the terms of the mortgage; an' hit's to be sold the twentieth. And, Uncle Ben, ye know what a scoundrel that durned Little is; how he grinds the life outen the pore folks that owe him."

"Yes, I know, Bill," replied Uncle Ben, "I know Little is a durned whelp. He needs fixin'. And, Bill, I know what that mule means to you and yer fam'ly. We'll git around him somehow," and he patted Martin on the shoulder.

The discouraged Martin was somewhat reassured by this conversation with his old friend. After going into the store and making some purchases, he mounted his mule and rode away, whistling cheerfully.

During the days that followed the conversation with Martin at the store, Uncle Ben was often seen in deep thought.

"What's the matter with grandpaw?" his little granddaugh-

ter inquired of Aunt Rachel Brown, the help-meet of Uncle Ben.

"I dunno, child," Aunt Rachel replied. "But one thing's sartin, he's got somethin' on his mind. He talks in his sleep about that mule o' Martin's; and of an evenin' he lights his ole cob pipe and goes up on the hill to the ole poplar tree, jist like he used to do afore them debates come off at Poplar Grove schoolhouse."

At last the appointed day for the sale arrived, and a considerable crowd gathered at Yates's store, the place of sale. Those looking for a bargain came early. The curious of the neighborhood straggled in slowly.

The crowd attending the sale was very much increased by the Saturday customers. Calico-seeking females, carrying crying babies, and men and children with loads of roots and herbs, mingled with the jockeys and the loafers.

Robert Little was there, wearing a look of malignant satisfaction. Bill Martin was there, accompanied by the mule. And Uncle Ben Brown was there, the object of Martin's deepest interest.

"Let's take the mule up to Yates's stable and curry him up a bit, Bill," said Uncle Ben. "It'll help his looks and make him bring more."

Martin readily assented to this proposal, and the two departed with the mule.

Soon they returned, with the mule bridled and saddled, and after a whispered conversation with the deputy sheriff, Uncle Ben took the small hammer lying on the porch and rapped for order.

"Gentlemens and ladies," he drawled out, "I've been called on to fishiate for this momentious occasion. I ain't much of a oratur, but I used to be the best debater in the Poplar Grove Debatin' Society, and I never refuse to sarve when my talents is needed. What I have is my fellerman's.

"The object of this meetin' as ye all know, is the sale o' that mule o' Martin's. The sale occurs bekase Martin owes Rob Little a hundred dollars; and by the tarms of the mortgage, the mule is sold to satisfy the debt. And of course they ain't any doubt that the mule'll bring it, fer it's worth two hundred dollars any day. Now, lead the mule up here head fo'most, an' I'll cry him off in due order.

"Now here," and Uncle Ben scratched his head as if a new idea had occurred to him, "spose some one rides him and shows off his good pints before the spective buyers. Here, Rob, you're the man who'll git the kale seed. Jump on him an' show him off; it'll make him bring more."

The unsuspecting Little mounted and pressed his heels against the mule's flanks. The mule pricked up its ears and started off nicely. All at once, however, it stopped suddenly, as if a new thought had just struck it. It looked back as if trying to see the saddle, alternately stuck its ears forward, reared, plunged, and tied itself into a knot.

"God-a-mercy!" giggled an emotional female, "jist watch that mule o' Martin's."

The spectators looked on in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Whoa, darn ye!" yelled the frightened Little. "What the devil air ye doin'?"

But the mule heeded not. With a quick straightening out of the knot and a sudden lunge, it sent Little head first into a nearby fence corner.

The crowd roared as the mule ran, neighing and snorting, back to the hitching post.

Little picked himself up and with a crestfallen look rejoined the crowd, amid titters and suppressed laughter.

Uncle Ben was rapping furiously for order.

"In spite o' the accident," he began calmly, "this sale must go on. I hope Rob ain't hurt. Who says and how much fer this two-hundred-dollar mule? He's a mule o' spirit! Look

at his blaze face! Look at his nose! Who says? I'll start the bid at ten dollars! Who says more? Who'll make it fifteen? Goin', goin', goin'! Who'll make it fifteen dollars? Is it possible that I'm offered only ten dollars fer this two-hundred-dollar mule?"

The prospective buyers had seen enough of the mule's "good points." Uncle Ben's bid was not bettered. In spite of his seemingly enthusiastic yells for a better bid, the crowd was silent.

"Say, you man over there!" cried Uncle Ben to a seedy looking individual, "don't you need a mule to plow yer corn with? How much do you say fer this mule?"

"I don't want no durned rubber-sided jumpin' jinny," replied the man.

"Well," said Uncle Ben, with apparent reluctance, "if the bid ain't bettered I'll have to knock him down. Ten dollars, once! Look out! Twice! Fair warnin' an' a fair sale! Three times, and sold at ten dollars! Here's yer money, Rob," as he pulled a dirty roll from his pants pocket.

"That ain't enough," snapped Little; "just a tenth enough."

"Don't make any difference," returned Uncle Ben; "that's all he brought an' all ye can git. Ain't that the law, Mr. Sheriff? Ain't this been a legal sale?"

"It has," replied the deputy sheriff.

"Then," said Uncle Ben, "take this money and don't be tryin' to 'peach my reputation as a auctioneer."

Little sullenly took the money.

Uncle Ben and Martin went to the stable with the mule. Removing the saddle and blanket, Uncle Ben, with a chuckle, pulled out a big chestnut burr.

"Didn't it fix him, though," laughed Uncle Ben. "Haw! haw! haw! O, don't thank me, the fun was worth the fray. Ye can settle with me later. Take yer mule an' go on home."

The mule has always behaved well since the day of the sale. And it is still "that mule o' Martin's."



## IN THE LAND OF THE SKY

ROY J. HART

In the study of geography we learn only of such rivers as the Mississippi or the Amazon, and of such mountains as Pike's Peak. There are thousands of small rivulets and mountains that the world has never heard about, which are not so magnificent but which possess a beauty that appeals to the imagination of the artist more than the most majestic mountains or the greatest rivers. It is for this reason that the mountains of Western North Carolina and Virginia have been named "The Land of the Sky." It is true that they do not have the magnificence of the Andes or the Himalayas, but they possess an artistic beauty that is not equaled anywhere else. Another thing interesting about these mountains is that with almost every landscape there is a legend or story that adds to its beauty.

CAESAR'S HEAD is a large rock forming one side of a mountain. It is about a thousand feet from the base to the top and on one side is almost perpendicular. When you approach it from the back side and come up to the edge of the rock it seems that you have come to the edge of the world. All at once you find yourself looking straight down, a distance which looks to be several miles, for a thousand feet down seems to be a great deal more than a mile in any other direction. From this rock you can see over the greater part of South Carolina and Georgia, but the view over North Carolina is cut off by other mountains.

At Caesar's Head there is a peculiar cave, which you can enter by way of a crevice, just big enough for one person to crawl through. When you get inside you will find a large triangular room with great rocks for walls and ceiling over-

head. About in the room are big flat rocks which look very much like tables. In the cracks of the walls grows a delicate green moss.

Back in the good old days that our grandfathers tell us about, when ghosts and devils often met and conversed with men, when the forests were full of bears, panthers, rattlesnakes, and Indians, a young adventurer named Jesse Mabin found his way into this cave. The only light which he carried was a pine torch. When he got inside he found himself in the presence of a great monster which was eating its meal of venison on a big rock table. With such a dim light he could not tell whether it was a bear, a panther, or the devil. He took it to be the latter. Whatever it was, it was not pleased to have him call while it was taking its midday meal; so it gave an angry growl that shook the mountains, and then it made for the intruder. Jesse made for the hole through which he had entered, barely escaping with his life. He ran home as fast as he could and told his friends. And even today this cave is known to the mountaineers as the "Devil's Dining Room."

CHIMNEY ROCK is a great rock tower, rising more than two hundred feet upon the side of a mountain. At a distance it looks like a big rock chimney. A stairway has been built so that you can now get upon the top of it. On top there is room enough for about fifteen to twenty persons. However it takes a great deal of energy to ascend this stairway.

BRIDAL-VEIL FALLS. In Transylvania County on Little River there are several falls, one right after the other, where the water pours over rocks and dashes against other rocks, and keeps up a continual roar. At the foot of the falls the water has dug out a big hole in the bottom of the river about fifty feet in diameter and so deep that the mountaineers say it has no bottom. This is a pleasure resort of the mountain trout. They feel that they have come to town, after living

for several months in the shallows below, and then coming into such deep water. They are caught here in great numbers.

At one place along the falls the water is so conveyed by rocks that you can walk under the river and come out on the other side without getting wet.

Once a young mountaineer crossed over the river and stole his neighbor's daughter (as they often do), and was hastening away to get married. Just before he got to the river there came a storm down the valley. He and his bride stopped in out of the rain at a little log cabin. The storm lasted for several hours. The wind blew, the rain poured, the river rose, and all the foot-logs were washed away for miles up and down the river.

When the storm was over the bride and groom came out to see if heaven looked favorable toward them, and if so, to continue their journey. They looked down the road and saw a man coming toward them in a run. He approached almost breathless and told them that the bride's father with a company of fellows was following in close pursuit.

The lovers then started off in haste and soon came to the river. The river was flowing out of its banks; the water was almost as swift as an arrow; the foot-log was gone; great logs were floating down the river. So there they were, the river on one side and the bride's angry father on the other. They retraced their steps a short distance, but soon they heard the blow of a horn and the bark of the old foxhound, and knew that their pursuers were close at hand. They went back to the river, preferring rather to drown than to fall into the hands of their pursuers. But just then a thought struck the young adventurer; he remembered crossing under the river a short distance below once when he was fishing, and it might be that they could do that now. They hurried to the spot and, sure enough, crossed under without even getting

wet. They were soon met by a company of his friends and were carried on in safety.

From that time on those falls were known as the "Bridal-Veil Falls."

There are many other places in the mountains, for example, "Lover's Leap," which are probably more interesting than these but which we do not have room just now to mention.

# The Wake Forest Student

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C. J. WHITLEY

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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By R. F. PASCHAL

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### Athletics

It seems to us that there is now a stronger sentiment at Wake Forest for an athletic fee than ever before. To support athletics there must be something on which the Athletic Association can rely upon. With a fee stated in the catalog there is something definite to go upon, but even as it is now with the remainder of the contingent deposit going for athletics and a season ticket being sold, admitting only those who have a

season ticket or pay their fare at each game, there are a good many in the student body who do not attend the games. Moreover the Athletic Association has no definite amount upon which to base its operations. Besides this there is a lack of unity and enthusiasm among the students that there would not be if every one had a ticket and attended the games. There is no support for a team like that of an enthusiastic crowd of fellow students on the side-line. We feel sure in saying that at least ninety-five per cent of the student body would prefer an athletic fee to the present system. Let us hope that it will soon come.

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**The College  
Magazine**

It is not only at Wake Forest that the editor notices a lack of support for the college publications, but in every one of the exchanges that have come to us so far. It seems that the editors have to do a good part of the writing besides the editing. Some material comes from the English department, but even here there seems to be much too little interest manifest. How are we to remedy this? Are the colleges not interested in their magazines? Undoubtedly there is not enough inducement to the average student to put his time and energy to writing stories or essays. There should be something offered besides an essay medal at the end of the year, for the majority of the students feel that they are not competent to compete for this.

Another fault is that the college magazine does not represent the student body nor does it represent the various branches which go to make up the college. Those in law, in medicine, and in education should write something from their departments. Then the college magazine will fill the place which it deserves.

**The Societies**      The literary societies at Wake Forest are now rapidly regaining their former place of importance. We believe the chief factor that brought this about was the division of the societies into sections which gives every man more chances to speak. Too, it does not necessitate the long boring sessions which were frequent since the societies have grown so large.

Still the society as a whole can meet on Saturday morning for the transaction of business, thereby holding the sections together. It seems that the new plan is working well, and with this new life instilled into the societies we are sure to see the college sending out winning teams as she has always done in former years.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

It would hardly be fair to the individual magazines to make our criticism severe at this special time, since the first numbers are always more or less below the average. It is really unfortunate that editors have so great difficulty in getting out their first numbers. But this is due to several reasons which they can not help. First, the students at the beginning of the year are always slow to "get down to business." Most of them have been out having a good time during vacation, and their minds are not in good working order. Second, the old staff forgets to look out properly for the new staff. Every spring there are essays, stories, etc., submitted which have to be turned down, not because they are unfit to be printed, but because there is not room for them. Now if the old staff, on turning over the work to the new staff, would also turn over such material as is fit for publication, there would probably never be any trouble to get out the first issue.

*The Carson-Newman Collegian* was the first to come into our hands this month, or rather this year. It is small, but well balanced, containing one poem, the valedictory delivered at last commencement, two essays, and a story. The poem, "To Our College," a parody on "America," might well be adopted as a college song, if it has not already. "A Wild-wood Sermon" introduces us to an old country philosopher who gives a simple but interesting talk on his conception of poetry and religion. There are many such philosophers in the world, and we are glad to see one of them put before the public. "Your World" is an excellent essay, though it is on a subject which modern writers have overworked. "A Ghost Story" is a good production. We can almost feel the hair rise on our own heads as we follow the young adventurer



into the abode of the dead and watch him nail up the coffin with horseshoe nails. But the author of this story made one serious mistake. Never in writing a ghost story should we give even the least hint that we do not believe in ghosts. The very fact that you do not believe in ghosts destroys the vital part of the story. Allow me to refer you to a mountaineer who lives away in the backwoods and sees very little of the world, who probably does not go to town once a year. He believes in ghosts—or *ha'nts*, as he calls them—just as sincerely as you believe in your parents. Many a time I have listened to him for hours as he would tell about the ha'nts he had seen. And when I would go to bed I would sleep with my head under the cover for fear that one of them would come into my room. This man believed these tales and he made us believe them. But the author of "A Ghost Story" states at the beginning that he does not believe in ghosts, and thus we are not prepared for anything exciting.

We wish to congratulate the editors of the *Davidson College Magazine* for being so prompt to get out their first number, a fact which shows that they are hustling fellows. This magazine is not only in neat binding but it contains good material within. "The Death of Summer," a poem, is well worthy of a college boy's efforts, though you will find the same sentiment expressed in John Charles McNeil's "October." We doubt very seriously that the writer of "The Story of Kaghar" ever camped in a jungle or ever heard such a story as he tried to tell. In "William Gilmore Sims" we find an article well written and bringing to light one of our neglected heroes. "The Greatest Things in Life" is a good piece of wit. "Fate and a Letter" is a modern comedy of errors. The plot is well handled.

In general the material in all the magazines that we have received is fairly good. Of course we do not expect the average boy who writes for a college magazine to equal Kipling or Bret Harte in working out a plot, or to surpass Thomas Carlyle or Emerson in writing an essay.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. H. JOHNSON, Editor

Wednesday, October the 8th, at Mebane, Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address on "Education" before the delegates to the Mount Zion Association.

On October the 11th Dr. E. W. Sikes addressed the delegates to the Union Association at Wingate.

Thursday evening, October the 9th, in the Auditorium, Dr. Benj. Sledd delivered the second of the annual series of lectures, his theme being "What Shakespeare Is to Me." It was a learned discourse, spiced with humor of the well known Sledd brand, and enjoyed by all who were present.

At the North Carolina Conference of the Y. M. C. A., held at Trinity College, Durham, from October 2-6, we were represented by nineteen delegates and Dr. W. L. Poteat. Those who attended report a great and enthusiastic meeting and are unanimous in their praise of the hospitality of Trinity and of Dr. Hurt, pastor of the First Baptist Church, who entertained the Wake Forest delegation.

On Sunday morning, the 6th, in the Blackwell Memorial Methodist Church, Dr. Poteat addressed the delegates on "The Ministry," and in the evening he spoke at the First Baptist Church, of Durham.

At a meeting of the Trustees, September the 26th, at Raleigh, Dr. Wilbur C. Smith was elected to the Chair of Anatomy to succeed Dr. E. S. Ruth, resigned.

Dr. Smith comes to us highly recommended and with a splendid record in the study, practice and teaching of medicine. He was graduated from the University Medical College at Kansas City, Mo., in 1908; served an internship in

the University Hospital, and served as night surgeon in the City Hospital of Kansas City. After doing research work in New York, he became a member of the Anatomical Staff of Bellevue Hospital, and later served as physician at the New Jersey State Village for the Feeble Minded. During the past summer he did advanced work in anatomy at the University of London.

Dr. Smith is rapidly winning the esteem of the student body. Being an athlete of no mean record, he is showing a keen interest in our football team, and is aiding Coach Thompson by coaching the "Scrubs" in their contests with the "Varsity."

It is an attractive schedule of lectures and entertainments which the Lecture Committee has arranged for this year. There will be a variety sufficient to suit all. Drs. Sledd and White have already been heard, and the dates of the other events are approximately as follows:

November—Richard H. Edmonds, Editor *Manufacturers' Record*, Baltimore, one lecture.

December—Dr. Gambrell, of Dallas, Tex., several lectures.

January—The DeKoven Male Quartette, of Boston.

February—Mr. Frank Dixon, of Washington, D. C., three lectures.

March—Mr. Booth Lowery, one lecture.

April—Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, of Louisville, Ky., five lectures.

These lectures are made possible by a lecture fee paid by the students and by a small admission fee charged outsiders who attend. The above schedule of engagements includes as many as twelve lectures, the admission to which will range from twenty-five to fifty cents each; but in order to encourage the attendance of the people of the community, the committee is offering a ticket to all of these occasions for a dollar and a half. It is hoped that a large number will take advantage of this remarkably low rate.

The Y. M. C. A. was fortunate indeed in securing during the month of October two such speakers as Prof. N. Y. Gulley and Rev. C. E. Maddry. Both of them know how to appeal to young men, the one out of his broad experience, the other out of a broad fellow sympathy of a young man towards young men.

Rev. W. E. Johnson has been absent in the interest of the new church for more than two weeks. His pulpit was occupied by Dr. W. R. Cullom on Sunday, the 5th, and by Dr. C. E. Taylor Sunday, the 12th.

Aid us. It is the purpose of the editors to make THE STUDENT of this year a magazine more than ever representative of the entire student body; but we can not do so unless we can secure the coöperation of every one who has the time and talent to contribute, and we are inclined to believe this class is far more numerous than would appear from the contributions to date.

So let us hear from you. It matters not of what class you are, make up your mind to do your part to make THE STUDENT an expression of college life and spirit, and to maintain its enviable record. Of whatever you may contribute we assure you an impartial rating. If you fail in your first contributions, stand upon them and step higher.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

### Wake Forest Men in Journalism

Wake Forest men who have entered the field of journalism are to be found in almost every phase of the profession. Naturally the majority of them have made their home and found their work in North Carolina, but they are by no means confined to this State.

Some of the foremost of the Wake Forest men who are journalists are, or have been, connected with daily newspapers. Wake Forest is represented on the staffs of all of the leading dailies of North Carolina as well as some of the prominent papers of other States.

One of the most prominent Wake Forest men in this field is W. C. Dowd, of Charlotte. Mr. Dowd received his degree in 1889 and entered the newspaper business the following year, becoming secretary and treasurer of the Observer Publishing Company of Charlotte. Two years later he bought *The Times-Democrat*, a Charlotte weekly, which he still owns and publishes semi-weekly. However, Mr. Dowd is most widely known as the owner and controlling spirit of *The Charlotte News*, which he has owned and managed for the last eighteen years. *The News* is an afternoon paper with a Sunday morning edition and is generally conceded to be the leading paper of its kind in the two Carolinas. While Mr. Dowd has been, and is, engaged in other enterprises he is primarily a journalist and newspaper man and as such has repeatedly proven himself a credit to not only himself and his Alma Mater, but also to his city and State.

Another Wake Forest man, Mr. Joseph Patton, is the editor of *The News*.

One of the Wake Forest men in journalism who is being heard from now and who will be heard from still more in the future is J. Santford Martin, Editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*. Mr. Martin graduated in 1909 and joined the staff of the *Journal* the following year. Mr. Martin was city editor of the *Journal* until recently, when he became *Editor-in-Chief*. Mr. Martin has striven to keep the growth of the *Journal* apace with that of Winston-Salem. Since he has been with the paper it has put on full Associated Press service and has doubled in circulation. Associated with Mr. Martin on the staff of the *Journal* as Assistant City Editor is R. E. Walker who received his M.A. last spring. Mr. Walker edits a column in the Sunday edition devoted to original poems. These have already brought him into prominence among the lovers of literature in North Carolina.

Two of the ablest Wake Forest men in journalism are on the editorial department of *The Greensboro News*, Walter A. Hildebrand and Gerald W. Johnson. Mr. Hildebrand first entered the field of journalism as a reporter on *The Asheville Evening Citizen*. Later he was Washington correspondent for *The Charlotte Observer*. In 1904 he became Editor of *The Asheville News*, which was founded in that year. In 1908 he went to Greensboro as editor of *The Greensboro News* and later purchased a controlling interest in the paper. Mr. Hildebrand may be described as an advanced conservative. Mr. Johnson graduated from Wake Forest in 1911 and became connected with the *News* in January, 1913. Before going to Greensboro he was connected successively with *The Thomasville Davidsonian*, *The Southern Good Roads* and *The Lexington Dispatch*. Mr. Johnson is a wide-awake and progressive journalist and those who remember his work in college and have followed his subse-

quent work have no hesitancy in predicting for him abundant success in his chosen field.

Among the other Wake Forest men who are actively engaged in daily newspaper work are Mr. Winston Adams, Mr. W. H. Jenkins, Jr., Mr. Frank A. Smethurst, Mr. R. L. Haywood, and Mr. F. L. Gossup. Of these men the majority of them are just beginning their work; all of them, however, are men who while in college interested themselves in literary work and since leaving college have shown the same ability that distinguished them here. Mr. Adams received the M.A. degree in 1901 and since that time has been on the staff of *The Charlotte Observer* and since that time has attracted attention by his good work. Mr. Haywood is now on the staff of *The News and Observer* of Raleigh. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Smethurst and Mr. Gossup are all men who were actively interested in the student publications while in college, are now connected with *The Norfolk-Virginian Pilot*, *The Charlotte News* and *The Asheville Citizen*, respectively.

Among the alumni of the college who have really made achievements are John Charles McNeill and Charles P. Sapp, both of whom are now deceased. Mr. McNeill graduated in 1898 and entered the field of journalism in 1900, at which time he became the editor of the weekly paper at Lumberton. In 1904 Mr. McNeill went to the *Charlotte Observer* and remained there until his death in 1907. Mr. McNeill published a number of his writings in *The Century* and other magazines of its type. He was generally regarded as one of the ablest of Southern writers. Mr. Sapp graduated in '93 and until his death was connected with the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

Quite a number of Wake Forest men have entered religious journalism. The present editor of *The Biblical Recorder*, Mr. Hight C. Moore, is a Wake Forest alumnus who has done much for his denomination in his chosen field. Mr. Moore is

a stern exponent of his convictions on all questions which affect the denomination. Another Wake Forest man who has been intimately connected with religious journalism in North Carolina is Mr. J. W. Bailey. Mr. Bailey graduated from Wake Forest in 1893 and immediately assumed editorship of *The Biblical Recorder*, which he held until 1907, when he resigned to begin the practice of law. While editor of the *Recorder* Mr. Bailey was also connected with *The Progressive Farmer* and *The Merchants Journal*, both of which were published in Raleigh. As an editor Mr. Bailey attained for himself an enviable reputation as a strong and forceful writer. Mr. Bailey is a man who, through the editorial columns of his paper, wielded a powerful influence which, although the *Recorder* is primarily a Baptist organ for North Carolina, extended beyond the borders of the State. Other Wake Forest men who have been connected with the *Recorder* are J. C. Caddell and Prof. C. S. Farriss. Mr. Caddell was also at one time editor of *The Raleigh Times*.

Another name prominently connected with religious journalism in North Carolina is that of Jno. A. Oates, of Fayetteville. Mr. Oates received his degree in 1895 and from that time until 1907 was the editor of *The North Carolina Baptist*, which was published at Fayetteville. In 1907 the paper was merged with *The Biblical Recorder*. Mr. Oates, who is at present the President of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, is a man who since he first entered public life has enjoyed the entire confidence of those who knew him.

Two other alumni who are prominent in this phase of journalism are E. A. Folk and N. R. Pittman. Mr. Folk is the editor of *The Baptist Reflector* published at Nashville, Tenn., while Mr. Pittman edits *The Word and Way*, of Kansas City, Mo.

Another field in which Wake Forest men have attained



eminence is that of industrial and social journals. *The Southern Good Roads*, of Lexington, N. C., has as one of its editors Mr. A. L. Fletcher who graduated from Wake Forest in 1907. Though a comparatively young man, Mr. Fletcher is recognized as an authority in his line. Mr. W. C. Dowd is the publisher of the *Textile Manufacturer*, the oldest and leading textile publication in the South. Mr. W. F. Marshall, who is President of the Mutual Publishing Company of Charlotte, has been one of the editors of *The Progressive Farmer* and now edits and publishes *North Carolina Education*.

There are a number of Wake Forest men who edit county weeklies, a field the importance of which has been greatly underrated. Mr. J. J. Farris is the editor of the *High Point Enterprise*, the leading paper in its section. Mr. Farris, who is one of the leading citizens of his section, has been connected with the *Enterprise* since 1888.

*The Wadesboro Ansonian*, the leading weekly in the western part of the State, is edited by W. C. Bivins, '04. Mr. Bivins has made a successful effort to have his paper represent the whole of Anson County, and to this may be attributed a large measure his success. *The Rockingham Times*, in the sister county, is published by another Wake Forest man, Wm. E. Dockery.

Another Wake Forest man, Paul Scarborough, is the publisher of the leading weekly of Tidewater Virginia, published at Franklin. Mr. Scarborough has been connected with this kind of work since leaving college, and his efforts have been crowned with marked success.

Roland F. Beasley ('94) is a Wake Forest man who has possessed the initiative to venture upon new seas in journalism in the establishment of *The State Journal*, a magazine which is a social and political journal advocating progressive measures. The magazine has a wide circulation which is

rapidly increasing. The *Journal* has been called "The College Weekly of North Carolina."

Thos. J. Pence ('94) has won a name for himself as Washington correspondent for North Carolina dailies and was for years "Dean of the Reporters College" at the capitol. Mr. Pence is now in charge of the publicity department of the National Democratic Committee, and in this capacity was brought into prominence in the last campaign.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

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The 1913 football season opened in Chapel Hill the 27th of September, with North Carolina as our opponents. The game was hard fought throughout and to quote the Chapel Hill correspondent for the *News and Observer*, "was a great disappointment to Carolina followers." While Wake Forest was forced to adopt largely defensive tactics, when in possession of the ball, substantial gains were made. Both of the ends got away with forward passes for from ten to twenty yards, while all of the backs carried the ball for good distances. With the ball remaining most of the time in the center of the field and changing hands rapidly, it was a pretty exhibition of the sport. During the second quarter Carolina broke through the line for the only touchdown of the game, the final score being 7 to 0. Wake Forest presented the following line up: Captain Carter, center; Britton and Oliver, guards; Moore and Powell, tackles; Rankin, right end; Cuthrell, left end; Daniel, quarter-back; Trust, right half; Horne, left half; Ferree, J. T. White and Lee, full back.

White had the misfortune to have his collar bone broken in the North Carolina game after he had only been in a few rushes. White has made a good showing the two years that he has been on the squad and it is hoped that he will be seen in uniform again before the close of the season. While his injury was painful, the bone is rapidly mending.

Although there was no special to Chapel Hill, a large number of students attended the game, making the trip in automobiles.

The management has announced that the 1914 game with Carolina will be played in Raleigh October 17. If for any reason the game cannot be played in Raleigh, the teams will meet in Wake Forest.

After the North Carolina game the squad was strengthened by three "W" men, Savage, Camp and Stringfield.

David Robertson, for four years a star in the A. and M. backfield, arrived on the hill September 24, and immediately assumed his duties as assistant to Coach Thompson. Mr. Robertson has matriculated in the Medical Department and will also help whip the baseball team into shape.

Horner canceled the game scheduled for October 4, and the team was forced to remain idle until the South Carolina game.

The South Carolina game was played in Columbia October 11. Wake Forest started with a rush. Daniel scored a touchdown in the first few minutes of play, Savage kicking goal. Carolina also secured a touchdown in this period, failing however to make the goal. In the second quarter the only score was a beautiful drop-kick from the forty-yard line by Savage. Neither team scored in the third period. By the fourth quarter the intense heat had almost prostrated our men. Carolina put in a fresh backfield and literally ran Wake Forest off their feet, piling up three touchdowns, making the final score 27 to 10. Savage received a bad knee in the third quarter and had to leave the game, while Camp, who played against seven men was completely overcome by the heat. South Carolina made eighteen substitutions during the game.

Secret practice has become the rule and the coaches are putting forth every effort to prepare for the remaining games on the schedule. An experimental change has been made, Captain Carter taking Powell's tackle, Shepherd going to center. Among the new men who have joined the squad are S. White, W. Holding, and H. Davis.

The scrubs defeated Warrenton here October 11, the score being 39 to 0. The forward pass was used very successfully. Captain Shepherd played a brilliant game at center. A

good crowd were out and enjoyed the game. Other games are to be arranged for the scrubs. This policy will do more than anything else to keep a full squad on the field.

Assistant Manager Ivey of the football team has resigned on account of heavy work.

Manager Giles of the baseball team has arranged the following games on the hill for next season:

- March 17. Atlantic Christian College
- March 19. Elon
- March 26. Horner
- March 31. Hampden Sidney
- April 7. North Carolina
- April 9. Davidson
- April 16. West Virginia
- April 21. Trinity
- April 23. South Carolina
- May 7. Agricultural and Mechanical College

with other games pending. The usual three games will be played with A. and M., the games in Raleigh being April 4 and 13. Trinity will be played in Henderson, March 21, and Durham March 28. Games are scheduled with Carolina at Chapel Hill March 24 and in Raleigh April 11. A Northern trip will probably be taken during the last week in April.

L. W. Smith is the 1914 captain of the baseball team while G. M. Billings will pilot the basketball team. Here's hoping.

Manager Cuthrell has announced basketball games with Trinity for Thursday and Carolina Saturday night of Anniversary week. A. and M. will be played in Raleigh February 7, and at Wake Forest February 25. Arrangements have been made with all of these to play a third game in Raleigh, in case of a tie. Among the other teams who will play here during the season are Elon, Guilford, South Carolina, Richmond and V. P. I. The team will take a Southern trip, going as far south as Atlanta.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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Dr. Sikes—Why did Solomon surround himself with so many wives?

Corbett—For counsel and advice.



Bill Jones (seeing a display of pennants)—What have they got so many flags around here for?



Griffin (hearing the dinner bell)—Which of Shakespeare's plays does that bell remind you of?

Johnny Neal—Much Ado About Nothing.



Winston, Bill (seeing a tennis racket)—Do they use that to catch minnows with?



### WANTED TO KNOW.

Harris—If Professor Timberlake takes English 1.

Bell—What will a ticket to Meredith cost?



### THE TACTLESS ONE.

"I will confess to you," she said, "that I am older than I look. I will be thirty-one my next birthday."

"Really?" he replied. "Hardly any one would guess that you were more than about twenty-nine."

"That's the last time," she said when he had departed, "that I'll ever try to be nice to a brute."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



### FOR THE COLLECTION.

Mrs. Murphy was getting supper for the children on Saturday night when a young woman came to her door.

"I'm collector for the Drunkard's Home," she said. "Could you help us?"

"Come around tonight and I will give you Murphy," said the housewife as she went about her work.—*Life*.

Newish Wharton (slipping a cigar into Professor Jones' upstairs pocket)—Say, I am running for president of the Freshman class. Can I not depend on you for a vote?



AFTER THAT THE DARK.

"Then you weren't always a black sheep?"

"No, mum. I started my career as a Wall Street lamb."—*Washington Herald*.



GOOD FELLOW.

Father (visiting at college)—My son, these are better cigars than I can afford.

Son—That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me."—*Yale Record*.



Census Taker—What is your occupation?

Husband (in despair)—A wife and three children.



PLENTY OF TIME.

"Papa, I want an ice cream sundae."

"All right, dear; remind me of it again; this is only Tuesday."—*Houston Post*.



DAD'S PRIDE.

"Did your son graduate with honors?"

"I should say he did. He had a batting average of .378."—*Detroit Free Press*.



WONDERFUL.

There's a bird in the zoo called the Pellican;

Its beak holds more than its Bellican.

It can hold in its beak

Enough food for a week,

But I don't see how in the Helllican.—*Life*.



Dr. Gorrell (on German)—Give me the future tense of *lernen*.

Blanchard—Do you want the present future or the past future.

## DISTANTLY RELATED.

Ivey (to Newish Johnson)—Are you any kin to Parson Johnson?  
Newish Johnson—Yes, distantly; he was my mother's first child,  
and I am the fifth.



## THEIR JOB.

Wille—Paw, what is a jury?  
Paw—A body of men organized to find out who has the best lawyer,  
my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



## OUTCLASSSED.

"Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?"  
"No, but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



## HELPING HIM.

He (facetiously)—It's too hot to propose.  
She—Not to propose an ice cream or an automobile ride.—*Boston Transcript*.



## BRAVE YOUTH.

Her Father (sternly)—Young man, can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?  
Lover (briskly)—I can, but I'd be ashamed to.—*Life*.



## NATURALLY.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if you had six pennies and Charlie had four, and you took his and put them to yours, what would that make?"  
"Trouble."—*London Evening Standard*.



A young man came into the car in haste.  
"Anybody in here got any liquor?" he said. "A woman in the other car has fainted."  
A traveling man opened his suitcase and gave him a bottle of "Kentucky Rye."  
The young man turned up the bottle and drank it all.  
"Thank you," he said; "it always did make me feel bad to see a woman faint."



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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXIII

December, 1913

No. 3

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## TWILIGHT

---

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

---

The evening clouds are tinged with golden hue;  
The gathering mist  
Presents the day's bright Ruler to our view,  
Rose-color kissed.

The shadows lengthen on the neighboring hills,  
'Tis silence now;  
A sadness steals into our souls, yet thrills  
We know not how.

Above the crimson clouds the fading blue  
Holds one lone star,  
Of all the brilliant host the first one through  
The gates ajar.

## CRAVE

---

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

---

I had known Oscar Crave in college, and although in those days he had been considered moody and morose, I was glad to see him again under the circumstances which attended our second meeting. In the heart of the great Smoky Mountains I had seen few familiar faces; the isolated valley through which I was passing seemed almost uninhabited; the lonely store at which I finally stopped, late in the afternoon, to seek directions was so meagerly stocked and poorly furnished that it emphasized, rather than relieved, the feeling of utter remoteness which had been preying upon me during the day. When, therefore, upon approaching a man seated alone in a corner of the store I recognized an old acquaintance I seized his hand as the proverbial drowning man grasps at a straw. Crave returned my handshake with an intense grip and urged me, with a suddenness and an eagerness which seemed out of place, to spend the night with him. I accepted, and without further ado he led me out of the store. I was even then struck by my friend's apparent fear that I would change my mind, a fear which was absolutely groundless, but I remembered that he had always been a man of marked eccentricity and dismissed the matter without conjecture.

Crave rapidly led me up a winding path which wriggled between the rocks and laurel thickets of a steep mountainside. The solitary store was soon hidden behind an angle in the landscape; I looked about, and realized that I was in the loneliest spot in North Carolina. As far as eye could see no road, no clearing, no tiny hut, no curling smoke gave evidence of habitation. A wilderness of misshapen moun-

tains narrowed the horizon, sky and earth blended to produce one drab color effect; the dull green of miles of faded rhododendron shading off into the dead gray of low-hanging clouds. The desolate tone of the picture was accentuated by an increasing twilight, not yet sufficiently far advanced to conceal the barrenness of the valley but dark enough to enshroud and encircle it with vague shadows. My companion only broke the silence to reply in monosyllables to my diverting remarks, so that I soon fell under his spell and no longer attempted conversation.

In this way we had climbed half the mountain, when, coming out from behind an enormous rock, I saw before me the house of Oscar Crave. My host stopped, and said in a low voice:

"My wife is at home. Do not be surprised if she and I quarrel a little—violently, even."

I made some sort of answer, but could not help thinking that this was the most remarkable instruction ever given by one man to another. Meanwhile I had stolen a glance at the house, a dilapidated two-story structure veiled in shadows which were undisturbed by any ray of light from within. The roof of the place bristled with many lighting rods, but the ends of several of these were unconnected with the ground and dangled impotently in the air. I had barely had time to notice this detail, characteristic of the carelessness of my friend, when Crave led me through tangled weeds to his door.

As he closed the front door a quavering, treble voice began scolding from the inner darkness:

"Here you are an hour late for supper, plague take you. It's a wonder you had the nerve to come home at all with such a black cloud. There's some cold victuals on the kitchen table. I don't reckon you're too scared to eat."

The solo eased, and Crave announced, simply and heartlessly, that he had brought a friend home to supper. His

wife made no reply, being perhaps ashamed that her tirade had been delivered before a stranger, and I heard her rattling dishes in the rear of the house.

Crave led me to the kitchen; his wife placed a lighted lamp on the table, and set another plate. I was surprised to find her a young woman possessed of the remnants of beauty, still evident after the ravages of time and trouble. Her type was masculine, and she bore herself, in wretched clothes, with a proud and what may have once been a queenly air. On that night she kept her eyes on the floor with something of utter despondency for a moment, and left the room. Crave had neither spoken to her nor introduced me and, somewhat embarrassed, I had merely bowed to the hapless woman.

My host ate without removing his hat. While eating I was able to study the face of the man opposite me, lighted as it was by the unwinking flame of the lamp, and I was alarmed to see the havoc which a few years had wrought. The face before me was a contortion of lines and wrinkles overgrown with beard. A weak chin and a mouth enclosed by constantly twitching furrows betrayed a man haunted by fear. Only his eyes retained their old luster; sometimes, looking up nervously from his plate, he darted them about, and then they glittered like diamonds. Just above his left eyebrow I detected a slight blue blemish, a birthmark; I never remembered having seen it before. This was surely no ordinary man. Behind that face, I concluded, there must be a story, and that story I determined to hear.

After the meal was over I leaned back in my chair and lighted my pipe. Crave arose and began filling the stove with kindling.

"Aren't you cold?" he asked.

"On the contrary," I replied, mopping my brow with a handkerchief, "I am very warm."

He looked annoyed, even frightened, and then, as if he had



forgotten his original intention, walked to the mantelpiece and took down a large bottle of whiskey. I had frequently noted this seeming purposelessness in the man.

He poured out half a glassful and gulped it down. A new idea struck him.

"Will you join me?" he inquired.

I shook my head. He sat down near me, and blew out his breath, slowly and heavily, between his lips.

"Bitter stuff!" was his comment.

"Crave," I said, seeing an opening (no one called him Osear), "you look old. Is it liquor?"

"No," he answered, and fell into a reverie. A moment later he started, and continued:

"Not whiskey. I will tell you." His voice sank to a tense whisper. "It's God's lightning."

It was my turn to start; then I remembered the array of rods upon the roof, I thought of his wife's remark, and his own annoyance over my simple statement that the weather was warm. I understood, silently.

"I suppose I had as well tell you my story, if it is a story," he finally said. "It begins the day before I was born. That day, they say, such a thunderstorm was turned loose on earth as had never been seen before. The house in which my mother was confined was struck by lightning. The next day I came into the world, and inherited a nervous disposition, a mortal fear of electricity and—this birthmark." He indicated the pale-blue splotch on his forehead. "A few years ago I made a terrible discovery. Listen. At times the mark is barely visible, but during a thunderstorm it becomes angry and inflamed. In a severe storm it burns like a coal of fire—like a red coal of fire.

"I married her," he jerked his thumb toward the room above, "not many years ago. I loved her then. You may not think it, to see her now, but in those days she was as fair

a girl as ever walked the earth. While the wedding was in progress a storm was raging. I trembled at the altar; I could not speak, I became deathly pale. As we walked out of the church I leaned upon her arm, and I looked into eyes that were cold as winter.

"She soon learned to despise me. I do not blame her. She is brave and I am a coward. When thunder shakes the mountains I crouch in a corner and wring my hands, and she laughs at me. There is no love in this house. She pours out her hatred in shrill soprano, and I keep mine locked up in my heart. But when I see red lightnings flash my bosom swells and I feel the devil in me rise. I hate her fiercely in a storm!" He uttered these last words with such intensity that I was frightened to see a new element in his nature.

"That is my story," he added sadly. "It is a tragedy, or will be some day."

Crave concluded, and reached for the whiskey bottle. He sucked it feverishly, and said, "I began drinking to drown my cowardice. It is my only pleasure now, my bottle, and my books; but you have not seen my books. Here they are."

He led me into an adjoining room, a room which apparently had not been put in order for a month. The windowsills were covered with empty bottles of many sizes, some broken. Several shelves were filled with old books. I examined them; they were mostly weird tales by Poe and Hoffman and obscure German authors—my friend had been a widely read man. I opened one of Kant's treatises at random and began puzzling through the lines, for the book had not been translated. Suddenly Crave interrupted me.

"I am worn out," he said. "Let's go to bed. I may feel better in the morning."

I tossed the volume aside and followed him to his bedroom. He undressed nervously, as he did all things, with little re-

gard for buttons and knots. I blew out the lamp and lay down beside him.

"This is the first time I have had a bedfellow," he remarked, "since I was at college. Do not be disturbed if I cry out in my sleep."

I finally dozed off; and it may have been a dream, for I had many that night, but it seemed I heard a woman sobbing somewhere in an upper room. \* \* \*

I awoke with a start. The man beside me had sprung up in bed like an uncoiled spring.

"Sh-sh! Do you hear it?" he whispered tremulously.

"No," I replied; "what is it?"

"Thunder!" he whispered.

At that moment I heard a low rumble away off in the mountains.

"Lie down, Crave," I said, "that storm is miles away."

"Coming nearer!" he said, still in an awed whisper.

"Listen! Coming nearer and nearer!"

In fact, a pronounced series of peals corroborated his words.

"And if that storm once breaks over the mountains and gets into this valley it will stay here all night," he moaned in agony. "God pity me!" He repeated this phrase three times, and then said, suddenly, "Look!"

I turned toward the window and saw the mountains lit up with an angry glow and then left in pitchy darkness. A strong wind was blowing; a few drops of rain struck the roof. The storm was coming down into the valley with surprising rapidity. Another flash burned the landscape into my eyes; I saw trees writhing before the tempest, I was conscious of solitary rocks and little gorges and agitated clumps of laurel behind a sheet of silvery, driving rain; in the background the hills, blue with an unnatural light, were sharply outlined

against the red sky. Then a curtain of blackness shut out the picture.

I turned to Crave, hoping to laugh him back to a normal frame of mind, but the laugh died on my lips. He was praying. He prayed in a subdued whisper; when bursts of thunder drowned his feeble petition he would raise his voice to a shrieking treble, and now and then he paused to curse. I watched him with pity in my heart, till suddenly I became aware of something which made my blood run cold. The mark above his left eyebrow was as red as a clot of blood!

My exclamation of terror made him start and turn toward me with eyes like those of a cat in a dark room. He seized my arm and said:

"What is it?"

I shrank from him, sick with fear, and buried my face in the pillow. I tried to think of other things, but my mind kept dwelling on the fiery spot above his eyebrow. The loneliness of the house and the fury of the storm increased my cowardice, so that I stuffed the pillow into my ears in a foolish attempt to deafen myself to the thunder. Meanwhile I realized that Crave was still sitting bold upright in bed. Once I heard him cry out (and it must have been very loudly in order to reach my ears) that the mountains were on fire, and again he cursed his wife. The storm, I concluded, had driven him insane.

All at once I felt Crave spring out of bed over my body. I raised my head; a flash of lightning showed him to me near the door, with a knife in his hand. He ran out of the room, and I followed, for his purpose was evident. I trembled along for some time in intense darkness until another flash came, and I saw the madman halfway up the stairs. I took the steps with a series of bounds; intermittent flashes discovered Crave at the top of the steps, in the hall, at the door of a room. Exerting my utmost, I reached the door. At

that moment a blue flame flooded the chamber with light and revealed every detail of a horrid picture.

I saw Crave crouched above his wife holding a glittering knife, and in the wildness of his eyes I saw madness and murder, and in the quivering muscles of his face the anguish of unspeakable fear. Then I saw forked fire, and the light grew blinding; I felt the house shake and heard a terrific explosion, and fell stunned to the floor.

I could not have remained unconscious long, but when I was able to think again the storm was gone, and in its place there was an awful darkness and stillness. I paused on the threshold of that fatal room; after many minutes I went down-stairs and lighted a lamp. I then climbed to the second floor and entered the room, trembling.

The woman lay in bed, her head hanging to one side, her arm dangling to the floor. The sheets were bloody.

The man lay, face downward, on the floor. I turned him over. His features were contorted into a hideous mask; just above his left eyebrow there was a small round hole. His fears had been realized.

The room was filled with a sickening odor of burnt flesh.

## ON BOOKS AND PICTURES IN BOOKS

CHAS. A. MOSELEY.

I have, to use the phraseology of Charles Lamb, an almost childish partiality for books containing pictures. When I go into the library to select a volume I merely glance at those standard editions, soberly clad, and arranged "in drear array" on the wooden shelves. What an imposing spectacle of human knowledge they present! They seem to frown down upon one with quite a magisterial air; and I still recollect with what awe, as a child, I used to gaze at the spectacled gentlemen who were wont to consult their pages. These volumes constitute the aristocracy of books; for I hold that there are castes among books as well as among people. Some, clothed in black garments, have a very pious air (I know one at least who is an old hypocrite); some covered with a coat of accumulated dust, are hermits and misers, uttering no truths; others are beggars, ragged and torn, with perhaps one here and there wearing a lovely mien like King Cophetua's beggar maid; while still others are coquettes and coxcombs, tricked out in all the frippery that the publisher's art is capable of commanding. I look around me until I find my volumes daintily bound and if possible illustrated. Call this preference a weak and childish one if you will—and I have no doubt that some of the readers of these pretty volumes are very sentimental for I not infrequently come across pages which have been stained with tears—but it is one that grows upon me as I become older. I often wonder what a tale one of these books would tell if it could only talk. It has access to the rich man's and the poor man's home alike. It is the companion both of Poverty and of Luxury. How many pairs of eyes have gazed on its pages! old eyes, young eyes, blue, brown, grey, some full of laughter, some stern, some sad and pensive, others lovely and sweet. It goes its rounds like

an old country doctor until age relegates it to a back shelf. I always hate to see these old books taken out and burned.

It is books bound like these intimate companions of the people that I always choose. These are my intimate companions. I know that their beauty is only skin deep; but how much this beauty enhances the joy of reading. How much more agreeable companions, familiar associates, are they than their long-faced serious-minded brethren who might be rendered just as attractive if they came to see us in holiday attire. I confess that I will have nothing to do with these grey old aristocrats. My heart does not warm towards them. Out upon the old imposters! I will make merry by a cheerful fire over a volume of *Robinson Crusoe*, profusely illustrated, while *Aquilo* or *Zephyrus* woos my window-panes.

And so, having fixed my mantle firmly on my shoulders, I will begin to talk about pictures in books. Pictures in books! I look upon these as little anecdotes in the midst of a long discourse, little springs of water, little oases, where the dusty wayfarer may pause for a moment to quench his thirst. I remember very well the first time I read *Robinson Crusoe*. It was in a beautiful red volume. At the beginning there was a half page illustration which gave one a flavor of adventure, of unknown lands, strange peoples, and lonely islands washed by wild seas, before the contents of the book were tasted. I can see the picture clearly now. Three ships are riding at anchor in a peaceful harbor. The weather is fair; the waves calm. The blue sky is dotted with sea gulls. A young lad is standing on the shore watching a group of sailors place a trunk in a boat that is ready to be rowed out to one of the ships. In one corner is a pile of articles jumbled indiscriminately together: a musket, a brace of pistols, a hat, a pair of boots, a sword, a gaily colored sash, etc. With such a pleasant setting as this, one wishes to heave up anchor with the seamen and sail away on the broad seas with boyish eagerness and

boyish expectation. Bon voyage to thee, gentle reader! May you give father Neptune's beard a good hearty pull.

Illustrations at the proper places in books make our progress more pleasant and less monotonous. In *Gil Blas* a cluster of grapes at the beginning of a chapter will call up visions of the sunny vineyards of old Spain or a donkey loaded with faggots, scenes of humble peasant life. Similarly, a limb of a tree covered with tender buds will invest a chapter with the atmosphere of spring, or a picture, like one of Corot's delicate creations, illustrating a magazine article, will prepare the imagination to wander in the fields of dreamland. These decorations are the trimmings, the ornaments, the garments that make a lovely woman more beautiful or a good book more attractive.

There are three pictures which I can not banish from my mind: One of the fair Ophelia sitting on the river's bank with a wreath of wild flowers entwined in her hair, her blue eyes pensive and downcast, a lovelier flower by far than the summer ones around her; another of the fairy Titania, waited on in the moonlight by fairy servitors, the nymphs and elves "who slept in flowers the day"; the third of Prosperine gathering flowers in Enna's vale—all three pictures representing creatures of light, dream women, Eros' triumvirate, with whom I sometimes choose to fall in love on summer noons or at twilight.

I not long ago read an article by Robert Louis Stevenson on "Books That Have Influenced Me." This set me to thinking on what pictures had influenced me. Here I could arrive at no definite conclusion, for our minds are a confused jumble of pictures, seen during our lives, that affect our impressions about things unconsciously. Our budding young scholar pores over the pages of a first reader. Here his eye is pleased with pictures of red apples, a bunch of cherries on a twig, boys and girls rolling hoops and sailing kites, kittens



playing with balls, and young dogs frisking in the sunshine. These pictures are little mirrors in which he sees life reflected. And so on from boyhood to manhood. The other day I saw an ugly green frog which was basking in the sunlight on a half-submerged piece of timber, and instantly my mind reverted to a picture of an old frog that I had seen in one of my early text-books; and all the memories of that period came to me. We often glance at pictures whose coloring, the costumes of the people, call up emotions and thoughts of other periods of life that make us stop for a moment and look down into the wells of the past.

Pictures in books call up visions of real life, but the impressions received from them help us to appreciate real scenes. The memories of pictures are men's companions when they walk in the fields. We look with pleasure on the features of nature that we have seen portrayed in pictures. After having seen the picture of an old tree almost blown down on the brow of a hill compared to an old warrior, or pictures representing the dance and sleep of the flowers, we will regard these things with new interest. They are not only beautiful objects, but objects around which thoughts cluster. To give an example: While out walking the other day I came upon a hill that reminded me of a picture I had seen of the battle of San Juan Hill, and instantly this hill became invested with historical associations. I can think of no more beautiful imagery than the representation of the seasons and hours as beautiful maidens; and who, gazing on the dawn, can not sympathize with Tithonus, the humble grasshopper, down among the dew wet grasses. I never look out upon our American autumn fields without thinking of Millet's scenes of peasant farm life; yet our fields are not overshadowed with a dark cloud of poverty; they look up into the face of clear skies and are surrounded by tracts of bright autumnal woods.

All my ideas of other countries have been gleaned from pictures in geographies and other books. I have an idea of how every country looks. I can close my eyes and see them. The Bible lands, the jungles of Africa, the polar regions, the burning Sahara desert, the ocean isles, the great Steppes—who has not seen them with closed eyes? But I fear that we would be sadly disillusioned if we could make a tour of the world. The other day I came upon a clump of violets that had struggled through a hedge and seemed to be running away helter-skelter down a small hill, and curiously enough my mind instantly reverted to a picture I had formed of the Grecian plains, dotted with marble ruins, and surrounded by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Perhaps it was the blueness of the violets that suggested the idea of blueness of the waters of the Mediterranean that I had obtained from pictures.

And may I be permitted a paradox when I say that there are books containing no pictures which yet contain pictures. These are books which open our hearts like wine or good company. We love to turn their pages slowly and deliberately, not hurriedly like we turn the pages of your romance or tale of adventure. If we go with the author into the secrecy of his chamber he will teach us many things. His phrases and passages will call up pictures that glow like coals of fire. Perhaps we may see Wordsworth's "violet by a mossy stone," or perhaps the gentle Elia may reveal to us the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," or with the lame boy in "The Newcombs" we may see "Zerlina come tripping over the meadows" under sunny Italian skies. I always like to have a talk with the kindly Vicar of Wakefield before I go to bed; and sometimes in my dreams I see Elia's Angel Child "go lame and lovely." These pictures and many more the reader may see if he will only be attentive. The buds of his imagination will blossom if he will but let them; and on a rainy or a winter's day, with a book in his hand, he may see life through a mirror like the fairy Lady of Shallott.

## COLLEGE LIFE

---

E. W.

---

"Broke, broke, broke," is the cry of the college boy,  
While the duns and the bills that fill the mail  
Make an end to all his joy.

"Pay, pay, pay," he hears on every hand,  
While he smokes his pipe and grits his teeth—  
Not a dollar at his command.

"Due, due, due," is the heading of all his bills,  
While the thoughts of that check that didn't come  
His heart with longing thrills.

Blue, blue, blue—his face is a walking sign,  
For the dear little girl he left at home  
Hasn't written a blessed line.

But cheer up, dear old boy, it will be all right in the end.  
There was never a man so down and out  
That he couldn't find a friend.

Just another note to "Dear Pa" and the check will surely  
come.

You can pay your board and room rent, too,  
And still be left with some.

The letter sweet from the dearest girl will come on the morn-  
ing train.

The best of all that has happened yet  
Is what it will contain.

Such is the life of a college boy, he has days both dark and  
bright,

But the one who always turns out best  
Is the one who sticks to the fight.

So smile and the world smiles with you,  
Kick and you kick alone;  
For a cheerful grin  
Will let you in  
Where the kicker is never known.

## PYTHAGORAS

K. A. PITTMAN.

Huxley says somewhere that certain men are counted great because they represent the actuality of their own age and mirror it as it is; others are great because they embody the potentiality of their own day and in some mysterious way depict the future of their State. No man embodied both these characteristics in a more marked degree than Pythagoras.

Pythagoras, as a teacher and philosopher, influenced such scholars as Anaxagoras, Pericles, Socrates, Aristophanes, Plato and Aristotle, for they each make frequent references to him in their speeches and writings. He was a deep thinker, a man of immense learning and influence, "a teacher of teachers," whose energy and enthusiasm no handicap of opposition and position could overcome, and above all a man of high ideals and great patriotism. Therefore his life is well worthy of admiration and studying.

He lived about B. C. 500. He was born on the island of Samos. His parents knew not the meaning of poverty and loved each other devotedly, which is a requisite, as Pythagoras himself declares, necessary for parentage on its highest plane. He also adds that where a man is absent from his family eleven months in the year the best result for posterity is obtained. Later Aristophanes in one of his plays suggests that the Pythagorean domestic time limit should be increased another month for the good of all concerned. However, this time limit has not been followed, even though some modern philosophers uphold it in theory.

There are men that are born with a tendency to know, and Pythagoras was a man of this type. With this born trait he

did not end his research for knowledge until he had undergone the ordeals of a Freshman and the glories of a Senior in Egypt, at that time the seat of knowledge. His mother was no less eager for her handsome son to acquire great knowledge, and trained him from his youth up in the ways that would better fit him for the work of an educator. She taught him to be indifferent to cold, heat, and hunger, to exult in endurance and take delight in any exercise that made the body glow. She bathed him every morning in a cold stream, and the cold winds served as towels. Under this treatment this young man grew physically strong, handsome and proud.

Physically and mentally Pythagoras was a model of manhood. He was tall, graceful, commanding and reserved by nature. Silence was his watchword. He realized that it was impossible for a handsome man to talk as well as he looks. He required all of his pupils to remain silent for one year, and in extreme cases five years. He proved his sincerity in this by taking his own medicine. Pythagoras said, "I will never ask another to do what I have not done and am unwilling to do myself." His pupils to test him challenged him to remain silent for one year, which he did, but at the expiration of the year he made up for lost time.

He soon mastered all the knowledge there was on the island of Samos, and his desire grew stronger and stronger each day to go to Egypt, the seat of knowledge. His mother, who was not less enthusiastic, sold her jewelry that her son might have all the advantage of an Egyptian education. So at the age of twenty, Pythagoras, "the youth with beautiful hair," started on his journey to Egypt. He knocked boldly on the doors of the temple of Memphis, where wisdom, knowledge, and learning were supposed to be in stock. The authorities explained to him that no foreigner was admitted. He insisted. Some one hinted that he was the son of Appollo, and

on learning this they told him that if he would be at the gates naked that night at 12 o'clock he would be admitted. Anticipating this good fortune (of being admitted) he was there on the minute. He knocked loudly, calling for admittance. His only answer was an echo and the barking of dogs within. While hammering on the door with a stone, a voice called from a little window:

"Fool, do you not know the law says these doors shall admit no one except at sunrise?"

"I know only that I was told to be here at midnight and was promised admittance."

"All of that may be true, but you were not told when you would be admitted. Wait; it is the will of the gods."

He waited; he was determined. The night was cold, the cold winds howled around the temple and seemingly cut his skin, for he was without clothing. His limbs were stiff with cold.

Suddenly the sun arose across the desert, the big doors swung heavily back, and he fell nearly dead into a dark hall on a stone floor. He was pulled in by his beautiful hair. Intense darkness and silence reigned.

A coarse voice called, "Do you desire to go on?"

He replied, "I desire to go on."

A ghostlike figure appeared and pulled him into a stone cell. Here his head was shaved, and he was given a bowl of water and a piece of black bread. He withstood this treatment until he thought he would perish. Again the voice called out:

"Do you desire to go on?"

"I desire to go on," he replied.

He was led to a pool of ice-cold water, blindfolded and pushed in. While scrambling around in it the voice called again:

"Do you desire to go on?"

"I desire to go on," he replied.

He was bound to a mule and led to a precipice that seemed to be a thousand feet below, and the voice called out:

"Do you desire to go on?"

"I desire to go on," he replied. The precipice proved to be only a few feet in reality.

When Pythagoras left Egypt and established his college he introduced these little diversions to teach the happy freshmen that nothing is so bad as it seems after all. So our present form of initiation was started five hundred years B. C., and will continue in some form, weak or strong, as long as boys are bound together in a college, and all are not equal.

Pythagoras grew in favor with these Egyptian scholars. He had soon grasped all there was in the school, which was the greatest in the country, and returned to his home. He was received with honors. People thronged to hear his lectures. In these he criticized the government and was banished to Crotona. Here he built a college of his own, and taught in his own way. His college was a democratic institution in the broadest sense. Everybody was equal and everybody worked. Silence, simplicity, truth, honesty, and mutual service were the standards that every one obeyed. He taught a philosophy that is worthy of note.

He says: "Cut not into the grape. Exaltation coming from wine is not good. You hope too much in this condition, so are afterwards depressed. Wise men are neither cast down in defeat nor exalted in success. Eat moderately, bathe plentifully, exercise much in the open air, walk far and climb the hills alone."

"Above all things learn to keep silent—hear all and speak little. If you are defamed, answer not back. Talk convinces no one. Your life and character proclaim you more than any argument you can put forth. Lies return to plague those that repeat them."

"The secret of power is to keep an even temper, and remember that no one thing that can happen is of much mo-



ment. The course of justice, industry, courage, moderation, silence means that you shall receive your due of everything good. The gods may be slow, but they never forget."

"A woman's ornaments should be modesty, simplicity, truth, obedience. If a woman would hold a man captive, she can only do it by obeying him. Violent women are even more displeasing to the gods than violent men—both are destroying themselves."

"Fear and honor the gods. They guide our ways and watch over us in our sleep. After the gods, a man's first thought should be of his father and mother. Next to these his wife, then his children."

He says further: "Sit thou not down upon a bushel measure." Work and fill it.

"Never stir the fire with a sword." Do not disturb a wrathful person.

"Wear not the image of God upon your jewelry." Keep your religion in the depths of your heart.

"Help men to a burden, but never unburden them." This seems paradoxical. It means by relieving men of responsibility we take from them the essential thing that causes potential powers to become kinetic.

"Leave not the mark of the pot upon the ashes." Forget the past and look toward the future.

"Feed no animal with crooked claws." Beware of tramps, etc.

"Speak not in the face of the sun." Keep silent in public places.

There are a great many more of these old proverbs, but what we have given shows us their nature.

It is supposed that Pythagoras perished with his pupils when his college was burned by a set of drunken soldiers, urged on by a jealous people.

As we talk of our other great scholars, let us not forget one of the greatest, the "teacher of teachers," Pythagoras.

## THE CONVERSION OF A BACHELOR

JNO. P. MULL.

"I tell you, Jim," said his sister Mary as she was moving the last of her belongings from the old home in preparation for housekeeping with her newly-married husband on his large farm, "you must persuade some nice woman to keep house for you. You can never stay here alone."

"No," said the bachelor of forty, "that is impossible, for you know that I have scarcely looked at a woman since Nancy Brown threw me overboard."

"Yes, James, but you could love another if you could find a real good woman, couldn't you?" said Mary, more serious.

"I have already made up my mind on the woman subject and all your nonsense will not change it one bit," replied James in a determined air.

"Well, we must leave you alone if you will not go with us nor take my advice," said Mary as she climbed into the spring wagon. Seating herself beside her husband she added, "I hope you will change your mind before long, for it will be very lonesome here by yourself."

"Never you mind, Mary," growled James, "I shall get along all right."

"Well, give us a few days' notice so that we will have plenty of time to fix the supper," said Mary's husband as they drove away.

"You shall have plenty of time," returned James in a joking manner as he waved them a good-bye.

The next few days were very trying to James Stone for he had never realized the value of a woman before. His sister had always done all the housework since their mother had died ten years before. James and Mary had lived very

quietly together. He worked the little farm while she did the chores around the house. They were alluded to in the community as the old bachelor and old maid. But now the old maid was gone and James was left to shift for himself. He never once doubted that he could get along with the household work all right, for he had always considered this work as mere play.

The real trouble began the next morning after his sister's departure. Mary had left enough provisions cooked to last a day or two, but there were other things besides cooking. After a lonesome but hearty breakfast he went down to the barn to milk "Old Jerse" for he had forgotten her the night before. The milking had hardly commenced when "Jerse" slashed her tail in his face, which was returned by a sharp kick in her side. This stirred the ire of "Jerse." The milking finally ended by the cow's kicking the whole pail over and soiling his new overalls very badly. Giving up the attempt, he reckoned he had better wait until "Jerse" was in a better humor.

Returning to the house he found a hundred things to do which he had never thought of before. Next morning his biscuits were so heavy that he thought he must have used lead in place of soda in making them. His milking experience was a little better than the morning before. After a miserable dinner, he sat down to rest, for he had had an unusually hard morning's work. He had hardly seated himself when he heard a terrible noise in the kitchen. On reaching the kitchen door he saw "Drum," the old dog, swallowing the last of a nice pullet he had dressed for his breakfast. Night was a very welcome visitor to the tired man.

Arising early the next morning he was prepared for the worst, and the worst was surely coming. This was churning day. After another breakfast of leaden biscuits and another encounter with "Jerse," he made his preliminary prepara-

tions for churning. But churn as long as he may no butter appeared. Churning ended by pouring the whole mess to the pigs. Next he decided he must bake a cake for dinner. He got down the old cook book and found what he wanted. The cake seemed to be all right when he took it from the stove and he was congratulating himself on his fine cake baking. But when he took the first bite his pride faded away, for ah! what a taste. On examining the bottle where he had got his flavoring he found that he had used cod liver oil instead of cinnamon. Going to the front door he was horrified to see the pigs rooting up the flowers which Mary prized so highly. They had just walked out for he had forgot to shut the gate when he had emptied his churn. After a long chase the pigs were again in the pen, and he returned to the porch to find the pup eating the top off one of his gaiters he had forgotten to put away that morning. Kicking the pup out of the porch, which went yelping towards the barn at the top of his voice, James sat down to rest, and picking up the daily paper his eyes fell on the following advertisement:

"A HANDSOME LADY of thirty, worth \$10,000, desires an honest and sober husband. No faker need apply. Address K., 404 West St., Chicago."

"Guess that must be my salvation," mused James as he read it the second time. "Anyway I will answer and see who she is, just for fun."

Next week the answer came demanding a fee of five dollars to join the bureau. He sent along his five dollars for the name and address. The next answer brought the following: Miss Nancy Brown, Zite, N. C. The name almost took James off of his feet, for Nancy was his old sweetheart and lately had been a frequent visitor to the Stone home, but he never dreamed that she was thinking of marrying.

The following Sunday morning James Stone donned his

best suit and went over to pay his neighbor a visit. That night after another horrible supper he wrote the following note to his sister:

“Mary, get the supper ready, for all things are ready.”

And Mary acted as if she were surprised as she handed the note to her husband, who now understood why Mary and Nancy had been such good friends of late.

## AN ENTOMOLOGIST'S DAUGHTER

R. F. PASCHAL.

As Freshman Lee and Sophomore White sat on a rustic out under one of the large oaks, they were startled by the swish of a silk skirt.

"Say, isn't that Miss Agassiz?" asked Freshman Lee excitedly.

"Yes," said White, "what do you know about her?"

"Oh, I met her down at Morehead last summer, and to tell you the truth I fell heels over head in love with her. My," he said, slapping White on the knee, "but she's a fine girl!"

While the boys were still talking Miss Agassiz came back across the campus on her way home.

"How do you do, Miss Agassiz?" said each of the boys, greeting her.

"I am so glad to see you," responded Miss Agassiz with a smile. "How do you like our college, Mr. Lee?"

"Oh, I am liking just fine."

"Won't you boys walk home with me? I am in a hurry to get back for father wants a soon dinner today."

"Thank you," broke in Lee, but White excused himself and fell back into his seat again.

When they reached the gate Lee turned to go.

"You must come back. Come this afternoon; I want you to meet my father."

"Thank you," said Lee, and he hurried back to the rustic where White still sat.

"What do you think, old snowball? She invited me back this afternoon. She wants me to meet her father."

"Yes," said White; "you had better not start anything around here. The sophs just won't stand a sporty freshman."

"What kind of a fellow is her father? He must be a fine man from what I've heard of him."

"Oh, he looks fairly well, considering the fact, as he claims, to be descended from a monkey," said White.

The boys went back toward the dormitory, Lee with a smile on his face and a flutter in his heart.

"Lee, let's walk out across Billing's meadow to Richland Creek this afternoon," proposed White.

"You don't intend to try to pull off any of your soph tricks on me, do you?" asked Lee, growing just the least bit suspicious.

"Why, no, you scarry little fool. What are you thinking of?"

That afternoon White went to Lee's room and they started for their walk.

"What do you think about going out for football?" asked Lee. "Several of the boys have been after me to go out, but you know it would take up a good deal of my time and I want to make a good grade on my work."

"Yes," interrupted White, "and of course you want to spend some time with Miss Agassiz. There's nothing that helps so much, when it comes to popularity, as being an athlete."

The boys finally reached the thicket near the creek. They turned from the road and started down the stream, White still giving Lee advice about what to do and what not to do while a freshman. Suddenly just in front of them an old man rushed out of the thicket, his net raised, wildly pursuing a butterfly.

"There's that old lunatic out of the asylum again," said White. "You watch him and I'll go up town after the authorities. If he tries to get away grab him and hold him until I get back, he is not strong at all, and I won't be gone five minutes."

Lee hid in the bushes and watched the old fellow a few minutes as he chased up and down the edge of the thicket. It was about time for White to come back. Lee looked through the bushes and there came the President down the road. Oh, if he would just come this way now," said Lee to himself, "I could show the President what I can do."

In less time than a minute his chance came and Lee sprang on the old man, seizing him with an iron grip.

"Be easy, old craze! I'm not going to hurt you!" said Lee; but this did not satisfy the old fellow.

"Come here, Dr. Wharton," the old man cried, "and help me get loose from this fool lunatic."

"What do you mean, Mr. Lee?" asked the President, "there must be some misunderstanding."

Lee took the hint. He had been tricked. White had not returned. Lee was soon a mere speck as he sprinted for his room.

Lee rushed into his room and fell down across his bed.

"I wonder what became of White?" he said to himself. "If I only knew that he didn't see it I would be all right. If it just wasn't for letting it out I would beat the devil out of him. I have a good mind to go right home."

But just then a thought struck him. It was about time for him to go to see Miss Agassiz. He hurriedly put on his best suit, and tried to put a smile on his face, but this was hard to do.

"Oh, I know Miss Agassiz is just the one to help me now. How good it is to have some one to depend upon, and I never did count a boy's word for much anyway."

Lee hurried up to Miss Agassiz's home and knocked at the door.

"Come right in," said Miss Agassiz, opening the door.

"Walk into the drawing room. Father, this is Mr. Lee who you heard me speak of last summer."



"Yes," replied the old professor with a stern look, "you are the little puppy that caused me to lose one of the finest specimens of a butterfly in the South this afternoon."

This was enough. Lee broke the college record getting back to his room, and he doesn't boast of Miss Agassiz's beauty any more nor does he meet her on the campus.

## AUTUMN

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A. L. DENTON.

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Lives there one who in the Autumn  
Feels no new-born love arise,  
Feels no magic in her presence,  
Sees no beauty in her eyes?  
Let him leave the crowded city,  
Take him to the harvest field,  
Take him to the golden forest,  
Show him Autumn's life revealed.

'Tis the time when all the heaven  
Robes herself in deeper blue,  
And the sunlit morning landscape  
Dazzles in the silver dew;  
'Tis the time when lovely nature,  
Feeling she her task has done,  
Half reclined with heart contented,  
Slumbers in the basking sun.

'Tis the time when diverse colors  
Glisten in the forest fair;  
'Tis the time when fading flowers  
Shed their incense on the air;  
When the sickle leaps with laughter  
On its predatory raid,  
And the golden fields of harvest  
Yield unto the reaper's blade.

When the far-off fields of cotton  
Glimmer like a land of snow,  
And the cheerful bending pickers  
Hum along the dark'ning row;

And the sturdy, bearded farmer  
    Jolts along the rugged road,  
In the mellow breath of morning,  
    To the market with his load.

'Tis the time of peavine harvest,  
    When the fragrant mellow loam  
Sheds a sweeter breath than incense  
    On the humid evening gloam ;  
When the grapes are blushing purple  
    And the nuts' brown jacket cleaves  
And the bashful orchard apple  
    Hides among the golden leaves.

Lives there one who sees no beauty  
    In a season such as this,  
Feels no magic thrills of rapture  
    In sweet Autumn's tender kiss ?  
Let him leave the crowded city,  
    Take him to the harvest field,  
Take him to the golden forest,  
    Show him Autumn's life revealed.

## A COMPASS AND A COMPACT

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Old Eb Atkins walked carefully over the crisp leaves, his eyes riveted on a quivering limb near the top of a large hickory tree.

"By Gray!" he whispered to himself excitedly, "I saw his bushy tail up thar. He's shakin' that limb to beat the dickens, an' I can't git another glimpse of him."

He clambered up on a big log, and cocked his gun, looked intently at the suspiciously shaking limb. But his new place of vantage did not bring to view the hidden squirrel.

"I wish I could git jist one glimpse of him," he muttered, "I'd shore bring him down. Of course if ole Hutchins is anywhars around the shot'd bring him here in a swivet. But I don't keer. I ain't afeered of him. And it's my land anyhow," he added doggedly.

Just then the squirrel ventured out from its place of concealment behind a thick cluster of leaves, and curling its tail above its back chattered defiantly. Old man Eb raised his gun eagerly and began to take careful aim.

"Waht ye doin' thar, Eb Atkins?" shouted a voice behind him so suddenly that his gun fell from his hands as he wheeled around on the log.

Old Bill Hutchins stood a few steps away, glaring at him angrily. And elose behind the old man stood Charlie Hutchins, a long, lanky youth of nineteen.

"Allowin' that it's any o' you durned biziness," snapped old Eb, as he slid down and recovered his gun, "I'm squir'l huntin'. An' in a second more I'd a got a purty un," and he turned and looked anxiously toward the hickory.

The squirrel, taking advantage of the interruption, had

scampered away through the branches, jumped over into a big chestnut tree, and ran in a hole.

"It's gone," blustered old Eb in a great passion, "an' all your doin's, an—"

"I thought I told you to stay off o' this land," thundered old Hutchins.

"An' I thought I told you to stay off," was old Eb's angry rejoinder.

In the excitement old Eb happened to jerk the trigger of his gun. It went off with a loud bang, and jumped out of his hand.

"Air ye shootin' at me, you ole devil?" yelled old man Hutchins, making a furious lunge forward.

But Charlie Hutchins caught him by the coat.

"Hold on, pap," he said, "didn't ye see that the gun went off? And besides," he added, his rough voice softened to pleading, "what's the use o' this fuss? Ole man Atkins ain't a-goin' to fight you while I'm here. An' you're both too old to be fightin' and fussin' over a piece o' land anyhow. I was down to Wilkesboro the other day an' they've got a new surveyor, a durned nice lookin' feller he is, too. Why not have him to bring his compass an' come up here, and you'uns fetch out yer deeds, an' let him survey this land, an' stop this fussin'?"

Old Eb looked first at the youth and then at his father.

"I'm agreed if Bill is," he said, after a pause; "I'm tired o' havin' my squir'l huntin' interfered with," and he looked regretfully in the direction the squirrel had escaped.

"I reckon it would be the best," admitted old Bill, "but I know he'll give it to me."

"Don't be too shore of that," old Atkins admonished, "he might—"

"Jist wait an' see," interrupted Charlie, "I believe he'll be fair about it, so jist wait an' see. I'll write to him this

evenin' to come up next Friday night, an' he can survey it out Saturday."

"Wa'al, I'm agreed," old Eb again declared; "I'll be on the ground. Believe I'll go up on Henson an' see if I can't find me some squir'ls," and shouldering his gun, he trudged away.

"Charl," said old Hutchins, "I'll go up to the Ben place an' see if I can find them sheep. You go home an' write that letter. Be shore you tell him to come to our house to stay all night Friday night."

The young man was left alone. He ascended a little ridge. From its crest he could get a good view of the land which had been the bone of contention between his father and old man Atkins for many years. Both the old men had come to the mountains from down on the Yadkin. They had bought farms from the same man, and settled down. Because of some ambiguity in the deeds given them this twenty-five acres had been in dispute, and the cause of many quarrels.

Charlie sat down upon a stump, looked down toward the little house at the foot of the hill, then over toward where old man Atkins lived. Then he sighed deeply.

"It 'ud be a purty nice place to settle down," he soliloquized. "I wish pap and ole man Eb could quit this quarrelin'. Maybe the surveyor 'll settle it; I hope so anyway. If they'd quit quarrelin' then maybe I could—"

A rustle in the leaves down on the ridge below him stopped his soliloquy. He climbed up on the stump and looked. He saw Mary Atkins, the daughter of old man Eli. She was running as if she was frightened, looking in every direction. She was bareheaded and barefooted, and carried in her hand a checked apron which had been jerked off by a bush.

Charlie jumped off of the stump and bounded down the ridge toward her.

"Heigho, Mary!" he shouted, "where air ye goin' ? What's the matter?"

"Have ye seen anything o' pappy?" she asked quickly, and then, as if remembering suddenly, she sat down on a log and spread the apron over her feet.

She looked at him, half timidly, half eargerly, the blood suffusing her cheeks.

"Yes," he replied, "I saw him a while ago. He's all right."

"I've been so oneasy about him. He came off over this away squir'l huntin', an' I begged him not to. An' I heered a gun fire a while ago, so I run over here," she explained, "for I was skeered there had been trouble."

"I think this quarrelin'll hush up," he said. "I'm goin' to write to the county surveyor this evenin' to come up here an' survey it out Saturday. An' the ole folks have agreed to it."

"I'm so glad, Charlie," said the girl; "I'm awful tired of it."

"So am I, Mary," said the young man softly, "an' if they git it settled maybe we kin—kin—kin—well, ye know, Mary, I've been likin—likin—y—you for a long time—"

"Hush, Charlie," she said, turning a red face away.

He moved over toward her, but she drew back.

"Pap's liable to come along," she cried.

Charlie did not stop. She snatched up her apron and bounded away down the ridge like a frightened fawn.

Charlie stood looking after her for some time.

"Dad burn it!" he muttered, as he turned and started for home.

The letter to the surveyor was written and mailed in time to get in the Wilkesboro mail that afternoon.

## II.

On Friday evening the surveyor was driving slowly up the mountain. He had not lived in Wilkes long. He was a native of the eastern part of the State, and this was his first trip up the mountains. Therefore he was looking at the scenery with a lowlander's interest in its picturesque beauty.

Down below him the Yadkin was wending its way between the hills. Above him were the mountains, clothed in the glory of autumn. And up near the top of the Blue Ridge he could see a waterfall, like a strip of white cloth, hanging against the mountainside.

Suddenly an old man carrying a gun climbed over the fence into the road.

"You're the surveyor, air ye?" was his greeting.

"Yes, Frank Wilson, county surveyor, at your service."

"An' I'm Eb Atkins," said the old man, "an' I thought I'd come down an' meet ye—"

"Oh, yes, you are one of the parties that want me to survey the land," said the surveyor. "Get in and ride with me. I was just enjoying the scenery."

"Right purty," admitted old Eb, "an' I'm glad ye've come. Now you're goin' over to my house to stay all night."

"Well," said the surveyor, "I'd like to, Mr. Atkins, but the letter from young Hutchins said that I must be sure and come to their house for the night."

"O, that don't make no dif'funce," urged old Eb. "My wife, she's been fixin' fer ye, her and darter Mary both. They've been killin' chickens an' bakin' pies, and they expect ye."

The mention of the daughter and the chickens and the pies broke down the surveyor's power of resistance.

"All right," he agreed. "I can stay with Charlie Satur-



day night, and drive over to Wilkesboro early Sunday morning."

As they drove by old Hutchins' home they saw the old man and Charlie standing on the porch. Old Eb didn't think it wise to mention who lived there, but kept the surveyor busily engaged in conversation. He failed to note the angry glances old Bill bestowed upon them.

A little farther on, the surveyor suddenly asked, "By the way, where does Hutchins live?"

"O, we passed his house back yonder," replied old Eb carelessly.

Soon they arrived at the Atkins home, and Wilson was heartily welcomed by Mrs. Atkins and Mary. And before long he was seated to a supper that made his soul glad. Sure enough, there was chicken, and besides, blackberry pies, cabbage, beans, pork, honey, and such milk and butter as the mountains alone can produce.

Old Eb finished first and, asking to be excused, managed to call Mary aside.

"Now looky here," he whispered, "ye've got to play that organ an' sing tonight, an' smile an' grin at that surveyor, so's he'll be my way tomorrer."

Mary only nodded her head and perhaps thought of Charlie.

Anyway the surveyor was duly impressed and bedtime came quickly.

Early the next morning the entire Atkins family began making preparation to go over to see the surveying.

"Mary, ye've got to stay here an' git dinner," said Mrs. Atkins.

"And Johnny, ye can stay an' fetch it over about twelve," added old Eb, addressing a youngster of twelve, a son of old Eb's married daughter.

So they set out for the place where the surveying was to

begin, Mrs. Atkins in the surveyor's buggy and old Eb and Wilson walking behind.

When they reached the disputed land they found old Bill, his wife, and Charlie there ahead of them. After the usual greetings, which were somewhat cool between the two old men, the surveyor brought out his compass, and old Eb and old Bill their deeds, and the surveying was begun.

It had not progressed far, however, when old Hutchins decided that his interests were not safe in the hands of the surveyor.

"Looky here, mister!" he yelled, "ye ain't agoin' by my deed. Ye're goin' by his'n."

"He's a goin' jist right," volunteered old Eb, with a satisfied grin.

"Gentlemen," the surveyor said pompously, "I am going according to the best information obtainable from both of your deeds. I know my business," and he went on with his work.

"'Course he knows his bizness," giggled Mrs. Atkins.

"Now, Nance Atkins," yelled Mrs. Hutchins shrilly, "you jist keep your lip out o' this here—"

The surveyor had veered sharply to the right, and old Bill had become so infuriated that he could hold in no longer.

"You onfair, low-lifed, soft-handed sand lapper you, I'll break every bone in your body, a tryin' to give my land to Eb Atkins," and he darted forward and with a swift blow with his walking cane knocked the compass from the surveyor's hands to the ground. Then jumping on it he stamped it furiously into the earth.

The surveyor looked his astonishment.

Charlie Hutchins rushed forward and laid his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Pap," he said, "ain't ye ashamed o' yerself? Ye prom-

ised to let Mr. Wilson survey it out and hush this fussin'. Now ye've went and ruined his compass."

Old Bill grew calm at once. His son's influence over him was great.

"I lost my temper," he said. "I won't no more."

"Gentlemen," said the surveyor, "nothing else can be done until a new compass is procured. What will—"

"Say," interrupted Charlie, "I'll go down to town and git one."

"All right," agreed Wilson. "Just take my horse and buggy. You can get one at Hart's."

Charlie drove off whistling.

"I'll bet Mary's at home by herself," he mused; "b'lieve I'll drive 'round by an' see her a minute or two."

In a few minutes he was at old Eb's gate. Mary had just come out on the porch. She still had on her Sunday dress which she had donned in honor of the surveyor's coming, and over it the checked apron.

"Howdy, Mary," he greeted.

"Howdy, Charlie. Where are ye goin' with Mr. Wilson's hoss an' buggy?"

Charlie didn't like the way Mary called the surveyor's name. He had not rested well the night before, thinking of the surveyor at old Eb's. He wanted to have a long talk with Mary.

"Goin' down town after some more surveyin' things," he replied; and as a thought occurred to him which made his heart beat faster: "Git in an' go with me. They'll stay over there until I git back."

"I've got to cook dinner," she objected.

"Ain't ye got it cooked?" he inquired.

"Well," she admitted, "I have got it cooked, fer I was kal-kerlatin' on doin' some sewin', so I cooked it early. But Johnny's here. He stayed to carry the dinner over."

"Johnny!" Charlie called.

The lad appeared around the corner of the house.

"Want to go over where they're surveyin'?"

"You bet," replied Johnny eagerly.

"All right; git the dinner and hustle over there. Tell 'em Mary is doin' some sewin', an' wanted to git shet of ye. Don't tell 'em ye saw me, hear?" and he placed a half dollar in the boy's palm.

Johnny grinned and disappeared.

"Now git yer hat, Mary, an' come on," said Charlie cheerfully.

Mary got her hat and went with him to the buggy. He helped her in, and they were soon clattering down the mountainside. The sun was shining brightly through the trees, from which the leaves had fallen and lay carpeting the road. Charlie was happy.

Suddenly he turned toward Mary. He had a new idea.

"Mary," he said, throwing his arm across the back of the buggy seat, "le's git married down here in town. The surveyor 'll settle this dispute, or we'll settle it ourselves. Le's git married an' go back and make our old paps give us the land. That's a purty little house on it, an' a mighty good spring."

Mary demurred, but what chance has a girl in a buggy with an eager, pleading youth?

They drove to the office of the register of deeds, procured a license, then to Rev. Mr. Lyon's for the ceremony. They then drove back up the mountain, happy in youthful love.

About twelve o'clock the group down on the little ridge saw the surveyor's horse come in sight.

"My land!" shrieked old Bill's wife, "who's that Charlie's got in the buggy with him?"

"The Lord-a-merey on us!" shrieked old Eb's wife, "ef it ain't Mary.

"What's all this mean, anyhow?" yelled old Eb and old Bill in unison.

"Pap," said Charlie, as he climbed out of the buggy and gallantly assisted Mary to get out, "Mary an' I have studied out a new way to settle this dispute. We got hitched up down to town, and we've come back to tell you an' Mr. Atkins that ye can jist settle this by givin' the land to me an' Mary, and quit yer fussin' here and now."

The startled old people at last grasped the meaning of Charlie's words.

"Well," said old Eb, "I'm agreed if Bill is. "This is a mighty purty evenin' fer a squir'l hunt, an' we can go home an' not survey no more."

"Well, it's done," said old Bill, "an' I can't object," and he glanced at the two old women who were laughing and talking with Mary.

The surveyor stepped forward.

"Charlie," he said, "I offer you my heartiest congratulations."

"Thank ye, said Charlie. "And by jings! what was that compass wuth pap broke? I clear fergot to git one down at town!"

## BEATING A FELLOW'S TIME

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

It was a warm Sunday afternoon in July. I was sitting on the porch, with my feet on the railing, reading a magazine.

"Ennis," my brother called, "let's go over to Mr. Vick's to see Maggie and Lizzie."

"But," I said, "we haven't got a date and Duward and Bayard might be there."

"That's all right, if they are; we'll see if we can beat their time."

"Well," I finally agreed, "it's awful hot, but I'll go anyway."

When we got there, we were met at the door by the old gentleman.

"Come in, boys, come in," he said cordially. "I'm glad to see you; the girls are not here right now. However, they will be baek soon. Have seats and make yourselves at home."

After we had been there about five minutes, talking of various and sundry things, our host said:

"Boys, let's walk over the cotton."

"All right," my brother agreed, "nothing suits me better." So we started. I had on my Sunday clothes, including lavender hose and low cut pumps, my brother was dressed in about the same way; so you may know about how anxious we were to walk through the hot sun, in a soft, dusty cotton-patch.

I let my brother entertain the old gentleman, I could not help being amused at some of their expressions. He evidently wanted to get on the good side of that old fellow.

"Mr. Vick," he said, "this is the finest cotton I've seen this year."

"Yes, it's pretty good," the old fellow said, "pretty good. I tell you when it comes to raising cotton, I don't believe there's a man in this country that can beat me."

"I don't, either," my brother quickly said. "I was just telling Ennis on the way over here that I thought you were the best farmer in the country."

In the meanwhile my brother said to me over his shoulder:

"I wonder how much cotton this blamed old scutter has got."

"I don't know," I replied, "and don't care to know if I've got to find out by walking over it."

Forty minutes passed and we were still walking.

"Mr. Vick," said my brother thoughtfully, "I'd like to buy enough seed from you to plant my next year's crop."

"All right, it's a bargain," he said, "I'll be sure and save them for you."

All things will end, and finally that cotton-patch did too. My brother consulted his watch when we got to the house and said:

"Well, I know it's time for us to go."

"Oh, don't hurry," the old gentleman said in disappointment, "I wanted to take you over the corn."

"We must go," I said. So we left.

When we had got about half a mile down the road, we met two buggies, in which were the girls we had gone to see and their sports.

"Hello, there," one of the boys called out, "where have you boys been?"

It is needless to say that we did not tell him. That is my last attempt at trying to "beat somebody's time."

## A KEY AND A COMPLICATION

L. S. INSCOE.

"Heard the news, Red?" asked Bob as he slammed the door shut behind him.

"What news," asked Red, looking up from beloved trigonometry lesson and resting his pencil behind his ear.

"Why, old Doctor Black is going to have the biggest blow-out of the season down at his house next Friday night. Oh, man! but it's going to be something swell."

"Reckon we'll get an invitation?"

"Sure thing you bet we do or at least your Uncle Frank Bobleby will anyhow. I don't know about you," said Bob throwing back his shoulders and resting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

"If you get one I will too," responded Red.

"Aw don't get too fresh about it, now, newish, or I'll have to have you shined. You know I've got a leg on the old guy and the females too, especially Miss Sally."

"Oh, well, you may have, but it didn't look that way to me that night we were both down there," replied Red.

"Cut that out or I'll brad your nose and have you shined too, like I said I'd do. Pshaw! there goes that bell now and I've got to take gym."

Undressing and laying his clothes on the bed Bob slipped on his gymnasium suit, took a piece of soap and began ransacking his trunk in search of a clean towel.

Red got up, went over to the dresser, looked at himself, combed his "pompadour," changed a new yellow pencil from behind each ear to his outside coat pocket to keep his fountain pen company, and he and Bob went out together, locking the door behind them and putting the key in his pocket.



"I forgot my key," said Bob as they reached the bottom of the last flight of steps, "come on back and let me get it or loan me your key a minute."

"That's all right, I'll be back before you finish taking gym, so you needn't bother about it."

"All right, but don't you fail to be back then or else there'll be something doing when you do get back."

After showing the gymnasium class and the instructor a few stunts Bob went down, took a bath and went to his room. "What you want to be so blamed peculiar for, Red? Unlock this door and let me in, ye are gettin' fresh as cheese," he called out and kicked the door soundly, but Red did not answer.

"Hang ye, don't ye know I aint got on no clothes and it's gettin' cold out here?" but Red was not there, and he still received no answer.

Bob went back down to the gymnasium and took gymnastics for another hour, played basketball awhile, then went down to the bathroom and took another bath. Again he made his appearance at his door and again found it locked.

"Er measley, red headed, slap sided, double jointed bean pole, what in the thunder did he want to lock that door for!"

Thus Bob gave vent to his wrath as he went off in search of another key. The Bursar's office was closed and nobody else's key would unlock his door.

Bob borrowed a glove and caught ball another hour with "Whirleye" Carter. Again he attempted to get into his room but without success. He was more docile this time. Sticking his head out of a fourth floor hall window he called:

"Please, Whirleye, won't you find Red and tell him to come unlock my door; it's nearly supper time and I can't get to my clothes. Tell him please to hurry, 'cause I'm getting

mighty hungry and its getting mighty cold out here without my clothes on."

Bob descended the stair and in order to keep warm began trotting around the campus while Whirleye was finding Red and the key. He met several boys but nobody had seen Red, so he kept on trotting.

After completing his fifth round he went up to see if Red had arrived during this time. The dormitory was deserted. Suddenly he heard a supper bell ring. His wrath broke out again. He started on Red's red head and roasted him down one side and baked him up the other in language that would make a sailor's parrot blush.

This brought no results, so he tried to get into someone else's room to make a fire, but every room was locked.

Spying lights in the gymnasium he decided to seek aid there. Here he found Mr. Freckles, the gymnasium instructor, who loaned him a large red training sweater and a pair of white tennis pants. The sweater was a little too large and the sleeves were too long, but the pants fit very snugly as far as they went, which was only four inches below Bob's knees.

He started out for supper in a trot. Emerging from behind some trees as the walk made a turn he suddenly halted. There in front of him coming up the walk were Mrs. Black and her daughter, Sally. It was still light enough for him to recognize them and he knew that he would be recognized if he met them. It was too much for Bob. He made a dive for the friendly shelter of the dense foliage of a spruce. There he waited in silence.

"Wasn't that that young man that—?"

"S-s-s! Hush, Mother!" in a sweet female voice—

"I am really surprised at him, what did he—?"

"Hush, mother!" in a loud whisper.

As the two figures went out of sight behind a magnolia Bob made another dash for supper. As he rushed headlong in at the front door he almost knocked someone off his pins who was coming out and took a backward glance to see who it was. It was Red. The storm broke in all its fury.

"You little lop-eared, crank-sided red-headed imp of Satan, you; why didn't you bring that key back like you said you would? You knew I couldn't get in and you knew my clothes were locked up in the room. I have a good notion to take you out here and wallop you like you need to be walloped."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, but I went off for a walk with Denton and forgot all about it. I'll warrant you need some clothes all right, though. Here, take the key and for my sake get into something that looks better than those duds."

There was nothing else to do, so Bob submitted to fate, took the key and started off for his room amid the laughter of Red and several others who had arrived on the scene.

"What you got there, Red?" asked Bob at the postoffice next day as Red took out a dainty little envelope and broke it open.

"Let's see. Oh! it's an invitation to that blowout you were talking about last night."

"Where's mine?" asked Bob, feeling carefully inside the empty box.

"Don't know; guess you didn't get one."

"Oh, I guess that the postmistress forgot to put it up. I'll ask her."

"No, it hasn't come," was the reply of the postmistress.

Edward visited the postoffice six times that afternoon and eight the next morning, but no invitation.

And unto this day Frank Bobley hides behind a tree whenever he sees Sally Black or her mother coming his way on the campus.

### COMPENSATION

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I gave my heart, its faith its love, to you,  
I laid its throbbing, quiv'ring at your feet;  
Knowing that you could hear its every beat,  
Feeling that you forever would be true.

Now all is changed and long, long years have passed;  
I blame you not, my darling, for your part;  
Although you crushed with ruthless hand my heart  
Until it broke beneath the stress at last.

Tho' great my loss and small and poor my gain,  
Tho' on Life's shore I linger all alone,  
It matters not—I seek the Master's throne  
And thank my God that Memories remain.

# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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By R. F. PASCHAL

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Basketball The football season has just closed. Perhaps it has not been so successful for W. F. C. as many of us had hoped, but with the opening of the basketball season we are very hopeful. To tell the truth the outlook is optimistic. When it comes to basketball we always hold our own and with the present outlook we are going to have one of the best teams we have ever put out.

Notwithstanding that two of last year's men are not back, these positions will be filled by good men. There are so

many men out for these places that no one feels that he has the place "cinched." Consequently every man on the team and all those who hope to make it are doing good work. There is nothing that strengthens a team so much as having the positions heartily contested and a good scrub team to practice with.

With our same old coach, in whom we have so much confidence, and such material as we have to offer him, you may be sure that Wake Forest will win this winter. Every man in college should stand squarely behind the team and go to every game. If we will do this there is no reason why Wake Forest should not have one of the best basketball teams in the State.

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#### The Use of a Library

For the past few years there has been built and equipped a great number of libraries throughout the country. Some of them have cost millions of dollars. Some have cost very little. But it does not necessarily follow that the library costing the most money does the most good.

All of our colleges have libraries. Some of them have good ones, but there is a very small per cent of the student body who take advantage of the opportunities offered. Many students do not know what the library contains. In fact they never think, they do not know enough about it to be interested. This is a great mistake for college men. I have observed that when once a student gets in the habit of using the library he keeps it up and almost invariably spends more and more of his time there. He finds that here is one of the best places in the world to rest his mind from his textbooks.

There are books that will interest every student whatever vocation he may intend to follow. Too many decide that there is no recreation in a library before they ever get interested or before they even know what they want to read. This

is one part of college life that is sadly neglected. The students and books both would be better off if the books could be used once every month or two instead of rotting on the shelves.

A library with limited means often makes very grave mistakes as to the selection of the books they buy. In case you have a limited amount with which to buy books there should be all the more consideration. Our library at Wake Forest should have several books which we are without; several that would be read many times each year, and at a small cost, together with wisdom in choice, we could have them. Where could the money be better spent?

Of course we do not expect to have all the new novels or every book that a student happens to call for, but what we need is good standard literature to take the place of some that is never moved from the shelves.

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There is no better way of holding the alumni **Class Reunions** of a college together than by having an occasional reunion of the graduating class of each year, as the class of 1902 has done. If each class would organize before leaving college, as has been suggested for the present class, and meet even every ten years, there would soon be a class reunion every year. Then if the class which is holding its reunion would confer with the secretaries of the other classes there could be kept a good record of what the alumni of the college are doing.

It would not only help the college but it would be a great pleasure to those who could come back and shake their old classmates by the hand, and hear them tell of their work and success in the world.

The alumni are always the best friends of a college, even though it has rich friends who give great sums for endow-

ment. More especially would this be true of Wake Forest, since her alumni must not only manifest interest in what she is doing, but must also support it financially to a very great extent. If the alumni do not come back to their alma mater and see the needs or hear of them through some organization with which they are connected, business interests will likely divert their minds to something else.

Let's arrange, before we leave, for our class of 1914 to come back in 1924. By having this meeting in mind we will be reminded of our college here, of its needs, of every individual's help. Not only this, but let us urge the class of 1915 to do the same thing, and in this way start an endless chain. It is hard to institute a movement like this, but it would certainly be one of the best things to hold the alumni of the college together that we could do. Class of 1914, let's organize. Let's invite the class of '13 and the class of '15 to organize, and if this movement is once started it must continue.



## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

On October the 15th, Rev. H. C. Moore, Editor of *The Biblical Recorder*, and Mr. J. H. Burnett, Reading Clerk of the State Senate during the special session, spent a few hours at their Alma Mater.

In the absence of Pastor Johnson, his pulpit was filled on Sunday, October the 19th, by Dr. C. E. Brewer; on Sunday, October the 26th, by Dr. C. E. Taylor; and on Sunday, November the 3d, by Dr. Livingston Johnson.

On November the 4th, Dr. J. W. Lynch, our former esteemed Chaplain, now of Athens, Georgia, conducted our Chapel services. While he was located here he was held in high esteem by the student body. His knowledge of young men, together with his strong personal magnetism, gave him a peculiar sway over the boys. He is always heard with interest whenever he returns among us.

Since our last issue, Dr. W. L. Potcat has filled the following appointments: October the 16th, at the Roanoke Association, at Scotland Neck; October the 23d, at the South Fork Association; October the 26th, before the Y. M. C. A. and in the First Baptist Church, of Knoxville, Tennessee; October the 30th, at the Raleigh Association, at Carey; and November the 5th, at the Robeson Association.

On Monday evening, October the 20th, Dr. E. W. Sikes began a series of four lectures on Baptist History in North Carolina. These lectures are proving to be highly instructive, and are well attended by the students.

On November the 5th, Prof. J. H. Highsmith started on a ten days' trip to San Francisco, California, where he went to

visit a brother who had suffered a serious accident. Excepting fatigue, he reports a delightful trip. He went by way of Chicago, St. Louis and Salt Lake City, and returned by way of El Paso and Atlanta.

On the evening of November the 4th, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, the well-known Editor of *The Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, delivered the third of our annual series of lectures, his theme being "The South and Its Opportunities." He eulogized the "Old South," lauded the spirit of the "New South," and, in view of the fact that her peerless natural resources are yet only in the primal stages of development, he prophesied the industrial supremacy of the South of the future. In the opinion of the speaker, the South offers to young men opportunities equal to those of any other part of the world; and his final plea to the young man who would seek his fortune elsewhere, was to consider first the opportunities offered by his native Southland.

Dr. W. L. Poteat spent November the 5th and 6th in Washington, D. C., looking after some business interests of the college. In speaking of some of the impressions he received on this visit to the Capital City, at a time when so much of far-reaching import in the way of legislation is being done, he said: "I remember that many of the leaders there are Wake Forest men. The man whose name is counted as one of the three biggest in the country was for two years a student at Wake Forest—Simmons, Underwood and Woodrow Wilson; Simmons was a student here. Mr. Webb was Sub-Chairman of the Speer Investigation Committee, and is ranking member of the Judiciary Committee. He is an alumnus and a trustee of Wake Forest College. Another Wake Forest man, Claude Kitchin, is likely to become Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, if Mr. Underwood goes to the Senate. And Tom Pence, who is

virtually Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, is also a son of Wake Forest."

On Sunday evening, November the 2d, before the Wake Forest Missionary Society, Mr. R. B. Powell, who has spent the past two years in New Mexico, spoke very interestingly of life and the people in that part of the country. We congratulate Mr. Powell upon the recovery of his health, and welcome him back among us.

On the evening of October the 17th, in the Gymnasium, the Students' Baraca Class gave its annual reception and banquet. The invited guests of the occasion were the Wake Forest Philatheas and the senior class of Oxford College. When all had assembled in the Gymnasium, President Norris called the Baracas to order, after which, upon motion, the young ladies were unanimously elected honorary members of the class, and presented with Baraca emblems. After an hour spent in the midst of music and conversation, a two course banquet was served. All who attended are agreed that it was the most successful entertainment yet given by the Baracas. The disagreeable features that have characterized these occasions in the past were entirely absent, be it said to the credit of the student body.

On October the 23d, the Glee Club, under the direction of Dr. H. M. Poteat, went on its annual itineracy, which included the following points: October 23d, at Durham; October 24th, at Winston-Salem; October 25th, at Asheville; October 26th, at Marion; October 27th, at Lenoir; October 28th, at Lexington; October 29th, at Statesville; October 30th, at Thomasville. The boys report a delightful as well as a successful trip. This is rapidly becoming a strong aggregation, chiefly due to the ability and zeal of Dr. Poteat, who is recognized as one of the best musicians in the State.

On the evening of October the 17th, the third annual Sophomore-Junior Debate was held by representatives from the two literary societies. After a short speech by the President, Mr. A. Y. Arledge, and the reading of the minutes of last year's debate by the Secretary, Mr. A. L. Ferree, the query: "Resolved, that the closed shop system is detrimental to the best interest of the American people," was ably discussed by Messrs. J. M. Gatling and C. J. Hunter, Jr., for the affirmative, and by Messrs. A. L. Carlton and J. Baird Edwards for the negative. The speakers acquitted themselves creditably. Their argument was of a high order, and well presented. By their ready rejoinders the speakers proved themselves able to think on their feet. At the close of the debate, the judges, Drs. Sikes and Paschal, Professors Highsmith and Timberlake, and Mr. B. T. Giles, of the Senior Class, rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative.

On November the 8th, Dr. Chas. E. Brewer attended a debate and delivered an address at the high school at Bay Leaf, Wake County.

An event of interest to every student who has been here for several years was the marriage, on the evening of November the 5th, of Miss Hallie Powers, one of the most popular young ladies of Wake Forest, to Mr. T. M. Arrington, one of our graduates of the class of 1912, and now a promising young business man of Rocky Mount. The kindly interest which Miss Powers always manifested in the students and their activities, her enthusiasm in their victories and her sympathy in their defeats, made her a favorite, and won for her the esteem of the entire student body. The wedding, which was the most beautiful ever witnessed here, took place in the College Chapel in the presence of a host of the friends of the bride and groom, both in and out of town,

and of the whole student body. Dr. J. W. Lynch, of Athens, Georgia, assisted by Rev. W.N. Johnson, officiated. After a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Powers, the young couple left on a night train for New York and other points north. May many years, long and full of happiness and success, be their lot.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

Two of the most interesting poems in the recent college magazines are "The Co-ed" in the October issue of the *Richmond College Messenger* and "The Co-ed Annabel Lee" in the November number of the *Trinity Archive*.

In "The Co-ed" we are told what a co-ed is:

"She murmurs, 'A co-ed is some one who talks  
When she's eating or sleeping, sits, stands, or walks.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"My dear child, a co-ed is just one big joke."

"The Co-ed Annabel Lee" gives us another picture of the co-ed. This time the poet is in love with her.

"I was a fool and She was a fool  
In this college no-matter-where-at,  
For we loved with a love that was  
more than love."

The lover goes on to describe his progress with his work:

"But profs not half so learned as I  
Kept flunking me steady and that  
In this college no-matter-where-at  
That the president sent me home for  
my health."

Thus are the two poems; and while neither would be considered a classic, they both picture to us in a humorous way the much renowned "co-ed."

In addition to the two co-ed poems there are two interesting stories on the same subject, "An Unusual Co-ed" in the October number of the *Archive* and "The Co-ed Cinderella" in the November number. In the former we have the following story: At the opening exercise of the college an un-

usually attractive co-ed makes her appearance. Naturally every boy wants to meet her. On the first day after her arrival she meets three boys—a preacher, a student, and a rough-neck—each of whom makes a date with her. She makes the same date with each one, to meet her at the bank of the old river tomorrow afternoon at five. So they came, each with a present and thinking himself fortunate to be the first to have a chance to be with her; and they are each very much surprised to find the other fellows there. By an unusual circumstance they all learn that she is married.

The story is a genuine piece of wit, especially where the different characters, each in his characteristic way, propose dates to her.

Another story worthy of mention in the *Archive* is "A Modified Dream." Here we are told how a strange man at a hotel passed off a great hoard of counterfeit money upon his landlord.

"The Passing of the Gate," is a really good poem. It is more scholarly and comes nearer presenting a genuine poetic thought than probably any other poem in the magazine. In it we learn that

"Learning and Truth and Religion  
Pass not as metal and stone."

The best essay in the *Archive* is probably "My Visit to the Salem Museum." We are glad to learn that such relics as are described here, are being preserved.

In general the *Trinity Archive* is one of the best magazines in this State. It always comes in neat binding. The subject matter is well selected and well balanced. Judging from the pieces which are published in it, Trinity College has a good English department.

From far-away Texas we get a little magazine called the *Tronitonian*. There is something romantic in the very name

of Texas; we expect in this magazine some of those wild-west stories that we have heard so much about. However, the *Trinitonian* somewhat disappoints us. Its stories do not have that romantic spirit which we so much like. The essays are dry and "boring."

"The Snipe" is the old, old story of snipe-hunting. But there is one beautiful little story in this magazine that deserves to be published in any magazine—"Love Versus Wealth." The story is this: A girl is engaged to a young man. She goes to college and there rooms with a rich girl, whom she tells of her engagement. This girl asks if her fiancé is rich, and on being told that he is not she persuades her to break the engagement. Her lover goes away off and dies of a broken heart. It is some time before she learns it; but when she does, it is almost more than she can endure. "She walked in maiden meditation" the rest of her life. It is late in life that she tells the story to her niece.

This story is told beautifully, and all the way through is filled with just enough pathos to make it enjoyable.

A good poem in the *Trinitonian* is "A Home-Longing," written by a girl. And, by the way, the above story was also written by a girl. It seems that the boys at this school have turned the writing over to the co-eds.



# THE OPEN DOOR

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## Intercollegiate Debates

There is one fact that the students of Wake Forest College are proud of—we have never in the history of the college lost a series of intercollegiate debates. We have debated all the colleges in this part of the country that would debate with us. We have never turned down a challenge. On the other hand we have challenged some that would not debate with us.

Last year, although we had a debate scheduled with Baylor, we accepted a challenge from Davidson.

We lost the debate with Davidson, not because those who represented us were bad debaters, but because they had not had a chance to make the necessary preparation. Even if they did lose we appreciate the efforts they made under the circumstances.

This year we have a sure enough fight before us. Easter Monday we have to meet Baylor's debaters at Atlanta. Of course we must whip them up one side and down the other and send them back to Texas. And how about Davidson? The same thing must happen to Davidson, the same night.

The next question is, are we going to be able to do it? This depends upon the student body. We have the men to do it with, if we can just get them to come out and try. Thus we make an appeal: Every man who knows how to roar, every man who knows how to bellow, every man who can bray, come out in the preliminary and show us what you can do. Let it not be said that those who represented us in those debates had an easy time to get on the teams. Make them believe that if they get on at all they will have to get down and dig.

We are glad to say that under the present system there is more consistent work in the literary societies than has been in several years. We congratulate those who are taking part in this and remind the rest that they are failing to take advantage of the best opportunity that the college affords. Not only do the intercollegiate debates of the future depend upon the work done in these societies, but the future career of many a student depends almost entirely upon the training which he will get there.

R. J. H.

---

### Onward to the National Student Volunteer Convention

Onward to the National Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Kansas City, December 31st to January the 4th, 1914! should be the watchword of every student in Wake Forest College. Not that every student in college should attend or can attend this Convention, but that the student body should share in its blessings. You may ask how you are going to do this. Well, the writer will show you briefly how you can do this and not make any great sacrifice or have to suffer any; but before he does, let him tell you what the Convention is.

There is no question but that at the end of this year and the beginning of the year following, viz., 1914, this student generation will witness the greatest student gathering of its kind ever held in the world. Men and women will gather from every college and university of this country and Canada, and also from institutions of other countries. And they are to meet under the order and command of the Jesus Man for the specific purpose of finding out the needs of this world and to learn best how these needs can be met and to bring in the Kingdom of God. The needs will be presented by the biggest, best and truest men of the rank and file of the army of God, being backed by those who remain in the rank and file,

who are just as great and as genuine as those who proclaim the messages. Too, those who remain at the plow are praying and working and hoping that even a greater number of this student generation will wake from their slumbers and move out and help to bring in the Kingdom of God. As this great delegation shall assemble they will lift their voices in song of praise and then offer thanks to God for the seventh convention. Soon after this there will follow four busy days in which the Master's business will be presented. "STOP AND LOOK AND LISTEN!" and then behold Jesus and what He means to men and the world. If you have done this you now know something of what this convention of hundreds of men and women is, and you can, in part, see how and why it is to be the greatest student gathering of its kind ever held in the history of the world.

Now, how can every student in college share in the blessings of this great convention? First, we are allowed only about three men from the student body and one man from the faculty. Now there are a number of men in college who could pay their expenses to this convention, but we must select the men who will go and bring back to the College the message of the convention, in order that the blessings may come upon us. And most likely the men we send can not pay their expenses; so we must altogether give a small amount of our means and have the men there who will bring back a full train load of blessings. So to enumerate the ways you can help, they are as follows: (1) Give of your means; (2) give a little of your brain to the movement; (3) give of your deepest sympathies; (4) give your most earnest prayers.

These four things every man in the student body can give. Therefore, as the Christmas times draw nigh let us one and all coöperate in this work of the Master and have the new year begin with such wonderful blessings as this student body and the world has never seen heretofore. It is now day, and

soon the night cometh to this our generation and we can no more work; so let us work and let us pray, and in so doing give the next generation—the child of our own generation—a better chance. We are called to give our best, and anything less is too little. Then the last remark, *What are you going to do about it?*

HENRY J. LANGSTON.

### Table Manners at a College Club

At a certain college in Missouri the boys take their meals in a large dining room called a "mess hall." The custom there is that all the boys come in and remain standing while one of the professors returns thanks. Then they all sit down together, making a noise such as a cyclone would make in a forest. It has been said that, while the professor is asking the blessing, every boy will get his fork ready, and when he says, "Amen!" every boy grabs, not for his life, but for something to eat. Many a boy, who has had careful training by a good mother at home, has had to leave the table hungry because he could not adapt himself to the customs.

Once a young man, who was of an aristocratic family and whose mother had given him the most careful training possible, had been attending school at this college and was now at home on a visit. He was telling his friends how the boys did at college, how they behaved at the table, etc., when his mother interrupted him, saying: "You don't mean to say that y-o-u do that way, too, do you, William?"

"Mamma," he said, "for two long weeks I almost starved on the manners that you taught me. I decided that, rather than go hungry, I would do just like other boys."

Thus it is: boys will be boys. Some one has said that even the boys who are most refined will forget their home training and have to start anew when they get through college, if they board at a club or eat in a mess hall. But this is not true.

It is a part of a boy's education to learn how to adapt himself to his surroundings. If he ever had good manners, it will be natural for him to use them when he eats in the presence of ladies, or of other people who are not college boys. If he learns how to act in a crowd of "rough-necks" and should ever be thrown with such a crowd out in life, he will be liked all the more because he knows how to take advantage of the situation.

I remember once hearing a boy use these expressions at the table: "Shoot me the bull down this way. Sling me a biscuit, newish. Shove the taters over here." At the other end of the table a freshman picked up a biscuit and threw it to him. He caught it just as he would have caught a ball. This same young man was seen at a wedding dinner; and there was not a young man, woman, or boy present who acted any more politely than he.

So we naturally conclude that, even if the boys do seem to forget their raising for a while at the club, and go on in a happy-go-lucky way, it is really best for them in the long run.

ROY J. HART.

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### The Wearing of the "W"

Since the session of 1911-'12, there has been no organization of the wearers of the "W." Consequently, the importance attached to the College letter has deteriorated. The time was, and should be now, when for anyone to be seen on the campus wearing a letter, which he had not earned, was considered as disgraceful as any other form of dishonesty. Although such offenses are infrequent, they nevertheless occur.

The constitution of the Athletic Association stipulates the requirements for obtaining a "W," but makes no provision for awarding the letters. Furthermore, only a few have access to the constitution. It is never read before the Associa-

tion, and, so far as we know, has never been published. We believe that, at the end of each season, letters should be formally presented to those who have met the requirements found in the constitution, and that strict provisions should be made to restrict the wearing of the College letter to those who have thus received them.

The funds at the disposal of the Athletic Association will not permit them to present each winner of the letter with a sweater, but some way should be found to do this. The requirements are such that any man who has met them has richly deserved the honor, and the presentation of a sweater would be only a fitting mark of the appreciation of the student body to the members of the teams. We do not advocate any particular plan in preference to another, but we do believe that the time has come when it is imperative that something be done to make the wearing of a "W" a real distinction.

R. E. W.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

- '09. S. C. Hardy has recently been appointed Assistant Attorney-General of Arizona.
- '08. Mr. J. Foy Justice is now practicing law at Hendersonville, N. C.
- '09. W. H. Hipps has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction in Brunswick County.
- '04. Dr. Burton J. Ray is now Professor of Chemistry at the University of Porto Rico, Mayaguez, Porto Rico.
- '09. J. M. Broughton, Jr., of Raleigh, who is acting Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wake County in the absence of Superintendent Judd, has formed a partnership for the practice of law with Walter Clark, Jr.
- '07. Mr. J. W. Bunn was married in September to Miss Maud Davis, of Winston-Salem. Mr. Bunn, who is a member of the Raleigh bar, represented his district in the last Legislature.
- '02. Mr. J. C. Little, who practiced law in Oklahoma for several years, is now located in Raleigh, and has been elected Senator from Wake County.
- '13. Mr. R. M. Sawyer, who has recently become interested in the wholesale grocery business in Elizabeth City, will marry Miss Rosa Jackson, of that city, November 26th.
- '93. Rev. C. H. Durham, pastor of the Lumberton Baptist Church, has recently returned from a month's stay in California and other Western States.
- '85. Dr. A. T. Robertson, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, now has at press with the Doran Company of New York what will doubtless prove to be the most useful

grammar of New Testament Greek ever published. The work is a comprehensive one, the plates alone costing \$9,000.

'09. H. C. Dockery is making a specialty of breeding Minorca chickens at his home near Rockingham.

'09. H. C. "Dad" Banton has been unusually successful in the real estate business at Miami, Florida.

'09. The marriage of Mr. R. C. Josey and Miss Anna Kitchin has been announced for January 28, 1914. Both are from Scotland Neck, N. C.

'09. Virgil Legget, who obtained his license at the last meeting of the Kentucky State Board of Medical Examiners, is now practicing in Louisville.

'09. Elliot "Big" Clark has been very successful in the practice of law at Halifax, N. C.

'09. Levira Legget has a large brick manufactory. It will be remembered that "Little" Legget was a member of the first football team to represent the College after the game was reëstablished here.

'09. Frank Harrison is now connected with the Coca-Cola Bottling Company and is located at Dallas, Texas.

'08-'11. Dr. B. L. Jones is now an interne at St. John's Hospital, Long Island City.

'11. J. M. Davis, who received his M.D. from Columbia last spring, is now an interne at St. Luke's Hospital in New York City.

'87. Hon. E. J. Justice, of Greensboro, N. C., who is generally recognized as one of the leading progressives in the Democratic party in the State, has been appointed by Attorney-General McReynolds as special assistant in the Department of Justice. Mr. Justice, who was brought into prominence by his work in the tobacco trust investigation, will devote himself to the railway prosecutions.



'02. O. M. ("Reddy") Mull has been appointed chairman of the committee to entertain the North Carolina Baptist Convention, which will meet at Shelby this fall.

'96. Prof. Spright Dowell, who has been prominent in the public instruction circles of Alabama for several years, has recently been appointed chief clerk to the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Alabama.

'99. Dr. W. F. Powell, who has been pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of Roanoke, Va., has resigned his pastorate to accept a call to the First Baptist Church of Chattanooga, Tenn. Dr. Powell will take charge of his new field December 1st. While Dr. Powell's numerous friends all join in congratulating him on this mark of recognition in his chosen field, his loss will be keenly felt, not only by the church which he leaves, but by the Baptist denomination in Virginia.

Collector of Internal Revenue Watts, of the Western District of North Carolina, has appointed E. S. Coffey ('90), of Catawba, and Grover Hamrick ('94), of Shelby, deputies in their respective districts.

'93. Hon. J. William Bailey, of Raleigh, has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of North Carolina.

Three Wake Forest men—Eugene Turner ('07), H. H. McMillan ('08), and J. B. Hipps ('07)—recently sailed for China as missionaries. Messrs. McMillan and Hipps go under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Convention, while Mr. Turner will engage in Y. M. C. A. work.

O. J. Sikes ('07) of Albemarle, David Bland ('04) of Goldsboro, and John A. Oates ('95) of Fayetteville have been appointed judges of the recorders' courts in their respective counties.

'08. P. Q. Bryan (LL.B., '12), who was formerly located at Oxford, is now practicing law at Moultrie, Ga.

'11. Luther T. Buchanan, who received his M.D. from Jefferson College last spring, is now interne in St. Joseph's Hospital, of Kansas City.

'10. J. B. Vernon is now taking post graduate work at Columbia University.

'11. Rev. E. N. Johnson, who is now pastor of the Morganton Baptist Church, was married to Miss Frances Johnson, of Raleigh, October 1st.

'07. Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon, who represented Scotland County in the last Legislature, attracted much favorable comment by his work in that body, and has been mentioned frequently in connection with the Speakership for the next term.

'02. Prof. C. H. Jenkins has resigned his position as Principal of the Durham High School, and is at his brother's home in Bertie County.

'08. Rev. Fred F. Brown (M.A., '09) received his Th.D. at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary last spring, and has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

'03. James Royall, who received his law license in North Carolina in 1912 and was for a while located at Raleigh, has been admitted to the bar in New Mexico and is also associated with his brothers, Wm. Royall ('95) and R. H. Royall ('02), in the ranching business at Silver City, New Mexico.

'08. Rev. F. D. King, formerly pastor of the Fayetteville Street Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., is now engaged in the Home Mission work of the Southern Baptist Convention.

'02. C. E. McBrayer is now a surgeon in the United States Army, stationed at Sitka, Alaska.

'03. Rev. A. C. Sherwood has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Andrews, N. C., to accept a call to Red Springs, N. C.

'09. R. S. McMillan is now studying law at Columbia University.

'03-'05. P. C. Olive, who is now practicing law at Apex, N. C., was married to Miss Grace Carter, October 12th. The event attracted unusual attention on the Hill, owing to the fact that the bride is the sister of "Duke" Carter, captain of the present football team.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

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At this writing, everything else in the athletic world is completely overshadowed by preparations for the Thanksgiving game with Davidson. Although various members of the squad are complaining of minor injuries, only one regular has been forced to abandon practice. Cuthrell, who has displayed his usual good form at left end all season, received a bad shoulder in practice the week after the A. & M. game and saw the Gallaudet affair from the grandstand. However, "Cutie" has again donned his togs and while he will hardly be in condition for game with Carolina, will certainly, unless he receives other injuries, be at his old position Thanksgiving. White, contrary to expectations, has not recovered from the injuries he received in the first Carolina game and will not be in uniform again this season.

Owing to the disbanding of the eleven of the Medical College of Virginia, the game scheduled with that team for November 15th was canceled, and the date filled with the University of North Carolina. The game will be played at Durham. It will be remembered that in the regularly scheduled game with the same team the University won by a lone touchdown. The game will be watched with a good deal of interest by the enthusiasts all over the State, as the Chapel Hill aggregation is supposed to have wonderfully improved since the beginning of the season.

During the last month the football team has played some of the teams in the South Atlantic division, viz.: Washington and Lee, Agricultural and Mechanical College, and Gallaudet. The Gallaudet team showed unexpected strength, and with their wonderful assortment of plays succeeded in piling up 47 points to 7 for Wake Forest. In the other two games we were defeated 33 and 37 to 0 respectively.

After the A. & M. game the squad was increased by over twenty new candidates, some of whom show promise of developing into good men in the future. Among these were two "W" men—R. B. Green and A. Riddick.

Although several of the prominent candidates for the team, including Captain Billings and Cuthrell, have been unable to report on account of football, basket ball practice has been proceeding regularly, and the outlook is very encouraging. Of last year's squad the following have reported: Hall and Holding, forwards; Tyner and Williams, center; and Davis, guard. Other men who are showing up well are Blankenship, Hensley and McCourry. Immediately after Thanksgiving the squad will be materially strengthened and work will begin in earnest. Manager Cuthrell has arranged the following games:

Jan. 13.	South Carolina	.....at home
Jan. 17.	Elon	.....at home
Jan. 28.	Maryville	.....at home
Jan. 30.	Roanoke	.....at home
Jan. 31.	Gullford	.....at Gullford
Feb. 6.	North Carolina	.....at Chapel Hill
Feb. 7.	Agricultural & Mechanical College	.....at Raleigh
Feb. 9.	Pending	.....at home
Feb. 12.	Trinity	.....at home
Feb. 14.	North Carolina	.....at home
Feb. 16.	Elon	.....at Elon
Feb. 17.	Virginia	.....at Charlottesville
Feb. 18.	Virginia Military	.....at Lexington
Feb. 19.	Virginia Polytechnic	.....at Blacksburg
Feb. 20.	Open	.....
Feb. 21.	Open	.....
Feb. 23.	Trinity	.....at Durham
Feb. 25.	Agricultural & Mechanical	.....at home
Feb. 27.	Gullford	.....at home
Mar. 2.	Agricultural & Mechanical	.....at Raleigh

With other games pending.

Captain Langston has a large squad in training for the track team, and undoubtedly they will do as well if not better than

last year. Last year the team were winners in two of the three meets in which they entered. A larger schedule than usual will be arranged for next spring, but Manager Horn has made no definite announcement in regard to his plans.

The tennis team will meet Trinity at Durham, November 21st and 22d. The personnel of the team has not yet been definitely determined, but is being selected by Dr. H. M. Poteat. The most prominent candidates are Sledd, Green, Giles, Middleton, and Fountain. Other matches will be arranged in the spring.

The Athletic Association has entered the North Carolina Gymnasium League, at present composed of North Carolina, Wake Forest, and Davidson, and has amended its constitution so as to restrict the privilege of wearing the College monogram to those meeting the requirements of the league.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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Meredith Newish (at the A. & M. game)—What do they mean by three "downs"?

Wake Forest Newish—That means that they have fallen down three times.



Dr. Paschal (to Prof. Ives)—The lady whom you are seeking has been gone three weeks.

Prof. Ives (in a characteristic way)—Well, is that so? I guess she's not here then.



Caleb (to Mull)—Your hair's gettin' thin. Let me put a tonic on it.

Mull—I put something on it every morning.

Caleb—What's dat, Boss?

Mull—My hat. (Hair cut in silence.)



### APPARENTLY.

"Does your son intend to take a full course in college?"

"It looks that way. His liquor bill was thirty dollars the first month."—*Judge.*



Dr. Smith—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?

Hipps—Give him something to make him sick and then administer an antidote.

Dr. Smith—Don't waste any more time here; hang out your shingle.



### LIGHT.

He was seated in a parlor  
And he said unto the light,  
"Either you or I, old fellow,  
Will be turned down tonight."

Prof. Gulley—What are the requisites for a verbal will?

Pat Taylor (looking up from the *News and Observer*)—It's got to be signed.



FOR SALE—Newish; Fresh every hour.



He—Reconsider, Annie. If you don't I'll blow out my brains.

Annie—That would be a joke on father. He thinks you haven't any.



Harris—How did you like the Movie Show, tonight?

Sinclair—Oh, fine, but I couldn't understand a word that was said.



Pat Taylor—I admire a good liar.

Giftie Stallings—You egotist.



Dr. Sledd—Have you read Lamb's Tales?

I. T. Johnson—Nope. We have a few black sheep, but I dunno as I ever seen a red un.



Dr. Poteat (out hunting, and having missed a rabbit)—Did I hit him?

Dr. Tom (anxious to please)—Not 'xactly hit 'im, but I never see'd a rabbit wuss skeared.



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Manager, C. J. WHITLEY, Wake Forest, N. C.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXIII

January, 1914

No. 4

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## ON A VISIT TO THE TAR

---

A. L. DENTON.

---

Flow on, sweet Tar, thy ceaseless flow,  
O winding, darkling stream,  
Where flags and rushes fringe thy brinks  
And herbs and lilies teem.

'Tis sweet to me again to roam  
Thy sacred vales and hills,  
Again to hear the sprightly rush  
Of all their gurgling rills.

Few changes here the years have wrought,  
Tho' many stand between  
Today and when a barefoot boy  
I roved these banks of green.

Thy face I find as young and fair,  
Thy laugh as loud and gay,  
As when you kissed my sunburnt feet  
And I was young in May.

O that with me like thee, dear stream,  
Sweet youth could so remain  
That gray Time chis'ling at his art  
Might labor all in vain!

But, ah! he carves with unseen hand  
Deep furrows in my brow,  
And sips away my life until  
I fail, I know not how.

But though the quests of life may lead  
Me from thy banks afar  
While memory in my bosom lives  
I'll think of thee, Sweet Tar.

## AN ABBREVIATED CAPTIVITY

(A little war story)

---

C. E. T.

---

As well as I can remember, it was in June, 1862, that I was on picket duty on the main road between the Hot Springs and Warm Springs of Virginia, a road which is now crowded daily with elegant equipages of all kinds bearing the most wealthy and fashionable of our American life. This highway is intersected at right angles by a much smaller road from the west. As I was sitting on horseback at the junction of these two roads, I saw two riders in full Confederate uniform, gray coats and trousers and felt hats, emerging from the forest which stretched on either side of the smaller road. Knowing that we had some videttes a mile or two away in that direction, I assumed that they had been relieved and were returning to the picket post near the Healing Springs.

When these horsemen were within a few yards of me they both presented pistols which they had been concealing and called upon me to surrender. There was nothing else to do. The muzzle of a loaded army pistol is of a very persuasive nature. Even while this act of the drama was passing, I knew that these men, or other Federal soldiers disguised like them, had already surprised, deceived, and captured the pickets between my post and General Averill's cavalry.

Just as I was handing over my sabre and emptying my holsters, the column of cavalry appeared in the direction from which my captors had come. This column soon approached us and I was conducted into the presence of General Averill whom I found to be a very clever gentleman, in marked contrast to his superior, General Hunter. He made me ride by

his side, retaining, for the time, my own horse. He was disposed to question me as to the positions and movements of our troops in and west of the valley. When he discovered my reticence, or ignorance, he was not persistent in seeking information, which it would have been highly dishonorable for me to impart.

About noon a halt was called, horses were fed, the troopers emptied their haversacks, and an appetizing repast, taken from the back of a pack mule, was placed on a linen tablecloth with a full service of silver, plates, cups, and so on. After this meal, of which I was courteously invited to partake, we proceeded to the Warm Springs; there I was confined with several other prisoners who had been captured in the same way that I had been. Along with these prisoners I was placed under guard in the bathing house, surrounding the great pool of warm water into which, the summer before the war I had enjoyed many a delicious plunge. I could not help being amused by the remarks of the ignorant men who were guarding me. They discussed with each other the fearsome proximity of the spot to the abode of his Satanic Majesty.

I saw no more of the beautiful black mare, named after the girl whose star was at that time in the ascendant in my affections. I believe that I minded the loss of the animal which for two years had served me faithfully more than my own captivity. Nor did I see anything more of General Averill and his staff. We crossed the Warm Springs Mountain afoot with a small guard, the cavalry having gone on ahead to effect a juncture with General Hunter, who had reached Staunton by another route. On reaching the town of Staunton, Va., we found it, for the first time, in the possession of Federal troops. We were conducted to a cattle pen, where drivers had been accustomed to corral their herds on

the way from the mountains to the eastern cities. It was not clean. There was no shelter. It rained that night. There were already in it when we arrived a number of General Imboden's men, who had been captured lower down the valley.

It would be out of place in a personal narrative to dwell upon the destruction which ensued wherever the vandal Hunter passed. I saw a railroad bridge in the town burned and several locomotives which were some distance up the track fired up and then started with full speed to dash one after the other over the ruined structure.

It was the second day after our arrival that we were lined up and marched out of town on the turnpike in the direction of Parkersburg, now in West Virginia. When we got out of town I sent for the lieutenant in command and told him that I had been wounded in one of Stonewall Jackson's earlier battles, that I was, since then, a cavalryman and did not propose to make that march. There was a long wagon-train accompanying us. The lieutenant ordered me to get into one of the wagons. I selected the one at the rear of the line, which happened to be partly filled with bags of coffee. There I was quite comfortable, and took mine ease. After riding a while I discovered a hole in the bottom of the wagon and very soon there was a hole in one of the coffee bags lying adjacent thereto. I have never known how it turned out, but have often hoped that some of the good Virginia people discovered a generous trail of coffee on that macadamized road and enjoyed the rare treat, in those days, of the cheering beverage.

Hunter, moving towards Lexington and aiming for Lynchburg, could spare few men to guard a wagon-train and a hundred or more prisoners. Some of us were amazed when we camped at nightfall in an open meadow to discover how meager our guard was. It would have been easy for the pris-

oners, numbering two to one, to have overcome the armed guards by a sudden movement that night, with, possibly, the loss of one or two lives. But Imboden's men refused to participate and without them we could expect no results. The guards were thoroughly demoralized and the lieutenant in charge tried to kill himself. At every turn of the road through the mountains there was a fresh expectation of bushwhackers. And indeed if the citizens had been at home instead of in the Confederate Army, their long rifles could have picked off every man of that attenuated, straggling line. The morning of the second day from Staunton two fine mules which had lost their shoes and whose feet were worn to the quick on the hard limestone turnpike, were turned loose. It was not long after this that, seeing a favorable opportunity where the bushes were thick on the hillside below the road, I recognized my opportunity, and sliding out of the rear of the wagon I plunged into the thicket and down the hillside. I had been watching for just such a place as that. I was confident that I would not be followed. This would have involved the halting of the column, and they were in too much of a hurry to get out of that unfriendly country to stop for anything.

When I was certain that the procession in which I had "assisted" had passed over several miles, I went back to where my mules were grazing. My mules! I say mine by right of capture. Fortunately in the haste of the discard their bridles had been left on them. Not far off I discovered some wagon tracks leading away from the turnpike. Leading my limping mules along the soft dirt road I came, before long, in sight of a farm house. No one was there but women folks who, after hearing my story, gave me a cordial welcome and the best meal that I had eaten in many a day. When one is twenty-two years old and has not tasted fried chicken for months—oh, well, why write about it?



I spent three days there and kept the family supplied with trout and suckers from one of the best fishing streams that I have ever known. By that time my two companions were able to travel and to carry their owner besides. I sold the mules for eight hundred dollars. So I lost a horse and gained two mules, together with a considerable amount of experience; but I would have given a dozen mules to have come again into possession of my beautiful mare.

## O. HENRY

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L. Q. HAYNES.

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### I. THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IN O. HENRY.

Surprise is one of the chief ingredients of humor. As a master of surprise in the short story, O. Henry ranks first.

Some have said that the chief characteristic of O. Henry is the crack at the end of every story. This is not true. The denouement of his stories is not all there is of surprise in them. Many of them are a series of surprises, as "The Cop and the Anthem." O. Henry handles his stories as a ring-master handles his whip. With a lively lash the story opens and with swiftness he cracks the surprises, more exciting as they succeed, and with a sudden final crack he makes the denouement.

His reversals at the close are never anything but delightful, and it would take a master of humorous surprise to even guess anywhere near what the close will be. As Esenwein says, the reader with the O. Henry habit always plays a losing game with himself in trying to forecast the denouement of each new story. Maybe he is ready to say that the writer's device is rather old when suddenly a phrase or a turn in the plot changed the course of the movement or altogether reversed it. "O. Henry had scant reverence for the reader's dignity—he poked fun at him as laughingly as could Shakespeare himself, on occasion."

This element of surprise is not only found in the action of his plots, but in his brief descriptions of characters or in revealing his situations. At times he comes very nearly over-intensifying his characters or a situation by an avalanche of little surprises. They appear with almost blinding

swiftness. "And so on, even unto the latest of the great, O. Henry, who can not always control his passion for topsyturvy surprises."

What successive phrases could be more surprising than those he uses in describing the young New York lawyer, Robert Walmsley, once a freckled-faced "Bob" from an upstate county? "If he found, with the good poet with the game foot and artificially curled hair, that he who ascends to mountain tops will find the loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow, he concealed his chilblains beneath a brave and smiling exterior. He was a lucky man and knew it, even though he were imitating the Spartan boy with an ice cream freezer beneath his doublet frappeeing the region of his heart." Or, what is more charmingly accurate than the description of his wife, Alicia, née a Van Per Pool? "Why have I not been shown your mother's letters?" asked Alicia. There was always something in her voice that made you think of lorgnettes, of accounts at Tiffany's, of sledges smoothly gliding on the trail from Dawson to Forty Mile, of the tinkling pendant prisms on your grandmother's chandeliers, of snow lying on a convent roof, of a police sergeant refusing bail. "Your mother," continued Alicia, "invites us to make a visit to the farm. I have never seen a farm. We will go there for a week or two, Robert." At times he sends up the prettiest little bubble and then explodes it with a phrase: "Never before had she seemed so remote, so colorless and high—so intangible and unreal. And yet he had never admired her more than when she sat there by him in the rickety spring wagon, chiming no more with his mood and with her environment that the Matterhorn chimes with a peasant's cabbage garden." Sometimes he explodes a succession of tinted bubbles: "The warble of the first robin in Hackensack, the stirring of the maple sap in Bennington,

the budding of pussy willows along Main street in Syracuse, the first chirp of the bluebird, the swan song of the Blue Point, the plaint of the peach pessimist from Pompton, N. J., the regular visit of the tame wild goose with a broken leg to the pond near Bilgewater Junction, the base attempt of the drug trust to boost the price of quinine foiled in the House by Congressman Jinks, the first tall poplar struck by lightning and the usual stunned picnickers who had taken refuge, the first crack of the ice jam in the Allegheny River, the finding of a violet in its mossy bed by the correspondent at Round Corners—these are the advance signs of the burgeoning season that are wired into the wise city, while the farmer sees nothing but winter upon his dreary fields." Again, in "The Cop and the Anthem": "He walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements."

The close of O. Henry's stories are handled perfectly. The surprising denouement clears up all complications and mysteries and leaves a feeling of perfect satisfaction. What kind of a close could surpass that of "A Municipal Report"? Or what could be more happy than the close of "The Defeat of the City"? Alicia, the cultured Van Der Pool of New York City, has been watching her husband, who came from the country, play the vulgar, humorous clodhopper when he went back to the country home on a visit. He knew he had thrown off all modesty and played the peasant, and he knew also the lines a Van Der Pool would draw. "I thought I married a gentleman," she began; but——! He felt little. "I thought I married a gentlemen," she continued, "but I find that I have married something better—a man. Kiss me Bob, dear."

## II. WILL O. HENRY LIVE?

If O. Henry is known to the future generations it will be only as a master of the technique of the short-story.

He is looked upon as a humorist, but his humor depends, to a great extent, upon the use of slang, of which he is a master, and humor of this type is not the best. But slang is interesting, especially American slang, and O. Henry has made it more interesting and delightfully funny, even to us Americans.

Were the use of slang permissible in a good humorist, that would not give O. Henry permanency, because in five years the English-reading public could not appreciate him, much less could he find a reader, even a translation, in a foreign tongue. After reading one of his stories, full of agreeable surprises, with an excellent plot masterfully handled, it makes one feel like kicking O. Henry because he did not use good English. It seems that he had a weak spot in his use of the language that made him try to cover it by the use of slang. One feels like suggesting to him that he study Daudet's style and learn to leave out the startling and acquire the gentle smoothness characteristic of the French masters. I believe he studied and imitated Kipling's newspaper style too much.

Brander Matthews says we are to measure a writer not by the valleys and lowlands, but by the mountain peaks. Now O. Henry has, at times, reached the high peaks. There are a few people that he knew and has pictured well to us. He knew the New York shop-girl, the Western frontiersman, the tramp, the South American, the grafter, and as Esenwein says, all the rest of us. He was a keen observer of American types and pretty well portrayed whomsoever he attempted, some of them to our disliking, as the "Gentle Graftor," and "Fuzzy or Soapy, the Tramp."

We must admit that when we take up "The Gentle Graftor" after reading "The Four Million," or "Rolling Stones" after reading "The Trimmed Lamp," our estimate of the man falls considerably lower. In "The Gentle Graftor" he swiftly

and clearly gives us the graphic outlines of the American schemer who preys upon the common people for a fortune, and occasionally upon the eccentric rich. In so doing he gives us the very bad with very little, if any, good. He gives nothing worthy of admiration in deed or character. He seems to have forgotten that it is the artist's duty to select the beautiful and ennobling. It is very doubtful whether anything that is so plainly unethical will be admired by the public.

In "Rolling Stones" we get a clearer view of the man personally. Through it we get a glance at his workshop, for we have here some of his first attempts at newspaper writing, short-stories, and letters. No matter who is the man or how high is our opinion of him, he nearly always falls in our estimation of his ingenuity when we look into his work-shop, for, to a certain extent, a man can be judged by his chips. However, in "Rolling Stones," we have only the learner's attempts. But in "The Four Million" or "The Trimmed Lamp" we cannot see the tools he worked with. He gives us here the finished product, with few faults except that of carrying the use of slang too far.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

C. A. MOSELEY.

There was a clanking of chains. A band of convicts came down the road in double file. At a sharp order to halt they stopped in the middle of the road and put down their tools with a clatter. The cloud of dust they had raised began to settle down on their clothes. A mounted guard got off his horse and went to a spring that bubbled up from beneath the roots of a clump of trees by the roadside. The convicts, a motley group of negroes and white men, glanced enviously at the water in the guard's hand. A small blue eyed maiden stood by the spring. Filled with pity, perhaps, at the tired and dusty appearance of the men, she dipped a gourd in the water and ran out to the road. She offered it timidly to a large powerfully built convict who was standing nearest to her. He took the water and drank it eagerly.

"Thankee, Miss," he said, as he handed back the gourd.

The other men, jealous of the favor shown their companion, began to chaff him.

"Ain't Bergson a lady killer," they jeered.

The giant's face flushed. "D—— you," he said, "ain't you got any respect for a lady."

The men burst into laughter.

"Can this be Bergson. It can't be Bergson," mimicked a villainous looking wit.

"Stop that fooling," cried out the guard who had remounted.

At the order to proceed, the convicts shouldered their tools and started off down the road. The day was intensely hot. The dusty road followed the windings of a creek that had

been dammed up a mile below, making the waters deep and still. The convicts were merely changing their base of operations. As they walked they kicked up a thick cloud of dust much like a crowd of barefoot boys. For the most part the men were silent. A group of negroes now and then chanted a song or laughed at a rude jest. When they laughed their chains clanked an accompaniment.

The head of the man to whom the little girl had offered the water towered above the rest of his companions. His face was coarse and marked with crime but there was a certain openness in his expression that redeemed it somewhat. As he walked his wrinkled brow and meditative air showed that he was thinking. He was thinking of escape and watching the wind ruffle the water into tiny waves. This man was on the roads for a long term. His offense was house breaking. When he had arrived at the camp he had noted with joy in one of the guards an old pal with whom he had worked in another state. They had committed a serious crime together, but had escaped detection. Bergson looked upon this man as the tool with which he was to effect his escape. To the surprise of Bergson the first day this man did not pay any attention to him. The next day as the guard passed he had scowled fiercely at him and said aloud,

"I'll tell all."

The convicts had paused work and gazed at him curiously. The man had paled and passed hastily on. He was a little man and walked with a limp and downcast eyes.

That night after Bergson had partaken of a supper of corn-bread and beans, the following scene had taken place: Hicks, the little guard, was stationed inside the hastily constructed house in which the men slept. He drew Bergson to one side. Bergson looked him full in the eyes; the man let his eyes



fall furtively on the floor. Both men felt that there was to be a struggle.

"Howdy, Jack," said Bergson, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder.

Hicks started and looked hastily around. "For God's sake don't act like you know me, Bergson. You'll cause me to be suspected." He glanced uneasily at Bergson out of his weak watery eyes. Both men were talking in whispers and only by their eyes and the expression on their faces could be seen the passions that were struggling for expression.

"What do you want with me, anyhow?" demanded Hicks.

"Want?" echoed Bergson. "What do I want with you? My old pal asks me what I want with him and me in prison." His voice rose above a whisper.

"Hush," cautioned Hicks.

The giant leaned closer to Hicks. "Don't you remember, Jack, that over the dead body of—"

"Stop. The men will hear you."

"Oh h——," Bergson went on remorselessly, "you promised that you'd always stand by me. Have you forgotten? You used to tell me all the details of that night when you were drinking. There was a little brook near by that worried you with its babbling. Does it worry you now?"

"Stop, I say."

"What's the matter with you, Jack, you tremble. Are you sick?"

"Fiend," almost screamed Hicks, "it was you who lead me on. I am bad but I never wanted to do that." His eyes shone with hatred. He started to cast himself on Bergson but his massive bulk frightened him. He felt as if he was being sucked into a whirlpool. The convicts were sitting up in their bunks, watching the pair. The guard outside, hearing Hicks' cry, yelled out,

"What's the matter."

Hicks went to the door his face as pale as the moonlight. "All's well," he said.

After a while he came back. Bergson was getting angry.

"Are you going to help me or not," he demanded.

"How can I without being caught? Bergson you are going to ruin me. I've tried to reform in the last few years and lead a decent life."

"You reform," sneered Bergson. "You, steeped in crime."

"Yes, I'm weak, weak, but I have tried. I have saved my money. Besides I am married." He pulled out a picture of a woman poorly dressed but pretty and placed it in Bergson's hand feverishly. Bergson took it and looked at it with curiosity.

"You always was lucky, Jack," he said half enviously.

"Me, lucky." Hicks suddenly laughed out loud. He was thinking of the dead man's face in the moonlight that had haunted him for many years.

"What are you laughing at? Do you think any good will come of such a marriage? Suppose she was to find out your past life."

Hicks threw up his arms as if to ward off a blow. "My intentions were good," he mumbled. "We are happy. We have a little girl. Bergson, he said appealingly, don't ask me to aid you."

Both men became silent. Both felt as if they had not made themselves clear but did not know exactly what to say.

At length Bergson broke the silence. "See here, Jack, I don't intend to ruin you. Just have a duplicate key made to the cursed fetters I wear and I'll manage the rest. No one will ever catch up with you."

"They will suspect me. I'll be sure to be caught—and think of the result. My home ruined. Bergson, don't drag

me back in the mire," cried the hapless man, "just when I was on the threshold—"

"What is that to me, baby." With a theatrical gesture. "Get me that key or I'll send us both to H——." He grew red in the face.

Hicks went to the door sullenly. He had played his last card. Suddenly a diabolical thought struck him. Bergson would be a handicap to him all his life. If he ever became prosperous this man would blackmail him. He felt all the wild passions of his past grip him. He would give Bergson a key, watch him closely, and when he attempted to escape shoot him down like a dog. He fortified his conscience with thoughts of his wife and child. Besides the struggle for existence was staring him in the face. He must either crush or be crushed. He looked up and the moon was laughing down at him. The night air was warm. Inside the convicts were snoring heavily. All at once Hicks burst out into laughter that choked him—the wild hysterical laughter of a man who laughs because he cannot help it.

"What's funny," growled a voice in the interior. It was Bergson's.

"Nothing," and he went off again into laughter.

Soon after a key had been placed in Bergson's possession. He had felt a secret joy as his hand touched it. Here was the open sesame to freedom. A restless inquietude had filled him. The memory of his tramping days had come back to him. As he had gone to work that morning he had purposely avoided treading on a tiny flower that stood in his path.

Bergson was thinking of all these things as he watched the ripples on the water. The band of convicts soon halted and began to level down the road where it ran around the edge of a bluff that rose steeply from the water. The men

worked slowly and steadily. The atmosphere smelt of perspiration and tobacco juice.

About 5 o'clock in the evening a terrific beating of hoofs was heard down the road and a runaway horse and cart came in view. Huddled on the seat was a small girl. As the horse neared the men, one of the guards stepped forward to stop it. It swerved to one side and cart and horse fell with a loud splash into the water.

Everybody was confused. As it happened no one of the guards could swim. They ran down to where the road was level with the water to see what help could be given. Bergson had seen the accident. He had recognized the small girl as the one who had given him the water that morning.

"What a good time to escape," he thought. The road beckoned to him like an old comrade and the will-o-the-wisp breezes fanned his cheek. Still there was the child. The hand which had offered him the water was rising to the surface. Bergson suddenly broke out into horrible cursing. He stooped down and removed his chains. He stepped to the edge of the bluff and was preparing to dive when a shot was heard and he pitched heavily over into the water. Hicks had been to a well nearby for water. On coming back he had seen Bergson, as he thought, about to escape, and had shot him on the spot. He rushed forward. The convicts were growling menacingly. Despite all efforts the child had not been rescued. Hicks recognized his own horse and cart. When he learned that his little daughter was in the water he went mad and cursed horribly. He sprang into the water and after repeated dives brought up the body of his child. A doctor was sent for. But there was no hope.

Late that evening the sheriff came up to Hicks.

"Why did you shoot that man," he said. "I hear that he was going to save your child."

Hicks averted his gaze. Then he rose up trembling like a leaf with passion.

"Go away. Go away," he shouted.

"We shall see," muttered the sheriff to himself. He thought Hicks was mad.

Shortly afterwards Hicks went off into the woods with his gun.

The next morning they found him, dead, with the picture he had shown Bergson clutched in his hand.

## THE TINTYPE

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Not much for beauty, I'll allow;  
It's faded, bent, and old.  
But dear to me for anyhow  
It's She—so I've been told.

A baby's face not crowned with curls,  
The dimpled cheeks so fat—  
Can I believe the Girl of girls  
Has one time looked like that?

I guess she has, for in the eyes  
The look's the same somehow;  
But I'm inclined to like the size  
To which She's grown up now.

## LARRY AND LEPRACHAUN

## IV.

One night, at about seven o'clock, Larry, the shoemaker, sat in his little shop on the outskirts of the village of Linville. Larry was the picture of dejection. His tools were scattered, and a large piece of leather lay on the floor as if it had been dropped in the midst of a job unfinished.

"By St. Patrick!" he exclaimed, "and what is it that I'm going to do? Auld Larry is shure after being stumped for wunst. The merchant will be coming for his shoes tomorrow, and he will be finding them unfinished. And this auld hand of mine is as helpless as a new-born infant's. Darn that hammer, and it's in the sea I wish it!"

Suddenly Larry lifted his head and listened. An unusual hammering down in the dell broke the stillness.

"By faith and by Jasus!" he whispered, "and what could that be, I wonder? Auld Larry has never been hearing such a noise since he left auld Ireland."

The cricket chirped cheerily on the hearth. The lamp-light flickered and then went out. Larry sat very still in the darkness. Again came the hammering with increased loudness.

"And I'm going to see what that noise is," declared Larry, "as shure as I am a son of Auld Ireland!"

Larry arose, and stumbling over the scattered tools, pushed open the door. The hammering was more distinct; so he ambled down the rickety steps, and boldly struck out down towards the little dell.

At the edge of a small wood, Larry paused to reinforce his Irish courage. He then slowly groped his way between

the trees, the beating of his heart keeping time with the hammering, which grew louder and louder.

Happening to strike his lame hand against a tree he yelled out in pain. The hammering ceased. Larry stood very still for a few moments. All at once the hammering began again, and it seemed to be very near, so Larry tremblingly advanced a few steps further. Looking straight ahead, he saw a peculiar light. With this light as a guide, he pushed on.

He had not gone far before he saw a sight which made his true Irish heart stand still. A manikin, about twenty-two inches in height, stood by a large oak, surrounded by a silvery light. A little green hat was set jauntily on one side of his head; his long coat was white, fringed with green lace; his breeches were black, and came but to his knees; and his velvet shoes were fastened with silver buckles.

Larry gazed at the manikin in open-mouthed astonishment. But his Irish tongue could not be silent.

"For the love of Mike!" he faltered, "and who is it that you are?"

"And it's an Irishman that ye are," said the manikin in a voice which sounded like the jingle of many small bells, "and ye are not knowing me? It is Leprachaun that I am, and it's to help the sons of Auld Ireland who have been after crossing the seas that I have left the Emerald Isle, and the dells where the shamrock grows."

"O, begorrie!" exclaimed Larry, "and its from the auld Country that ye are, is it? And when did ye cross the big frog pond?"

"It was only yesterday that I crossed the sea," replied the manikin. "And it was with deep regret that I tore meself away from the auld scenes an the banks o' the Shannon."

"Indade, and is it from the banks o' the Shannon that ye've



come?" inquired Larry, scratching his head as if struggling with a slowly awaking memory.

"Faith, and it is from the banks of the auld stream itself," said Leprachaun, with a twist of his head and a twirling of his magic hammer.

"By St. Patrick!" shouted Larry with a sudden burst of recollection, "and I am remembering ye. It's often that I have heard me auld mither tell o' the good fairy who helped the honest folk with the household duties, and mended brogans for dutiful children. Is it that fairy that ye are?"

"It is indade that very fairy itself that I am," returned the manikin.

"And it's glad that I am to see ye," said Larry, "perhaps ye will be after helping a son of Auld Ireland. It's a shoemaker that I am, and the merchant will be coming tomorrow for the brogans, and its helpless that I am to finish them," and he extended his crippled hand toward the fairy, fixing his eyes upon him for fear he would disappear.

"And it's with ye that I'll be coming," rejoined the fairy. "Come and we'll be going, and where is it that ye are after living?"

So the manikin went back through the wood with Larry, lighting up the way with a silvery radiance.

After they had entered the shop, Leprachaun deftly arranged the scattered tools, and soon the hammering resounded in the shop instead of in the wood. Before long, the brogans which Larry had promised to have for the merchant were all finished. Larry was very happy. But for a moment he happened to close his eyes. When he opened them again, behold the fairy had vanished!

But he looked at the row of brogans and was content.

It is humored that Leprachaun visited Larry again, and at last took up his abode in Larry's home aiding him in all

his household duties. But it is doubtful if this is true. I prefer to believe that Leprachaun goes from place to place, and wields his magic hammer wherever he finds a son of Erin in need.

## A NIGHT IN A CAMP

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E. P. W.

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The summer of 1911 my friend, Jack Harper, and I spent in a lumber camp, he working as yard-foreman, and I as inspector and tallyman.

The mill at which we worked was about nine miles from any town, or anywhere else it seemed to me. As we could find no convenient place to board we built a board shanty and batched. The shanty was located on the top of a hill which sloped down to a gulley one way and to a bramble marsh another.

One night about seven o'clock it began raining. The clouds grew thicker and blacker and the thunder and lightning more terrific. A storm is bad anywhere, and in a shanty in the woods, which is strictly one of these "please don't rain" affairs; the prospects of passing the night here certainly looked other than inviting.

At last the wind and rain subsided, but it had already rained so much that everything in the shanty was soaked.

"Jack," I said, "this won't do. We can't stay here tonight,"

"Well," he proposed, "suppose we go to the nearest house then."

"All right," I agreed.

So we made our preparations to go. We straightened things in the shanty and taking a blanket apiece under our arms went out of the door. An inky blackness had settled over everything and the low, muttering thunder in the west made us hurry to start.

We had no lantern, but we lighted a torch and thought we

would soon make our trip, but when we came to that gulley we found that the bridge had been washed away, and that the little branch had swollen into an angry stream of water twenty feet wide. As we could not cross this we concluded that we would take the other way out through the marsh. We tried it and found that it was also filled with water for about ten yards.

"Jack," I said, "this thing is not deep and we've got to get across by some means."

"Well," he proposed, "suppose you take off your shoes and trousers and take me through on your back."

I readily agreed to this; stripped my lower extremities of their apparel, and my rider mounted holding the torch in one hand and keeping my clothes and the blankets under his arm. This was begun as a joke, but it was not so funny before we finished. If you have ever tried walking in water knee deep, on slippery ground with a hundred and fifty pounds on your back you know the task is not an easy one. I was making very good progress, though, when my foot slipped; I fell forward in the water, Jack took a flying sail over my head and hit broadside in the water.

As I was regaining my footing I heard a sound of spitting water and gasping for breath. I should not have laughed, but I did.

"Now stand there and laugh like a blamed fool," Jack shouted. "You fell on purpose, anyhow. It's so cussed dark I can't see a thing. If the Lord ever forgives me for this trip, another rain will never catch me in Johnson County."

I won't repeat all he said.

At last we groped our way out of the water and tried to strike a light, but all of our matches were wet. I don't think I ever saw a night so dark. We lost the log path that

we were in and were not able to find it again. At first we were not scared, but before long the affair began to look serious. The storm was drawing nearer and nearer, and as I was more used to the woods than Jack was it was my duty to keep him in good spirits, but he was beyond reach of consolation. The sound of my own voice almost scared me so we lapsed into that painful silence which was broken only by the peals of thunder; between these was that mysterious calm which always precedes a storm.

That "creepy feeling" which a person that has never been lost cannot understand had taken possession of me, and a glimpse of Jack's face which I caught by a flash of lightning, showed that he was suffering even worse than I.

What followed I will not attempt to describe. The storm came on and was terrific in its fury. The tops of trees were breaking and falling around; the thunder and lightning deafening and blinding us while we knew neither where we were nor which way to go. How long we wandered groping in the inky blackness I know not; and if there was any conversation it has escaped my memory. It seemed that ages passed in those few hours. I have heard of people's hair turning gray under such circumstances, and it has always been a wonder to me that ours retained its original color. I know now that we must have been fatigued, but we did not realize it then.

Finally, in sheer desperation, we began to run. The next thing I recall is entering the yard of a farm house. We hailed time and again. I suppose our voices must have sounded unnatural to the farmer, for when he at last came to the door in his night clothes and rubbing his eyes lazily he asked us more questions than a Philadelphia lawyer ever asked a witness. Finally he agreed to let us spend the remainder of the night in his shed.

We were wet, muddy, cold, and almost exhausted from fear and fatigue. We made the best of the affair however, builded a big fire, dried our clothes and spent the remainder of the night.

In the morning the water had gone down enough so that we could get back to the shanty without any trouble. Since daylight had returned I felt all right, but camp life had no more charms for Jack. An hour later the winding trail that leads from the lumber camp had one lone traveller. The manager mounted his horse and went off to look for another foreman.

## SIMPLE SIMON SWAPS SWEETHEARTS

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H. L. Q.

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Simple Simon was feeling glum. His own darling Bessie had refused to come to the "movies" with him tonight. She was always truthful to him and she said she was sorry. Simple halfway hoped she was.

But he could not enjoy the movies without Bess. The ceaseless click of the machine, winding off hundreds of feet of film, sounded like an old, old story, and the fitting figures on the canvas became blurred before his eyes. The plot was a love story of course, and at the climax the hero had to have the necessary nerve to make the story go. Some girl, sitting in front of Simple, giggled. The hero on the canvas prompted Simple.

"Cute laugh; do it again," he piped.

She turned round to look at him but he could not distinguish her features in the darkness.

"Guess we'd better take into consideration that guy with her in this bargain," thought Simple.

The pictures ceased and the lights flashed on for a few minutes.

"He-he!" grunted Simple. "Working girl—tin sport," he mumbled to himself.

The girl turned and gazed at Simple. Pretty enough she was, thought Simple. Round eyes she had, which were not hidden by a flaring hat like the one Bess hid her face with. There was not so much powder and paint either. In short, Simon thought she was just naturally pretty.

But the lights were out and the pictures began to flit again. Simon leaned over and whispered in her ear.

"If your looking for your gallant, I'm it."

What did he care if she was a paper-box factory girl? If she did lick sticky slips of paper her lips were not sticky and her kisses did not taste like mucilage. So Bess lost to Mary the mucilage sticker, and when the aisle was filling with outrushing couples, Simple seized the plump arm of Mary and rushed her away from the tin sport who stood dumb with a face like a question mark.

Mary occupied the same seat the next night and Simple Simon sat beside her. He did not think of Bess. He had forgotten her and was clinging to his merry Mary like poison ivy to a stump.

As the picture flashed on the canvas a girl took the seat in front of Simon. Her broad flaring hat cut off his view.

"By jimminey! Ain't it Bess's hat?" Simon asked himself as he slid down low in his seat.

From that moment Simple said never a word to Mary during the whole reel. He was sure that it was Bess who sat in front of him. The lights came on and what he suspected was confirmed. Simple came very near slipping off his seat. What if she should turn round and see him with this Mary? What made him afraid Bess was going to see him? He watched her face as she halfway turned her head. Yes, it was his same Bess, the same sparkling eyes hidden under the big hat, her straight nose and red lips. What did it matter if she did have paint on them? There was something about that hat, too, that kept him in reserve and held him curious.

"She won't know I'm twined up with this Mary if I don't make a fuss with her."

So he grew cold by Mary's side.

"Mary wouldn't look so fresh if she would wear a hat like



Bess. Why don't she improve her looks with a little paint and powder? She's the hull of a dry lemon to me."

The essence of Simple's silent argument with himself was this: "What's a kiss worth unless you have to fight for it or pay for it by gettin' slapped? Bess for mine."

Before the lights flashed Simple slid off the end of the seat and slipped back down the aisle to the door. Bess came out first. The Mary was standing in bewilderment. Simple guessed that her tin sport would pick her up, so he took his Bess's arm. As she smiled into his face he innocently asked, "Where in the world have you been?"

## THE SPIRIT OF WAKE FOREST IN SOUTH CAROLINA

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An address delivered by J. D. Moore at a meeting of the South Carolina Alumni of Wake Forest College.

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One of the surest, and one among the highest, tests of an institution of learning is its influence abroad. Only when its constituency, already heterogeneous in its origin, becomes cosmopolitan as its output, does a college rise above the altitude of its buildings and transcends territorial boundaries. But as it breathes the upper air, it takes and gives the outer, longer, broader look; and from its beacon towers there streams forth a ray of light, encouragement and hope to the storm-tossed sailors far out at sea. And yet, like the wireless battery, the reach of its messages depends on the power with which it is charged by the men who have made it and who maintain it still. All honor to its founders and to its friends.

At this distance from our Alma Mater, we pause to look back to her, and to testify to the wealth and benison of her spirit which in some degree has been reproduced in us. The conceptions and ideals of life which she inspired in us are today our richest heritage. She taught us to measure the size of a man by his hatband instead of his belt; to tip the scales of judgment on the side of character rather than that of genealogy; to reckon a man's value not according to his answer to the question "Whence came you"? but "Whither goest thou"? and not only "Whither goest thou"? but "What are you doing here"? and not this only, but "What are you now"? and "What can you become?" These impressions can never die, and they are deepening with the passing years. They are the hands with which she laid the foundations of our making in our plastic natures, and brought form out of the chaos that prevailed before she first brought us into the

light of the wide, wide world. And they are the still small voice with which she speaks to us today, which echoes more and more loudly through the chambers of our memory, and which calls on us to live the worthy, heroic life.

It was not for her own sake that our Alma Mater, with tender devoted hands, wrought upon us the stamp of her ideals as a Christian institution. It is modesty, akin to truthfulness, in us to say that there is little glory in it for her. But her own renown is not, and has never been, her ambition. Her sons are her most cherished possessions. They are her pride and her boast. When they do well, she prospers; she weeps when they suffer. Her contribution to the wealth of mankind is the men she has borne and whom she has thrust from her bosom as offerings to the outer world.

Her appeal to her sons afar is not that they should return to their native soil or live under the shadow of her roof, but that in their distant homes they should be true to her in cherishing her memory and her ideals. And with the tender tones of a truly benign mother, she pleads with us, "My sons, if you love me, love one another. Help the weak and unfortunate ones among your brethren; but not to them only is the largest of your love to be given, lest the sacrifice I have made in you be not reproduced by you. If you love me, love those things which I love—those things for the sake of which I myself was brought into existence through the prayers and tears and self-sacrifice of the fathers. If you love me, love your own people (for your people shall be my people), and provide for them as I have provided for you. Do not forget the Christian atmosphere in which you were trained; and let every one of you be over ready to support the propaganda of Christian education in his own commonwealth. Stand by me by standing for the things which I stand for. And you who are in South Carolina, remember that from the breast of your Alma Mater you drew the milk which should make

you Furman men. 'Continue thou in the things that thou hast learned and been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.' Be true to yourselves, and then you can not be false to me. Be true to the standards which I have set up and which I have taught to you. Be true! Be true!"

Such, gentlemen, I conceive to be the spirit of Wake Forest College in South Carolina. And it is not mere fancy. It is supported by the facts. Among the friends of Christian education in our State, Wake Forest men are not a whit behind the foremost. In the support of all our South Carolina Baptist interests they are always to be found ready and faithful. And may it ever be so. May the name of Wake Forest College in our hearts be joined together in holy nuptials with that of Furman University, and may their combined names be the synonym of that education which links the intellectual and the spiritual everlastingly together. And yet, far above the flags of the States, let us hoist the ensign of a united, universal Baptist brotherhood in the cause of Christian education!

## THINGS AS THEY ARE

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

"Mary, come with us to look at this glorious sunset," said Mary's husband, half-heartedly, as he had been saying it for the last three days.

"Won't you come with us"? urged Mary's sister politely, as she had been urging for the last three days. "The view from the other end of the pasture will be lovely."

"I had better stay here and set the table for supper," Mary replied, as she had been replying for the last three days. "I will call you when the things are ready."

So her husband and her sister left Mary to set the table.

Mary was nineteen years old, and she had been married for a year. The opinion of the neighbors, who of course must have their say in such matters, was that Mary had made a great "catch." She had always been considered a dull, impractical girl. Her father had tacitly shared the current belief, and she had no mother to turn the trend of gossip, for her mother had died long before. So every one had wondered when a popular young country doctor married her, and some people had said things, and others had decided that, after all, she was a pretty little bride even if her slippers had not matched the trimming on her bridal gown.

Mary herself was unconscious of having set so many tongues wagging, and settled down to a humdrum, happy married life. The doctor was a brisk, dashing young fellow who lived in his buggy and regarded home as a quick-lunch stand and a place to sleep. Things were dull and lonely for his girl-wife at the country home, but things had always been dull and lonely for her, and she was none the less contented. Her horizon extended from the tin mail box at the

front gate to the churn on the latticed back porch, and she had no desire to extend it further. Her days were filled with much darning and making of butter and the other simple duties of an ideal love.

In fact, Mary was not a citizen of the world of realities. She lived in an atmosphere of make-believe. She had never been awakened from childish dreams, and therefore escaped much pain. This state of existence was the result of her temperament combined with a defective vision. For Mary did not see things as they were. She was near-sighted, and objects at a little distance were vague splotches. Her world was not a world of lines and angles, but a place of blurred softness, of shadows indistinctly blended. To her this seemed the proper perspective, and she had no more thought of glasses than she had thought of keeping up with the fashions or going to college.

She had lived in this way for a year, when her routine was interrupted by a visit from her sister.

This sister was a very "superior" person. She was as pretty as Mary and had the additional quality of liveliness. She was her father's pet, and four years ago she had been sent to a girl's college in a far-away city. She was bright, light-hearted and talkative—a girl *à la mode*, and the exact opposite of Mary. The only point of similarity between the two was near-sightedness. The sister, however, wore glasses; she only removed them when her brown eyes were needed to smile into the responsive eyes of men.

For three days she had enlivened the little country home, and Mary was delighted to find that even her busy husband had taken a liking to the visitor. Each day, just before dusk, when he came bouncing up on the porch, radiating that pungent antiseptic odor peculiar to doctors, he would invite Mary's sister out to see the sunset, and she would accept. She had studied art at college and had acquired a taste for sun-

sets; she invariably left her spectacles behind, however, on these occasions. Mary always stayed in the house to set the table. The cook had to go so far that the little wife let her go early.

Mary put supper on the table and went out on the porch to call her husband and her sister. She could see them down in the pasture, two hazy specks against a confused background of red and green. On one of the chairs on the porch she saw a pair of glasses. She picked them up, and was struck by a new thought. How would the world look through these bits of glass? Obeying an impulse she fitted them on her nose, and frowned unconsciously because they pinched.

She looked about, and gasped. She had stepped out of the world of things as they ought to be into the world of things as they are.

Nature was strange and wonderful. She saw waving fields of corn, each stalk distinctly outlined. She saw the leaves on distant trees. She saw the road, a small white thread, crossing far-away hills. She turned, and saw cows with white and black spots grazing in the pasture. She saw the sun, a clear-cut ball of fire, surrounded by delicately tinted clouds. The landscape had leaped into its proper perspective; but somehow it all seemed too angular and rigid, and not so pleasant as her old world of soft lights and mingled shadows.

At some distance she saw her husband and her sister; she looked, and saw them distinctly, very distinctly. Then she awoke, with a suddenness which hurt, from her long, sweet dream.

The man was standing very near the girl, looking into her upturned face. They stood like this for half a moment, and then, suddenly, he stooped and kissed her. \* \* \*

When the husband and the sister came back after the sun had set they noticed on the porch floor many bits of broken glass. Within some one was sobbing.

## THE BRIDLE THAT BROKE

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Grandma Watkins laid aside her knitting and looked at the boy, her wrinkled face softened by a smile.

"Well, well, honey," she said, "you ought to a-been to see me before this. I hain't seen ye sence yer was a baby. Everybody calls me Gran'maw, but it's sweet to have ye call me that 'cause I am really yer gran'maw. What do ye study at school?"

"Geography, grammar, arithmetic and history," replied the boy proudly. "I've just been studying about the Civil War."

"Have ye now? Well, I lived through that war, honey. Would ye like to hear me tell about it?"

"Yes, indeed, Grandma," said the boy eagerly. "It'll be more interesting than the history."

"Well," she mused, gazing into the big open fireplace, "I recollect lots o' things that tuck place back thar in time o' the war. I rekolect 'em as well as if it wus yisterday. And I shore had a hard time, an' it's no wonder I ain't fergot it."

"When we heered that they wus goin' to have a war, I felt like the end o' time wus near. Daddy had kep' prophesyin' ever sence we'd seed the big comet blazin' in the sky that somethin' awful wus goin' to happen. So when Ad Benton come over to our house one night and told us that the war had sot in, Daddy sez, se he, 'I've bin a-tellin' ye that somethin' wus goin' to happen.'

"Well, my three brothers, Dave an' John an' Bill, they volunteered right at wunst. An' that left me to take care o' Daddy an' Mammy an' to look after the farm, too. An' I



tell ye, sonny, I had a hard time. I done more work than any three men in this country does today."

Grandma Watkins paused and clasped her wrinkled hands around a chair-post. She looked out toward the hill, on the top of which is a graveyard. The suspicion of a tear shone in her eye. But she drew her hand across her face and smiled.

"I guess I'd better tell ye about the time the Yankees tried to steal my gray hoss," she continued, still smiling. "That was 'way 'long towards the close o' the war. I'd been plowin' hard all day fer corn over yonder on the side o' Henson's Ridge. I'd come in home an' put Charlie in the stable an' got my buckets an' gone to milk.

"Well, I'd heered that they was a gang o' Yankees camped over at the Low Gap, an' that they was a-stealin' everything in the whole country they could git their hands on. They'd stole Jess Brown's hoss an' Bill Blackburn's mule, an' lots of other things all back in the Gap Creek settlement. I'd been afeared they'd come to git Charlie afore I got my plowin' done, an' I'd been a-hurryin' fer that reason.

"Now that evenin' that I'm tellin' ye about I was a-settin' on the old milkin' stool milkin' ole Bess, the ole roan cow, when I heered a turrrible tramplin's o' hoss's feet down the road in the Low Gap direction. Ole Bess stuck up her yeers an' switched her tail, an' wouldn't pay no 'tention to my tellin' her to 'So!' Well, I was gittin' intrusted myself, so I got up an' poured my milk in the big bucket on the shelf an' looked down the road.

"Purty soon I seed somebody comin' in sight. On they come; an' I could tell by their blue coats that they was the Yankees. I didn't know what on the face o' the yeth to do."

"Weren't you scared, Grandma?" the boy inquired.

"Well, honey," she replied, as a smile flitted across her

faded features, "I wusn't skeered; but I was mighty pestered about bein' agoin' to lose my hoss."

"Then, Grandma," the boy volunteered, "you were really one of the heroines of the Civil War."

"I don't know what that means, honey," she continued, "but I guess it means bein' brave an' all that. I had to be. Thar was Daddy an' Mammy to support, an' nobody to do it but me. Yes, thar was Charlie, an' he done his part without complainin'. Charlie seemed a'most like one o' the fam'ly. An' I knowed that I wus a'most shore to lose him. Well, I seed that they wus too close to try to hide him. But I didn't mean to give up without givin' 'em a piece o' my mind.

"On up the Yankees rid. They got down at the barnyard gate an' hitched their hosses an' came on up towards the barn. They wus about ten or fifteen o' them. The man in front stopped when he seed me, an' looked at me as if he kinder hated I wus thar. I set down my bucket an' stopped far'ds a few steps.

"What'll ye have? I axed, kinder mad like.

"The leader seratched his head, kinder puzzled like, an' then he sez, in a sorter soft voice, 'Is there any hosses in that barn?'

"Is that any o' your bizness?' sez I.

"Well,' sez he, 'we got to have some hosses. It's war times, ye see, an' we've got a right to take stuff from the Rebs, ye know.'

"At the mention o' the word 'Reb' I kinder flared up. But he looked like a reasonable sort o' man, so I thought I'd better hold me temper.

"Gentlemens,' sez I, 'thar's a hoss in that barn, but he's the only dependance fer me to make a crap. An' Daddy an' Mammy is both old an' helpless, an' I'm the only one to keer

fer them. An' Charlie's the only help I have. Won't you please let me keep him?

"The loader turned 'round an' sez, sez he, 'Men, I b'lieve we ought to let this lady keep her hoss.'

"A murmurin' an' a growlin' behind him showed that the men wusn't pleased a-tall.

"'Ax her, Captain, if she ain't got some brothers in the Rebel army,' said one, an' I recognized the voice o' Jim Hopkins, who had deserted the Rebs an' jined the Yankees.

"I couldn't hold in any longer.

"'Yes,' I shouted, 'I have got three brothers in the Rebel army, right plumb where you'd be if you hadn't a deserted, you low-lifed traitor, you! Ain't ye ashamed to be fightin' agin' your own neighbors an' your own country, and fightin' with a gang o' thieves an' cut-throats?'

"I secd when it was too late that I'd done the wrong thing by bustin' out like that. Tho captain looked kinder stern-like when I called the Yanks thieves an' cut-throats.

"'Search the barn, men!' he ordered, 'an' if ye find a hoss, git him!'

"'I don't mean they'ro all thieves,' sez I, kinder humble-like. Tho captain looked at me an' then looked like he hated he'd give the order. But the men wus already in the barn an' soon they brung out Charlie with the old shackly bridle on him an' brother Davo's new saddle. I turned nearly sick an' leant up agin tho barn. The only thing that I could be glad of then wus that they hadn't found my best bridle. Tho captain looked at me with a kind of sadness in his big, brown eyes whilo the men wus saddlin' Charlie.

"All at wunst thar wus another noise o' hoss's feet down the road. Beforo tho Yanks could turn around the crowd wus in sight, an' I could tell in a minute that they had on gray coats.

"'On yer hosses, men!' yelled the captain, as he grabbed

Charlie's bridle an' got up, pullin' out a big pistol as he settled hisself in the saddle.

"I jumped back in the barn an' looked out through a big crack. The Rebs fired as they come, but they wus comin' so fast they didn't hit nobody. The Yanks fired a few scatterin' shots an' the captain fired off his pistol. Now Charlie wusn't used to sich doin's, an' he allus wus afeered o' the noise o' guns. He jumped for'ds when the guns commenced firin' jist like a streak o' lightnin'. The captain tugged at the bridle, tryin' to hold him, but in a second both reins broke off at the bits, an' Charlie started out across the pasture as hard as he could run with the Yankee captain on his back. Of course the captain couldn't stop him, so on over through the chestnut orchard an' out o' sight he went at full tilt.

"By this time the Rebs had come on up' yellin' for the Yanks to drap their guns an' surrender, an' with their guns panted at the Yanks. Well, as the Yanks wus outnumbered right considerable an' their captain gone to boot, they throwed down their guns an' surrendered. The Rebs rode off in high glee with their prisoners. I come out o' the barn when they wus out o' sight an' looked all around. Nothin' was to be seed o' Charlie an' the Yankee captain.

"Well, the cows was so frustrated by the disturbance that they wouldn't give down ary nuther drap o' milk, so I took what I'd got an' went to the house an' finished my work an' got supper.

"About nine o'clock, after Daddy an' Mammy wus asleep, I wus settin' by the fire windin' some yarn I had been spinnin' off o' the old reel, when I heered somebody come up on the porch an' knock at the door. I told 'm to come in, an' I heered 'm fumble till they found the string which pulled up the latch, an' the door opened. It wus the Yankee captain!

"'I've brung back yer hoss,' sez he, kinder narvous-like,

takin' off his hat an' twirlin' it 'round an' 'round. 'He's back in his stable.'

"My heart give a glad leap. I axed him in, an' told him it wus sorter chilly these nights. He come in, an' I axed him if he'd been to supper, an' he said he hadn't, so I set him out some. He wus a mighty easy man to git acquainted with, an' after he'd eat it wusn't long till he wus holding his hands for me to wind the yarn on jist like Dave an' John an' Bill did when they wus at home.

"About eleven o'clock he left. But he said he'd come back to see me after the war wus over, which he didn't think would be long."

Grandma Watkins paused. One wrinkled hand sought her chin as she sat dreaming.

"Did he come back, Grandma?" the boy finally asked.

"Yes," she replied, "he come back the last o' April."

"And how long did he stay?"

Grandma Watkins looked out at the open door toward the Blue Ridge, which loomed up in the distance. Her gaze then fell upon the little hill with the graveyard on its summit. A tear stole down her cheek. She brushed it away, and continued:

"He stayed a long time, honey. He wus the best man in the world. He stayed a long time," she repeated, "an' he didn't go away till he went not to come back no more. Don't you know who he was, honey? That Yankee captain wus your own granddaddy."

# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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By R. F. PASCHAL

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Wake Forest has always been known as one of the most democratic institutions in the South. *College Politics*

When you get away people want to know what there is at Wake Forest that causes such a harmonious spirit among the boys. There are several contributing causes. Perhaps it would not be well to try to explain here, but the question is, Shall we lost this spirit? Are we losing it now?

Since we have an athletic fee and every student votes in the election of the managers of the athletic teams, there has been some dissatisfaction. Not that the elections were not

held fairly, for an election could not be more properly conducted than our last one in our opinion, but there has developed a kind of split in the student body into two factions. This is the case. We need not deny the facts. Next spring other elections will be held; other managers must be elected, and we want the best men for these places.

There are several things to be considered in choosing a manager. We want a capable man, we must have an honest man, and we should have a man firm but agreeable to the team when they are away on their trips. These and other things should be considered before we choose. There may be more than one man who can fill these places, but certainly every man you pick up can not.

Now what we want to see is the right man holding down the job with the support of the team and student body behind him. There must not develop two parties, each putting out a man, but if there must be two or more candidates let every man vote for his choice and not the man that his party puts out. Rivalry of this kind means success to our opponents; it means destruction to our much boasted democratic spirit; it will impair our collegio life.

Now, just one word more. There must be coöperation between the coach (let me emphasize this especially: give him your earnest support), the team, the managers, and the student body. If we will do this we will surely make a good record in athletics for the spring term. We have good coaches, good managers and good teams. Let every man see that there is no fault on his part. We will win.

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**Track in Inter-collegiate Athletics** One of the best forms of intercollegiate athletics, but at the same time the least provided for in many of the colleges of the State, is track. We have appropriated most of our funds to football, basketball and baseball while track, really requiring less than the others, has failed to receive its just share.

Track offers one of the best opportunities afforded in the college for physical development. It is open to all the students, and there is no student who can take part in any form of athletics that can not participate in track work. Some men have gone to work who had no hope of winning anything but after one year's hard work have not only won honors but have built up a physical physique of which they have just cause to feel proud.

At the present time Wake Forest has a better prospect for a good track team than she has had for several years. For this we are greatly indebted to Captain Langston, who has given much time and work for a better track team. Already we are seeing the effect of his work, and with the opening of the season Wake Forest will, under the leadership of such a captain, make a good showing with any college in the State.

We hear once in a while that something is going to be done for track. We really think our captain deserves help and all the support the student body can give him for what he has already done. Here's hoping that the men higher up will take notice and make provision for the best form of college sports: Track.

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#### New Year's Resolutions

As we start in a new year many of us have resolutions which when we made them we fully intended carrying out. We have just returned from one of the happiest seasons of the year—one where we recalled the most joyous times of our younger days. But now we are back in college, and what about those resolutions? Were they to do better society work? were they to do better class work? or were they to be a better student in every respect than we were in the fall term?

The spring term being longer, many students continue the



holidays and either enter late or, if they come back, fail to get down to real work. They depend on cramming later on but here is where they make a fatal blunder. They break the New Year's resolutions the first thing, and when spring, warm weather, baseball, and resolutions are dead and buried we do not feel like poring over books and speeches.

As to what shall become of our resolutions we are to determine. Here's New Year's greetings to every man in college. Let's make this term the best since we have been in college. Go to your classes regular; go to the Y. M. C. A.; go to the games; mingle with your fellow-students, and then try writing a piece for your college magazine.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

On the evening of November 13, the occasion of the annual fall senior speaking, the following representatives of the class delivered orations: J. J. Neal, on "Prevention of Typhoid Fever"; O. W. Yates, on "The Immortality of Patriotism"; J. N. Wallin, on "Literature"; J. F. Carter, on "Democracy in America"; O. L. Stringfield, Jr., on "America's Gift to the Industrial World"; G. L. Jarvis, on "The Educational and Economic Value of Labor Unions."

November 20, at Raleigh, before the North Carolina Folklore Society, Dr. Benjamin Sledd delivered an address on "The Origin of Fairy and Folk Tales."

Dr. C. E. Brewer spent November 16-18 at Tiffin, Ohio, in attendance upon a meeting of the trustees of the national orphanage of the Junior Order, located there.

On the evening of November 20, in the Auditorium, the Chowan College Glee Club, an aggregation of talented young ladies, gave an entertainment which was very much enjoyed by all present.

On Sunday, November 23, Dr. C. E. Brewer spoke at Littleton, N. C., in the interest of the Layman's Movement. Dr. Brewer is one of the State's most enthusiastic laymen, and he never loses an opportunity to further the cause.

On Sunday, November 30, Prof. J. H. Highsmith and Dr. E. W. Sikes spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience at the Forestville Baptist church.

November 28, Dr. W. L. Poteat attended a banquet of the local Wake Forest Alumni at Columbia, S. C. On Sunday following he addressed the Columbia Y. M. C. A.

On December 1, Dr. G. W. Paschal addressed the Y. M. C. A. on "Marriage." When Dr. Paschal speaks he has something to say worth while; so he is always heard with interest by the students. On the following night he spoke to the Senior Class on topics of general interest.

On December 4, President Poteat addressed the North Carolina Mental Hygiene Conference, in session at Raleigh, his theme being "Americanitis."

The walls of the new church are practically completed and the work of putting on the roof is well under way. If the weather remains as favorable as it has been thus far, pretty nearly all of the heavy work on the exterior will be completed by the last of January.

Work on the new dormitory is also progressing rapidly. The walls are now well above the first floor, and material is arriving in sufficient quantities to keep the work moving if bad weather does not interfere.

Dr. W. L. Poteat has been appointed by Governor Craig as a member of the newly created Freight Rate Commission. Commenting upon the personnel of the Commission, the *News and Observer* paid a tribute to our President, in part, as follows: "Dr. W. L. Poteat is one of the foremost scholars and thinkers of this generation. He is broad, comprehensive and patriotic. \* \* \* He is of that type of college man who is now President of the United States, who has convinced the world that he is not out of place."

Beginning December 4, Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Dallas, Texas, the fourth on the lecture program, delivered three lectures as follows: "Scouting With Lee's Army," "Before and After the War," and "The New Statesmanship." Dr. Gambrell's experience well qualifies him for speaking on each of these themes. Before his twentieth birthday he left college to enter the Confederate army. Following an inherited ten-

dency, he soon showed a preference for scout service, and later became well known as a daring scout, serving as such through the four years of bloody strife. His experiences in the army, his reminiscences of the "Old South" and of "carpet-bag" rule during and following reconstruction, his observations of men and events of more recent years, together with his wealth of humor, made his lectures especially interesting, instructive, and amusing. While here Dr. Gambrell also conducted two chapel services, addressed the ministerial class, and preached Sunday, the 7th. His stay with us will long be remembered.

On the evening of December 7, at the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society, Dr. S. Z. Batten, of Philadelphia, delivered a highly instructive address on "Social Service." Dr. Batten is an expert on social work, having written much along that line which embodies his observations, both from the standpoint of the city and the country. He pleads and hopes for a greater awakening of the social conscience, by which alone can social diseases, such as poverty, ignorance and mental and moral deficiency, be remedied.

As the result of the preliminary debate on the evening of December 8, for the purpose of selecting speakers for the Wake Forest-Davidson debate on Easter Monday, Messrs. E. P. Yates, Phi, and J. M. Pritchard, Eu, were chosen as first speakers, with Mr. J. P. Mull, Eu, alternate.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

*The Bessie Tift Journal* is introduced, in the November issue, by a little poem, "The Joy of Life," which well deserves its name. This is followed by an essay, "The Daisy—The Revolutionist," a learned discussion of the development of the English language. "Two Dorothys, Two Jennies, and Two Rings" is an interesting story of just such adventure as girls will naturally have with *one another*. It is rather fantastic and overdrawn. "Rien" is another story with a somewhat weak plot, yet worthy of mention. The description of the old grandma in "Grandmother" is natural. "If the Moon could Tell" is a poem characteristic of this age:

"Couldn't we hear some exciting things  
If the moon would tell?"

In general the *Bessie Tift* is an excellent magazine. It always comes in neat binding, and we are not disappointed when we read its contents.

*The Acorn* of November well deserves its name. First it came in a neat cover about the color of an oak leaf in autumn. Looking at it, we naturally think of the little acorn up in the tree, in a snug, little bunch of brown leaves. After having read it we imagine how easily its contents might have been held in an acorn cup. Yes, it has one little poem to begin with, which presents a very beautiful thought about the goldenrod, followed by an essay, "The Celtic Renaissance," which gives some really interesting facts about the old, neglected, almost forgotten language of the primitive Irish. However, this essay is somewhat longer than is usually enjoyed by college students. "Nobody Loves a Fat Heroine" needs a prop under it. The plot is so weak that.

with the weight of such a mighty, colossal being as is described in it, there is much danger of its falling. *The Acorn* is lacking in stories perhaps worse than in anything else this time. However, it generally has a good supply of all kinds of subject matter, and we trust that its next number will be up to the usual standard.

In the *University of North Carolina Magazine* of November there are two very interesting essays, "Four Frats" and "America: As It Looks to a Russian Exile." The first is a discussion of the origin, purpose, etc., of the four leading achievement fraternities at the University. This is well written, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by those who read it. The latter sets forth very plainly the views which an immigrant from a country like Russia will naturally have toward America. Another essay that deserves to be mentioned is "Taxation and the State." The *University Magazine* has the best essays of any magazine in this State. The editorials also are good. However, there is a lack of short stories. The November issue does not contain a single story worthy of the name.

What do you think of these:

"Last night, beneath the starry skies,  
I gazed into your speaking eyes;  
Among all women I was blest,  
Of all the world I loved you best." —*The Ivy.*

\* \* \* \* \*

IF THE MOON COULD TELL

Couldn't we hear some exciting things  
If the moon could tell?  
All about beggars and queens and kings;  
News about lovers and solitaire things;  
The Moon's "on" to all of the modern things;  
The chaperones, couples in autos and swings;  
So don't you imagine you'd like to hear  
What the moon could tell?  
—*Bessie Tift.*

# THE OPEN DOOR

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## The College Bore

Webster (and that's good authority) defines a bore as a person that wearies by prolixity, iteration, or dullness. He further defines prolixity as the state of being tedious or wearisome. The other words in the definition are of everyday occurrence and need no explanation.

There are several classes of students, and no one person divides them like another, but there is one class that has been neglected by all classifiers that stands out as prominently as any other, that is the college bore.

Some students believe that they have a share in every other fellow's time, never realizing that the other fellow is busy or desires to use his time to good advantage. Such students are college bores.

Do they ever study? No. "They toil not, neither do they spin." The ceaseless wag of the tongue, never through serious intent, is their predominant characteristic. But I hear some friendly friend say, "There should be a brotherly feeling surging through every student's life. We want no secluded monastery, or brick castle where the sun never peers, but the ever-widening interest of man to man." And he claims that this can be accomplished by boring.

I answer my opponent in the affirmative, but there can be no beneficial results from the jabber of students together. Nothing can be more harmful to all who take part in it.

There is an old adage that runs, "There's a time for work and a time for play." The college bore takes into consideration only the latter half of this proverb, and never thinks. And the college bore can never be contented with anything done by the concerted action of all the students. He will kick. He will bore.

Hear the sum of the whole matter. The college bore should be sent to a deserted island in the Pacific, where the busy tide of the ocean can compete with the clatter of his tongue, or better, every student should count him a negligible quantity, and believe him a necessary evil. At any rate his thoughts shouldn't be allowed to mingle with those of serious minded college men.

But I'm boring, and here's a man to talk with me until midnight.

Selah!

I. I.

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### Cooperation

More perfect coöperation should be the watchword and outcry of every student body in our Southern colleges and universities as the spring term opens in the year 1914! This watchword and outcry for more perfect coöperation should not be for this season and section only, but it should be world-wide in scope, reaching every section and community! Coöperation is needed on every hand if this generation is to give to the next generation the best; and to fail to give the best is to stain our hands with blood and have brought against us grave and serious charges. And one thing sure and true, as college and university men—thinking men—we do not want stamped on us the word "fail," neither do we want any grave and serious charges brought against us by our own children as to what we might have done had we coöperated in the movements of our day in making the world better in every way. Hence this is the time and this is the place when we should lift up our heads and use our eyes and behold the scenes of life and give our minds to the problems of this life and put our souls into the work about us.

The colleges and universities of the South, during this



closing fall term have been wonderfully and greatly blessed in all of their workings, for the most part, and there is no doubt in the writer's mind but that the blessing would have been much greater had *coöperation* been written on the heart of both faculty and student body of these institutions. The hour is at hand when both student and teacher should understand each other, and realize that his mission is to help the other fellow to get hold of the truths as found in the experience of the past generations. Truth is what makes real life and without it there can not be real life. Truth is a guide to that life which the Jesus Man said so much about during His stay on earth, and since He went away men have learned more of this truth and as a result more men are free today than at any period of the past. This we are glad of and grateful for, but why not coöperate and instead of more men being free, have all men free. For all men to be free is not an impossibility. So let us reason together a little as we make a slight review of the past and speak of the immediate future.

In the first place we have just ended, a short while ago, a good season in football. What made this a good season in this branch of athletics? Well, the faculty, the trustees, the alumni, friends, and the student body. A great company of men by coöperating in giving their means, their time, their thought and their energy made this a good season in football athletics in our institutions. As a result of this coöperation we have a better condition in our institutions in every way than heretofore, in that men are more united and are determined that the next season in football shall be the best yet.

In the second place we are now entering upon the last term of the college year, and there are more things to claim our attention than during the past term. Basketball, baseball, and track demand our attention. Several hundred men will

take an active part in these branches of athletics in the South during this spring term. To have a good season and to have good teams there must be as nearly as possible perfect coöperation. The men who made a good football season possible must also make a good season for these other branches of athletics. Therefore coöperation is the only thing that can cause or bring about such a season.

In this company of men who coöperate in the above mentioned athletics there are many types; however, *good* and *bad* will classify them. The writer would not speak unkindly of any one of these two classes, not at all. In fact he has seen good in the bad as well as in the good. There is not one in this company of college men, as the writer has seen, who is not worth while. In the worst fellow there is good, and this good needs to be cultivated, and the writer is anxious that it be; so he comes to the third place.

The Association in our Southern institutions has also had a good season during the ending fall term, but it has not had the best season possible, and why? Because this company of men who have coöperated and helped to realize a good football season have not all taken part in the Association. These men who have failed to do this are good men, too, and the writer has no hard word for them, yet he wishes that they see more in life than the mere training of the mind and body—the training of the spiritual life which is greatest and more important than the other two, yet it depends on the other two. In fact it is impossible to separate these three—mind, body and spirit. And it is to every man's advantage that this is the case. In these three things there is no limit as to what may be accomplished if they be rightly and proportionately trained, and every man has these three things and he can train them, if he will.

Now, the writer believes his reader is a man—a thinking

man—and he is in the college or university for a great purpose—specifically to prepare himself for a great task. And, at this point the writer begs to have your attention fixed on this fact: Many of the men in his own college have failed dreadfully to coöperate with the Association in its workings, while most all of the Association men have coöperated with these men, who have failed to regard the Association in making athletics go, and anything else go that is for the good of the student body. Well, now, my brother, why stand you without the chamber of the Association, when it not only wants you but needs you in all of its workings, and can be a blessing to you and you can be a blessing to it? You are sensible and why not let your best judgment be your guide and act accordingly?

In conclusion let the writer state that great things are expected of the men of Wake Forest student body and all other student bodies in the South, and to fulfill the expectation of those who have made the opportunities of this day possible we must coöperate as brothers and friends in the workings of all of the organizations in our college or university life, that is, the organizations that reach the student body as a whole. Then, men, let us coöperate, one and all, with every branch of athletics and the Association and societies, and make the spring term of 1914 the best in the history of the world. As the new officers of the Association take up their work in this spring term let every man decide to help execute any and all plans the officers may have, and in so doing make the whole college world better. This is the full duty of every college and university man of today.

HENRY J. LANGSTON.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

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The 1913 football season closed Thanksgiving with the annual game with Davidson in Charlotte. The game was singularly devoid of stars or spectacular plays, but was one that furnished the keenest excitement throughout. The two teams were well drilled and both were fired with an abundance of "pep" and fighting spirit. In the first half it became evident that the first team to score would in all probability "cop the bacon." Opportunity came first to the Old Gold and Black, when Mooroo recovered a fumbled punt on the Presbyterians' eighteen yard line. However the Red and Black line took a decided brace and three tries failed to net any gain and on the fourth down "Railroad" Savage was sent back for a try at a field goal. The kick got off well, but Gloer succeeded in breaking through in time to block the attempt and the ball went over. A few minutes later the desired opportunity came to the Presbyterians and a well executed forward pass, Witherington to Cosby, gave them the lone touchdown of the game. The try at goal failed, but neither team was able to seriously threaten their opponent's goal again and the score remained 6 to 0. Coach Thompson and Captain Carter had determined that their last game of the season should result in a victory, and although the game resulted in shattered hopes to not only them but hundreds of supporters of the college, too much credit can not be given to "Tommy" and "Duke" for their work with the team in this and past seasons.

Laying aside the fact that we lost, the game in Charlotte was a very successful one. When the fact is taken into consideration that the game was only instituted in 1912, the attendance of 1,500 was very gratifying. The game is stead-

ily growing in importance and it is believed that the attendance will keep apace with it. While the game was in no sense spectacular, it was one that was of absorbing interest to the spectators. The teams were fired with fighting spirit and furnished what was probably the best game that has been staged on a North Carolina gridiron in recent years.

Great credit is due President Green, of the Athletic Association, for his work in connection with the Thanksgiving game. His activity was largely responsible for the presence of the hundred or more students who accompanied Chief Rooter Pennell to the game. Although the rooters from Wake Forest were greatly outnumbered by those from Davidson, they gave a splendid account of themselves.

Letters have been awarded to twenty members of the football squad. Those to receive the "W" were: C. R. Daniel, W. B. Oliver, Geo. Trust, N. J. Shepherd, S. W. White, R. B. Rankin, L. B. Horn, J. C. Powell, J. C. Duffey, W. C. Lee, S. J. Blackmon, and Manager Goode. Stars were awarded Captain Carter, R. R. Savage, J. L. Camp, H. H. Cuthrell, G. M. Billings, G. G. Moore, and O. L. Stringfield.

Six of this year's letter men will be lost by graduation. Of this number Captain Carter is the only one who has played the four years allowed by the eligibility rules. Mr. Carter entered college in the fall of 1910 and during the four years that he has been in college has participated in every game played by the team. In his first year "Duke" played one of the guards, but for the past three seasons has played at centre except during a part of the past season, when he played left tackle. Mr. Carter is a member of the Medical Class and will receive the B.S. degree at the next commencement. Mr. Carter has occupied an enviable position among the student body at Wake Forest as a man and a student and on numerous occasions has been honored with

the highest positions at the command of his fellow students. He is a member of the present student senate and was the manager of the 1913 baseball team. His business ability made the team as financially successful as was the record of the team, last year being the most successful baseball season in the history of the college. As a football player his place will be a difficult one to fill, his services for the last four seasons having been invaluable.

Another member of the squad who will be greatly missed is R. R. Savage. "Railroad" entered college in 1910 and was fullback on the '10 and '11 elevens. He received the B.A. degree at the commencement of 1912 and was out of college last year. Mr. Savage returned to college this year and will receive the M.A. degree at the next commencement. During the three seasons that he has played on the 'varsity he has done the punting for the team and has been one of the most consistent ground gainers ever turned out here.

The other members of the squad who will graduate in May are Stringfield, White, Oliver, and Shepherd. Messrs. White, Oliver, and Shepherd have had only one year's experience on the 'varsity, but have been valuable members of the scrubs and their respective class teams during the previous seasons. Mr. Stringfield was a member of the team in his Freshman year but did not play in the seasons of '11 and '12, by the advice of the college physicians.

The letter men for the past season have elected James L. Camp, Jr., of Franklin, Va., captain of the 1914 eleven. Mr. Camp's election has given universal satisfaction and it is thought that next season will be a successful one under his leadership. "Ginger" will graduate with the present Junior Class. The past season was his second on the team and during the two years that he has played at right guard that

position has been generally conceded to have been one of the strongest on the team.

The Athletic Association has elected Mr. A. Lee Carlton, of Dublin County, Manager of the football team for the 1914 season. Mr. Carlton was assistant manager during the past season. He has commenced upon his schedule and while he has made no definite announcement it is understood that the schedule as a whole will be lighter than in previous seasons. The annual Thanksgiving game will be played with Davidson in Charlotte and A. & M. will probably be met again in Raleigh. As previously announced the 1914 game with North Carolina will be played in Raleigh October 17. The assistant managers for next year are Mr. W. A. Riddick and Mr. W. B. Wright, both of Asheville. These gentlemen are members of the Sophomore Class and have been prominently identified with the athletic interests here during their two years of residence. Mr. Riddick was a member of the 1912 team but has been forced to give up the game on account of injuries.

It has been announced that Coach Thompson will not return for another season. Negotiations are now under way with Messrs. Costello, of Georgetown, and Yancey, of Virginia, and one of them will probably coach the team in 1914.

The Sophomores are the holders this year of the class championship in basketball. The decisive game of the series was won from the Juniors, the score being 27 to 11. In the preliminary games the Sophs defeated the Freshmen and the Juniors won from the Seniors. The championship team is composed of Ashcraft, R. Holding, Yates, Hensley, and Huntley.

In the annual Newish-Soph. football game the latter were victors by a count of 10 to 0. The Freshmen were coached by R. R. Savage and the Sophomores by J. E. White.

The basketball season will open January 13, with the University of South Carolina. The other games scheduled for the month are as follows:

January 16—Elon College, at home.

January 22—Georgia, at home.

January 23—Charlotte Y. M. C. A., at home.

January 28—Virginia Christian College, at home.

January 30—Roanoke College, at home.

January 31—Gulford, at Gulford.

The prospects for a successful season are unusually good. Coach Crozier has a large squad working out daily. The following "W" men are on the squad: Captain Billings, W. Holding, Davis, and Hall.



## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Newish Barnes—I enjoy going to school here, because they have a little recess between every class.

Sky Hester (observing the grandstand)—What have they got that shed over there for?

Her Little Brother—Do you love sister?

Stringfield—Why, Willie, that's a queer question. Why do you want to know?

Little Brother—She said last night she'd give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in.

Prof. Hubbell—Who can tell me what political economy is?

Josey—Gittin' the most votes for the least money.

College spirit does not consist in betting your last dollar on your team.

Jim Carrys (coughing at the table)—I am going to have consumption.

Mick Billings—You've got consumption of food now.

Dr. Sikes—Mr. Feree, has Mexico any natural resources?

Feree—Yes, sir; they have the Pacific Ocean on the west.

Dowell—How many of Shakespeare's plays have you got to read?

Lowery—None. I read all of Shakespeare's works before I came to college.

Dowell—Have you read his "Merchant of Venice?"

Lowery—Yes.

Dowell—Shakespeare's "Vicar of Wakefield?"

Lowery—Yes.

Dowell—Shakespeare's "Oliver Twist?"

Lowery—Yes; I have read everything that Shakespeare ever wrote.

The saddest words of tongue or pen

May be, perhaps, "It might have been;"

But the sweetest words we know, by heck,

Are simply these: "Enclosed find check."

—Exchange.

Neighbor (to Mr. Dickson)—So you were up at college to see your son? How was he? Was he on the football team?

Mr. Dickson—Judging from his looks, I think the football team was on him.

#### EXPERIENCES OF AN EX-NEWISH.

"Memories of an Amusing Experience."

Backward: turn backward, O time, in thy flight;  
 Put me in Raleigh again just for a night.  
 Let a good-looking girl get off the train,  
 Then let me take her suitcase again.  
 The girl was at Meredith, a sweet Sophomore,  
 And on that train came Seniors galore;  
 So to keep her place on the honor roll  
 Up Fayetteville street we decided to stroll;  
 Yes, up Fayetteville street we did go,  
 For the Seniors, they came on the car, you know.  
 Can you imagine anything better than this?  
 Happiness complete and perfect bliss.  
 Yes, the happiest fellow in all the land,  
 With an umbrella and suitcase in either hand;  
 Should I slip and fall on the Capitol Square,  
 It don't make a d—, the girl's still there.  
 So thus we reach Meredith just in time  
 To meet the Seniors at the car line;  
 We reach Meredith just in time,  
 We stood right still and held our place  
 While I kept the umbrella over her face.  
 "They'll know me," she said, "by the lace on these sleeves,  
 Hold the umbrella a little lower, please."  
 'Twas fortunate for us the Seniors did not wait;  
 They hurried indoors, for 'twas already late.  
 Alas, too soon for me to her building we came,  
 But the night was dark and 'twas pouring down rain:  
 So hurrying in she left me at the door.  
 "I'm glad I met you. Good-night," and nothing more.  
 With a feeling of regret down the street I then walked,  
 While slowly, as if dreaming, to myself I then talked:  
 "She's pretty; I like her; I'll send her a card;  
 Suppose she won't answer, then I guess I'll feel jarred."  
 And that's why I'm sitting alone dreaming and saying tonight:  
 "Backward: turn backward, O time, in thy flight."

## ANSWER TO EX-NEWISH.

A Little Girl at Meredith sat down to cram  
For a horrid, hateful, old Latin exam,  
When there came a long, loud knock at the door:  
"Here's a card and a letter—think I've seen this writing before."  
The Little Girl looked up and opened wide her eyes,  
While they almost popped out in wondering surprise.  
When she read on the card the words "Be good"  
A memory flashed through her mind, and then she understood  
That the Boy who was to leave Raleigh at twelve-forty  
Didn't believe the Little Girl thought him the least bit naughty  
When he asked her to pardon him for butting in so—  
'Cause her suitcase was heavy, so she thought she'd let him go  
Up Fayetteville street, and on through the rain;  
Then the Boy got a fall that gave the sidewalk pain.  
The Little Girl was wicked enough to stand there and laugh,  
And the umbrella and suitcase rolled to the other half  
Of the pavement, where the old banana peel  
Lay grinning, too, because he happened to get under the big Boy's  
heel.

When the Little Girl left him at the door  
She had to say "Good-night" and nothing more,  
Because she knew, as only a Sophomore knows,  
That three doors from her, in prim little rows,  
In the house president's room on a square little table,  
Are two rows of books with this gilt label:  
"Student Government Rules," which every girl here must strictly  
obey,

And the dignified Seniors fall not to show the Sophs the way  
To the coveted role of Senior fame,  
Where each Soph hopes some day to see her name.  
But, to go back where the Little Girl left the rain-drenched Boy,  
She bounded upstairs that night bubbling over with joy,  
For He seemed just like an old, old friend.  
And who can tell how friendships will end?  
The Little Girl had a jolly time with the Boy in the rain  
And is hoping some time to see him again.

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. J. WHITLEY, 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.  
DR. E. H. BROUGHTON, Dentist, Raleigh.  
JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY CO., Raleigh.  
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TEMPLE BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.  
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TUCKER BUILDING PHARMACY, Raleigh.  
E. ALLEN, Wake Forest.  
W. P. HOLDING & COMPANY, Wake Forest.  
WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS.  
THE HOWLER, Wake Forest.  
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.  
JEFFERSON STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE CO., Greensboro.  
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO., Raleigh.  
J. ROSENGARTEN CO., Raleigh.  
R. B. GREEN, Life Insurance, Wake Forest.  
STEPHEN LANE FOLGER, Jeweler, New York.  
T. H. BRIGGS & SONS, Hardware, Raleigh.  
HIGH ART SUITS, Strouse Bros., Baltimore.  
ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE, Atlanta, Ga.  
HOPKINS TAILORING, Wake Forest.  
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.  
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WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP, Raleigh.  
MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA, Richmond, Va.  
COTRELL & LEONARD, Albany, N. Y.  
CROWN TAILORING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.  
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SOLACE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.



# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 5

## DRIVING COWS HOME

T. L. D.

As evening shadows steal over the hill,  
And the sound of axe and hoe is still,  
A boy's last task at close of day  
Is to go to the pasture over the way  
    And drive the cows home.

He listens long for the jingling bell,  
But where they all are he cannot tell;  
There's Red and Rose and Daisy and Pied,  
And scattered, as always, far and wide,  
    And all to drive home.

At last he gets them all in the path,  
But thinks it hard in his boyish wrath  
As he follows on to the milking place  
With sweat and tears mixed on his face,—  
    This driving cows home.

But when he's far away from the farm,  
From its toil and care, from its peace and charm,  
Jostled and pushed by the passing mob,  
He'll long for the oldtime evening job  
    Of driving cows home.

## THE PERSISTENCY OF PETER

TOM L. DIDYMUS.

Peter strutted down the street in all the glory of his half-holiday attire. With many sideward glances, with much satisfaction, he regarded his reflection in the windows that lined the sidewalk. At the corner he turned, entered a drug store, and ordered a dope, and draining the glass, strolled over to the cigar counter and carelessly called for a Neurica. He then made a silver dollar jingle on the display case; and pocketing the change, lit his cigar and walked out with the air of a millionaire.

On the outside he met a newsboy who waved a paper in his face with the usual salutation, "Evening paper, Mister?"

"Sure," said Peter, producing a dime. "Aw, keep the change," he added magnanimously.

Peter had now indulged in his accustomed Saturday evening luxuries—except, of course, the picture show and vaudeville. It opened at three o'clock. He consulted his Ingersoll. It was only half past one; so he crossed the street and continued his course down Gay Street. At the entrance to the Watauga Hotel, he paused, considered a moment, and then entered the lobby. A few scattered occupants were seated here and there, all seemingly deeply engrossed in their newspapers; so Peter nonchalantly seated himself, and puffing away at his cigar, unfolded the *Knoxville Evening Times* and spread it out before him.

A row of flaring headlines stared at him from the top of the columns on the first page. A prominent club-woman had committed suicide; a well-known merchant had been operated on for appendicitis; a revenue officer had cut up a

blockade still out in the country; several miners had been entombed by a mine explosion in a neighboring city; and a wealthy manufacturer had died suddenly at his home.

Peter folded the paper and sat for a few moments in deep thought. Then he arose and left the lobby, turning down Jackson Street at the corner. When he reached a place which seem deserted, he paused.

"By George," he soliloquized, "maybe I kin think out loud here and not disturb the big Ikes. Now," glancing at the *Times*, "here I am twenty-five years old and never have had my name in a newspaper. If I could 'a played baseball and 'a joined the league, I could git my name in all right. I had ruther be Matty or Ty Cobb than to be Woodrow Wilson and be worried about Mexico and the Currency. But I'm just who I am, all right; and I am not a-itchin' to commit suicide or murder to git my name in the newspaper. But p'raps if I'd look around a bit, I'd find something right here in little ol' Knoxville."

Peter glanced at the paper again, and then folded it carefully and put it in his pocket, with the remark: "Just wait, the name of Peter Van Brocklin will be in this sheet before many more moons have waxed and waned."

He then straggled back to Gay Street, and promenaded up and down, his eyes and ears wide open. All at once he heard a yelling up the street behind him. Hurriedly retracing his steps, he soon saw that a crowd had gathered in front of a store. He heard shouts of laughter mingled with violent threats and imprecations. Upon reaching the spot, he found that the cause of the disturbance was a combat between two colored women. Wool and warm language filled the air.

Peter adjusted his hat and stepped forward. Plunging through the crowd, he seized one of the combatants by the dress. Just then a policeman came upon the scene, slung



Peter some distance away and put the colored women under arrest.

"Stung!" Peter murmured disconsolately.

He kept his course down the street. At the crossing of Jackson and Gay streets, he saw a horse hitched to a carriage running away. He looked; the carriage contained a young lady and a driver, who had lost control of the lines.

"Here's my chance," thought Peter, triumphantly, "Thrilling rescue—" and he made a dash for the middle of the street.

He seized the horse by the bridle and swung on for a moment. The horse did not stop, so Peter released his grasp and turned his attention to picking himself up and dusting his clothes.

"Luck's against me," he confessed, as he saw a policeman stop the horse. "Well, I believe I'll go down to the station and see what I can see."

A long line of hacks stood above the entrance, each hackman beckoning with his whip toward those who emerged from the station. Peter passed them by, and entered. Train number 17, from Memphis, was just pulling in. A variegated crowd got off the train and came trooping into the station. Peter watched them pass.

A rather moderately dressed girl attracted Peter's attention. She was wandering aimlessly about. She continued this for some time as if she was at a loss to know what to do. Peter was about to approach and speak to her when a flashily dressed young man stepped up to her.

"Are you looking for some one, Miss?" he inquired politely.

"No," she replied, "this is the first time I was ever here. I came to find work."

"I'll find you work," said the young man. "Come with me."

She smiled at him faintly and assented. The two left the station, Peter following.

"I don't like the looks o' that," Peter muttered. "Believe I'll turn Sherlock Holmes on my own hook and investigate."

The flashily dressed young man had taken a hack as Peter got out through the entrance. Peter followed suit, and as he seated himself, the driver queried, "Where?"

"Follow that hack," replied Peter mysteriously.

Peter kept his eye on the hack in front of him. It turned down Gay Street, then up Florida Street.

"Just what I expected," Peter muttered. "Well, this is my chance. The headlines tomorrow will read, 'Young Girl Rescued,' 'Brave Peter Van Brocklin, etc.'" and Peter smiled.

The front hack stopped, and the young man and the girl got out. Peter ordered his driver to stop and pitching him a quarter, dashed on. A policeman had just approached the couple in front of him. There was gun play so swift that Peter could not see it; another policeman rushed up and the young man was soon handcuffed.

Peter approached. The girl was standing by, trembling and weeping. Peter spoke to her kindly: "Miss, I'll look out for ye."

"Are you connected with this?" inquired one of the policemen gruffly.

"No," Peter protested, "I'm Van Brocklin. I clerk at Fordney's."

"See after the young lady then," said the policemen, as the trio departed.

"The d— policeman again!" exclaimed Peter angrily; then turning to the girl, "Come along, Miss. Fordney wants another young lady clerk. I heard him say so yesterday."

\* \* \* \* \*

About two months later, Peter was rushing up Gay Street with the *Knoxville Evening Times* in his hand. At the corner he paused and began looking through the paper. On the last page, at the foot of a column, he read the following:

"Married—Peter Van Brocklin to Ada Smith. Both young people clerks with the Fordney Mercantile Company."

"By George," exclaimed Peter, triumphantly. "My name's in the paper at last. Not on the front page, but in there in black and white."

Peter smiled. He was satisfied.

## A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

"O Woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel, Thou."—*Scott*.

It was eleven o'clock on the night of Anniversary. The conversation in the two society halls had lost its animation. A few old alumni, gathered in groups about members of the faculty, were telling of their little escapades while in college, and laughing immensely, for they were prominent men who could afford youthful irregularities. Girls received half-hearted attentions with smothered yawns, and drummed listlessly to the music. Boys began forming lines and rushing in a circle around the rooms, to the complete chagrin of the trustees. Here and there a couple had secluded themselves in a nook and were absorbed in one another. The atmosphere in the halls was heavy, and officious persons busied themselves with raising and lowering windows.

"Kid" Yarborough stood on the stairs amid a cloud of exhaled smoke. He was worried, and therefore pretended to be bored. Through an angle of the door he could see Annie pouting with red lips and feigning interest in a conversation which was tiring her. She had been monopolized by a newish—a presumptive little newish—who had talked incessantly for an hour in spite of her ill-disguised ennui. The "Kid" had attempted to freeze him out with the silent disdain of a sophomore, and he had failed. The newish had a dat, and he was enjoying it thoroughly. Something needed to be done.

The "Kid" reflected with all the zeal of a knight-errant, Presently his eye fell upon the electric switch-board which controlled the light of the halls. This suggested an idea so brilliant and so hazardous that it quite dumfounded him. If successful it would cover him with glory in the eyes of his lady, and put a rival out of the way.

A group of the "Kid's" friends started down the steps. He glanced at them—all men of action, ill at ease at a reception—and made up his mind.

"Fellows," he said, and whispered eagerly for a few minutes. The "Kid" was a genius for administration. The Whispering concluded, the boys disappeared down the stairs, and the "Kid," throwing away his cigarette, walked to the side of Annie.

The newish was still letting flow a stream of oily language.

"Annie," said Yarborough, in an undertone, is this fellow boring you?"

"Terribly," replied Annie, hiding her remark behind a fluttering fan. "He's a pill."

"—And I expect to be president of my class next year—" the newish was saying.

"I'll attend to him," said the "Kid," mysteriously, "only after it's over, keep quiet."

Annie manipulated her eyes in some way to assure him that she would, and Yarborough withdrew to the stairs and lit a cigarette.

"She's true blue," he thought, and smiled somewhat nervously.

Ten minutes later the band suddenly stopped playing, and the humdrum conversation of the halls was hushed for a moment, and then gave place to much shrieking and laughter. Every light in the building had gone out. People were confused, and the more elderly hustled about to find matches.

The general clamor quite drowned out the muffled exclamation of a boy, and the voice of a girl which protested in indignant soprano.

Out on the stairs the "Kid" saw a group of shadows flash past him and out. He heaved a sigh of relief.

Then an intense burst of light flooded the rooms, and people rubbed their eyes. They saw, near the door, an amazed newish whose face and hair were black with a liquid which was dripping over his coat and vest, and by his side a girl with flaming cheeks, who had covered her eyes with her hands, and was saying, "The brutes! And I was the cause of it!"

Some people laughed, and others were grieved, and newspaper correspondents and members of the Senate Committee began collecting misinformation. And that was the end of the blacking episode.

The "Kid" strolled into the hall, calmly confident. He approached Annie to receive his reward.

She flashed an indignant glance at him, pursed up her pretty lips in defiance, and turned to console the newish who had had heroism thrust upon him.

The imperturbable "Kid" sauntered to the stairs.

"They're all too tenderhearted," he reflected, lighting a cigarette, "and the worst of it is that when she puckered up her lips that way I saw a little black stain on them."

## THE LATE INTERNATIONAL STUDENT VOL- UNTEER CONVENTION

HENRY J. LANGSTON.

It is impossible for the writer to give an adequate review of the vision received at the great Convention held in Kansas City; however, the writer will do his best to give a few facts regarding the Convention and sound the call to service and show what is expected of the students of this country in giving to the whole wide world the Truth. Also the writer wishes to remind his reader of the opportunity of today in the business of the Jesus Man, whether the reader be a teacher or lawyer or preacher, or whatever he be. The door of opportunity stands wide open and invites men to enter and become great in doing great things and in helping to make others great.

The late convention is the latest of its kind ever held in the history of the world. In this convention the world was in reality and in truth gathered up, as it were, and set in the Convention Hall at Kansas City, and this great company of men and women, for one time in their life, got a genuine vision of the world. Indeed, it was very easy to see how the "world is the field." Too, it was not hard to understand that in this field was needed workers, because it was full of human needs of every kind and name and description. There were seen on this field millions of human bodies—moving, living, suffering, diseased human bodies—calling to the medical world, "Come and help us." There were many mothers calling for the aid of the trained nurses of our American hospitals. My reader, this call to service which was sounded in this convention is to YOU. In the history of the whole

world the call to service was never sounded so loud and so stressed as was it in this late convention.

Nor is this human physical need all that is calling you to serve, but there are hungry minds groping in darkness and thirsty souls without drink. These human minds and souls are calling to YOU to come and teach their minds the Way, the Truth, and give them Light so that they may see how to drink from the Well of Life the living water. Reader, do you not hear the call and can you not see the field and its needs? If you do, are you afraid to face this scene and answer the call? Answer, will you?

Reader, do you think there is really anything definite and great expected of you as a member of this student generation? You may evade this question, but the writer begs you not thus to act; and also he pleads with you to weigh carefully and pray over what is expected of you as a student of this generation. The call to service you have heard, and now you are expected to act. It is up to this student generation, and not only up to it but expected of it to give the whole world a chance at Life and the truths which it has. And reader, you count one, hence you are expected to wake out of your sleep and exert yourself and give to the world a message. To fail to give to the world a living, genuine message is to stain your hands with blood. God, who has done so much for you and let you live in the greatest period of the world's history, who can do all things and bring the world to Himself, is expecting YOU to do something for the business of His Kingdom. God is expecting something definite and great of you. Will you disappoint God, and will you disappoint them?

Answer! and remember your answer is recorded in eternity and whatever your answer and action be is final.

The opportunity of today in the business of Jesus was



never realized quite so keenly and deeply as was it in the late convention. Messengers from every land and nation under heaven came with a burning message from every land and nation, showing the opportunities that now invite Christian students to take hold of and make the world Christian, or take the world for Jesus. Drs. Zwamer, Bryant, Hart, Speer and Mott and others presented the vision of opportunity in this convention as it was and is and, then at the closing session cablegrams came from these lands and countries, driving home all these men had said, and telling you that this is the time and this is the student generation to lay hold of the opportunity of today and make good. What ARE YOU going to do about it?

Another fact of this convention you are asked to think about. At the late convention there were 5,031 delegates. Of this number there were 3,984 students and teachers of the colleges and universities and seminaries and training schools of the world. Now in this number of students and teachers there were somewhat over 200 foreign students and teachers. From China alone were 161. Also there were 53 editors of the papers and magazines of this country present, and 279 business men. Then there were 715 people present, who are vitally interested in the Kingdom of God. The hall in which this convention was held would accommodate something like 10,000 people and perhaps more. This hall was filled at every session and in the evening two or three thousand people were turned away. However, they were led by a shepherd to one of the churches of the city and fed. To look on this multitude was to know more fully that this generation is being led by a loving, living God—the Father of all.

Since the Rochester Convention four years ago, 1,466 volunteers have sailed. Several of this number and several of the number who had gone before, have been called hence;

yet they live and work. If the students of this generation do their part this number at the next convention will be 2,832 instead of just 1,466.

Another vital and important thing of this convention is this: Of the 5,031 delegates present, 1,500 were student volunteers. It was an inspiration to look upon this great company. Of this number something like 400 will sail for their fields of work within the next year. Reader do these facts mean anything to you? Do you think there is any part you can play in this work of God for the good of humanity and the world?

In conclusion the writer asks his reader to stop, and consider; be still and know God; listen to the voice of the nations. The voice of God begs you to listen, as the students of Switzerland, in the form of a cablegram cry; "God wants YOU," and the volunteers in Turkey cry, speaking of that country: "The greatest needs are moral, a challenge for help," and from the volunteers in the Nile Valley: "The needs are inviting you through the Moslem world," and from Russia: "Pray for tragie Russia. Uphold your comrades. We welcome you," and from South America comes "the call for student volunteers of faith and power," and lastly the cry is sounded: "China choosing her destiny—why not make it Christ?" The above is to the students who have ambition, who have faith, who have power, who have the love of Christ in their hearts, who have the burden of the world on their souls, and who want to give freely all that Jesus Christ has given them. ACT!

## A LAST RIPPLE OF THE WAR

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C. A. MOSELEY.

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Sandy Anderson was poor and old and half-witted. When you read this you will pity him and commiserate his lot; but he was a happy old fellow. He went about the country selling Bible tracts, worth probably about two and a half cents, for a quarter of a dollar.

Cities were the places that the old man most frequented. He would take his stand on some street corner where his slight figure attracted little attention, open his black satchel bag, and expose his wares to the public. When he saw a kind face approaching he would offer his book in a tremulous, hesitating, awkward manner. If he was repulsed he would step back, abashed, and it would be some time before he could pluck up enough courage to accost any one else; but if you bought his book, won over by the sweet pathos of his smile, the old man would bubble over with smiles and his sensitive face would beam with good humor. A kind word would make him become very garrulous and friendly; he would tell you all about his past life in tones almost child-like.

He had been born and raised on a small farm. His school life had been a tragedy. When the Civil War broke out he was a young man; he was ordered to join the army; the pictured horrors of war had terrified his simple soul; and he had gone to the governor of his state for permission to stay at home and protect his mother and sister, a request which was readily granted by the governor who saw that he was unfit for a soldier. He would tell you this with a cunning smile; but the time was not far distant when he should repent this action with tears. After the war his mother had

died and he had since supported his sister, first by farming, then by peddling. Hard work and few pleasures had been his lot. These facts he would impart with vivacity, almost with laughter; and when you left him at his corner you thought of a poor lamb among wolves.

A kind friend had started Sandy in the peddling business. He had prospered. People bought his books, feeling at the same time that they were cheated. His sister hoarded his earnings, for she was a prudent soul and looked forward to a comfortable old age.

Sandy had been in the peddling business about five years when fortune served him a sorry trick. Ho was so disabled by rheumatism that he was forced to discontinue his business. One night, shortly afterwards, the old man and his sister put their heads together by the light of the lamp that had lighted their evening hours for a good many years and decided to sell their farm and with the money they had amassed buy a small home in the neighboring town of Salem. This idea tickled their fancy. They thought they had gleaned life's wheat long enough. The prospect of a snug home in the sunshine and small bustle of a country town, where they could watch the strong mowers wielding their scythes, pleased them beyond measure. However, it was some time before they were able to arrange everything satisfactorily.

When they had been in the village a few months and the neighbors had called and found out what church they belonged to and what their circumstances were, they became fixtures and settled down to a quiet life. Their home was small but comfortable; in the spring and summer it was a pretty place. Sandy ought to have been happy, but he was not. His health began to fail rapidly. His sister complained to the neighbors that he "was aller's ailin'" and would not eat the food placed before him. He would not tell

his sister what was the matter with him; so I, who knew the old man well and divined his trouble, will have to tell you.

The social life of Salem, so far as the males were concerned, centered about the stove of Tim Coggins, who ran a grocery store, printing press, and postoffice combined. Salemites who had time to idle away loafed in this convenient place. Here the town worthies assembled, smoked, chewed, spit tobacco juice in the sawdust around the stove, read the papers, talked politics, and gossiped about various and sundry matters. No more cosmopolitan group ever figured in the salon of a French lady with a bohemian turn of mind than met together in the store of Tim Coggins. Here were the small business men who had been raised in the country and were proud of it; here was the lazy good-for-nothing son of an old family who had had money left him and idled away his time; the town squire, feared by all the boys; the town drunkard, a friendly loquacious spirit; a Yankee from Vermont, silent and reserved, who was doing improved farming; the young lawyer and the old justice of the peace with tobacco stained teeth and wrinkled face; the town doctor with his professional dignity; the farmers who leant against counters and never said a word; the blacksmith, who ran in with his dirty apron on to get his mail; but the crowning feature of these assemblies was a group of sociable old veterans of the Civil War. These feeble rheumatic old men, with one foot in the grave, met to air their troubles and crack war stories. The townspeople humored them and listened to their reminiscences. They sat around the stove in a half circle. Tim, who was a large fat man with a jolly laugh and a large capable stomach, had placed chairs for them. He said he liked to see the old fellows enjoy themselves together. When the hot summer days arrived the old men would move their split bottomed chairs out under the shade of some trees along the street

where all loafers followed them and sat at their feet. This migratory movement from the stove to the shade took place about the first of May and was celebrated with great pomp, a group of boys carrying the chairs on before, the old soldiers hobbling after on their crutches, and a line of idlers as straggling as the town of Salem itself bringing up the rear. When one of these old veterans cleared his throat and blew his nose the town drunkard would break off in the midst of a yawn, and with his pipe between his teeth and the sunlight filtering through the tree on his gray head the old fellow would rattle off a story as only an old man of experience can.

The chief spokesman of these old cronies was an old soldier with a wooden leg, who seemed to possess an inexhaustible fund of yarns and stories. The one-armed veteran, his only rival, credited him with a great imagination and hinted that he talked better than he fought. But I do not believe this for he was a lovable old fellow and had only one failing, and that was whittling on his wooden leg. He said that he did not feel at home with his leg until he had whittled and carved it to his satisfaction. Indeed, the old gentlemen carried this foible or eccentricity much farther, and his children had to pet and cajole him for a good while before they could get him to don a new suit.

It was to this sociable place that Sandy found his way soon after moving to town. He was a quiet old man and his shabby figure attracted little attention. He would sit among the idlers very quietly, a tremulous smile playing about his sensitive mouth, and warm his heart in the sociable atmosphere. These war stories were a new thing to him. He drank them in eagerly. Before, the war hadn't meant much to him. Now his ideas changed and he began to have a kind of shame that he had not enlisted with the other men. Their

lost legs and arms seem to reproach him. His hair was white like theirs, and every time people looked at him he thought there was a question mark in their eyes. He no longer spoke of the war with a cunning smile. He began to despise himself and this was not good for an old man. Shame was gradually wasting him away. He felt that he was a social outcast. But he could not keep away from the place where the old veterans congregated, though he always felt very bad and downhearted after going there. This could not go on. So one day while the one legged man was in the midst of a yarn the old man broke into tears. The loafers gathered around him, amazed, and asked him what his trouble was. And then between sobs, in a half audible voice, the old man confided his shame.

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Now, if any one should go into Tim Coggin's store, he would find Sandy sitting with the immortals between the one-armed and the wooden-legged man, his face all wreathed in smiles.

## A POLITICAL RETROSPECT

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B. M. BOYD.

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Standing, as we are, well within the portals of the new year, gazing with a retrospective eye into the political records of the immediate, eventful past, we are almost bewildered at the many "impossible" changes made under the new national management. Since the day Woodrow Wilson ascended to the presidency and began to pilot the affairs of government the Ship of State has been guided calmly, but steadily, forward on the waves of Democracy. The man at the helm, obeying the pledge of the platform of a great party has, in an amazingly short time, accomplished a record for constructive statesmanship unequaled in the annals of our political history.

With the advent of the present administration a new era was begun that bids fair to revolutionize the political, industrial, financial, and social affairs of this country. For the first time in a generation the voice of justice and humanity has been heard above the mighty hum of modern commercialism. When republicanism surrendered the sceptre of power to democracy it was the sounding of the death knell to many hoary evils and vested wrongs that have been so long sheltered in the alcoves of an eighteenth century constitution. Old constitutional barriers and a strong sentiment among the ruling class that have stood for years in the pathway of progress have been made to crumble and fall at the mighty bidding of the voice of public sentiment.

A recent article appeared in the *North American Review*, entitled, "The Crisis of Constitutionalism," in which the writer deplored the growing tendency of modern times to



amend, more freely, our national and state constitutions. A very able article from the conservative standpoint. That we should be slow in amending our constitutions all thoughtful men admit, but when a clause in an eighteenth century constitution blocks the progress of a nation or state and serves to enrich the few and enslave the masses by unforeseen events arising out of changed conditions, we fail to see how the changing of certain sections to meet those new conditions unknown to its founders should call forth any great alarm by a progressive people.

When the people of North Carolina, exercising their inherent and natural right to change their laws and constitution, vote in a calm and deliberate manner to adopt new and better laws or to change a clause in their constitution to meet some new evil arising from changed conditions we fail to see anything alarming in this. Under this hard and fast stability of constitutions, privilege has been exalted and justice dethroned. "In order to fulfill its purpose a Constitution should have flexibility, and this means that it should be amendable." Government has nowhere as yet passed beyond the experimental stage.

The year 1913 will stand as a landmark in American history. With the Wilson administration the Democratic party has had its first chance in sixty years at real constructive statesmanship. The new spirit that pervades the political atmosphere at Washington is rapidly spreading and taking hold on the country at large. The people of the nation, so long lulled to sleep by the voice of the political sirens and financial magnates, are awaking from their slumbers and like mad giants, are throwing off the bonds of despotism forged during their drowsy sleep and are arraying themselves in the armor of the "New Freedom."

For the first time since the Civil War we have seen the passage of an honest tariff bill. With the utter failure of the last Republican administration to readjust and reduce the tariff on a fair basis, as promised in the Payne-Aldrich bill, the people were anxious to try the promise so long held out by the Democratic party. As soon as the present administration was entrenched in power it began to fulfill its promises to the American people by immediately entering upon a reduction of the tariff. At once a highly significant struggle began in Washington that ended a few months later with the passage of the famous Underwood-Simmons Tariff Bill, perhaps, in many respects, the greatest tariff bill ever devised by human genius. Each group affected, jealously guarding its own particular interests, proclaimed loudly the approach of business calamity. Interfere with our methods, they cried, and industry will be demoralized. Each group clung tenaciously to its special advantage, demonstrating how clearly we were departing from that cardinal American theory that private interests must be subordinated to the public welfare.

With the passing of this bill, along with the famous Currency Bill,—also the first great currency reform known in the same period of time,—a new business era was begun in this country. It was a good omen. It was the harbinger of a better day. It was the reëthronement of the maxim of true democracy, "Live, and let live." The new tariff breaks down the old walls of privilege and sets every man and business on an equal footing. It will serve to revive the initiative spirit so characteristic of American pioneers—the spirit which has developed our great country in all material ways. It will simply be the case of the "survival of the fittest" and not, as before, the survival of the ones protected behind the strongest tariff wall. It is a clarion call for the marshal-

ing of the strongest forces of American genius to compete, on equal terms, with individuals at home and the nations abroad. Under the new tariff an industrial system that builds mountains of wealth beside the hovels of abject poverty can no longer exist.

The new Currency Bill as characterized by the *New York Tribune* is "a charter of a new freedom for the business world." Of course this bill is not a perfect one, but it marks a long step on the road to a better banking and currency system so long needed in this country. It will sound the death knell to such panics and business depressions as that in 1907 and emancipate the masses from the thralldom of financial suffering during such occasions. Much credit is due our president for his untiring efforts in pushing this bill through the House and Senate.

The three great reforms to be accomplished by the new law are defined as follows by the *New York World*:

1. "A true and elastic National Currency, based, not upon government fiat or government debt, but upon the commercial resources of a hundred million people. This currency is definitely established on the gold standard.
2. "The complete separation of the organized banking system of the New York stock exchange and Wall Street gambling.
3. "The destruction of the centralized control of money and credit, the so-called money trust, and the extinction of a centralized bank, both in principle and in practice.

Indeed this has been a remarkable administration. The accomplishment of either the tariff reduction or the passage of the Currency Bill would have been remarkable for such a short time. Mr. Wilson, with his complete domination over both houses, has been anxious for the accomplishment of reforms so long needed. This he has succeeded in doing—why and how? The answer seems to be found in these

words taken from the *World's Work*: "Wilson succeeds because he expresses the desires of the American people, but he will hold things together just so long, no longer, as *he voices their will.*"

How much further can he go and yet hold their endorsement? Would it not be wise now for the administration to try out the present reforms before plunging further into the sea? If these reforms sail well then it will be time enough for the launching of others. The President has already made a monumental record and it is possible to go too far. If he can succeed in holding things together and secure a majority again at the next congressional election he will have accomplished a great victory. According to Geo. Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, there are now in the House 291 Democrats and 147 Republicans. If the Democrats should lose 74 out of the 291 at the next election the Republicans would have control. Is such a change possible in such a short time? According to the same source the Democrats had, in 1892, 220 to 126 Republican members. In 1894 the Democrats had fallen to 104 and the Republicans had jumped to 246. Such were the results under normal conditions with a majority president. Is it not more probable now with a minority president and a minority House? This is an interesting question.

## THE DEMAND FOR VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

J. H. HIGHSMITH.

There has been no popular demand in North Carolina for vocational education. Such demand as there has been has come from manufacturers, organized labor, and educators.

The demand for vocational education will depend upon what the aim of education is conceived to be, and upon what is meant by vocational education. Those who hold that the ultimate aim of education is culture, or knowledge, or discipline, or harmonious development of all the faculties, will scarcely subscribe very heartily to vocational education. But if we believe that the aim of education is "preparation for complete living," in the fullest sense, or that the aim is "social efficiency," then we are forced to espouse the cause of vocational education, for it seeks to incorporate every necessary phase of social activity or life.

The forms of vocational training are as follows, according to Mr. Klapper:

1. Professional activities.
2. Commercial pursuits, which include trained salesmen, advertisers, buyers, business managers, import and export clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, stenographers and typewriters, and general office assistants.
3. Agricultural industries, including all forms of farming, fruit growing, lumbering, cattle raising, and kindred activities.
4. Industrial crafts, which cover the large number of manufacturing and mechanical industries.
5. The household arts, which include sewing, cooking, house-keeping, nursing, and all other domestic processes.

Why should this kind of training be given in our schools? For several reasons:

1. Democracy demands vocational education. The func-

tion of education in a democracy is to give to each individual an opportunity to realize his highest possibilities. The school should afford a situation that will conduce most largely to making actual that which the individual is potentially. In other words, the aim of education is the self-realization of the individual. But individuals differ as to their native capacities or abilities. Provision must be made for these individual differences, and this is precisely the purpose of vocational education. Heretofore the school has been most profoundly concerned about the exceptional 15 per cent, but education must serve also the 85 per cent of common men, training each according as he has capacity. Every child has a right to that particular training which is best suited to him.

"I have no hesitancy in declaring," says Mr. Gillette, "that the first and foremost duty of society, through the agency of the schools, is to make every boy and girl fit to make a living by means of some special knowledge or skill which society has need of."

Ex-President Roosevelt says, "The exceptional individual, of the highest culture and most efficient training possible, is an important asset for the state. He should be encouraged and his development promoted, but this should not be done at the expense of the other individuals who can do their best work on the farm and in the workshop; it is for the benefit of these individuals that our school system should be primarily shaped."

2. Vocational education is an economic necessity. This is especially true of North Carolina and the South in general. There is imperative need of a larger number of men and women who can work productively with their hands, combining in this work a large degree of skill and intelligence. Intelligent workers are needed in the manufacturing pursuits, on the farms and in our homes.

To meet the rising tide of industrialism in the South a vast army of trained workers is needed. Trained leaders of industry will not suffice. The industrial leaders without their trained followers will be helpless in coping with such a mammoth industrial situation as will present itself with the opening of the Panama Canal. The apprenticeship system cannot be relied upon to furnish the well-equipped workmen for this industrial Renaissance, they must be furnished by a new type of school—the Vocational High School.

3. The demand for vocational education is an educational necessity.

Our present high school is a traditional institution, and the methods of training are formal. We have gone along on the assumption that there is a general discipline, that there is one best education, and that every individual ought to be the recipient of it, regardless of his likes or dislikes, his capabilities or his inabilities. We have found, however, that not all students are even remotely interested in the conventional educational processes, and they have shown their dislike by withdrawing from the school altogether.

But school men are beginning to find out that vocational training makes a tremendously strong appeal to that large number of students who are not interested in the traditional subjects. It has been found, too, that efficiency in hand work, in manual activities, is closely related to intellectual efficiency.

The formal training does not qualify the student for effective participation in the varied activities of modern life. The social environment of the student is not an inert mass, but it is divided up into vocations. Division of labor has made this specialization necessary. Now, if the environment of the student is specialized, his training or education must be specialized to enable him to adjust himself properly

to specific situations. The old notion of formal discipline is no longer tenable. Training in one subject will carry over into other subjects to the extent that they have similar or identical elements. Therefore, if we want to be sure that the training of the High School will carry over into Life School, we must see to it that they have identical elements.

As Principal Bogan says, "I often wonder what it is in our make-up as teachers that impels us to stand afar and gaze at our work through the telescope of tradition and precedent, which magnifies the importance of Greek and Latin and ancient literature, while we ignore the pitiful sight of mankind on its knees offering up the prayer in all its terrible literalness, "Give us this day our daily bread." On every side we observe the heart-breaking struggles of poverty—stricken parents to provide their children with a means of livelihood. To those of us who know that much of this labor is in vain, these struggles appeal with the force of tragedy. For years we have looked upon this spectacle with more or less equanimity until at last the children, by their silent protests, by their repeated desertions, and by their pathetic failures, have borne in upon us the necessity for a great revolution in education."

4. To minister to the motor-minded boys and girls. A large per cent of the students in any high school are thing-minded, as opposed to the abstract-idea minded. The traditional high school course has made its appeal to those who could deal successfully with abstract symbols, and the motor-minded student has been neglected. At last we are coming to see that there is something in this matter of manual training, and the demand of students that they be given something to do is being heeded.

Normal boys and girls in the high school are full of energy, and find their controlling interests in manipulation, in con-



struction, in doing things. They are not interested primarily in memorizing the classics, historical facts and scientific formulæ; they want and demand something practical. They are not content to deal with questions in the abstract, they want to handle materials and test their strength, to get knowledge at first hand. The introduction, therefore, of the practical motor element into the high school course will vitalize it for the thing-minded student.

Pupils are interested in doing those things which they can with some degree of success. The thing-minded student has no success in dealing with abstract symbols or concepts, and therefore gets no satisfaction out of the educative process. And if this failure to secure satisfaction continues, the student becomes discouraged and the result is his elimination from school.

5. To meet the needs of students who, for financial reasons, cannot take a four-year high school course. There are many boys and girls who are not financially able to remain in school for four years after completing the grammar school course. And for the majority of students it would certainly be impossible to complete the traditional high school course and then specialize in same trade or vocation.

If a student completes the course in the average high school he is prepared for nothing in particular save to enter some college. He is not prepared for anything specifically. What is needed, therefore, is a course of one to three years in vocational subjects, that he may be able to enter some field of industrial activity and to do efficient work. Without such training the tendency will be to drift into the first occupation that presents an opening, and another unskilled workman is thrust upon society.

6. To prevent elimination of pupils from school. The public schools are not appreciated as they should be by a

great many people, and therefore the schools are not attended. Boys and girls drop out of the school because parents and pupils feel that the training received is not the kind most needed and most helpful.

Vocational education will give people greater faith and confidence in the high school, and will therefore prevent the elimination of pupils, for this faith in the school will lead to good work—attendance. This vocational element in the high school programme has doubled the attendance in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, in some instances, has increased high school attendance by 50 per cent, and has kept boys in school until they graduated, the boys composing 50 per cent of the graduating class.

In this connection it is interesting to notice the report of the commission appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to "investigate the needs for education in the different grades of skill and responsibility in the various industries of the Commonwealth." The commissioners found that the first years of the employment of those children who commence work at 14 and 15 years of age, are practically wasted, and that the children leave school because neither they nor their parents see any practical value in remaining there.

7. Vocational training in our elementary and high schools will serve as a great preventive of crime and will tend to reduce poverty. Economic conditions, which would be greatly remedied by an adequate system of vocational education, are, undoubtedly, the first great cause of crime. The want of a vocation leads directly to crime. The individual who is hungry, hungry because society has not given him such training as to make his socially efficient, is certainly tempted to steal, and such conduct is branded as criminal. Labor, the proper use of one's energy in a productive activity, has always been one of the most effective guarantees against the

commission of crime. An idle brain, which means likewise an idle body and hand, is the devil's workshop. That lack of proper training has a large share in the production of criminals has been shown by Mr. Carroll D. Wright. He says, "It is statistically true that enough of knowledge to be of value in increasing the amount and quality of work done, to give character, to some extent at least, to a person's tastes and aspirations, is a better safeguard against the inroads of crime than any code of criminal laws. The kind of labor which requires most skill on the part of the workman to perform, insures him most perfectly against want and crime. This statement is fortified by such statistics as are available. Of 4,340 convicts, at one time, in the State of Massachusetts, 2,991, or 68 per cent, were returned as having no occupation. The adult convicts at that time numbered 3,971. Of these, 464 were illiterate; of 220 sentenced during the year, 147 were without a trade or any regular means of earning a living. In Pennsylvania, during a recent year, nearly 88 per cent of the penitentiary convicts had never been apprenticed to any trade or occupation; and this was also true of 68½ per cent of the convicts sentenced to county jails and workhouses in the same state during the same year. In Mr. Wines's report on homicide in the United States it is shown that of 6,958 men, 5,175 or more than 74 per cent of the whole, were said to have no trade."

In striking contrast with these statements it is interesting to note the results of industrial or vocational training in the case of colored students as reported by Principal Booker T. Washington. He says: "Not a single graduate of the Hampton Institute or of Tuskegee Institute can be found today in any jail or state penitentiary. After making careful inquiry, I cannot find a half dozen cases of a man or woman who has completed a full course of education in any of our reputable institutions like Hampton, Tuskegee, Fisk

or Atlanta, who are in prisons. The records of the South show that 90 per cent of the colored people in prisons are without knowledge of trades and 61 per cent are illiterate."

Want of vocation is also a contributing cause of poverty. Lack of technical ability to secure a position, and lack of skill which would make it possible for a person to hold the position once secured, can certainly be assigned as a partial cause of poverty. There is close connection between much of existing poverty and the unskilled condition of poor people.

What is needed is not charity, but that training which will make it possible for people to help themselves. Charity degrades and robs one of his self-respect, but the right sort of training will give a person respect for himself and make him economically efficient.

How to meet the demands for Vocational Education:

1. Introduce vocational subjects or courses in existing high schools. This presupposes efficient teachers of these subjects.
2. Teach the fundamental processes of all trades involving wood and iron, and the fundamental facts of all business.
3. In certain communities give courses which prepare for the special vocation or industry of the community.
4. Coöperation between the high school and factory, or any specialized form of industry.
5. Establish agricultural schools and technical arts high schools.

The school law of New Jersey recognizes three kinds of schools as to occupation taught—agricultural, industrial and household arts. There are two kinds of schools as to organizations:

A separate school in a school building, or a school carried on in the same building with another school.

There are two kinds of schools as to employment of pupils: all-day schools, and part-time or continuation schools, or evening schools. An all-day school is one which is held during the day for the benefit of those pupils who can forego wage-earning from one to four years in order to prepare for some occupation before entering it.

A part-time or continuation school or class, is a class for persons giving a part of their working time to profitable employment and receiving in the part-time school instruction complementary to the practical work carried on in such employment.

The establishment of a system of vocational schools will increase, rather than lessen the necessity for the vocational guidance of youth. Every student should have the counsel, advice and coöperation of school and home in deciding upon the work he will do in the world, and his choice of a vocation or profession ought to be governed by his physical, mental and moral constitution.

## SIGNIFYING NOTHING

JACQUES.

My headaches all were over; I had won  
The Prize for which my nights and days were squandered.  
I held it in my hand—a bit of gold  
Scribbled with idlo words—I looked and pondered.

A few friends shook my hand and gave faint praise,  
While others envied much and babbled more;  
This was the empty issue of my toiling,  
The bootless profit of my labors sore.

A bit of gilded gold, and praise more gilded  
Were only my reward—but wise fools said  
That it was not the gold nor yet the honor,  
The work itself my efforts had repaid.

But why the work save as a training force  
Some later honors from some stupid jury?  
Honors that would be empty, e'en like these,—  
Who called this life a tale of sound and fury?

DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PROSE FROM  
ALFRED TO ADDISON

R. F. HOUGH.

It was long supposed that the conscious use of prose in the English language was a comparatively recent thing, dating back at the farthest to the middle of the sixteenth century, and due directly to French influences.

Early was the first to show that this was not the case, and to assert we "possess a longer pedigree of prose literature than any other country in Europe." Though this may be held to be a somewhat violent statement, the independence of the English Prose is a fact which rests on a firm basis. The code of laws of the "King's Inn" dates from the seventh century, and there are various other legal documents of literature which are worded in a way that seems to denote the existence of a literary tradition.

After the Danish invasion, Latin ceased to be the universal language of the educated, and translations into the vernacular began to be required.

In the year 887 Alfred, who had collected the principal scholars of England around him, wrote with their help, in English his *Hand-Book*, which is probably the first piece of finished English prose; but unfortunately it was lost.

Alfred produced various translations from Bede, Boethius and other classics of the latest Latin authors, and in 900 A. D., closing a translation from St. Augustine, we read, "Here end the sayings of King Alfred."

Alfred's prose is simple, straightforward and clear without any pretension to elegance.

After Alfred came Ælfric, who, about 997 began to para-

phrase certain portions of the Bible. The prose of Ælfric presents too close a resemblance, in structure and movement, to the alliterative verse of the age. This is brought out in his Homilies. A little later vigorous prose was put forth by Wolfstan, Archbishop of York, who died in 1023.

The Norman Conquest violently checked the progress of English prose. The *Chronicles* which came to an end about this time was the most important document in English prose written before the Norman Conquest.

After the coming of the Normans the English language almost ceased to be used, even for religious purposes and the literature because almost exclusively Latin and Norman French.

It is fair to say that modern English prose after the Norman Conquest begins with the *Testament Love* of Thomas Usk, an imitation of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius, which was written by a London Lollard while in prison in 1588.

About this time the *Tale of Melibee* and the *Parson's Sermon* by Chaucer were written; also the treatise of John of Trevisa, and the three versions of the *Travels* of Jean à Barbe, formerly attributed to a fabulous "Sir John Mandeville."

"Sir John Mandeville" was not an original English writer, therefore he is not the father of English prose. This name seems more properly to belong to John Wyclif, who completely abandoned Latin for English as the language of his tracts; and to him we owe much honor for giving us the Bible translated from Latin into English.

The earliest English Bible was begun by Nicholas Hereford, but he gave it up in 1382. The completion of this great work is attributed to John Wyclif. So about the middle of the fourteenth century Englishmen began to use prose as the vehicle for original work.



The introduction of printing into England is attended by a sudden development of English prose, a marvelous example of which is to be seen in Caxton's 1485 edition of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d' Arthur*, a compilation from French sources, in which the capacities of the English language for melody and noble sweetness were for the first time displayed. Caxton himself, Lord Berners and Lord Rivers, added an element of literary merit to their useful translation.

The earliest modern historian was Robert Fabyan, his *Chronicles* being printed in 1515. Sir Thomas More's *Richard III* was a work of considerable importance; his *Utopia* (1516) was unfortunately composed in Latin, which still held its own as a dangerous rival to the vernacular in prose. This famous production gave a description of the "Kingdom of Nowhere." An ideal commonwealth.

In 1531 Tyndale began his famous version of the Bible, the story of which forms one of the most romantic episodes in the chronicles of literature. At Tyndale's death in 1536 the work was taken up by Miles Coverdale. Tyndale translated the New Testament from Greek into English. He also translated parts of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, thus placing it into the hands of the common people. The Bible is the greatest piece of literature in the English language, because of its simplicity, dignity, earnestness and clearness.

Raleigh wrote English prose that was perhaps more majestic than any which had preceded it, but his sentences were long, so that it did not give much aid to the furtherance of English prose, but rather checked it.

Bacon, whose contempt of the vernacular is with difficulty to be excused, despaired too early of our national writing. In spite of the skill with which, during the civil wars and the commonwealth, certain authors manipulated prose, and

in spite of the extraordinary magnificence of the Ciceronian periods of Sir Thomas Browne, it was not until shortly before the Restoration that English prose reached its perfection.

Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose; before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not care whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it concluded.

The range of English speech was first comprehended perhaps by Dryden, who combined dignity and even pomp of movement with an ease and laxity, which gave variety to prose, and placed it in the range of the ordinary speech of cultivated persons. This then may be called the foundation of modern English prose. The ensuing varieties of prose have been mainly a matter of style.

In the eighteenth century, for example, there was a constant alternation between a quiet, rather cold elegance and precision of prose-writing, which was called the Addisonian manner, in which Jounson was the most famous writer.

But as far as the grammatical arrangement and the rules of syntax are concerned, it cannot be said that English prose has made much progress since about 1680.

## AS IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

LEVY L. CARPENTER.

The two visiting ladies had just left. Night was coming on, the shocks of maize could barely be seen through the parlor windows.

"I tell you, Miss Bartlett, such quietude and rural loveliness as this makes me almost detest the dingy clanging hardware store. I hate to go back to work in the morning." Durward Milliard was gazing out the window as he spoke.

"Why, Mr. Milliard, were you brought up in the country?" asked Theresa Bartlett.

"No; my home was always in town," replied Milliard, "but I know the country just the same. I was in Columbia until I came to Kirkville, six months ago. My father is conducting a big hardware business at Columbia, now. But your Thanksgiving dinner—I can't help from thinking about it. You are certainly thoughtful to give us town fellows an opportunity to spend Thanksgiving out here in your beautiful home."

"I hope all will enjoy themselves," spoke Miss Bartlett. "Do you know it is hard to arrange everything so it will be really entertaining? During my senior year at Meredith I read lots about the days of chivalry. It is so interesting to read about the tournaments—don't you think? Well, I have been thinking how nice it would be to have some contest Thanksgiving somewhat like the brave knights of old. How would you like to enter the lists to win the favor of some fair lady?" She spoke the last as she dropped her head, with a red tinge playing on her cheek.

"There never was a braver knight than I would be, if only you would be the fair lady," replied Milliard as his eyes met

hers. "But they tell me Jake Giles would be your brave knight. But he is at Wake Forest. He is not coming home for Thanksgiving, is he?" Milliard asked this with more seriousness than some would suppose.

"Why, Mr. Milliard, didn't you know Mr. Giles was at home? He was injured in a football game about two weeks ago, and had to come home. He intends to stay the rest of the fall. I guess he will be at my dinner; but I don't see why you should care," retorted Miss Bartlett in a playful, teasing tone.

The fact is, Milliard and Giles were at dagger's points about Miss Bartlett—and what's more, she knew it.

"Let's go back to my Thanksgiving contest," continued Miss Bartlett. "You ought to be able to suggest something. We can't have a tournament, but a chivalrous knight should have numbers of ways to show his loyalty to his lady." She seemed to glimpse a coming struggle; and the fun was to be hers—her tone of voice showed it. Milliard didn't understand.

Two days before Thanksgiving, Milliard understood more; but not all. He received a letter. One paragraph ran:

You know, Sunday night, you didn't mention any way to give the young men an opportunity to do some chivalrous deed. I have hit on a plan, or rather Ethel Baird gave it to me. The enclosed paper will explain details. I'm sending a letter to all the invited gentlemen. The one who kills, with his own hands, a real wild turkey, in the woods, the day before Thanksgiving, and sends it for the dinner, will be my special guest, and with appropriate ceremonies be dubbed knight for his achievement. I think this will be very entertaining and interesting. Now, Mr. Milliard, I'm expecting you to win.

HERESA BARTLETT.

Milliard shoved the letter into his pocket, and muttered to himself: "I bet you couldn't find a wild turkey in a hundred miles of here."

Jake Giles, also, received a letter; and it closed with exactly the same sentence—substituting “Jake” for “Mr. Milliard.”

The sun was setting behind the hills. Durward Milliard might have been seen to approach the dilapidated home of an old farmer who lived five miles from Kirkville. Moreover, Milliard was weary—he had hunted all day; and without success. There were some fat, fluffy turkeys walking about the back lot. The bargain was closed—at a dear price it is true, but what did it matter about the money? The old farmer wended his way down into the woods back of his home—Milliard following.

“Well, this is far enough,” drawled the farmer. “Now, I will put the turkey down, and as he runs off, you shoot. This is the wildest turkey on the place. If you want him for that dinner tomorrow, you had better shoot true.”

Milliard fired; the turkey didn't stop, but a wing was broken. “Hello! I haven't another cartridge, but I can run,” bleated out Milliard, as he threw down his gun and made out through the woods—the turkey just in sight. The underbrush was thick; the hill, steep. A limb struck him in the face; then into the brambles, but with torn clothes he struggled desperately onward. A half of a mile was behind him, and still the turkey was taking the lead. “Blame the turkey; let it go!” he blurted out as he stumbled into a treacherous stump hole.

Glancing up he saw dimly through the pines the retreating turkey closely followed by that hated college athlete, Jake Giles. Milliard was left behind foaming and swearing, but with not enough energy to breathe easily. With the strongly built, supple Giles in the race, the outcome was not to be doubted. Moreover, he not only had speed and endurance, but he had been dreaming all day of knighthood and

fair ladies,—and that closing sentence: “Jake, I’m expecting you to win.” Over in the big woods beyond the creek, with sweat streaming down his manly face, but with a broad grin, Giles unconsciously exclaimed: “Won’t this be a fine bird for tomorrow’s dinner.”

Theresa Bartlett was at her best on Thanksgiving Day. She moved about with a nimbleness and gracefulness all her own. One of the ladies said, “Theresa is the happiest one here.” Perhaps she was glad that Giles was the only would-be-knight who had succeeded in finding a turkey. Anyhow, Milliard thought so. While Giles, wearing the beautiful banner of Miss Theresa, walked with the bearing of a Knight of the Round Table; Milliard skulked about, and tried to appear natural. No doubt, he wanted to tell where Giles’ turkey came from—he dared not.

## DIXIE'S PAL

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

The puffing engine, drawing its long line of freight cars, pulled out from Bristol. In an empty car near the rear lay three tramps; two of them the picture of contentment, the other with a look of repressed anger on his dirty face as he furiously watched his companions. God! He wanted to kill the handsome hobo who had crept like a serpent into his paradise,—his paradise which had contained a single pair, himself and Dixie Slim.

"I would like to pitch 'im into a fiery hell," he thought fiercely, "I knowed I'd always hate 'im as soon as I saw his mug in Knoxville. Dixie never took on to anybody else like that. He never noticed anybody but me until this d—d Swifty joined us."

Dixie Slim suddenly raised himself on his elbow and held up a quart bottle of whiskey by the neck and looked at it lovingly.

"Good ol' rye!" he exclaimed. "How'd you manage to git him, Swifty?"

"Dead easy," replied Swifty, laughing, "a young guy who hadn't had the seven-year kind quite three times give me two dollars to git him an eye-opener. And I'll bet a hundred his eyes is open by now, but he's not seen me any more."

"Fine work," laughed Dixie Slim. And then impressively: "The first report is in; the intoxicants has been secured to the amount of two full quarts. The chairman is now ready to receive the report of the grub gitter. Tourist Jim is recognized."

Tourist Jim, known in select tramping circles as Dixie's

Pal, sullenly drew some packages from beneath his ragged coat and tossed them on the floor of the car.

"Not much of it," he muttered. "Seemed like not many would believe I was blind. It was so d—d hard to hold my eyes in the right position. But there's four bits' worth."

"Enough to last us to land," said Dixie. "The gentleman is honorably discharged." And then in a softer voice: "You had the hardest job, ol' pal! You've made good."

Tourist Jim's eyes lighted up with gladness at this word of praise.

"Now, gentlemens," continued Dixie, "The chairman will report. The nicotine has not been neglected," and he threw four packages of Fatima cigarettes beside the food. He then drew three big cigars from his vest pocket and extended them toward Swifty, who carefully selected one. He then held them toward Tourist Jim.

"Don't want it," Tourist Jim growled.

If Dixie had offered him a cigar first how gladly he would have accepted it! But this seemingly expressed preference cut him to the quick.

"Don't want it," exclaimed Dixie in surprise. "What's the matter with you, ol' pal? We go thirders on everything. And there ain't but three. Here," and he laid a hand carelessly on Tourist Jim's shoulder.

Somewhat mollified, Tourist Jim took the cigar and bit off the end.

Dixie struck the remaining cigar in his mouth, and removing his tattered coat from one arm, waved the empty sleeve impressively.

"Gentlemens," he drawled, crossing his long slender legs, "behold a brave veteran of the late Spanish American war! Behold a intrepid hero who lost his strong right arm fightin' for his beloved country on the plains of the Phili-prunes—



I mean, the Philippines! Behold the good smokes his grateful countrymen has seen fit to donate to him for his signal services. Behold—”

“Dixie,” interrupted Swifty, “You’ve missed your callin’. Yon should have been a Fourth of July orator. But let me have a few drinks and I can make a speech myself.”

“That so?” rejoined Dixie, removing a cork from one of the bottles. “All right, we will drink to U. S., meaning us, the great trio first and then our country which owes us food and drink—and sometimes pays it,” and he turned up the bottle and drank deeply.

“Pardon, gentlemens,” he continued, “but the chairman drinks first. Now then,” and he handed the bottle to Swifty.

Again anger welled up in Tourist Jim’s breast. Swifty was again given the preference! Swifty extended the bottle to him. He wanted to strike it to the floor, or snatch it and break it over the head of him who proffered it. But the odor reached his nostrils, and appetite proved stronger than anger; he took the bottle and eagerly put it to his mouth.

After a liberal lunch, Dixie and Swifty stretched themselves across the car and soon fell asleep, Swifty’s head pillowed on Dixie’s breast. But there was no sleep for Tourist Jim. The fiery liquid only added fuel to the fire of jealousy raging within him. There, where his own head had often rested while he slept the sleep that kings might envy, was the hated head of the man who he believed had usurped his place in his pal’s affections. Should he snatch the usurper away and hurl him from the car? He looked out. The freight train was winding its way through a series of cliffs. Tourist Jim stretched his arms as if to measure their strength. He then gazed at the slight form sleeping so peacefully.

\* \* \* \* \*

The freight entered a tunnel. Ah! He might awaken

Dixie. That would not do. He would bide his time. He resolved to have his revenge later. Swifty had come between him and the only human being he loved. When the car again entered the light, he took another drink and leaned against the painted planks, puffing away at his big cigar.

## II.

"Git up, Dixie!" shouted Tourist Jim. "The freight is slowing down," and he shook Dixie's leg.

Dixie and Swifty opened their eyes and crawled over to the edge of the car.

"Git the wet goods, boys," said Dixie, pocketing the cigarettes.

There was the station blow of the whistle, and then the long line of cars stood still while the engine puffed impatiently. The three hoboes climbed down and looked about them.

"No use being scared," said Dixie, as they made their way toward the little station, "for this durned town ain't big enough to afford a cop."

"Wonder what its name is," mused Swifty. "Reckon the station will furnish the desired information. Anything for a change."

"Elk Park!" exclaimed Dixie, "Well, it don't resemble a park at first glance. No decent clk would stay here till breakfast if the bread was on."

"Don't be quite so critical," remonstrated Swifty, "it ain't New York or even Knoxville, but it may show more hospitality than either." And gazing at the surrounding mountains: "Such scenery! It makes oratory and poetry bubble up in my soul. Let's git out of sight and take another suck at that bottle."

They passed through the little town, into the main road, and on out into the country. When they reached a seemingly secluded spot, they paused.

"I hain't the remotest idea that there is anyone in the immediate vicinity," volunteered Swifty, drawing a bottle from its hiding place beneath his coat.

The bottle again came to Tourist Jim last. Anger and jealousy again flared up within him, but he took the bottle and drank long and fiercely, secretly thrilling with the thought of future revenge. Dixie looked at him keenly.

"What's the matter, ol' pal?" he queried, "you've seemed grouchy all day."

"I ain't feeling well," muttered Tourist Jim evasively.

"I'm sorry," said Dixie, "Take another 'un, ol' man. It'll make you feel better."

The bottle went around until it was emptied; then it was tossed into the bushes.

An old man came riding down the road meeting them.

"What mountain is that, stranger?" inquired Swifty, pointing toward a peak which reared its peculiarly shaped summit above its neighbors.

"That's the Grandfather," replied the old man, looking sharply at the trio.

Swifty mounted a stump. He turned his eyes first toward the Grandfather and then toward the west. The sun was setting amid a group of red and gold clouds.

"I'm goin' to make that speech," Swifty announced. "Behold the majestic Grandfather, six thousand feet above ol' ocean's foam! Behold the sun as he sinks behind the western horizon, surrounded by his admirin' court of clouds, and reflectin' baek his glory, makin' the western sky look—hic—as if every—hic—di—a—pot in the studio of the angels had been upset there and—"

"Shut up!" shouted Dixie, "We'll gladly take your word for the rest without you goin' to the trouble to say it."

Tourist Jim was glowering at the eloquent tramp, his eyes burning like live coals. He wished for a bolt of lightning. But that would rob him of the sweetness of revenge. The innocence of the object of his hatred did not penetrate his maddened brain. The deadliest of all passions surged through his soul.

Soon it began to grow dark. The stars took their places in the sky, and the mountains solemnly assumed their cloaks of darkness. The three tramps plodded on, silent, smoking cigarettes. Tourist Jim lagged behind. He threw his cigarette in the road, before him. The end gleamed red in the darkness. Angrily he rushed forward and stamped it into the earth.

The lights from the windows of a farm house shone ahead of them.

"Let's ask for lodging for the night," suggested Swifty. "I've heard that these mountain folks never turns anybody away.

"Well, we must hide the liquor," cautioned Dixie.

Turning aside, they hid the remaining bottle of whiskey; then they approached the house. A pleasant looking farmer answered their call.

"Yes, I always keep folks," he said. "The Bible says we might entertain angels unawares. Come in and we'll set you out some cold supper."

The farmer's guests had none of the proverbial characteristics of angels. Their appetites seemed very worldly—and durable.

After supper, the farmer remarked, "There isn't room for but two of you in the house, but my hired man is away, and

one of you can sleep in the little house back of the spring house, which he occupies."

"Lend us three coins," said Dixie.

The farmer rather gingerly produced three coins.

"The odd man sleeps in the hired man's house," said Dixie.

Tourist Jim nervously took his coin, and with feverish anxiety awaited the outcome.

They tossed.

"Heads," muttered Tourist Jim weakly.

"Tails," announced Swifty, unconcernedly.

"Heads," said Dixie Slim.

Tourist Jim's heart leaped with exultation.

### III.

About midnight Tourist Jim sat up in bed and listened. The house was quiet and Dixie Slim was sleeping soundly. Tourist Jim slid out of bed and hurriedly donned his ragged clothing. Then, cat-like, he stole across the room, and with one swift glance at his sleeping pal, stealthily opened the door and went out into the night. He ran to the place where the whiskey was concealed, and grasping the bottle, drank eagerly. Then, tossing the bottle back into the leaves, he sat for a while musing. Suddenly he sprang up and began to gather up leaves and brush and dry bark. With his arms full, he almost tiptoed to the little house back of the spring-house. He carefully arranged his load on the steps. Then he softly stole into the hallway of the dwelling and grasping a can of kerosene, hurried back.

He thoroughly saturated the leaves, brush and bark; then he poured oil on the steps, splashed some on the door and walls, and poured some under the door. Then he carried the can back to its place. Returning, he struck a match and touched it to the leaves. Then he ran back toward the gate.

His brain, maddened by jealousy and alcohol, throbbed with triumph.

"D— 'im," he muttered, "he shouldn't have come between Dixie and me. I couldn't stand it. I had to kill 'im. His head won't lay on Dixie's breast no more."

Striking his toe against a rock, he fell; and his head struck another rock, and his confused consciousness departed. When he opened his eyes, a stiff breeze fanned his face. Stumbling to his feet, he saw to his horror that the springhouse was on fire and that a small patch of the roof of the porch to the dwelling was also burning. He heard the sound of loud voices and the splashing of water.

He ran toward the house, and as he drew nearer, he saw that the flames on the roof of the porch were almost extinguished.

As in a dream he heard the farmre's voice: "Let the springhouse go. Pour water on the house. I think the danger is about over."

In the yard he ran into the arms of Dixie Slim.

"So you're here, ol' pal," Dixie shouted. "I've been so scared about you I've been almost too crazy to help put out the fire. For I'd forgot which had gone to sleep in the house, you or Swifty till—"

"Scared about me!" said Tourist Jim feebly. "I thought it was Swifty you'd a been scared about."

"My God!" exclaimed Dixie, "what's into your head? Of course you're always the first one I think of, ol' pal, you ought to know that."

A hysterical sound between a sob and a laugh burst from Tourist Jim's lips.

"I thought it was Swifty you cared about now," he mumbled, sobbing.

A flash of understanding came to Dixie Slim.

"Great God, how you have been mistaken! And you've done this!"

Tourist Jim, crazed with mingled joy and remorse, turned and ran toward the little house which was now a mass of flames. "I must save 'im," was his one wild thought. Rushing into the burning building, he looked about him; but he saw nothing except the hungry fire. He staggered back through the smoke and flames and into the open; then he fell to the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dixie Slim stood meditating.

Suddenly Swifty yelled in his ear: "This is the narrowest escape I've had lately. I guess a d—d rat must have chewed one of them matches in my pocket. But have you found Tourist Jim?"

"He was here a minute ago," replied Dixie. "He went in the direction of the little house. Let's look for him."

The two walked out toward what had been the hired man's house. The flames were dying down. All at once they stumbled over something. It was the scorched form of Tourist Jim.

Swifty bowed his head.

"He thought I was still in there," he murmured, "and was trying to save me, and I didn't think he liked me."

Dixie knelt beside the still form.

"Yes," he said softly. "He was trying to save you. Look. Swifty, he found you had escaped. O, if I had thought to tell him. Yes, he found you had got out. Do you see that look of happiness on his face?"

A tear fell on the face, disfigured by the flames, which looked blankly but smilingly at the stars.

"Goodbye, ol' man," Dixie whispered. "You're the best pal any poor hobo ever had."

# The Wake Forest Student

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No. 6

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

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In assuming the duties of Chief Editor of *THE STUDENT* for the remainder of the session *Our Predecessor* we feel that we should be remiss if we did not say a word of appreciation of the splendid work done by our predecessor and colaborer during the fall term. It was his lot to tide *THE STUDENT* over the fall term, a difficult period for the editor because of the fact that material is necessarily scarce and crude. His success in maintaining



the standard of *THE STUDENT* speaks more eloquently of his ability as an editor than all we might say here.

His treatment of his associates and contributors has been uniformly courteous, considerate and impartial. He has ever been ready to encourage young beginners who showed a talent worth cultivating and has criticised their work in a manner which encouraged them to "come again." It makes it hard for us to follow such a man.

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**A Splendid  
Record**

On December 19th, at our last chapel session for the fall term, President Poteat, in commending the splendid conduct of the students said that it was a fact worthy of notice that no incident had occurred to mar the work of the term, and this with a student-body of 435 men. We are proud of this record. It is a splendid example of what a student-body may attain to under self-government. And to reach this standard no drastic measures have been resorted to. We feel that it has almost entirely been accomplished by appealing to the manhood and sense of right and justice of every man here, and what true man can resist an appeal to his manhood? The students of Wake Forest College are *men*, hence the result. Let us all endeavor to maintain this record throughout the remainder of the session.

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In our September issue appeared a bit of **An Explanation** verse, by one of our embryonic rhymesters, in which one of the popular four-year-olds of the town recounts the victories of our ball team during the spring of 1913. In one stanza of his poem Elon College was classified with several "prep" schools of the State—a disparage-

ment which has given offense to our friends up the State. The author informs us that the deed was not committed with malice aforethought, but merely for the purpose of giving a line the proper meter—a difficulty which the tyro often bridges over with all kinds of grotesque arrangements of words. As to ourselves we will say that in passing on the poem the significance of the company of our sister institution entirely escaped our notice, an oversight which occurs hundreds of times in passing upon material. We assure our friends that in the future we shall try to see to it that they have the right associates.

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Get Back in  
the Race

You possibly entered college last fall with great things planned. You set your ideals high, as you should have done, and girded yourself for the race to attain them. You started out at a good pace. You were eager in the pursuit, and felt the flush of confidence in your ability to do things. Indeed, so great was your confidence that you thought failure impossible; therefore, you made no calculations for contingencies.

But you were not far in the pursuit before you began to find difficulties. Obstacles unforeseen loomed up in your path. It soon began to seem to you that everything was against you. Then, too, temptations to loiter by the wayside began to attract you. You began to waste valuable time in the "paths of dalliance." You so far forgot your purpose that when the term came to a close, and the day of reckoning was at hand, you found that you had proceeded but a short distance towards your goal—and you are not mortal if you did not feel a jar.

But if you are made of the right stuff; if you have an iota of grit; if you have energy enough to get in out of the rain,

you started in on that race again January 6th, with redoubled zeal and are now well on your way. You are profiting from your past experiences. You are shunning temptations and distractions. You may have checked your pace, but you have resolved that every step shall be in advance, and next May will find you sinewed and flushed from eager pursuit, even if you still fall short of your ideals. Stay in the race. Keep at it.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. F. PASCHAL

Miss Louise Heims, the College Librarian, spent the holidays at her home in Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Taylor, of New York, came at the beginning of the holidays to spend the winter with her father, Dr. C. E. Taylor.

We are glad to note that Mr. Paul E. Hubbell, who took his M. A. degree here last spring, has won the Rhodes Scholarship for 1914 from this State.

Miss Josephine Kelly, teacher in the Wake Forest Graded Schools, spent the holidays at her home in Allsonia, Virginia.

Dr. G. W. Paschal spent part of the holidays visiting his mother in Chatham County.

Miss Virginia, daughter of Dr. J. H. Gorrell, spent Christmas week with her friend, Miss Netherland, in Washington, D. C., and visited her aunt in Baltimore.

The boys were very much surprised on returning to college to find that Mr. Sam W. Turner, our old baseball and basketball hero, was married. He was married September 16th to Miss Mollie Johnson, of Littleton. Miss Johnson continued her work in Louisburg College, where she was president of the senior class, until Christmas. Then the secret leaked out. They are now making Wake Forest their home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Powell were visitors in Petersburg, Va., during the holidays.

Mr. W. C. Brewer, of Philadelphia, spent Christmas here with his parents.

Prof. J. L. Lake visited his parents at Upperville, Va., Christmas.

Misses Margaret Gulley, Louise Holding, Elizabeth Royall, Minnie Mills, and Ellen Brewer, of Meredith College; Misses Rosa and Mary Holding, of Oxford, and Miss Nell Allen, of Peace Institute, spent the holidays with their parents on the Hill.

Miss Myrtle Saunders visited her uncle, Dr. E. W. Sikes, here Christmas.

An interesting meeting of the Wake Forest Literary Club was held at the beautiful home of Mr. W. R. Powell on Monday evening after Christmas. Dr. Poteat presided. The exercises consisted in solos by Professor Highsmith and Dr. H. M. Poteat and the reading of varied selections by Prof. J. F. Lanneau and Drs. Cullom and H. M. Poteat, after which delicate refreshments were served in the dining room and those who were addicted to the weed found equal pleasure in the enjoyment of good cigars. This is the second time that these hospitable hosts have entertained the club during the holidays, and it was the desire of all that a meeting at their home should be an annual event.

The next meeting of the club was on January 22d, at Mrs. E. B. Earnshaw's, with the following program:

"The Idyls of the King." Comment and reading by Dr. Sledd. Reading from "The Coming of Arthur," Mrs. Crittenden. "Camelot and Arthur's Palace," Mrs. W. R. Powell. "The Holy Grail," Professor Hubbell. "Follow the Gleam," Mrs. Robert Royall. "From the Passing of Arthur," Dr. W. L. Poteat.

Mr. R. C. Lawrence, Mrs. Lawrence and their daughter Mary, were guests for a few days after Christmas of Mr. and Mrs. Foster Fort. Mr. Lawrence is the leading attorney

of Lumberton and occupies a high position on the legal staff of the Seaboard and other railroads. The college hasn't a more loyal alumnus and his presence here is always welcomed.

Dr. S. P. Holding has just moved into his handsome new residence on Main Street.

Many of his friends on the Hill received cards from Mr. Gene Turner, who is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Shanghai, China.

Prof. J. B. Hubbell spent the holidays at his home in Elkin, N. C.

On Friday night, January 2d, at about 7 o'clock, fire broke out in the store of W. C. Brewer & Co. The Citizens Bank occupied part of the building. Little was saved except what was in the vault. Heroic work by the citizens prevented the wind from spreading the flames to other buildings.

The two new buildings under construction on the campus are progressing nicely. The dome on the church is nearly done, and the slate roof will be put on soon. The dormitory is now well above the first story and since the brick work on the church is done the masonry force on the dormitory will be increased.

Dr. E. W. Sikes made a talk in Cary, January 11th, a talk before the Sunday School in Wilmington January 18th, and addressed the old soldiers Monday, 19th.

The DeKoven Quartet was with us Saturday night, January 10th. Memorial Hall was well filled and the audience enjoyed their performance very much. It is seldom that we have a company of such ability on the Hill.

Dr. W. L. Poteat was in New York January 9th on business and attended the freight rate commission in Raleigh, January 12th to 15th.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'08. Dr. J. B. Hill, Jr., has received his M.D. degree and is now practicing at Greenville, S. C.

'55. Mr. Council S. Wooten, who has the distinction of being one of the oldest living graduates of the college, was recently the guest of honor at a dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, of Kinston.

The firm of McIntyre, Lawrence and Proctor have recently been appointed District Counsel for the Seaboard Air Line Railway. All of the members of the firm are Wake Forest Alumni.

Mr. Carlisle Campbell ('10) who is at present a member of the faculty of Buie's Creek Academy, and Mr. P. E. Hubbell (M. A., '13), who is this year teaching at Mars Hill College, were two of the successful candidates at the recent examination for the Rhodes Scholarship from this State. The appointment has not yet been announced, but it is hoped that either Mr. Hubbell or Mr. Campbell will receive the appointment.

Wake Forest was prominently represented at the last meeting of the Baptist Convention, which was held at Shelby. J. E. Ray, '75, is the president of the State Mission Board, while Dr. Livingston Johnson, '78, is the Secretary and W. R. Bradshaw, '92, the Western leader of the board. Mr. E. L. Middleton, '89, is the active agent of the Sunday School department. The report on Sunday Schools was presented by R. L. Moore, '92, and Dr. Chas. E. Brewer, '86, presented the report of the Laymen's movement of the State. The report on the orphanage was read by the Superintendent.

Mr. M. L. Kesler, '88. The Wake Forest men who are to be found among the list of the officers of the convention are Chas. H. Durham, '92, President; E. Y. Webb, '92, and Jno. A. Oates, '91, Vice-Presidents; Walters Durham, '92, Treasurer; F. H. Briggs, Auditor and W. N. Jones, '79, and H. C. Bridges, Trustees. Among the principal speakers of the convention were T. H. King, W. B. Oliver, '82, C. J. Thompson, '89, Dr. W. L. Poteat, '77, Dr. B. W. Spillman, '91, and O. L. Stringfield, '82. Those mentioned are only a few of the Alumni who played an important part in the affairs of the convention. Lack of space forbids a detailed account of the convention, or of the Wake Forest men who participated in it.

'97. Hon. Robert N. Simms, who is one of the leading members of the Raleigh bar is also a Trustee of Meredith College, Director North Carolina Agricultural Association, and Director Raleigh Savings Bank and Trust Company.

'97. Rev. Chas. L. Greaves, who was formerly pastor at Sanford, Rockingham, Reidsville and New Bern, is now pastor of the Baptist Church of Hawkinsville, Ga.

'09. Prof. N. A. Melton, Principal of the Fruitland Institute, Hendersonville, N. C., has been given one year's leave of absence and is a graduate student of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

'03. Mr. G. M. Garrison is now principal of the Marsùville High School, Marshville, N. C.

Rev. William C. Nowell, who left college in 1862 to serve in the Confederate army, has retired after fifty years spent in the ministry. Mr. Nowell, who makes his home in Wendell, is in his seventy-seventh year.



## NECROLOGY 1913.

## CLASS OF 1875.

Mr. William W. Jenkins was born and reared in Gaston County, North Carolina. He attended Wake Forest College and was graduated with the class of 1875. While in college, Mr. Jenkins gained distinction both on account of his ability as a student and his personal worth. Immediately after graduation, Mr. Jenkins accepted a position with the First National Bank of Charlotte which he retained until his appointment by President Grant to the Postmastership of Charlotte. In this position Mr. Jenkins gave such general satisfaction that he was retained during five administrations. In 1889 Mr. Jenkins removed to Knoxville, Tenn., where he was engaged in business until 1895, when failing health forced his retirement. From 1895 until his death Mr. Jenkins made his home at his handsome farm near Wake Forest.

Mr. Jenkins died July 4, 1913, in the Rex Hospital, Raleigh, N. C., after severe illness of several weeks. Mr. Jenkins was a prominent and successful farmer and a respected and beloved citizen of his community.

In 1879 Mr. Jenkins married Miss Nannie Mangum of near Wake Forest. He is survived by his wife and daughter, Mrs. George Kittrell.

## CLASS OF 1881.

Hon. R. A. P. Cooley died June 11, 1913, as a result of an operation for appendicitis in a hospital in Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Cooley was a native of Franklin County, North Carolina. He entered Wake Forest in 1876 and was graduated at the commencement of 1881 with the degree of Master of Arts. He studied law under Judges Dick and Dillard, of Greensboro, and began the practice of law at

Nashville, N. C., in 1883. Mr. Cooley was a lawyer of distinction. He served in both houses of the General Assembly of North Carolina. He is survived by two sons, Hubert and Horace.

#### CLASS OF 1903.

Robert George Camp, who died at his home in Franklin, Va., on January 22, 1913, was one of the most promising and prominent of Wake Forest's younger alumni. During his college course, he was easily among the first in popularity with his fellow students, and in scholarship his record was far above the average. He was honored many times by being elected to positions of importance in college life, and is chiefly remembered as the founder of *The Howler*, which made its first appearance in 1903, his senior year.

At the time of his death Mr. Camp was acting Secretary and Treasurer of the Camp Manufacturing Company, of Franklin, and was universally recognized as a man of unusual capacity for steady and long continued work and of remarkable business sagacity. His delightful personality made for him a host of friends, to whom his death was a deep bereavement.

#### CLASS OF 1912.

William Royall Holding died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Holding, in Wake Forest early Sunday morning, August 12, 1913. Had he lived until the third day of the following month he would have been twenty-one years of age. His death came as a distinct shock and severe loss to hundreds of friends throughout the State. He was stricken with typhoid fever early in the summer and was desperately ill for many weeks.

Royall, as he was known to his friends, was graduated from Wake Forest at the commencement of 1912; receiving

the degree of Bachelor of Arts with the honor "Cum Laude." As a student he was far above the average, being especially proficient in languages. He also gained prominence as an athlete, making the "W" both in Football and Basketball. He was captain of the basketball team during his Junior year and for three years was one of its most brilliant players. On the football team he played end and was one of the consistent, gritty and hard-working members of the 1911 team.

At the time of his death Mr. Holding was bookkeeper for the Bank of Wake, having accepted that position immediately after his graduation. His business associates spoke of him in the highest terms and his success in the business world was already an assured fact. Among his fellow students and friends he was universally beloved on account of his true worth and happy disposition. He was that kind of a friend who could be counted upon when needed.

The death of this young man, just coming into his maturity with the brightest of futures before him, brought unspeakable sorrow into the hearts of his numberless friends. He made an impress on the lives of his friends that all time cannot wear away and they are happier and better for his having lived.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

The general criticism which many exchange editors give is something like this: "The magazine of the college of Hard Knocks is well bound, the stories are well selected, and the essays are interesting." Then we know just about as much as we did before.

One of the most interesting magazines that we receive is the *Chimes*. In fact, there could be so many good things said of it that we do not have room just here to say it all. The December number is filled mostly with Christmas stories and poems.

"Christmas in Central America" tells how the natives of that country spend Christmas. This little essay is not simply interesting, but it is really instructive. "A Christmas Miracle" is another essay that deserves mention. In it we learn how people spent Christmas away back in the Middle Ages. Among the poems that attract our attention are "Christmas Anthem," "The Christmas Spirit," and "A Christmas Roverie." "But Mary Patricia Smiled" is a well written story with a good plot. The author leaves a great deal for us to imagine, a trait which is good for a writer to have.

The *Chimes* is edited by the girls of Shorter College. They have reached a standard that many universities have room to envy. In addition to their excellent talent for writing and taste for selecting material, some artists among them make appropriate drawings for almost every selection.

"A Top Apartment" in the *Richmond College Messenger* is very amateurish. It reads very much like a story from

a Sunday School book. But "Moon Madness" is a real story. The author leads us to think that one thing is going to happen once; then for awhile we feel that we have been disappointed, until the last paragraph. Thus the interest is kept up throughout the story. In "The Clod" we are told how a country boy falls in love with a city girl, who flirts with him and finally rejects him. Later in life when she has become an old maid, she finds herself face to face with him again. He has gone through college and has become a successful business man. This time it is she who is rejected. "Through Great Britain on a Bicycle" and "The New American" are both well written essays, one giving some interesting descriptions of people and places in the mother country, the other dealing with the problem of the immigrant. In general the *Messenger* is one of the leading college magazines of Virginia.

The December number of the *Acorn* came out, dressed in holly and presenting a very beautiful spectacle. It was filled with Christmas stories which answer to the sentiment expressed in a little poem, which it contains, ending with the much renowned line: "I get Christmas in my bones."

"The Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Twins' Nicest Christmas Present" are both well worth reading for the beautiful idea of Christmas expressed in them. But "A Christmas Return" is a story of another kind. It has a plot that is well worked out and handled. We are always glad to get the *Acorn*, for in it we are sure to find something good.

It has been very interesting in reading the numerous Christmas stories of the various magazines to note the different varieties and different plots that had been worked out. It was very easy to see that Dickens' "Christmas Carol" had its influence over a great many of them.

## THE OPEN DOOR

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### Three Evils—And the Greatest

Since we have been in college there have been numerous complaints about our faulty Honor System and our inefficient manner of eradicating hazing. We add our little chronic kick with the fault-finders of the Honor System, for, there is no doubt but at times it is ineffectual. What is the trouble with us? "Dicking" must cease. The trouble, as it appears to us, is that there is not a *student frown* upon this evil. The offender is dealt with too light, almost under covert. He is sweetly reminded to remain from the "hill" ten days. Hardly anyone knows a thing about it, and most of us believe that the absentee is off visiting or taking a rest. What should be done? The University of Virginia and Washington and Lee are free from "dicking." How do they accomplish it? First, there is a concerted frown from the student body upon such action. The culprit cannot stay in college; he hasn't a friend. Couldn't Wake Forest do the same? Don't we look at the whole affair just a bit lightly?

On the other hand take hazing. We agree that it is a relic of barbarism, and is cowardly. For these reasons it is not right and should not be practiced. But the culprit is hounded out of college; the stamp of *Cain* is on his forehead, and his name is shouted from the housetops. We raise a question: Is this the proper emphasis? If not it should be changed, and immediately.

But once more. "Dicking" is bad and hazing is not commendable, but there is something worse. There are students here (we hate to say it) with consciences as black as sin and who are perfectly willing to continue making them blacker. How? By theft, pure and simple. What! Col-

lege men steal? Yes and from their own number. The offenses at times are small, but that's not the point at issue. It is the principle involved. His character is ruined who pickpockets his fellow students. And hasn't such a fellow a heart? *He*, we say, is the culprit that should be friendless, and hounded out of college. Happy is the man with a clear conscience, but he can't possess it and commit petty thefts. We want the emphasis in the right place.

"If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

IKE IKESTEIN.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor.

## SCHEDULE FOR FEBRUARY BASKETBALL.

- February 6—North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.
- February 7—Agricultural and Mechanical, at Raleigh.
- February 9—Virginia Christian, at home.
- February 12—Trinity, at home.
- February 14—North Carolina, at home.
- February 16—Elon, at Elon.
- February 17—Virginia, at Charlottesville.
- February 18—Virginia Military, at home.
- February 19—Virginia Polytechnic, at Blacksburg.
- February 20—Lynchburg Y. M. C. A., at home.
- February 21—Open.
- February 23—Trinity, at Durham.
- February 25—Agricultural and Mechanical, at home.
- February 27—Gulford, at Gulford.

From the above it will be seen that the two Anniversary games are with Trinity and Carolina, respectively. Manager Cuthrell is to be congratulated for bringing such teams to the Hill for these important games. A game with Carolina always attracts attention and reports from Chapel Hill indicate that the Blue and White are represented by an unusually strong quint this season. While the showing of last year's champions in the games already played has not been up to their usually high standard, Trinity can always be relied upon to furnish a surprise at a critical moment. For the first time in several years the team will take a trip through Virginia rather than the usual Southern tour. There has recently been a marked tendency on the part of the colleges of Virginia and North Carolina to include each other more than formerly on their schedules. This is a policy that should be encouraged in both states. In pre-



paring schedules, it is impossible to confine the games to the teams in one state and with the exception of a few of the larger institutions the playing of teams at a distance entails an expense which is not justified by the benefits received in return. For various reasons, some of the institutions in the two states have discontinued athletic relations with other teams in the state and thus in order to determine championships it is necessary, in a number of cases, that these teams shall have met the same opponents; so that the question can be settled upon a basis of comparative scores.

The basketball schedule this season is conspicuous by the absence of Davidson. For some reason, the interest taken in the sport by the Presbyterians is not great and consequently Manager Cuthrell was unsuccessful in his efforts to include them upon the schedule. With this exception, every college in the State will be met this season.

The first game of the season was with the University of South Carolina on the home court, January 13th. Carolina did not present as strong a front as was expected and the game was a runaway for Wake Forest, the score being 54 to 8. The work of the team was of an unusually high order, the passing being exceptionally good for so early in the season. W. Holding played his usual excellent game, scoring thirteen field goals. Captain Billings gave a good account of himself at guard and we predict for him the same success that attended him as leader of the 1913 baseball team.

While at this time it is entirely too early to discuss the championship the prospects are very encouraging. At this writing the next game is with Elon who have already defeated both Carolina and Trinity. This game should furnish a good basis for comparison with the other teams of the State as they will also play A. & M. on the trip which bring them to the hill.

Coach Crozier presented the following line-up in the game with the Gamecocks: Hall and R. Holding, right forward; W. Holding, left forward; Tyner and Williams, centre; Captain Billings, right guard; Davis and Hensley, left guard.

Manager Giles has announced the baseball schedule for this spring. Twenty-four games will be played, eleven of which are on the hill. These include, North Carolina, South Carolina, West Virginia, West Virginia Wesleyan, N. C. A. & M., Trinity and Davidson.

Coach Thompson will arrive on the hill early in February and will begin practice at once. Mr. Thompson will be assisted in the coaching by Mr. David Robertson who is a student in the Medical Department. Mr. Robertson, who played with Mobile last season, led the Southern League in batting.

The outlook in baseball is very encouraging. The "W" men who are back in college are Captain Smith, Billings, Cuthrell, Stringfield, Edwards and Hensley.

Manager Horn of the track team has arranged meets with Carolina and the N. C. A. & M. The complete schedule will be announced shortly.

Coach Thompson has refused the offer made him to coach the football team in 1914. His successor has not yet been chosen by the Alumni committee.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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Norris, in ordering a book, wrote the following letter:

HON. J. W. PEW,  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—Please send me that little red book that Dr. Sikes uses on sociology.



Two Wake Forest milliners were heard talking during the holidays. "Do you think that a stocking will hold all you want for Christmas?"

"No, but two socks will," was the reply.



Hart—Pas, how many hearts did you break during Christmas?  
Fred Paschal—I didn't break any, but I broke a few ribs, though.



### HE AND SHE.

Before an immense fireplace two lazy looking rockers cuddled up together. The light was out, but the big Yule log sent a cheery glow over the whole room, bringing in relief the faces of the boy and girl who occupied the chairs. Christmas wreaths and red ribbon and holly and mistletoe were scattered promiscuously around. Suggestive looking boxes and bundles were piled on desk and bookcase. Even the wood box in the corner appeared in a festive attire of running cedar and holly; even the black cat wore a red bow in honor of the occasion; and even the toy dog with the wriggly tail looked particularly joyous and wriggly.

She was a Meredith Junior, specializing in "the wiles o' wimmin," and he was a Wake Forest Senior, specializing in Physics. The talk had reached the point of discussing conduction. Being a specialist she knew the surest argument—an appeal to his vanity—so she admitted herself open to conviction and sat back to enjoy the process of convincing. Frequently she interrupted, this serving to prolong the explanation.

"Metals are better conductors than wood. Here, put your finger on my knife blade. Now touch the handle. You see——"

"But doesn't my finger conduct anything?" she interrupted. This was his cue to make a tender reply. He missed it.

"Under certain circumstances, yes. Here the metal was the stronger. Put your right hand on your left arm. It is warmer. Yes, human bodies naturally tend to warm each other. It is——"

"Brr!—I'm so cold!" she shivered.

He got up and punched the fire.—*The Acorn.*

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXIII

March, 1914

No. 6

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## THE USUAL WAY

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IRA T. JOHNSTON.

---

It was down by the rolling ocean  
My eyes met hers one day;  
I knew by my strange emotion  
I had lost my heart straightway.

It was out in the misty moonlight  
I held her hand in mine,  
And vowed by the mystic midnight  
I'd ne'er forsake her shrine.

It was back in the crowded city  
A message bade hope die:  
"I'm glad I met you," (the pity!)  
"I marry this eve. Goodbye!"

## IMPRESSIONS OF NEW ENGLAND

J. MARCUS KESTER.\*

To one whirled overland in a twentieth century passenger train, the distance from the South to Boston does not seem so great as the change in environment. The distance in miles is felt in the new surroundings; and one of the first impressions is the density of population. After passing Philadelphia, it appears that we are in an almost continuous town. This is especially true in Massachusetts where over ninety-one per cent of the people live in towns and cities of over twenty-five hundred, and where the density per square mile in 1910 was over four hundred and eighteen. No longer are the rural scenes of the South to be seen. The new environment is decidedly urban.

Another impressive feature of New England life is the emphasis on education and culture. The very atmosphere seems to be filled with the spirit that seeks to know. This is, of course, felt at once by the student from the South. Not only are the broad *a*'s and other different pronunciations noticeable, but also the intelligent manner in which all the people, even the children, talk. With some different emphasis, we can now say, and truthfully, too, as was once said of this section, that even the street workmen and section hands know Greek and Latin.

No section of our country has had such a history in the matter of education. As early as 1635, only five years after it was founded, the town of Boston took action to the end that "our brother Philemon Pormört shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing children with us." The General Court of the colony in 1636 made

\*Class of '12; now a student at Harvard and Newton Theological Seminary.



the first appropriation for what was to become Harvard College. This forward step was taken by the pioneers in this section and the constant emphasis upon the development of the intellectual, have not been futile. The people are educated and refined. There are public libraries in every town and village which are being used by the people. The splendid school buildings and equipment give testimony to the amount of interest as well as capital invested in education.

Harvard University in Cambridge; Boston University in the midst of the "City of Culture"; Brown University in the Roger Williams State; Yale University in the not-distant State, and Wellesley College, the leading college for young women, and many others, are all in New England, and have had a telling influence on the life and thought not only of New England but of the whole country.

One is not only surrounded with an intellectual influence from the universities, but, also, from the lives of the founders and leading men of American literature. Cambridge claims the homes of Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" is in Salem. Whittier's old homestead is not far from Boston. In this vicinity lived also Bryant, Emerson, and others noted for their brilliancy of intellect. There are statues, houses, pictures, etc., on every side to remind one that he is treading the ground where great men have trodden.

The social life of Now England is very different from that of the South. Life is strenuous. The rush of the people in stores, in shops, and in the factories takes the place of the more humdrum rural life of the South. Their work keeps the people busy most of the time, and their life becomes more like a machine in its regularity. But there is also a leisure class, the wealthy. They, too, lead a strenuous

life, trying to keep pace with the intellectual and social life of New England. In truth, no one has an easy time.

The class and racial lines are almost as sharply drawn here between the immigrant and the American, as in the South between the whites and blacks. They do not have the division in the cars, but they have a clearly marked division in the cities where they live. The North End of Boston is Italian; West End is the place of the negro and some foreigners; Back Bay is the fashionable American section where babies are scarce and seldom seen

The sports here are slightly different from those of the South. Here more emphasis is placed on golf and tennis. The ice and snow give rise to sports such as skating and toboggan rides, which can not be had in a warmer climate. Dancing, and clubs of different kinds, are more in vogue than under the strict Protestantism of the South.

The immigrant is having an increasing influence on the social and religious life of New England. That he is a problem is no theme for debate, but a self-evident fact. The old Puritanic New England people are fast fading from the scene. Foreign blood is populating the historic shores of Plymouth, once-Puritan Salem, centers of Boston, and the manufacturing towns of all New England. It was only in the recent election that the worst element among the foreign population of Boston elected the mayor. This is no hopeful sign for the once pure American section of America.

The intellectual atmosphere here is inspiring, the social life is high, but there is a darker picture. The brighter the bright makes darker the dark. Along with the immigrants has come Roman Catholicism, and, as a result, a decline in the "old time religion." There is a decided lack of spirituality. The development of the intellectual and of the aesthetic has apparently detracted from the religious life. From the stern Puritanism the pendulum has swung to the other

extreme. All Protestant denominations are barely holding their own, while Catholicism grows by leaps and bounds. A Catholic governor, a Catholic mayor, and a Catholic cardinal in Boston, are at the head of a great host who are trying to drive the "heresy" of Protestantism from the field. Cardinal O'Connel in an address to over three thousand men in a Catholic Cathedral in Boston, January 18th, is reported to have said: "Look abroad and behold the contrast. The temples of other creeds are deserted and forsaken. Every day we see new proofs of a disintegration of sects and denominations once numerous and influential."

However, a change is coming. The Protestants seem to be waking up to the situation. A spirit of prayer is pervading the ranks, and a call to prayer is everywhere being sounded. The people have tried the intellectuality and have found it wanting in satisfaction for their deeper natures, the inner man. Notwithstanding the tremendous and death-like grip of the Roman Church, there are hopeful signs. The truth will yet prevail. Roger Williams' principles of spiritual freedom and liberty must not pass from New England where they were planted with hardships and watered with blood.

The wealth of this manufacturing commonwealth has been spent in beautifying the community with magnificent homes, splendid highways, and useful and ornamental public buildings, as well as in making the people wealthier. The South can learn many lessons in neatness, in beauty of home and grounds, and in utility from these people. Every nook and corner in the towns are kept green with grass, as far as possible, and ornate with flowers. It is not the superior development of the sense for the beautiful that causes such scenes to make an impression on the student from the South. Is it not rather the contrast with the lack of such in

the section from which he comes? Let us wisely accept the lesson and put it into practice.

It remains for me to mention a few things about the way these people observe the holidays and church festivals. On every National holiday "old glory" is placed on the flag pole, which usually hangs over the doorway. It is really interesting to walk out on a holiday and to see this display of patriotism. It can not but remind one that the soldiers of Massachusetts were the first to shed blood in the war for the preservation of the Union a half century ago. Of all the church festivals, Thanksgiving is given the most prominent place. It is the big occasion of the year, when all the family gathers around the board for the festive meal. The churches usually hold union services in the different towns. Christmas is coming more to the front than it once was. The stern Puritan was loth to permit any Catholic festivals to be celebrated. The same might be said of Easter. But there is coming a change of sentiment.

Now just a word about the climate. The long winter is now being experienced. The abundance of snow often brings to mind the scenes so beautifully pictured in Whittier's "Snowbound." The ice-harvesting scene which was once only a picture in the geography of the Southern boy, has at last become real to me. Skating, sleigh riding, and toboggan parties open up a new social life.

## THE HERMIT OF THE BIG BALD

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

"Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning mankind?  
From cities to caves of the forest he flew;  
There raving he hurls his complaint to the wind;  
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!"

—Byron.

I had often heard of the Hermit; and I hoped that this particular trip would give me the opportunity of making his acquaintance. There was to be an eclipse of the sun about sunset; and my interest in eclipses led me to set out for the summit of the Big Bald, that I might observe this one from an elevation of five thousand feet, where the sun was visible after the shadows hovered over the valleys below.

My equipment consisted of a small telescope, a pair of blue spectacles, and a lantern, the latter of which was to light me back to civilization—that is, if I failed to find the Hermit and a night's lodging with him. Some travellers, I had heard, were welcomed by him; and these had brought back interesting tales of his unique residence in the cove of the big mountain. Others declared that he had fled almost at sight of them and had refused them admittance. I wondered which would be my lot; and by the time I reached the summit, I earnestly hoped that the Hermit would give me some sort of welcome if he was anything less than a raving madman.

The eclipse is not my story, and I could not describe it if it were. But the sun, halved by the black shadow, was an impressive sight as it rested on the top of a ridge far below, the sky around it tinted with red and gold. Soon it dropped out of sight, and darkness came almost unawares. It is not

light long on a high mountain after the sun is out of sight.

Then reaction came. A feeling of profound loneliness stole over me as I gazed downward at the series of cliffs, edged between the giant trees which clothed the sides of the Big Bald. The summit itself was bare, many aeres being without bush or tree. I looked intently down the south side; for it was there I had been told that the Hermit resided. Soon I saw the glimmer of a light. It did not seem like the steady light of a lantern, but the flicker of a torch blown by the wind.

After striking a match and lighting my lantern, I started down the mountain with the light before as a goal; the light in my hand, a guide. The stumbling, the going around cliffs, the clambering over logs, all at last ended, and I found myself on smoother if not more level ground. The light was not far ahead.

Soon I saw the figure of a man leaning over a pen. He held a flaming torch in his hand. The contented grunting of hogs came from within the pen.

I was surprised to see by the light of the torch that a considerable portion of land around me was almost level, not level in the accepted sense, but level for a mountain cove. I was even more surprised to see within and beyond the extent of the flaring light the outlines of several small buildings.

With many misgivings, I approached the man at the pen. He seemed to be insensible of my presence. His clothes, though rude, were neither ragged nor dirty. His broad shoulders were bent as he gazed at the hogs.

Suddenly he turned and faced me. He appeared a fantastic figure as he stood holding the torch toward me; tall, bare-headed, with long hair and beard.

"Good evening, sir," I said uncertainly.

He looked me over from head to foot. He stepped forward, and holding his torch so that the light fell directly upon me, seemed to pierce me with his large searching eyes.

"Good evening," he replied at last in a more pleasant voice than I expected.

"I have been to the top of the Big Bald," I said, "and it's a good way back to the home of my friends. I would like very much to spend the night with you."

"Very well," he said, "I shall be glad to accommodate you as best I can."

He turned and led the way into a log cabin. A big fire was blazing in the wide fireplace. He threw his torch into the fire and looked questioningly at my lantern. I handed it to him and he set it on a table which stood in the center of the room. He then pushed a split-bottomed chair toward me.

"Be seated, sir," he said.

I noticed the neatness of the interior of the room.

"I will set you out some supper," he said, "I have eaten, but I am sure there is enough left."

After I had satisfied my rather keen appetite and he had set away the dishes, he took a chair and began filling a corn-cob pipe.

"Have a cigar," I invited, taking one from my pocket.

"Thank you," he said, "I believe I will."

I was surprised at his ease of manner. And soon I lost my own restraint. We conversed about the kinds of game to be found on the mountain, the weather, and the quality of the cigars. He seemed to enjoy his cigar very much, remarking that his tobacco was not in good smoking condition. I told him of the eclipse, and he listened politely, comment-

ing at times with an intelligence that occasioned me further surprise. I told him about myself and my vacation and of my approaching return to college.

Finally, he said:

"Young man, no doubt you are interested in why I live here thus."

My heart beat faster. Perhaps he was going to tell me the story of his life. I had been longing to ask him to tell me, but felt a delicacy in so doing.

"I like you," he continued, "you have talked to me as if I were flesh and blood. I am going to tell you my story, if you care to hear it."

"Go on, sir," I said eagerly, "I am intensely interested."

"My name does not matter," he began again, after a pause, "but I am not the savage people believe me. I long for human companionship such as you have brought me to-night. But there is a reason why I can not live with my fellows."

His face became ghastly white and his eyes gleamed strangely. But he soon grew calm again.

"I was born and reared at Greenville, Tennessee, and received a fairly good education. I was an only child. Before I was grown, my parents both died.

"But the property they left me, and the training they had given me assured me of a livelihood.

"I soon secured a position as cashier of a bank at Johnson City."

At Johnson City! It was my home town.

His cigar was almost burned up. I handed him another and lighted one myself, settled back, listening with the deepest interest.

"As I said," he continued, "I secured a position as assistant cashier of a bank at Johnson City. Probably that employment was my ruin."



He shuddered. A half insane look came over his face. He calmed himself with difficulty. Puffing nervously at his cigar, he continued:

"From early childhood I had had a peculiar aversion to red. I have never known the reason, but have supposed that it was due to some prenatal occurrence. My mother never told me. She seemed strangely silent when she noticed this aversion. I could not bear the sight of red at times."

He looked at me intently.

"Would you call me a monomaniac? I know that it must be a form of insanity. It was present throughout my youth. But after I got the employment in the bank, I seemed to notice it less and less. I was very happy; and soon I became engaged to a girl, one of the best and prettiest in Tennessee."

A look of sadness came into his eyes.

"But one day," he went on, "the cashier was called away. It was the end of the month, too, when the statements were to be sent out; and there were many over-drafts. The gentleman who came in to assist me in making out the statements was slow. I had most of the work to do, and when I came to an overdraft, it had to be written with red ink!

"God! The old troubles began coming on me. Every time I dipped the pen in the red ink and put it to the paper, it seemed to burn into my very soul. I grew worse and worse, and at last in my state of nervousness, which it seemed had almost become delirium, I struck the ink bottle and upset it. The ink poured out on the white papers, and began spreading before my havoc-stricken eyes like a pool of blood. In frenzy, I rushed from the bank and away, scarcely knowing what I did, rubbing my eyes, trying to erase the repugnant vision of red.

"In my room, I gradually grew calm. I decided that I

must seek other employment. I was to go to see the young lady to whom I was engaged that night. I made ready to go.

"At her home, I was shown into the parlor and told that she would be down in a few minutes. And soon she came in. Horrors!"

His eyes grew wild again.

"She was dressed in red! Of course, she knew nothing of my aversion. I had never seen her wear red before. But her dress was red, and she wore a red ribbon on her hair. I uttered a frightful scream, and cowered before her, trembling, trying to cover my eyes with my hands to shut her from my sight. I can see the look of surprise in her beautiful eyes even now. And I shall see it to my dying day; for it was the last look she ever gave me. I dashed past her and out under the stars and to my room.

"I decided it all that night. I could not live with my fellows. So, next day, I went to Greenville, disposed of all my property, and began searching for a suitable place to spend my miserable life. I found this place, bought it, and built my cabin.

"Young man, I have told you the reason of my living away from my fellows. It is not from choice. And that is why I have built up this little abode here in the cove of the Big Bald. That is why I try to raise everything I need here to avoid intercourse with my fellow-men. That is why some travellers find no welcome here. If there is any red about their apparel, I flee from them. You remember that I looked you over carefully tonight."

He paused and leaned back in his chair.

Finally he continued sadly:

"I have heard that the young lady is dead. A visitor here happened to mention it one night. He was surprised at my emotion. She is buried in the old family cemetery

on the outskirts of Johnson City. And I can never even see her grave!"

We both sat smoking silently for some time. It was a strange story to which I had listened. What a tragedy! This man, normal in other respects, forced to live alone on account of a peculiar aversion to the color of red.

Suddenly a thought came to me; a thought that thrilled me. I turned it over and over in my mind. Why not? I pondered. Then taking my blue spectacles from my pocket, I said eagerly:

"I believe I have thought of a plan that will remove your trouble."

I handed him the spectacles.

"You see," I went on, "nothing that is red will look red through those spectacles. You can wear them and go where you please, and no one will suspect that there is anything wrong more than an ordinary eye affection."

He examined the spectacles, put them on, and looked about him. Then he removed them and looked at me, a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I believe you are right," he declared, "why did I never think of this? Oh! I believe you are right. Perhaps I can go back, and at least see her grave."

"Of course you can," I said, "I live in Johnson City, and I have an auto borrowed. It is at the home of a friend at the foot of the mountain. You can go with me tomorrow."

"So you live at Johnson City?" he murmured, "I believe I will go with you."

That night I dreamed of red things, and of a grave covered with flowers.

Early next morning, the Hermit and I went down the mountain. He was wearing the blue spectacles, and I could not see his eyes; but his face was the picture of eager ex-

pectancy. And soon we were speeding away toward Johnson City.

We arrived in the early afternoon. My companion was all eagerness. When we stepped from the car to the street, he looked about him. He talked feverishly of many things. I soon saw that in spite of the changes the years had wrought in the progressive little city, he was almost as familiar with the locations of places as I was.

He did not wish to lose any time in doing that which lay nearest his heart. So I accompanied him as he passed through the city to the outskirts, and into a small cemetery. He hurried from one tombstone to another, reading the inscriptions. Soon he paused beside a grave near the center. I soon stood at his side.

Horrors! The grave was covered with red roses! I looked at the Hermit. With bowed head, he leaned over the railing and murmured:

"Thank God!"

I was seized with a terrible fear.

He turned to me:

"What a pretty grave," he said, "what kind of flowers are they?"

"White roses," I lied glibly.

"Are they?" he murmured, "I believe I will take off the spectacles so that I can see better. I have longed for this."

He began removing the spectacles. I tried to reach out my hand to restrain him, but my arm seemed paralyzed. I was too late anyway. He had taken off the spectacles.

Never have I seen such a look of horror as came over his face. He uttered a terrible scream, and turning fled through the cemetery. I stood rooted in my tracks as he passed swiftly out of the gate and went across a field and over a little ridge out of sight.

The Hermit was going back to the Big Bald.

## LONNIE'S NEW POSSESSION

L. S. INSCOE.

"Whoa Pete!" said Lonnie as he drew up at the end of the row, right under the shade of a persimmon tree. Picking up his water jug he drank deeply, replaced it in its position beside the tree, wiped the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve, rested himself back in a half-sitting position against the crossbar of his plow-handles, took off his hat and looked wearily across the hot, dusty cornfield.

As he fanned himself with his hat, his eyes left the hot sunshine and the young corn and at length focused themselves on a small spot of earth a few feet in front of him.

He was "just thinking."

"Hello there, pretty nice place you've found for resting."

Lonnie started and looked around. It was a small, dusty, sharp-eyed young fellow. He wore his coat in spite of the hot weather.

"Good morning," returned Lonnie, eyeing him curiously.

The young man took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his face.

"Corn's looking pretty good," he commented.

"Yesser."

"You live up there?" and the young man pointed at a house several hundred yards up the road.

"Yesser, I work there."

"Blue is my name, Grady Blue," said the young man advancing and extending his hand.

"Lonnie's mine, Lonnie Hill."

"Glad to know you Lonnie. Well, I guess you want to

know my business. I am working in behalf of the World Purity Movement."

Lonnie looked bewildered.

"Yesser," he answered.

"Well Lonnie, the object of this great movement is to increase the happy homes of our country, to correct the bad habits of youth and the evils connected with them, to encourage happy marriages and give young women and young men advice along lines leading to such marriages."

Lonnie looked up sheepishly, then straightened himself up and began taking in the words of the speaker as he continued to tell the aims of the World Purity Movement.

At length Mr. Blue reached around under his coat and brought forth a beautiful volume with gilt edges, bound in leather and stamped in gold.

"Here," said he, "is contained all this wonderful and indispensable advice. Here we have nine books complete in one volume. No young man or young woman can afford to be without it. It is the most complete book of its kind in existence. Thousands who have read it have given testimony of its worth. Its value can not be reckoned in terms of money any more than can health and happiness. This book is worth far more than the mere pittance we are asking for it. We are trying to carry the great movement forward and thus we are placing these volumes on the market at scarcely more than the cost of the paper and printing.

"We have it in two bindings, full leather, the beauty of which you can see from this volume. We sell this at three dollars and a half. Then we have a cheaper binding at two dollars and seventy-five cents. Which shall I put you down for? I can deliver it now or on August the first, whichever suits your convenience."

"Aint that mighty high. I want that book mighty bad

but that's er sight er money to pay for it. I saw some books at a store one time for fifty cents."

The agent looked Lonnie straight in the eyes and said:

"Young man, you don't know the inestimable value of the book as I know it. If you will buy it and read its contents you will agree with me that it is the best bargain you ever made."

"Well, I reckon I want that one for two dollars and seventy-five cents."

"When delivered?"

"I want it right now. I reckon I can pay for it now as good as anytime. It's near 'bout twelve o'clock, so you jess carry it up to Mr. Hunt's up there an I'll be on in a little while an' get the money an' pay for it."

"Thank you, Lonnie," and the agent started up the road.

"You're welcome," said Lonnie as he slapped Pete with the line and started off up the row of corn.

That afternoon the sunshine was hotter than usual and Pete was slower and harder to keep walking in the right place, but Lonnie scarcely noticed these things. He was "just thinking" again.

He had a problem, indeed, on his mind. He had bought the book and treasured it away, but the next problem was to read it. Yes, that book would tell him exactly how to court Sallie and how to get her in notion to agree to live with him and how he could make her happy. He didn't feel any uneasiness about his own happiness if she would only give her consent. But no matter how he looked at it, there was the one great difficulty of reading the book.

Lonnie had been to school in his younger days, but only for a year or two and his books had received very little attention. He could spell out and read some of the advertisements along the roadside as he went to town, but, reading a book! It was too big a task to undertake.

"Good day, sir. How are you today?" called a voice just as he reached the road with his furrow.

"Howdy," said Lonnie, looking up at the speaker, a tall slim man dressed like a preacher. He was a middle-aged person and his pious look indicated to Lonnie a man of sincerity and truth. A pair of eyeglasses were perched prominently near the bridge of his nose. In his hand he carried a small satchel.

"My young man," he began, "you seem to be quite a good farmer from the looks of your corn."

"Yesser."

"And you have the look of a good honest man. Ah! What a pity we don't have more such farmers. Is that your home up there?"

"Yesser, I work up there with Mr. Hunt."

"Why, my dear young man, do you mean to tell me that you are not married? Why, sir, you ought to have a home of your own."

"Yesser."

"But excuse me; maybe you are not quite ready to get married, or perhaps she has not given her consent."

"Yesser."

"My dear sir, you need only one thing. I see your eyes are not good. Oh, perhaps you think they are, but I tell you they are not, and I have devoted my life to the cause of restoring to humanity the greatest of gifts—eyesight, and I ought to know my business by this time.

"Then, too, I can improve your looks. I am sure I have the one thing you need in order to get her consent."

"Yesscr."

Lonnie began to take notice.

"I have here with me lenses with which I have enabled



men and women to read who had never thought of such a thing before."

"Yesser."

"Here, let me show you, my fine fellow."

The man placed a pair of spectacles with gilt rims on Lonnie and held up a card with some writing on it. The letters on the card looked almost as big as the letters of the advertisements along the roadside.

"Now, don't tell me you can't see better with those glasses on than without them. Easy to read with them, isn't it?"

"Yesser."

"And they improve your looks so much. Why, to be sure, no girl could refuse you with those glasses on. The rims are made of solid gold through and through and are alone worth ten dollars. The lenses are the crowning point of perfection.

"I am not out for making money, I am out devoting my life to the good of humanity. I am making it possible that no person shall any longer be unable to see the beauties of nature and the works of art as they are found in the books and newspapers of today.

"Then, too, I am bringing out the full beauty of your person by fitting these lenses on your eyes.

"Now, I am going to give you a bargain in that pair of spectacles such as you will never again be able to get. I am going to sell them to you at a loss in order to introduce my goods. You may have them for one dollar."

Lonnie took off the spectacles and looked at them.

"They certainly are pretty, but I ain't got but seventy-five cents left. But I want them all right."

"My friend, it is at a great loss to me, but I am not out for making money. I am out for the good I may do and I am going to let you have them for seventy-five cents."

As the man continued his way up the road, Lonnie viewed his new possession with pride, turned them over in his hand and looked at them curiously. At length he placed them in the case and sticking them in his pocket yelled to Pete to "Come up!"

That night, after closing his door and propping it with an old axe handle, Lonnie lighted the small lamp on the mantel, peeped out at the window to see that no one was watching, took out his new spectacles, put them on, and looked at himself in a small piece of broken mirror.

With a self-satisfied air he turned to the bed, drew out a large volume from beneath the pillow and opened it. He first decided to look at all the pictures. Yes, they were all mighty pretty he thought, but it tired his eyes to look at them. He believed he wouldn't try to read any tonight.

The next night Lonnie attempted to read some. He selected a page about the middle of the book and began. After an hour's trial his eyes had given out and he had read two pages. He didn't know any more how to court Sallie now than before he started.

The next day was Friday. Pete couldn't imagine what was wrong with Lonnie. He could walk almost anywhere on the row he pleased and only occasionally did he receive a slap with the line or a jerk. Lonnie was "just thinking."

Suddenly Lonnie stopped in the row he was plowing. Feeling the lines lighten, Pete came to a standstill.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he said.

"Wonder why I hadn't thought of it before."

That night, half an hour after sundown found Lonnie on the little footpath leading through the fields and woods toward Sally's house. He was mumbling joyfully to himself:

"Cose Sally can read an' shore that man said 'twas for young women as well as young men. Shore that'll be the

very thing. Sally can read it out loud to me an' it'll tell us both how to get married. I'll lend Sallie my new gold specks if she wants em. Won't she be a beauty with em on?

"Won't Sally be tickled when she sees all these new things I've got?"

He fondled the book he carried in his hand, then felt of his new eye-glasses, and his pace increased almost to a trot.

Lonnie sat on the porch with his beloved volume in his lap trying to pierce the darkness by the aid of his new spectacles. A familiar step was heard. Lonnie looked around.

"Good evening, Lonnie."

"Howdy Sally."

"I believe you're early tonight—but what's that thing you have there—and goodness! What ails your eyes?"

"Nothing, Sally. I jes got me some new gold specks to read with an—an—I thought I'd rather hear you read so I brought this here new book along an you can wear my gold specks an read it out loud to me.

"What's it about? What kind of book is it?"

He drew his chair up closer beside the one she had taken.

"Sally, its er book that tells all about girls an' their beaus, an' it tells em how ter get married."

"But Lonnie, we don't want any such book."

She reached over to take it from him.

He elapsd her hand.

"Naw we don't, Sally."

Perhaps she was trying to free her hand, perhaps not, but any way, in the effort somehow her head gently rested itself on his shoulder.

## A SPRING REVERIE

A. L. DENTON.

The spring-time dawns ; all nature wakes  
And greets her visage fair,  
And everywhere from far and near  
Sweet flowers scent the air.

The sky glows blue, the wind breathes low  
Clapsed in her magic arms,  
And every living thing reveals  
The impress of her charms.

The violet springs up, blushing blue,  
No tear-drops in its eyes,  
The wild rose in its fragrant bloom  
Forgets last winter's sighs.

The cuckoo sings beside his mate,  
No cares their hearts entwine,  
The woodlark woos its wanton love,  
But oh, heart, where is mine!

Where is my love, my fairest love,  
Whose voice the birds did chime,  
Whose face was like the first red rose  
That greets the sweet spring-time.

Beneath yon clump of flow'ring shrubs—  
Those birds that blithely sing,  
In silence sleeps her cold pale form—  
My life, my love, my spring.

And birds may sing and flowers bloom  
And seasons come and go,  
And naught but winter's chilling blast  
Can e'er my sorrow know.

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**"WHAT PEOPLE SAY"**

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ADLAI STEVENSON.

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Lawyer Bryson was growing old. The gray streaks cropped out in his hair, his eyes were deeper set, and his nose peaked. His future was no more, for his legal reputation had been made, and all that was left for him was retrospection. And at times this was not of the happiest.

It was late one cold autumn night. The lawyer had disposed of all his work, for he did some work at home, and was now glancing at the headlines of the evening paper. Right at the top of the middle column he noticed this paragraph:

"Bill Slocombe will be tried tomorrow for murder. The people say he is guilty."

Bryson did not read further, but threw the paper down with a sigh, and refilled his pipe. Cold beads of perspiration rose on his forehead.

Mrs. Bryson, upon noticing the sudden change of her husband, looked up startled.

"And what's the matter now?" she queried timidly.

"Oh, nothing," replied her husband, moved by the interruption.

"But there is, for you look pale, almost blue. Are you sick? If you are I'll fix some medicine for you."

"Don't bother; I'm not sick at all."

"What's the trouble, then? I know you are worried about something."

The husband made cold responses to his wife's earnest entreaties. She was much younger than Mr. Bryson; in fact, she seemed more of a daughter to him. She knew full well how to cater to his desires and curb anything that met his displeasure.

Finally, his wife still insisting, Bryson added, "I was just troubled about a paragraph I saw in the paper."

"Well Charlie," implored Mrs. Bryson, "I never saw you so wrought up over a newspaper article. It surely is something unusual."

Without waiting for a reply, she seized the paper, which was lying on the floor.

Bryson paused between the puffs of his pipe, and cast his eyes upon his wife, noticing her nervous gleaning of the paper.

"Why, I see nothing unusual," she added, after devouring the paper in her hasty manner.

"Tell me, is there some friend dead?"

He looked at her steadily, "No, no friend dead."

"Pray, what is it? Do tell me, for you worry me more than yourself."

The lawyer merely drawled between his teeth, "Look at the column at the top of the page."

His wife nervously turned back to the front page, expecting a sudden shock.

She read the above-mentioned paragraph over two or three times to herself and then aloud:

"Bill Slocombe will be tried tomorrow for murder. The people say he is guilty."

Looking first at the statement, and then her husband, she said stolidly, "I see nothing unusual in that. People are often committing murder, and getting into trouble."

"Yes, that is true," replied the husband, "but you have missed the point entirely."

"Oh, what is it? Is Bill Slocombe your friend?"

"No. The point is: 'What the people say,' 'What the people say,'" he repeated again.

"I don't understand why that should make any difference,"

replied his wife. "What difference does it make to you what the people say?"

"You may be right. Perhaps it shouldn't make any difference, but it does. The phrase struck me with peculiar force."

"And why?" interrupted the wife.

"I don't know why. I suppose its just because I'm getting old, and I notice little peculiarities."

He began to talk more freely and his wife ceased questioning him.

"I was just thinking," he continued, "My life is almost gone. All that's left for me is to glance back over my life. 'But, oh! what will the people say?' And, then, my future! 'But what will the people say?'"

Mrs. Bryson began to notice these frequent recurrences to the passage in the paper. Her mind was set in a whirl. She began to wonder, and imagine what was the matter.

Her husband never acted this way before. Without her saying a word, the lawyer began again, "What will the people say?"

"Do pray, Charlie," implored Mrs. Bryson, "don't say those words again. That's just a newspaper article, and it has no reference to you."

"I know that well enough; but it could apply to me. It does make a big difference what the people say after I'm gone, and my time's nearly here. It won't be long."

Mrs. Bryson had never seen her husband act this way before. Walking over to where he was sitting, she felt his pulse, and his temple. His temple was hot, his pulse beat fast, and his heart was in a flutter. His wife still could not make out the trouble.

"Dear, you are sick," she added, "and I'm going for the doctor."

"No, don't," he entreated, "I don't need a thing. I'm all right. I'll swear I am."

"But I know better. You're sick, and I must get the doctor."

Determined and resolute, she hastily grabbed her wraps and overshoes, and hit the porch in a run. Just as she slammed the door, she heard those awful words again, clear, firm, and distinct: "But what will the people say?"

The night was cold and windy, and Mrs. Bryson was now in a flutter. However, almost running, she reached the doctor's home.

"I hate to arouse you," she said, "but Mr. Bryson is very ill. I don't know what ails him. I never saw him act so in my life. He's clean out of his head."

"All right, I'll be down at once," answered Dr. Lane, and back into the night rushed Mrs. Bryson.

She stepped on the porch with heavy heart, for fear her husband had grown worse in her absence.

The light was turned low. She threw off her wraps in a hurry. A strange odor filled the room. She turned up the light. Her husband was in an erect position, with legs extended. His eyes were half closed, and his mouth was wide open. At first she stared at him. Then going over to him shook him, called him by name, and then looked around. A small phial, labelled "Iaudanum," was close by. Its entire contents were gone. She looked at her husband once again, and then picked up the paper:

"What the people say," did it. And then she noticed a small script of paper, and these words, written in a nervous manner, were disclosed:

"I hope what the people say of me will be true. It does make a difference."



The doctor's knock was answered with a sob.

There were two men on the porch. A blue coat stood in the background. As the doctor smelled the odor that rushed from the room, he whispered in low tones, "Jim, its no use now. You are too late."

## THE CAPTURE OF KIN CURLEE

C. W. CARRICK.

It was near sundown when Kin Curlee came trudging up the long hill from Carel's Creek. His clothes were dusty and his jaded gait showed that he had walked some distance. He carried a pack wrapped in oilcloth in one hand and a dilapidated valise in the other.

The clatter of hoofs sounded on the bridge over the creek at the foot of the hill, and Kin looked around. There was a party of men on horseback rapidly approaching him. They soon overtook him when the leader of the company dismounted and said, "Consider yourself under arrest, young man."

"Under arrest?" asked Kin, "what in the world have I done to be arrested?"

"Never mind that," replied the officer, "you and the court can decide that. But if you wish to know, you are charged with shooting Bill Warren, up at Bower's Crossroads, last night."

"Why, I don't even know Bill Warren, and I never heard of Bower's Crossroads before. I reckon you must have the wrong man," said Kin.

"Oh no; you can't get rid of us that way; we're not that soft. Come with us and we'll go back to this old deserted farmhouse up here on the other side of the creek and spend the night, for it's too far back to Bower's to go tonight."

"Well, I'll do as you say for I am helpless; but I know I am not the man."

The officers then placed him on one of their horses in front of one of their number, and then rode back to the old farmhouse over the creek.

It was growing dark now and rather chilly, for it was late in October. The officers built a fire in the old fireplace and began to tell yarns and boast of their capture. Kin soon grew tired of their horseplay but kept silent.

"By golly," said one of the officers suddenly, "what was that sound?"

"Oh, you're just a little too full of old rye," replied another.

A loud, mournful cry was then heard.

"By gosh, I reckon you heard that didn't you?" asked the first officer. "It was up in the garret above us, too, and sounded like a catamount to me."

"You're crazy, ain't you?" said another officer. "That noise was under this floor. It sounds like a panther to me."

"You durn fools caint hear good. That sound was right out that door. I believe, by gosh! it was a wild cat. They say they are common over here in these parts along the creek," said a third officer.

Kin rose up at this last sound and looked wildly at the officers. He advanced a step from the back of the room where he had been seated and a rumbling near a hole in the old ceiling was heard which sounded as if some four-footed animal had landed on it, each foot striking it separately.

"What in the devil is that?" ventured one of the officers and they all stood up.

Then a long, loud, blood-curdling, hideous cry sounded just above and then all over the room. Kin made a jump toward the officers and as he did a huge black form sprang from the hole and fell in the midst of the men. They made a rush for the door, each one trying to get there first. One

made a dash at the old window and took the sash with him. Almost in an instant Kin was alone in the old shack.

He stooped slowly down and picking up his old piece of oilcloth said, "Well you served me pretty good this time, I guess I'll take this string off and save it for another time."

Kin then untied a long string from the wadded oilcloth and slowly put it into his pocket. He gathered up his old valise and pack and left the old house.

On the next day when the Bower's mail was received there was a letter addressed to the chief of police which read:

DEAR CHIEF:—I am the man whom your officers mistook for the murderer of Bill Warren. They caught me and took me to an old farmhouse. I suppose they have doubtless related their experience with a wildcat, and if they have you may tell them for me that the "wildcat" was a piece of black oilcloth and "its" cries were my own, since I am a ventriloquist as well as,

Your obedient servant,

AN HONEST BOOK AGENT.

P. S.—Hope you'll catch your man.

## INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

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B. B.

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This is the Augustan age of industry. We stand at the confluence of all the industrial forces of the past. The American people have become infatuated with the din of modern industrial machinery. We have gone mad on individualism. The laws, the Constitution, the social organization itself has been trampled under the feet of men in the headlong dash for success. The trend of modern times is summed up in one word—Industry. Art, literature, religion and society are lost in the hurly-burly of modern industrial activities.

Industry is one measure of a people's progress. Without industry there would be no civilization. Industry has served as a mighty factor in bringing men face to face with each other. It has also served as a mighty factor in severing the cords of mutual interest. All depends upon the conditions produced.

What of those conditions? History says they have been antagonistic to democracy. As a people we revel in high-sounding phrases about freedom, justice, and patriotism. Such phrases as "all men are created equal" from the platform are applauded. But we have only to turn our eyes to the field of American industrial operations to see how these doctrines have been merely farcical.

The American spirit of freedom has been wafted across the misty seas and guided to our shores oppressed millions of other lands who hoped to find here a mecca of freedom. And what have they found? Those who land in the "City of Steel" are compelled to work for twelve hours each day in the glare of a furnace. One of the greatest fortunes of indus-

trial history has been accumulated in steel, yet in hovels of abject poverty lives the laborer that produces the steel. Similar conditions exist in the packing houses, sweat shops, in the mines and mills of the country. A nation that spends millions of dollars annually constructing new battleships to rust away in the sea while its civilization is rotting cannot long endure. A nation or state that punishes the petty vices of boy thieves and allows the new forms of law breaking such as child labor, dangerous machinery, and over-crowding to go unpunished is far from the right. The housing conditions in many of our big cities today are a disgrace to our civilization. It means the early death or life-long misery of many of our future citizens. As long as such conditions go unchecked our democracy is no more.

Out of the present social and industrial upheaval there has grown several movements for social and industrial reconstruction. We may sum these up in two words—Modernisms. What is their aim? Industrial freedom and social justice. Very good. But are they the best means through which to accomplish these reforms? No. Nothing less than an aroused national conscience crystalized into a concrete program of righteous laws executed by men "free" and fearless can accomplish the desired results. Throughout the ages the conflict of capital and labor has raged, and will continue to rage until some power stronger than either labor or capital interferes.

We know the past history of our industrial conditions. What of the future? To forecast the future we must survey the present. It points to the dawn of a new day. Emerging now for the first time since the Civil War from its submerged conditions industrial and social affairs are becoming more democratic. In a thousand municipalities and industrial dungeons we see a transformation. We look out over

the industrial centers of America and see the teeming millions waiting to welcome the rising sun of a new day. There are new moral forces at work throughout the nation from the national legislative halls and executive mansion to the rural hamlets of the several states. The day has already dawned when we can say, "Not the public for the individual, but the individual for the public." President Wilson sounded the keynote of public sentiment in his message to Congress on the "Trust Problem" when he said, "Every unlawful act of business is done at the command or upon the initiative of some ascertainable person or group of persons. These should be held individually responsible and the punishment should fall upon them, not upon the business organization of which they make illegal use." In other words not the agent acting under orders, but the directors of a corporation must be brought to the bar of justice. We are learning how undemocratic it is to call to justice the hungry porch-climber and let the frock-coated criminal smile in the face of justice. We are learning how undemocratic it is to trample upon the rights and monopolize the opportunities of our fellow men. We are awakening to the realization of the fact that an industrial fabric erected on the starved, smothered, crushed and frozen bodies of men, women and children is antagonistic to American principles and ideals.

I am not attacking big business simply because it is big or promulgating any socialistic theories. We can condemn an industrial system that produces multi-millionaires beside a slum of paupers without going to the extreme socialist view. Public sentiment is condemning such a system today and that is why President Wilson was able to say that, "the government and business men are ready to meet each other half way in a common effort to square business methods with both public opinion and the law." The new spirit of peace

that is to mean "honor and freedom and prosperity" is not only contained in the new Trust Policy but it is already cropping out in some of the big industries of the country. For example, the recent action taken by the president of the Ford Motor Company to share his profits with his employees is a new step on the road to industrial democracy. Again the recent declaration of the members of the Morgan firm to dissolve that "autocratic and oligarchic organization of finance which sprang up under laws now made obsolete by the new administration is only an expression of public sentiment." The change is bound to come. The day is not far distant when the banner of Jeffersonian Democracy will once more wave high above the nation, richly emblazoned with the people's motto, "Equal and exact justice to all and special privileges to none."

Then, in the words of Woodrow Wilson, "Shall be realized on this consecrated soil—a new freedom—a liberty throwing wide all gates of lawful enterprise, unfettering man's energies, and warming the generous impulses of his heart, a process of release, emancipation, and inspiration, full of a breath of life as sweet and wholesome as the airs that filled the sails of the caravels of Columbus and gave the promise and boast of magnificent opportunity in which America dares not fail."



## A MODIFIED REVENGE

TOM DIDYMUS.

The minister closed his sermon and announced a hymn, and then in a deep, fervent voice, he said:

"While we sing this hymn, all the brethren and sisters may give each other their hands. I want to take each of you by the hand as a token that you are praying for me."

The tones of the old-fashioned organ sounded through the little country church; the congregation, plain country folks, stood upon their feet and sang. The white-haired minister stepped down from the pulpit, and with lips quivering and tears rolling down his cheeks, grasped the hands that were extended to him.

A boy in the rear of the house did not go up to engage in the handshaking. He was still a sinner. But he looked toward the pulpit with eager eyes. The Little Girl was among the elect; and tears were running down her rosy cheeks. The Boy was thinking. Would not this be a good time to ask the Little Girl if he might walk home with her? But could he find the courage? His heart fluttered in his bosom; and he turned a very red face toward his gay companion, who asked him if he was "under conviction."

"No, I'm not," he replied shortly.

"I know what it is," the other boy declared. "You want to go home with her, and ain't got the nerve to ask her."

"It's not," the Boy said, growing redder.

"Yes, it is," the other pursued relentlessly. "I know it is. Say, I'll ask her for you. What do you say?"

The Boy brightened. Why not? Surely her heart was soft after the hand-shaking. And he believed that she liked him. Had she not smiled at him during the sermon? And

had she not often smiled at him across the little school-room over there in the valley? He had worshipped long from afar, and what bliss to walk by her side! And here was a way out of the dilemma.

"All right," he agreed.

When the services had closed, the Little Girl came back along the aisle, wiping away the tears with a small yellow handkerchief. It was the same one he had put on the Christmas tree for her, only the Christmas before. Of course he had put no name on the tag to indicate the giver. But she kept it, and she surely knew that he had given it. That was encouragement.

The other boy approached her and whispered something. The Little Girl stopped. She looked at the other boy, and then at the Boy himself. Would the suspense never end?

"Let him ask for himself," she said in a distinct voice.

The Boy's heart almost ceased beating. In sheer desperation, he rushed up and stammered:

"M—M—May I w—walk home with you?"

The Little Girl looked at him. Her laughing lips curled scornfully.

"No!" she said, with an emphatic shake of her head.

Could he believe his ears? He heard the audible titter of his companion, and it seemed to him as if every eye in the church was fastened upon him. Overcome with disappointment, anger, and humiliation, he rushed from the church and across the meadow toward his home. When he reached home, he rushed into his room and threw himself upon the bed in a torrent of tears.

After a little he sat up.

"I'll make her sorry," he declared. "I'll make her sorry for this. I'll be somebody. I'm going to git an education, and I'll never speak to her again. I'm goin' to school, that's

what I am, and I'm goin' to keep on goin' until I'm somebody. Yes," he reiterated, "I'll make her sorry."

Has anyone ever been able to fathom a woman's reason? And the Little Girl—she was almost a woman. The Boy did not know that the Little Girl also cried in her room that evening—and the tears were not a continuation of the effects of the hand-shaking. But the Boy did not know. Was it well he did not?

\* \* \* \* \*

Years had passed. The Boy was no longer a boy. He had kept the resolution made on the bed that evening and sealed with tears of bitterness. He had gone to high school and worked his way. After that, he had gone to college. And he had been fairly successful in his chosen profession. He had heard that the Little Girl had married the other boy.

He decided to make a visit to the scenes of his youth. A boy—his own boy—went along with him.

As he passed along the dusty country road, memories came—a great throng. The houses were bigger and better—some of them—but the same familiar creek flowed through the valley, the same hills smiled upon him in the sunshine. Over there was the little old schoolhouse; the field in which he had played town-ball and "bull-pen"; and there, bubbling out by the roadside was the same spring to which he had always come at recess. And there at the spring, he had once dipped up some water in a laurel leaf and given it to the Little Girl. And she had smiled at him.

The elders were in bloom in the fence corners. When a boy, he had gathered elder flowers and sold them at the store for cloth with which his mother made shirts for him.

The boy by his side touched his arm.

"See that little girl, Papa. What is she doing?"

"Gathering elder flowers," the father replied.

They drove up. The little girl looked at them. The man started in spite of himself. She was the image of the Little Girl!

"Good evening, Miss," said the man in the buggy, stopping the horse he scarcely knew why.

"Good evening, sir," she replied.

"Where does your father live?"

She looked at him suspiciously.

"My Papa is dead," she said. Her eyes glittered.

She glanced at her plain dress, as if ashamed. The man and the boy were strangers.

"And—your mother?"

"Why?" she inquired.

"I knew your father." He hesitated. "He was—my friend."

"My mother lives over there." She pointed across the meadow.

"How is your mother, little girl? She was—my friend, too."

"Not very well," the girl replied.

"Did—did your father leave much property?"

"No. He drank. And," glancing at the sack of elder flowers, "we're poor."

"Do you go to school, little girl?"

"No," she replied. And then: "I'd like to. O, I'd like to. But mama—"

"You shall go to school, little girl."

A little further down the road, the boy suddenly said:

"Wasn't she a pretty little girl, papa?"

"Yes."

"Do you really mean to send her to school?"

The man seemed lost in meditation.

"Yes," he replied.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a new organ that sounded in the little country church. A wedding was being solemnized. A minister stood in the pulpit, not the white-haired one of long ago, but a younger man. The bridegroom had wanted the ceremony in the city. But the girl had objected. "Mama can't go to the city," she said.

A man in a front seat looked with pride upon his boy. And she who had been the Little Girl looked upon her daughter and smiled. And then she smiled across the aisle. Soon everybody went up to shake hands, but it was with the couple who stood in front of the pulpit, not with each other. And no tears were shed.

## OLD SIR JOHN ONCE MORE

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

In the character of Sir John Falstaff, Shakespeare has given us a priceless possession, a personification of English humor as it was in the sixteenth century. Old Jack, with his ready wit, his enormous conceit, his vulgarity, and his inexhaustible good humor, is to be regarded not so much as an individual as a type, exaggerated, to be sure, as all types are, but still a type of the average middle-class Englishman. The boisterous, rough-and-ready, irrepressible fun of the Elizabethan era finds its supreme expression in Sir John. So we are dealing with an immortal character.

Falstaff is no ordinary jester. He is a man of many angles; his nature is a complex one, presenting strange contradictions. We know him, first, as the prince of good fellows, indulging his appetites in a fashion bordering on sottishness; a few scenes later we see him browbeating his landlady out of her board bill. We believe, for a while, that he is a man of personal bravery; then we see him playing the part of an arrant coward. He seems to be gifted with an enormous amount of brass; he emerges victorious from battles of repartee with Prince Hal; he must always have the last word; and, yet we are told that this man is mortally stung by the rebuke of the King, and dies of a broken heart. In a word, he is a person whose character eludes definition; it has been said that he holds a similar position in the world of comedy to that occupied by Hamlet in the world of tragedy.

There are, nevertheless, certain well-developed traits in his nature which may be safely discussed. The keynote of his character is self-complacency. This quality, which he possessed in superabundance, is, in the last analysis, the soul

of his wit. Frequently Sir John was defeated in an argument; but his forte was his determination never to recognize defeat. He could not conceive of Sir John Falstaff being equalled. His enormous presumption enabled him to laugh the well-directed thrust of an opponent out of court. Self confidence is necessary to any degree of success, and this man was so abnormally conceited that he always came out on top. When he heard that Henry IV was dead, and that his beloved Hal was on the throne, he proceeded to distribute imaginary offices to his companions, and even when the King ordered him out of his sight, he explained to his friends that Hal was forced to exhibit a severe front to the public, but assured them that he would be able to twist the monarch around his little finger when he once should be with him alone. When Jack finally got a faint conception of the real status of affairs he began sinking fast. His inflated ego had been punctured, and he shrank alarmingly. As Mrs. Quickly tells us, his nose was as sharp as a pen! Imagine the old fellow's nose being as sharp as a pen! The humiliation was too hard for Jack. The Prince had frowned upon him. He died.

Falstaff, however, had something besides vanity. He had a wit which stood by him in situations which would have ruined the ordinary man. An extravagant sense of humor was the only thing under Heaven that could have brought Jack off with flying colors from the robbery on Galshill road, and from the battle at Shrewsbury. This sense of humor led him to regard everything as a joke. Falstaff made a joke of life itself, and therein erred; but at all events made a good joke of it. His double portion of the ridiculous may be offered in explanation of many inconsistencies in this man's character. He acts, at times, like a coward and a knave; but I attribute his performances not to inherent cowardice or en-

tire lack of principle, but to his headlong, irrelevant humor.

This great spoiled child is guilty of many sins. He has an amazing lack of honor, truth, decency, and, in fact, of most of the orthodox qualities of the worthy man. But, with it all he has a heart as big as his colossal stomach, and therefore is an object of universal love.

I am discussing the Falstaff of "Henry the Fourth." The "Merry Wives of Windsor" introduces us to an entire stranger. We can not conceive of Sir John being made the butt of every joke. The Falstaff of the "Merry Wives" has all the vices of our old friend without his redeeming sense of humor, and humor is a Falstaffian *sine qua non*.

Take him all in all, old Jack has more in him of good than of evil. He is a consumer of impossible quantities of sack and a frequenter of bawdy houses; we believe his dissipation is but the expression of an exuberant nature. He pours forth torrents of abuse and side-splitting repartee upon the slightest provocation, but his keen rejoinders leave no sting. We remember his attempt to cheat the landlady out of her rent, but somehow Mrs. Quickly's words describing his death keep ringing in our ears:

"'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christian child; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers . . . I knew there was but one way. . . . And 'a babbled of green fields."

He is the great, irresponsible, irrepressible child-heart of mediæval England, and as such must be essentially good.



# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

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Why Not a Law Building? Next May the Wake Forest Law School will round out its twentieth year. Since its foundation its history has been one of steady growth and efficiency. Professor N. Y. Gulley, who has been its head since it began in 1893, and Professor E. W. Timberlake, with whom he has been associated since 1906, are teachers second to none in the State. They have sent out scores of young men who are now doing things in the practice of law in this and other states. It would be hard to

find two teachers who impart higher professional ideals than they.

But this department has outgrown its quarters, and is now handicapped for want of room and better equipment. Both its one lecture room and the library are entirely unfit for the purpose they serve. So it is evident to everyone familiar with the situation that something must be done.

Next May, at the celebration of the close of the twentieth year of the school Governor Simeon Baldwin, of Connecticut, a noted jurist, teacher, and statesman will be here and deliver an address. Every friend of the school should be here and look over the situation. We feel sure when this is done the alumni will get behind the movement for a law building and push it to a finish.

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We would not be guilty of "lecturing." Our  
A Gentle Hint impression is that it is a waste of energy,  
space, et cetera. But we do want simply to  
call the attention of those of us who feel themselves under  
lasting obligations to the college to keep up the old tradi-  
tional custom of meeting all trains, that there is a remote  
possibility that their conduct does not always meet the ap-  
proval of *all* lady passengers. It seems to us that we have  
either heard or dreamed that there has been possibly one  
complaint that *some* Wake Forest students are rude, which  
is the feminine expression for "rough necks" and the equiv-  
alent for Dr. Sledd's well-known term for some of us.

Now, it is hard for us to believe that there is a single man  
of the student body who would willfully and with mischief  
aforethought wound the feelings of a lady; but, we are  
inclined to think from what we have learned, or dreamed,  
that some of the boys who frequent the depot at train time  
have not been as circumspect of their conduct as they should

be, a fact which is explained, no doubt, by the psychology of the crowd, and the fact that on nearly all trains there is at least one silly, giddy, careless young thing, who either invites the notice of the boys, or approves their complimentary remarks. In any case we think there may be some habits of conduct which the fellows have acquired in performing their duties out there that may be objectionable to some ladies; so we hope they will see if they can be remedied. The privilege of meeting trains is a thing we can not afford to allow to degenerate into a vice.

# THE OPEN DOOR

## College English

In this day of utilitarian education, the importance of the study of the English language can not be too highly emphasized. Whether the student is a future lawyer, physician, teacher, minister, or business man, he will be judged in some measure by his ability to write and speak correct English. Therefore, no one can afford to neglect this part of his training.

It is true that a knowledge of standard English literature is necessary to make a well-educated man. But when this knowledge is coupled with ignorance of the rudiments of grammar and rhetoric and an inability to spell all the words in common usage, it leaves something sadly lacking. A recent census in many leading colleges and universities has shown amazing deficiencies in the knowledge of grammar and spelling, not only among freshmen, but among upper classmen as well. Now, what is responsible for these conditions?

It is a well-known fact that many men come to college with these deficiencies. Those who have had the advantages of a first-class high school may have had sufficient training along these lines. But many have not had these advantages. And if this training is not offered in college, they perhaps remain deficient through life.

What is the remedy? Clearly, the college must give this training and give it thoroughly. Why not make the first year in English entirely a study of spelling, grammar, rhetoric, and composition? And if a two-years study of English literature is advisable, will not an additional year of English be as profitable as a smattering knowledge of one of the sciences, or another year of Latin, Greek, or mathematics?

I. T. J.

### A Good Listener

Some years ago an elocution class was organized in my high school. The professor remarked upon its organization, "In order to be a good speaker you must first be a good listener." A good listener in order to know how to speak! At first these words voiced a contradiction to me, but not now. It's as true as truth itself.

The above remark is made preparatory to this statement: We need good listeners at Wake Forest College. We have good speakers; but all of us can't be speakers. We can be listeners. A concrete example: We have our lecture course, and we pay for it. The committee gets some of the best talent in the country. Yet, we are amazed at the number who fail to attend. And it's already paid for! What's the trouble? They don't know how to listen and often these very men are the ones finding complaint with our lecture system.

But what about those who do attend? A college man is often a poor judge, but how many men can tell right now what Dr. McArthur lectured about last year? "Oh!", you say, "he spoke about Russia and the Baptists." That's all right, but what was covered in these topics.

We offer this suggestion: Go to the lectures. Listen with both ears, and see with both eyes, and ponder upon what you have heard. Then, and not until then, will your criticism count.

IKE IKESTEIN.

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### Things as They Are

A man doesn't live long before he gets to the place where he can look back and see where he has made mistakes; but what do mistakes mean anyway? They mean little—they often do—but on the other hand, occasionally, they mean failure in life, at least to some degree.

I have been in college but a short time, but I have been here long enough to make mistakes and to see that they mean something. A blunder now means more than it did yesterday; it will mean more tomorrow than it did today; the higher we get the harder the jar when we fall.

In the first place a man should not take over thirty or thirty-five hours work, unless he is pretty smart or has about 26 hours a day in which to prepare and write. You may take the work and "get it off," but in less than five years one could not take an examination on it and make over ninety-five. Besides, a man necessarily impairs his health, a thing that no one can afford, unless he has a surplus on hand and can't get rid of it otherwise. In this case it is justifiable.

A very few fellows ought to speak more than one ten-minute prepared speech per week. The faculty must pass a rule in regard to this, although it would not affect over four hundred and fifty men. We plead for something to be done. Will you sit and ignore our cries?

Another thing, when a man gives an excuse it can't be anything but the truth. Now, since I have been in college, this rule, iron clad as it is, has been broken just one time. How sorry I am that this one fellow was allowed to tell a lie for an excuse from chapel! Oh! why did he not wait until next year!

I have made one unexcusable mistake. I have been here all this time and have never petitioned the faculty to take every vestige of reading matter out of the reading room at one time. How negligent and unthoughtful a fellow can sometimes be of his dear professors. All of them combined rarely take more than half the current magazines out at one time.

If you are smart; if you have a lot of sense; if you are one of the most popular men in college, why don't you get out and

tell the boys about it? How do you expect a man to know that you are a hero? If you would bring to notice what you are, get out and tell people, make a talk before some assembly of the students, and tell every man that you will support him when there are not over six out for a position.

UN FILS.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. F. PASCHAL

Miss Sledd, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is spending some time here with her uncle, Dr. B. F. Sledd.

Mr. J. C. Smith, of the class of '11, has returned to the college and is studying law.

Mr. M. L. Kesler, of the Oxford orphanage, filled the pulpit Sunday morning, February 8th. He said among other things that the democratic spirit was a Baptist doctrine, and that was the reason fraternities would not be tolerated at Wake Forest.

Dr. I. B. Lake, of Upperville, Va. father of Prof. Jas. L. Lake, preached an able sermon Sunday, February 15th. Though he only comes to preach here once a year, the old students always recognize him as soon as he walks to the pulpit.

All students who were here last year will be interested to know that the Shakespeare Club of Wake Forest has secured the Coburn players again this year. They will present three plays May 8th and 9th.

Dr. Frank Dixon gave a lecture on "The Square Deal," Friday, January 23d, and on "The Constitution," January 24th. He also filled the pulpit Sunday. These lectures were very interesting both for information and thought.

On February 9th, Dr. B. F. Sledd gave a very interesting lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on the "Shifting of the Poles." It gave us new ideas about what the world is just fixing to do. We should have more lectures of this kind.



Prof. J. Henry Highsmith was in Danville, Va., January 12th-15th, delivering a series of lectures on Training Schools for Sunday School workers. From January 29th to February 1st, he assisted Sec. E. L. Middleton in a Sunday School Institute at Lumber Bridge, N. C., and on February 10th he addressed the high school students of Henderson, N. C., also a lecture before the teachers there on the same date.

Mr. R. E. Freeman died in Baltimore in January where he had gone for treatment. He was vice-president of the Wake Forest Loan and Real Estate Company, and president of the Wake Forest Supply Company. Mr. Freeman was a man of a most genial disposition. His friends are unnumbered.

There is one occasion which overshadows all others at Wake Forest—the anniversary of the Literary Societies. This year it came on that double unlucky day, Friday, February 13th. "Judge" W. R. Chambers of Buncombe County presided over the debate which was called at two-thirty. "Judge" is a very dignified personage, and piercing the audience with his dark, keen eyes, he told of the wonderful achievement of the societies and some of their urgent needs.

While this eloquent address of welcome was being delivered, the Marshals were busy ushering in such of the Alumni as they could pick out of the snowstorm, and the flushing rosy cheeks of the girls contrasted beautifully with the white fleeces on the outside.

Secretary R. B. Green read the minutes of last anniversary debate and President W. L. Poteat, President F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford College, and Mr. Jno. A. Oates, President of the Board of Trustees, were appointed as judges.

The query for debate was. "Resolved, That the provision of the Panama Canal act exempting the coastwise shipping of

the United States from the payment of tolls should be repealed." Mr. A. O. Dickens opened the debate for the affirmative. He made a good speech and had some forceful argument. Then came the invincible W. W. Walker for the negative, who in a quiet way set forth some strong argument for his side.

By this time the hall was full and the Marshals came in and took back seats. There was a kind of expression of disappointment on their faces; even more than the poor "Newish" who cast a glance out of the windows as the hail pattered against the panes. What could be going wrong? We had been listening to the debate so close, could it be possible that the 13th had brought bad luck. Oh, poor ushers. It is all clear now, there were not enough girls.

Mr. J. M. Pritchard made the second speech on the affirmative. He took the place of Mr. McCourry, who was sick, and had only one day in which to prepare his speech. His hair was standing on end and it was clear that his fighting blood was up. The second debate for the negative is called. A long, slender, lean looking fellow walks to the stand. "Who is he? Can he speak? Where did he come from?" came the whispered question from over the hall. They did not have long to wait, Mr. R. H. Taylor poured such a volley of argument into the room, that the gentlemen of the affirmative pushed back their hair, looked in their papers, whispered to each other, and new fire flashed in their eyes.

The Raleigh Band furnished music and the crowd stood up to rest while the band played. The crowd must have been a little cool and this together made both old and young begin to kindly shift their feet.

The rejoinders were good. here was plenty of "pep." and the audience was attentive. At the conclusion of the

argument the decision was rendered in favor of the negative by a vote of two to one.

At 8:30 in the evening D. M. Johnson, of the Philomathesian Society, delivered an oration on "The Conservation of the Home," and G. C. Pennel, of the Euzelian Society, on "Privilege, America's Greatest Menace." There was not the usual crowd to hear these excellent orations, but the speeches several times brought applause.

At 9:30 the crowd repaired to the Society Halls, where the regular informal reception was held.

The Coburn players will be seen in a series of three performances on the campus of Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C., May 8th and 9th, with matinee on the 9th. They will appear under the auspices of The Shakespeare Club of Wake Forest. The plays which they will present in the following order will be "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice."

One of the noteworthy features of the performances of the Coburn players is the quality of acting by the members of the company. There are no stars, but even the most unimportant part has been most carefully studied and the stage management is simple and effective.

Mr. Coburn has made a great point of the clearness of diction, believing that to appreciate Shakespeare no word can be lost. He insists on this both from the player who has but one line to the most important member of the company. As a result, the performances are exceptionally interesting and enjoyable. The subtleties and fine points of the plays, so often slighted, are brought out to their full value in expressing the ideas of the author. The most striking evidence of the success of this principle is the size of the audiences who greet the Coburn players wherever they appear, and the fact that nearly every university and college in the country has

invited this company to give performances under their auspices.

In keeping with the careful adherence to the text of the plays, is the attention to detail in providing the proper costumes, properties, and scenery. Mrs. Coburn makes this her particular province while the company is not playing, and spends much of her time in her library consulting the various authorities on the subject so that there may be no discordant note in the harmony of the setting.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

It has always been a mooted question in college circles and elsewhere as to whether or not the men who attain the greatest prominence in a college community are equally prominent after leaving college. For years it has been the custom here to select the strongest men in the student body to represent the college at the annual celebration of the two literary societies. The question debated was: "Is Increase of Knowledge past, we feel that a review of the past Anniversaries and those engaged in them will be of particular interest to our readers. The records of Anniversary begin with the minutes of the first debate which was held in 1872. No record of the orators has been found previous to 1894.

The Anniversary of 1872 was the 37th, held by the two societies. The question debated was: "Is Increase of Knowledge Increase of Happiness?" The debaters were: Affirmative, F. R. Underwood and M. D. Burney; Negative, A. R. Jones and R. T. Vann. The President of the debate was J. H. Garvey; the Secretary, R. V. Royall. Dr Vann is now President of Meredith College. The movements of the other participants have been lost sight of.

The participants in the debate of 1873 were unusually prominent. The question debated was "In the career of Napoleon Bonaparte is there more to admire than to condemn?" The affirmative was debated by H. R. Scott, who is now President of the Citizens National Bank of Reidsville and was for years one of the leading members of the bar of the State; and A. Clarence Dixon, who now holds one of the most important pastorates in the world, that of the Spurgeon Memorial Church of London, England. The debaters

on the negative were D. A. Covington and Bruce Williams, both now deceased. Both of these gentlemen while living were numbered among the leading lawyers of the State, Mr. Covington being at one time United States Attorney for his district. The query was won by the affirmative.

The question debated in 1874 was "Which is the cause of more evils, ambition or intemperance?" The speakers were, affirmative, W. H. Connell and L. W. Bagley; negative, J. W. Lucas and Thomas Carrick. Of these, both Messrs. Carrick and Lucas became ministers, while Mr. Bagley was a teacher and Mr. Connell a merchant at Richmond. Mr. Carrick is now pastor of a Baptist Church at High Point.

The debaters in 1875 were, affirmative, Messrs. W. W. Jenkins and J. L. Britt. Mr. Jenkins was for years one of the most prominent members of the Republican party in this State, serving repeatedly as National Committeeman and for twenty years Postmaster at Charlotte. In 1895, on account of failing health, he retired to his home near Wake Forest, where he lived until his death in 1913. The speakers on the negative were John E. Ray, now Superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind, and J. T. Bland, now a prominent lawyer at Burgaw, N. C. The President of this debate was W. C. Brower, of Wake Forest.

In 1876 the speakers on the affirmative were W. Louis Poteat, now President of Wake Forest College, and J. B. Powers, now a physician of Wake Forest. The negative was discussed by Edgar E. Folk, Editor of *The Baptist Reflector*, published at Nashville, Tenn., and C. W. Scarborough, formerly President of the Chowan Female Institute.

At the 42d Anniversary the query discussed was "Was the reign of Henry VIII detrimental or beneficial to England?" The affirmative was discussed by W. L. Wright and J. B. Bunch; the negative by W. E. Daniel and E. B. Jones. Both members of the negative team have since been among the

most prominent lawyers in the State and both have represented their districts in the State senate. Mr. Daniel was formerly solicitor in the first district and Mr. Jones was for years Judge in his district. Both Mr. Wright and Mr. Bunch are now deceased.

The query in 1878 was "Which was the greatest statesman, John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay?" The speakers on the affirmative were J. C. Caddell, now Mayor of Wake Forest and J. R. Ford, pastor of the Baptist Church in Marion, S. C. Those on the negative were N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the Wake Forest College Law Department, and W. N. Jones, a member of the Raleigh bar and a trustee of the college.

The debaters in 1879 were J. F. McMillan and J. N. Holding on the affirmative and E. F. Aydlett and H. Montague on the negative. The last three named of this group all practiced law. Mr. Holding until the time of his death was one of the leading members of the Raleigh bar, Mr. Aydlett is the leading lawyer of the First District, having his office in Elizabeth City, while Mr. Montague, formerly a lawyer in Winston-Salem, is now engaged in the real estate business in that city. Mr. McMillan is a Baptist minister in Robeson County.

The debaters in the 45th Anniversary were C. S. Farriss and J. L. Carroll on the affirmative and W. H. Ragsdale and N. R. Pittman on the negative. Mr. Farriss is now a member of the faculty of Stetson University, while Mr. Carroll is a minister. Mr. Ragsdale is a farmer in Granville County and Mr. Pittman is editor of the *Word and Way*, published in Kansas City, Mo.

The speakers for 1881 were Messrs. W. T. Lewellyn and D. L. Ward on the Affirmative and E. M. Poteat and D. W. Herring on the Negative. Dr. Poteat is now President of Furman University while Mr. Ward is an attorney in San

Francisco. Both Mr. Lewellyn and Mr. Herring are ministers, the latter being a missionary to China.

The debaters in 1882 were, affirmative, W. J. Ferrell, now Bursar of Meredith College, and E. G. Beckwith, now deceased, who was formerly Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Wake Forest College; negative, E. E. Hilliard, now deceased, who was formerly editor at Scotland Neck, and Thomas Dixon, the noted author and lecturer.

The query debated at the 48th Anniversary was "Resolved that Foreign Immigration Ought to be Prohibited." The debaters were L. L. Jenkins and W. F. Marshall on the affirmative and D. M. Austin and H. P. Folk on the negative. Mr. Jenkins is a prominent capitalist of Asheville, and Mr. Marshall is manager of the Mutual Publishing Company, Raleigh. Mr. Folk was an exceedingly prominent journalist until the time of his death in 1885. Mr. Austin is a Baptist minister.

In 1884 the debaters were, affirmative, Frank Dixon, now a noted lecturer, and E. Ward, now a Baptist minister; negative, W. P. Pope and W. P. Morton, both of whom are Baptist ministers, the latter having left the ministry some years ago to become an oculist.

The debaters in 1885 were J. B. Pruette and W. C. Allen on the affirmative and J. L. White and C. E. Brewer. The last named is now Dean of Wake Forest College, while J. L. White is one of the most prominent ministers in the South, now occupying a pulpit in Macon, Ga. W. C. Allen is a prominent educator in the western part of the State.

What is conceded to have been probably the best debate ever delivered at Wake Forest occurred at the 51st Anniversary in 1886. The query was, "Ought Government to Furnish Free Education by Taxation to all Classes of its Citizens." The participants were J. D. Boushall and J. B. Carlyle on the affirmative and Jacob Stuart and W. P. Stradley.



Mr. Boushall is engaged in the insurance business in Raleigh, while J. B. Carlyle was, until the time of his death in 1911, Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College. Mr. Stuart is an attorney at law at Mocksville, N. C., while Mr. Stradley is a resident of Oxford, N. C.

The debaters in 1887 were W. F. Watson and J. W. Lynch on the affirmative and L. R. Pruette and D. O. McCullough. Mr. Pruette is now pastor of a Baptist Church at Charlotte. Mr. Lynch is pastor of the Baptist Church at Athens, Ga., while Mr. Watson is a Baptist minister at Alexandria, Va. Mr. McCullough is a resident of Clinton, N. C.

In 1888 the question discussed was "Resolved that 'Laissez faire' is a false theory of government." The speakers were M. L. Kesler and F. L. Merritt on the affirmative, and R. B. Lineberry and D. A. Davis on the negative. Mr. Kesler is now superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville. Mr. Merritt enjoys the distinction of having been elected to represent his county in the State Legislature before he reached his majority. Mr. Lineberry is now a Baptist minister in Bertie County. Mr. Davis is now deceased.

The debate in 1889 was presided over by ex-Judge Howard Foushee of Durham. The query was "Are the merits of the free school system of North Carolina sufficient to justify the State in supporting it?" The affirmative was discussed by W. C. Dowd, editor of the *Charlotte News*, former Speaker of House of Representatives in the State Legislature and former President of the Baptist State Convention, and J. R. Hankins, now a Baptist minister. The speakers on the negative were J. E. White, one of the most prominent ministers of the Southern Baptist Convention, now occupying a pulpit in Atlanta, Ga., and M. L. Rickman, now a missionary to China.

The following query was discussed in 1890, "Ought the United States Government to have a Railroad Commission?" Those on the affirmative were T. W. Bickett, Attorney-Gen-

eral of North Carolina, and R. L. Burns, a lawyer in Moore County. Those on the negative were J. O. Atkinson, President of Elon College, and E. W. Sikes, Professor of Political Science at Wake Forest College. It will be observed that both of the affirmative speakers became lawyers while both of those on the negative are now educators. The Secretary of the debate was ex-Judge G. W. Ward, of Camden.

At the 56th Anniversary the query was: "Would the adoption of Henry George's single tax theory be beneficial to the poorer classes?" The debators were C. B. Williams and John A. Wray on the affirmative, and J. L. Kesler and J. W. Millard. Mr. Williams is a member of the faculty of Baylor University and Mr. Wray is a Baptist minister in Florida. Dr. Kesler is the Dean of Baylor University and Mr. Millard was at the time of his death probably the most distinguished Baptist minister in the South. The President of the debate was Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, one of the leading surgeons of the South. The Secretary was W. O. Howard, a prominent lawyer of Tarboro who has several times represented his county in the Legislature.

The query discussed in 1892 was "Should the United States annex Canada?" The speakers on the affirmative were C. B. Graves and J. C. Kittrell. Those on the negative were D. A. Bridges and E. Y. Webb. The last three named are all lawyers, practicing in Henderson, N. C., Dallas, Tex., and Shelby, N. C. Mr. Webb has represented his district in Congress for the past twelve years and is one of the leaders of that body.

The query in 1893 was "Resolved that the present influence of capital is not antagonistic to our national prosperity." The affirmative side was composed of R. W. Wheeler and J. D. Robertson. The negative of S. McIntyre and T. M. Leary. Mr. Leary died in the following year, before leaving college. Mr. McIntyre is one of the leading members of the

bar of Robeson County. C. H. Durham, President of the Baptist State Convention, was the President of the debate.

The query in 1894 was "Should the President and the United States Senate be elected by direct vote of the people?" The affirmative were R. L. Freeman and M. P. Davis; the negative, W. H. Sledge and W. C. Newton. All of the last three named are ministers, in Western North Carolina, Macon, Ga., and China, respectively.

The query in 1895 was "Should the House of Lords be abolished?" The speakers on the affirmative were Isaac S. Boyles and Isaac M. Meekins; the negative, John H. Carr and Richard G. Rozier. Mr. Meekins is a lawyer and prominent Republican at Elizabeth City. Mr. Carr is the solicitor in the First District while Mr. Rozier is practicing medicine at Lumberton.

The question in 1896 was "Resolved that the Government should own and control the railway and telegraph systems." The affirmative were W. G. Briggs and A. B. Cannady. The negative, G. N. Bray and Robert N. Simms. Mr. Briggs is the present postmaster in Raleigh and Mr. Simms is one of the leading members of the Raleigh bar. Both of the other gentlemen are ministers.

The query in 1897 was "Resolved that civilization is able to cope with the evils that attend its progress." The affirmative, W. D. Burns and Joel Snyder. The negative, H. H. Mashburn and W. N. Johnson. All of the last three gentlemen are ministers, the latter being the college pastor.

In 1898 the query was "Should all Governmental appointments be made subject to civil service regulations?" The affirmative was represented by Jackson Hamilton and Walter L. Cahoon. The negative by S. S. Burgess and Jesse C. Owen. Mr. Cahoon is an attorney in Elizabeth City. Mr

Owen is a missionary to China while Mr. Burgess is also a minister.

In 1899 the query was "Resolved that Foreign Immigration should be further restricted." Those on the affirmative were W. P. Etchison and A. W. Cooke. The negative was represented by W. A. McCall and O. L. Powers. Mr. Etchison is teaching in South Carolina. Mr. Cooke is an attorney at Greensboro.

The question in 1900 was "Resolved that England was not justified in making war upon the Boers." The affirmative was represented by J. C. Eure and John A. Halbrook. The negative by Horace E. Flack and Roscoe C. Barrett. Both of the gentlemen who spoke on the affirmative are now deceased. Mr. Flack is practicing medicine at Forest City, N. C.

Lack of space forbids carrying the record to the present time, and as those participating in the debates since 1900 have not been long out of college it is thought advisable to close this record with the 19th century.

## ATHLETIC NOTES

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor.

### A Review of the Basketball Season

At the time of this writing (on the eve of the trip) the basketball team has played nine games, seven of which have been won. The games scheduled for January 22d and February 9th, with the University of Georgia and the Virginia Christian College, respectively, were both canceled—the former on account of inability to complete the trip and the latter owing to an epidemic of smallpox in the ranks of the Virginians. The teams which have been defeated are: South Carolina, Elon, Charlotte Y. M. C. A., Roanoke, North Carolina, A. and M., and Trinity. The team has been defeated by Carolina and Guilford. Carolina has already been defeated in a second game, and it is believed that little difficulty will be experienced in handing a similar dose to Guilford when they appear here. The playing of the team has been such as to stamp it as one of the best that has ever represented the college. The passing of the team has been pronounced by competent judges as the best that has been seen here for years.

#### THE ELON GAME.

In the second game of the season, Wake Forest defeated Elon 16 to 15 on the home court. The team was crippled by the absence of Holding, who was the victim of an attack of fever. In the second half Holding entered the game and although he was not in his usual form, was directly responsible for the victory, winning the game on a successful try at a double foul in the extra time allowed for the play off. Tyner was the star of the game in goal shooting, caging four.

## CHARLOTTE Y. M. C. A.

The Charlotte Y. M. C. A. appeared here January 23d, and was defeated 48 to 8 in an easy game. Holding secured six baskets while Tyner and Holding caged eight each. Phil Utley officiated.

## ROANOKE COLLEGE.

In the fourth game of the season Wake Forest defeated Roanoke College, of Salem, Va., 40 to 9. Captain Billings<sup>e</sup> gave a splendid up-the-floor exhibition, caging four baskets in the half in which he played. The game was uninteresting on account of the marked superiority of the locals.

## GUILFORD INVADED.

On the night following the game with Roanoke the team played its first game off the hill with Guilford College, on the latter's court. The contest proved to be a complete victory for Guilford, the final count standing 30 to 13. Accounts of the game attribute its loss in a large measure to the handicap of playing on a strange floor.

## THE FIRST CAROLINA GAME.

The second game of the season away from home, which was played in Chapel Hill February 6th, resulted in another defeat, though by a very narrow margin, the final score being 28 to 24. The game was the most warmly contested in which the team has participated this season. The team passed well and gave a good exhibition, considering the fact of their near exhaustion from a trying cross-country trip. The team did not reach Chapel Hill until after the schedule time of the game and were forced to go directly from their cars to the floor. Although losing the game, Wake Forest led in the number of field goals secured.

## THE A. AND M. GAME.

On the night following the game in Chapel Hill the team met A. and M. in the first game of the series in the city auditorium in Raleigh. Although winning by a fairly close margin, 24 to 15, Wake Forest clearly outclassed the Aggies. The guarding of both teams was excellent, thus accounting for the comparatively small score. Holding led in goal shooting, caging five.

## TRINITY AT HOME.

In the annual Thursday night anniversary game, Wake Forest defeated Trinity, 31 to 23. The game was the best played in which Wake Forest had participated this season. The passing of both teams was of a high order, but the guarding of Captain Billings and Davis proved to much for their opponents. While the entire team acquitted themselves most creditably, Davis was easily the star of the contest for Wake Forest. Captain Siler played one of the best games seen here this season.

## THE TABLES TURNED ON CAROLINA.

Saturday night of Anniversary Week the count in the series with the State University was made one all. The score was 39 to 30. The game was played before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a basketball game at Wake Forest and was one of the most exciting ever seen here. Both teams fouled repeatedly, a total of 26 being called. This game was the most important that the team has won, as its loss would have destroyed all chances for the State championship. Alex Hall made six of the field goals, while three each were credited to Holding and Tyner. Holding secured eight goals from fouls, while thirteen were credited to Captain Long. Dowd, for two years a member of the Wake Forest quint, played a good game for Carolina.

## THE REMAINDER OF THE SCHEDULE.

The annual trip is scheduled this year for the week following the anniversary. The trip this year opens with a game with Elon on the latter's court and includes games with Virginia, V. M. I., and V. P. I. A third game has been arranged with Carolina to be played in Raleigh Saturday night of the same week. This game is the decisive one of the series and will in all probability decide the State championship. The season closes with the last week of February. Trinity will be met in Durham the 23d, A. and M. comes for a game the 25th, and the season closes with Guilford on the home court the 27th.

## BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

Coach Thompson has arrived on the hill and has commenced work though materially handicapped by the condition of the weather. Coach Thompson will be assisted by Dave Robertson, formerly of A. and M., who is now a member of the New York team of the National League. Mr. Robertson will remain here throughout the season, reporting to New York May 20th. The "W" men who have reported for practice are: Pitchers, Captain Smith and Cuthrell; infielders Billings and Stringfield; outfielders, Edwards and Hensley. Among the new men who are candidates for positions on the team are catchers, Daniel, Savage, and Riddick; pitchers, Moore and Huntley (of the 1913 squad) and Franks and Blanchard; infielders, Trust (last year with A. and M.) and Harris, who was a member of the 1913 Furman team, and Holding; outfielders, Ferree, Lee, and Erwe.

## SCHEDULE FOR MARCH.

- March 17—Atlantic Christian at home.
- March 19—Elon at home.
- March 21—Trinity at Durham.



- March 24—Carolina at Chapel Hill.  
March 25—Horner at home.  
March 27—Hampden-Sydney at home.  
March 28—Trinity at Henderson.

MR. CADDELL TO UMPIRE.

The management has announced that Mr. John C. Caddell, Jr., will officiate in the games played on the home diamond this spring. This announcement is very gratifying, as Mr. Caddell is an unusually efficient official.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

Several colleges and high schools have adopted for their magazines the name *Tattler*. The best magazine that we know by this name is the *Tattler* of Randolph-Macon College for women. It always has an attractive cover, and besides, we are not disappointed when we have read it. "The Romance of Big Davis," a story told in Western dialect is well worth reading. The scene is a ranch, and the actors and action are characteristic of such a scene. The interest is kept up throughout the story. The author of "Where College Sometimes Fails," has given an able discussion, out of her own experience, of this subject, on which so much breath has been wasted by modern writers. She has given us something to think about. In "Some Folks' Luck," and "The Life-Motive," we get a picture of life among the poorer classes. In the former we see the jailer's wife following a life of drudgery, in the latter the poor dress-maker living in isolation.

The review of "Thomas Hardy" in the *Mercerian*, is full of information that should interest every student of English. In "Midwinter" we have a description of a bad winter day, which is very appropriate for the season. "The Man and the Woman" is another piece suitable to the season. In it we are told how a girl, who has accompanied her father to the wilds of the Northwest on a hunt, was lost in a snowstorm. Nowhere does the interest fall. But "Chasing the Shadow" is rather disappointing. Not only does the author make several rhetorical mistakes, but he fails to handle his subject as well as Carlyle would perhaps have handled it. Hi-

language is too "high-flown," and part of his sentences have no verbs. "His Red Right Hand" is a very wierd tale, and appeals to our fancy. It gives a glimpse at the base life of the man who lacks a high purpose in life. The *Mercerian* is generally small; yet it usually contains material that is well written.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

(ROB ROY.)

Hair (seeing the dome of the new church)—What are they building that water tank up there for?

Bivens—That is the baptistry.



Soph Edwards—So you are not coming to Anniversary?

Meredith Girl (who has been to Wake Forest just once)—No, they will get tired of seeing me there so much.

Edwards—Yes, that's so.



### BREAKING THE ATHLETIC PLEDGE.

It is a greater dishonor to break the athletic pledge than to cheat on an examination, because when one cheats on the examination nobody's honor is at stake except his own; but when he breaks the athletic pledge, not only is his own honor at stake, but his dissipation may cause the loss of every important game.



Johnny Neal, introducing the Anniversary orator, made the following speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, it certainly gives me a profound pleasure to introduce to you Mr. George Pennell, a specimen of Mother Eu, whose subject for discussion is, 'Menace, America's Greatest Privilege.'"



At Anniversary, several boys formed a snake line and went back and forth through the society halls. They called themselves "stags."



Duke Carter was seen observing a group of girls at the Anniversary reception, and when asked what he was doing, said that he was feeding his eyes.



DON'T MISS IT!—The Coburn Players will act three of Shakespeare's plays on the campus this spring.

## THE VALUE OF GERMAN.

The value of German as a branch of study is no longer questioned. It has become a recognized part of a liberal education. It is claimed that German holds a position of academic equality with Greek, Latin or Mathematics. This claim rests not on the usefulness of this language to couriers, tourists, or commercial travelers, not on its merit as a language, but on the magnitude and worth of its literature, and on the unquestionable fact that facility in reading this language is absolutely indispensable to a scholar, whatever may be his department of study. The philologists, archaeologists, chemists, naturalists, economists, engineers, architects, artists and musicians all agree that a knowledge of this language is indispensable to the intelligent pursuit of any one of their respective subjects beyond its elements.—*Chimes.*



Wanted to know—Why do they call Duncan "Jock?"



Dr. Cullom wants a rabbit painted on top of his head so that he will have a little hare (hair).

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXIII

April, 1914

No. 7

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## THE ENGLISH LOVER

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C. A. MOSELEY.

---

What so pretty as a pitcher  
In the 'ands of laughing Belle,  
Cruel Belle,  
W'en she goes to fetch 'er water  
From the well ?

Envied more is that sweet pitcher  
Than bright gold.  
'Ow I wish I could bewitch 'er  
Little soul!

Grecian woman with a jar  
In 'er arms  
Couldn't 'old a light by far  
To those charms.

'Round my 'eart there is a glow  
W'en I see 'er stoop and blow  
(Sweet I wis)  
To the fairy in the well  
A tender kiss.

## THE CAFE CASHIER AND THE COIN

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Chubby was not bad at heart. He was a victim of circumstances, and circumstances often push one as a chess player pushes his man on the board. So it had been with Chubby. He was reflecting as he sat in the hotel writing room and scribbled on the stationery. Would he always be bad? Would he end his life in some miserable prison?

Chubby sighed and stopped reflecting. He stopped thinking about the future. It is not always pleasant to reflect or to think. Lighting a cigarette, he tossed the scribbled sheets into the waste basket and looked out through the big window. A long line of yellow lights glimmered on the splashy sidewalk. Beyond the lights, on the opposite side of the street was a café. From within the café came the sound of music. Chubby started. A girl, crowned with golden hair, stood outlined against the window. "What a pretty profile!" he thought. He had seen pretty faces often. At the vaudeville, above scant skirts, a face had sometimes caught his fancy for a time. But the face of some companion dancer had usually replaced the impression before the performance was over. And on the street, he had often stopped to gaze at some angel who tripped lightly above and beyond his horizon.

But this face! He had never seen one quite like it. "Of course the girl is the cashier," he decided. Yes, he was sure of it. A sedate individual arose from a table and passed the girl something across the counter. She smiled at him. Chubby gritted his teeth; then he grinned. Was he hit already? A street car disregardingly appeared between the hotel and the café and stopped.

"Believe I'll go over and eat," Chubby soliloquized. "Oh, it's not to see the girl. I'm hungry, anyhow."

He took some coins from his pocket and began counting them. His resources were becoming limited. There was one bad coin among those in his hand. He held it up and looked at it. It was a reminder of his badness, a symbol of all his bitter reflections and forebodings. He thrust it into his pocket; then, counting the others, he decided that he could afford a meal. Crossing the street, he entered the café and selected a seat which by chance enabled him to see the cashier.

When he had finished his meal he picked up the scrap of paper, took two coins from his pocket, and approaching the cashier, handed them to her. She smiled at him. And such a dazzling smile! Chubby went out as from the light of heaven into outer darkness.

Pausing on a street corner, he again counted his coins. Suddenly his heart almost ceased to beat. He had given the cashier the bad coin! Of course he had intended to use it in case of emergency, but give it to that girl, never! Hastily retracing his steps, he reëntered the café with a rapidly beating heart and went over to the cashier's counter.

"Miss," he began in confusion, "I would like to have back one of them coins I give you."

"Why?" she inquired. "How do you know I can find it?"

"It's a—a—a sort of a souvenir," he stammered, thinking rapidly, "and I don't like to part with it. I would know it in a minute," he added eagerly.

She smiled at him again, and opening the cash register took out a handful of coins and poured them on the display case. "I think I put it in this section of this drawer," she said.

Chubby looked through the coins carefully while the girl watched him. But he did not find the bad coin. Some

diners who had finished arose and approached. The girl began taking up the coins.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Indeed, I'm sorry. But my time is not mine."

But she gave him another wonderful smile.

Chubby turned away, sick at heart, and yet with a little glad fluttering within. No one had ever before smiled at him and said, "I am sorry." In spite of his bitter reproaches of his carelessness and his dark forebodings of the consequences, he was happier than he had been for many months. As he went up the street, he was thinking. He would like to linger in the light of those smiles.

"I believe I'll get some work here," he mused, "an' quit this wanderin' around. I like this place all right an' I believe I can turn over a new leaf."

And Chubby went to work. And every night, he went down to the café for the one grand daily meal—and the smile. It recompensed him for the toil, for the monotony of being good, and for the poor breakfast and lunch he ate in less pretentious places. He had really turned over a new leaf.

And gradually Chubby ceased to long for the old life. It was a blissful moment when he handed his scrap of paper and his thirty cents across the counter and received his dazzling smile. A woman's smile has often wrought wonders. Chubby was becoming contented and happy. And yet, one cloud darkened his sky. It was the memory of the bad coin. Was it still in the café cash register, or had it already been handed out among the change of some credulous patron?

One night he was at his usual place in the café. Occasionally he cast surreptitious but admiring glances at the cashier. He was pondering. Should he ask for the privilege of walking home with her. She was off at twelve o'clock.

"Sho's an angel," he declared, "an' I'm afraid she's already

promised. But I mean to know. She's made a man of me, and I'm goin' to make a try for her."

Just then a man approached the cashier's counter. He was stern of visage; one of those precise individuals who count cash twice and act as if wishing for a microscope with which to examine it. As he received his change, he uttered an exclamation.

"Here's a bad coin," he growled, "and being passed by Bright's Café. Miss, I'll see that you lose your job."

Chubby saw the look of dismay on the girl's face. Let the consequences be what they would, he could not keep silent. He hastened toward the counter.

"I give her the coin," he stammered out, "I give it to her. It's not her fault."

The man turned and regarded him sternly.

"You did, eh?" he said. "You are one of 'em? I know your gang. I'll call a policeman and let him take care of you."

The girl started to speak, but the man was outside. Chubby did not move. In a moment, the man returned, accompanied by a policeman. At the sight of that blue-coated embodiment of law and order, Chubby shivered. The picture of the prison loomed up, dark and threatening. The resolutions, the revolution of the past few days seemed overshadowed. The dread of years appeared about to come true.

But the girl was speaking eagerly:

"He gave it to me by mistake. He came back in and said so in a minute. He asked me for it back, but I couldn't find it. He said it was a souvenir, and he was so disappointed when I didn't find it."

"Is that so?" inquired the policeman, turning to Chubby.

"Yes," said Chubby.

"What do you do?"

"I work over on N. Street at Parker's."

The policeman, who was not one of the careful kind, departed, muttering about "a fuss over nothing." And the stern individual, after receiving a good coin, also withdrew, frowning angrily. Chubby looked at the Cashier, more than gratitude in his eyes. He then looked around. No diners were near. The music rolled through the room.

"May I walk home with you tonight?" he asked.

A tinge of red came to her cheeks. Then the smile came.

"Did you want the coin for a souvenir?" she asked.

Chubby hesitated.

"No," he murmured.

"But I do," she said, picking it up from the counter.

"Let me explain—" Chubby began.

"I think I understand," the girl interrupted, "and if I don't, you can explain as you walk home with me—tonight."

## "JOB"

---

ADLAI STEVENSON.

---

### PART I.

"Come in, Peltman, old boy. Pull up a chair. How are you and your girl getting along?"

"I'll tell you Celton, I'm tired of the whole affair. I want to get out of it. You weren't nicknamed 'Job' for nothing. Come, old fellow, and give me some straight advice how to get out."

"Hand me that tobacco," said Celton, "old nicotine does come in handy in cases of emergency."

"Now, Peltman," Job continued, "tell me the exact state of affairs, and I'll see what I can do."

"The facts are these, to make it as short as possible. The girl loves me. But I'm here in college wasting both my time and money; in fact, making a fool of myself, and I want to drop the affair. I have no excuse whatever for doing so, and that's where I want your advice."

"Well, Peltman, you know I'm actually known as a woman hater. I'm accused of courting the ways of solitude, and on all occasions of remaining alone, but I have my opinion on such matters."

"That's just what I know. The boys call you Job, our philosopher. You have read much and know a great deal about the world, and that's why we come to you with our troubles."

"What have you tried?" asked Job.

"I've tried all I know, and finally went to see her to break it up, but only got in deeper."

"Didn't you know that would be the natural outcome? Why, that was the last thing in the world to do. The only

thing I see that you can do is to break up with her entirely, and at once. Just cut it off short. Where does the girl live?"

"She lives right here in town, and that would be a hard thing to do."

"That's the only thing."

"I'll risk your judgment, anyhow," assured Peltman. "Good-night, Job."

"Good-night, Peltman."

## PART II.

"Come in, Sky. Pull up a chair. How's the whole world serving you?"

"I'll just tell you, Job, I've got to quit my girl. I'm studying for the ministry, and she is going to be a trained nurse. I can't see how I'm going to make it rattle. What do you think about it?" And Sky Puell looked troubled.

"Sky, if you can't get that woman to come your way, and if she will be a trained nurse, I think the best thing for you to do is to break up, that's all," answered Job.

"I'll tell you," continued Sky, "that's a ticklish matter, for the girl lives here in town."

"Why, that's all right. Just break off. It doesn't look like she loves you much, or she would sacrifice her ambition for you. You know love means sacrifice."

"That's so. She's already set in her ways, and determined, and like you say, she doesn't love me much, or else I should be able to turn her my way."

"Yes, Sky, that's all I can make of it."

"Thank you, Job. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sky."

And another troubled soul went away pacified.



## PART III.

"Hello, Ike, looks like you got a letter from her," said Job, meeting Ike Stilson on his way from the postoffice.

"Yes, Job, you're right. And do you know it's a letter from that blooming girl right here in town."

"What's the matter now?"

"Come up to my room, and I'll talk with you about it. I need your advice."

"All right, Ike; if I can be of any service to you, I'm ready."

The two were seated in the room.

"Job, I'll just tell you," said Ike, "I love that girl, and I believe she loves me, but I want to break it up."

"That's strange, Ike. It appears to me you'd be perfectly satisfied. What's the matter?"

"The trouble is just this, the girl is all right. She has two sisters, though, who are old maids. They know their sister would marry the first chance she gets, and so they are pushing it. And then the old woman and the old man are urging her on. The way I've figured it out is that they want my girl to marry a college man, and they think I'm their only chance."

"Are they good folks?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it you don't like? It seems to me that where the whole family is pushing it, you'd be satisfied."

"That's just the trouble. I want to be independent in my love-making. And besides, how do I know that the girl herself is really true, when such a condition of affairs prevails in the home?"

"That's so, Ike, and I'll tell you what I'd do."

"What's that?"

"I'd just simply answer that letter by saying that I would

not go with any girl where the whole family was pushing it. That will make her mad, and then you'll have a cause to break up."

"That's so. Wonder why I hadn't thought of just that same thing."

"Well, I've got to go, Ike. Luck to you."

"Same back, old boy."

#### PART IV.

The Baraca reception was in full sway at the Alumni building. Job Celton was sitting over in the corner on the lounge, as usual, courting the ways of solitude. He saw Peltman, Puell and Stilson enter with their girls. They were dressed swell, and the philosopher was just thinking why these boys wished to give up such pretty girls, when Peltman addressed him:

"Mr. Celton, meet my friend, Miss Jessup."

"Glad to know you, Miss Jessup," and she took a place beside him on the lounge.

"You'll excuse me. I'm obliged to meet a friend on the outside right now," said Peltman.

As he passed through the crowd, he winked at Sky and Ike. Sky walked up to them. "Mr. Celton, meet Miss Lane?"

"Glad to know you, Miss Lane. Have a seat with us."

"Thank you," and just as she was seated Sky said:

"Beg your pardon, but I must speak to Peltman a minute."

He just had to wink at Ike as he passed through the crowd.

And Ike and his girl walked over to the lounge.

"Excuse me, Mr. Celton, but meet Miss Finlee?"

"Glad to know you, Miss Finlee."

Ike now had business on the outside, and he didn't have to wink at anybody, and its well for him that he didn't, he slipped through the crowd so hurriedly.

The three struck the little trail to the drug store. They

doped, and then stood on the outside talking about their girls for some time.

They went back in, bought cigars and walked back to the Alumni building, smoking and talking.

The three crowded their faces to the window. Celton was in the middle with Miss Jessup on one side of the lounge, Miss Lane on the other, and Miss Finlee out in front of them in a chair.

All looked at Job, and they almost laughed outright, as they saw him slowly mopping the cold perspiration from his face with his handkerchief.

"I guess that settles it," said Ike, as they scampered to their rooms.

"And I wonder," said Sky, "how the philosopher will get out of that dilemma."

## A PEDAGOGUE'S COURTSHIP

L. ST. CLAIR.

Reuben Judson stood on the front steps of the little Red Bud schoolhouse and watched the last of his pupils go out of sight behind the trees at a bend in the road. Five minutes later he had still not changed his eyes from that clump of trees.

It was nothing new for him to watch his pupils leave the schoolhouse. Indeed he had done the same thing for eight long years, but it had not formerly been his custom to gaze at the trees long after the disappearance of his pupils.

At last, rousing himself from his reverie, he went into the schoolhouse, took up his books, came out, fastened the door and made his way slowly toward his boarding place, mumbling audibly to himself.

"Ebb's got no business writing notes to her and I reckon I'll keep him in again next time I catch him. Now I don't know whether to keep her in or not. I guess I'd love to stay in with her but she might not like me so well. Guess I better not."

He walked in silence a few minutes; then began again:

"Sure, sure, she's fifteen and I've heard of girls getting married at fifteen, and she's so nice, and maybe she loves me a little. Sure I could beat Ebb and he's too young to think about getting married. He's only sixteen and here I am at twenty-eight and I never have tried to get married before. He don't know any of the great love poems or how the hero of the story ought to come in and make love in such eloquent terms that no one can resist."

It was noon on the following day. Professor Judson, or "Rube" as he was familiarly known among his pupils, when out of his hearing, sat in a chair beside his table and eating his lunch. Every few minutes he would steal a sly glance over near the stove where Nellie Ruller was seated with her six younger sisters, also eating dinner.

Nellie was the first to finish eating. She walked up to the table where "Rube" was sitting and said:

"Professor, we are going to have a candy party down at our house tonight and we'd be mighty glad if you would come."

"Oh yes, guess I will, I reckon," answered the confused professor.

Just after the children were called in from the noon recess, Professor Judson looked up suddenly just in time to see a big fat note land on Ebb's desk. There was no mistake as to where it came from. He was puzzled. He had made a rule against writing notes in school. Must he demand the note and keep the guilty party in at recess?

No, that would probably displease Nellie, so he decided he'd better not see it.

Professor Judson finished eating his supper very quickly and asked to be excused. Going into his room he closed the door carefully, went over to his trunk and removing its contents, at last brought forth the object of his search from the very bottom. It was a full dress suit. It was a little wrinkled and somewhat dusty. He began brushing it.

"The folks out here in the country don't know anything about a full dress, but I saw 'em dancing at a big ball on a picture one time and all of them had 'em on. Lueky for me Aunt Lucy sent me Uncle Jim's clothes after he died. Uncle Jim used to be a sport sure enough and he used to wear this.

"Guess I better wear it tonight because I know that little old rascal Ebb is going to be there and I've got to show him I'm not going to have any of his fooling around Nellie because I've got to tell her how much I love her and find out if she'll marry me. I'll bet she won't even look at him after I make my appearance and tell her—let's see, wonder if I've forgot those instructions—let's see."

He picked up a book from the table, read through a page or two hurriedly, closed the book, laid it down again and for a moment gazed at the picture of the two blood-red hearts, pierced by an arrow; which adorned the cover.

"Let's see, I believe this new streaked shirt looks the best. They had on white ones in the picture, but these folks out here won't know any better and I never have worn this green tie. Guess I'll wear that."

As professor Judson emerged from his room he looked proudly around, threw back his shoulders, pulled on his gloves and looked at himself in the mirror that hung in the hallway. He then rolled his bicycle out at the front door and mounted. Suddenly he looked down. There were the tails of his coat resting on the rear wheel. He got two pins and pinned them up.

It was rather dark to ride a bicycle but it was his only method of going unless he walked, and of course he couldn't walk over two miles of rough road on such an important occasion as the present one.

Professor Judson sat over in the corner beside Nellie Ruller. The others had coupled off and were occupied in their respective nooks and corners. Professor Judson realized that the critical moment had arrived. He had looked around. Ebb was occupied with an old home-made banjo over near the door. All the rest were talking in subdued tones which, owing to the music of the banjo, could not be

heard save by those for whom the words were intended. The lamp on the table that sat at the further end of the room had been turned down because it smoked.

Professor Judson thought of the instructions laid down in the book. He leaned over a little closer. His heart began to throb and to rise until it almost choked him. At last he succeeded in opening his mouth.

"Oh Nellie, the stars are so pretty tonight."

"Why, really, I hadn't noticed them, but I thought it was cloudy just before supper."

"And everything is so calm and still and your sweet voice falls like the music of a rippling brook on my ear."

"Oh, Professor, you are just funning."

"The very sight of you fills my whole soul with music such as the angels in Heaven alone can make."

"Professor, I really didn't know you were so funny."

"The stars, the trees, and everything about us tell me that you are made for me. My heart throbs with such love for you as never did human heart before. Now, my dearest little Nellie, won't you consent to make me happy. Won't you tell me you love me too."

"Oh yes, I love you a lot."

"Oh Nellie how you make my heart leap with joy."

The instructions said the arm ought to be slipped quietly about her waist here but Professor's nerve failed at this point and he had to deviate from the instructions a little.

"Nellie, will you marry me?"

"Oh, that's quite a serious proposition, you'll have to give me a few days to consider the matter."

Someone came to the door and announced that the candy was ready to be pulled and those who wished to take part must come at once into the kitchen.

Professor Judson went with a light heart. It was one of

the happiest moments of his life. He pulled candy without thinking about what he was doing. He burned his fingers but he scarcely felt it. Within his heart he was confident that his full dress had accomplished its purpose.

After the candy pulling all were again in the little sitting room. Professor Judson still had everything going his way. He was just fixing the words out in his mind to ask Nellie if she had made her decision.

Suddenly Nellie got up and asked to be excused.

A few minutes later Professor Judson decided he wanted some water and got up to go after it. The back door was half open. He heard voices outside. He stopped and listened.

"And do you know he actually proposed to me?"

"Hurrah for Rube!"

A loud peal of laughter followed.

"Did you ever see such a suit of clothes as that thing he's got on? Why really he looks like the nigger preacher. Those great long claw-hammer things he wears behind his coat are a sight."

"You look at them again when you go back in the parlor."

Ebb picked a few strokes on the banjo and broke out in laughter.

This suggested to Professor Judson that he look at his coat tail. He looked. They were gone, neatly sheared off, probably with a pair of scissors. He began looking for his hat. There it was where he had left it and inside it he found his coat tails.

Outside he mounted his bicycle and rode off hurriedly down the road. The rage and disappointment that boiled within him made him somewhat reckless.

The night was dark but he knew the way thoroughly. Here was the long hill near Nellie's home with the small shallow stream at the bottom.



He did not put on brakes but decided to ride on through the stream instead of getting off and walking through as he usually did.

A few feet from the stream he caught sight of an object between him and the water.

It was too late to stop.

Bump! Splash! The bicycle stopped, the Professor went on.

He hardly knew whether to get up or not.

A loud peal of laughter was heard. This decided the matter.

"Hurrah for Rube," he heard shouted just a short distance up the road.

He looked up just in time to see the dim outline of several boyish figures disappear in the woods.

## THE BETTER REWARD

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I. T. J.

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I labored long to fit the words and phrases  
Into the semblance of a tale complete,  
That some who read might bring to me their praises  
Of that which I had done—a savor sweet.

'Twas not a tale to please those wise, discerning,  
To give the things their squeamish tastes demand;  
But for the common man, who may lack learning,  
This tale was writ—for those who understand.

And if some simple heart that's sad and lonely  
Feels some new thrill, though critics praise refuse,  
I have, in smiles, or, mayhap, in tears only,  
Received the highest tribute I would choose.

## READING BETWEEN THE LINES

A. S. BALLARD.

"It's Friday night, no society, and the finest kind of a time to kick up some fun," said Frank Rowe to two of his companions the other night.

"What can we start that will interest us tonight?" asked one.

"Let's match to see who sets up to the movies," suggested one of the number.

"Not I," said Frank. "I'm broke; besides, I'm tired of going, anyway. Can't we do something else?"

"We might go around and dance a little of that mountain freshness out of Billie Reid," said Jack Hill, who was ever ready to molest a freshman.

"Don't do that," said a fellow who had just joined the boys. "I have just come from Billie's room, and I left him very much in trouble over his biology course. It would be a shame for us to dance him tonight."

"What is the matter with Billie's Biology?" asked Jack.

"The same old trouble that all the 'skiers' have when they come to the study of evolution in the Biological course.

"So it is Evolution, then, that's troubling Billie," said Frank. After thinking a moment he continued. "It's our chance then to have some real fun. We'll go around and explain the theory to Billie, and if our imaginations don't fail us, we'll have him in a short while ready to burn his Bible and join us for anything."

"Good for you, Frank," shouted Jack, "come on, I want to fix the fish story for him."

"No, I'm going to lecture him on the evolution theory," said Frank, making a start for Billie's room, "and if you

fellows will just sanction what I say to lend it color, I'll make it fanciful enough for him."

Billie Reid was a freshman and a ministerial student. He came to college from a remote district of western North Carolina, where the people are simple in their ways and strictly orthodox in their beliefs. Billie had been brought up a staunch believer in the literal interpretation of the Bible; and had been taught to seek there the explanation of all things. If there was anything not explained in the Scriptures it was meant to be a mystery, and he must accept it as such. To seek it elsewhere would be sacrilegious. It was perfectly natural that Billie, just from home and such environment, should have trouble harmonizing biology and theology. However, he was honest with himself and proposed to know the whole truth or at least put forth every effort to know it. This led him to consult several members of the Faculty, and a number of upper classmen, and it was their answers that confused him.

Billie received the boys with genuine mountain hospitality, and in a short while the conversation drifted to the desired subject.

"Well, Billie," said Frank, drawing up a chair and placing his feet upon it in an easy manner, "we have come over to discuss evolution with you, and to try to help you out of your difficulty."

"Thank you, Frank, I will appreciate any help you may give me."

"You are acquainted with the theory, that life began on this planet in the simple form of a little one-celled organism and has developed until today this little animal stands at one end of organic development and man at the other?"

"Yes, I have read Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and that seems to be the theory."

"Then you understand it?" continued Frank.

"No, it is wholly contrary to the Bible story of creation, and I can never accept another in place of that."

"Then you are a hundred years behind your day. Everybody today accepts this theory of creation. You can even read it between the lines in the Bible account itself. If you are going to balk here, how are you ever going to accept the New Theology taught in all the Northern institutions?"

"What is the new theology?" asked Billie.

"It is simply the carrying of the Darwin Theory to its logical conclusion. Instead of accepting man as the highest product of the law of evolution they carry it further and say that the same principle applies to the spirit-world itself. Eternity, they contend, is one continuous process of development. For instance, in organic development, there was first a need for the eye, then the desire, and finally its development, and so on with every organ of the body. Applying this principle now they can account for the development of the soul of man. Man began early in his history to see and actually feel the presence of some greater power than he. Lightning, winds, death, and other physical forces bred in him a fear of some powerful external power. This fear led him, first, to try to appease the supernatural, then later to worship, and finally to trust and depend on it for life after death. With only a physical beginning, man has thus developed in himself an immortal soul, and—"

"Stop," shouted Billie, "do they actually teach this in the big universities in the North?"

"Yes," continued Frank, "and, as I was going to say, just now they finally end up with a beautiful description of two births. The first is the transformation of the inorganic into the organic—the beginning of mortal life. The second is the transformation of the organic into spirit—the beginning of immortality."

"But it is wholly contrary to the teaching of the Bible," said Billie.

"It's like I've told you Billie; you will have to read it between the lines."

"Read it between the lines!" said Billie as he took up his Bible.

Thinking Billie was going to turn to some passage in his defense they all waited results. He quietly turned to the ninetieth Psalm and read aloud:

"Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations," etc., to the end. Then turning to his visitors he said:

"Boys, these are very wonderful things that you tell me. They are too great for my poor untaught mind to grasp. I'm confused. I can't see my way. In such circumstances I always read that Psalm and pray my heavenly Father for light. He has never failed me; so let us now ask his help to understand this mystery." So saying, Billie knelt.

Such a turn of affairs was unexpected and all instinctively followed Billie's lead; but how to escape was the next thought of each as he reluctantly knelt. When Billie was in the midst of his prayer they arose softly and tiptoed out of the room. The unexpressed thought of each, when outside, was:

"What fools he made of us."

## RIVALRS

G. AND IKE.

Jack Card and John Duck were extremely strong on round dances, fishing, oyster suppers, and visiting corn shuckings. But it was an invariable rule with them on all occasions never to arrive until most of the work was done. Although rivals they were friends.

Erma Finch was young, vivacious, and gushing. She was loved by everybody in general and Jack Card and John Duck in particular. Each tried to outdo the other in frequency of visits, in taffy-toting, and holding the highest card in his love chats. Their chances were at par and heroic efforts could move neither's stock either up or down until the night of the Smith annual corn shucking.

Immediately on learning the date of the Smith shucking each began to revolve the wheels of their uppermost anatomy to devise some new and ingenious plan for wholly capturing the affections of the beautiful Miss Finch. Noble minds usually run in like channels; hence both decided that the wisest thing to do would be to arrive at Hatherly Finch's home, and there spend a few precious moments with the idol of their hearts before continuing on to the corn shucking, with bright hopes of having a companion the rest of the way.

Each in his haste not to be left by the other forgot his usual box of candy. When a quarter of a mile on their journey both thought of the candy at the same time. "Jack," said John, "I'll match you to see who goes back after Huylers while the other waits at Idles' store."

"You're on, John, old boy; match this."

John hastened back after the candy. Jack realizing that everything is fair in love and war, only gave Idles' store a

sideward glance and hurried on. John, weighted by lovers' goods, hurried to Idles' store, only to find that his rival had probably meant to wait for him at Erma Finch's instead of Idles' store. He didn't walk. He ran. But in spite of his splendid run, Jack had beaten him there by two minutes.

John knocked on the door and began to work his face into a lovelike smile with which to greet Erma. Jack opened the door and, extending his hand, and with a woebegone expression, said, "John, put your hand there, old boy; I know I ought not to have left you, but it turned out all right any way, for she has been gone to the shucking half an hour. Open that box of candy, I'm about famished. That run got me."

"It did me too," said John.

"In the absence of the daughter let's give the father some of this candy," said Jack.

"That's a fact," said John, "for the way to a girl's heart is through the old folks, and besides the old man is worried about the loss of his Plymouth Rocks and maybe this candy will cheer him up a bit."

They went into the sitting room where the old man was taking his after-supper dose of nicotine.

"Father Finch, have some of this candy." And both extended their boxes.

"Well, naw, fellers, I'm smoking, and gittin' old and besides, I'm worried about my chickens that seem to walk off two and three at a time every night in spite of all the watching that me and the old ommern can do. I allows that they'll git me and the old lady next. You know, fellers, I have offered a reward of twenty-five dollars to the man that will catch whatever it is that is getting my chickens. And that don't seem to do any good. But what worries me most is that Erma tended to them chickens and I had promised her half of the money from 'em."



The rivals began mentally to resolve to catch the thief, each hoping that by so doing he would catch both a thief and win a wife.

John said, "Jack, I'll step to the bend in the road and see if I can hear the folks making much fuss at Smith's, you know there's no use of getting down too early."

John started but turned his steps to the barnyard on hearing a noise in the direction of the henhouse. High hopes arose in his breast of both capturing the thief and capturing Erma Finch.

John stealthily crept to the henhouse door. "By heck," he exclaimed, "The old man either didn't lock his henhouse or the thief has got a key, for here stands the henhouse door wide open. I guess I'll just hide on the inside, and if anyone comes, he'll get caught?"

John Duck being an unsophisticated, innocent village sport, did not know that it was the custom of Hatherly Finch always to take a smoke after supper before going out to lock up his barns and henhouse.

Jack, hearing the same noise, could think of no other excuse for leaving the house, except on the pretext of hunting John, so he decided to tell Hatherly Finch about having left John Duck.

He proceeded to relate to him now how he left John and continuing said, "I suspect that he has gone on to the corn shucking and left me here because I left him."

Jack rushed to the henhouse, and seeing the open door, peeped in and beheld a crouching form inside. "By Gad," he said, as he clasped the lock on the door, holding John a prisoner. "I've got him, I'll go straight to the shucking and propose to her for the thirteenth time, and this will certainly cause her to say 'yes.' Now, I'll just leave this nigger here locked up and go on to the corn shucking and walk back with Erma, propose on the way, and, of course she'll say 'yes,' and

when we get back we'll summon all the family and produce the prisoner."

Jack ran, whistled, shouted, walked and sung on the way to the shucking. As usual, he arrived forty-three seconds before supper was served and managed to look as if he was the champion corn husker of the county, even to the finer details of having corn silks all through his hair, which effect he produced by rolling hurriedly in the shucks as he passed the husking ground. He noticed that John was not with Erma, neither was he anywhere to be seen, which was highly satisfactory to him. He surpassed Napoleon and Jackson in his strategy and maneuvers in endeavoring to be seated beside Erma Finch which he finally accomplished.

Supper over, the crowd began to leave and Jack suggested that they go home, fearing every minute that John would come. He could hardly wait for the couple in front to get ten feet away before he began to relate to her the experiences of the night.

"Erma, I've caught the thief that's been getting your chickens."

"What, you haven't caught the thief, have you!"

"Yes, I've got him locked up in your chicken house right this minute; but he came near killing me. It's a big black nigger and I do believe that he is seven feet high and the strongest man that I've ever encountered. I started out to look friend John and I heard a noise at the henhouse and went out there I met the nigger at the door with a sack full of chickens and I grabbed hold of him and intended to throw him down when he grabbed me in the throat and came near to choking me to death. I thought sure that my last minute had come when suddenly I decided to stick my finger in his eye. It had the desired effect. He turned loose and grabbed my hand, and when he did I soaked him twice so hard that he

will remember it as long as he lives. His eyes rolled back and he looked like he was dying. I quickly tumbled him into the chicken house and it was well that I did, for he jumped at me just as I closed the door on him. I would have called your father but I wanted to wait and let you all be there when I brought out the thief. Now, Erma, you know I have loved you ever since I first placed my eyes on you, now I have risked my life to catch a thief that was stealing your chickens, and I never would have done that if you hadn't an interest in those chickens. Does this not show you that my life was made for you? You are the only girl that I have ever loved and the only girl that I can ever love. Won't—won't—won't you say—yes, Erma?"

"Jack, you are my chicken-hearted boy. I never knew that those chickens would be the means of proving your love for me," she said as she nestled snugly beside him.

The half mile walk home with Erma was short and sweet to Jack as he thought how he would expose the chicken thief. As he neared the gate he said:

"Well, darling, let's go and summon your father and come out and take the thief out of the henhouse."

John, after all hopes of escape from his prison had dwindled away, decided to bide his time and make the best explanation possible of the situation. As he was sitting quietly on a hen nest after what seemed to him hours, he heard a key quietly inserted in the lock and the door swung open. He started up and, thinking it was Hatherly Finch, would have made an explanation when he made out the outline of a form much larger than that of Hatherly Finch. He grabbed hold of the man and tripped him but as they fell he felt some vice-like fingers close on his throat. He struggled but the more he struggled, the tighter his adversary held. He felt that he would die, but his saving point was that he did not lose his

presence of mind. As his dying effort he decided to stick his finger in the man's eye. He did so. Quick as lightning his antagonist grabbed for his eye. And as he did so John Duck, almost strangled, used all his remaining power in one last blow on the jaw. It did the work. He loosened his grip. Another lick laid him out. As luck would have it John had some strong cord in his pocket with which he quickly tied his prisoner.

John crept out of the henhouse for a few whiffs of fresh air. As he was leaning up side of the barn he heard Jack say:

"Well, we'll soon know who the thief is. I'm certainly glad that I came out tonight when I did; for if I hadn't come then, some more ehickens would have left. I know he's here for I took good pains to lock the door on him and as it is a good brick house there was no other way of escape."

John exclaimed, "Yes you locked me up and if it did keep me from going to the corn shucking, it caused me to catch the man that's been stealing these chickens. And he's a whopper, too. It's the biggest nigger that I have ever saw." He then related how he had been locked up, the coming of the thief, and the fierce encounter.

As Jack saw the scorn on Erma's face, he said, "Erma, forgive me for telling you about that fight that never happened. I swear that I didn't know it was John."

But John forgot the misery he had endured as Erma said, "Yes, John, I'll be ready by Wednesday. Shall we have a church wedding?"

## THE CHARM OF THE "BIG SHOW"

I. T. J.

The average college man does a great deal of reading. And not all of this reading is for mere entertainment. *The Review of Reviews*, *The North American Review*, and *The World's Work* in the college reading room are almost as worn and soiled by use as *Hearst's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and the *Strand*. The weeklies, *Harper's*, *The Independent*, the *Outlook*, and the *Literary Digest* are perused as faithfully as is the *Saturday Evening Post*. The athletic page and the pictorial section are not the only attractions of the great dailies. The world of events, especially, the world of political events, possesses a charm for the college man.

This is as it should be. All our nation's history is not centered around the heroes of '76. Neither did the sages of '87, who constructed a constitution out of compromise, complete the record. History is being made every day, history fraught with interest for the young aspirant to knowledge. The college man realizes it. He reads the dailies that no important event may escape his notice. He reads the weeklies for their crisp comment. He reads the monthly reviews, in order to single out the chief things and to add current opinion to current events.

The average college man is a sort of dreamer anyway. At heart, he is an idealist, a reformer. He pictures himself in the future helping to right wrongs, to improve conditions, to blot out evils. If he becomes a preacher, he will preach political righteousness from the pulpit. If he becomes a teacher, he will teach a new generation his ideals. If he becomes a lawyer, he will enter the political arena himself and fight for the reforms in which he believes.

Perhaps this embryo politician dreams first of cleaning up his own county; Chatham or Cleveland, Robeson or Buncombe may be the first goal of his ambitions. But he looks upon those who have gone out as he is going out, and his dreams expand, his horizon broadens as his self-confidence increases. He reads even more diligently than before. It is the lure of the "Big Show" of progress that leads him on.

And the college man is essentially progressive in his views. Youth loves action. Contests on the athletic field are the delight of youth. In football, the man who can carry the ball down the field through the line of the opposition is acclaimed the hero, and the man who does things in the political field, who carries on a brave fight against the odds of conservatism, is the college students' hero also. And the college student pauses in the midst of his admiration for this hero to dream of the day when he, too, can play the greater game.

The "Big Show" has never been more attractive than it is now. Young men are running it; that is, men young in their love of action, with red blood in their veins and new ideals in their hearts. No wonder that there is charm in the "Big Show" for the college man.

I do not intend to eulogize Woodrow Wilson here. But as a representative of the new era, he has done things. College men have been pleased to see a man who has spent so much of his life teaching college men making good, carrying the football down the field. And today, they are reading in almost every newspaper and every journal the record of a year of Wilson.

Then there is Oscar Underwood, one of the younger men with the red blood, who helps to run the "Big Show." We gaze upon his handsome, boyish face in the big magazines; we read his praises; and we hope that some day, he will be the head of the "Big Show."

Let us not forget Bryan. He has more bouquets and brickbats lying around him than any of the great, or the near-great. But he stands out above them all. One of the earliest of my childish memories is that of proudly pinning a big Bryan button on my dress (I wore a dress then). And once, after I had shaken his hand, though I was an insignificant individual among thousands, I hesitated to wash the hand that had grasped his, lest it be a profanation. And I have not outgrown that childish admiration. I know, too, that there are thousands of young men who agree with me there.

Our Vice-President has not allowed his office to obscure his personality. Every young man who contemplates marriage should read his love story. As John Temple Graves says, it is the lyric of the republic. Tom Marshall has not been separated from his wife a single day since their marriage. He would not ride down the Mississippi with President Taft, when he was Governor of Indiana, because Mrs. Marshall could not accompany him.

Then, there is Josephus Daniels. He is helping to run the "Big Show" by "editing" the Navy Department. He has already defied the armor trust, regulated the rules of advancement in rank in the Navy, endeavored to make every ship a school, and established Y. M. C. A.'s for sailors. He is doing things. And he is from North Carolina.

A little man with a big pompadour once spoke for more than twenty hours in the United States Senate. He has talked a great deal in his life. But all his talk has not been in vain. He has made Wisconsin the most progressive state in the Union. He has fought against odds—and won, and today Senator LaFollette has the eyes and ears of young men as have few men in public life.

And there is the irrepressible Roosevelt. True, he is side-

tracked now, down in South America. But he will be back. Whether we agree with him or not, there is much in his character to admire. He is a fighter. In the West fighting for health, on San Juan Hill fighting Spaniards, in the White House fighting for reform, he is the same big, red-blooded, progressive American. He plays an important part in the history of this decade.

These are some of the men who hold the center of the stage in the "Big Show." There are others, big, brave, progressive. In the ideals of these men and their associates, we find much room for hope for the future of the country. We find grounds for the belief that the word *politics* is not synonymous with corruption, and that in the charm of the "Big Show" there is no call away from truth and high ideals.



## AT EVENING

---

E. P. W.

---

The day is done, the sun has set,  
May not our hearts fill with regret  
As we review our actions one by one.

The day is done, the twilight breeze  
Whispers softly through the trees  
While we must dream of battle lost or won.

The day is done, the stars come out,  
To shed their kindly beams about,  
While we behold a day of gain or loss.

The day is done, and have we shirked,  
Or have we, like men, truly worked,  
And like our Saviour nobly borne the cross?

So live that at the close of day  
We'll be found further on the way  
Toward the goal, the hope of every life.

Then there will be no cause for sorrow—  
With glad hearts we'll hail the morrow,  
And each will be a hero in the strife.

## THE PICTURE

L. S. INSCOE.

"Hello, what ails you?" I asked as Paul Blarney, my roommate closed the door with a bang.

"Oh, nothing at all," was his quick answer. His voice seemed a little excited and there was an uneasy look in his eyes.

I concluded that something was wrong, and knowing his disposition I said nothing, but waited for him to explain.

"Have you looked over the January number of *Harper's Magazine*," he asked at length, after having gazed into the grate for a few minutes.

"Yes, but not carefully," I answered.

"Strange to say, in one of the illustrations I found a wonderful likeness of someone I have seen, but I can't recall when, where, or who it is. The picture seemed very familiar or rather the face in the picture was what struck me so. The picture is of a man sitting at a table eating."

"Rather interesting," said I; "quite a coincidence indeed."

He gazed again into the grate and was silent. I waited patiently for him to explain further. He did not speak but sat gazing into the grate and mumbling something to himself about a picture.

After supper he lighted his pipe and puffed away unusually fast and still gazed at the glowing coals in the grate.

Becoming impatient of his peculiar actions I attempted to draw him out but without success.

Occasionally he would rest his head in his hands and close his eyes for a few minutes as if in deep thought, then he would shake his head impatiently and puff away at his pipe again.

I became alarmed at this actions. He usually confided his troubles to me, but now, for the first time, he refused to do so. I had never seen him act so peculiarly.

Sometime during the night I was awakened by a loud noise in the room. I sprang upright in bed. The moon was shining in at the window. The light was sufficient to distinguish a figure standing over near the door with a chair drawn back as if he meant to strike something. I felt for Paul. He was not in bed.

"Paul," I called out loudly, "what's the matter with you?"

At the sound of my voice he dropped the chair quickly and came back to bed.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked again.

"Oh, I was only dreaming."

"But what were you dreaming about to get out of bed and go through such antics as that?"

"Oh, nothing; only I just dreamed of that picture I was telling you about.

"What picture?"

"Oh, that illustration I saw in *Harper's Magazine*."

"Must have been an awful picture."

He did not answer.

The next morning I was sitting in my room studying when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," I called and looked up. A tall, dark-faced man of perhaps forty years or more with a pointed beard and sharp, piercing eyes stepped in.

"Does Paul Blarney room here," he asked.

"Yes, but he is on class just now."

"Can you tell me when he'll be in?"

"I don't know, but I can tell him you want to see him and he will be here almost any time after one o'clock. How about one-thirty?"

"That suits me all right."

"Your name, please, so I can tell him who wishes to see him."

"Oh, never mind the name," and he closed the door.

I heard his heavy footsteps as he descended the stairs.

I got up, went over to the window and rolled up the shade so as to let in more light. As I did so I saw Paul coming up the walk leading to the dormitory.

"Guess Paul will meet the gentleman," thought I.

It occurred to me at the same time that Paul ought to be on class but I thought perhaps the professor was away or had dismissed his class very early.

I did not see Paul again during the morning. He was not at dinner. I thought this strange but thought perhaps he was not feeling well or had some business to attend to which kept him away.

After going to the postoffice I returned to my room. The door was half open. I went in. Paul's trunk was open and part of the contents were scattered over the room. I became alarmed. Closing the door I began examining the things in the room. Nothing had been disturbed save Paul's trunk and its contents.

What had happened? Paul had not been to dinner. His trunk had been disturbed. Then his peculiar actions of the day before, his wild dream about the picture. What did it all mean?

As I stood turning these things over in my mind my eye suddenly fell upon a torn piece of paper on the table. I picked it up and turned it over. There were the unmistakable features of my morning visitor, who had come in search of Paul. That same piercing eye, that same beard, the same features. It was only a print from a drawing but the features were there just as clearly as they would have been in a photograph. I glanced at the top. There were the letters—

PERS MAGAZINE. *Harper's Magazine!* The first three letters had been torn off. Ah! that picture he had dreamed about.

What did this morning visitor have to do with it? Then suddenly I remembered that the visitor must have met Paul as he was going out.

I must make a search for Paul and the strange man.

There was a knock. I went to the door, opened it and looked out. There stood the morning visitor himself! I was dumbfounded. At last I managed to speak.

"Perhaps you can explain to me what all this means," said I, throwing the door wide open.

The man looked bewildered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I explained to him the situation and showed him the picture. He looked at it and shook his head doubtfully.

"I do not know," he answered. "I have only seen Paul Blarney twice in my life that I remember. This morning I saw someone who resembled him coming up the walk as I went out of this building but he turned and ran across to a clump of shrubs.

"The first time I saw him was several years ago. I was at a hotel in Norfolk when suddenly I was awakened by a fire alarm. I rushed to a fire escape and in doing so ran against another man and knocked him unconscious. I took him up and managed to carry him to the fire escape and with the aid of a fireman we reached the ground in safety. It was Paul Blarney.

"I learned the next day that he was in a hospital and in pretty bad condition, so I called around to see him. He was delirious and when I went into the room he jumped out of bed and tried to escape. The nurses caught him and placed him back in bed and I was not allowed to see him again.

"I heard that he was in college here and thought I would call and see him while passing through."

"Ah, I have it," said I. "He is afraid of you and the picture, and that explains his peculiar actions. But where is he now? That was evidently he who ran when he saw you this morning. I left the room at ten o'clock and all this has been done since that time," said I, turning and pointing to the trunk and scattered things in the room.

"Good day, gentlemen," said someone. I looked up. It was the dean. Turning to me he said.

"You are Mr. Blarney's roommate are you not?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"I am looking for him. Professor Bailey told me that he excused him from class this morning because he had a bad headache and I have not been able to get any trace of him since.

"I have just received a telegram from the Chief of Police of F——, which reads as follows:

We have taken in charge a young man who has apparently lost his mind. In a notebook in his pocket we found the name "Paul Blarney," and the name of your institution. Can you give me any information concerning him?

R. P. BUSH,  
*Chief of Police.*

## THE PLAYMATES OF YESTERDAY

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"SKY" P.

---

Oh where are the playmates of yesterday,  
The fellows we knew in school ?  
Oh what has become of the studious ones ;  
And where, oh where, is the fool ?  
Oh what has become of the orator,  
Whose passion it was to recite ;  
And the bashful kid who could speak no piece  
Without succumbing to fright ?  
Oh what has become of the model boy,  
Who was always the teacher's pet ?  
And where, oh where, is the young "tough nut,"  
The one we can ne'er forget ?

The studious one, so we've been told,  
Is driving a hack these days ;  
While the fool owns stock in a bank or two,  
And a railroad that always pays.  
The orator that we knew so well,  
Is clerk in a dry goods store ;  
While the bashful kid that we knew so well,  
Is in Congress ten years, or more.  
The model boy is behind the bars  
For stealing a neighbor's cow ;  
And you ask "What of the young 'tough nut' ?"  
Oh, he is a preacher now.

## "THE WINTER'S TALE"—A POETIC TREATMENT OF LIFE

FRITZ KLEINMICHEL.

In the *Winter's Tale* Shakespeare has thrown wide the floodgates of his genius and lavished his powers of characterization and of poetic treatment of life as in no other play. Disregarding the essentially undramatic nature of the story, as well as its improbabilities, he achieves a matchless triumph of his art in the creation of his two immortal heroines—Perdita and Hermione. Not only that, but his masterful genius flows forth in his conception and portrayal of the pastoral scenes, so fresh, joyous, and free from the artificial conventionalities of the Court.

The characteristics of the play seem to be best summed up in the following criticism of Dr. Furnivall, who says: "The golden glow of the sunset of his genius is over it, the sweet country air blows all through it, and of few if any of his plays is thoro a pleasanter picture in the memory than of *A Winter's Tale*. As long as men can think, shall Perdita brighten and sweeten, and Hermione ennoble men's minds and lives."

Written in 1610 and published for the first time in the folio of 1623, when it is placed the last of the comedies, the delightful play will stand as an enduring monument to the life of its creator, for the materials Shakespeare goes to "Dorastus and Fawnia," a romance written by his old rival and enemy, Robert Greene. Touched by the master-hand of a Shakespeare, this old romance is transformed into a work that will live as long as the language itself.

Not only does Shakespeare here limn two of his most famous female characters, but his freshness of spirit is demonstrated in the creation and portrayal of Autolyces—litera-



ture's most admirable rascal and vagabond. This young rogue dances through the play on "nimble foot" like an Ariel. His songs and witticisms are as an electric current through the play, and serve as his protector from the gallows. He says of himself: "If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth." Like the immortal Falstaff, his vices are more lovable than other people's virtues. He is the personification of those persons at whom we "shake our heads, yet love"! Dr. Furnivall adds: "That at the close of his dramatic life, after all the troubles he had passed through, Shakespeare had yet the youngness of heart to bubble out into this merry rogue, the incarnation of fun and rascality, and let him sail off successful and unharmed, is wonderful."

Shakespeare here resorts to a clever device in jumping a chasm of sixteen years by the use of time. By this device we are suddenly transferred, in the fourth act, to an English sheep-shearing scene with its pastoral beauty and merry-making. Here, for the first time, we are introduced to that noble pair of lovers—Florizel and Perdita. The story of these two lovers, laid amid the rural scenes of old romantic England, call to our minds those woodland and rural sports and pastimes so dear to the imagination of Englishmen. Than the story of Florizel and Perdita Shakespeare never painted anything more serenely beautiful. Mr. Smeaton says: "No finer nor fairer pair of lovers strays through the golden glades and the flower-gemmed fields of Shakespearean romance." What an honor Perdita turns out to be to her queenly mother who feigns death for sixteen years to save her child from disgrace! Reared amid the dales and dells of the country her life is as sweet and pure as the morning dew.

In the character of Florizel, Shakespeare has given us a true and noble prince who shines as a star of the first magni-

tude in the sky of Shakespearean characters, a prince of noble birth yet instilled with principles so worthy and true that love converts him into a voluntary shepherd. We question the sincerity of his words when he says, speaking to his disguised father:

"Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch  
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love."

Yet when ordered by his father to cast away this innocent shepherdess or forfeit his rank as a prince, how firm he remains to the above declaration! He is willing to desert the honor and pomp of prince to win Perdita, whom he has so honorably wooed, thus proving the absolute sincerity and nobility of his nature.

Kreyssig adds: "Florizel's whole character represents the sovereign power of true genuine lover over the external forces of the world. Not for an instant do the thoughts of his birth, of his rank, of his duty to his father and country in the future make him waver in the choice he has made for life."

As in *Cymbeline*, so here reunion is accomplished by a marvelous series of accidents. Florizel's father finally becomes reconciled after he sees the determined mind of his son and the two lovers are joined in the peaceful bonds of matrimony "amid the paternal benediction of both fathers." After sixteen long years of grief and atonement for his wife and child whom he has long since realized that he punished undeservingly, the longing of Leontes is at last gratified in the resurrection of Hermione and a joyous reunion of all. Thus ends the story of the *Winter's Tale*, at a time when the soul of the avenger was ripe for repentance. Leontes has now realized that the true "ideal of kingship is the kingship of self-control carried into all the duties, relations, and offices of life."

## AT A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

---

A. L. DENTON.

---

This mossy stone, dead turfs, and clay  
Mark out the couch where sleeps today  
Some hero of the Southern gray.

The storm has past, the strife is o'er,  
He'll hear the battle cry no more,  
Nor clank of steel nor cannon roar.

He spent his days of hardihood  
For common cause and common good;  
Now let him rest, for rest he should.

Here once he strove, in uniform,  
Through tumult, dearth and death and storm  
While human blood ran deep and warm.

The moon and stars above him brood  
And shed their beams in gratitude  
Upon his cavern couch and rude.

Then let him slumber on and rest  
Until a breath from heaven's breast  
Shall waft him on its golden crest

Beyond the light of moon or star—  
Before the great celestial bar,  
Where deeds are judged for what they are.

## DUTY VERSUS LAURELS

C. A. MOSELEY.

"And so you march tomorrow."

Clelia Hampton laughed brightly in the face of the war clouds that were gathering over the valley of Virginia. She addressed this remark to two young Confederate officers who in bright, new uniforms had called upon her.

"Tomorrow at 6 o'clock," replied captain McDonald. I received my orders this morning. I suppose you'll be down to see us off, Miss Hampton."

Clelia laughed again. "Yes," she said, "I'll be down. I wouldn't miss seeing our heroes depart for anything in the world. But come, Lieutenant Scott, why aren't you saying anything."

"I was listening to your voice," said the gallant Lieutenant with a profound bow.

"Flatterer," Clelia stamped her foot and made a pretty show of anger. "Let's walk in the orchard," she continued, "I like to smell the odor of the spring blossoms."

She led the way into the orchard and sat down on a bench. The two officers sat down eagerly beside her. They were both desperately in love.

"Shall we talk about the war," interrogated Clelia, playing havoc with her blue eyes.

"I can't think of anything but Cupid when I'm around you," said the lieutenant with a mock sigh. He bowed again profoundly.

Clelia stopped up her ears with her hands. She colored. "Lieutenant Scott, you displease me," she said, smiling. "I'm sure Captain McDonald wouldn't say such a ridiculous thing."

"If I only knew how," stammered the poor captain. He bit his lip. He thought to himself, "What chance have I got against this dashing, handsome young fellow?"

Even while he laughed the lieutenant was revolving this thought in his mind: "What chance have I got against this serious man of solid parts?"

Clelia was gazing into the distance with dreamy eyes, her chin resting on her hand.

"I can't realize we are going to have a war," she said. "It all seems like a dream. Only a few months ago we were wrangling about slavery and states' rights. Then South Carolina seceded and Fort Sumpter was fired upon. And now," Clelia went on breathlessly, "all the South is in arms, companies are being raised, and you and father are going to the front. Oh, I wish I could go to war," she ended impetuously.

"You will go in my heart," said the lieutenant.

McDonald bit his lips. Clelia reproved Scott with a glance. She continued. "I'm so glad the war has come. I've been terribly bored for the last few months."

"Glad?" ejaculated the Captain. "Why, my dear young lady, you cannot desire this war. Think of those who will be killed and the blood that will be shed."

Clelia was highly displeased at being called "a dear young lady." "You are afraid," she said, tossing her head.

"I shall do my duty," said the captain laconically. He felt angry with himself. He knew that he was antagonizing Clelia.

Clelia turned to Scott. "And what do you think?" she said.

"I say let the war come." The young lieutenant rose to his feet, his eyes sparkling. He placed his hand on his sword.

He continued, "The South will be victorious. "I feel it in my heart. We shall sweep the Yankees before us like chaff and advance on Washington. What can stop us! Our Southern manhood is invincible."

The young soldier ceased speaking but his eyes continued to glow. McDonald's massive head was bowed. He was gazing reflectively on the ground. Clelia clapped her hands.

"Bravo!" she cried. She favored Scott with a dazzling smile. Then, after a short pause, impetuously, "I could marry the man who would capture a Northern standard."

"I take up the challenge," said Scott.

"And I, too," said McDonald.

Clelia began to laugh. "Oh, I wish I could go to war," she repeated. She rose and the two officers escorted her up the path which led to her home. Below could be seen the small town of Ridgeworth and the white tents of McDonald's company which had been recruited in the vicinity. The young girl and the two officers began to realize that they had been play-acting and became somewhat dissatisfied with themselves.

That night Clelia bade the two officers goodbye, leaning over the gate, a rose in her hair and a soft color in her cheeks. They went galloping off down the road. When they glanced back she had not moved. After a short while she went slowly back to the house, humming a gay air. Did she hope that one of these men who had just galloped into the darkness would lay a Northern banner at her feet? Only Clelia knew.

## PART II.

It was the eve of the battle of Bull Run. The Confederate and Union troops were encamped at a short distance from each other, nervous, eager for action. Now and then an orderly would come galloping down between the rows of white tents, ride up to the officer of a command, salute, deliver

his orders, and wheeling his horse, go galloping off again. Towards evening campfires were lighted and the odor of cooking rose upon the air. Soon supper was over and the buzz of conversation began to be heard. Songs were sung gaily and jokes laughed at with boisterous merriment. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch; but the very height of spirits showed that there was a nervous undertone running underneath. Every soldier realized that, though glory and action were at hand, death was also hovering near. Darkness soon fell; conversation was protracted a good deal longer; finally that ceased, and nothing could be heard but the tramp of the sentries and the breathing of an army waiting for the dawn to commence battle.

In his tent by the feeble flicker of a candle, Captain McDonald was gazing at a picture. As he looked at it his jaws tightened and he clinched his hands. Did he imagine himself leading an irresistible charge and grasping a Northern banner? After a short time he put the picture in his inside coat pocket and stepping to the door of his tent, with folded arms, gazed out over the white tents. He was brought down to earth from his reverie on seeing Lieutenant Scott standing in his tent door in the same attitude as himself. For some reason this irritated McDonald. He went back into his tent feeling dissatisfied. As for Scott he wrote a poem full of glowing metaphors to Clelia which he intended to have published in the *Ridgworth Journal* immediately after the battle.

Sabbath morning, July 21, 1861, dawned clear and beautiful. Soon the two armies were in action and the roar of artillery could be heard for miles around. General Jackson, holding the key to the Confederate center, was hard pressed. Behind his artillery lay his prostrate regiments. He, himself, calm and unmoved, rode along his lines encouraging

his men. McDonald and Scott, at the head of their company, were waiting impatiently for a chance to go into action.

Masses of Union troops continued to concentrate before Jackson's position threatening to surround it. Realizing that something decisive had to be done, Jackson cleared away his artillery and gave the order to charge. The long-suffering Confederates leapt to their feet and with a loud cheer charged the Federal line with fixed bayonets. The Federals on receiving a volley at short range turned and fled. McDonald and Scott at the head of their company saw a Union standard fluttering a little to one side of their line of advance. Scott impetuously rushed toward it. McDonald hesitated. The vision of Clelia's laughing face rose before his eyes; he quitted the head of his company and sprang after Scott. A little band of Union soldiers had rallied around their regimental colors. Scott and McDonald threw themselves upon these furiously. They cleft their way through all resistance. Scott was about to grasp the standard when he felt himself crowded to one side. He seized a soldier by the arm. McDonald turned and they glared furiously at each other, the passion of battle in their eyes, the thunder of artillery around them. When they turned the coveted prize had fallen into the hands of a Confederate soldier. They returned to their company, crestfallen.

That evening, they were both arrested and deprived of their rank as officers for neglecting their command. The hearts of both were filled with bitterness. Their hopes of glory seemed ended. Scott stood the irksome duties of a common soldier for two days. Then one night he deserted.

Scott now led a vagabond life, hovering around the Northern and Southern armies. He did not descend low enough to become a traitor. Perhaps it was the memory of Clelia that saved him. His actions resembled those of a spoiled



child. He felt in his heart a great bitterness against the Confederacy which had deprived him of his young dreams of glory. Sometimes, lying on his back in the woods, he dreamed of rejoining the Southern army incognito and covering himself with glory. But now he was afraid to return. Court martial stared him in the face. He was something of a poet. He got into the habit of sentimentally composing sonnets which he jotted down in a note book as he wandered around, ragged, unkempt, leading a precarious existence. Happening to pass by a thicket of reeds one day, he cut a reed and fashioned it into a crude fife with which he whiled away considerable time, strolling along creek banks and piping with rough modulations. How he managed to avoid capture or taking service is more than I am able to explain.

## PART III.

The battle of Chancellorsville was in progress. On a small eminence near the field of battle Scott was lying, blowing his fife and watching the moving armies. Below him a brigade, regiment by regiment, was filing past to take up a new position. The soldiers marched with firm, even tread. The roar of battle sounded in his ears. Suddenly he felt violently dissatisfied with his mode of life. For half an hour he struggled with himself, gazing at the clouds of smoke rising from the battlefield. He glanced down upon the ground and saw a colony of ants working busily. One ant was struggling along with great difficulty, dragging a large morsel in its mouth; another ant came to its aid and they pushed the morsel forward rapidly. Scott gazed at this spectacle a long time, in a reverie. At length he rose up with a determined air, took his fife and broke it on his knee, flung his book of verses away, and descended the hill. At the base he picked up the musket of a fallen soldier, threw it across his shoulder, and joined a regiment. The soldier next to

him spoke. He turned and looked into the face of McDonald, greatly changed. They both recognized each other and shook hands cordially, a certain sweetness emanating from their roughened countenances. At this moment an order for a general charge was shouted along the ranks. The soldiers began to fasten on their bayonets. At another command the whole regiment was in motion, yelling like mad. As it emerged from cover a terrific fire was poured into its ranks; the gaps were closed up, and, with fixed bayonets, the Confederates hurled themselves on the enemy. The Federals gave way. McDonald and Scott, fighting side by side, saw a Union standard directly in front of them. They pressed forward, the enemy falling back slowly. A bullet struck the standard bearer; he fell; the flag tottered, hung for a moment over the heads of McDonald and Scott and fell with a swish between them. Neither one reached out a hand to grasp it; but pressed on in pursuit of the enemy. Each had had a new vision—duty.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later the *Ridgeworth Journal* commented on the gallantry displayed by McDonald and Scott at the battle of Chancellorsville. But Clelia did not read it; she was busily engaged in hospital work at the front. She, too, had answered the call of duty.

## A VIOLET SONG

C. A. MOSELEY.

I am a violet  
Not in a hothouse set,  
But out under the welkin blue  
Where the flowers are blooming anew.

Yester morn  
I was born  
Of a clod,  
My father, God.

In the morning fresh and sweet,  
I look up the rising sun to greet.  
Ah! he kisses me with rapture,  
As if my heart he would capture.

I smile, I blush,  
I droop. A thrush  
Sings sweetly,  
Sings sweetly.

I dance, I bob, I frolick,  
With the green grasses I rollick.  
A fairy kisses my blue eyes,  
Bluer than blue summer skies.

Though I am coy  
I am full of joy.  
Oh! my heart's glad;  
Who could be sad?

When the swallows dip and skim  
Through the sweet, fresh air with vim,  
And the sparrows never stop  
Their chattering on yon housetop,  
And the fresh green grass so wild,  
Smiles and plays like a fairy's child.  
And, perhaps, with no mishaps,  
When the flowers have on their prettiest caps,  
Some lover on a sweeter quest  
Than ever knight was pledged at king's behest  
Will spy me and will pluck me  
To pin upon his mistress' breast.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

Our "Mothers'  
Number"

In view of the fact that the first Sunday in May is the national Mothers' Day, we have decided to make our last issue of the STUDENT for this year a Mothers' number. Our plan is to make it up of appropriate selections together with poems, essays and fiction, by students, of which mother and motherhood shall be the themes. In addition there will be considerable space devoted to a department set apart for brief appreciations

of "Mother" by any of the student body who will contribute, and we hope every one will. We are planning to have a copy sent to every mother who has a son here; so we hope the fellows are going to rally to our support and make it of unusual interest.

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**Neglected  
Essentials**

In our last issue appeared a communication in which one of our contributors deprecates the fact that so little work in English is required in colleges and universities. We agree with him; but what we want to register a kick against is the quality of English instruction dealt out by most high schools. The fact that so many men come to college who can not spell, and who are ignorant of the simplest rules of grammar and syntax, such as paragraphing, punctuation and even capitalization, convinces us that the emphasis is not being put in the right place. We are inclined to believe that there is too much haste on the part of most high school teachers to get away from the essentials and devote too much time to critical analysis of the classics. Now we would not minimize the importance of reading. High school boys and girls should do lots of it; but only to the end of creating a taste for literature, with some attention to style and structure. Writing will impress more principles of syntax on the mind of the student in the course of the preparation of one theme than he will get by reviewing it five times in the course of as many reading lessons. In fact it is the laboratory work of any language course, and should not be neglected.

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**Information  
Wanted**

We have a very inquisitive turn of mind, the reason being that there are so many things we do not know and lots that we see we don't understand.

Now this is what we want explained: For three years, on

as many days each year as there are public services in the chapel, unless it was raining hard enough to drown ducks and bullfrogs, we have been seeing a crowd of young men, students mostly, line up on one or both sides of the chapel entrance at the close of services, something like we have seen innocents from the country crowd along the curb to witness the parade when the "cirkis" comes to town. Honest, we don't understand it. Will some one kindly explain?

But we have a speculative turn also—most inquisitive people have—and have spent some time trying to coax our imagination to form an explanation of this habit of the fellows. We have thought that possibly the boys, gallant as they are, fear the ladies might slip on the pavement and need assistance, or that there is a large number of us who are unusually interested in the styles of feminine apparel, or that they wish to display an array of handsome faces for the benefit of the ladies, but we have not been able to reach any satisfactory conclusion. If any one can satisfy our curiosity it will be highly appreciated and rewarded with one of our best three-for-five cigars.

We learn, by-the-way, that most of the ladies of the town are as ignorant of this as we are, and are as eager for an explanation.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

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R. F. PASCHAL

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Mr. Clarence H. Poe, of Raleigh, filled the pulpit here Sunday night, March 15th.

Dr. W. L. Poteat returned from a ten days trip to New York, Wednesday, March 4th.

Dr. E. W. Sikes went to Durham, March 14, to serve as judge of the Trinity-Washington and Lee debate.

Dr. W. L. Poteat and Prof. J. B. Hubbell represented the college at the organization of the Wake Forest Alumni Association of Johnston County at Smithfield, March 4th.

After the concert given by the Wake Forest Glee Club at Lumberton Friday night, March 6th, the Wake Forest Alumni Association of Robeson County was organized. Besides the Glee Club, Dr. J. H. Gorrell was present.

A ten days revival was held in the college chapel beginning March 1st. There were 31 additions to the church. Dr. Pickard of Savannah, Ga., preached for the first week, but was then compelled to leave to meet another engagement. We feel that this revival did a great good to the college and the community.

Prof. J. H. Highsmith went to Burgaw, N. C., February 21st to deliver a lecture before the County Teachers' Association. On February 26th he went to Rockingham where he delivered a series of lectures before the Sunday School Institute and on March 13th he delivered a lecture before the Craven County Teachers' Association at Dover, N. C.

The Glee Club returned home March 8th. They gave a concert in Wilson, March 2d; Goldsboro, 3d; Fayetteville,



4th; Red Springs, 5th; Lumberton, 6th; and Rockingham, 7th. They dined at the Yarborough in Raleigh Monday and the whole club had a most enjoyable trip except W. G. Dotson, who had to return to the college in the midst of the trip because of mumps. There were good crowds out to hear the concerts and consequently the trip was a financial success. The club will give concerts in Henderson and Louisville the latter part of April.

The Coburn players will be with us next month and every boy in college should see all three of the plays which they will give on the college campus May 8th and 9th. The plays will be presented in the following order: "The Taming of the Shrew," "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice." It is very seldom that we have the opportunity of seeing these plays.

We are expecting great things of our debating teams Easter. In the contest with Davidson Wake Forest will be represented by J. M. Pritchard and E. P. Yates with J. P. Mull as alternate. In our contest with Baylor University Carey J. Hunter and E. B. Cox will represent the college. We are one and one with Baylor and the tie must be broken at Macon, Ga., Easter Monday. Davidson won from us last year but we are going back to Winston-Salem with a determination to win. We have two strong teams and no effort is being spared to uphold the record of the college.

The North Carolina Baptist Men's Convention met in Durham March 17-19th. Quite a number of the most influential Baptists in this State and some from adjoining states took part in the very interesting program. Wake Forest was well represented. President W. L. Potat, Drs. Chas. E. Brewer and E. W. Sikes, and Prof. J. H. Highsmith delivered addresses. The music was led by Dr. H. M. Potat.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'81. Hon. Charles A. Smith, of Timmonsville, S. C., the present Lieutenant Governor of the Palmetto State, is a candidate for the Governorship, subject to the action of the Democratic primary of next August.

'93. Hon. Oscar P. Dickinson, Mayor of Wilson, N. C., and a member of the law firm of Barnes & Dickinson, was married February 15th, to Miss Daphne Lamm, of Wilson. Mr. Dickinson is a former president of the General Alumni Association.

'98. Mr. Thomas N. Johnson, who is well remembered by his brilliant record in college has been very successful in his law practice at Lumberton.

'00. Rev. B. G. Early is now the pastor of the Baptist church at Beulaville.

'04. Mr. Benj. W. Parham is now practicing law at Thomasville.

'10. Mr. Hubert Peele is now the editor of the *Advance*, published at Elizabeth City, N. C.

'88. Hon. Claude Kitchin will be, almost beyond any doubt, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and Democratic Floor Leader in the House of Representatives. The fact that Mr. Kitchin will so soon succeed to the "second position in the ranks of the Democratic party" has called forth two very complimentary articles concerning him by John Temple Graves and Samuel G. Blythe which appeared in the April number of the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Saturday Evening Post* for February 28, respectively.

'96. Mr. R. B. Powell, who moved to Silver City, New Mexico, some time ago, has made that his permanent home.

'12. Prof. H. T. Hunter, who has been the Principal of the Southside Female Institute for the past two years, has met with marked success. The school is to have a large new building for the next session.

'12. Professor A. J. Hitchins has become a member of the faculty of Yanceyville College at Burnsville, N. C.

'12. Prof. M. A. Huggins is Professor of Latin and Greek at Union University at Jackson, Tenn.

'84. Ex-Governor William Walton Kitchin has formed a law partnership with Judge Manning, of Durham, with offices in Raleigh.

'92. Dr. William R. Cullom, Professor of Bible at Wake Forest College, will receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Richmond College at the next commencement exercises of that institution. Dr. Cullom holds the degree of Doctor of Theology from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

'12. Rev. S. C. Hilliard, who accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Lawrenceville, Va., immediately after graduation, has been very successful in his work there.

'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten, of Chadbourn, has been appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction in Columbus County and has made an enviable reputation in this capacity.

'80. Col. H. Montague of Winston-Salem, has recently published "The Sayings of Josh Billings." In the last issue of the *STUDENT* it was incorrectly stated that Colonel Montague had abandoned his law practice to go into the real estate business. Although interested in the real estate business Colonel Montague still has one of the largest civil practices of any attorney in Forsyth County.

'93. Congressman E. Yates Webb, of Shelby, who is the ranking Democratic member of the House Judiciary Com-

mittee, was chairman of the subcommittee that took testimony in the hearings of the impeachment charges made against Judge Emory Speer of the Federal Court. Mr. Webb's manner of conducting the proceedings attracted much favorable comment from the press.

Prof. F. M. Manning is teaching in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Talladega, Fla.

'91. J. M. Parrot, M.D., of Kinston, N. C., has specialized in surgery and has become famous in his chosen field.

Rev. C. F. Blevins is pastor of the Baptist Church at North Wilkesboro, N. C.

Mr. U. E. Swann has accepted a position in the Bank of Beaufort at Beaufort, N. C.

Mr. W. E. Ellis is Cashier of the Southeastern Insurance Company at Cheraw, S. C.

The members of the Law Class who received their licenses at the last term of the Supreme Court are located as follows: D. B. King with Mr. A. A. F. Seawell at Sanford, N. C.; L. M. Kitchin with Mr. A. P. Kitchin, Scotland Neck, N. C.; H. P. Taylor with Col. Fred J. Coxe, of Wadesboro, N. C.; L. F. Kluttz with Mr. A. G. Whitener, Hickory, N. C. Mr. H. B. Hannah is practicing independently at Siler City, N. C., and Mr. W. A. Morris has accepted a position temporarily with the United States Postoffice at Winston Salem, N. C. Messrs. G. M. Edwards, G. B. Rowland and D. R. Jackson have returned to college.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor.

## A REVIEW OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON.

The 1914 basketball season, while including a disastrous trip through Virginia, was on the whole one of the most successful experienced by any quint in recent years, the team having won indisputable championship honors. The important series were, of course, those with the University of North Carolina, Trinity and the N. C. A. & M. The series with Carolina consisted of three games, one on the floor of each team and the third on the Auditorium court in Raleigh. The game on the rival court was a defeat while Wake Forest won the other two. The A. & M. series was a double victory for Wake Forest while in the go with Trinity each team was successful on its own court. Of the seventeen games played Wake Forest won ten while seven of the eleven games with State colleges were victories.

## THE PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM.

Regarding the personnel of the team there is much yet little to say. Of course, on a team that displayed the class of ball put up by Wake Forest in the last season, the ability of the individual players is necessarily of a high order; but at the same time the feature of the work of the team during the past season was not the playing of any one player or any group of men but the work of the team as a unit. Those who received letters were Captain Billings, and Davis, Guards; Tyner, Center; Holding and Hall, Forwards, and Hensley, Substitute. All of these men displayed the same brilliant

quality of ball that has distinguished their work in the past, for a singular fact about the 1914 quint was that not one of its members enjoyed the privilege of membership in the mighty Freshman Class (Newish Historian, take notice!). Holding and Hall, when not busy at something else, found time to cage the ball sixty-six and sixty-two times, respectively. Holding, as last year, did the great bulk of the free shooting. Tyner at Centre displayed an unexpected strength and was easily the superior in every game save one of the entire season. Hensley, who did most of the gap filling when either guard was off duty, showed that he possessed the goods which will in time make him an exceedingly valuable man, while both of the regular guards—but let me anticipate.

#### COACH CROZIER.

The 1914 quint was the ninth that has represented the college under the guidance of Mr. J. Richard Crozier and again, perhaps more strikingly than ever before, he has shown that he is well worthy of the confidence bestowed in him and fully able to perform the task imposed upon him. The problem presented to him this year was somewhat complex with a bad gap left in the team from the previous year and, as we have said, not a single member of the Freshman class showing varsity form. The result speaks for itself.

#### CAPTAIN BILLINGS.

The 1914 quint was headed by Mr. Gilbert M. Billings, of Raleigh, the same individual whom it seems to us we have some faint recollection of having been connected in some capacity with the 1913 baseball team (water boy or something of the kind, wasn't it?). Captain Billings has proved his ability to be a leader in name as well as in fact and in no small measure is the success of the quint due to his magnetic personality and leadership. Incidentally, he played a good,

hard, consistent game at guard and managed to cage nineteen goals without at any time endangering the basket he was guarding. The 1914 quint is the third college team that Mr. Billings has led and all have met with singular success. "All honor to whom honor is due." Hats off to Captain Billings!

#### THE TEAM TENDERED A RECEPTION.

Tuesday evening, March 10, the basketball team was tendered a reception in honor of having won the state championship. The letter men unanimously elected Mr. G. Hamilton Davis, of Wake Forest, Captain of the 1915 quint.

#### THE NEW LEADER.

Mr. Davis has just rounded out his second year on the team and will receive his B. A. degree at the next commencement. Besides being one of the most brilliant guards ever developed here he enjoys the distinction of being the youngest man in the present Senior class. He will return next year to take up the study of Medicine and thus will have two more seasons on the team. Besides being a brilliant player, a hard worker and a close student of the game, he is well equipped to take up the duties of Captain and we predict for him and his team a most successful season.

#### A WORD ABOUT THE FUTURE.

Of the six men of the 1914 team Tyner is the only one who will be lost by graduation. The two forwards, Holding and Hall, have both seen two years of service and are both members of the Sophomore Class. Hensley is another Sophomore, while Captain Billings and Captain-elect Davis have one and two years left, respectively. Thus it will be seen that the 1915 season will find a veteran team with one position to be filled besides an abundance of excellent scrub material from which to draw.

## A NEW MANAGER ELECTED.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association March 13th, nominations were entertained for a successor to Manager H. H. Cuthrell. Those nominated were Mr. C. W. Carrick of High Point, the Assistant Manager in 1914, and Mr. Davis A. Robertson, of Portsmouth, Va., Assistant Coach in the football and Baseball Departments. Both are members of the Junior Class, the former being registered for an A. B. degree and the latter a student in the Medical Department. At the subsequent election Mr. C. W. Carrick was elected.

## BASEBALL.

The basketball season is a thing of the past. All eyes are now turned towards "the only game." Though severely handicapped by the weather conditions Coach Thompson has things in good shape. Of course no definite selection of a varsity has been made at this writing but it is certain that it will come from the list published in these columns in the last issue. The schedule for April:

- April 1—Hampden-Sidney at home.
- April 4—N. C. A. & M. at Raleigh.
- April 7—North Carolina at home.
- April 9—Davidson at home.
- April 11—North Carolina at Raleigh.
- April 13 (Easter)—N. C. A. & M. at Raleigh.
- April 16—West Virginia at home.
- April 18—Winston-Salem at Winston-Salem.
- April 20—South Carolina at Columbia.
- April 21—South Carolina at Columbia.
- April 22—Gordon at Barnesville.
- April 23—Gordon at Barnesville.
- April 24—Davidson at Davidson.
- April 25—Davidson at Charlotte.
- April 29—Trinity at home.



## THE ELIGIBILITY QUESTION.

There has been for some time a discussion of stricter eligibility rules among the several institutions of North Carolina, a discussion which as agitated by a real need. At the solicitation of *The Raleigh Times* a meeting of representatives of the leading institutions in the State was held and a set of rules proposed to the various colleges. These rules have since been adopted unconditionally by A. & M. and Elon, and by Trinity with the understanding that they were objectionable in some respects to the authorities and an effort would be made to have them remedied. The rules will not be adopted by the University, and Davidson had no representative at the meeting referred to above. The rules have not been adopted by Wake Forest and in judgment will not be. Of course it would be athletic suicide for any college to adopt the rules unless they were adopted by all with whom athletic relations were maintained. Even then, in our opinion, the changes proposed are too drastic. The whole trouble hinges about the one rule adopted requiring one year of residence before a student can participate in an Athletic contest. In the case of Wake Forest such a step would be suicidal. Practically one-half of the members of every football team that has represented the college since the game was reëstablished here have been Freshmen. To bar these men simply because they are Freshmen would be to confront the coaches with a problem the solution of which would be impossible. In the opinion of the STUDENT, the only solution of the whole matter is to have another meeting at which all of the colleges are represented and to have the proposed rules remedied in this important particular.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROY J. HART, Editor

Instead of giving criticisms this month, we are giving selections from different magazines.

### PEACE.

The sun was setting in the west  
With gorgeous rays of heavenly light;  
I stopped and looked; my soul had rest,  
And peace of God made all seem right.  
The waves swept by in majesty  
And silence, grandly, at my feet,  
In sympathizing melody,  
And solitude of peace so sweet.  
Across the waves there stands a church,  
Its white spire pointing to the sky,  
Where rays of sunshine in their search  
Alight like cherubs from on high;  
The bell peals out its notes of love  
Like benedictions from above.

—*Pine and Thistle.*



### COMPETITION.

A wild and surging mass,—  
A cry from the crowd, a moan,  
An onward rush, a straggler falls,  
Crushed, exhausted, alone.

On, with never a turn,  
The mad line charges—blind  
To the plight deaf to the wail  
Of the victim left behind.

Alone, alone, the wretch,  
No strength to stand the pace,  
No help from the surging throng,—  
Nor ceases the merciless race.

—*University of North Carolina Magazine.*

## DAY ENDS.

Scarlet sunset and an amber sky,  
 Grim ghosts of cloudlets twisted all awry,  
 Silence—and the sound of homeward feet  
 Retreating slowly from the toils of day.

Pale afterglow and a deep'ning blue,  
 Gilt gleams of starlets twinkling into view,  
 Darkness—and the sleep of wearied souls  
 Resting securely from the care of day.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*



## IMPATIENCE.

Oh, why this wild unending pain  
 That will not let my spirit rest?  
 Years have I sought, and sought in vain,  
 To fill the longings of this breast.  
 The future looms up fair and bright,  
 Today is always dark and drear.  
 The hours are winged and take their flight,  
 While hopes grow pale and disappear.

A day is but so many hours  
 Which so many minutes fill;  
 A rose is one of the countless flowers  
 That deck the valley, dale and hill;  
 Life is but a transient spark  
 Within the flaming race of man.  
 I hail the sea, and lo, my bark  
 Has the cherished prize ship outrun!

—*Chronicle.*



## A NOVEMBER SUNSET.

An autumn day was almost done,  
 The distant dales were dim,  
 I saw November's crimson sun  
 On the wide horizon's rim  
 Like a golden gleaming pendant swung  
 From the heaven's virgin breast,  
 Aglare, aglow, the clouds among  
 At the gate of the golden west.

—*Mercerian.*

## A Little Nonsense Now and Then

He asked a miss what was a kiss  
Grammatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,  
"And hence can't be declined."

—*Exchange.*



## DREAMS OF YOU.

Each time the flame goes leaping up  
From these old logs of pine,  
I think I see your smiling face  
As it smiles back at mine.

Ofttimes I see you in the moon  
Or some wee twinkling star,  
No matter where I chance to look,  
It seems that there you are.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



I used to think I knew I knew,  
But now I must confess,  
The more I know I know I know,  
I know I know the less.

—*Carson Newman Collegian.*



## A MAN IN LOVE.

When a man is in love he is a fool. You may take my word for it, or you may ask some one that's been there.

Take Bill Loss, alias O. U. R. Smith (he always traveled as O. U. R. Smith when on business for his father), the son of the greatest steel king in the country. His father had sent him out here on business, the nature of which he didn't know. In his pocket lay the telegram the conductor had handed him at Coeburn, and at the present time it could go to the devil, as far as he was concerned. How the rain did fall! It beat him almost senseless, but he kept going. Twice he fell headlong into a pool of water, and never swore—he was in love; his whole mind was centered around that little lady in the Hotel de Box.—*William and Mary.*

## DISTANCE.

I hear it, hear it all the time,  
That little spring that bubbles clear  
Deep in the dim, cool northern wood,  
I used to know once, long ago.

It calls to me the whole day thro'!  
It sparkles thro' my sleep at night!  
Strange! Long ago five steps away  
I could not hear that little spring.

—*Tennessee College Magazine.*

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

Prof. Timberlake (on Law)—What punishment do they put on people for committing suicide?  
House—They cut 'em up.

✽

King wants to know if an illiterate man can read and write.

✽

Newish Dowell (Phi.), while on his campaign for Commencement Marshal, offered George Pennell (Eu.) six ten-cent cigars to nominate him.

✽

C. Y. Corbett is going to give lessons in voice at this place. One of his most illustrious pupils, Freshman Johnson, is going to pay his tuition for same by cleaning up the aforesaid Corbett's room, and paying his heat and light bill.

✽

W. B. Hair (reading Gulliver's Travels)—I believe this book is just made up.

✽

The following telegram was received by a Meredith girl from Pugh: "Impossible to attend the freshman reception."

✽

Corbett (to a girl at Meredith)—I don't believe I've met you; what may be your name?

She—My name is Miss Bl—.

Corbett—How old are you?

She—I'm seventeen.

Corbett—Well, what kind of a voice do you have?

She—Don't ask me to be so frank, Mr. Corbett.

He—Then, how high are you?

✽

Tom—Paw, what is a board of education?

Paw—When I went to school it was a pine shingle.—*Ex.*

✽

A pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
And in less than a jiffy  
They landed like this.

—*Exchange.*

Jack Beal—I drew a picture of a lady so natural that Feree on passing tipped his hat.

Dwight Ives—Huh! that's nothing. I drew a picture of a hen and threw it in the waste basket, and it *laid* there.



Photographer (to Griggs)—Now, jest look right pleasant; it won't hurt the camera one bit for you to smile.



"In writing love letters a fellow does not have to use a quill pen to make a goose of himself."



Two Wake Forest girls were heard talking:

First—I wish every boy in the world was in the middle of the ocean.

Second—Well, if they were, you would be out there mighty busy fishing.—*Ex.*



Dr. Taylor—Mr. Cuthrell, make a syllogism.

Cutie Cuthrell—How about this?

—All Chinamen eat rice.

Dutch Giles eats rice.

Therefore,

Dutch Giles is a Chinaman.



Girl—Did you say the Devil had a wife?

Dwight Ives—Yes; it wouldn't be Hell if he didn't.



Newish Barnes—Hamilton, what is that you're studying?

Hamilton—It's Hebrew.

Barnes—Is it written in Greek?

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. J. WHITLEY, 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?

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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:

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T. E. HOLDING & CO., Wake Forest.  
DR. E. H. BROUGHTON, Dentist, Raleigh.  
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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIII

May, 1914

No. 8

## TO MY MOTHER

EUGENE C. DENTON.

When I a mother's baby  
Did soo within your arms,  
Your face was like a May day  
With all its summer charms.

Then in my childish pleasure  
You watched me on the floor;  
Now mem'ry, sweetest treasure,  
Calls back those days of yore.

Then as I upward struggled  
You watched me through the years,  
And when my brow was troubled  
You wiped away my tears.

O mother, dear, you've cheered me  
On many a gloomy day;  
When nothing good endeared me,  
Your love was yet my stay.

A mother's boy who loves thee  
Would die to save thy life;  
Whose self is ne'er above me,  
But with me in the strife.

Although my steps may falter,  
And though I go astray,  
Nor change nor time can alter  
Nor take my love away.

## MOTHERS OF GREAT AMERICANS

L. S. INSCOE.

"Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons."—*Napoleon.*

These words of Napoleon stated a truth that will apply not only to France but to the entire civilized world. Judging by the past, let America have good mothers and she will have good sons.

When we see a figure that has risen up and towers above his fellows there is sure to be a noble mother to whose character and the early training she has given him a large measure of his greatness can be attributed. The history of our country tells of great men of shiftless fathers, but it gives no instance of great sons born and reared by worthless mothers. Charles Dickens once said:

"I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall be visited on their children, as well as the sins of the fathers."

Even a brief discussion of the lives of all the mothers of the great men our country has produced would fill volumes. However, there are names among this great number who stand out perhaps a little more prominently than some others.

Not only was George Washington possibly the greatest man of our country, but his mother was one of our greatest mothers and a most remarkable woman.

In the year 1730, at the age of twenty-four, Mary Bell, the daughter of a Virginia farmer, was married to Augustine Washington, another prominent farmer of her neighborhood. Two years later their first son, George, was born. Thirteen years after the marriage, Augustine Washington died leaving his wife to take care of five children of her own and two step-children, as well as to manage the farm and slaves. She was equal to the task. All of her children became successful

men and women in after life, while the farm was conducted with the wisdom of an experienced manager.

The historians tell us that Mary Washington was a woman of strong character and great native ability. Her personality was something wonderful. One of George's early playmates described her in his writing as being awe inspiring. She was kind and gentle, yet she could command with such firmness that no one ever thought of disobeying her. It has been said that her tall, red-blooded sons, when they were grown almost to manhood, were mute as mice in her presence.

Owing to her reserved manner, she never thrust herself into society, but remained quietly at home all of her life, even after her son had become the most prominent man in the nation. A fact that throws light on her character is that for a good many years before her death she suffered intensely from a cancer, yet she never let anyone know it until it was impossible to hide it any longer, preferring to suffer in silence rather than burden her children and friends with anxiety. Finally she succumbed to the disease in her eighty-third year, having survived her husband forty-six summers.

In 1833 President Jackson had a magnificent monument erected at her grave, bearing this simple inscription:

MARY

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

In sharp contrast with the mother of Washington stands the mother of Lincoln. Truly was hers a life of sorrow and hardship.

On September 23, 1806, in Washington County, Kentucky, Nancy Hanks was married to Thomas Lincoln. On February the 12th, 1809, when their only son, Abraham, was born they were living in what is now La Rue County, of the same State, in a small log house which has since become famous as the birthplace of the second greatest man our country has produced.

Thomas Lincoln was an easy-going, shiftless man, who was devoid of ambition, was satisfied with the squalid surroundings in which he lived, and was negligent of the welfare of those dependent upon him. He had a natural propensity for moving from place to place. Always indifferent to his wife's happiness, he left her most of the time to live out her sorrow in disappointment and overwork. She was naturally nervous and sensitive, lonely hearted and silent.

Endowed by nature and training with many good qualities, Nancy Lincoln sought to teach her son those things which would make a good, conscientious man of him. She encouraged him to do some one thing in life and do that well. It was she who taught him how to read and spell and instructed him in the easier problems of arithmetic. She taught him the Bible and a reverence for God. The world can not realize what it owes to this great woman for this early training which made it possible that Abraham Lincoln should become such a great man.

But there are limitations to human endurance; so when her son was only ten years old she died of consumption. Already, however, she had lived long enough to lay well the foundation of the character of her remarkable son, who, when he had reached so high a success, said:

"All that I am and hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

And at another time:

"I remember my mother's prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

Abigail Smith was not only a minister's daughter, but she claimed both a husband and a son among our illustrious line of presidents.

Abigail Smith was not only a minister's daughter, but she could trace her ancestry back through several generations of ministers. Being in poor health throughout her early years,



C. J. WHITLEY, Esq.  
*Business Manager.*

she was never sent to school. She, however, studied at home and became one of the most accomplished women of her time.

On October the 25th, 1764, she was married to John Adams, a lawyer of what is now Quincy, Massachusetts. Later on, when her husband had become such an important figure in the affairs of the country, she remained at their little farm at Weymouth and managed it so wisely and judiciously that, at the end of his public life, they had a small sum laid aside to live upon, and a home to shelter them in their old age. She was something of a politician as well as a farmer and manager of finances, for she was the first woman suffragist of our nation.

Being a pious woman and having a great regard for right and duty, she taught these traits to her son, John Quincy Adams. How much he loved and honored his mother are shown in his writings. He said:

"My mother was an angel upon earth."

She died in October, 1818, at the age of seventy-four, in perfect possession of all her faculties, after having lived to see her son elevated to the highest office in the nation.

Let us turn from the beautiful life of this excellent lady and take up a life of sorrow and pain—the life of Mrs. Julia Jackson, the mother of Stonewall Jackson.

When Julia Neal was married to Jonathan Jackson, he was a prominent lawyer, a man in easy financial circumstances, from a good Virginia family. The very fact that he was in such circumstances that he did not have to work proved to be the undoing of his family as well perhaps as his own. In his leisure time he took to the habit of gambling, and as the result when he died at an early age his family was left without a dollar with which to buy them bread and clothes.

The problem facing the young mother was a grave one indeed—three children to take care of as well as herself, and

she unused to work. Being well educated, she taught school in the neighborhood and at the same time took in sewing. Her husband's people were in good circumstances, but they did not help her, so she toiled on. With her work and a little aid from the Masons, she managed to keep her little flock together through the years of trial.

Tired and worn out from such a strenuous life, she accepted a proposal of marriage from a Mr. Woodson, a man in scarcely better circumstances than herself. This necessitated her separation from her children. These were adopted by her first husband's relatives. Her parting with Thomas, her youngest son, then six years old, was almost heart-breaking. He afterwards said that this incident was fixed indelibly upon his memory and had always exerted a good and powerful influence over him.

Mrs. Woodson died about a year after her second marriage. Perhaps this second marriage was a mistake, but who is there who never makes mistakes. She was indeed a true Christian woman and did her best to train her children in the right way.

Three-quarters of a century ago Mrs. Eliza Garfield was left in poverty on a debt-encumbered farm in Ohio, with her four little children looking to her for the necessities of life. Her husband had been a good, honest, hard-working man and greatly devoted to her welfare, but death had come before he had been able to accumulate anything on which his wife and children could live after his death.

It is true she could have sold her farm and with the proceeds have moved to the East among her friends, but she did not wish to leave the little home where she and her husband had worked together so faithfully, she did not wish to leave the lonely wheat field where his body lay buried. With the aid of her oldest son, a boy of eleven years, she went to work with a determination to fight the battle to a finish against poverty, want and hunger. With her own hands she split



the rails with which to fence the wheat field in which her husband was buried.

Mrs. Garfield was a devout Christian woman, and there being no church nearby, she instructed her children systematically in the truths of the Bible. She always taught them above other things, temperance, love of liberty, and loyalty to their government.

She did her best to make it possible that her children should be educated, especially her youngest son, James. Neither did her children fail to take advantage of any opportunity nor did they ever forget their mother's self-sacrifice that they might receive the advantages of an education. No mother was ever more honored by her children than was the mother of James Garfield. She lived to see her two daughters settled in life, her oldest son a respectable citizen, and the youngest President of the United States.

At the inauguration of her son, he, after taking the oath of office and kissing the Bible, turned and kissed his mother and wife amid the cheers of the onlooking thousands.

She lived to see him laid beneath the earth from the result of the assassin's bullet.

Her life was a long one and as beautiful as shall ever go down on the pages of our country's history.

**MOTHER O' MINE**

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I. T. JOHNSTON.

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Sing o' the joys that have ever been thine,  
    Mother o' mine,  
Sweeter by far than to sit in a throne,  
    Mother my own;  
Rising above all the grief and the groan,  
Surely the gift of the God who is good,—  
    Joys of blest motherhood.

Delight in the service for thy hand alone,  
    Mother my own,  
For 'tis a duty that seemeth divine,  
    Mother o' mine;  
Yours is the love no love can outshine,  
Guiding and cheering and blessing your child,—  
    Mother tender and mild.

Sing o' the joys that will ever be thine,  
    Mother o' mine,  
For your reward as announced from the throne,  
    Mother my own,  
Such as is giv'n to the faithful alone,  
Will be the words, "she hath done what she could,—  
    Glorified motherhood."

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER

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I. T. J.

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A tender kiss on every cheek is pressed,  
As soon as all the nightly prayers are said;  
Then all the little darlings, now undressed,  
Are tucked into a soft and snowy bed.

Sleep, little objects of your mother's love;  
Sweet dreams be yours until the blush of dawn;  
Your prayers ascend at night to Him above,  
A mother's prayer for you goes on and on.

## NON-CHRISTIAN MOTHERS

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R. L. BROWN.

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The story of civilization is the story of woman's progress. No society can advance beyond the ideals it holds of motherhood. Christianity has abolished bridal purchase and has made marriage a bond of the soul and the wife a companion of her husband instead of his servant; it gives the mother the right of guardianship over her children, reserved to her the privilege of giving her own hand in wedlock, and puts her on an equality with her husband in the obtaining of divorce.

The theory of heathenism is that man is everything and woman nothing. They are used as slaves and can be divorced at any time. She belongs to her husband for eternity and may not remarry; however, if she dies first he may remarry as often as he chooses. She is preyed upon by wicked men or made a slave to her deceased husband's family. In India there are today twenty-five millions of these poor, abject creatures of harsh misfortune, one hundred and fifteen thousand of them under ten years of age, and none to pity aside from those few Christians who are laboring to better conditions.

Chinese women have excellent personal qualities, but are denied the right of personality. She is married to whomsoever her parents choose, and usually not allowed to see her betrothed until the wedding day. If she knows who he is, it is immodest for her to speak to him or recognize him upon meeting. After marriage the husband may act without much reference to her feelings if he is so disposed. She thinks of herself as an inferior being and knows nothing but the part of humiliation. If a Buddhist, she prays to be reborn a man that she may be saved, for none but men will be saved. In all pagan lands she is looked upon as a necessary evil, and

the masses make her a drudge. In these lands few women are ever allowed to claim the privilege of youth. They are married at a very tender age and burdened with the position of servant to their husband's mother and with the duties of motherhood. In India the Brahmanic law is that she must be married before twelve years of age, and one-half of all are married between ages of ten and fourteen. It is a disgrace not to be wedded before that time. One girl child out of every eight is married between the ages of five and nine, and there are at least a quarter of a million who are betrothed in their cradles or before the age of five years. In all these lands spinsterhood is a disgrace, and if a girl can not be a wife she must be a slave. Being an inferior person, it is not considered that she needs an education. In China only one out of every two or three thousand can read and write. In India only six of every thousand can do so. In Japan she is now being taught in the public schools and shows herself the equal of her brothers, as she ever has when allowed equal intellectual opportunities.

It is very necessary that the mothers of a race be educated, for they have the care of their sons during the early plastic period of life, and they should be trained for the future; for no elevation of a race is possible unless its mothers are elevated; one had as well expect water to rise above its own sources.

A Chinese journal today declares, "The woman who remains in ignorance wrongs not only herself but her family and her country." The Moslem girls of Syria were formerly married at the age of twelve, but the Christian schools have wrought among them that few are now married before fifteen, while the Christian girls wait until they are eighteen or twenty. Shall we not do more for education on the fields, thus giving the girls and mothers a chance? For an educated womanhood means the end of concubinage and polyg-

amy and the gradual attainment of her right to give or refuse her hand in wedlock.

This, in brief, is the condition as it exists at the present time on the foreign fields. Shall we not give the girls and mothers of heathendom a chance such as ours have? It is so different in America. Here our sisters are taught the priceless value of virtue, and have the right to say whom they will have as a future companion. Here our mothers are honored and given the first place in the home, and well they should be, for our country is largely if not wholly the outcome of this one fact. Our great men realize this and pay tribute to their long-departed mothers.

Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am or hope to be I owe it to my mother." John Adams: "All that I am my mother made me."

We might go on and quote others, but that is not necessary, for we all look back to those hours spent with mother; and even now we seem to hear her say, "My boy, I am counting on you; I want you to be a great man; I am praying for you." Shall we not answer her prayers by being real men, and by serving our day and generation as such? Shall we not do something for the *little mothers* in the non-Christian lands? In doing this we shall be building an everlasting monument—the reward for true service. What shall be the inscription on this monument?

"I owe it to my angel mother."

## I OWE IT ALL TO MOTHER

G. W. LASSITER.

I with the Emancipator say,  
"All that I am" and have today,  
    "I owe it to my mother";  
For who did bear and who did care,  
And who did childish sorrows share?  
    No other one but mother.

Who nourished when I helpless lay,  
Unable yet to make my way?  
    It could have been no other,  
Than she who made the arduous fight,  
For all my needs through day or night,  
    My mother, loving mother!

Who taught me how to say "Papa,"  
Or take a step "for your mamma,"  
    And to be kind to brother?  
Except that tender heart and hand,  
So anxious that I make a man,  
    My only loving mother.

Who called me up around her knees,  
And taught me all the A B C's,  
    One good thing, then another?  
When came the time to bed to creep,  
She taught, "I lay me down to sleep,"  
    As none would do but mother.

And when we strong and older grew,  
She taught us all good things she knew,  
    To know and love each other;  
And though we'd often grieve her heart,  
She's always there to take our part,  
    That dear old loving mother!

## ONE OF THE EDITOR'S SORROWS

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J. W. G.

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The French have a saying that "he who excuses himself, accuses himself," but in justice to the College it should be stated in the beginning that the fact that THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT was selected as the medium for the publication of this paper is in no wise to be taken as evidence that the complaint hereinbelow set forth is an assault on the standards of the College or upon the students who represent the newspapers here. The article was sent to the editors of THE STUDENT merely because the magazine is a representative college publication, read by college men all over the State. If some of the correspondents at Wake Forest find that this index expurgatorius contains a description of some of their misdeeds, they can at least have the consolation of knowing that they are far from lonely. It is just possible that there may be an honorable exception or two, but it is my belief that this indictment will lie against any college in the State.

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Some day, somewhere, some managing editor is going to discover a college student who can not write, who knows he can not write, and who has no aspirations whatsoever toward journalistic fame; and then that editor, with shrieks of wild delight, will fall on that student's neck and crown him correspondent, then and there!

It is taken for granted, by the public at large, that the colleges of the State are training the men who in the future are to be the leaders of the people of the commonwealth. The public thinks so, but the editors know it—that is, if leadership consists in traveling where mortal man has never been before. For brand-new ideas in spelling, in grammar,



in sentence construction, and in ideas of news values, trust the collegian; he "walks among untrodden ways," and the news editor who attempts to follow him may as well prepare in the beginning for an entire reconstruction of his ideas of newspaper propriety.

The average man who picks up his paper in the morning, glances over the headlines and runs through the orderly paragraphs that tell in the clearest and most succinct form possible what has happened in the State the day before, has absolutely no conception of the tremendous amount of labor that has been expended in whipping the news into shape after it reached the office the night before. By scores and hundreds the letters and telegrams have been piled on the desk of the State news editor; they are in every conceivable shape and form. From the larger cities, where the correspondents are invariably members of the staff of some local paper, comes usually neatly typewritten copy that requires little more than a casual glance and an occasional application of the blue pencil—which, by the way, is never blue—when the story threatens to take more space than the editor considers its importance demands. But next may be the production of the carbon copy fiend, and it is always about the seventh copy—a smudge that under electric light dances before the eyes, wringing groans from the editor and blasphemy from the linotyper. Perhaps next may be the bolster-like roll of manuscript from the lady correspondent whose nerves forbid the use of a typewriter—an excellent subject, by the way, for original research on the part of some "med"—and who uses a pencil and a ream per column, and writes "accommodation" by making a circle and a wriggly line. Then there is the inspired genius who invariably writes over his story a flaring headline; and the one who has broken the "e" on his typewriter; and the one who uses a pen and writes so closely that it is impossible to insert a correction in his

copy; and the one who inserts an occasional advertisement; and the one who writes of battle, murder and sudden death and forgets altogether the trifling detail of naming the parties engaged; and the one who refers to "Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy"; and, perhaps most exasperating of all, the one who will write five hundred words about the reception that Mrs. Smith, wife of the president of the First National Bank, gave last Thursday, and mention in a line at the bottom that on the same night John Jones' house was burned with five of his children in it!

But these are, so to speak, all in the night's work. Bitter experience has taught the editor what he may expect from each, and that particular defect is what his eye instinctively searches for as soon as he opens the letter. It is the college correspondence that has given him those gray hairs around his temples and that rich and abundant assortment of strange oaths. For what weird freak of literature may be contained in that envelope with the postmark of the college town, *Œdipus* could never guess.

The trouble with college correspondents as a class appears, from the editor's viewpoint, to be that they have got into their heads the fantastic idea that newspapers are in some way connected with literature. It is true that a supremely excellent newspaper story is sometimes literature; and *Cæsar's Commentaries* are excellent newspaper stories. But the common or garden variety of one has nothing whatever to do with the other. It is hardly a disparagement of the average college student to point out to him that as a producer of literature he can not be elassed with the author of the *Gallic War*; but, until he can equal *Cæsar*, he will never be able to write a good newspaper story while he is trying to produce literature. It is a fact that the college correspondence has to be more consistently rewritten in the newspaper office than any other class.

The obvious rejoinder is that the editors set an impossible standard—that they should not expect young fellows who have never perhaps seen the inside of a newspaper office to turn in the same sort of stuff that they expect from their reporters.

As a matter of fact, that is the last thing they do expect. Perhaps there is something to be said on the student's side with regard to the standard, but it is not that it is too high. The trouble, if anywhere, lies in the fact that they have set no standard at all. Many a correspondent has taken his commission with the vaguest sort of an idea of what his paper wants, or, in fact, what a good newspaper story is, anyhow; and the editor has contented himself with calling down maledictions upon the student's head when a letter calling attention to the mistakes in one story would insure their correction in the next. The average State news editor, though, has enough to keep him busy twenty-five hours in the day without having to coach his correspondents by mail.

The daily newspaper wants its college correspondents to tell a straight story in plain English, and then quit. Is that an impossible standard? It certainly does not seem so, yet it is one that appears to be absolutely beyond the reach of the average correspondent.

Before me as I write is a news letter from a senior in one of the foremost institutions of higher learning in the State, and I venture the assertion that if a boy in the second year of any high school had turned it in as an English composition where the standard of excellence was 100, he would have been marked less than 50. "Acomodate," "naturel," "difficult," and "alright" are some of the triumphs of his spelling. Sometimes he uses a verb between two periods and sometimes he blithely ignores it. He has written of an event that occurred the day before. "He wait outside." From the general tenor of the letter I infer that he is discussing a

disturbance of the peace, for he has concluded with the words, "No further blows were passed," but he never has said when the first one was passed.

One amazing story that comes to mind in this connection was a purple-and-gold account of a basketball game, that ran something like this, the names, of course, being fictitious: "That idol of the students, 'Bull' Jones, rose tonight from a bed of pain to take his place on the basketball floor." Followed then seventy-five words on the personality, prowess and pedigree of Bull Jones. "The score at the end of the first half stood 15 to 18 in favor of Old Siwash." More eulogy of the Holstein, and then an end; and what the final score of that game was or with whom it was played, the editor never knew until the staid old Associated Press came along with the curt announcement, "Peanut College, 23; Siwash, 27." The paper was "burnt" for the telegraph tolls on a hundred and fifty words, and the correspondent doubtless congratulated himself on having written a story that would jar the State.

That man evidently concluded that he would put some color into his story, and the chances are that it has never occurred to him that the only color he succeeded in producing was the sulphurous blue that surrounded the editor's desk when he had finished relieving his mind. All editors sincerely desire to print the news from college communities, but they want *news*, and not an avalanche of words from the middle of which the essential facts have to be exhumed with a steam shovel.

The man who knows grammar and spelling, but who has small confidence in his ability as a writer, will not take chances. He will be content to set down the thing as it happened, and let it go at that; and in doing that very thing the chances are that he will turn out a news story that will fairly crackle with the electric snap that means copy unscathed by the editorial pencil.

Therefore the prefatory remark—that the editors want a man who can not write, who knows he can not write, and who would not turn out literature for any consideration. And when they find such a one they will rise like the children of the mother in Israel, and unanimously vote him blessed.

## MOTHER

T. A. AVERA.

The sweetest gift that God e'er gives  
To show His love and power,  
Is mother and the life she lives  
Of service every hour.

The strongest love, the tenderest care,  
He gave these to none other,  
Who wields the influence everywhere  
As does the precious mother?

She suffers, toils, and understands,  
O'erlooks the life we live,  
And stretches out her wrinkled hands  
To lovingly forgive.

She greets us with a mother's love  
That in her face doth glow,  
As holy light from heaven above  
Rich blessing to bestow.

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"I can not pay my debt  
For all the love that she has given;  
But Thou, Lord, wilt not forget  
Her due reward—bless her  
In earth and heaven."

—Henry Van Dyke.

## SOCIAL ASPECT OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

C. E. RODWELL.

The age of Elizabeth is very probably the most interesting period of English history in many ways. Looking at this great era as a whole, we must see England as "a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself as a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks—as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

It is interesting to the average mind to day, for it was an era when democracy was budding out in every phase of life and ramifying in the souls of men, awakening them to a sense of action and triumph. Freedom was the password on the tongue of every man and the dominant note of every chord.

Beginning with the reign of Elizabeth, we pass into a period of comparative religious freedom, for during the two preceding reigns the masses had been encompassed by a warfare of religions. Edward VI had forced the Protestant religion on a people not prepared for it, and then Mary, with a religious zeal, had striven to persecute the people back into Roman Catholicism. The religious and political difficulties which beset Elizabeth on her accession in 1558, slowly sank out of sight under her firm and moderate rule. The year 1587 saw the final removal of a threatened danger by the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, while the following year England struck down the haughty menace of the Spaniards by her defeat of the Armada.

England then began to lay the foundation of her future commercial and maritime supremacy. Her trade increased at all ports and her ships sailed to and fro on the seas. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the famous East India Company was established.

The prosperity of the people was marked by a widespread increase in the comforts and luxuries of life. Improved methods in farming doubled the yield per acre; the domestic manufacture of wool greatly increased, and homespun came into favor. By the introduction of chimneys, feather beds, pillows, and the more general use of glass, the conveniences of living were greatly increased.

Along with the ease and wealth that sprang from the increased prosperity came that delight in beauty which characterized the Italian Renaissance. Life, no longer imprisoned behind the heavy masonry of the feudal castle, ran glittering in the open sunshine. Artistic buildings were erected, surrounded by walks, terraces and fountains as an Italian garden. The passion for gay color showed itself in the lavish magnificence of the costumes of the wealthy classes. The young dandy went "perfumed like a milliner," and often affected the fashions of Italy as the Parisians of today lead the world of fashion. But the Elizabethan passion for ornamentation and dress is but a hint of the infinite delight in life which characterizes the entire period.

England was like a boy who had come to the sudden realization of his sturdy, impregnable nature, rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and determined to do, to see, to know, to enjoy to the full. The fever of adventure hummed in her veins. Drake sailed around the world in 1577-'80; the tiny ships of Hawkins, Frobisher, and others ploughed the waters of distant seas.

Men of all trades of life showed undaunted courage. They were imbued with an insatiable and many-sided capacity for life. Probably the most notable and best known outlet of this imperious energy to the modern world was that of literature. Some of the greatest works of literary art known to literary critics were produced during the reign of Elizabeth. What age can boast of a Shakespeare, a Marlowe, a Bacon?



What age can boast of a greater presentation to art than that of the gift of the theater to the world of æsthetics?

In discussing the social aspect of this age, it is necessary to do so in three divisions, namely: Manner of buildings and furniture of houses; food and diet; and apparel and attire.

During the reign of Elizabeth the majority of the buildings in the cities and towns were made of wood. A few of the houses of the upper classes were made of stone, and especially in places where they could be made of stone as cheaply as of wood. The buildings were strongly made and well timbered. In parts of the country where timber was very scarce the houses were set up with few posts. The stable and all of the outhouses were built under the same roof. To the few posts that were supporting the building, splints were fastened and thick clay was spread over them to keep out the wind. When the Spaniards saw these crude buildings in Queen Mary's reign, it was a source of great wonder to them, and more so when they saw the bountiful supply of good food contained therein. They said: "These English have their houses made of dirt and sticks, but they fare as well as the king."

The interior of the houses were divided into rooms, Some of them were tiled with wood, while others were of straw, sedge or reeds. Where a quarry was near enough, slate might be used provided the builder of the house was a moneyed man.

The clay with which the houses were daubed was of three colors—white, red, or blue. The red and the blue clays were the more common in use, while the white was used only in the cities, good towns, rich farmers' and gentlemen's houses. The white clay was made by burning a certain kind of red stone, the shells of oysters and of certain other kinds of fish. This being converted into lime, was mixed with the use of oil and water.

Within many of the finest houses the floors were made of plaster of paris and the plastering overhead was of the whitest

mortar possible, which was spread on laths. It was spread with mathematical exactness and looked to be perfect. The walls of the houses were hung with tapestries of all kinds, herbs, knots, heads of beasts, etc. Some of the best houses were wainscoated with timber brought from other countries.

Few stoves were in the country, which were in the houses of the gentry and wealthy citizens.

Heretofore the houses had some windows which were latticed, but now glass had come into common use, and glass windows adorned most of the houses. The best glass was not made in England, but was imported from Burgundy, Flanders, and Normandy.

The mansion houses of the country towns were built separate from the stable, brewhouse and dairy, but the goodman of the house might lie in his bed and know what was going on and call his servants to him if any help was needed.

The furniture and furnishings increased in richness in the houses of the nobility and gentry, as well as those of the lowest sort. In noblemen's houses it was not rare to see an abundance of arras, rich hanging of tapestry and silverware on the sideboards to the amount of one or two thousand pounds. Likewise in the houses of knights, gentlemen, merchantmen, and wealthy citizens there were no lack of tapestries, turkey work, pewter, brass, fine linen, and cupboards of plate work between five hundred and one thousand pounds. The people all over the country were beginning to appreciate tasty things.

Chimneys were one of the greatest additions to the houses of this age. A great addition to the comfort of the home was the introduction of the bed. Heretofore people slept on straw pallets or on rough mats covered only with a sheet and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow. Pillows were thought meet only for women in childbed. Servants thought themselves lucky if they had sheets between them and the straw. The higher classes had beds of down or whole feathers. If a man of the lower class

had within seven years after his marriage purchased a mattress or flock bed and a stack of straw to rest his head upon, he thought himself very well off.

A thing of the most practical importance in regard to the practice of housekeeping was the exchange of wooden utensils for pewter, silver, and tin vessels. All sorts of iron stuff were so common in every farmer's house that only a very small quantity of pewter vessels could be found.

Owing to the situation of the country, the people were compelled to eat more than people who lived in warmer countries. It was said that in Scotland some people became so distemperate that they spent much of their time in "large tabling and belly cheer." At this time there was no restraint of any meat for religion's sake or public order in England; but any man could eat anything that pleased his appetite in so far as he could pay for it. But there were certain days set apart by the law on which no man was allowed to eat meat of any kind. This was done in order to increase the number of cattle in the country and in order that the supply of fish in the streams might be abundant. The latter was done in view of protection of sailors and seafaring men, for fish was their main support.

The lower classes of the country fed more on white meats, milk, butter, and cheese; while the wealthy classes fed on all kinds of beef, all sorts of fish caught upon their coasts, and such a diversity of wild and tame animals and fowls as were raised in England or brought over from other countries. Among the number of dishes set daily on the table of the nobility were beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, capon, and pig—that is, when they were in season. Besides this, they frequently had some portion of red or fallow deer, and always a great variety of wild fowls and fishes. So, owing to the great diversity of food on the table, it was not possible for a man who dined with his friend to partake of all the foods on

the table, but only a portion of those foods for which he mostly cared.

But a great quantity of food had to be cooked, in order that all of the servants might be fed. The foods were served to the master of the house in silver vessels, and after it had been partaken of, it was taken to the dining room of the servants. At the houses of the nobility there were always between forty and sixty people to be fed. When they had finished with it, there were always plenty of poor people waiting at the gates to be fed.

As for drink, it was usually filled in pots, goblets, jugs, bowls of silver, and fine Venice glasses of all kinds. Where people were not able to use these, they used pots of earth of various colors, some of them being garnished with pewter or silver. But none of these drinking vessels were ever put on the table, but whenever one wanted a drink of anything, they asked the waiting servant for it, and it was passed to him. When he had drunk, the servant took the vessel and poured out what remained. This was done in order to prevent so much drinking, for if the cup was ever at the elbow of the person, he was apt to drink more than was good for him. Only the very rich people were able to own Venice glasses.

At this time there was made annually twenty to thirty thousand tuns of different kinds of wines, besides much being brought over from other countries. There were many different kinds of wines made, as elaret, white, red, French, and so on, amounting to fifty or more varieties and foreign makes, such as vernage, catepument, raspis, muscadell, romin, bastard lino, asy caprie, elary, malmesey, and so on, amounting to thirty or more varieties.

Of course the strongest wines were preferable to the weak ones. The best wines were called theologicum, because it was had from the clergy and religious men. When good wine was wanted the laity always sent to them for it, knowing that they would get good wine. There were sorry grades of wines

made by the brewers, of which many grades was some kind of artificial stuff. The beer which was used at noblemen's tables was commonly a year old. It was brewed in March, and therefore called March beer. For the household it was usually not under a month's age.

The food of the artificer and husbandman consisted principally in beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, fruit, pies of fruits, fowls of sundry sorts, cheese, butter, etc, etc.

On feasts, such as bridals, purification of women, and such odd meetings each person who went carried such a dish as he wanted to and the goodman of the house was charged with only such things as bread, drinks, sauce, house-room, and fire.

Both the artificer and the husbandman were sufficiently liberal and very friendly at their tables, and when they met they were so merry, without malice and plain, without inward Italian or French craft and subtlety, that it would do a man good to be in company with them.

It would not be amiss to note the great silence that was used at the table of the honorable and wiser sort, and likewise of the moderate eating and drinking that was daily seen. The people seemed to be able to hold themselves in check, especially so among the higher classes. Among the lower classes he who talked most ribaldry was thought the merriest, and he who spoke fastest among them was the wisest man.

Many of the people lived at home with scant diet and small drink, but when it came to a banquet and one happened to become cup shotten, it was thought to be a disgrace and a thing which would cause grief, notwithstanding the circumstances.

When one of the wealthier class would come to the house of one of the lower class he was heartily welcome.

It was a delight for the people of London and other large towns, who had little room and inferior food, to go to the country, where they might be served with a fat capon, or plenty of beef or mutton and a glass of wine or beer.

There were several different kinds of bread made in England at this time. The breads were made of such grains as could be produced.

The gentility generally provided themselves with a plenty of wheat for their own use, while the poorer people were forced to content themselves with rye or barley, and in times of scarcity they made bread of beans, peas and oats, and sometimes a few acorns were mixed in. But there seemed to be no real reason as to why grains should be so high as there was made. It might have been that the landlords secured license to carry it out of the country in order to keep up the prices for their own private gains.

Of the breads made of wheat there were various sorts. The first and most excellent was manchet, which was commonly called white bread. The second was the cheat or wheaten bread, so called on account of its color, being gray or yellowish as wheat. The ravelled was a kind of cheap bread which contained very little of the substance of the wheat. The next was called brown bread, which had little or no flour left in it. It was the worst bread made and was used for servants, slaves and inferior classes of people to feed upon. Much rye and barley bread was eaten when wheat was scarce.

As to the most popular drinks made at this time, probably malt may be placed at the head of the list. It was brewed all the year round in large towns, but where a person made it in his own house, winter was thought to be the best time. The best malt was tried by its hardness and color, having a yellow hue.

In those parts of England where fruits were abundant, cider was made, but it was not an especially popular drink. A very common drink was made of honeycomb and water with a little spice and pepper.

Commonly, there were only two meals eaten in England per day—dinner and supper. The nobility and gentry went to dinner at eleven before noon and to supper at five or six

in the afternoon. The husbandmen dined at high noon and supped at seven or eight. The poorer classes dined and supped when they chose to do so.

An Englishman once endeavored to write of the Elizabethan attire, and he made various attempts to do so without avail. Finally seeing what a strenuous work he had on hand, he gave up the job and drew the picture of a naked man unto whom he gave a pair of shears and a piece of cloth, giving him the liberty to choose what manner of clothes he would wear. Although this is somewhat overdrawn, the writer drew a very wise pun. For somewhat as it is at the present time in this country, no form or style of attire could be considered stable. One day the Spanish guise would be correct, and another the French togs were thought to be most fine and delectable, and then the Turkish manner of attire was most admired. Brief mention might be made of the morisco gowns, the Varbarion fleeces, and the short French breeches. Observing the diversity of these fashions, one can easily see the excess and folly of it and the pomp and show which was caused by it.

The extravagance of dress was an item of heavy criticism by some. They thought of the cost that was being bestowed on the body and so little on the soul.

Much attention was paid to dressing the heads. Sometimes the heads were polled, sometimes curled, or in the case of men they were sometimes allowed to grow at length like women's locks, or the women might crop theirs off above the ears. All varieties of beards were worn. Sometimes very flashy dressers wore rings of stones and gold in their ears.

It can be said of women that they were equally as extravagant in dress as men. Possibly they wore the modern split skirt but called it by some other name. The most conservative dressers were the merchants, who wore fine and costly clothes, but they were of a more stable pattern and texture.

## MOTHER

D. R. JACKSON.

Some one has said that the three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven. How true! For what is a home without a mother to make it heaven-like? Mother! the true, the fond, the loving and affectionate friend of the boy, the inspirer of all that is good and true in him. When he is upright, she rejoices; in his success she delights; yet should misfortune befall him and clouds of infamy gather around him, still her heart chords of love entwine him, and her prayers are offered up for him to draw him back into the straight and narrow way, for he is still her son and she loves him with an undying love which time nor the petty events of life can not change.

The love of the father is true, stern, and commanding, but often fails to touch the harmonious heart chords of the child; while the true depths of the mother's love can not be fathomed, her love is tender, warm, emotional, and ennobling, such a love as inspires her child to undertake great tasks and to be satisfied with nothing short of a splendid success in life. Lincoln uttered a great and universal truth when he said, "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

The following lines from the pen of the lamented John Charles McNeill pay a very beautiful tribute to "mother":

"To you, dear Mother-heart, whose hair is gray  
Above this page to-day  
Whose face, though lined with many a smile and care,  
Grows year by year more fair.

Be tenderest tribute set in perfect rhyme  
That haply passing time,  
May cull and keep it for strange lips to pay  
When we have gone our way.

And to strange men, weary of field and street,  
Should this my song, seem sweet,  
Yours be the joy, for all that made it so;  
You know, Dear Heart, you know.



## MIDNIGHT

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

After the dishes had been taken out we began to talk about the supernatural flippantly, as refined persons must talk of serious things. Everyone had related some experience with the shadow world save one man who sat in silence at the other end of the table. To draw him into the conversation our host said, smiling:

"What's the matter, old man? Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I don't know," replied the man, without contradicting his statement with a smile.

He immediately became the center of attention.

"You must have had an experience," suggested our host, eagerly. "Tell us about it."

The man played with a fork a moment, for effect, perhaps, and responded:

"I don't know whether ghosts exist in reality or whether they exist simply in the human mind, but it amounts to the same thing in the end. I have been convinced that as long as superstition lasts people will be afraid of spooks, so it would be no worse if the things were here to be afraid of.

"When I had finished college and learned to look on nature as a big chemical reaction, I began teaching school in a little country village seven miles from a railroad. I found that most of the people there were ignorant and superstitious. In those days the two terms seemed to me to mean the same thing. I determined to use my influence to do away with both evils.

"I boarded at the house of an old man who believed in ghosts almost as implicitly as he believed in the catechism. From him I learned many of the legends of the community, tales of coffins by the roadside and headless men walking in the night and shrieks from old houses which were told with a

touching fervor. I learned that it was not wise to argue with him, as a suspicion of disbelief was received as hopeless infidelity.

"One night at supper he observed, between resonant sups of coffee:

" 'I'm dern glad I aint got to pass by the ole Jones place ternight.'

" 'Why is that, Mr. Sanders?' I inquired. I had often noticed the place he was speaking of, a lonely house about half a mile from the village which seemed to have been deserted for years.

" 'Six years ago ternight,' the old gentleman explained, with his mouth full of crackling bread, 'wuz the time when Sam Jones wuz shot in his room, an' he's been er-comin' back here once a year ever since then. He wuz er powerful wicked man, ole Sam wuz, an' all the debilment aint out of him yit.'

"I became interested, and soon learned all of the story. Popular superstition had it that Sam Jones' ghost came back to the room in which he had died once a year at midnight, apparently seeking vengeance. Terrible things were said to happen in the house on the anniversary of the murder, and the place had been deserted for that reason. I listened attentively to the simple recital, and formed a resolution. I saw an opportunity for an interesting experience and at the same time a chance to prove the absurdity of the superstition.

"When he had finished, I told Mr. Sanders that I was going to spend the night in the Jones house.

"Incredulity gradually yielded to disgust, and the old man, after a long silence, said:

" 'Waal, I've seen lots of fools, but I'll be——'

"His feelings were too strong for expression in the language of a deacon, and Mr. Sanders ceased. He said nothing else until I had gone to my room to make the necessary preparations and returned with a bundle of blankets under my arm. When he realized that I was serious, he advised, sim-

ply, 'If ye're er-going out there yer better take some fire-wood. Ye're welcome ter my woodpile.'

"When I said, 'Good-night' and he returned the same greeting, I was convinced that he never expected to see me again.

"I started down the road with my hat pulled down to avoid stinging bits of rain which gusts of wind pelted against me at intervals. A raw and penetrating cold made me shiver, for it was a winter night. I walked briskly, and soon waded through the wet weeds to the house.

"It was a large, ill-shaped structure; and that night it looked like darkness given three dimensions. The intense blackness of the windows reminded me of the soulless eye-sockets of a skull. I mounted the steps and my foot seemed to sink in soggy, decayed wood. The door shrieked on its hinges. I remembered my lantern and lighted it, and saw a long, empty hall from which rats were scampering. I climbed the uneasy stairs and went into the room to the left, the chamber in which the murder had been done.

"I was in a ghost of a bedchamber. A table, covered with fallen plastering, a brokendown bed and an overturned chair were the furniture. The walls were discolored and in many spots the laths were visible. A damp hearth and a gaping fireplace attracted my attention, and I built a fire with my old friend's wood. I then realized for the first time that I was wet and chilled to the bone.

"After warming a moment, I satisfied my curiosity by examining the house. The big, empty rooms echoed mournfully to my feet. I hurried through them and returned to my fireside.

"On re-entering the room I was startled to see, on the mantle, an object which I had previously overlooked—an old and battered clock, gray with long-accumulated dust. I say startled partly because it seemed passing strange that I should have failed to see so large an object as a clock on my

first survey of the room, but largely because of a remarkable coincidence—the hands of the timepiece had stopped at *twelve*. They rested ominously on that fatal hour, as though frozen to the spot by the horror of the thing they had seen long before. I wound the clock, and a rusty, grating sound came from within; I set it at ten-thirty, and it began ticking solemnly.

“The incident of the clock was so extraordinary that it started an unpleasant train of thought. To forget it I drew the little storybook which I had brought with me from my pocket and sat down to read. I had picked up the book hurriedly in the darkness, and now I saw, nervously, that it was a collection of the weird tales of Hoffman.

“I chanced upon one of those bizarre and mysterious horror tales of which the author was such a master, and read until my soul became sick and uneasy. At length, exasperated with myself, I flung the book across the room, and simultaneously the clock struck eleven.

“The long-drawn accents of that aged instrument echoed hollowly, and reminded me of the gradual approach of midnight. I sank into a reverie, and became full of the spirit of the time and the place.

“That night old tales and bits of folklore which I had heard in childhood came back to me as I sat in that lonely house. I recalled stories of witches who had changed themselves to greeneyed cats and prowled about seeking prey, of men who had been seized from behind by nameless creatures and devoured, of uneasy spirits that walked in graveyards at dead hours of the night, or beckoned temptingly to frightened travelers, or grinned hideously from windows of deserted houses. These tales and many others haunted me, so that I sat for a long while absorbed and motionless.

“A sudden metallic click of the clock aroused me, and I saw with alarm that it was a quarter of twelve. I turned away from the clock and attempted to forget the flight of

time, but in a moment I was seized with a wild desire to know how far off midnight was. I looked again, and it was ten minutes to twelve. The slowly creeping minute hand fascinated me; the constant ticking held me spellbound. Before my eyes the dial moved, and indicated that the hour was five minutes away; now it was four. I began trembling. What had this frightful dial seen? What unearthly sights, more sickening than any of the past, would it see again in four minutes, now shortened to three?

"While these matters were making my heart sick I became vaguely conscious that outside a storm was raging. The constant shrilling of the wind and the rattling of the shutters filled me with forebodings and dismay. And now the warning minute hand was verging on the hour.

"A furious gust of wind, blowing through broken window lights, fanned out my lantern and left the room to the flickering of the fire. The first awful stroke of midnight sounded. Darkness and horror were in that room; what other *thing* was there I do not know. I fled headlong from that chamber and out into the storm."

He ceased, and we were silent until our host inquired:

"Do you suppose that ghost appeared?"

"I don't know," said the man.

## TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

W. B. SINCLAIR.

When I was but a little tot,  
Enjoying fun and play,  
The simple word I love, "Mamma,"  
Was first I learned to say.

'Twas Mamma this, and Mamma that,  
In sadness or in joy;  
Never she grew tired or cross  
In listening to her boy.

She never was too tired from work  
To take me on her lap,  
And ne'er too busy with her cares  
To find my shoes and cap.

When I was good or cross or ill,  
With love she soothed my head;  
When I fatigued retired at night,  
She tucked me warm in bed.

She taught me many little songs  
And verses I could say;  
As, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
And games that I could play.

From early childhood to my teens,  
On earth I've found no other,  
Whose love and kindness day by day  
Will take the place of mother.

## THE UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

James Turner, a reporter for the *Times-Mercury* who died last year, left me his manuscripts. I was very much interested in looking over them to discover that he had failed to finish several stories. His active mind conceived plots faster than he could find the time to put them on paper.

Among these manuscripts was one which I have selected to publish here, not because it is the best, but because it illustrates the belief I have often heard him express that "every human heart is human," and shows his sympathy for the poor and unfortunate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following news item appeared in an insignificant place in a newspaper the other day:

"The old woman who has been haunting the streets of Gilbert for several weeks was heard to declare to-day that she was searching for a lost son. No one was able to give her any aid in finding the object of her search."

Of course no one could aid her in her search, neither did many think of her again after she was out of their sight. Perhaps a few who read the item sighed and for a moment pitied the old woman, while many went on to the next item without giving her a second thought.

Yet she was a pitiable object as she went about the streets day after day with the same old worn dress and faded bonnet, and with the same look of mingled hope and despair in her eyes. Depicted on her wrinkled face was the same old story the world has heard since its beginning—the story of the undying love of a mother. Sometimes the story has been acted in a palace by a proud woman in silk and pearls;

sometimes, as in this case, by a humble woman of the poor. But it is always the same story in its essentials.

The imaginative writer either ends a story of this kind by bringing home to his mother a wealthy or a penitent son, or pictures the son sunk so low in the sloughs of sin that there is no salvation for him. Neither ending is true to life. The son may sometimes gain wealth and return to relieve his mother's poverty; he may sometimes come to weep on his mother's apron; he may even sometimes become too hardened a sinner to be touched by maternal affection. But usually it is carelessness that causes the pain, and an awakened sense of duty that ends it.

But let us not forget the old woman. Let us follow her as she continues her course down the street. At the corner she turned and went down to the railroad station. Just after her arrival, a freight train pulled in. As soon as it had stopped, a young man slid out of a boxcar and came toward—

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. Reader, can you guess the ending? I have guessed, but I will not spoil your guess by telling you mine. I wish that the author had given us his picture of the scene that ensued.



## A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

As a courtier come I not now,  
Seeking either gain or favor,  
But to pay a simple tribute  
To the one who loves me always,  
To her who with true devotion  
Risked her life to give me being,  
And has made that true devotion  
Shed its pure and lovely radiance  
O'er my life since its beginning.

I need not to pay this tribute  
To find favor with this woman,  
For her dearest favor has been  
Always mine and shall be always.  
Fervent prayers and loving counsel  
Have been mine through all the seasons,  
And the richest of the kingdoms  
Precious gifts like these excel not.

She needs not a paltry ballot,  
For the secret of her power  
Is the love she gives her children,  
And the kingdom she is queen of—  
But a home among the mountains—  
Is one of the humble kingdoms  
That our great Republic rests on.

To this queen, then, whose dear kingdom  
Has been won, not by ambition,  
Neither by descent nor intrigue,  
But by service and devotion,—  
Of just power the only basis,—  
Whose sweet smile is my first memory,  
Whose life is my benediction,  
Whose kiss is a call more potent  
To my heart to love high ideals  
Than the creeds of all the ages,  
I now pay this simple tribute,  
Pay this tribute to my mother.



C. H. JOHNSON, Eu.  
*Editor-in-Chief.*

# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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C. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

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The illness of the editor, lack of interest on the part of the student body, and the failure of many who had promised to contribute, for one reason or another, blasted our hope of making this issue what we had wished to make it. Too, we feel that it was planned too late. We wish to thank our associate and the Faculty editor for collecting and reading the material, thus making it possible to get out this number even so early.

Why So? So far this year we have refrained from criticism, direct or indirect, of "the powers that be." We are convinced of the fact that they are doing the right thing as they see it. But in view of the fact that quizzes were given in at least four departments during the three days Dr. McGlothlan lectured here, and the day following, we are constrained to sit up and take notice.

Members of the faculty have not hesitated to announce quizzes to be held on the very day of a lecture or for the day following. This has been true of every lecture or series of lectures delivered here this year. With all candor we want to say that it is neither fair to the student nor the lecturer. To announce a quiz to a class of fifty men, to be held on the morning following a lecture is to keep fifty to seventy-five per cent of those who wish to attend away—to deprive them of what they have, in a large measure, paid for. The situation is further aggravated by the fact that there are no fixed dates for quizzing, excepting in one or two departments, the matter being solely in the discretion of the professor, who might in most cases fix the dates two days after a lecture as well as the very day or the day following. We are inclined to infer from this condition of affairs that lack of interest in some of our lectures is not entirely on the side of the student body, in all cases. Of course we must have quizzes and plenty of them. The best educators have not yet found a satisfactory substitute for them; but we do plead for fair play. When the money of the students and of the College has been spent and men of ability chosen to appear, let us, in the name of common sense, pull together and try to realize as much from it as possible. If a lecture, or a series of lectures, is not worth the effort of the faculty to secure an attendance, why have them?



R. F. PASCHAL, Ph.D.  
*Editor-in-Chief.*

Here end our labors. Our mantles fall  
upon more worthy shoulders.

Adieu

It has been the purpose of the present staff to make THE STUDENT representative of the best there is in College, both in ability and spirit. How well we have succeeded we leave to the judgment of abler critics, and whatever may be the concensus of opinion, we rest satisfied in the knowledge that we have done our best. But we are not so certain that we have been supplied with the best the student body is capable of. Three-fourths of the material submitted this year has come from about five members. We feel certain that there is more ability here than these figures would indicate.

But we do not mean to complain. In retiring we want to thank the student body for the confidence they have reposed in us, and our faithful contributors, one and all, for their loyal support. We appreciate the splendid spirit they have shown on every occasion when our minds did not keep the same channel, as well as on occasions when it was necessary to have quick copy. Our relation with them will be a pleasant memory.

here on the evening train, Wednesday, April 15th, and immediately thereafter a very impressive funeral service was conducted from Wingate Memorial Hall by Rev. W. N. Johnson and Dr. W. R. Cullom. Mrs. Turner was a pious, lovable Christian lady, and her death brings sincere grief to the hearts of a wide circle of friends. She is survived by four sons, L. A. Alfred of Florida, E. A. Turner who is in the Y. M. C. A. work in China, J. B. Turner a student in the Seminary at Louisville, and S. W. Turner of Wake Forest, and one daughter, Mrs. J. A. Clark of Louisville, Ky.

The last entertainment of the College Lecture Course for the year was given on Thursday evening, April 9th, by the Oxford Quartet of Chicago. Their rendering of the well known operetta, "Mikado," pleased a large audience. The musical selections were also enjoyed. The Lecture Course this year has been a great source of instruction and pleasure for the student body as well as for the people of the town.

The College campus is taking on a more dignified appearance by the advancement of work on the new church building and the new dormitory. The church building is being wired and lathed, and the copper dome already greets the passerby in its impressive majesty. The new dormitory is also nearing completion; the roof is being put on, and the inside work is already begun. It will accommodate about sixty-five boys and will be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the fall term, 1914. The building is outwardly attractive and modern in construction, and is a very important addition to the College equipment.

Examinations are nearing. The schedule has already been arranged, and the honor system which has previously been in use will govern these examinations.

A very attractive program has been arranged for Commencement, May 20-24. A class of sixty-five will graduate. The speakers to represent the class have been announced by



the faculty: From the Euzelian Society, W. W. Walker, E. P. Stillwell and G. C. Pennell; from the Philomathesian Society, D. M. Johnson, G. L. Jarvis and E. P. Yates. The address to the graduating class will be delivered, as has been announced, by Governor Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut.

#### THE COBURN PLAYERS.

One of the most delightful features of the performances of The Coburn Players is the music furnished by a male quartet which is always heard as an overture before the opening of the plays, between the acts, and also during the scenes whenever the text of the plays calls for such music.

During the overture and entr'acts, the quartet is hidden among the shrubbery with which the stage is decorated. Nothing could be more entrancing than these strains of mellow music, which are first faintly heard above the hum of the audience, then as the latter is hushed to listen, gradually swelling to a full *escrendo*; later dying away again in the distance, thus preparing the hearers for the opening lines of the play, which follow immediately after. The effect is charming, especially in the out-of-door performances where the music but adds to the sense of realism, already felt in the environment which is nature itself. The real sky, the real stars, the real trees and grass, and not the least, the soft, balmy air that actually touches one's cheek, all combine to make the audience a part of the performance and easily carries them back to the centuries when the characters they see upon the stage actually existed as they are represented.

The music for the text, which is usually traditional, rounds out the illusion and creates an atmosphere of quaint beauty which could be obtained in no other way.

The Coburn Players will be seen in a series of three performances, May 8th and 9th, with matinee on the 9th, on the campus of Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C., under the auspices of the Shakespeare Club. The plays which they will give in the following order are:

"The Taming of the Shrew."

"As You Like It."

"The Merchant of Venice."

# BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

ROY J. HART, Editor

In the former numbers of *THE STUDENT* we have expressed our opinion about other magazines. In this number we are giving what other magazines have had to say about us.

The following admirable criticism came out in the November issue of the *Bessie Tift Journal*:

"We send our sincerest sympathies and condolences to the author of "Farewell My Love, Forever," in the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT*. Is it possible that so young an author can have had such an experience? Let us trust that he is not writing from his heart.

We have never been able to see the point in his other poem, "The Flight of Youth." There being no connection whatever, even between the title and the verses. We wish to assure the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT* that the "intelligence of women" so slightly referred to in their October issue, is able to comprehend the extreme inferiority of these "poems." This being the case, we tremble to think of what the superior (?) sex will say, when the *STUDENT* has been received."

The *Acorn*, however, writing about the same issue of *THE STUDENT*, found other things to criticise:

"Playing Poker by Proxy" is a good story, though the ending seems a little abrupt and unnatural. "Cupid on Banjo Branch" deserves praise in successfully bringing out the character of our mountain people, in a clever plot. "When Judge Winter said 'Shoo'" is a very entertaining love story. One would have expected such a girl as the heroine seems to be to have laughingly explained the absence of slipper and stocking and her presence in the library, but we suppose the many vagaries of a woman's nature will allow the author to arrange the ending to his story in a way more suited to his plot. "Three Chops on a Poplar Tree" has a plot that has been used since the first freshman struggled through English "I." The organization and development shows more maturity, however. The departments are strong and well-balanced. *THE STUDENT* seems to be coming up to the high standard already set by other *Students*.

The *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, writing about the November issue of THE STUDENT, said:

"To say the least, the WAKE FOREST STUDENT was disappointing to us. There is only one poem, "On a Dead Mocking Bird." We consider this the best production of the magazine, and, by the way, the title reminds us of Burns, while the poem itself seems to have felt his influence. The stories, with one exception, are of poor, illiterate people, and only one is worthy of mention, "Unto the Third Generation." The title suggests the plot, which is that of an old criminal giving up his life for his grandson, who is fast following in the steps of his grandfather. The essays are not of very high grade, the one on the life and works of Walt Whitman being the best."

The *Carson-Newman Collegian*, however, seems to have been a little better pleased with our magazine. Here is their criticism:

"Crave" is a good story, but sometimes it is difficult for us to feel Oscar Crave to have been so unnaturally affected by a natural cause. The author, however, carries one along until he is not shocked at the outcome of the story. "On Books and Pictures" is a very readable essay. It is well for every student to learn to study and appreciate pictures. A single picture will read one an insight into life or customs which can not be well expressed in words. The essay on "Pythagoras" convincingly presents his worth to us. The author's style is well suited to the subject. The trials which Pythagoras was forced to undergo in entering the Egyptian schools, no doubt, is argument for initiation ceremonies, but I do not believe it a base for the present-day hazing. "An Entomologist's Daughter" is a short story well written, giving us a good college prank. "A Compass and a Compact" is the longest story, and the author needed even more space to fully develop his story. The conversation is good, and we are pleased with the happy ending. This number contains four poems, the best of which are "Twilight" and "College Life." The author of "College Life" is very easy. He seems to possess some qualities of a poet. The literary department is well balanced."

The *Ouachita Ripples* also knows how to recognize good literature, for in the January number the following criticism is found:

"The best piece of writing in the December issue of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is the short story "Crave." The writer's work

seems to be really under the class of the hyphenated short story. The selection of words is good. Mystery lends its power of creating interest in the story. Originality and style are carried out very successfully. With due respect to the rules of the short story, the writer has made his main character unique and has given swift character development. "Twilight" has a good poetic sentiment and perfect meter. This writer also has a good style in prose, as is shown in his "A Compass and a Compact." Autumn's beauties are told to us again in the excellent poem, "Autumn." The sketch of "Pythagoras" is fine. There is an underlying element of humor that is very refreshing to the reader when he is reading of the "ancients." The research work in this sketch is what we wish more of our magazine writers would do. It is impossible to mention all the good material in this issue, but we can say that we heartily congratulate the editorial staff upon securing such good articles for their magazine. We would not forget also to give due credit to the good work of the staff in the editorials and departments. Let us suggest, however, that the editors of "Notes and Clippings" enlarge their department just a little. The magazine is certainly a well rounded one and one of which any college should be proud."

The *Buff and Blue* in February wrote the following:

"What we like about "The Persistency of Peter" in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is its originality. The story also shows humor in its description of the many ludicrous ways the ingenuous Peter adopts in order to have his name in the city papers. His ambition is realized when through his marriage with one of the clerks in the same store where he works, a notice is published in the paper. Although, the magazine is a great improvement over former issues."

This is what the *Chimes* of Shorter College thinks:

"The WAKE FOREST STUDENT claims an important place on our exchange table for January. 'O. Henry' is a criticism doubtlessly expressing the writer's opinion. It is clear and shows his thorough study of the author. We are thankful, however, that everyone has the right to an opinion of his own—that others do not think and express our thoughts for us. 'The Open Door' department is worthy of notice; its sub-heads, 'The College Bore,' and 'Coöperation' are subjects well treated in brief. The editorials of this magazine stand forward as the strength of the publication. We are always glad to give the STUDENT a place on our shelves."

Here is a right nice little brickbat from the *Furman Echo*:

"The author of 'O. Henry' (WAKE FOREST STUDENT) makes such frequent use of that name that the O gives the pages something of the appearance of polka-dot."

The *Bessie Tift Journal* in December said:

"Room Thirteen" in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is rather Poe-like in plot. Though the subject is not a new one, haunted houses being the theme for many stories, still it is well written, and handled in a way that proves the author had a definite idea in mind and knew how to carry it out. One story in this issue has an 'O. Henry turn' at the end that is positively brutal—'Unto the Third Generation.' One can not conceive of any being so inhuman as the boy showed himself in the last scene, and, yet with it all, there is a humanness that stamps itself forcibly upon our minds. 'Coons and Rabbit Boxes' is more of a character sketch, but it is decidedly typical of the south, and attractively written."

This is the opinion of the *Trinity Archive*:

"On the whole, the WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a well balanced and well organized magazine. It contains many good stories and essays. "Playing Poker by Proxy" gives in an interesting way a good picture of mountain life. The description in the story and the characterization are very commendable features. We are certainly glad to see the splendid review of Professor Siedd's tribute to Lee. "Cupid on Banjo Branch" is another story of mountain life. This, however, gives us an account of the love affair of a college bred deputy collector and a "true blue" mountain girl, and is, of course, humorous. It is expressed in a pure and simple style, which enhances the interest of the story. In "Attempts at Communistic Life in America" we find an essay which is original and which treats a subject that is unusual in a college magazine. It contains facts that seem to us would appeal to the average college student. "Three Chops on a Poplar Tree" is an attractive story. The climax is worked up to so well and throughout the interest does not wane. The poetry of this magazine does not by any means come up to the high standard of the stories, essays and editorials contained in it. "The Flight of Youth" is the only really creditable poetry we find. But, although somewhat disappointing in this feature, this is an unusually good edition, and one which might well be imitated."

Even in far-away Texas at Waco THE STUDENT has attracted attention, for in the *Literary* of Baylor University we find the following passage:

"The WAKE FOREST STUDENT for March is to be commended for its promptness in publication. The magazine is well-balanced as in its contents. "A Modified Revenge" has some good points for certainly one could find nothing more natural than that the "Little Girl" should go home and "cry" too, after she had treated the "Little Boy" so rudely, yet the plot is well worked out and is anything but easy-flowing. The whole story reminds us somewhat of the scenes in "Their Yesterdays" and we wonder if the writer doesn't know how stale the "John Alden" episode is. The verses of "A Spring Reverie" shows signs of a poetic nature, and although they have for their theme the much-used subject of Spring the concluding thoughts give a new interpretation to the entire production. The article "Industrial Democracy" shows a broad outlook on American events and a knowledge of current thinking. It is to be commended and we hope that every college student will read it. "The Hermit of the Big Bald" is a queer story and the interest never wanes throughout the length of it, although the ending is some what disappointing. "Impressions of New England" is intensely interesting and coming from one who received his college education in the South, we appreciate the facts which he sets forth more and more. We like the department "The Open Door" and although the articles contained therein are not up to the college literary standard, they are interesting because they show in a striking way just what some of our eastern students think. It gives an insight into the college life which the other departments do not."

In general we are very much pleased with the criticisms that other magazines have given us. We are glad that they have been frank enough to express their real opinions, for we love to get a little bitter along with the sweet.

# OPEN DOOR

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## A Proposition

Does our College magazine represent every branch and activity of college life equally? We read of athletics—what our teams have done and expect to do in all lines, track, football, basketball and baseball. That is all very good and the editors have served us well this year. The stories, poetry, and jokes have also been good. But what about our Y. M. C. A. and literary societies? Are they represented as they should be? Would it not be practical to have a Y. M. C. A. editor, to bring to the students the workings of the organization? Other colleges have such an editor, and the standard of their magazines is raised by reason of that fact.

In regard to our societies, would it not be practical to have the queries that are used in the debates printed in *THE STUDENT*? And would it be going too far to have the issues stated and decisions recorded?

Again, as we have no September issue, would it not be a good idea to collect our intercollegiate debates, the anniversary, the Sophomore-Junior debates, together with the anniversary orations and the commencement oration that wins the A. D. Ward medal, and have a September issue, letting these collections constitute that number? This issue might also cover briefly the history of our intercollegiate debating.

C. C. CASHWELL.

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## Student License

There are something like five thousand young men in the various colleges of our State. To them the people unconsciously look for leaders in both thought and action. Every one of them is the pride of some mother's heart. They are all choice young men, sons from the best homes in the land.

They have the same high ambitions, cherish the same hopes, and thrill with the same patriotism which kindled the hearts of our people a generation ago. Our student bodies have grown in greater proportion than the number of colleges, and today it is easy for a young fellow to drop into the crowd and neglect completely his own individuality. Transported from the tender protection of a loving mother, he takes his place among from three to eight hundred other fellows just like himself. Overcome by his new surroundings, he is soon seized by the thoughtless spirit of the mob and is soon ready to lend his aid and sanction to things at whose mention he would blush in the presence of his mother.

However, it may be said to the credit of every college community that nothing can exist for any length of time which isn't in harmony with the general mind of the student body. And consequently it is of the greatest importance that those in charge of our institutions should take every precaution that the proper sense of conduct should not be overlooked. In this one respect college men have stepped out of their own by giving wholesale approval to the use of profanity. Recently two college teams met in one of the leading cities of the State and what occurred there may be witnessed on the athletic field of almost any college. The leaders led a series of yells composed for the most part of the foulest profanity; and every mother's son was on the line yelling himself hoarse, while fathers, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts looked on and tore their throats "helping to win the game."

Everybody will admit, of course, that it is as thoughtless as it is uncalled for, yet many are indulging in the worthless habit. Why should a college man with all of the English language in his reach have to resort to the use of profanity in order to express himself? If his feelings become so intense that it takes profane language to express them, is he worthy of the respect and confidence of his fellows and of his people at home? There is absolutely no excuse for the



abundant use of profane language which is prevalent in most student bodies. If there is any one who has such an excuse, it is the dago or the Italian in the mine, shut out from the influences of civilization and Christianity, and not young men who are in full possession of the great and rich inheritance of the race and who are expected to be the leaders of coming generations.

The old excuse that "they are students" should no longer be accepted, and young men should be made to feel that if they are to have the positions of responsibility which wait for them, they must measure up to the moral standards of the time. Let every man remember that immoral indulgences of the group are those of the individual; and let our college girls cease to give entertainment to student bodies that countenance such, and then mother's son will return to her a strong and useful man.

R. L. MALTBA.

# WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

R. E. WILLIAMS, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

The loyalty of Wake Forest alumni has become proverbial, and justly so. Very often this loyalty is expressed in a material way by one of her many faithful sons. An example of this loyalty was forcibly impressed upon the members of the baseball team upon the occasion of their recent visit to the capital of the Palmetto State. When apprised of the fact that the team were situated in none too desirable quarters on the campus of the Game Coeks; Mr. E. B. Gresham, who piloted the destinies of the '98 nine (in which year he graduated), immediately took the team to his hotel as his guests, where they were treated in a manner which has rarely been equalled by any host of any representatives of the College. Mr. Gresham is a typical example of a loyal son of Wake Forest (and incidentally one of the most successful men in the hotel business to be found in the South). To him are due the thanks not only of the team, but of the entire student body and the College as a whole.

Mr. R. F. Beasley ('93), who has accomplished great good as the editor of the *State Journal*, has announced himself as a candidate for Congress from the Seventh District. Mr. Beasley's personality has gained him many friends throughout the district.

Hon. T. W. Bickett, Attorney-General of the State and one of the first graduates of the Law Department of the College, will deliver the address at the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Law Department, May 8th.

Mr. Luther Mills Kitchin, who was a student in the Law Department until the last term of the Supreme Court, at which time he received his license to practice law, has pur-

chased a controlling interest in the Scotland Neck *Commonwealth*. Mr. Kitchin will edit the paper.

Rev. E. P. Cameron has resigned his pastorate at Muskegee, Oklahoma, to become pastor of the Baptist church at Claremore, N. C.

Dr. Fred. F. Brown, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, was recently married to Miss Nona Lee Dover of Frankford. This announcement has been received with unusual pleasure by the many friends of Dr. Brown in this State.

Rev. Carl Murchison has graduated from Rochester Theological Seminary and has accepted a pastorate at Bridgeport, Connecticut. His brother, Mr. Claudius Murchison, is a student at Columbia University. Mr. Murchison is a member of the Columbia track team.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

(Rob Roy)

Vann—Let's get a nut sundæ.

Charlie Hensley—No, I want it now.



John Mull—I'd like to get a Varlorum edition of *Hamlet*.

State Librarian—What?

He—A varlorum edition of *Hamlet*.

She (returning with a moth-eaten, dust-covered volume)—This is very old, will it do?



Meredith Girl (describing one of their gym stunts)—We have to hop all the way around the gym and count with mouth closed on one foot.



Johny Neal (writing to his girl)—Remember Numbers 32 : 23 (incidentally it is a biblical expression that reads: "Be sure your sins will find you out").

Her reply—I have no idea what figures 32 and 23 mean. I know that 23 means "skidoo," but 32 conveys absolutely nothing to my mind.



Dr. Sykes—Who was Charlotte Corday?

Sigmon (with a knowing smile)—She was the woman that entered his chamber and stabbed him in his bathroom.



Newish Bell ("legging" on physics)—Prof. Lake, how many calories are there in a meter?



Tom Britton—Got change for a dollar?

Billy Green—Yes.

Britton—Lend me fifty cents.



Dowell—I want to cut out these modern languages and take the dead languages.

Dr. Gorrell—Why is that, Mr. Dowell?

Dowell—I'm a "sky" doctor, and I want to use those languages at funeral services.

## THE PSALM OF THE FRESHMAN.

*(With apologies to King David)*

1. The sophomore is my boss: I shall not deny it.
2. He maketh me to stay in my hole after sunset: he leadeth me before the senate committee.
3. He robbeth me of my privileges: he leadeth me into a trap for his pleasure's sake.
4. Yea, though I slip shyly through the campus at night I do fear evil: for thou watchest after me: thy yells and thy scissors they do everything but comfort me.
5. Thou preparest blacking for me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my face with paint; my wrath runneth over.
6. Surely thy paint and thy scissors shall not haunt me all the days of my life; and I shall not dwell in the class of the newish forever.

✽

Wake Forest Girl (returning from the track-meet)—The two-mile dash was fine, but the hundred-yard vault was just grand.

✽

Dr. Sledd (to Weston who had his feet cocked up against the stove)—Mr. Weston, look out, or you will bake your brains.

✽

Raynor (seeing "Sir Pinky" PreVette leave for Raleigh)—I'd like to buy that fellow for what he is worth and sell him for what he thinks he is worth.

Mitchell—Allow me a broker's fee on the deal and I will retire.

✽

Tyner (to "Bissy" Barnes who had never eaten any oysters)—Bissy, how did you enjoy the oysters?  
 "Bissy"—I got along fine with them till I found a d——— old spider in the bottom of the bowl.

✽

When you see a bashful lover  
 Blushing crimson in the face,  
 Every time he takes his watch out,  
 There's a woman in the case.

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