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Vol. XXXIV

Number 1

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT



October, 1914

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

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Manager, C. C. CASHWELL, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIV

October, 1914

No. 1

TWILIGHT

C. J. HUNTER, JR.

The high-flung after-glow begins to pale
And burn but dimly from the western cloud.
Grey, mourning Twilight comes with head low bowed,
Spreading his ashy sackcloth o'er the vale
And o'er the slope, till shadows 'gin to scale
The eastern peak, with topmost purple brow'd,
And hide the spot where trembling colors cowed;
The last long-lingering lights of heaven fail.
Now frightened Nature holds her breath, is still,
Scarce whispering her fear to spruce and pine,
Till one by one, slow lit, the stars refill
The dark with cheery light, and the divine
Full-orbed moon flames up on yonder hill.
Who now can doubt Thee while Thy moon doth shine?

DAVIDSON DEBATE

[Resolved that all Elective Officers in North Carolina Should be Nominated by a Direct Primary Modeled after the Wisconsin System Rather Than by the Convention.]

I. SPEECH OF E. P. YATES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I think you will agree that nothing the gentlemen of the affirmative have said has in any way affected the facts established by my colleague; that the convention system has been a great success right here in North Carolina, and that a change to the direct primary would certainly be no improvement, but would bring in possible and probable political perils of which we had well be aware. We should look before we leap, and so it is my purpose to indicate certain inherent defects, together with the actual workings of the direct primary in other States, and leave it to you to decide whether we want it in North Carolina.

In the first place, let us notice the system from the viewpoint of the candidates. Would it produce more efficient officers? However inefficient a man may be, he can run for office in the direct primary. He has only to secure from one to three per cent of the signatures of anybody, which signatures may be solicited, copied from old tax books or directories as they were in Oregon in 1909, or they may be bought for five cents apiece as has become the custom in the State of Wisconsin, for they are neither verified nor even questioned. Then the candidate has merely to buy a space for his name upon the ballot, and with no allegiance to platform, with no requisite for character or ability, with nothing required but his greed for personal honors, he presents himself to the people. And with his name on the ballot he must make himself known, and so he begins to advertise in the

newspapers, to send out pamphlets, to give big dinners, has his picture tacked up at every crossroad, and flashed in every moving picture show.

Now while advertising himself, the candidate must point out the defects of his opponent, and his opponents begin to scandalize him, thus personal animosities are engendered, the fight for the big offices taking the entire attention of the people. Nor do we have to leave home to show that this is a fact in actual practice. To say nothing for or against either of our last senatorial candidates, who does not remember the strife and bitterness of that campaign, not only between our two great statesmen, but between their factions throughout the State? And who does not remember that this campaign took the entire attention of the people and that the candidates for the smaller offices had to go unnoticed?

Now, under the direct primary this turmoil and strife is kept up for weeks, after which comes nomination day. And here the candidates place their forces of henchmen at every nook and corner, the precinct demagogue receives his fee, all methods are employed to get the voters to the ballot box, and it is a fact, sad but true, that many voters are bought and sold.

Then when the returns are canvassed we are faced with the fact that a plurality vote must determine the choice of the whole people. In forty-one per cent of the nominations made in Wisconsin since the primary was adopted, a plurality vote has nominated. Now would this system nominate better men in North Carolina, than the convention nominates by a majority vote?

Furthermore, the direct primary would debar many efficient men because of its enormous expense to the candidate. The poor man would be compelled to sell himself to special interests that they might bear the expense, or he must leave the race to men of wealth who generally seek the office solely for the honor of holding it. If a man has the money he can

spend it to advertise himself. He can give candy to every child in his district, as Bob Reynolds of Asheville is doing this spring, and there is no law under the sun that can prevent him. Therefore, the man who has the most money is the man who stands the best chance. Here are facts to prove this statement.

The present governor of Oklahoma paid \$75,000 to be nominated for an office that pays only \$4,500 a year.

Al Jennings, the noted bandit and train robber of Oklahoma, has already received \$100,000 to pay his expenses in the coming gubernatorial primary. Five men have given their consent to oppose him in the race, and four of them have served a penitentiary sentence.

The secretary of state of Mississippi says that a candidate for governor there must spend the salary of his whole term of office in order to get any recognition at all in the direct primary.

One hundred and seven thousand dollars secured thirty-one per cent of the Republican votes in the State of Wisconsin, and nominated a man eighty-one years old for the Senate of the United States. (N. Y., p. 1212.)

Stephenson and his money had been repeatedly turned down by the State convention while he was in his vigor of manhood, but at death's door his wealth reached its aim in the direct primary.

His three opponents spent together one hundred thousand dollars, yet went down in defeat. What chance could an honest poor man have stood?

From these facts, I ask, would the modest self-respecting man be willing to subject himself, his money, his reputation to such a campaign? Would the system produce better officers in North Carolina than we now have under the convention? Or rather, would not the old adage, "The voice of the people is the voice of God" be banished to the four winds of

the earth, to let the voice of the almighty dollar name the so-called people's choice?

This is the direct primary from the candidate's standpoint. Now let us notice it from the standpoint of the people. Wherein their own power, which the system purports to foster, is utterly destroyed.

If there were only a few candidates to present their claims, the people could probably vote with some degree of intelligence; but there are about fifty offices in North Carolina for the average voter to pass upon, and at a low estimate there would be from three to five candidates in the Democratic party for each office. Thus making from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty candidates in all, and there is no telling how many there might be. In Texas this very spring eighteen men of Democratic faith have declared that they should be made the governor of that great State, and the convention which the affirmative condemn, was forced to come to the assistance of the people. Now, however many candidates there be, they are scattered all over the State, and the people have no method of knowing their character and ability, except from what they say of themselves or from what their opponents say of them. Nor even is this information available, for no sane man can predict that the average voter will sit down to read the autobiographies of two hundred and fifty men before every nomination day. Thus under these circumstances the average voter must go to the ballot box, and in the depths of darkness pass upon the whole category of national, state, county, municipal, and district officers. In the State of Wisconsin the direct primary ballots are from three to five feet long. Then pray tell me where is your power of the people, while they stand at the ballot box and, in this problem of quadratic equations, try to guess the unknown quantity?

Under the convention system each precinct selects one delegate from their own midst, whom they are willing to trust,

and as they have a means of knowing their own neighbors, they have absolute power to select efficient delegates. And if they do not do it, they only are to blame. If they can not select one efficient man from their own community, how can you expect them to select fifty efficient men scattered from the mountains to the coast? They can not choose wisely, and a few facts will prove that they have not done so where the system has been tried.

In 1909, Horry County, S. C., nominated a pardoned criminal for the State legislature.

In 1911, Hon. L. T. Burns, of Oklahoma, was nominated for insurance commissioner after he had moved to Central America.

In 1910, Frank P. Tucjer, of Wisconsin, extensively advertised his campaign for attorney-general, and in his greed for the office he stole four or five thousand stamped envelopes with which to send out his circulars. But being caught in the act, he committed suicide about a month before nomination. His name was already on the ballot, and the people nominated him for attorney-general of this model primary State.

There are other examples equally ridiculous, and they point unmistakably to this important fact: people generally have not the time or inclination to qualify themselves to vote for fifty men in the direct primary.

The system further destroys the power of the people, since it deals with men only, and not with measures. The people are given no voice in their platform. The object of government is measures, and not that a few men may hold public honors. A North Carolina convention formulates principles by which its party shall be governed and then nominates men to carry out those principles of government. This is simple enough. The same convention that nominates the candidate makes the platform. In accepting the nomination the candidate endorses the platform, and pledges himself to uphold it.

But in vain the problem of making a platform has been grappled with by every State that has adopted the direct primary. No satisfactory method has yet been devised, and never is likely to be. The gentlemen of the affirmative propose the method employed in the State of Wisconsin. This does not compel the candidates to declare for any principles until after they are nominated, and then they are allowed to concoct their own platforms. It leaves the party and the people absolutely without influence in the matter, and they must abide by the principles laid down for them. Then in the face of this to argue that the system gives power to the people is nothing but mockery.

Then let us notice the direct primary from the standpoint of political parties.

It is a settled fact that competition is the life of trade, and all the more so is competition the life of all governments. And in governmental affairs, political parties are the only competitors. All striving to serve the people that they may gain more power. Political parties have affected every great achievement in American history. The party of Jefferson secured the Louisiana Purchase, the domain of California and Texas, and gave to us an empire extending from ocean to ocean. The gold standard was a definite party principle. Tariff policies, banking and currency laws have always been in accord with party declarations. Without a party you can not ascertain the will of the people.

Therefore, political parties should be maintained, and they have been maintained, wherever they are allowed to meet in conventions, arouse party spirit, draw up their platforms, and without expense to the candidate put forth strong men to uphold the party standard.

But minority parties have not been maintained, and they can not be maintained, under the direct primary, and this is not mere theory but stern fact.

In the first place, does it not stand to reason that a man

would have to advertise himself in order to secure the nomination in a direct primary, and that it would take time and money to do this advertising, and further does it not stand to reason that no sane man will spend his time and money to secure the nomination in the minority party, when he knows that there is no chance of election? Consequently that party can not produce its candidates, and the major party is left with an open field. This has been the result wherever the system has been operated for any length of time.

In the States of Texas, Mississippi, and South Carolina there is practically but one party in existence.

In Wake County and many other direct primary counties in the eastern part of this State, the Republican party had no county ticket whatever in the last general election.

In the State of Wisconsin the once strong Democratic party has all but vanished from the earth. It failed to produce a single candidate in more than half the counties in the last direct primary in that State.

Then how can the minority party be maintained when there is no convention to bring it together, no candidate to run for the offices, no principles to be advocated. And since strong parties and party spirit are the very vitals of government, would it not be an unwise policy for North Carolina to change to a revolutionary system which promises party destruction?

My last proposition is that the direct primary has not worked satisfactorily in actual practice, and therefore should not be adopted in North Carolina. Had I the time I could show that it has failed in every State that has tried it; but I trust that this is not necessary. I shall simply show that it has worked unsatisfactorily in four representative States—Oregon, Mississippi, South Carolina, and the model State of Wisconsin.

First, let us notice Oregon on the West. The direct primary was adopted there in 1904, and before two years had

passed a peace conference had to be called to restore peace between the factions of the Republican party. But the strife and bitter factions so continued that just before the primary of 1910, a State convention was called and candidates were nominated to be placed before the people at the primary, and the primary nominated four-fifths of the convention candidates. Thus by 1910 the convention was back in operation and the primary was only a sham. Since that time nominations have been made by a combination of primaries, conventions, cliques, and caucuses. The politicians have played to the whims of the people until they have adopted every radical reform from Woman Suffrage down to the Recall of Judges.

In 1910 the corporations of Portland, Oregon, induced the driver of a dray wagon to run for governor. They furnished the money; he was elected; and administered his high office not in the interest of the people, but of the corporations that elected him.

Mr. Barnett, of the University of Oregon, says that the system has produced no more efficient officers. The tax rate in that State has advanced by leaps and bounds, until today it is five times as much as it is in North Carolina, and four times as much as it was in Oregon before the adoption of the direct primary. How costly for Oregon! Do we want to pay the price in North Carolina?

And not only has the direct primary failed in Oregon, but the very system that furnished Wisconsin her model has, after twelve years of practice, proved a failure in the State of Mississippi.

Mr. Power, the secretary of that State, says that under the direct primary their government has drifted into the hands of a gumshoe cabal of cheap politicians, who work together for their own selfish aims. He further says that the honest poor candidate has no chance of nomination, that it takes from ten thousand dollars up to be nominated for governor,

and that the power of the people has been destroyed both as to their public officers and as to their platform. The bribery investigation carried on there last fall goes to show the class of men in power. Nine public officials, who were approved by the direct primary in the State of Mississippi were convicted of the high crime of bribery and corruption. Five of them were sent to the penitentiary of that State whose trust they had betrayed. Now, I defy the gentlemen to show any convention State in our Southland, in any period of its history with equal corruption in governmental affairs. Show us where a man approved by a North Carolina convention has been forced to hide his head in shame in our State penitentiary.

I next ask you to consider the workings of the direct primary in our own sister State of South Carolina, where conditions are practically the same as in our own. Here is the dramatic chapter—weak judiciary, inglorious legislature, the unspeakable Cole L. Blease. They tell the story; pray let the curtain fall. They are the products of the direct primary in South Carolina. Will you invite them to pollute the soil of our State, while their warning signal thunders danger in our ears?

And last let us notice the State of Wisconsin, the model of all models that they propose for North Carolina.

The Stephenson scandal already referred to proves that the dollar speaks louder there than does the honest statesman. As further proof of it, a negro in that State had a tingle of political aspirations, and as the leopard can not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, he bribed the newspapers to conceal his color, hired white men to carry on his campaign for State senator, and while yet behind the curtain rode into that high office of honor, leaving the people dumbfounded but helpless under your direct primary. It was at this time that the State nominated a suicide for the office of attorney-general.

Mr. Meyer, of the University of Wisconsin, says that the primary has produced a low standard of efficiency there. When they adopted the system, that State furnished five chairmen of committees in Congress and John C. Spooner in the Senate; but two years ago, when the Republican party retired from power it furnished not a single committee chairman, and Stephenson in the place of Spooner.

The State legislature of Wisconsin chokes out its own life with legislation. During the past six years its members nominated by the direct primary have passed laws to cover more square feet of solid print than the convention nominated legislature had passed in the preceding ninety-two years. Every member has his own political ax to grind, and they grind for each other at the expense of the taxpayer. And what is the result? In 1900 the tax rate of North Carolina and that of Wisconsin were about equal. Since that time in this State it has increased only about twenty-five per cent; but in Wisconsin, in the last decade, the tax rate has increased four hundred per cent and continues to go higher and higher. The people fairly groan under their outrageous burden of taxation. This increase came hand in hand with the inefficient direct primary officers in Wisconsin, and there is no reason to believe that they would not be repeated in North Carolina.

Now nothing can be proved a success or failure except by comparison, and when we compare the disastrous political conditions in these four direct primary States with the success of our convention for nearly one hundred years, how can we but mark the direct primary a failure, and condemn it for North Carolina?

My colleague has established the efficiency of the convention in North Carolina. I have proved that the direct primary has produced and will produce less efficient officers, that it would destroy the power of our people both as to their candidates and as to their platform, that party ties would be broken and minority parties destroyed, and last, I have

shown that upon four sides of this American Union the direct primary has failed in actual practice. I have given the facts, and I have proof of every statement made.

Will you accept the system, or will you retain the convention through which is made possible a truly representative republic, of, by and for the people of North Carolina?

II. SPEECH OF J. M. PRITCHARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—To assume the failure of the convention system of nominating candidates for public office in North Carolina is but to deny our State's progress and her present position. The convention system has had nearly a century of glorious success in American political history. The gentlemen of the opposition, in order to substantiate their claims for the passage of so radical a law as the direct primary, must prove that the convention has been a hopeless failure in North Carolina. They must prove that the direct primary has been a success in the several States in which it has been in operation, and further they must prove that the direct primary system which they propose will remedy all the evils charged against the convention system.

I purpose to show at the very outset, first, that so far from being a failure in North Carolina, the convention system has been a remarkable success.

We have only to remind ourselves that the object of any system of nominations is to obtain the best candidates for public office, and we are convinced how well the convention has served us in the past hundred years. For even our opponents will admit that the convention system, despite the shortcomings they see in it, has in nearly every instance brought forward the best men as candidates and has given our State a long and illustrious line of public servants. From the time when North Carolinians assembled in convention and our orators in words of burning flame registered the first protest against British despotism, our governors and

other State officers have been men of the highest honor and integrity. But we need go no further back than the memorable campaign of 1876. Consider the two intellectual giants who went up and down North Carolina in that campaign. What better man could any system have brought before the people than the immortal Zebulon Baird Vance, the candidate for the Democrats? And yet he had a noble foeman, worthy of his steel. No truer gentleman nor nobler and more dignified statesman ever appeared before the people than Judge Thomas Settle. Despite the fact that he represented a party which at that time was not in good repute in North Carolina, he excited admiration and esteem wherever he went, and today his name ranks high in the annals of our State's history. The names of Vance and Settle will ever be dear to a North Carolinian's heart. Their fairness and ability in joint discussion shall never be forgotten, but their names shall be wafted down the corridors of time and live throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. And yet, these men were nominated in convention. My friends of the opposition, where else could the Democratic and Republican parties have found men to equal Vance and Settle? So I might remind you of every political campaign from 1876 to this good hour, and show to you that the convention system has given to us the best men as candidates for public office. But this is so patent and so well known by every citizen in this grand commonwealth that I need refer only to the fact that our last four governors—Aycock, Glenn, Kitchin, and Craig—were each nominated for their high office in a North Carolina convention. Certainly, then, if the object is to give us good officers, the convention must be admitted to be a success in North Carolina.

Clearly any one proposing a change is under obligations to bring forward a system which would give us as good or better officers or which will be beyond peradventure for the

best interests of the State of North Carolina. It is not enough to show that the system which you propose has worked well in Northern or Western States, or in remote parts of the country, where conditions are entirely different from North Carolina; where three-fourths of the population are foreign born, where seventy per cent are congregated in large cities; but they must show that the system they propose would work better than the convention system is working right here in North Carolina. Our opponents can not discredit a system that has worked so well in nominating thousands of efficient public officers in North Carolina, by pointing to two or three or even a dozen instances in which there has been a deadlock or some light hitch in the smooth workings of the convention system. Possibly our opponents may roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues the Clark-Godwin incident in Wilmington, North Carolina, a few years ago; in the first place they tell us that this was settled by a primary. Hence, all nominations should be made by a direct primary. But we beg to remind our friends of the opposition that primaries of this kind are only a part of the general plan of the convention system, and we further urge upon you the fact that there are ten congressional districts in North Carolina, and that a primary in one of these ten districts once in a hundred years is a very different thing from a State-wide primary at which a thousand candidates are nominated for office at every election. Furthermore, we often hear of a few long drawn out deadlocks in this State, and we hear of these from the same gentlemen who tell us that the convention is made up of corrupt delegates who are manipulated by bosses. They tell us that nominations are bought and sold, and as stock examples, perhaps, they will mention the congressional convention that nominated Major Stedman and the convention at Charlotte which nominated Governor Kitchin. Yet, it is universally admitted that these nominations were highly acceptable to the people of North Carolina. It was worth the while of

these conventions to stay in session day in and day out to secure men of their stamp to hold office in North Carolina, and is it not inconsistent to charge the members of these conventions with being corrupt and under the lash of a boss? The very fact that Kitchin's friends and Craig's friends and Horne's loyal supporters were willing to sit in the convention to the limit of physical endurance is sufficient proof that the men of these conventions were of the highest principles and greatest courage. That these noble North Carolinians were men whose votes were not for sale and that the corrupt boss was nowhere to be found.

And now, my honorable opponents, to assume the failure of the convention system in North Carolina is not only to deny our State's progress and her present position, but such a course would be but to close our eyes to the most striking facts of North Carolina history. When we consider the matter, we get a clear vision of just what a valuable instrument the convention system is for the purpose of securing good candidates in North Carolina. First, take the townships. Every man in the township has the opportunity to vote both at the primary and at the general elections for public officers. Next let us consider the counties. Our counties are not so large but that the character of the candidates is very well known to the average voter. He feels that he has a personal interest in their selection. Hence, he is willing to go to his primary, and does attend his primary, and select delegates in the interest of the men of his choice. In this way, the names of any number of men may be presented to the convention, with the assurance that their claims will be carefully and intelligently canvassed by a body of representative men, and thus the best man is selected. What a vivid contrast does the direct primary present! Here five or six men are before the people and the fitness of these men is judged only by the vitriolic personal abuse heaped upon one another. Here, the detestable demagogue, the most obnoxious species

of American politics, sits as chief counsellor, and by the aid of his cunning art and seductive wiles renders deliberation impossible, engenders envy, strife and passion, and thereby accomplishes his ulterior purpose. As proof of this statement, I quote Judge Merrimon, an eminent North Carolinian, who says "That it is a disgrace the way votes have been bought in the recent North Carolina primaries. The voters have been herded like cattle and paid fifty cents, ten dollars, and even as high as twenty-five dollars for their votes." This terrible condition of affairs not only exists in the tenth district, but in nearly every county in North Carolina which has the direct primary law modeled after your Wisconsin plan.

However, when we come to the congressional, judicial, and State officers, the average voter has not the time to determine the qualifications of all the candidates. He prefers to do this by proxy or through delegates who are sent to the State convention. A North Carolina State convention is made up of a thousand delegates, selected from every county and assembly district in the State. These delegates are selected in the county convention by the people themselves, and in a few instances where the people can determine their choice the representative is instructed how to vote. The delegates bring to the convention a knowledge of political conditions, of the public sentiments, and an intimate acquaintance with the candidates before the convention. They are almost invariably thoroughly practical men, experienced in public affairs. All of their experience and ability, all their information concerning public opinion or concerning political conditions or the character of the candidates are centered in the State convention, which is the great conference of the parties and the State. Every candidate from the crest of the great Smokies to the seacoast must meet the approval of this representative body of men. The character of every candidate before the convention will be invariably known to every

delegate in the convention before the time comes for him to cast his vote. There is opportunity for concentration, for deliberation, for thought and action. And for a thoughtful consideration of all the issues upon which the party will build its platform. Under the Wisconsin plan, who writes the platform? The candidates, taking counsel only with themselves. There, you see, lies the danger. Some demagogue may win the nomination by a clever manipulation and empty promises and omit every vital political issue. The convention system selects measures as well as men. What the Declaration of Independence is to the nation, what the constitution has ever been to the statesman, that the platform is to the party—a definite statement of its ideals and the best method for their attainment.

What man not a lawyer or, at least, versed in the needs of our State, is competent to select judges for the bench of our Supreme Court? North Carolina today, under the convention system, has a Supreme Court of justice in whom the people have the highest confidence. What need is there to place upon the statute books a law which would give us a Supreme Court composed of men who have been subjected to villification and rotten politics which characterize the direct primary? What need for us to follow the example of South Carolina and make our courts of justice a mockery and a sham?

Shall we make a change? Let us consider the proposition with each other. First, they urge, we are ready for a change. They say over half of the counties of North Carolina already have the direct primary, and there would be no necessity for a great change. We must not forget, however, that there is a great difference between this and a State-wide primary. Our county primaries are only modifications of the convention method for getting delegates for the county convention, and they extend no further than the county convention. For these or against these *per se*, we have absolutely

nothing to say. We are discussing a direct primary law which would contemplate nominating a thousand candidates for office at every election. But these county primaries do give us an opportunity to judge whether the State-wide primary is a panacea for all the evils that American politics are heir to. These counties that have the direct primary have not one whit better officers than the counties that have the convention. For example, take the county of Wake, Its politics is in the hands of one party which is under the control of the political ring which has ramifications in every township in the county and which by its corrupt use of money and whiskey has done much to undermine the county. Thus is proved to all intelligent men that the township boss under the direct primary is more powerful than any boss that ever existed under the primary convention plan. Buncombe County has the direct primary. You remember the liquor scandal recently unearthed by Judge Frank Carter, who, by the way, was not nominated in a primary, but appointed by Governor Kitchin. Judge Carter accomplished in a week what a police judge, who was nominated in a direct primary, had failed to accomplish in two years of service. Does North Carolina need a direct primary to elect such men to enforce its prohibition measures? These facts arising out of the experience of the counties of Buncombe and Wake prove to all intelligent men that corruption and the direct primary are united in unholy wedlock.

And right here let me remind you that, as my colleague will show, there is nothing in a State-wide primary that should induce us to abandon our convention method. In 1909, New York spent over one million dollars to hold the direct primary. The city of Baltimore spent \$2.85 per vote. The model State of Wisconsin spent over two hundred thousand dollars, to say nothing of the cost of the special premises. Contrast this with the fact that the North Carolina taxpayer does not pay one penny to support the

convention system. Consider what a direct primary has done for our sister State, South Carolina. That State, once proud of its illustrious Calhoun, its invincible Hayne, its brave and noble Butler, in 1892 adopted a State-wide primary. This primary began with Pitchfork Tillman and has ended with the notorious Cole L. Blease—a champion of lawlessness and a scorner of constitutions. Only a year ago Mississippi had its election scandals that sent five of its State officers to the penitentiary. We hear of a bandit and a train robber and four convicts running for governor in the direct primary in Oklahoma. Wisconsin has its imbecile Stephenson, who acknowledges that he owes his election to an expenditure of one hundred and seven thousand dollars, and cases are numerous where dead men, thieves, defaulters and even negroes have won the nomination from deceived and careless voters. What a dark picture! What a blot on our civilization! In what contrast to the unsullied row of our State officers, resplendent with such names as Vance and Scales, Aycock and our own beloved Craig!

The convention system of nominations makes it certain that only true representatives of the party principles and traditions can secure the nomination. Every candidate nominated under the convention system stands for the policy and principles of his party. In voting for him the voter is voting for something definite. For he must be a man approved by the party leaders assembled in convention, the very men who make the platform. The experience of a hundred years of actual trial in North Carolina has proved that the men nominated by the convention have been true to their party principles. They have been exponents of the views of the majority party, and this is so because under the convention system of nominations, mugwumps, barnburners, greenbackers, and men of the opposite party or no party at all can not make their influence felt in the convention. But how is it in a direct primary? In a direct primary under the Wiscon-

sin plan or in fact under any other plan ever devised? In a direct primary it is exactly these men—I refer to the muggumps, the socialists, the idealistic dreamers with cranky principles or even with ambitions or with no principles at all who come into the primaries and because they hold the balance of power, determine who shall be the candidate of the Democratic or Republican parties. It matters not that a man be obnoxious to the principles and traditions of the party is often foisted upon it as a candidate. These men have the power to nominate and they exercise it. Under a Wisconsin law a man goes to the primary and votes for what candidate or candidates he pleases, the only restriction being that he can only vote for the candidate for one party. What would be the result if such an absurd law as the Wisconsin law were placed on our statute books? The voter would recognize that it made no difference who were the candidates for the State officers of the Republican party or of any other party except the Democratic party. All alike, except the successful Democratic candidates, are destined to defeat at election. Hence, the average Republican, especially in a county or congressional district, would pick out for Congress, say, that Democratic candidate on the Democratic ticket with leanings toward Republican views on some matters and vote for him. The result would be that the candidate selected would not be the man true to the principles of his party, but one whose principles would be such as to invite Republican votes. Nay, more, it might be the case as it has often been that the man who received the nomination, was so obnoxious as to cause a bolt of a large and conservative element of his own party. This has occurred in our own little primaries right here in North Carolina. It is this floating element of voters without party principles that constitutes the purchasable vote. It is these dumb driven cattle that the direct primary demagogue preys upon.

No system but the convention plan has yet been devised

that will leave the nomination of Democratic candidates to Democrats and Republican candidates to Republicans. After our last senatorial primary it was told in sepulchral tones all over the State that many Republicans had been allowed to vote in the Democratic primary. Even after the wise men who composed the Democratic State Executive Committee had had two or three meetings in a fruitless effort to prevent this calamity. But the sad word failure was the result of their effort. But if they failed, they failed only as others have failed, failed as utterly and as hopelessly as LaFollette failed in Wisconsin when he was forced twice to repudiate the direct primary law. There has never been a State-wide primary law devised under which a Republican, mugwump or a socialist can not vote for a Democratic candidate if he chooses. Thus the direct primary law destroys our dual party system upon which the nation has ever rested its faith and looked for its security.

And let us press this matter to the logical conclusion. Many men will vote in the direct primary for the candidates of one party and in the election for the candidates of another party. Every law that is invoked to prevent this has been declared unconstitutional. Three times Illinois passed laws of this kind, but never a one of them has passed the gauntlet of the court. A man must still have the right to change his mind and vote as he pleases on the day of election absolutely untrammelled by any previous expression of his will. In vain, when this vital matter was before our last legislature, Hon. E. J. Justice, author of the direct primary bill, sought to devise a provision which would obviate this very thing. He could not do it, and on this vital point his bill was wrecked. In a democracy such as ours, there is only one way the people may express themselves intelligently on great public issues, and that is by means of one or the other of the national parties. Cripple this instrument of popular expression and you gag the voice of the people. But the

voice of the people must not be muffled; if it can not express itself intelligently, it bursts forth in a frenzied roar. Witness the destruction of the Whig party sixty years ago, which deprived the anti-slavery element of their mouthpiece and resulted in the Civil War. The palladium of American democracy is the dual party system. The direct primary which allows one party to meddle in the affairs of another strikes a vital blow at this system and is therefore to be condemned.

In conclusion, I have proved that the convention system has been a success in North Carolina, producing good and efficient officers, and that a change is not only unnecessary but dangerous, and that the Wisconsin direct primary law, like all other direct primary laws, would destroy our dual party system of government. Let us, then, tonight in loyal love to our State and to our Nation place our stamp of disapproval on a law so farcical and impossible as the direct primary. The sacred memories of more than a century and the surest hopes of the years to come alike demand that we preserve the convention system which gave North Carolina her immortal Vance, her dignified and illustrious Settle, her wise and lovable Aycock, her trinity of statesmen, Glenn, Kitchin and Craig, then will the position of our beloved State in American history be secure.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Sweet singer of a land beyond the sea,
Interpreter of life and joy and grief,
In hearts of men who live to feel and see,
You hold a place as their loved living chief.

O gifted writer of a distant clime,
Above your pages oft I've smiled and wept,
At simple tales in simple prose or rhyme,
Which softly, surely into memory crept.

You need no flourish of the writer's art,
Nor ruse of flowing rhetoric to employ;
You have the gift to touch the common heart,
With tale of love or hate or grief or joy.

Long may you live "a sheltered people's mirth,"
To minister unto in tale or song;
And seeing "nothing common on God's earth,"
Help us to see the good in war and wrong.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MR. HARDY'S PHILOSOPHY

R. P. MC CUTCHEON.

One who reads Thomas Hardy's work chronologically can not escape the feeling that here is a man who, actuated at first by a spirit of curiosity, has begun by toying with the pessimism of Schopenhaur and von Hauptman, and, becoming more and more interested in applying their formulas in his writings, comes to accept as inevitable their conclusions. What in his early books appears as a vague and plastic theory, becomes hardened into inexorable law, into the pitiless logic of "Jude the Obscure." This is a very far cry from "Under the Greenwood Tree," and between those limits Mr. Hardy runs the whole gamut.

Mr. Hardy's finished philosophy has two fundamental theories. The first is the idea of determination, which accounts in advance for all our actions, physical and mental, by the laws of heredity and environment, and necessarily deprives us of all volition in matters respecting our own existence. As if these two factors combined were not enough sufficiently to discourage human endeavor, he advances his second theory, that the First Cause itself, which the benighted worship as God, is closely related to Caliban's Setebos, who "Doth his worst in this our life," but without reason, "in his old unweeting way." The combination of these two elements results in the gradual loss of all desire to live. Without disputing Mr. Hardy's premises, let us examine his application.

"Idiosyncrasy and vicissitude had combined to stamp Sergeant Troy as an exceptional being," is one of Mr. Hardy's earliest statements of his philosophy. Then the author demonstrates that the Sergeant, given such ancestral heritage,

will act necessarily as he does act in the face of such situations as he meets, and that there is no escape for him. "The remainder was a mere question of time and natural changes," are the words he uses to foreshadow Bathsheba's life with Troy. The emphasis here, however, seems placed on the factor of heredity. Bathsheba is explained more by her parentage than by the circumstances of her life, and so in less degree with Boldwood and Fanny. In "The Return of the Native," however, the balance is reversed. There an environment "which made a rebellious woman saturnine" pervades everything, and the book is largely built up on the influences Egdon Heath exerts on individuals of widely different heredity. Heredity is a factor in the equation, as the character of Eustacia Vye shows very clearly, but the stress is on the environment. Perhaps in no other book is there anything similar to the perfect art which has pictured Egdon Heath, and made it not only the unifying element, but the supreme agency in the catastrophe; that, too, without any forcing of situation, and without departing from the first idea of its impassive aloofness. In "Tess" we get the best union of inherited and environmental influences driving the individual relentlessly to his fate. Mr. Hardy is most conscientious in showing us how Tess's career is unmistakably predetermined for her, and when heredity seems insufficient, he produces atavism to strengthen his theory.

All this is not new. George Eliot had it, in some degree. One of Mr. Hardy's early books, published anonymously, was at first ascribed to her. George Meredith fell heir to it. Mr. Hardy is the first to push the doctrine to its limits. There is never the slightest flaw in his logic, he is never led aside by hysteria, but is as relentless as the Fates.

Indeed, there are times when a singular identity exists between the author and the First Cause, so that one questions whether all the hard luck of Mr. Hardy's characters is due to "The President of the Immortals" or to Mr. Hardy him-

self. His conception of Fate as a sardonic jester is followed consistently, and yet at times we feel that the situations are forced. These grow in number, too, in his later books, as he becomes more and more impressed with the futility of struggle.

Even as early as "The Woodlanders" we find this element of jesting Fate. Giles Winterborn fails to see the writing Grace has chalked upon his wall. Graec is shown the infidelity of Fitzpiers and yet deceives herself on the subject. The examples are more marked in "Far From the Madding Crowd." Bathsheba tosses a book to determine whether she shall send the valentine to Boldwood, which bit of feminine reasoning may well have called forth the hatred of his women readers, as expressed by the historic marginal note found in a public library copy. The accident which throws Troy and Bathsheba together we accept. When poor Fanny Robin confuses All Saints' with All Souls' church and waits for Troy at the one while he is waiting for her at the other, just across the street, we begin to question.

Such a sport of Fortune completely turns the course of "The Return of the Native." Mrs. Yeobright reaches Clym's house just as Wildeve comes up. Clym is asleep; Eustacia delays to open the door until Wildeve can get away, and then thinks she hears Clym wake up. But Clym does not wake, and Mrs. Yeobright, convinced that her son is wilfully barring her out, starts on her fatal return across the heath. Later, Clym writes a letter to Eustacia, asking her to return. He neglects to send it at once, and when it finally is delivered to her father it is put on her mantelpiece, where in her desperation she overlooks it. The result is the catastrophe of the book.

In "Tess" he gives us still more, for he is surer of his ground now. Tess tries to find a way to confess her secret to Clare before the marriage. He fails to see the written confession she slips under his door, where she finds it herself

on the wedding day. Her letter to Clare is delayed. After she walks fifteen miles to Clare's home in search of aid she finds everybody at church. Here the irony is really startling. In her despair she turns to Alex, who is thrown by chance in her way. Such a relentless current of bad luck is due to more than Fate alone; Mr. Hardy assists the trend of circumstances.

The undercurrent of hatred against the blind Force that put us here runs ever stronger through his work. Troy, in a sudden resolution to make the best of what is left him, finds that the waterspout from the church roof has spoiled his work on Fanny's grave. "To find that Providence, far from helping him into a new course, or showing any wish that he might adopt one, actually jeered his first trembling and initial attempt in that kind, was more than he could bear." This from "Tess": "Though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children may be a morality good enough for divinity, it is scorned by average human nature." The following, from "Jude the Obscure," he has restated in one of his recent poems: "* * * that the First Cause worked automatically like a somnambulist and not reflectively like a sage, that at the framing of terrestrial conditions there seemed never to have been contemplated such a development of emotional perceptiveness among the persons subject to these conditions as that reached by thinking and educated humanity."

In such a world, with such a divinity, Life becomes a thing to be endured. Marty turns to Giles from her tree-planting with these words: "It seems to me as if they sigh because they are very sorry to begin life in earnest—just as we be." "The doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world hardly called for effusiveness," we have from "The Mayor of Casterbridge." "Humanity appears upon the scene, hand in hand with trouble," reads a chapter heading from "The Return of the Native." "The ache of modern-

ism" is the keynote of Tess. But it is not until the last book that life becomes intolerable. "It was his nature to do it. The doctor says there are such boys springing up among us—boys of a sort unknown in the last generation—the outcome of new views of life. They seem to see its terrors before they are old enough to have staying power to resist them. He says it's the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live. He's an advanced man, the Doctor, but he can give no consolation to—" The Doctor is obviously a man after Mr. Hardy's heart.

The happiest people in such a world are those who least realize their lot. Ignorance is almost blissful, in Mr. Hardy's estimation. Hence we find in his peasants humor such as Shakespeare's, broad, earthy, genuine, and, we believe, characteristic. Granfer Cattle, Joseph Poorgrass, Susan Tall's husband—a dozen others come to our minds. But with the spread of new ideas even the peasants become infected. The "good old days" are fast disappearing in "Tess." The country folk are taking on more of the artificial nature of the city workers, and have correspondingly lost much of their elemental humor. It has all disappeared in "Jude." Conversely, the most enlightened are the most miserable.

Nevertheless, and strangely enough, Mr. Hardy's work is always marked by two strong characteristics. He never loses his profound sympathy for human kind, and never allows his melancholy to sink to cynicism. His search for the Ultimate truth has not led him into satirizing the abuses which attend our social system, the excrescences of society, which Dickens warred against so vigorously. There is always a deep love for the human race, which gets too much blame, and a dull anger against the Supreme Power, which gets too much praise, for the good and evil of the world. He desires to reduce the balance. His is the spirit of ancient tragedy, "man conquered by circumstance," tempered by modern altruism.

WOMAN'S STATUS IN GOVERNMENT

Oration of GEORGE L. JARVIS, at the Commencement of 1914, for which he was awarded the A. D. Ward Medal.

From the beginning of woman's existence on up to the present time she has struggled to acquire and maintain a status in the affairs of society and government. Indeed, she has partially accomplished and is now realizing and enjoying the fruits of her long struggle.

By nature the average man is physically stronger than the average woman. And in the earlier days of humanity, when individual might made individual right, it followed that the weaker member of the race was at the mercy of the stronger. This was the case in the more or less savage state of the centuries past. Civilized societies, however, have attained to a more free and complex organization than have savage tribes. And in such organizations we find the relations of woman becoming more extended and less simple. For the tendency and effect of civilization has been to equalize conditions between men and women. Very often, however, this equality has been a matter of law as well as a matter of fact. Religion among the Greeks, and policy among the Romans, condemned women to legal inferiority.

In England the feudal system under which land was held on condition of military service, explains the extreme legal subordination of woman. After the passing of the feudal system, these legal disabilities remained. But in many instances the relations between men and women depended more upon personal morality and affection than upon the law. For long before the married woman's property acts, such things as marriage settlements and the easy working of the equity courts had relieved woman from many of the hardships of the feudal system.

But not until the entry of woman into the business world in England and America, were married woman's property acts, recognized in the law, and in order to enter into business relations, married women were given a restricted freedom of contract. This, in short, is the story of the business emancipation of woman, and at that time it was the only appreciable freedom given her. But great changes have come in the social system of our country. Changes coming rapidly to fragrant flowering, under the stimulation and cultivation of the American woman. The delicate touch of her hand has interwoven into the network of our social and religious relations her share of the beauty, justice and equality to be found in it.

But with this improvement, there have been frequent periods of unrest. The era of seventy-six, which gave us our national independence and established our constitutional government, was one of these periods. Woman's environment was altered. Her opportunities were lessened, and that which had been expected of her was abandoned. That which had divided women into classes was no longer operative, and a democracy replaced an aristocracy. Her ideas were more freely given and received, and her lips were opened as were those of men. The interests of family and home now devolved upon her, and she must be educated, for her duty was to educate.

Lincoln's statement "That no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent," is as well applicable to woman. Her undelegated rights were usurped by men, and she now rebelled against the usurpation. She was forced to submit to laws in the formation of which she had no voice. If married, the law considered her civilly dead, and the right of property, even the wages she earned, were denied her. By marriage she promised obedience to her husband, he becoming her master, the law allowing him to

deny her property rights, and even to administer chastisement. The rights of citizenship, which are the beginning of the rights of all men, were not within her grasp. But she now realized her right of liberty, of education, of freedom of speech, and of lawful action, for these rights are the ones which really count in any government. She wanted to add another word to the declaration of rights: That all men and women were created equal; *that her Creator had endowed her equally with man.* Indeed, she wanted to contribute her knowledge, her purity and loftiness of purpose, and all her faculties to the governing machinery of her country.

But with all this, the fire was still burning on the altar of her liberty. And when the right of the husband to administer chastisement was tested in our Supreme Court, the cruelty was abated when that illustrious and scholarly jurist, Justice Settle, said, "Our courts have advanced from that barbarism." Next came the Constitution of 1868, which gave married women the right to their real and personal property, with enlarged powers of disposition. Then the Statute of 1911, enlarging her power of contract. Today, with the exception of the elective franchise, North Carolina gives woman as great power as any State in this Union gives her. Our State has practically emancipated her fair women, and placed them on a plane of equality with men.

To rear the coming generation, to know that upon her depends the health, character, happiness and future of humanity, to find herself laying the foundation and preserving the structure of family and society, to give her weight to state and to church, to maintain a program not of militancy but of construction and preservation, to regulate and protect the industries and institutions upon which our well-being depend—this is her opportunity, this her high destiny.

In the temple of life man dwells in the outer courts; woman serves in the inner shrine. In the race of the swift and

the battle of the strong, man surpasses her; but by the standard of love and sympathy, which lie apart from the race-course and the field of battle, and which concern the essence of life—woman has attained a status matchless in all the course of history. And may she maintain the benefit of this freedom in life until the end of time.

BORDER-SHORE

A strange sweet restful border-shore there is,
Whose mystic waters lave close by the shores
We daily tread. 'Tis here we meet with those
Whose snowy arms have twined about our necks,
And with caressing voices lulled to ease
Our aching hearts of pain and anguish sore.
Along the golden sands we walk once more
With those sweet forms we loved—blest vision rare!
And parted from with breaking hearts long since.
We, wondering, feel our hands in their dear hands
Close clasped, and hear the self-same voice of yore
Speak on in tender accents rare, while thus
We live on that sweet restful border-shore,
Whose mystic waters lave close by the shores
We daily tread, and dwell with those sweet forms
We've loved and parted from with breaking hearts.

ARTHUR RANES ('08).

CONSERVATION OF THE HOME

Anniversary Oration by D. M. JOHNSON.

Just what was the beginning of civilization is a secret that will remain forever locked in the hearts of the Pharaohs entombed in the pyramids of Egypt. Just what were the factors that led man to the realization that he was man and master of his fate, and gave to him the conviction that he was imbued with an immortal gift above the surrounding things of life, capable of conquering nature and controlling himself, is a mystery upon which the historian shall labor till civilization with all its glory and completeness shall have passed away and time shall have lapsed into eternity. But if by scanning the pages of history we draw aside the curtains of the past and see as nearly as we can all that has gone before us, we should find the home to be the one institution that has bound mankind together, and handed down to posterity the possessions of the race. From the very beginning of history civilization has developed around the home, religion has lived in it, and government has grown out of it. Whatever those humble institutions of the past might have been, it was in the home that men first began to catch the vision of higher and broader life, and it was the influences of the mother that has made that vision what it is today.

We have but to review the past to see that it is a race that has most jealously conserved the home, that has left its indelible imprints upon mankind, and has stamped a character upon civilization which the innumerable flight of ages will never efface. Among the Jews the home was hallowed by reverence unsurpassed by any earthly passion; and because of this they have kept their individuality intact throughout the ages. The influence of their civilization upon the world today no one shall estimate; aside from Christianity, which came

through them, the climax of the law, the climax of art, and the climax of literature may be found in their history.

The Aryan people is even a more striking illustration of how a nation's attitude towards its home affects civilization. Two thousand years before Christ, while nation after nation was sitting for a brief space trembling on the summit of world supremacy and in quick succession passing into history, the Aryan race, shut off from the world behind the Himalaya Mountains, had discovered the golden key to everlasting existence and progress and was building its civilization upon the home. Even at that early date their family was a well organized institution, where the mother reigned in all her queenly dignity, supreme and unhampered. Because of this inherent characteristic, which has existed through the life of this race, they were destined to rear people who should soon submerge the civilized world; peoples which have, and do, and shall rule the earth. And had it not been for the dark and deathlike shadow of Buddhism which overspread India, making its women its slaves and degrading its homes, no one shall prophesy what might have been the history of our ancient fatherland.

It must be conceded that the home is the foundation upon which civilization has built itself, the sole factor that has made progress possible; that it was given to man by God Himself as the direct representation of heaven, a prototype of the New Jerusalem. And so permanent and vital is the home that it was no more the foundation upon which civilization is built than it is the rock upon which it still must rest.

But now as we view the situation as it actually is, can we say that the home still retains its exalted position, does society still regard it as supreme? We have but to look about us to see that there are evils in the economic, the political and social world, against which the home must be conserved. And is it possible that our civilization which is the product of fifty centuries is to be obliterated through our neglect of

the home? As we stand upon the beach of time watching the ebb and flow of centuries, we see that the crest of every wave is higher at some points than at any other either for good or for evil. And our present condition forebodes that the climax of the twentieth century shall be the decadence of the American home. The day star of our civilization points threateningly downward and attempts to restore the home can not begin too early.

What are the influences that are threatening the home? There are those who would say that our condition of sanitation is the great corroding influence. And when we consider the filth of the city slum, and think of the vast number of lives that are being sacrificed upon the altars of ignorance, it does present a ghastly picture. A picture which will attract the attention of every one who is interested in the welfare of humanity. But this evil was long since discovered, and already the legislator, the philanthropist, and the scientist have allied themselves against the sneaking disease germs, and their success points to the near and glorious victory.

The problem of child labor is likewise a grave and serious proposition. When we think of the hundreds and thousands of homes that are made childless and cheerless because of heartless industrial tyranny, homes that are made hopeless, wasted and lifeless, and left premature wrecks upon the strands of time, we might well say that the conservation of the home would be the bringing back of its children. When we take into consideration the thousands and millions of children who humbly and mutely give up all that makes the world beautiful for them, and willingly lay down their lives upon the shrine of the uncompromising, gold-thirsty and blood-thirsty capitalist, we can but think that it is time for America to begin to reclaim her chiefest heritage. And it is with a spirit of pride that we say the nation is in reality awakening and beginning to take definite action. In every State there are laws to protect its children, and these laws

are becoming more and more stringent. The nation's greatest statesmen and leaders are coming to the child's defense, and America's children shall be her treasure to be guarded, not her slaves to be neglected.

Again, there are some who would say that the conservation of the home would be to quell the attempts which women are making to gain economical and political equality. But as yet this is an undeveloped proposition; a movement which is storm-tossed upon the unsettled waves of society, and its success will culminate in the faultless apex of universal civilization, or it will plunge society into a seething vortex, which will leave the fragments of our progress a pitiful wreck upon the coming centuries. Let me drop this work of prophecy just here: with the coming of woman's complete equality will go man's chivalric regard and reverence for women that has ever been characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. And they must face the world without man's protection. The position of woman in society is determined by the respect she commands from man, and her position determines the place of the nation in the world. Contrast the Grecian or the Roman people with the Germanic people. There was a time when Greece and Rome stood the most potent factors of the age. But they allowed their women to become insignificant and practically enslaved. Today where are they? The Anglo-Saxon race has always regarded their women as the connecting link between man and heaven, and for over a thousand years they have ruled the world.

When the strongest minds of America say that woman's work is in the home, they do not mean that you shall bind her hands with a golden chain and nail it to the wall, nor do they mean that she shall be shut off from all that is beautiful and lifelike in the world. True service is true happiness, and the greatest responsibility is the highest honor. Therefore, in saying that they pay to women the most beautiful tribute that can be expressed in words. The keeping of the

home is indeed the greatest responsibility that can be placed on anyone, and woman alone must bear it. Man can not. Man's master product is the state, but the foundation upon which every social structure rests is the handiwork of woman alone. And the pure home is a towering, universal, golden, glory crowned monument to the brightest jewel of God's creation—woman.

There is no page or line of history which shows that woman has ever been less than man's equal where she had equal opportunities. It was a woman who gave to Rome her Gracchi; France places the name of Joan of Arc beside that of Napoleon; from a standard built by her own excellence Catherine may look down upon any Czar which Russia has ever produced; and to Elizabeth all English rulers are compared. That woman can take man's place in the state no one will doubt, but man never has or ever shall be able to take the place of the mother in the home.

When Alfred Russell Wallace said "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," he spoke a significant truth, and unless woman can keep both the state and the home, she should consider well before she resign her all-important trust for the sake of realizing a momentary, personal ambition. If the destruction of the home is the price which the race must pay for woman's attainment of full human dignity and citizenship, then we can not take the risk. It will be a costly exchange; an irretrievable loss. And may God pity the man or the woman who clamors for the change regardless of the consequences. And yet however great may be the evil which may develop from this movement, or whatever may be its culmination, the effort to gain woman's equality is not at present the great disrupter of the American home.

What, then, is the great evil from which the home must be conserved? It is an evil that is beginning to throw its dark and dismal shadow over every corner of the land. It is the ghostly personification of putrefaction, that stalks stealthily

through society clothed in the garb of a comforter and holds itself out as a panacea for all family disorder. An evil that threatens soon to overspread civilization with an impenetrable darkness; to take from humanity its chief support, love; and to rob mankind of light, and joy, and hope. It is a hellish monster that ruthlessly scatters the home to the wind, leaving the children a burden to society, the mother without her self-respect, and makes the father a wandering vagabond. The only enemy of the family which Christ Himself condemned—divorce. This evil is rapidly sweeping over America, and it is bringing with it all that is darkness, all that is sadness, and all that is miserable.

Divorce is an evil for which the nation can offer no apologies; it is useless and inexcusable. The curses that will fall upon society from this evil are innumerable. Foul pollution, corruption, and debauchery are its chief attendants. It can leave in its wake only ruin and desolation. The cloud that is rising with it is every day growing darker and broader. Divorce is beginning to affect every phase of American society, from the hovel of the city slums to the marble palace of the millionaire. It has no choice except smilingly to gorge itself upon its unsuspecting victims. And unless something is done to check its blighting, poisonous inroads upon the home, it shall eventually make a mockery of all our boasted civilization.

You may say that the picture is overdrawn and extreme. Let us examine the statistics and you shall judge for yourself. During the period from 1870 to 1905, the population of the United States, including all our heavy immigration, only doubled, while during the same period the divorce rate increased six fold. In 1870, with a population of about 45,000,000, the United States had only about 12,000 divorces; while in 1910, with only 95,000,000, she had nearly 95,000 divorces. In 1870 there were only twenty-eight divorces to the 100,000 population; in 1910 there were ninety-nine. At

the same rate of increase, in 1920 there will be 131. That is, in 1920 there will be in the United States 150,000. No civilized country has anything like the same rate of divorces to the 100,000 population, as some of our leading, settled and proud States. To the 100,000 population Maine has 140, Arkansas 180, Indiana 185, while Washington heads the list with nearly 250. Of the same number of married people to-day, four times as many are divorced as were fifty years ago. Then one in about fifty, now one in twelve. At the same rate, in 1990 one marriage out of two shall terminate in divorce.

"With but a little thought you will see that the statistics themselves are startling; their significance appalling. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery and woe that they represent, the hardships, the humiliation, and the disgrace for husbands, and wives, and children. Nor does the larger part of the wreck and the ruin which they index ever come to view. No statistician can record the destruction of cherished hopes, of worthy ideals, the blighting of character, and the blunting of moral sense that are the inevitable consequences of broken marriage vows. And all these evils repeat and multiply themselves beyond even our power of thought in their effects upon society, government, the nation, and the world. Only a thorough student of history can get more than a glimpse of the magnitude and multitude of the calamities involved in such a growing dissolution of the most sacred of human ties."

What has been the record of divorces in the past? During five hundred years of Rome's most glorious history she had not a divorce; then began the reign of vice and divorce became an epidemic. And Gibbon attributes the fall of Rome to this one great evil. The Reign of Terror was introduced into France by twenty thousand divorces in one year in Paris alone.

The picture can not be made too dark. Its evils can not

be over estimated. The reality is more horrible than words can portray.

I know that there are those who say that divorce is in keeping with the times, only a sign of progress. That it is a natural outcome of our civilization. If that is true, then our corrupt politics, the gambling den, the saloon, and every other offspring of hell that stands for sin and woe are in keeping with the times. Nothing can be a product of civilization the only outcome of which is national destruction.

It may be held that divorce is but the sign of the evil, only the remedy used to remove the trouble. Then the nation is applying a deadly dope, the results of which will be incomparably worse than any disease. I tell you, divorce is the evil, and the whole evil, root and branch. There are but few offenses for which divorce is necessary, and if America has reached the point where these offenses are committed as often as divorce courts, then our path of glory shall indeed lead but to the grave. It is far less compromising to America to say that divorce is a mistake than it is a necessity.

You wonder why this terrible epidemic of divorce? It is because it is protected by the state, ignored by the church, and condoned by society. There was a time when for nearly twenty years the platforms of the country rang with a talk about a free love millennium. Meetings of this kind were held all over the land, where women ranged because there were women and men apologized for masculinity. From the confusion which resulted from these meetings men and women never recovered. The germs of divorce began to develop there, and they have since been scattered throughout the land.

Again, for nearly half a century the national government allowed Utah's polygamy to stand a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation, the putrefaction of which affected the whole land. As early as 1862 Congress passed a law forbidding polygamy in all places where they have jurisdiction. Armed with all the power of government, and having an army

at their disposal, that fortress of libertinism stood a mockery to marriage, a blasphemer of the home, for over forty years more, entrenched and more braggart than before. For more than forty years that awful sewer of iniquity sent up its miasma, which was wafted by the winds north, south, east, and west.

Dark as is the blot which Utah wears from such a practice, every State recognizes a consecutive polygamy which is equally as bad. It is true that there are some instances where divorced couples may justly be allowed to remarry, but in most cases it is unmitigated and unjustifiable polygamy.

These are some of the influences that have led to our present condition, and divorces will continue to increase until society will refuse to respect it and the church refuse to ignore it.

The only source of immediate help is for the national government to make a change in the Federal Constitution, and pass uniform laws reforming both marriage and divorce.

But for fifty years that power has watched that evil grow weed-like through the land and has indolently refused to act. It is true that about ten years ago a pretended movement was inaugurated, but the government was satisfied merely to secure the statistics without even giving them to the public. And now America's greatest statesmen are either too selfish or too shortsighted to see the greatest blight that ever cursed mankind.

That is the situation as it actually is; dark enough, though not overdrawn.

But let me not leave the darkness only before you. American civilization shall never be overcome by evil. There is a light which penetrates the shadow, a light so brilliant that it brings a resplendent ray from the very blackness of the clouds. The light which shall make us free is the same that shone round about the shepherds of the Judean plains on the morning of Christ's nativity. The people do not know the prevalence of divorce; they do not realize its evil effects. And

the responsibility of teaching them is upon the preacher. If government will not act, then public sentiment must be created through the church. Public opinion may not be ripe for the change that has not been presented and discussed. The public opinion that follows is often stronger and always better than the one which is followed. The present conditions have merely been tolerated, not demanded. The Anglo-Saxon people have ever been equal to the occasion when they know. And when convinced through Christianity the American people will not long hesitate to apply any remedies, however thorough, that experience and reflection may show to be necessary. In this way will the people be moved, and the people will move the government to action.

TWO HAPPINESSES

CAREY J. HUNTER, JR.

When I am sitting near the summer sea
In darkness tinged by a full-blown moon,
Warm-burning, silv'ring wet marge and dune
And gilding curl'd waves that merrily
Murmur of mermaids, and when dark-eyed she
Steals not her fingers from my touch too soon,
But for a quivering moment breathes a tune,
My well-pleased heart thrums in high minstrelsy.
But when the winter winds, bemoaning, scream
Around my chamber, locked with bachelor bars,
And I, snug by my glowing andirons, dream
O'er fabled knights and heroes, loved of Mars,
And o'er the sweeter tales of peace, I seem,
Upraised, like Horace old, to strike the stars.

A BLOT ON OUR CIVILIZATION

Commencement Oration of GEORGE PENNELL.

A great flaw remains in our conception and practice of the criminal law. It is an example of the primitive retaliation of an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"; a relic of a remote past, when the law-breaker was responsible to the tribunal of talon and claw—a theory in this enlightened age as indefensible in its principle as it is useless and debasing in its practice.

In our State Prison at Raleigh may still be found the place of tragedies. Here may be found the death chamber, where the hideous electric chair stands ever ready for the next victim. The infliction of the death penalty is a stain on our civilization and should be abolished.

The most common of all pleas for the retention of the death penalty is that it is a deterrent to crime. Many people claim that capital punishment reduces the number of murders, but this is illogical and absurd. Man is not like the beast of the jungle who becomes a more deadly destroyer when once he has tasted blood. Even if this were true, penal servitude for life would effectually put an end to the exercise of such a man's propensity. Upholders of capital punishment are unable to show that it is a deterrent force; they are not justified in suggesting that a man about to commit murder hesitates or even abandons his purpose because of the fear of death. Can those who insist upon its efficacy dodge the cold, hard fact that in States where the death penalty has been abolished the number of homicides is less than in our own? If the advocates of capital punishment are right, a great slaughter of murderers would at least for a time cause a cessation of murders. Such destruction of life should then purify the district in which it is carried out, and infuse

morality into every mind—"the breeze of horror should sweep away murderous intentions as a gale of wind blows away a noxious stench."

If this be not the case, the lives of murderers taken in the interest of others are sacrificed in vain. On the other hand, all the counties, except Wake, which have not the great advantage and valuable privilege of the executioner's visit and the moral influence of his art in their midst would be the places where murders would naturally occur. Considered only as a deterrent, electrocution might be a plausible method of punishment if we always executed the murderer, but we do not and can not, for only one in twenty is executed, and that one, very often, with protests from a large number of people. A due regard for the administration of justice seems to point out that the present law should be superseded by one whose execution would command the general approval of the people.

Let us note some aspects of the law of capital punishment. The prisoner is sentenced to death. He is taken to the State penitentiary where he is kept until the day of his execution. As the sun is rising over our capital city and as thousands of people are going to their daily toil the condemned man is led from his cell and limply stumbles into the death chamber where he is bound to the arms of an uncushioned chair while one touch of the electric button forces his soul from out his body and hurls it into the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler has yet returned." Now what has the State of North Carolina done? It has assumed the prerogative which belongs to God. It has taken that which it cannot give. It has assumed the responsibility of declaring that our victims deserved death. The law forbids the citizen from taking life and then when the citizen commits a crime, the law follows in his steps and sets an example for others by "sweeping from its earthly altar that flame of human life which it declared so sacred." Would it not have been better

had the state taken the man just hurled into eternity and placed him within the walls of a prison?

There, surrounded by a good moral atmosphere, he might have lived to be useful to society by maintaining from his cell, his wife and little children with the labor of his hands. Through ever repenting and suffering for his crime, he might in time, have known something of that peace of God "which passeth all understanding" and have seen hope's sunshine linger upon his prison wall and love look in upon his solitude. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," though delivered amid the thunder and lightning of Sinai thousands of years ago, is written fresh upon every heart by the same Divine hand and binds with the same sacred power both citizen and ruler.

Among the gravest objections to the continuance of this dreadful penalty, its irremediability stands first and foremost. It is possible, even in these enlightened times, that justice may miscarry and the innocent be convicted. It is true that such cases are rare but the latest judicial statistics prove that seven innocent persons were executed in the United States during the past year. Had capital punishment been abolished these wretched victims might have been recalled from their prison life and might have received the joy of freedom. But when the law swings back the door of death and thrusts an innocent human being into the darkness beyond its portals, no legislative enactment or judiciary decree can rekindle the lamp of life which it has destroyed. For the sake of the agony of these poor men, for the sake of the anguish of heart-broken mothers, for the sake of their little children whose heritage is nothing but shame, I shall believe in the abolition of the death penalty until human judgment is proven infallible.

The progress of civilization steadily bears away from bloody laws. Capital punishment, our inheritance from barbarism, remains as almost our sole relic of a dark past. The

executioner's chair is blocking the path of human progress. It must be removed from our State if the path is to lead upward and onward. For over five thousand years this horrible anachronism has been fertilized by human bodies and nourished by human blood that it might bring forth in abundance the fruits of human misery.

Two thousand years ago, on the dismal summit of Calvary's hill, a man, convicted by law, was executed. A man? Yea, more than a man—the sinless Son of God died that day and the veil in the temple was rent in twain and the sun refused his light and I fancy that today the Father of Life averts His terrible gaze from the electric chair even as He did, centuries ago, from the cross whereon His Son “bowed His head and gave up the ghost.” May the God of mercy and truth, the God of justice and righteousness, hasten the day when man's inhumanity to man shall be forever at an end.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Yes, he had seen it before he extinguished his light—a small spider's web on the ceiling above his bed. But it had made little impression on his mind. Now as he lay under the covers in the darkness, the little impression grew stronger and stronger; but laziness or a slight feeling of drowsiness and the absurdity of the thing kept him from getting up, relighting his lamp, and sweeping it down with a single stroke of the broom which stood in the corner.

"Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed impatiently, "why can't I forget it?" The more he tried to forget, the more vivid the web grew in his memory; and as he lay staring into the darkness, it seemed that he could see not only the web but a large spider passing to and fro inside it. He shivered, though the night was not cold. "What," thought he, "if the spider should fall on the bed?" This question went through his mind over and over again. Cold sweat came out on his face.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that the spider was swinging itself down, suspended by a single thread of the web. He had often seen spiders reach the ground in this manner; and now he thought that it was just above his face, a terrible, threatening monster. He was powerless to move; and he would have feared to move anyway; for it seemed that to raise himself one inch would bring his face in contact with the spider. His horror increased with every moment until it was stifling him. Then unconsciousness came to release him from a terror that is not surpassed this side of the region of wailing and gnashing of teeth.

* * * * *

They found him dead the next morning, lying face up

ward, the tortures he had undergone depicted on his face. As they gathered around the bed, the careful housewife saw the spider's web. Taking the broom that stood in the corner, she swept it down. A small, harmless spider ran across the floor. The housewife followed it and stepped upon it.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

CLAUDE C. CASHWELL.

What is the Young Men's Christian Association? What does it mean to you?

The Young Men's Christian Association is an organization intended to reach young men who cannot be reached by the church. Then, too, it is a kind of training school where young men are given work to do; work for our Master's kingdom. In our larger cities the Y. M. C. A. furnishes a band of young men who visit regularly the jails, county homes; and in the seaport towns the wharves. There they carry the Gospel to those who cannot get it unless it is brought to them.

Besides this feature of the Association it extends to young men many conveniences at the lowest possible cost: rooms, meals, baths, swimming pools, gymnasiums, reading rooms, etc. There is always a secretary who will gladly give the members of the local Association or visitors information that may be helpful to them in securing positions, where to spend vacations, etc.

With us at Wake Forest we do not have the conveniences that one finds in the city association, but your card which you get here is recognized by the associations in other places. Thus you may enjoy the privileges should you take advantage of the opportunity.

It is earnestly hoped that this year more of the students will avail themselves of the many privileges to be derived from this source and enter into the local organization with the determination to make the Association worth while to them.

The Young Men's Christian Association should appeal strongly to the ministerial class, for they will see later on in life what it means to have such an organization in their com-

munity. The Y. M. C. A. often coöperates with the ministers in our cities in doing certain kinds of Christian work.

What does the Association mean to you?

It should mean much. Its importance and good to you will be measured in proportion to the thought and service you give to it. Then if it is to mean much to you why come and be one of us. It is a good place to meet and learn your fellow students. It is a good place to enter into Christian work. It is the best place of all our college gatherings where the spirit of unity and coöperation may be developed. Unity and coöperation are two things we must learn and practice if we wish to get the most out of our college days; and, too, if we wish our effort's to count for progressiveness and righteousness when we are thrown among the throngs of men to fight the battles of life.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor.

The Student What is the purpose of a student publication? Its absolute aim is to furnish a medium for self expression in the mother tongue, to learn college men how to write, a result not only necessary and desirable in itself, but one which, in the process of realization, develops the logical faculty of the mind, a unity in conceiving and arranging ideas. Judged by its aim does our magazine realize itself? Are we learning how to write? Last year's STUDENT was practically produced by five or six

men. This is decidedly wrong. A small per cent should not write for the entire student body. We should either experiment with the magazine or discard it as a useless ornament. And why should it not be representative? Surely we have men in our midst who have something good to say for there is no lack of intellectual activity. The resultant thought should find an outlet for its energies through the College magazine. The wheat should be gathered into the granary and its value estimated by means of proper critical standards. Each school, *e. g.*, Law, Mathematics, the Bible, the Languages, the Sciences, etc., should contribute an article to every issue of the STUDENT. Experimentation, not brevity, is the soul of its wit. The thirty-fourth volume is open to our development and is capable of expressing the very spirit of our progress.

The world is inclined to be pessimistic about
Misdirection the misdirection of college energies. The casual observer who sees large crowds draped about the drug stores, thronging the picture shows, meeting trains, and hears loud laughter on the campus at night, is certainly justified in concluding that there is a great misdirection of student energies. But after all he only sees the surface of things. We are profoundly convinced that there is a serious undercurrent of true and earnest endeavor beneath the follies and idiosyncrasies of student life. Youth is not the personification of joyousness as represented. It is a period of indecision and mental unrest. The student, especially the freshman and sophomore, is trying to adjust and find himself. He is busy analyzing, comparing, forming true values. Meanwhile it is but natural and inevitable that time should be wasted and the patience of fond parents exhausted. This idleness and indecision of conduct is but the foam that arises from the student's struggle to know himself

and the life about him. We have observed that even idle students have great desires. They see through the glow of romance the ideal of education, but do not realize the means. Only time can cure this evil. Time alone can show that the true and essential freedom is to grasp manfully the lever of life. Meanwhile let the world wag its head. We shall laugh loud and deep and free. In our own inner natures we are conscious of high aims and ideals.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

IRA T. JOHNSTON, EDITOR.

"Hello, old man! Glad to see you!"

Welcome, Freshman! You've made the right selection of a college.

Though the commencement of 1914 is now history, a brief account of it may not be out of place here. The annual address was delivered by Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, on Thursday morning, May 21st. The Alumni address was delivered by Rev. Charles L. Greaves ('97), of Hawkinsville, Georgia, on the evening of the same day.

The graduating exercises were held Friday, May 22d. The following medals were presented by President Poteat:

AWARDED BY THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY:

- Senior Orator's Medal—J. F. Carter.
- Junior Orator's Medal—A. Y. Arledge.
- Sophomore Improvement Medal—A. C. Lovelace.
- Freshman Improvement Medal—W. T. Foreman.
- J. L. Allen Medal—R. K. Redwine.

AWARDED BY THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY:

- Senior Orator's Medal—A. O. Dickens.
- Junior Orator's Medal—R. H. Taylor.
- Sophomore Improvement Medal—K. A. Pittman.
- Freshman Improvement Medal—B. R. Olive.
- John E. White Medal—D. M. Johnson.

MEDALS OPEN TO ALL STUDENTS:

- The STUDENT Essay Medal—Carey J. Hunter, Jr.
- The STUDENT Fiction Medal—Ira T. Johnston.
- The Hubert A. Royster Medal—Roy J. Hart.

After six addresses from the graduating class, the A. D. Ward medal was delivered to G. L. Jarvis.

The following academic degrees were conferred:

MASTER OF ARTS: D. W. Arnette, O. F. Herring, C. R. Sorrell, P. A. Underwood.

BACHELOR OF ARTS: A. S. Ballard, T. C. Britton, O. P. Campbell, C. J. Carpenter, J. F. Carter, W. R. Chambers, G. H. Davis, A. O. Dickens, R. B. Duckett, W. E. Fleming, B. F. Gles, L. E. Griffin, J. W. Hamilton, O. P. Hamrick, R. J. Hart, G. W. Holliday, C. C. Holmes, A. W. Horton, C. H. Johnson, D. M. Johnson, C. W. Mitchell, Jr., J. J. Neal, R. H. Norris, W. B. Oliver, Jr., R. F. Paschal, K. T. Raynor, C. E. Rodwell, N. J. Shepherd, H. P. Smith, J. E. Smith, A. E. Stevenson, E. P. Stillwell, B. T. Sustare, W. W. Walker, J. N. Wallin, A. C. Warlick, J. F. Watson, S. W. White, C. J. Whitley, E. P. Yates, O. W. Yates.

BACHELOR OF LAWS: W. L. Eddinger, R. B. Green, G. H. Grindstaff, D. R. Jackson, G. L. Jarvis, G. C. Pennell, G. B. Rowland, J. S. Thomas.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE: L. L. Jones, J. G. Lane, W. H. Martin, M. D. Phillips, Jr.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN MEDICINE: C. W. Bell, P. C. Carter, J. W. Dickie, H. C. Dixon, T. Hipps, G. M. Holcombe, W. P. Mull, I. C. Prevette, O. L. Stringfield, Jr., C. V. Tyner, J. R. Vann, Jr.

Dean Brewer presented six distinguished gentlemen for honorary degrees:

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY: G. A. Hagstrom, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

DOCTOR OF LETTERS: Henry Jerome Stockard and Clarence Poe, both of Raleigh.

DOCTOR OF LAWS: Henry Wood, of Baltimore; W. J. McGlothlin, of Louisville, and N. Y. Gulley, dean of the Wake Forest Law School.

Interesting features were the Baccalaureate address of President Poteat and the address on the Law School by Dean Gulley.

The Board of Trustees at its May meeting elected two new members of the faculty for the ensuing year:

In the Department of English: Professor R. P. McCutcheon, a graduate of Wake Forest in the class of 1910; assistant principal of high school, Franklin, Va., 1910-11; graduate

student of Harvard University, 1911-13; Instructor in Rhetoric, University of Minnesota, 1913-14.

In the Department of Chemistry: Professor J. W. Nowell, A.B. and A.M., Wake Forest; Ph.D., Johns-Hopkins University; Associate Professor of Chemistry at A. and M. College for two years.

At this meeting the Board of Trustees, following the recommendation of the Alumni Athletic Committee, voted, "That the Faculty should be given full control and management of all Athletics at the College and that it shall be their duty, (a) To receive and pay out and account for all funds coming in from the Bursar, from games and other sources; (b) To make all contracts with coaches; (c) To make all purchases; (d) To arrange all schedules; (e) To make such rules and regulations for the control of athletics as may be necessary." In accordance with this regulation of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty has assumed the obligation and elected a Committee, consisting of Director J. R. Crozier, Dr. G. W. Paschal, and Dr. W. C. Smith, who have complete control of all the athletic activities of the college.

Dr. W. C. Smith will train the football team and Director Crozier will train the basketball, track, and baseball teams, while Dr. Paschal will have charge of the financial affairs.

As Dr. Smith has not been known before at Wake Forest as a football trainer except through his excellent assistance of Coach Thompson last year, the following items touching his qualifications may not be out of place here. Captain Torrance of the New York University team of 1911-'12, in writing of Smith, says, "He was a wonder in and of himself, but perhaps his best work on the field was the way he cheered on a flagging team by word and deed. I will never forget the Cornell game that he played in; by a series of short line plunges, Smith, almost unaided, bucked his way the entire length of the field for a touchdown. It was one of the finest exhibitions of nerve and grit I ever saw on any field."

Writing further of Smith's ability as a trainer, Captain Torrance says: "Smith had entire charge of the coaching and handling of the back field. Wilbur then certainly showed his tact and ability, for he not only developed a fire and dash which had been lacking, but also taught the fine points of the game."

Similar expressions have been made by the Dean of the Kansas City Medical College and others, who have seen Dr. Smith's work in training football teams.

Dr. Smith is already busy at work. Here's hoping!

The Board of Trustees at their July meeting reorganized the Department of Medicine. Dr. Wilbur C. Smith was re-elected Professor of Anatomy; Dr. W. T. Carstarphen was re-elected Professor of Physiology. As Dr. John B. Powers, Jr., did not apply for reelection as Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, Dr. Herbert D. Taylor was elected to succeed him. Dr. Taylor is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and was formerly Supervisor of the Johns Hopkins Dispensary.

In the reorganization of the Medical School, new equipment has been installed and new policies inaugurated. Every effort is being made to control preventable diseases. A medical examination of each student at the beginning of the college year is made compulsory. Typhoid vaccination is offered free to all students. An investigation is soon to be made looking to the eradication of hookworm and malaria.

A new Medical Library has been installed. This, as well as the typhoid vaccine, was made possible by a gift of \$1,250 from Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Marshall, of Raleigh. They offer this gift as a memorial of their son, the late Will Marshall, of the Class of 1910, who died of typhoid fever soon after his graduation. The thanks of the College are due Mr. and

Mrs. Marshall for this generous gift, a most fitting memorial of their splendid son.

The members of the Faculty have not been idle during the summer months. Indeed, to hear some of them talk, we must conclude that the reopening of college begins their vacation.

"I have been a going man," says Dr. W. L. Poteat. There follows a record of his activities during the summer: On May 31st, he addressed the Charlotte Y. M. C. A. On June 1st, he delivered the Baccalaureate address at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C. From June 3d to June 11th, he gave a course of platform addresses at the Blue Ridge Y. W. C. A. Conference on "The Earlier Prophets." From June 12th to June 21st, he gave a course at the Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A. Conference on "The Will of God," "What It Means to be a Christian," and "The Ministry as a Life Calling." From July 2d to July 24th he was at Asheville on duty as a member of the Special Freight Rate Commission appointed by Governor Craig. He addressed the people of Athens, Georgia, at the First Baptist Church of that city, morning and evening, July 19th. From July 25th to 29th he was at Willoughby Beach. "My holiday," he said. He attended the Surry Association at Mt. Airy, August 1-2, and delivered two addresses. He also delivered two addresses at Mt. Gilcead August 14th and 16th. He gave a course on "The Physical Basis of Eugenics" at the Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A. Summer School, August 18-25th, and a public address on "The Social Emergency." He addressed the Wake County Alumni Association at Raleigh on "Our College," August 31st.

Dr. Charles E. Brewer spent ten days, beginning the first of August, with his family in New York City. He has been speaking for the Laymen's Movement and Sunday School work almost every Sunday since July 1st. He is Chairman of the Layman's Movement Committee of the Baptist State

Convention. He attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Junior Order National Orphan's Home at Tiffin, Ohio, June 1st.

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen has had a busy summer. He represented North Carolina as State Medical Director at the National Medical Convention at Toledo, Ohio, on June 15th. This trip included visits to Canada, Niagara Falls, New York and Philadelphia. From June 24th to 27th he was attending the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, N. J. He read two papers before the North Carolina Medical Association, "The Medical Value of Education," being his report as Chairman of the Committee on Education, and "Carbohydrate Metabolism."

In commenting on the reorganization of the Medical School Dr. Carstarphen says that the authorities intend to make it one of the best and most up-to-date medical schools in the South; and with the installation of new equipment, the outlook is bright for the realization of their hopes. The students are responding splendidly to medical examination and to the opportunity for vaccination against typhoid. There is not a single case of typhoid among the students or the white people of the town. These results speak for themselves.

The Medical Department should have the hearty coöperation of the student body in their efforts to control preventable diseases.

Dr. Wilbur C. Smith has been at home during the summer doing research work, except for a brief visit to New York City. He is now doing brilliant work training the football squad.

Professor J. L. Lake spent some time at his old home at Upperville, Virginia.

Professor H. A. Jones attended the summer session of Columbia University.

Dr. C. E. Taylor made his usual trip to New York.

Dr. W. R. Cullom spent a delightful summer traveling in Europe and the Holy Land.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell conducted three classes in modern languages during the summer school. He had a very pleasant trip, walking through Virginia on a visit to his old home near Lexington.

Prof. J. H. Highsmith confesses a busy summer. He conducted an institute for three weeks at Vanceboro, beginning May 25th. He was at the State Normal College at Greensboro for the summer session of six weeks. He spent two weeks each in institute work in Stanly and Lincoln counties on September 5th, he was the principal speaker at the Wake County Educational Conference at Cary. This address has won warm commendation, both from educators and the press.

Dr. W. B. Royall visited New York City and Atlantic City.

Dr. G. W. Paschal visited his mother in Chatham County during July.

Dr. E. W. Sikes disclaims any speeches at a distance; but he has spoken somewhere almost every Sunday. The first Saturday in August, he addressed the Democratic Convention of Montgomery County, delighting all present, regardless of political affiliations.

Dr. H. M. Poteat visited New York City early in the summer and spent the remainder of the time at home editing a text-book, a new edition of "Cicero's Selected Letters."

Dr. N. Y. Gulley and Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., conducted the summer Law School with more than usual success. Professor Timberlake found time to visit New York and Washington.

Professors J. B. Hubbell and J. D. Ives have each been granted leave of absence. Mr. Hubbell will take work in Columbia University leading to a Ph. D., degree, while Mr. Ives will take a course in the University of Chicago.

An addition to the faculty is Prof. Clarence D. Johns in the Department of History. Professor Johns is a native North Carolinian, born in Wake County: A.B., Randolph-Macon, 1908; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1910-'11; University Scholar at Harvard, 1912-'13; Fellow in American History, University of Chicago, 1913-'14.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Earnshaw spent a week in New York during June.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd, whose appointment to the Kahn Fellowship last spring brought a signal honor to the College, has unfortunately been interrupted in his trip abroad by the European War. When last heard from, Dr. Sledd was in London, doing literary work. His friends all regret that his trip cannot be completed at once as planned. He is now undecided as to his future movements.

In a characteristic letter to Dr. Clarence Poe, Dr. Sledd says, "My whole heart is with England, but she seems more concerned now about stealing Germany's commerce and colonies than about fighting the Germans themselves. * * * Do you remember that Dante gives Satan three mouths in which are thrust Judas, Brutus, and Cassius? Don't you imagine there'll be a fourth mouth for the man who brought on this ghastly war?"

Dr. Sledd's multitude of friends and admirers will wish for his safety and be anxious for continued news of him.

Director J. R. Crozier took work in the Modern Language Department this summer and then took his family to the beach.

Miss Louise P. Heims, the popular Librarian, spent a

short vacation in Philadelphia and then did special work in the Public Library of New York City.

The old students, upon coming back to College, stand with mouth agape like the Freshmen, the improvements and changes have been so many.

A new shed has been erected at the depot, adding to its appearance and comfort.

The postoffice has been removed. It is now down town beyond the Bank of Wake, in new and commodious quarters.

The new dormitory now accommodates seventy-five men, and is one of the prettiest and most modern dormitories in the State.

The old dormitory has been remodeled; steam heat and running water have been put in.

The work on the Church building is progressing—but slowly. Money is needed to complete this splendid building. Pastor Johnson has been busy visiting associations and churches, trying to raise funds for its completion. His faithfulness and devotion to this cause is beautiful.

New walks have been opened and the Campus improved under the faithful supervision of "Doctor Tom" Jeffries. New athletic grounds are being arranged north of the Gymnasium building, these grounds to be used for track athletics.

New store buildings are being erected on the Citizens Bank corner by Messrs. W. C. Brewer and Co.; Mr. C. E. Gill; and Miss Ruby Reid.

Mr. John H. Royall, the popular dealer in the eats and the drinks, has moved down town to the T. E. Holding building, back of R. W. Wilkinson's.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Poteat have moved into the old Wingate place, which has been completely renovated and restored

to its original charm. Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Taylor will occupy their cottage.

Mrs. M. H. McKinnon has moved to Raleigh. The old Purefoy house which she occupied will be used as a boarding place for the athletic teams, maintained by the Athletic Association.

Miss Sophia Lanneau has returned from China where she has been doing Missionary work for seven years.

Miss Mary Taylor returned on the 11th of September from a stay of several weeks at Mt. Pocono, Pa., and Stamford, New York. She had planned to spend the winter in Europe, but the war conditions forced her to change her plans.

Miss Ida Poteat, who spent the summer in Europe, visited her brother, President W. L. Poteat, in September.

Mr. L. W. Brewer and wife of Raleigh, visited Dr. Charles E. Brewer for a week in September.

Miss Gertrude Kitchin of Scotland Neck, has been visiting Miss Minnie Mills.

Miss Cullen Battle of Atlanta, and Miss Myrtle Sanders, of Monroe, have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Sikes.

Mrs. Clark of Atlanta, has been visiting at the home of Dr. Gulley.

Mr. Fender of Georgia, has been visiting his son-in-law, Dr. J. B. Powers, Jr.

Mr. J. L. Bullard's parents have moved to Wake Forest.

Miss Ellen Beal of Norfolk, Va., has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. D. A. McDuffie.

The Faculty has appointed Mr. William Holliday Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

L. B. Olive, '10, C. A. Farrell, '13, C. H. Robertson, '13, A. E. Stevenson, '14, and O. W. Yates, '14, have been on the Hill shaking hands with their friends.

The following young ladies of Wake Forest and vicinity go away to college this fall: To Meredith: Misses Minnie Mills, Elizabeth Royall, Louise Holding, Ellen Brewer, Lolima Bobbitt, Helen Poteat, and Virginia Gorrell. To Peace: Miss Annie Gill. To Oxford: Misses Rosa and Mary Holding. To Louisburg: Miss Neva May Mitchell. To Littleton: Miss Mary Allen.

The registration to date is four hundred and thirty-two, and still increasing.

Dr. Charles E. Taylor delivered the opening address on Thursday, September 3d. His subject was "What I Would do if I Had My College Course to Go Over Again." Dr. Taylor mentioned three things he would do. He would study differently, he would take more exercise, he would associate more with the young ladies. His remarks were highly pleasing and the revered ex-president was given an ovation when he concluded.

Dr. J. F. Love of Richmond, Home Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, delivered two strong mission addresses on Sunday morning and Sunday night, September 6th. His subjects were, "Getting God's Will Done on Earth," and "The Near Duty and the Far Duty." We hope he will come again.

The Y. M. C. A. met Monday night, September 7th. Mr. M. H. Jones offered his resignation as president on account of heavy college and outside work and Mr. C. C. Cashwell was chosen to succeed him, and Mr. Percy H. Wilson made Chairman of the Devotional Committee. The Association had a banquet Monday night, September 14th. The plans for the year are being arranged. Every man in College should connect himself with this splendid organization. He will miss something worth while in his college course if he doesn't.

The smiling politician has been passing among us. As the

smoke clears away, the following results of the class elections have been handed us:

SENIOR CLASS:

President, J. M. Gatling.
 Vice-President, E. B. Whitehurst.
 Secretary, J. E. Bobbitt.
 Treasurer, B. Weathers.
 Historian, B. Watkins.
 Prophet, J. R. Parker.
 Poet, J. L. Allen, Jr.
 Statistician, W. G. Dotson.
 Testator, L. S. Brassfield.

JUNIOR CLASS:

President, J. Baird Edwards.
 Vice-President, K. A. Pittman.
 Secretary, W. S. Bureson.
 Treasurer, S. J. Blackman.
 Prophet, R. C. Tatum.
 Poet, A. L. Denton.
 Historian, J. M. Newbold.

SOPHOMORE CLASS:

President, W. C. Lee.
 Vice-President, J. O. Tally.
 Secretary, W. H. Dietrick.
 Treasurer, I. E. Carlyle.
 Historian, W. A. Harris.
 Poet, W. B. Sinclair.
 Prophet, L. H. Hopgood.

LAW CLASS:

President, E. J. Knott.
 Vice-President, J. E. Bobbitt.
 Secretary and Treasurer, K. A. Pittman.
 Poet, Ira T. Johnston.
 Historian, Ellis C. Jones.
 Associate Justice of Moot Court, C. C. Cashwell.
 Solicitor, W. H. Lee.
 Clerk, V. R. Johnson.
 Sheriff, I. S. Bowen.

MEDICAL CLASS:

President, H. M. Vann.
 Vice-President, J. R. Crozier.

Secretary, J. E. Howell.
 Treasurer, S. J. Blackman.
 Historian, B. Weathers.
 Poet, B. F. Carter.
 Surgeon, J. J. Neal.
 Chaplain, E. J. Williams.
 Prophet, R. C. Gyles.

MINISTERIAL CLASS:

President, Robert L. Brown.
 Vice-President, L. U. Weston.
 Secretary, C. Thomas.
 Treasurer, B. O. Myers.
 Historian, R. K. Redwine.
 Prophet, K. M. Yates.
 Poet, G. W. Lassiter.
 Basketball Manager, A. G. Carter.
 Baseball Manager, C. Stephens.

TEACHERS' CLASS:

President, T. Ivey, Jr.
 Vice-President, M. A. Honeycutt.
 Secretary, W. B. Sinclair.
 Treasurer, W. S. Clark.
 Prophet, L. S. Inscoc.
 Historian, R. F. Hough.
 Poet, C. W. Carrick.

FRESHMAN CLASS:

President, J. G. Vann.
 Vice-President, E. C. James.
 Secretary, R. G. Muse.
 Treasurer, W. H. Paschal.
 Historian, R. S. Britton.
 Poet, L. R. Call.
 Prophet, S. A. Thompson.

The Athletic Association which composes the whole student body chose the following officers, Saturday morning, September 12th:

President, E. Prevette.
 Vice-President, J. L. Allen, Jr.
 Secretary, A. I. Ferree.

The Wake Forest Law School, Summer Session, sent

thirty-nine successful applicants before the Supreme Court the last Monday in August. This is one-half the total number of new lawyers. The names of the new lawyers from Wake Forest follow:

G. L. Jarvis, W. O. Snider, M. B. Sherrin, R. H. Parker, C. H. Jarrett, A. G. Robertson, O. L. Henry, W. H. Fisher, J. A. Strawn, H. C. Strickland, H. P. Johnson, W. H. Sanders, W. M. Bridges, M. A. Wall, S. W. White, J. R. Joyce, G. W. Duncan, G. O. Marshall, T. A. Avera, B. T. Sustare, G. M. Beam, J. H. Nance, J. M. McLeod, R. F. Paschal, T. E. Gillman, A. R. House, E. P. Yates, G. H. Grindstaff, J. W. Hollingsworth, V. W. Keith, J. J. Alexander, J. H. Joyner, T. C. Guthrie, Jr., A. J. Harris, Jr., A. S. Mitchell, L. H. Millsaps, J. C. Wallace, A. D. Folger, and J. A. Adams.

The Lecture Committee of the Faculty, of which Dr. Culom is Chairman, announces a series of lectures for the year. The dates have not been agreed upon, but the following treats are in store for us:

Dr. Thomas E. Greene, one of the most popular and widely known lecturers on the Chautauqua platform; Booth Lowry, the "Blue Mountain Philosopher"; W. Powell Hale, the noted Impersonator; the Orphean Musical Club, which has had a phenomenal success for several seasons; Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University; and Dr. Henry F. Cope of Chicago.

The Senate Committee, chosen by a committee appointed by President Gatling of the Senior Class and approved by the student body is as follows:

J. C. Smith, Chairman, R. E. Williams, E. B. Whitehurst, L. S. Brassfield, W. G. Dotson, R. C. Gyles, W. F. Ward, R. F. Sledge, R. K. Redwine, and F. B. Hutchins.

This committee not only regulates hazing but has charge of the conduct of Freshmen. Chairman Smith has announced the "Thou Shalt Nots" to the Freshman Class; and their observance should be as sacred as a Hebrew's observance of the Ten Commandments.

The following assistants, who compose the "Scrub Faculty," have so far been chosen: W. S. Burleson, French; E. L. Ward and W. M. Allen, Applied Mathematics; W. A. Riddick, Physics; R. C. Gyles, H. M. Vann, J. W. Vann, and B. Weathers, Medicine; W. G. Dotson, Chemistry; C. C. Gregory, Education; L. S. Inscoc, C. J. Hunter, Jr., A. C. Lovelace, English; J. P. Mull, Mathematics; G. Ferguson, tutor in Latin; C. C. Cashwell, assistant in Law.

Mr. J. Allen Adams won the prize for Wake Forest which is offered each year to the best law students from Wake Forest, Trinity, and the University of North Carolina. It is also understood that Mr. Adams turned in a perfect paper on the recent Supreme Court examination, a record rarely, if ever surpassed. He is a son of ex-Judge Spencer B. Adams of Greensboro.

The Rotary Club, or Raleigh Boosters, on their trade-expansion trip, paid the village a delightful visit on Friday evening, September 11th. They were given a hearty welcome. Their purpose was presented in a few well-chosen remarks by President John C. Drewry of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce. Mayor John C. Caddell of Wake Forest welcomed the visitors, and Mayor James I. Johnson, of Raleigh, responded. Dr. N. Y. Gulley made a short but splendid speech on "Coöperation." Col. Joseph E. Pogue, Secretary of the State Fair, told of the objects of the Fair and invited everybody to come. The program closed with a catchy speech by President Tyree of the Rotary Club, addressed to the College boys, telling them of their coming responsibilities. The "Rotaries" left amid the yells of the boys, who had collected all they could from the various advertisers in the way of pencils, matches, cigars, and badges.

Say, fellows, we need your help to make your college magazine better. If you can write—and you can—let us have your contributions and your support in our efforts to make this the best year the STUDENT has ever had. Your move!

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'81. Hon. Charles A. Smith, of Timmonsville, S. C., and who had been serving in the capacity of Lieutenant Governor of that State, was a candidate for Governor at the last regular election which was held in August.

'96. Mr. William Jasper Howell, of Omaha City, Nebraska, has become known as one of the State's most popular orators.

'02. Mr. Andrew J. Bethea, President of the Wake Forest Alumni in South Carolina, was elected Lieutenant Governor of that State in August.

'08. Rev. Lee McBride White, who for the past fifteen months has been pastor of the Byne Memorial Church, Albany, Georgia, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Monroe, N. C.

'58. Rev. W. C. Nowell died at his home in Wendell, N. C., September 1, 1914. He was born April 27, 1837, and during his life time he was an active and persistent church worker. He edited and published a book entitled "Lectures on the Book of Revelation," and left in manuscript a story entitled, "Elsie McLean."

'90. It has been rumored that Attorney General Bickett will be active in the next regular campaign.

'00. Dr. Evans McBrayer passed through Wake Forest on his way to New York where he will study during his four months' vacation. It will be remembered that Dr. McBrayer is a surgeon in the United States Navy.

'96. Rev. C. L. Greaves has accepted the pastorate of the church at Lumberton, N. C.

Wake Forest is well represented at Troy, N. C. Mr. C. C. Broughton ('12), and Mr. J. H. Burnett are practicing law; Mr. J. C. Beckwith is a popular merchant and one of the leading business men of the town; Rev. J. M. Page ('99) is pastor of the Baptist Church.

'07. Mr. O. J. Sikes is judge of the Recorder's Court at Albemarle, N. C. Mr. R. L. Brown ('07) is prosecuting attorney; Messrs. J. C. Wright, Burleson, and Honeycutt are active practitioners of the law; Mr. H. C. Foreman ('09) is engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. A. P. Harris who resigned as Clerk of the Superior Court is succeeded by Mr. H. Coggins ('06).

In Wadesboro, N. C., Mr. T. L. Caudle is one of the leading attorneys; Mr. Thomas has been elected to the Legislature; Mr. H. Allen, of the Class of '01, is engaged in business; Mr. W. C. Bivins of the Class of '03 is one of the leading editors in that section of the State. The following young men are practicing law: Messrs. R. S. Pruett ('13), Gulledge, and H. P. Taylor ('14); Rev. W. C. Reddish has accepted the pastorate of the church.

'13. Mr. L. C. Williams is teaching at Ahoskie, N. C.

'13. Mr. E. D. Johnson is teaching Science in the Asheville High School, Asheville, N. C.

Members of the Class of 1914 are located as follows: Mr. D. M. Johnson is Assistant Principal of the Wingate High School, Wingate, N. C.; Mr. I. C. Prevette will attend Columbia University, New York City; Mr. D. W. Arnette will teach Biology in Simmons College, Texas; O. P. Campbell is pastor of the church at Mt. Gilead, N. C.; A. O. Dickens is practicing law at Louisburg, N. C.; G. H. Davis is taking post-graduate work at the University of North Carolina; R. B. Green will engage in the real estate business in Brunswick and Columbus counties; G. H. Grindstaff will enter Columbia University where he will take work in the Law Depart-

ment; D. R. Jackson is connected with the Parker-Hunter Real Estate Company of Raleigh; G. L. Jarvis will practice law in Madison County, N. C.; L. D. Knott will practice law at Oxford, N. C.; C. W. Mitchell will probably attend Columbia University this year; R. H. Norris is teaching Latin and Science in the High School at Timmons ville, S. C.; J. J. Neal has returned to Wake Forest and is doing work in the Medical Department; R. F. Paschal is practicing law at Siler City, N. C.; G. C. Pennell is Private Secretary to Congressman Pou, with headquarters at Washington, D. C.; J. C. Smith is continuing his work in the Law Department; O. W. Yates is attending the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky; K. T. Rayner is teaching French in the Waycross High School, Waycross, Georgia; J. B. Alderman is Principal of the Roxboro High School at Roxboro, N. C.

WAKE COUNTY ALUMNI BANQUET.

The Wake County Alumni Association of Wake Forest had their third annual banquet at the Yarbrough Hotel in Raleigh on Monday evening, August 31, 1914. The meeting was called to order by the retiring president, Dr. Charles Lee Smith, who in the early part of his speech spoke very effectively when he said it was very gratifying to see so many of the Alumni present. The guest of honor, His Excellency Governor Craig, delivered a very appropriate address in which he spoke highly of Wake Forest, and complimented our President.

Dr. Hubert A. Royster acted as toastmaster. The speech of the evening was delivered by Dr. Poteat. He spoke of the Alumni and their gathering, and showed wherein such gatherings had benefited the College and State. Other speakers were Mr. J. J. Lane, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Geo. P. Bostick who is now a missionary to China, Dr. Jesse B. Weatherspoon of the Faculty of the Southwestern Theological Seminary, and

Attorney General Bickett. Mr. Bickett, who is one of the loyal Alumni, made a very interesting and enjoyable speech. His wit added much to the pleasure of the occasion, and every one went away happier because of it.

For some time there has been a plan on foot to increase the endowment of the College. When the subject was mentioned the Association immediately contributed to the cause, and an amount sufficient to defray the tuition expenses of two young men was subscribed.

The following new officers were elected: President, Dr. J. R. Hunter; Vice-President, Mr. J. J. Lane; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. N. B. Broughton; Executive Committee, Messrs. W. N. Jones, Chas. E. Brewer, and other officers.

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

Wake Forest opens with bright prospects for athletics this fall, and while the College has lost the services of one of the best coaches in the South, Mr. Frank Thompson, and several varsity men of last year's football team will not return, there are some promising men of last year's scrub and many new men who have had some experience upon whom we may rely to make a good display on the field.

The Athletic Association is very fortunate in securing the services of Dr. W. C. Smith, as Coach in Football. Dr. Smith is an experienced coach, having begun his football career when he was elected captain of the football team of Montgomery High School, Independence, Kansas, in 1902. He played half and quarter-back, Kansas City Medics, 1904-'05; captain and half-back, *ibid*, 1906-'07; half-back, Kansas City Athletic Club, 1906-'07; all Southwestern half-back in Spaulding's Guide Book, by Eddie Cochems of St. Louis University, 1906-'07; coach of Kansas City Medics, 1907-'08; half-back and end, University of New York, 1912. It is understood that "Dave" Robertson of Portsmouth, Va., will probably return to assist coaching in the Football and Baseball Departments. The following experienced men will return to College: S. J. Blackman, C. W. Blanchard; Cashwell, Hensley, Bruce Holding, T. F. Harris, W. A. Harris, Hudson, formerly of A. and M., Moore, Dixon, Stallings, Lee, Billings, Powell, Trust, Charles Riddick, E. Williams, and Allen Riddick. Having these men with us, we may as-

sure ourselves that football will be a success at Wake Forest this year.

Prof. J. Richard Crozier, who has been our faithful and successful basketball coach for the past eight years, expects to put out one of the best college teams in the South Atlantic States. The authorities, after much consideration, elected Professor Crozier as Coach in baseball. His experience and knowledge of baseball are generally known throughout the State. Professor Crozier showed great ability in the training of the 1910 baseball team. That year he took what was practically raw material—all of them being freshmen except one—and developed it into a splendid team.

Four of last year's popular quint will return this year. "Bill" Holding and Hugh Beam, two former stars, will be with us again, and with several scrubs, who were almost as fast as the varsity, there seems to be every indication that we will put out the best team that has been seen on the floors of the State. There is nothing that helps more than having the positions contested. There will be ten men or more qualified to fill varsity positions on any college team in North Carolina.

As yet, it is too early to make any predictions as to baseball. Under the efficient coaching of Professor Crozier and "Dave" Robertson, Wake Forest may be counted as in class "A" in this form of athletics.

The following officers were elected at a meeting of the Athletic Association in May for the year 1914-'15: Football: Manager, A. L. Carlton; Assistant Managers, Allen Riddick and W. B. Wright; Captain, G. G. Moore. Basketball: Manager, C. W. Carrick; Assistant Manager, K. M. Yates; Captain, Hamilton Davis. Baseball: Manager, W. A. Riddick; Assistant Manager, D. R. Perry.*

* Captain to be elected.

Manager A. L. Carlton announces the following football schedule:

- Oct. 3—A. & M. at Raleigh.
- Oct. 10—Battleship Franklin at home.
- Oct. 17—Open.
- Oct. 24—Washington and Lee at Lexington, Va.
- Oct. 31—Roanoke at home.
- Nov. 7—U. S. C. at Columbia, S. C.
- Nov. 14—U. N. C. at Raleigh.
- Nov. 26—Davidson at Charlotte.

The present indications are that there will be a practice game on the open date, which is not counted as a regular varsity game.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

It has been said that by mistakes and failures perfection is attained. So it is, if the mistakes are seen and corrected. But on account of the close relationship existing between us and our own work, it is extremely difficult for us to see our own mistakes until they have been pointed out by some one who, because of his distant point of view, is enabled to perceive them. This is also true of college publications. The editors on account of their great college zeal are unable to judge properly their own publications. Thus the need of some outside agency to reveal to them their shortcomings as viewed from an external viewpoint. The exchange department is this agency, and for this reason this department should be one of the most important factors of our college publications. It should seek to criticise and not to flatter. Its prime object should be to point out the mistakes of its kindred publications and only secondarily the merits, for it is by overcoming our mistakes that we advance towards perfection and perfection is the distant mark towards which each college publication is striving.

In our criticisms this year we intend not to be harsh or unreasonable, but plain and concise. Whatever we may say will be as we view the situation. It shall be said with the best of grace and in the most friendly spirit. We hope that our kindred publications will look at it from this viewpoint and not take offense even though occasionally we seem rather plain. We desire the other publications to criticise us in the same manner.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. C. CASHWELL, Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscribers not receiving their STUDENT before last of month, please notify Business Manager.

Always notify Business Manager when you change your postoffice address.

If a subscriber wants 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.

Subscriptions, payable in advance, one year, \$1.25.

Boys! study the local advertisements, and patronize those who help you.

T. E. HOLDING & CO., Wake Forest.
DR. E. H. BROUGHTON, Dentist, Raleigh.
JOLLY & WYNNE JEWELRY CO., Raleigh.
CITIZENS BANK, Wake Forest.
TEMPLE BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
BANK OF WAKE, Wake Forest.
WAKE MERCANTILE COMPANY, Wake Forest.
WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest.
TYREE, Photographer, Raleigh.
CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Chester, Pa.
WAKE FOREST SUPPLY CO., Wake Forest.
POWERS DRUG COMPANY, Wake Forest.
SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.
CROSS & LINEHAN CO., Raleigh.
DICKSON BROTHERS, Wake Forest.
H. MAHLER'S SONS, Raleigh.
M. J. CARROLL, Raleigh.
C. R. BOONE, Raleigh.
R. W. WILKINSON, Wake Forest.
JACKSON & POWERS, Wake Forest.
TUCKER BUILDING PHARMACY, Raleigh.
E. ALLEN, Wake Forest.
THE HOWLER, Wake Forest.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO., Raleigh.
T. H. BRIGGS & SONS, Hardware, Raleigh.
HIGH ART SUITS, Strouse & Bros., Baltimore.
RALEIGH FLORAL CO., Abernethy & Cashwell, Agents.
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP, Raleigh.
MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA, Richmond, Va.
WHITING & HORTON, Raleigh.
HOT SPRINGS MEDICAL CO., Hot Springs, Ark.
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C. J. HUNTER & BRO., Raleigh.
THE STUDIO, Wake Forest.
NORTH STATE LIFE INSURANCE CO., Kinston.
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OFFICE STATIONERY CO., Raleigh.
KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Raleigh.
WAKE SHOE CO., Raleigh.
CAPITOL DRUG STORE, Raleigh.
SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Louisville.
WAKE CAFE, Wake Forest.
ROGERS-PEET CO., New York.
VARSITY PRESSING CLUB, Wake Forest.
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MACHINERY AND HARDWARE CO., Wake Forest.
THE COLLEGE STEAM PRESSING CLUB, Wake Forest.
WHITE'S CAFE, Raleigh.
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.
ROCHERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS.
ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Rochester, N. Y.
WAAS & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
THE GEM CITY NOVELTY CO., Dayton, Ohio.
YARBROUGH HOTEL, Raleigh.
NORFOLK AND SOUTHERN RAILROAD.
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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 2

A VIRGINIAN IN SURREY

[Contributed to the London Times by Dr. Benjamin Sledd]

They come, they come!
No blare of bugle, beat of drum,
No flaunting flag, no battle-cry;
Only the measured tread of many feet
Startling the drowsy street,
The wayside silence deep and sweet.
As past they go
With sure, unhurrying pace,
I mark the firm-set Saxon face,
The calm-clear Saxon eye.
And then I know
The secret of their race:
To wrath and action slow, ah, slow!
Yet, once aroused, to do or die.

Not at the call of man-made laws
Grimly they march into death's jaws:
From far and near, day after day,
From grimy haunt and lordly home,
From teeming street and lonely way,
England's young manhood gathering come
At duty's proud command.
Nor go they to withstand
Long-vaunted harrowing of their land:
Behold, the inviolable sea,
Bearing that unmatched fleet

No foeman dares to meet,
Clips round their isle his warding arms,
Safe even from war's alarms.

What then their cause can be ?
The cause of all humanity ;
The cause of those brave Belgian few
Who struggle oversea,
Not for vain meed of victory
But very home and kith and kin ;
And, with the strength their fathers knew,
Undying honour win.
And theirs the cause of that fair land
Once more gripped by the iron hand
That laid her greatness low.
Dauntless she grapples with her foe,
Knowing the end will be
Not mere defeat or victory :
But risen anew her olden fame
Or from its place blotted her very name.

But they are gone,
And all is still again.
Oh, England's youth, march surely on !
Not yours alone the foe :
The foe of all who love the right,
Of all who hate unmanly might.
With you to battle go
God speeds on all the winds that blow
From mine own land beyond the main.
Not yours alone the foe :
Comes ever England's hour of woe,
Her children hear beyond the main :
The Mother will not call in vain.

THE HIGHEST PATRIOTISM

J. M. PRITCHARD.

In New York City near a great University stands the mighty Mausoleum which the American people erected to hold the remains of the greatest of Northern generals, Ulysses S. Grant. What inscription upon it attracts the attention of the curious passerby? An account of his great battles, Vicksburg, Shiloh, or Appomattox. None of these. An account of his achievements as President? Not at all. Only the record of the great general, which he uttered when he laid aside his gleaming sword to accept the presidency of a distracted and embittered country. "Let Us Have Peace." And he who beholds that memorial, with the beautiful Hudson River gliding peacefully by, feels that this is the message which the great soldier left to his country.

General Robert E. Lee, the great chieftain of the Southland, was one of the first men to deliver a message of peace to his people. When the South lay crushed and bleeding under the relentless chariot wheels of war her greatest general and truest patriot uttered the highest and noblest message of patriotism. The patriotism of peace. Listen to his immortal words, spoken to his soldiers at Appomattox, "Men you have fought a good fight. Return to your homes and be good citizens. May God bless you. My heart is too full to say more." The men in grey who stood before him were battle-scarred and defeated, but their great hearts were as loyal to the Confederacy and to General Lee as when first they listened to the silver voice of heroic bugles, as when first they were torn away by the merciless God of war, from wives, sweethearts and loved ones. Standing there, many of them, barefooted and bleeding, they listened intently to these simple, eloquent and inspiring words of their beloved leader.

These men returned to their homes only to find them in ruins and desolation. They found that their credit was gone and that the government which had been established for them by the circumstances of war was worse than feudal. But the Peerless Lee had poured the oil of healing into the wounds of the South and the Southerner went to work for his home and for his fireside. He planted the rose of peace in the ground scorched black by the fires of war and a civilization bloomed forth which is the wonder of the world. Henry W. Grady, speaking of this condition, said, "The fields that ran red with human blood in December were golden with the harvest of June, the horses which had pulled the cannon, now marched before the plow, everywhere in the Southland the spirit of work and industry was prevalent. The Southerner had proved himself a great fighting man. But far more than this when the war cry could be heard no longer, he proved to the nations of the world that the highest patriotism is the patriotism shown by good citizens in time of peace. A million veterans who had faced the cannon's mouth and advanced to the charge amid the deadly rain of minnie balls had now the one slogan, "There must be no more war." "Yes," these brave men cried, "No more war." Not through fear, but because they had learned that war devastates a country and that horror and crime follow in its wake. The united nation listened to the messages of Grant and Lee and there began again the work which four years of war had interrupted. America today realizes that the greatest patriotism ever shown by her citizens was exhibited in the building up of the country into a strong and mighty union after the alienation and desolation of war.

We have shown that to all appearances a federal form of government extended over a wide area and embracing many competing and sometimes conflicting interests is practicable and that it can survive even the severe shock of a civil war.

We have shown that under the guidance of a written constitution, judicially interpreted, there is room for national growth and expansion, for stupendous economic development and for the absorption into the body politic of large numbers of foreign born and for the preservation of civil liberty over a great length of time. Suppose now that during the next few decades it might be given to us to lead the way in demonstrating to the world powers that great sovereign nations like federated states may live and grow and do business together in harmony and unity without strife or armed conflict through the habit of submitting to judicial determination our differences as they may arise. The noble work which has already been done at The Hague by the leaders of the Peace Movement proves beyond question that a supreme court of arbitral justice can handle and decide all questions of international dispute. Let us give America's strongest support to the permanent establishment of this Court of Arbitral Justice.

Let us lead the world in the cause of International Peace and by so doing make American patriotism in the world's history secure. Yes, secure. We can already point to great achievements, a nation of a hundred million people, mighty in the maintenance of civil and religious liberty, mighty in the vigor of its youth, mighty in the wisdom of its statesmen and counsellors, mighty in the sturdy stock of our Southland and the vigorous pioneers that have won a land from a savage wilderness in the West, mighty in the social betterment of every man among us, mighty in our wealth and resources and mighty in the divine optimism that looks forward to better things in the future. Let us go on and add the crowning achievements and secure to the world the blessings of peace which we have won to our own people and then our cup of honor will be full.

What pictures can the artist paint of a gory battlefield upon which death stalks and blood flows in rivers to compare with

the picture of a happy country, a noble race of men and contented and peaceful homes and firesides. Our own bloody Civil War, which cut down the flower of Southern manhood, was fought in the name of the Union. By war, Italy was at last reunited and by war the great German Empire was organized where a score of petty states had once bitterly opposed each other, but Union has been advanced most surely by the highest patriotism, the patriotism of peace through its agencies, industry, trade, travel and intercourse of every kind. Victor Hugo forcefully contrasted the industrial exposition at Paris where the nations had come together to learn good from one another with that terrible international exposition called a battlefield. Even the electric flashes through the Atlantic cable moved Whittier to sing:

"Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the sea so far,
The bridal robes of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war."

Every peaceable ship is a fuller shuttle for that shroud, every railway train with its merchandise and mail adds its thread to that bridal robe. Through these secular agencies, human love and sympathy have already widened until men everywhere give their tears and treasures for their suffering fellows whom at one time they would have thought it a sacred duty to tear limb from limb in battle. Over these scenes of carnage, where human blood and burnt flesh sickens the gaze, men of earlier times would have thought it fit to sing hymns of praise to the lord of chariots and war. Now, and in the future, the enthusiasm of the world will not be for death but for life, not for the turmoil of war, but for the blessedness of peace.

What is the highest patriotism? It is not the patriotism which seeks military glory and territorial conquest. It is not merely the patriotism that seeks the social and political

welfare of the nation alone. We have developed through these stages to that patriotism which is the patriotism of international peace. The spirit that prompts a people not merely to seek its own glory and advancement, but the welfare of the brotherhood of mankind. America should ever promote and encourage the work of peace and good will between nations.

From the very first, the American nation was singled out to be a leader in the development of a society and a government based upon the brotherhood of mankind. For centuries, the nations of the Eastern Hemispheres struggled against each other in armed conflict, their sole purpose was the prosecution of wars with other states to satisfy the ambitions of their rulers. The highest patriotism was unknown to them. Ignorance and superstition prevailed. But the discovery of America, the development of a democratic government, the achievement of religious liberty and the mighty educational movement of this generation have effected a tremendous change in our attitude. Chief of these is the public high school, which is the melting pot that fuses the multifarious foreign element into true American metal. All races are mingled in our citizenship. A conglomeration of heterogeneous elements. But all become part and parcel of the life of this republic. Here to live and work out with us the destiny of this nation. Some one has said that the dispersion which began at Babel has ended on the banks of the Hudson and the Mississippi. Ultimately we are all emigrants except those of Indian descent. The rill of immigration which flowed into Virginia has grown to a mighty ocean stream of one million a year and still they come. What does all this mean? It means that we are bound to every continent on the globe by the strongest of all ties—blood. From America radiates these mighty bonds binding all nations to us and us to them. From the very nature of our population, America

is destined to be the focus of the world-wide peace. Whom could we fight of the great races of the world? The English? England is our motherland and the English are our brothers. Germany? There are seven million eight hundred thousand Germans in this country. They, as well as the Frenchmen, the Italians, the Japanese, and the Chinese are loyal citizens to the United States. They would gladly lay down their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of American Liberty, even if their mother country should attack us. But their influence would be the most potent force to keep this nation from attacking their mother countries. And what is true of these nations is true of all other races who are a part of our citizenship. Thus by the mingling of the varied races of earth and by the restraining influence, consequent therefrom, upon the life of this nation is further disclosed the infinite purpose of our national life. Thus we have America separated and distant from other nations, without danger of attack, with a population of a hundred million souls, a mingling of a mighty race of men coming from every shore, patriotic and loyal to all home ties, with a government ruled by a people the most loyal in their devotion to Christ of Gallilee and therefore with an ear open to the music of the song of the angels of Bethlchem; and may we not truly say that theirs should be the leadership in the great cause of peace.

What more splendid foundation could any nation have on which to build for peace? What plainer token that Providence has chosen America to lead? Yet favored as few nations are by its natural surroundings, its safety from attack, with a safe and sane economic system, its cosmopolitanism and its wealth, practically independent of other nations for its food supplies. With all these blessings yet we stand third in our expenditures for armaments, while our population has multiplied twenty-two times our outlay for stragetic protection has increased two hundred fold and that in a century of

almost unbroken peace. We are not surprised to learn that in the last thirty-seven years armed peace has cost Europe an amount equal to the entire wealth of the United States, because there war is a sacred tradition. But let me ask what are we doing with our money? Last year, Congress appropriated for all expenditures minus the post office budget over \$813,000,000, sixty-seven per cent of this amount we spent for war. We boast ourselves a progressive people and yet we keep up this feudal folly. Money speaks for power and progress when rightly expended. One big cannon ball costs as much as a college education or eleven years of a teacher's salary. The cost of one battleship would purchase the White Mountain Forest Reserve of 250,000 acres or build a model highway from Chicago to New York. Three fourths the cost of one ship would reclaim 240,000 acres of Arizona land, provide homes for 8,000 families and increase the value of the property \$24,000,000. 160,000 are dying yearly from the white plague. The amount we have appropriated in the last two years for war and militarism would have banished this fearful pestilence from the country.

Why not think less of gay regiments, glittering sabers and monster dreadnoughts and estimate at their true value, true homes and contented firesides.

Shall we permit unscrupulous capitalists and politicians to keep before us, always in glaring headlines, "War is inevitable"? Our President, the real spokesman of the nation's wishes, has sounded a new note. He will advocate, if it becomes necessary, the spending of millions of dollars for the protection of American citizens, but will not countenance the shedding of one drop of American blood to advance the interests of these trust magnates.

What more splendid foundation could there be upon which to build an enduring monument to the patriotism of the American people than their preservation of civil liberty to-

gether with their national development at home and their leadership in establishing the world's peace? Dare we leave anything undone to put our own land in the place of highest honor and patriotism? To be won by her contributions to the establishment of the world's peace, order, and happiness? A rule accepted because it is right and bowed down to because it is just. Let us hope that the principle of union and freedom upon which the American Union rests its faith will work on until it rules all nations by just laws, settles their quarrels by peaceful courts. This perfect system will combine fraternity with freedom, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

There is said to be in the harbor of Havana a most remarkable statue of liberty, a woman stands with ecstasy in her face, with all but a shout of joy upon her lips, with almost delirious eyes turned upward toward her wide outstretched arm, whereon the broken manacles are dangling useless. Our freedom is another thing. It is not so newborn. It might be symbolized by a woman, earth's strongest advocate of International Peace. The figure could best be represented as a beautiful gray-haired American mother, grown old in the service of humanity. She never felt a shackle, but has always spent her time toiling wearily, yet happily for her home and her fireside, declaring to the world the lowly Nazarine's message, of "Peace on earth and good will toward men." Shall we allow this American mother, the mother of us all, to witness the running rivers of blood? The demon of war to strew the fields with the bones of her sons, impoverish her home and bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. No, let us rather listen to the plea for peace, let us do all in our power through every agency open to us to bring about the reign of Universal Peace and may we never lose hope in our country. She will yet prove loyal to her better nature and her highest ideal, the patriotism of peace.

Let us then believe that all the progress in science and education, in political and moral advancement in America today are but the heralds of the blessed angel of peace. It may seem strange to speak of America's latest invention, the Aeroplane, as if it were the herald of peace, but William T. Stead, the great peace advocate, reminds us that fifty years ago Tennyson forever linked together the coming conquest of the air with the abolition of war. He sings in beautiful words of the highest patriotism of the greatest fulfillment—the patriotism of peace.

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but the earnest of the things that they
shall do;

For I dipped into the future, as far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, drooping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained a ghastly
dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,
Far along the worldwide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder
storm,

Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were
furled

In the parliament of man, in the federation of the world,
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in Universal Law."

MR. SNAGGLE

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

Mrs. Flake had worked herself up into that pitch of righteous indignation so easily attained by corpulent landladies.

"Lord, I never seen such a man!" she protested in wheezy soprano, gesticulating with a spoon. "The idea of his settin' here like er oyster an' never opening his mouth to nobody, an' when I ask him a question, just to be perlite, you know, he says 'yes'm' an' not another word. An' here lately he's been coughing fit to kill at table so none o' you all don't want to set by him, an' I can't blame you. No, Missus Clegg," the good lady avoided an interruption by raising her voice, at the same time compromising by addressing the person who had started to speak, "No'm, you shan't be bothered with him no longer, 'cause I've give him a new seat, an' I ain't goin' to stan' him in my house any longer'n——"

She paused, and allowed her monologue to trail off in a subdued whine. The object of her tirade entered the dining-room.

The man who shuffled up to the table was tall, thin and stoop shouldered; his long, awkward limbs seemed to be in his way; his clothes were shabby. His face was sallow, unshaven, shadowed beneath the eye-sockets and pinched everywhere, and there was something in his eyes that hinted at the heart of a timid child.

Seeing his regular seat occupied, the man stopped and looked about nervously.

"Set there," commanded Mrs. Flake, with a note of tyranny which announced that she was not discomfited by having her opinions overheard.

Mr. Snaggle obediently took a seat at one end of the table,

slightly removed from the rest of the boarders, and fell to eating. He ate hurriedly, with his head bent over his plate so that none of the curious boarders, whose conversation was suspended for a moment after he entered, could see the expression on his face.

They were a crowd of gossipy old women, with here and there a husband to whom remarks were addressed. Being hard-working people, they looked upon meal hour as a time for relaxation and hilarity; they lingered over their ill-cooked hash and muddy coffee with poor jokes and constant laughter, punctuated by long-drawn sippings. The men revealed their sense of humor by blowing through their mustaches and pounding on the table with their fists; the women babbled continually and archly teased the men about themselves or about Miss Bessie, a little blonde trained nurse who alone, of all the company, was neither fat, squeamish nor noisy. Over this assemblage the garrulous landlady ruled by means of superior vocal powers combined with the prestige of proprietorship.

The boarders viewed Mr. Snaggle askance. He never laughed, he never babbled, he was not regarded as a fit object for teasing,—he was, therefore, a complete stranger, if not an enemy, to the group.

"It don't mean no good when a man can't look you in the eye," whispered the critical Mrs. Clegg to her neighbor, who confided it to Mrs. Flake, whereupon general conversation was renewed.

Mr. Snaggle, under cover of the hubbub, began coughing quietly; then, turning to one side, and covering his face with his hands, he coughed so violently that his whole lean frame seemed to rattle.

When he had controlled himself and begun eating assiduously, Miss Bessie, professionally sympathetic, commented in a tone of pity:

"You *have* got a bad cough, haven't you, Mr. Snaggle?"

Mr. Snaggle's pale cheeks flushed and quickly turned grey again. He shot a glance upward, to make sure that this pretty little nurse had spoken, and when he saw her blue eyes looking directly at him, he struggled with his throat, looked down, and confessed that he did have a bad cough.

The entire table had paused, fork in hand, to hear this remarkable colloquy.

"I'll tell you something I've found helpful with my patients," continued Miss Bessie, in accents that had calmed the feverish. "Try Goodgerm's Cough Remedy and see if it doesn't give you relief."

Mr. Snaggle ventured, "Yes'm, I will," and, sadly embarrassed, sank nearer his plate than ever. He dared not raise his eyes again, and choked down food desperately. In a moment he had finished, and went shrinking out of the room.

The next morning Mr. Snaggle came to the table with an unnatural spot of red on his cheeks. His hands trembled as he took the cup of coffee.

"I'm afraid my remedy didn't help you much," remarked the nurse. "You look like you have a little temperature."

Mr. Snaggle coughed nervously, but delivered a reply with a promptness that indicated preparation.

"It was a fine remedy," he was heard to say.

Nevertheless, when the others had gone to work, he stayed in his room.

Mrs. Flake was disgusted, and her high-pitched soprano indicated her feelings at intervals during the day. When she realized that, owing to a sudden drop of the thermometer, her coal was being burned in that man's room, she began remarking upon his appearance, his manners and the very fact of his existence in a voice that could not fail to be heard upstairs.

At dinner and supper her scrutiny convinced her that Mr. Snaggle was unwell, and after one of his fits of coughing the provident lady sang out:

"There's one thing no boarder o' mine needn't expect, an' that is to flop down on his bed an' have me wait on him. I'll put myself out to show some little attention to a boarder, but I draw the line on being a sick-nurse. Aint I right, Mrs. Clegg?"

The following morning at breakfast, Mr. Snaggle, weakly leaning on the table, was no longer the center of attention. The weather was an absorbing object of remark and speculation to boarders who had to go out in it. It was bitter cold, and a violent wind was driving a torrent of mingled rain and sleet against the windows. The men gloomily watched the street and warmed their hands on their coffee-cups. Then, one by one, well-wrapped, they flung open the front door, letting in stinging bits of ice, and disappeared from view.

"I never seen such weather!" complained Mrs. Flake. "First time in 'leven years this house has leaked, an' here it is freezin' us all in this nice, warm room, an' all the wires down—"

"Did you say all the wires were down?" interrupted Miss Bessie.

"I can't get central—it looks like they're down," snapped Mrs. Flake. She was not fond of her pretty boarder.

Miss Bessie walked to the window and gazed out into the storm.

"Then I'm in a pickle," said she. "I'm engaged to nurse a very sick lady on the other side of town, and I ought to notify her that I can't come."

The landlady sniffed, "Why can't you go?"

"I have a very bad cold, Mrs. Flake," replied the nurse, without turning around. "I simply can't afford to risk taking pneumonia in such a blizzard."

Mr. Snaggle, who had been seated at the table in a stooping posture during this conversation, suddenly sat up and began clearing his throat.

"What is the sick lady's address, Miss—Miss Bessie?" he asked, faintly.

Mrs. Flake and several lady boarders stared at Mr. Snaggle in amazement. The little blonde wheeled about, with surprise in her blue eyes.

"She is a Miss Thomas, and her home is number four hundred on West Avenue. Why did you want to know, Mr. Snaggle?"

The man had risen and started to the door. Avoiding her eyes, he replied,

"I'm goin' to tell her."

"Oh, don't!" cried Miss Bessie, but he had rushed out into the storm.

Several hours later he lay in bed, his lean arms stretched out on the blanket, his face pale as death save for two spots that glowed like embers in his sunken cheeks. Miss Bessie believed that he had pneumonia, and was gone to get a doctor, leaving him to the motherly care of Mrs. Flake.

"Now you've gotten things in er mess!" that lady was saying. "Flat o' yer back in my house, an' raisin' no end o' trouble, an' me havin' offers from respectable folks two an' three times every week—why there's no end o' folks wants ter come to my house, an' me havin' ter turn 'em down for such as you! What in the name o' common sense did you go paradin' through that storm like er fool for, anyway, an' you sick already, huh?"

Slight delirium accounted for the sick man's unaccustomed loquacity.

"I did it for Miss Bessie," he answered, and his glittering eyes did not, as usual, avoid those of the landlady. There

was a moment's pause, and then he added: "She was the only woman that has—ever—took any interest in me—or—been—good to me."

Whereupon, with a return of his accustomed timidity, he buried his face in the pillow.

Mrs. Flake was appeased. The one thing dearer to her heart than scolding was teasing, and she went downstairs with a chuckle.

Miss Bessie was just coming in the door with a physician.

"You're a slick un, you are!" commenced the landlady, in her element. "You're a slick un. Why that man's a plum fool over you! How have you been er carryin' on with him?"

"The only thing I ever said to him," reflected Miss Bessie, half to herself, "was to advise him to try Goodgerm's Cough Remedy."

NOVEMBER

I. T. J.

O month that ends the fading of the things
That lavish summer brings,
And leaves them lying on the lap of him
Who enters, dark and grim,
To lead away a hoary, far-spent year,
Before thy hurrying feet I drop a tear.

Upon thy varying countenance I descry
A half-hid tragedy;
The memories of the dreams and loves of Spring
That thy stern hand must fling
Into the chasm where dead hopes now lie.

Pass on, nor pause for one sardonic smile—
The sunshine for a while—
Reminder of dead things; now let them rest,—
Oblivion is best.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

CLAUDE C. CASHWELL.

After a period of restricted pleasures, and a rigid standard of living, enforced upon the people by severe laws passed under Cromwell when Puritanism was at its highest, the standard of society fell. The bonds had been too severe. With the coronation of Charles II (1660), "the throne in every respect was the opposite of Cromwell." Says Montgomery: "Charles II had no love of country, no sense of duty, no belief in man, no respect for woman." Thus we find that the political head, being vastly changed, had its effect upon the social conditions. The king believed in pleasure at any cost and would resort to any measure to satisfy his lust. Parliament granted him large sums of money with which to build and maintain a navy, but he squandered the funds in dissipation. He sold himself to the French sovereign for 300,000 pounds, and his religion (if he had any) for a yearly pension of 200,000 pounds. Two political parties came to the front: the "Whig" and the "Tory."

The corrupt government found its climax in the ruthless monarch, James II (1685-1689). The "Bloody Assizes," conducted by the heartless Judge Jeffreys, assisted by "Kirke's Lambs," presents the idea of that period of public justice. In the bloodless revolution of 1688, James fled, and the throne, according to the "Declaration of Right," went to William of Orange and his wife Mary. Under their reign several important changes took place. The Bill of Rights (1689) gave to the people certain liberties which they had not before enjoyed. "But of all the reforms," says

Macaulay, "perhaps none proved more extensively useful than the establishment of the liberty of the press."

These political changes had their marked effect upon the social standard of that period. The restricted freedom of the press led to the congregating of all classes of people in the coffee houses. "The coffee house," says Macaulay, "might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution." Here the people met to learn the news and discuss it. Every coffee house had its orator or orators, to whose teachings the crowds would sit and listen for hours. To quote Macaulay: "There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze." All were striving to get near where John Dryden sat. To bow to the laureate, to hear his opinion, to have the honor of a pinch from his snuff box. Dr. John Radcliffe, the largest politician in all London, had his place at Garroway's, where he would consult with surgeons and apothecaries.

There were two distinct classes; the country class and the town class. They scarcely ever mingled together. If an esquire came to town he was treated in a most unpleasant manner. Bullies jostled him; coachmen splashed him; thieves searched his pockets; he would be misdirected in his courses. Finally he was so humiliated that he was glad to get back to his mansion. The inhabitants of the cities were addicted to the habit of gambling, and many other vices. One would judge that the country people, with all their faults, were better morally than the Londoner, as is shown by John Ridd's honesty before Judge Jeffreys in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone."

The streets were kept in the most unsanitary condition. Refuse was dumped in the streets, and there remained until the rains washed it away. They were narrow and laid out

without any idea of uniformity. There were no sidewalks, the people were obliged to walk in the filthy streets. After a certain hour the streets were in total darkness. The houses were of wood, and built close together. (After the great fire of 1666 in London many of the houses were replaced with brick or stone.) They had few vehicles. The common mode of travel was the carrying of a huge basket, fastened between two poles, with the poles extending several feet on either side, which were carried on the shoulders of two men. The wealthy class only could afford this mode of travel.

It seems that the many coffee houses and restaurants had created an appetite among the men, at least, for fish and oysters, although rabbit was no mean dish. Quite frequently the cup was offered to the King's health.

The plays of the period attempted to present real life, consequently they were immoral. Much of the literature was so vulgar that it was not given a place among other productions.

Yet through all this reaction the spirit planted by Puritanism finally prevailed, though somewhat modified. The period had its advantages and benefits. The people, by clamoring for another Stuart found themselves, and henceforth began steadily to build the England of today.

LITTLE DANNY'S DREAM

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

This story isn't going to be like the one you read in a Sunday School magazine the other day just because it's got a title like it. But it's the story of an old friend of mine who had a heart as golden as ever beat in the bosom of a Baraca enthusiast or melted in missionary pity down in the city slums.

The dream—or at least the end of it—came to him out in the great West. There were four of us who stayed together in one shack, John Hanes, Hal Harrison, and me and Little Danny Hawkins. We lived the rough cowboy life, took our whiskey without water, smoked our shuck cigarettes, and depended a lot for life on our handy six-shooters. We four shared everything in common, our money, our food, and our secrets. No, we didn't—all our secrets, either, and that's where this story comes in; in a secret that was not the common possession of us all and in the difference between Little Danny Hawkins and his companions.

Little Danny could cuss and ride as hard as any of us; he could come as near making three times with a queen, deuce, and ten-spot as anybody I ever saw; and he never quarreled over which would take the pot, a royal flush or four deuces. But on one subject he was strangely and continually silent. When we gathered around the fire of evenings and each sought to excel the others in the tales of the sweet lips we'd kissed and the pretty waists we'd squeezed, Little Danny sat over in one corner, never saying a word. When we rode in to town of week-ends for a spree and finished up by getting a table between ourselves and a calicoed or besilked bundle of femininity in the little rickety restaurant on the corner, Little Danny was somewhere else, looking at the sights.

"What's the matter with him?" Hal Harrison would say, "why, I don't believe he ever spoke to a woman in his life. Is it possible he's never got over the sixteen-year-old bashfulness yet? Why, don't you think, the other day when we was in town, one of the swellest skirts I ever saw came along right close to Danny and dropped her glove. What do you think he did? He picked up the glove and absent-mindedly begun to put it in his pocket. 'I beg your pardon,' said she, sweet as honey drops, 'but that is my glove you have, sir.' Danny looked at her, handed her the glove, and bowed like an icicle fallin' off of a tin-roof at sunrise."

Now, finally, us boys run onto a streak of luck and found something that looked a whole lot like gold. We turned miners for a day or so until we dug out all we could find. And it was a right good bunch, too. Then we rested with many promises of following it up, and rosy dreams of what we'd do if we'd discovered a big gold mine. We tried our best to keep the matter a secret, but it leaked out somehow; and so, when the time come for our weekly ride into town for the blow-out, somebody had to stay at the shack and guard our treasure. Out came the coins for the decent way of settling it, when Little Danny said that he would stay, as he didn't much feel like going. We insisted that he match with us, but he was firm.

So off to town we three rode in a little lower spirits than usual, because with us four was company and three, a crowd. I didn't like the idea of leaving Danny behind; and when we got to town I was restless and wasn't enjoying myself much.

"Boys," I said, "I believe I'll ride back up to the shack and stay with Danny. I'm afraid he'll be lonesome."

"You're afraid Danny'll steal the gold," said John Hanes.

"Now you know, John," I blurted out angrily, "that such

a thought never entered my head or yours either. But I'm not feeling well and I believe I'll go back."

And so I left them and rode back toward the shack. When I came in sight, I saw that there was a light in the shack. I was a little surprised, as it was past twelve o'clock.

"Danny's lonesome, sure enough," I said to myself. "I believe I'll slip up and see what he's doing."

So I slipped up and looked in. Danny was sitting there with a bunch of letters on the floor beside him, reading one and the tears rolling down his cheeks, while his form shook with sobs. I didn't know whether to go in or not. But curiosity proved stronger than any ideas of propriety that came to me, so I opened the door. Little Danny looked up.

"Come in, Tom," he said, trying to dry his eyes, "I didn't expect you back. I guess you's stumbled onto a secret of mine," he continued, smiling wanly, "so I'll tell you about it. These letters are from an old girl of mine. I knew her back East. We thought a whole lot of each other. But we quarreled, and I came West. Tonight I was kindly lonesome and I got out her old letters to read. I'd been thinking of her more today than usual anyhow, for I dreamed about her last night. I dreamed I saw her all dressed up fine like an angel," and his voice trembled as he said it: "Tom, I'm afraid she's dead."

Soon Little Danny gathered up the letters and put them in a secret bottom in his trunk. No other word was spoken of it and Danny didn't think it necessary to tell me not to mention it to the other boys. I didn't however; I only pondered to myself, and many things that had been a mystery to me were explained.

Well, in a few days there was to be a kind of a show in town. John and Hal, big-hearted fellows that they were, there's plenty of worse men respectable deacons, insisted that Danny and me go as we'd missed the regular blow-out.

So we went. We rode in silence down to town. Danny had never referred to the girl since that night.

The show was one of those musical comedies you see so many of these days. And pretty soon after it started, a girl came out on the stage with a big smile on her face and not much of anything else on and began to dance. I looked at her closely, and—well, I didn't like her face. You can read some things in one's face, you know. I heard a gasp by my side, and I looked at Little Danny.

"That's her, Tom," he whispered, "let's get out, for God's sake, let's get out."

As we hit our horses, he muttered, "And is them the fine clothes I thought looked like an angel's?"

We rode in silence back up to the shack; and when the boys asked about the show, we told them it was pretty good. And life went on with us just as before. No word of what had occurred was ever mentioned to the other boys, nor did either Danny or me mention it again. But I understood Danny better, and when I laughed at his peculiarities, I did it to hide his secret and with a heart that was filled with sympathy.

One night, we were all out but Little Danny. I came in ahead of the other two boys and found that Danny had gone to bed. I picked up the poker and stirred the fire in the fire-place, and I saw that a lot of paper had been burned. As a light blazed up, I saw that some drops of water had fallen on the hearth that might have been tears. And this was the end of Little Danny's dream.

A ROMANCE

C. F. HUDSON.

There's a maiden fair and sweet,
Her homeland, Carolina's hills;
When I worship at her feet
My heart with a rapture thrills.

'Twas a sunny day in May,
Cupid with his fiery dart,
From his throne so far away,
Sent an arrow, pierced my heart.

She was then a simple child,
Half a woman—I, a man;
To win her was to wait awhile—
And the years—they slowly ran.

Then came a day—it had to come—
A Sunday in the sunny June,
I asked my dear to share my home,
But she said it was too soon.

So another year went by,
Hope grew stronger as it sped,
Though the days brought many a sigh
Till the final word she said.

Now I've bliss that naught can cloy;
For wherever I may roam,
I am thinking of the joy
We shall find in our new home.

For true hearts have made decision—
I now pledge my all, my life,
As we walk in fields Elysian,
Her to honor as my wife.

THE RETURN OF JIM HARDY

"S. L."

I was just a young lawyer, having held my State license for only a few years. The district attorney was sick and I had been appointed to act in his place. This was my first big case. Jim Hardy, a rough negro, was to be tried for killing a young white man by the name of Edwards. I was to prosecute Jim, and when the case came up I did my best at it. I had consulted many famous lawyers, and they had kindly given me advice. I had talked with Jim, but could get very little information out of him. The case was very hotly fought, as I had against me an experienced lawyer. Finally the case was turned over to the jury. The suspense was awful for me while those men stayed out forty-five minutes. Think of it! Forty-five minutes, and I knew all that time that my reputation as a lawyer depended on what those jurors said. As the foreman read the verdict, "Guilty," you can imagine the joy that swept over me. I had won my first big case. I began to think of the future—the business and home that I had longed for. It was with a certain degree of pleasure that I heard the judge announce that the prisoner would be electrocuted on Friday, January 13th, at ten-thirty o'clock a. m. I was in Virginia at the time of the electrocution, but I saw in the papers that Jim Hardy was dead.

About four months later I went to the State Medical College to visit my nephew. It was his third year at the place and he was very much interested in his work. He tried to entertain me during my visit, and one afternoon he took me to the Medical Laboratory. He showed me the different operating tables, and jars containing human parts. I was not so very much impressed with all this, but after a little

while we went down into a large room in the basement. Before we even reached the room a very disagreeable odor reached us. As we entered the room I saw bones, skulls, skeletons, and limbs lying around the room.

In one corner of the room was what to me appeared to be a large box. I asked my nephew what was in it and he ventured to show me. We advanced to the box and he raised the lid by means of a pulley. I immediately found that it was more than a box—it was a kind of vat. As I drew closer, I stooped over to examine the contents of the vat. There seemed to be several bodies in it, but only the top of one interested me. It filled me with a kind of terror as I looked at it. I wanted to remove my gaze from that ghastly spectacle, but some unseen power held me. My terror increased each instant, for there before me was the body of *the man whom I had helped to kill—a man who had had a soul.*

As soon as I had collected my senses and recovered from the shock, I told my nephew that I thought we had better leave. I left the room with a strange feeling of dread and awe. The remainder of my afternoon was completely broken up. I visited several places of interest, but all that I could see was the dead form of the man whom *I had helped to kill.* My imagination worked fast and I seemed to see Jim Hardy in everything. He followed me to supper—he was with me at the opera house that evening.

When late in the evening I prepared to retire, I tried my best to shake that image out of my head. I thought of the play that I had seen—my work, but nothing would avail. After I turned out my light and got in bed, every noise frightened me. The light from a street lamp was shining through my window. By it I could see what looked like weird objects around the room. The light only increased my nervousness, because I could distinguish objects that were near me, but yet not clearly see objects on the far side of

the room. Once somebody passed by my door, going down the hall, and this made me very nervous. * * * Gradually, I became sleepier, but still I could see the cold body of Jim Hardy, with face upturned, and teeth gleaming hideously. Then slowly I found sleep, and—

Sh! Was not that a stealthy step in my room? I tried to sit up in bed, but even as I tried, a force laid hold on me, and held me down. I felt a damp, chilly hand close around my neck as I was pushed down in bed. I looked up, and saw Jim Hardy's corpse standing over me. He had the wild stare of the insane, and was hideously ugly. I could not call for help, because he held my throat tight. As he held me with his left hand, I saw his right hand rise slowly in the air. In it was a shining hatchet which was to give me my death blow. The hatchet was ready to descend—and now it is coming with a—O God!

I sleepily picked myself up off the floor and, turning on the light, saw by my watch that it was three o'clock a. m. I got back in bed and, pulling the covers over me, was soon lost in a peaceful slumber.

THE DREAM AND THE MIST

L. T. J.

I dreamed a dream—not idly, but in truth
With eyes uplifted to the distant hills,
Head bared, heart filled with longings that sweet youth
Creates, treasures, and feeds but never fills.

And as I gazed, my dream became a glow
Of gold and glory on the hills above;
And from that glow there came to me below
A voice strangely sweet—the voice was Love.

As I essayed to climb, throughout the years,
To reach the region of my dream—and rest,
There came a mist; I saw as one through tears;
Material things had stolen half my zest.

Now other sounds drown out the voice—and now
My eyes find other, nearer things are fair;
And yet, I pause, look up, and bare my brow;
I'm glad I dreamed the dream. Is it still there?

THE CHANGED LEGAL STATUS OF THE NEGRO

J. BAIRD EDWARDS.

In the popular mind, prior to the Civil War, the proper position of the Negro was that of a slave. The strong sentiment which existed, regarding his racial inferiority and uselessness, except as a slave, was greatly intensified in Colonial days, by the law's neglect to properly recognize him as a common subject of the State. For the most part, with the possible exception of a few constitutional provisions, dealing with his escape from state to state, general jurisdiction over the Negro was not vested in the law at all, but was impliedly delegated to the plantation master, who of course, wielded a very healthy jurisdiction, one which was no doubt, infinitely out of proportion to his sense of justice.

Before the abolition of slavery, the law in all cases, was very clear and elaborate concerning the purchase and sale of slaves, as well as the rights of slave ownership. State boundary lines and masters' rights, were the liveliest issues at law. Colonial laws and constitutions were framed, only in contemplation of freemen's rights, and were only enforced, just so far as extended the white man's justice. Consequently, under such laws, the Negro had no rights, and granting that he had certain rights, they were at no time recognizable, or even visible in the eyes of the law. For many decades, this was virtually the status of the law, as regarded the Negro. Seemingly, the courts maintained a very strict neutrality toward him. His base legal status in later antebellum days is without a parallel in history. Neither before or since, has the law acted in such total disregard of any man's rights (either white or black) than during the last days of slavery.

As a result of much abuse and merciless punishment of slaves on the part of the slave owners, together with such gross negligence and indifference on the part of the law, a strong reaction necessarily followed, which, in part, accounts for the bringing about of many aggravated conditions productive of the great Civil War, which, for four years, sucked mightily upon the nation's vitality. A more disastrous period is not recorded in history. Everything was plunged headlong into chaos and disorder. State and national laws were made powerless, the administration of justice was suspended, and left entirely unnoticed. When the war was over, a marvelous change had been wrought among the affairs of men. The shackles and chains of a barbarous slavery that had so long been worn by the black man, had by one fatal blow, been torn assunder, and the Negro was for the first time permitted to "bask in the glorious sunlight of liberty." The emancipation of the Negro came as a thunder-shock from a clear sky, yet it was decidedly a mighty triumph for civilization. The legions of light had won a great victory over the hordes of darkness.

It will be admitted that the abolition of slavery marked the beginning of a new epoch in legal history. Immediately the whole legal countenance of the nation was changed, and this particular change registers the first step in the evolution of the Negro's legal status.

The first step to be taken by the Negro was necessarily a long one. He must step across the unbridgable gulf that lies between slavery and liberty. He must move from a state of dependence to one of independence. The first step taken by the Negro proved fatal to him. When facing this new freedom and independence the new freeman was unable to stand the test. He made the improper use of his advantages and opportunities, and was soon a detestable character. He became unspeakably ambitious and unbearably impudent.

Men who had been his devout sympathizers as a slave soon became his avowed enemies as a freeman. There had been a "shifting of the poles," so to speak. The pendulum of public sentiment, which had so long swung to the extreme for Negro servitude, now was reversed, and swung equally as far to the extreme for Negro supremacy.

The white people of the South had scarcely recovered from the effects of Sherman's fire before they found themselves directly presented by the problem of Negro rule. Just at this particular time, very unfortunate for both the white and black man, the machinery of the government began cumber-somely to be put into operation. A majority of the old offices were to be filled, and many new ones were to be created. By the aid of a few unprincipled politicians and unpatriotic agitators the Negro planted his clutches firmly upon the ballot. Only a short time elapsed before the black population had partial control of the ballot. Many coveted offices were filled with kinky-headed Negroes, and vacancies were supplied from the Negro population, when white people were clamoring for the same appointments. Even the womanhood of the South was, in some instances, disgraced because of Negro office-holders. The climax of Negro rule was reached when a large percentage of the whites were disfranchised and totally disqualified from governmental activities. Within a short period the whole legal status of the Negro had been changed. The law that once failed to give him any recognition, now gave him full-orbed recognition. Perhaps the suddenness of such a change, alongside the unsuccessfulness of Negro rule, accounts for a second reaction by the people, which gave universal notoriety to "Kuklux Klans," and "Carpet Baggers" sanctioned the use of mob and lynch law, and finally, yet favorably resulted in the extermination of every Negro office-holder who chanced to hold

a seat at a political pie-counter south of the Mason and Dixon line.

During the immediate period which followed this reaction, the reins of the government were in the hands of extremists. This necessarily had an unwholesome, yet a direct effect upon the law, and its administration to the Negro. In a majority of the courts, more especially of the South, it was almost impossible for the Negro to even get Negro justice. The law and all of its administrators were biased and bitterly prejudiced against the Negro. His legal status was now even still lower than it was before the war. For then the law declined to give the Negro any recognition whatsoever, while now it proceeded to give him an improper recognition, which was unequivocally worse than no recognition at all. The mere fact that a Negro was arraigned before the court was, by most judges, considered sufficient evidence of his guilt, and *sine die*, he was given the full extent of the law. This particular stage in the legal evolution of the Negro was, to say the least, the most critical. The law of this period was being enforced by men whose sense of justice had been brushed aside by the mighty wave of racial prejudice which had recently swept with cyclonic force over the entire Southland.

Year by year this deep-seated prejudice between the North and South, between the Negro and white man, has almost passed into oblivion. The law no longer refuses to give the Negro recognition, and the proper recognition. Neither is the Ethiopian, on the other hand, permitted to dominate the law.

Hence, the changed legal status of the Negro might properly be divided into four separate and distinct periods, first: non-recognition of the Negro by the law, period preceding the Civil War; second, too much recognition by the law, period immediately following the Negro's emancipation; third,

period of reaction, prejudice of la wagainst Negro; fourth, the present day period, one of justice.

The laws of the North and South which, at one time, seemed to be in hopeless conflict with one another, are now becoming more uniform. Old laws and statutes that served well in their day, but have proved themselves inadequate for present-day purposes, are eventually passing away and making room for the introduction of new ones.

In North Carolina, as well as in a majority of the states, The Constitution expressly forbids any race discrimination. The good fruits of such a law, may be seen in the public schools and railroad systems of North Carolina.

The road that leads to justice is long and difficult to travel. The journey of the law has been very slow. Its progress has met many delays and has been entrapped by numerous pitfalls. In the course of the law's travel towards justice, many wrongs have gone unrighted, yet slowly, but surely, through the medium of the American law, justice is at last coming into its own. The administration of the law is today better than ever before. Its makers are men of the profoundest legal ability, and its administrators and dignitaries are of the highest legal integrity. The prejudice, indifference, and unjustness which once characterized the law, are commodities of a dead past. Through its courts and various other agencies, modern law guarantees to every man, of every color and nationality, true and balanced justice.

AUNT TILLA'S WITCH STORY

L. S. INSCOE.

It was a cold day in January. During the night before eight inches of snow had fallen, which was an unusual depth for this southern region.

Of course there would be no school, nor did that matter with Myrtle and Lucile, for they would not have gone in such weather as this if there had been any.

All the morning they had tried to get out in the snow to play, but their mother had positively forbidden this, and, aided by the faithful old servant, Aunt Tilla, she had kept a sharp lookout on them until Myrtle and Lucile had given up the attempt as hopeless. They had to satisfy themselves with gazing out of the windows at the snow-covered objects, the trees, the barns, the woods and the fields, or they played with their dolls in the corner.

On one side of the broad fireplace sat their mother, knitting, while Aunt Tilla nodded in the other.

"Tell us a tale, Aunt Tilla," begged Lucile, as she and Myrtle seated themselves on the large, thick, home-made rug in front of the hearth.

"Aw, you chilluns let me erlone. I done forgot all de ole tales I use ter know," growled Aunt Tilla, in an apparently displeased tone of voice.

"Please do, Aunt Tilla," begged Myrtle and Lucile, both at the same time.

"Ain't I done tole ye I done forgot em all? What ye want me ter tell ye?"

"Anything," said Lucile.

"Tell us about the witches," added Myrtle.

"Den is you chilluns gwine ter be quiet?"

Both agreed to this.

"Lemme take er dip fust," said Aunt Tilla, taking out her black gum tooth brush and snuff box.

After taking the dip she began:

"Ye know back in de ole times de use ter be witches dat libed erbout same as other folks 'ceptin' dey wus witches. Some of em wus good witches an some of em wus bad witches.

"Now dey wus er mighty bad ole witch wonst whut use ter ride folkes hosses erbout at night an tie de mane and tail up so de folkses couldn't get it strate fer er long time. Den she used ter make de cows kick de milk over an skeer folkses hosses at night an make de chickens quit eatin an die an er sight er other things.

"De folks dey got tired er her carryin' on but dey wus skeered ter pester wid 'er cause dey wus powerful skeered dey'd get witched.

"Dey wus er woman whut lived rat close ter dis ole witch an' every day de ole witch use ter go over ter her house ter sew. Dis woman got mighty tired er de ole witch cummin so much but she knowed better an ter let de witch know it.

"At lass, ono day dis here woman's chickens dey got so dey wouldn' eat, an dey stood roun' wid dey heads tucked down lack dey wus ersleep. She knowed dem chickens wus witched and she lay she wus gwine ter put er stop ter all dis ole witch's meanness.

"Twas er mighty cole day, sorter lack dis, only dey won't no snow on de groun' an' de woman knowed de ole witch ud sho come ter sew so she let de fire go mighty nigh out.

"Sho nuff, atter while de ole witch she como an' knock at de door. De woman she tell 'er ter come in, den she tell 'er ter take er cheer up close in de corner cause de firo wus sorter low an she'd go get some wood.

"Do woman she slip out ter de kitchen and get er fork an' put it in 'er pocket, den she go get er hole turn er liter'd knots an' she go back in whar de ole witch is.

"She pile dem liter'd knots down on de harth an go roun' back er de witch's cheer atter de poker whut she done put dar, an' when she do she slip de fork under de ole witch's cheer.

"Soon de fire, it ketch up an 'gun ter burn, an' den it blaze up de chimley, an' it kep' gettin' hotter an' hotter an' de ole witch she 'gun ter wring an' twiss but she cain move 'er cheer cause dat fork is under it."

"Why did the fork keep her from moving, Aunt Tilla," asked Myrtle.

"Doan no, honey, only dats de way 'tis; er witch cain move when dey is er fork under de cheer. It sorter breaks de spell, I reckon.

"Well, as I wus sayin', de fire it kep' gettin' hotter an' hotter an' de ole witch she wring an' twiss but she cain move.

"De woman she ax 'er, if she's too hot ter move out, but de witch she doan say nothin' but she wring and she twiss an her faee it 'gun ter toas' an' bake an' still she cain move.

"Lass de woman she think she's 'bout toasted enuff an' dat all de witch dar is in 'er is done driv out, an' she 'gun ter get sorter sorry fer 'her so she slip roun' behine 'er cheer an' pull out de fork.

"Dat witch she bounced higher'n ye head, an' I tell ye, she everlastin' skeedadled out er dat place, an' she went home lack er streak er lightnin' and she didn' never do no mo' witchin' roun' dar."

"What became of the chickens she had witched, Aunt Tilla?" asked Myrtle.

"Dar, now, you done ax too much. You better go long over dar an' play wid yer dolls."

A BOX OF CHOCOLATE

H. W. GRADY OWENS.

Jessica Movenna had been unusually rushed all day. Now, early in the evening, as she reclined in her easy chair, her head thrown back comfortably upon the cushions, she leisurely reviewed her past life for the last five years—years full of struggles and joys: struggles to win a place in her chosen work, journalism; joy, because she had been blessed with the friendship of several strong, deserving and worthy young men.

True to her purpose to have the best as well as to give it, she had narrowed her friends to two worthy young men, between whom for her life she could not decide.

"Henry Lawson is a fine fellow. He works hard. He is apt to do well. He wants his answer this week," she mused. "Dotson Peabody, dashing, good looking, almost all one would wish for, wants me to accept him tomorrow night. How I am to decide I am sure that I can't tell," she soliloquized.

The canary in the cage at the window caught up a beautiful song and interrupted her thoughts; and for a brief period she forgot about her perplexities and listened in ecstatic wonder to the roundelay of the bird.

Before she had time to resume her thought, the telephone bell rang. Reaching out, she grasped the receiver and placed it to her ear.

"Three—two—five," she answered. A smile came over her face, and then in a perfectly modulated tone she said:

"Somewhat better now, thank you. Oh, yes. * * * What's that? * * * I'm sorry, Mr. Lawson, but I'll have to stay at home tonight. I'm sure that I would enjoy the opera with you but I am all in. * * * Thank you. Good-bye."

When she had hung up the receiver, she relapsed into her former thoughts.

"Henry sends me a perfectly beautiful array of flowers every morning," her thoughts ran. "He's thoughtful, considerate and kind. He wants me. And I am sure I'd not like to disappoint him.

"Dotson is a dear. He does whatever I ask. He wants me. How I'm to refuse him, I don't know," she cogitated. "But yet—" She stared into space, giving her thoughts to a comparison of the young men. Summing up the results of her meditation, she ended by speaking aloud to herself thus: "Henry wanted me to go with him to hear Melba tonight. I refused. I wanted to be alone with my thoughts, but I believe if Dotson would call up and ask to come around, I'd say, yes. He never calls without a box of chocolates!"

At this point her door opened and Dora Lee, Jessica's dearest friend slipped into the room and placed her hands over Jessica's eyes and demanded, "Who is it?"

"It's Dora," Jessica replied.

"Dora, darling, I was about to do a very foolish thing. I want some chocolate so bad, and Dotson never calls without bringing some chocolate, and I was about to call him up and ask him to come over for a little while tonight." She said this with an obvious air of bravado.

"Why, Jessica, girl, don't you know that he would not come now? It's so late, and no doubt he is not at home. And besides, he would not walk down town in this weather for a box of chocolate unless you especially requested it."

"He will do it. I know," was Jessica's reply.

"Let me tell you, if I were to call him up and ask him to come for awhile, and he should come without a box of chocolate, I'll refuse him! If he brings the chocolate, I'll accept him. What do you say to that?" was Jessica's sudden audible resolution.

"I'll bet a wedding present against a row of pins that he'll be refused then. Darling girl, you should not hold this affair so lightly. Both of these men love you. You ought to decide this carefully. And especially—"

"But I have and can't come to any definite conclusion. I must do—" Her remark was cut short by the telephone.

"Hello, yes. * * * Wait a minute."

She turned to Dora, and said, "It's Dotson. He's wanting to come for a chat. Will your bet hold good since he has called me?"

"Yes, I'll make the bet still. I am sure to win."

Turning around to the 'phone, she said, "Hello. All right. Come on."

She hastily did up her hair and dressed and was in the sitting-room fifteen minutes later, when Peabody came smilingly into the room and seated himself near her.

Her hopes were dashed to the ground at once. Not a trace of a box of chocolate was about Dotson. He certainly had failed at the crucial moment. Never before had he called without bringing a box of chocolate with him; never before had she wanted chocolate worse; never was she more sadly disappointed. She realized at last that this was the man she loved, now that she saw it was too late. How she berated mankind! No man in particular, but all in general! She became sick at heart, yet she tried to listen to an account of a happening on the street which Dotson was relating. But she heard not a word. She was angry at him, at the world at large, and at herself.

Dotson noticed that she was agitated and joked about her lack of interest.

Because she could not longer endure the reproach of his eyes, she said, "I am not well at all, and I must ask you to excuse me tonight. And—and—and—it—will—not—be—nec—es—s—ary—for—you—"

"Wait. Just one moment, please. I'll be back in a jiffy. I have something for you before I go." So saying, he went into the hall and presently returned with an amazingly pretty box of chocolate. A look of joy leaped into her eyes and a flush of pink dyed her cheeks. She arose and met him halfway.

THE FAITHFUL WORKER

W. B. SINCLAIR.

The tiny workman set to spin
Above my window sill;
And from his sparing scant supply
Increased his web at will.

He has no concrete, brick, nor wood,
His building to complete,
But firm and steady on he goes
And thinks of no defeat.

He joins his fibers one by one.
And makes each joint secure;
For every act and move must count
To make the web endure.

The little builder thus pursues
And thus his fabric spins;
So every one must persevere
If in this world he wins.

O spiders, teach this truth to man!
Thro work and toil to sail,
And tho the current's strong and hard,
"There's no such word as fail."

Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE, ELON COLLEGE

The Y. M. C. A. conference of the colleges and high schools of central and eastern North Carolina held at Elon College, October 7 to 11, was indeed a conference of inspiration. The delegates expressed themselves as enjoying the occasion thoroughly from the time of their arrival to their departure. Nothing was left undone by Dr. Harper, President of the college, Mr. W. C. Purcell, President of the Elon Y. M. C. A., and their delegates, and Miss Beatrice Mason, President of the Y. W. C. A., and their delegates to make the visitors feel at home. The neighbors of the village coöperated with the college in entertaining and helping provide for the delegates.

Meals were served in the dining hall. The Y. W. C. A. delegates, ten in number, ate their meals with the visiting representatives. It might be said here that they showed as much spirit and enthusiasm in giving college yells and singing as did the representatives from the various institutions.

Thursday afternoon from four to six o'clock a garden party was given on the campus by the Y. W. C. A. It was indeed a delightful affair. The Y. W. C. A. girls formed a receiving line. After passing down the receiving line the boys had the pleasure of leading the girls to a big punch bowl where delicious fruit punch was served. Then the various couples were permitted to stroll over the campus, or sit and talk under the shade of the trees.

Friday afternoon a basketball game was arranged between the Trinity and Guilford delegates, resulting in a 9 to 4 victory for Trinity.

Saturday afternoon another game of basketball was arranged between the Davidson and Wake Forest delegates, resulting in an overwhelming victory for Davidson, 25 to 6.

Saturday evening from nine to ten o'clock a reception was

given by the Y. W. C. A. in the halls of the girls dormitory. This was one of the best of the social events.

Sunday afternoon from 3:30 to 4:30 o'clock the boys were allowed to take a farewell stroll with the charming young ladies.

For those who attended all that need be said is *res ipsa loquitur*. So much for the social side.

There was present at the conference 100 delegates, representing Elon Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and the Y. M. C. A.'s of the University, A. and M., Guilford, Davidson, Catawba, Wake Forest, Trinity, Buie's Creek, Mt. Pleasant, Whitsett, and Winterville. The session opened Wednesday evening with Mr. E. G. Wilson, State Secretary, as chairman. Dr. W. A. Harper, in behalf of the college, and Mr. Purcell, representing the Y. M. C. A., expressed their pleasure at having the conference assemble at Elon and extended a most cordial welcome to all.

Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, delivered the opening address. He gave an interesting discussion on "A Modern Hero."

Thursday was given to Bible study, lead by Mr. Wilson and Mr. W. W. Brockman, general secretary Y. M. C. A., University of Virginia. In the afternoon Dr. Harper and Dr. W. P. Lawrence of Elon, and Mr. G. C. Hunting, interstate secretary for North and South Carolina, gave interesting discussions of the Bible. At the evening service Dr. T. C. Amick, of Elon, discussed "The Bible in Modern Life."

Friday was given to the study of missions, led by Mr. Frank Graham, secretary of Y. M. C. A., University of North Carolina, and Mr. C. G. Hounsell, secretary of Student Volunteer Movement. In the afternoon Dr. Harper and Dr. J. O. Atkinson, of Elon, gave interesting mission talks. Mr. Hounsell spoke at the evening service.

Saturday was given to a discussion of the social problem,

led by Dr. W. D. Weatherford, student secretary of the international committee. Others gave helpful talks on social problems. Dr. Weathford spoke at the evening service on the "Negro Question."

The Sunday School hour Sunday was given to Bible study led by Dr. Weathford. This was followed by an address by Mr. Hounsell. In the afternoon Dr. Atkinson preached a strong sermon on "A Passion for Hell." The session closed Sunday evening with a discussion by Dr. Weatherford of his experiences and observations on the foreign fields.

Mr. Wilson appointed a committee (each institution having a representative) with Mr. Frank Graham as chairman, to present in concrete form recommendations for the conducting of Bible Study and Mission Study classes; also any other recommendations they deemed wise to make. The report from this committee will be published in the next issue of the STUDENT.

R. K. REDWINE,
B. O. MYERS,
P. H. WILSON,
G. F. STROLE,
R. L. MALTBIA,
C. THOMAS,
J. M. HESTER,
H. J. HESTER,
A. G. KNOTT,
F. T. WOOTEN,
E. L. MORGAN,
J. K. R. BOOTH,
V. E. DUNCAN,
C. C. CASHWELL,

Delegates for Wake Forest.

BOOK REVIEW

C. A. MOSELEY.

Shirley: A Book of Poems, by Miss Pegram (Richmond, Va., The Hermitage Press, 1911; 191 pages), enjoys the distinction of being a literary novelty. Miss Pegram lives and sings on a small farm, "Fairy Haven," in the western part of North Carolina. This is her first book, the product of an uneducated working woman. It possesses very little literary value, but contains the germ of much true poetry. The workmanship is mechanical and crude. Her freedom is fettered by language. But in these crude verses one feels a throbbing and sympathetic heart. They are true lyrics of the countryside.

What does she sing about? She is a sweet pastoral singer like Horace and Virgil and, to come nearer home, John Charles McNeil. Her poet-world is the world of nature. She sings of the flowers, the moonbeams, the sunbeams, the changing seasons, the summer dew drops, the trees, and the sound of the breezes sighing through them that Shelley loved so well. But she does not lose herself in the world of external beauty. She sees in it the proper setting for the labors of the farm. To her, life is not pleasure, but work. It is an intensely serious thing. She sings of the seedtime and harvesting and household cares and "Rest after the Day's Work." When night falls, she quietly tunes her harp and composes her simple songs.

Miss Pegram opens her eyes to the little tragedies about her: the injustice of children to parents, the boy who goes west never to return, the old maid, the country doctor at the bedside of death, the mortgaged home, and broken troths.

Nor is she devoid of romance. She has felt the mystery of the moonbeams and sings of lovers and fairies and the

ghosts of the countryside. She moralizes. Her philosophy is the philosophy of service. Like Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper," she sings as she works. Her outlook on life is true and unclouded and sparkles with sunshine.

As she herself says:

"The place for the shadows is under the tree."

These simple, crude lyrics must be studied to be appreciated. They stand for the great reservoir of natural poetry that is in the heart of the American people.

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ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER
E. P. WHITLEY

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NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 2

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. T. JOHNSTON, Editor.

Additions to
the Staff

The Societies have wisely decided to add to THE STUDENT staff an assistant business manager and a Society, Moot Court and Y. M. C. A. editor. These additions supply a long-felt need. The business manager is loaded down with work; and besides, he usually takes the job with little or no knowledge of the workings of it, and is thus handicapped and forced to learn in the slow school of experience. The assistant manager lightens his work; and at the same time a man is trained for the following year.

We hope and believe that the election of the other editor and the establishment of another department will render a distinct service to the three college activities thus represented. The societies have always been Wake Forest's pride. In late years, it has been evident that interest in Society work has declined. To put the work of the societies squarely before the students and the public should stimulate interest and do much to bring debating here back into its own. The Moot Court is an important part of the work of the Law School,—and therefore, of the college. Here, too, we hope to see a new interest manifested. As for the Y. M. C. A., this organization, which claims more than half the student body in its active membership deserves some space in the college magazine; and the readers of THE STUDENT will appreciate the giving of a place for its programs.

“The New Education”

Since Woodrow Wilson popularized the phrase, “The New Freedom,” similar phrases stare at us from the pages of the newspapers and the magazines. Among these, we notice “The New Education.” There seems to be somewhat a reaction against the late tendency toward vocational training. That education is “a preparation for complete living” is not a new idea, however; Herbert Spencer said that in 1860. Dr. Few, of Trinity College, expresses the idea in his opening address thus: “By shifting the emphasis from what a man can know, or what a man can do, on to what a man can be, we really get not less education but more and better.”

President Poteat expressed the idea also in a recent address to the local Y. M. C. A. in one of the striking sentences for which he is noted: “Religion without culture is narrow, austere, superstitious; culture without religion is cold, unsatisfying, unsafe.” And upon this idea that education must combine culture and religion in order to fit one for “complete

living" rests the usefulness of and the reason for the existence of a Christian college like Wake Forest.

But at last, what each individual gets depends on that individual. No college can cram religion or culture down the throats of its students. Its varied activities offer, however, a chance for the broadening of the mind and the sympathies and for preparation for life that will enable one to be at home "on this or any other planet." The student who selects a narrow channel in which to run is the loser. A visiting lecturer may have something to offer him that he cannot get from the text-book on his desk. Association with his fellows in the different activities of college life, in addition to application to his studies, trains his mind and his heart, prepares him to enter a world which has no place for narrowness, lopsided development, or the recluse.

* * * There's a world of capability
For joy, spread round about us, meant for us,
Inviting us."

Dr. Sledd's
War Poem

Dr. Sledd's war poem, "A Virginian in Surrey," published in the *London Times*, has been read with much interest and appreciation by his many friends on this side of the waters. It gives, in beautiful, stirring words, England's side of the great conflict now raging—"the cause of all humanity." The rhyme scheme is unique, the thought virile, the spirit inspiring. It is not surprising to those familiar with Dr. Sledd's ability that this poem should have been pronounced by leading English critics one of the best poems yet written on the present war, though Kipling, Bridges, and the others have tried their hand. We congratulate not only Dr. Sledd, but the college with which he is connected and to which he brings another pleasing honor.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. A. MOSELEY, EDITOR.

Miss Sophie Lanneau has recently returned home from China, where she is a missionary.

Misses Ida Poteat and Louise Lanneau, of Meredith College, visited the Hill September 20th.

Rev. M. A. Adams conducted revival services at Rolesville, N. C., from September 27th to October 3d. Since then Dr. Cullom has taken charge.

On Saturday, October 10th, an exciting basketball game was witnessed in the gymnasium. The contest was between the Wake Forest and Mapleville grammar schools. The score was 16 to 12 in favor of the Wake Forest boys. Mr. Gaither Beam, an old time basketball star, is now principal of the Mapleville High School.

Miss Louise Heims spent last Sunday in Raleigh as the guest of Miss Ida Poteat, of Meredith College.

Mrs. Lassiter, of Baltimore, is visiting her sister, Mrs. N. Y. Gulley.

Raleigh Times, October 3.—Misses Virginia Gorrell, Elizabeth Royall, and Helen Poteat, of Meredith College, spent the week end with their parents.

Mr. Henry Conrad, of Charlotte, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson, October 1.

The Debate Council for the year 1914-'15 is as follows: Philomathesian: A. L. Carlton, B. R. Page, and C. J. Hunter, Jr.; Euzelian: J. P. Mull, J. M. Pritchard, and E. B. Cox. Mr. Carlton has been elected president, Mr. Mull, secretary.

During September Dr. Gulley made an address to the Ministerial Class in the Y. M. C. A.

On September 16th the Y. M. C. A. banquet was given. Dr. W. D. Weatherford was present and made an address. He was followed by Dr. Paschal. At the conclusion of the speaking, ices and cake were served. A great deal of "pep" was in evidence.

On September 17th Dr. W. D. Weatherford spoke at the chapel exercises. He made a strong plea for young men to lead clean and Christian lives. He said that it devolved on college men to set an example of good living.

Dr. Hubert Poteat recently gave an organ and solo recital at Christ's Church, Raleigh.

Mr. E. P. Whitley has been elected assistant business manager of the STUDENT. Mr. A. C. Lovelace has been elected Y. M. C. A. editor.

Professor Highsmith has been assisting Superintendent E. M. Rollins of Vance County, in the direction of professional work and in the study of his teachers. He will spend one Saturday in each month there. He will deliver the following lectures: From October 12th to 14th, a series of lectures on Sunday School work at Lexington, Va.; on October 22d, a series of lectures at Mt. Airy, N. C. He has accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the grammar grade teachers' association of Virginia at its annual meeting in Richmond in November. Quite recently he attended the Carolina Association at Fruitland and the Mt. Zion Association at Durham.

During the latter part of September, Mr. Gordon Poteat, who took his M.A. here in 1911, was present at the chapel exercises and made an interesting talk.

Rev. W. N. Johnson's pulpit was occupied on October 6th by Dr. B. W. Spillman.

Mr. R. F. Paschal, of the Class of 1914, spent Sunday, October 11th, here.

"Oldfolks" Stevenson is spending a few days here. He is on his way to take charge of his school, which has been delayed a month longer than usual.

(Special to the STUDENT.)—On Saturday, the 26th of September, the town of Wake Forest had the appearance of a carnival. The "Mighty Haag Shows" were in evidence, and the unloading of circus paraphernalia, the marching of camels and elephants, and the frozen smiles of much rouged lips were the cynosures of all eyes. In the afternoon the conventional performance beneath the usual "colossal tent," with the accustomed lemonade and cracker jacks, reminded us that the old fashioned circus retained its perennial attraction. But that night the "Mighty Haag" was forgotten. The delgation which was about to follow in the wake of the appealing steam-piano was halted by the sudden outburst of a more alluring concert. The "Georgia Minstrels" were in town, and those ragtime black faces moved the mob with the irresistible "Memphis Blues." The crowd hung, uncertain, between the shrieks of the calliope and the "ever-loving" tune, but the minstrels won. When one old colored gentleman, yielding to the call of his race, dashed into the center of the circle of musicians and began a very gymnastic clog-dance, he expressed what we all felt. For who can rag like a "nigger"?

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

A college magazine should represent every phase of college life. Heretofore our magazine has not been doing this. Our societies, Young Men's Christian Association and Moot Court—three of the greatest factors at Wake Forest College for preparing men for life—have had no place in the STUDENT. This new department begins with this number of the STUDENT. The success of this department largely depends upon the members of the societies and those directly connected with the Moot Court. Let us cooperate together and make this department worth while.

MOOT COURT.

The Moot Court meets weekly to try civil and criminal cases. It is carried on just as any other court. It has a judge, jury, clerk, sheriff and the various officers that other courts have. The Moot Court is a practical law course at Wake Forest College. Men who are successful lawyers in this court are apt to be successful lawyers elsewhere. Naturally, therefore, the law students take great interest in this phase of college life, for it is not only interesting but beneficial.

On September 28, a murder case—*State v. Hobgood*—was tried. The attorneys for the State were Messrs. J. P. Mull, E. Prevette, R. R. Ingram. Those for the defendant were Messrs. J. A. Abernethy, K. Pittman, J. B. Edwards. The defendant was acquitted.

Messrs. Abernethy and Ingram expect to take the Supreme Court examination in February.

On October 5th an arson case—*State v. Ware*—was tried. The State was represented by Messrs. G. F. Strole, H. C. Strickland, I. S. Bowen. The attorneys of the defendant were B. T. Sustare, W. A. Rudisill, R. C. Causey. The defendant was acquitted.

Messrs. Causey and Rudisill expect to take the Supreme Court examination in February.

Messrs. Strickland and Sustare successfully passed the Court at the last examination.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Euzelian Society has arranged to have eight public debates during the year. Each of the four sections of the society will elect a representative for each public debate. No man will be eligible to serve more than one time in the year. Thus thirty-four men will take part in a public debate. Members of both societies and the people of the town will be invited to attend these debates. Arrangements have been made for debates on the following dates: October 17, November 7, November 28, January 9, January 30, February 20, March 13, and April 3.

Society work at Wake Forest College has not been what it might have been. Too few men have been taking an active part in the debates. We believe that these public debates will create a new interest in society work and cause more men to take part. Futhermore men will do their very best in these debates, because they will be public.

The following report was handed me from the Philomatheion Society:

At the opening of the fall term the first debates usually fall short of the average. However, the local question: *Resolved*, That Intercollegiate Athletics at Wake Forest College should be abolished, was discussed with a great deal of enthusiasm.

The defendant of the affirmative side opened the debate

with a short introduction and then stated briefly a few points which he wished to prove. Following him was the representative of the negative who stood firm for intercollegiate athletics at Wake Forest.

The affirmative speakers brought out some strong points, saying that intercollegiate athletics caused less interest in the literary societies and in the class rooms as well. They held that the boys who composed the varsity teams were not representative of the college, because only a few strong, vigorous, bealthy and well developed boys could make them. As a substitute for intercollegiate athletics they proposed inter-class athletics.

The negative side pointed out mainly the effects that it would have on the college if intercollegiate athletics were abolished.

The judges rendered their decision unanimously in favor of the negative.

The debates throughout were good. A few individual speakers deserve special notice. Mr. Carroll had a splendid speech and presented it well. Mr. L. L. Johnson also made a good speech.

The Freshman Class was well represented by Messrs. Davis, Paschal and Jones, who did credit to the Phi. Society and to their class. All the speakers are to be commended for their work.

"CRITIC."

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association is taking on new life under the leadership of our wide-awake president, Mr. Cashwell. Both old and new men are joining. We ought to enroll every man in College, for the Baptists of the State expect it of us. Our magazine ought to have had the Y. M. C. A. department long before this, but it has been neglected. We hope to make this department as interesting as possible.

On September 28, Dr. Gulley addressed the Y. M. C. A.

on "The Preacher's Place in His Community." He said the preacher should not only be the leader in the church, but he should take an active part in the business affairs and be the leader in social and educational affairs of his immediate community.

The fellows are always glad to hear Dr. Paschal. He spoke to us October 5th on "The Reasons Why a Student at Wake Forest College Should Attend to his Religious Duties." He said that we were inclined to put off our religious affairs while in college and thus form the habit of putting off such affairs. We should attend to our spiritual duties as well as our physical and mental duties.

Mr. Roy Tatum, the chairman of the Conference Committee, did well in securing men to go to Elon. Our president writes, "Wake Forest has fifteen representatives." We hoped to have a report from these delegates, but this report will be found in another part of THE STUDENT.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor, E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

Concord, N. C.:

'99. Dr. H. P. Herring is practicing dentistry. Dr. Herring has a very good practice, and is recognized as one of the best dentists in his section of the State. He is also actively affiliated with the Baptist Church.

'07. Mr. T. D. Maness is practicing law, and has recently been elected city attorney.

'09. Rev. J. W. Whitley now has the pastorate of McGill Street Baptist Church.

'99. Mr. H. S. Williams is the leading Republican lawyer in the town.

Dr. J. A. Patterson, founder of the hospital at Concord, is very successful and influential in the practice of medicine.

Rev. S. J. Becker is pastor of the Baptist Church at Kanapolis, N. C. Largely because of Mr. Becker's influence a new church building is being erected at that place.

Rev. W. A. Hough is pastor of the church at Cornelius, N. C.

The Neuse-Atlantic Association:

'03. Mr. E. R. Harris is Clerk of the Association.

'91. Mr. S. M. Brinson, at a recent meeting of the Association, made a speech on "Home Missions." He holds the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction in Craven County.

'99. Rev. E. F. Mumford, of Oriental, is a missionary of the Baptist State Convention.

'11. Rev. C. H. Trueblood is a missionary of the Convention.

Dr. J. S. Perrott delivered an address on "Christian Education" at the last meeting of the Association. It was Dr. Perrott who advocated strongly that the members of the medical profession discontinue the use of liquor in prescriptions. Dr. Perrott is also a member of the Board of Education.

Charlotte, N. C.:

Messrs. J. C. Chadwick and F. A. Sikes are pastors in the city.

Rev. L. R. Pruett is pastor of the Ninth Avenue Baptist Church.

Rev. W. A. Smith is pastor of the Memorial Church.

'10. Mr. W. E. Marshall is Assistant Principal of the Craven County Farm Life School.

'90. Prof. E. Harris is now teaching at Beaufort, N. C.

'98. Mr. J. A. Debnam is holding the position of Superintendent of Public Instruction in Greene County.

'02. Mr. L. T. Royall is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Johnston County.

Rev. S. F. Conrad is pastor in and church builder of the Mecklenburg-Cabarrus Association.

Rev. Geo. T. Watkins is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Goldsboro, N. C.

Rev. E. M. Lassiter, on account of ill health, has returned to Apex, N. C.

'03. Rev. E. C. Andrews has resigned as pastor at Kannapolis, N. C.

'03. Mr. H. V. Scarborough is manager of the Kennedy Home at Falling Creek, N. C.

Rev. C. W. Blanchard is pastor of the Baptist Church at

Kinston, N. C. A new church building is being erected by the Baptists of the town.

'04. Rev. J. A. Snow is pastor of the Second Baptist Church at Goldsboro, N. C.

'08. Rev. H. B. Hines holds the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Fort Barnwell, N. C.

Mr. D. L. Ward is practicing law at New Bern, N. C.

'95. Mr. C. W. Pridgen holds the office of Register of Deeds of Lenoir County.

'07. Mr. J. T. Powers is practicing law at Kinston, N. C., and is a member of the firm of Shaw and Powers.

Mr. E. R. Wooten is practicing law at Kinston, N. C.

'03. Mr. Earl Fowler is Professor of English in Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky.

'97. Mr. G. E. Lineberry has been elected to the Presidency of Chowan College.

'14. Mr. R. F. Paschal is a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Chatham County.

'14. Mr. E. P. Yates is practicing law at Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mr. M. E. Winston, ex-Business Manager of THE STUDENT, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Christian Publishing Company, Elon College, N. C.

Mr. M. H. Hood is attending the Richmond Medical College, Richmond, Va.

The following graduates of the Class of 1914 are teaching: T. L. Williams, principal at Kerr, N. C.; C. C. Holmes, principal at White Oak, N. C.; G. W. Holliday, principal, at Snow Hill, N. C.; C. H. Johnson, principal at Castalia, N. C.; A. S. Ballard, principal at Crouse, N. C.; D. M. Johnson, associate principal at Wingate, N. C.; C. J. Whitely, principal at Hamilton, N. C.; A. E. Stevenson, principal

at Calybeate Springs, N. C.; W. E. Fleming, principal at Orrum, N. C.; W. R. Chambers, principal, Sand Hill, N. C.; O. P. Hamrick, associate principal, Boiling Springs, N. C.; L. E. Griffin, assistant principal, Liberty-Piedmont Institute, Wallburg, N. C.; W. W. Walker, associate principal, Spray Institute, Leaksville, N. C.; S. W. White, principal, Newnan, Ga.

[The Alumni are kindly requested to write cards to THE STUDENT each year, giving information as to location, business, etc.]

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor

THE A. AND M. GAME.

With more than two hundred rooters to cheer for the Baptists, Wake Forest opened its football season by bumping the strong A. and M. team on the Riddick Athletic Field, October 3. This game, being the first of the season, was expected to add a victory to A. and M.'s list; yet, it was seen that Wake Forest had strength, and with a little more training it is believed that ours will be a splendid team. Wake Forest has the best team in the history of the College, and we know that Coach Smith is more than worthy of the praise and support that the student body has shown.

The game was one-sided, the score being 51 to 0 in favor of the State institution. Both teams sent substitutes into the field frequently during the game, and practically every member of the team was given an opportunity to display football qualities. C. M. Adams and the men who took advantage of the reduced railroad rates did excellent rooting for the Wake Forest eleven.

Abernathy and Riddick played their positions well, and both seemed to be in good form. Probably those who starred for Wake Forest were Moore, Olive, Harris and Witherington. In the second quarter Witherington intercepted a forward pass, and gained fifteen yards for Wake Forest.

<i>A. & M.</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Wake Forest</i>
Siefert	Right End	Holding
Cook	Right Tackle.....	Moore
Young	Right Guard.....	Parker
Plyler	Center.....	Abernathy
Winston.....	Left Guard.....	Olive
Profitt.....	Left Tackle.....	Blackman
McDougal.....	Left End.....	Harris
Van Brocklin.....	Quarterback	Billings
Sharpe.....	Right Half.....	Riddick
Riddick.....	Left Half.....	Powell
Tenney.....	Full Back.....	Lee

The following men were used for substitutes: Wake Forest—Myers, Watkins, Beam, Trust, Carrick, Derby and Williams.

U. S. S. "FRANKLIN" GAME.

The second scheduled game of the football season was played on the local field October 10th. The Wake Forest eleven were out-weighted by the Sailors, but before the end of the first half it was seen that weight counted for little in the game. At the close of the game, when the score was officially announced to be 13 to 0 in favor of Wake Forest, those who had prophesied that Old Gold and Black would show the "stuff" in this contest left the field smiling.

Time after time Beam and Holding starred for Wake Forest. The two basketball stars proved themselves to be football players worthy of the praise that we can offer them. Coach may now smile; we have surpassed our football record of last year. All players made good display, but Abernathy deserves much credit for his excellent playing at center.

<i>Franklin</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Wake Forest</i>
Johnson.....	Center	Abernathy
Rumble.....	Right Guard.....	Stallings
Murray.....	Left Guard.....	Olive
Conrader.....	Right Tackle.....	Moore
Clements.....	Left Tackle.....	Blackman
Burke.....	Right End.....	Holding
Shepard.....	Left End.....	Powell
Schmidt.....	Quarter	Billings
Smith.....	Left Half.....	Witherington
Laird.....	Right Half.....	Trust
McLaughlin.....	Full Back.....	Lee

Substitutes for Wake Forest: Beam for Witherington, Powell for Blackman, Watkins for Powell, Dixon for Stallings, A. Riddick for Lee, Parker for Olive.

Owing to his heavy college work Mr. H. J. Langston resigned as Chief Rooter, and immediately upon acceptance of his resignation Mr. C. M. Adams was elected to this office, and Messrs. Hunter Creech and J. L. Allen were elected as assistants.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

The Red
and White

The *Red and White*, of A. & M. College, is very properly proportioned, this month, with stories, poems and essays. It is well to stress these different kinds of writings; for the college publication is the organ of the student body and should be placed within the reach of the entire student body as nearly as possible without lowering its standard. Too many college publications emphasize stories and poems at the expense of essays. This is a sad mistake. For some students can write essays, but are unable to write stories and poems. Thus they are given no opportunity through their college publication. One of the best articles in this edition is the poem entitled "The Traitor's Death-Bed." In it, Benedict Arnold is depicted on his deathbed in the suburbs of London and, in these last moments, is reviewing his past life and is longing to have restored his lost honor. He still loves America and is willing to do anything for her, but she has turned against him and would be glad even to curse him in his coffin. In reading the poem we can not help sympathizing with the penitent traitor. This poem has somewhat of real poetic touch in it; a thing so seldom seen in college poetry. The other poem, "As It Is," is a feeble attempt at humor. "Education and Vocational Training" is a thoughtful discussion of whether our educational institutions should be strictly cultural or strictly technical or combine elements of both. The writer contrasts the purely technical training of the Spartans with the cultural training of the Athenians and shows how the Athenians not only became master poets, sculptors, and philosophers but even surpassed the Spartans in their single art of warfare, because of their broader conception. He

reaches the conclusion that both technical and cultural education are essential and that our educational system should be both cultural and technical for education is not merely training for a certain round of duties, but is the development of all man's powers of mind, body and spirit in preparation for complete living. The two stories, "Retribution" and "He Learned About Women From Her," are both weak in plots and "Retribution" is lacking in suspense, but both are very well written. "Retribution" runs as follows: "Hugh Waggoner is Jack Lawson's successful rival for the hand of Ruby. On the day of the marriage Jack swears vengeance against his successful rival and then leaves the neighborhood and the happy couple. But shortly he returns and perfects his dastardly plan by taking Hugh's life. Unhappy Ruby then takes his life."

The *University of Virginia Magazine* is a large issue for the first one of the year, and contains several good articles. It contains two stories, "Who Fooled Phil Aylett" and "The Square Ring." Both are long drawn out stories with weak plots. Phil Aylett is a wealthy Virginia farmer and has only one child—a daughter. He wants to marry her, but he wants to marry her to some distinguished personage. No young man of the neighborhood is good enough for his daughter, Margaret. One day a young man, Billy Fitzhugh, a would-be prominent barrister-at-law of Richmond, and his lackey, drive up in good style to Aylett's home. Fitzhugh is married to Margaret and immediately after the marriage Aylett, to his great disappointment, learns that his son-in-law is a mere fake and has neither any law practice nor any money. "The Square Ring" is a very poor love story. Nuts and Con are special friends. Nuts decides to marry Alma. Con rebukes him, for says Con, "You have barely enough

to support yourself and you cannot support Alma." Nuts, who is a theorist, says he will support her with the money he, some day, is going to get from his inventions. Con makes light of it. Nuts drops his collar button. That gives him the idea of inventing a square collar button. He does so, and a few weeks later the town paper announces that Nuts, the young inventor, has received \$50,000 on his newly invented square collar button; and in the society column is announced the marriage of Nuts and Alma. "Merely a Legend" is a very well told legend. The legend takes place where Brick House is now situated. Peter Batte tells it to his cousin. This very farm used to be an Indian village. Conjuror, the medicine man, was consulted by all. He warned his fellows that the whites would be their ruin, but they heeded not, and Jamestown grew. One night Conjuror became dumb and a stranger, Tongue, came and stayed with him. Not long afterwards, a ship wrecked just below their hut and a white man, Peter Batte, or Eyes, was left with them. Conjuror died; and Tongue married Dancing Water. Soon after the marriage, Peter and Tongue left the hut for supplies and when they returned they found the hut burnt and Dancing Water murdered. Peter and Tongue go to Jamestown and try for two days to find the guilty party. Tongue becomes impatient and sends Peter back home, and he disappears and is not heard from for months. Finally he appears to Peter and tells him not to fear, he will not bother him, only the other whites; then follows the famous massacre. Tongue, after killing many whites, is himself killed. "The Reveries of an Old-Time Southerner" gives the conclusions drawn by a Southern thinker, after long observations, as to the problems which face the present day South. First, "the new South must illustrate that a country can be industrially great and spiritually strong, that idealism rises above the drag of materialism." Second, "the South

must show how far two races of totally different capabilities and inheritances can live in harmony and mutual helpfulness." "The South, in her mad rush for wealth, should not forget her responsibility to the backward race." "The Tendrils of the Vine" is a well written essay on the illustrious work of the great Persian thinker, Omar Khayyam. The poetry this month is only about the average found in college publications, but it is to be recommended for having such a good supply.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

TOMMY.

Soph Hopgood—Say, Newish, are you a "Sky"?

Newish Gladney—No, I'm a Eu.



Student No. 1—What will your father say to your law averages?

Student No. 2—When dad sees I'm down to zero, he'll warm me up, I 'spect.



Dr. Sikes (on government class)—How is law made, Mr. McDuffie?
McDuffie (thoughtfully)—Why, the Senate ratifies it, then the President vetoes it, and the House of Representatives—

Dr. Sikes—What do they do?

McDuffie (in desperation)—Why, the House adjourns until the next session.



Professor McCutcheon—What is meant by the sentence, "Man proposes but God disposes"?

I. T. Johnston—It means that a man might ask a woman to marry him but God only knows whether she will or not.



"Father," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study."

"Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page.

"Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I selected chemistry. I want to take astronomy instead."

The mother looked at her son sharply. "No," she said, "you'll have to think up some better excuse for staying out at night!"—*Ex.*



One morning, a man walked into his club, and said, "Boys, I'm afraid I took more wine last night than a church member should take."

"Why so?" inquired one of his friends.

"Well, you see this morning when I came to breakfast my wife said to me: 'William, what was the matter with you last night? You stood beside the bed looking at me for some time and finally said, "Well, I'll swear you two girls look enough alike to be sisters."'—*Ladies Home Journal.*

Bill (cheerfully)—Hello, Jack! Married yet?
 Jack (sadly)—Yes, married yet!—*Lippincott's*.



Aunt—What could be more sad than a man without a country?
 Niece—A country without a man!—*Collier's Weekly*.



The most expressive and succinct phrase which we have recently heard summing up one form of feminine allurements states that a girl has "R. S. V. P. eyes." Nor is it a mere book phrase. It stands the test of actual speech.—*Collier's Weekly*.



FOOTBALL NECESSITIES.

Fourteen miles or so of bandage
 Of the very finest gauze
 You will need: and you would better
 Have some liniments, because
 There are times though I'll confess that
 They are usually very rare—
 When a man's but slightly injured,
 And just needs a rubber's care.

Half a dozen expert surgeons
 You should have around the field,
 There are times when football bruises
 To their administrations yield.
 Have an operating table
 Right near by. It will enhance
 The true worth of these precautions
 If you have an ambulance.

One thing more I think of,
 That is this, a well trained nurse.
 (For, of course, the undertaker
 Has been told to send a hearse.)
 Now your team's prepared for action:
 Those who live throughout the fray
 May be happy in the knowledge
 They may die some other day.

—Arthur Roche in *N. Y. American*.



Dr. Cullom (on Bible I)—Mr. Mills, you haven't got that idea from my lectures so far, have you?

B. H. Mills—Hardly.

FIDO AND THE FLEAS.

Fido has gone to rest
 For him I did my best;
 There was no dose that I could get
 Which seemed would cure my little pet.

No bread, no cheese, no meat,
 Could he be made to eat;
 No rest for him by day nor night,
 The fleas had stolen his appetite.

Kerosene oil I tried
 Sometime before he died;
 I thought perhaps, as old folks say,
 That this would drive the fleas away.

A boy who while at play
 Had cast his eyes that way;
 Knew not the dog with oil was wet
 And in the sun to dry was set.

His cigarette he threw
 To see what pet would do;
 He hardly thought that it was mean
 Even though he caused the dog a pain.

Some smoke, a jump, a growl,
 A flame, a whine, a howl;
 The fire it caused to his surprise
 Conveyed my dog into the skies.

Now hid there in the dirt
 Ten fleas were left unhurt;
 Each flea did yell with all his might
 " 'Tis a hot time in town to-night."

BIG BOWEN.

✽

The night is dark and cool without,
 I dare not think to walk about;
 For there's a sound that makes me sad
 The howling of a Sophomore.

✽

Jack Beal (to Newish)—Hi there, old man, where are you going?
 Newish—To get off chemistry dormitory.

THE BLACKSTONIAN LOVER.

I have carefully and comprehensively analyzed my feelings toward you and the result is substantially as follows, to wit: I respect, admire, adore and love you and hereby give, grant and convey to you my heart and all my interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my possessions and emoluments, either won, inherited or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated or expected, with full and complete power to use, expend, utilize, give away, bestow or otherwise make use of same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood in or by my previous condition, standing, walk, attitude or actions, to the contrary notwithstanding.



AS A RULE.

The man who writes the promptest,
Is last to get his mail!
The man who waits the longest
Is first to get a sail;
The man who hurries fastest,
Gets goods over the slowest rail;
And he who is the meanest,
Is last to get in jail.

The girl who's cheeks are reddest,
Is she who applies the puff;
The girl who's teeth are whitest,
Is she who dips the snuff;
The girl who dresses neatest,
Is she who is the stuff;
But she who dresses loudest
Is she who runs the bluff.



WANTED TO KNOW.

How Newish Ervin so cleverly worked his noodle and was thereby called cousin by a certain Raleigh girl.

OR

Why, a certain Raleigh lady calls Newish Ervin "Little Cousin."



Gifted Wilson (to Newish Erwin)—Newish Erwin, you go to the devil.

McCenay (a third party)—Ervin, I wouldn't take it. I'd die first.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 3

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

W. B. SINCLAIR.

The greatest gift was given to man
By God's own sacrificial plan
 On merry Christmas tide;
Shepherds heard it—joyful story;
Angels sang it—peace and glory—
 And spread it far and wide.

'Twas then began the Christmas mirth
Of joy in Heav'n and peace on earth;
 The star, too, led the way.
Both kith and kin proclaim Him king
And gifts of worth to Him they bring,
 To the manger where He lay.

THE PICTURE DID IT

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

My old friend, Phil Sanders, never impressed me as being a superstitious man. All the more, then, did his story bring from me ejaculations of surprise. It was over the coffee and cigars, which followed a meal at Phil's expense, that he told me the story. I shall put it down in as nearly his own words as memory will permit.

"I don't think there were any reasons for my mind being anything but normal," he said, blowing away a blue cloud of smoke, "for everything which happened was very matter-of-fact until—well, I anticipate. After purchasing a ticket and boarding the train, I invested a nickel in a newspaper and settled down to read it by the dim light the Southern provides its passengers. A love-sick lad in a seat opposite hummed 'Annie Laurie.' Two traveling men behind me kept up a heated discussion about the probability of the Germans reaching Paris. A little in front of me, two politicians whispered secrets of state. Still further down, a sleepy female occupied two seats in shoeless comfort.

"When I reached G— it was eleven o'clock; so I ate a forty-cent meal at the first restaurant I found, and entered a hotel. I refused an evening paper, a shine, and an opportunity to contribute to the Salvation Army, and was soon led up two flights of stairs by an ebony-hued tip-expecter.

"Once inside my room, I began to prepare for bed, when suddenly a picture on the wall attracted my attention. It was no costly product of art, but a very ordinary picture. However, I found myself standing before it and observing it in detail. A boat, containing a woman, was sailing out over storm-tossed waters. She had lost possession of the oars;

and in her face the painter had put an appealing, hopeless expression of terror. Her long yellow hair was streaming over her shoulders.

"I turned away from the picture several times to remove articles of clothing; but each time I found myself seemingly irresistibly drawn to it again. I lighted a cigarette and took a magazine from my suit-case, settling down to read and compose myself. But my eyes wandered from the printed page in spite of my efforts to the contrary. I gave up the attempt to read, and, turning off my light, got in bed.

"No," he said, striking a match and applying it to his cigar, which had gone out, "I wasn't drunk. I didn't go to sleep quickly," he went on. "I couldn't put the picture from my mind, and the tighter I closed my eyes, the more clearly could I see the appeal in the woman's countenance. I almost cursed myself as I resisted several impulses to get up, turn on my light, and look at the picture again.

"I do not know how long I lay thus. Of course," he continued with a wave of his hand, "I must have fallen asleep. But soon I saw standing over me the woman of the picture! The same appeal was in her eyes, the same yellow hair fell over her shoulders. It was as if she had stepped from the boat in the picture on the wall to bend over me and beg for the aid her situation demanded. I gazed at her in helpless surprise. She seemed to come nearer; and then I heard the words, 'Help me!' I tried to move! I rubbed my eyes to shut her from my sight; but she still came nearer and cried again, 'Help me!' 'Where are you?' I inquired. 'In the room across the hall,' were the seemingly incongruous words which came back to me.

"It was then, of course, that I awoke," he said with a slight smile, helping himself to a fresh cigar and handing me one, "for I immediately got out of bed and hurriedly donned my clothing. But I was not fully awake; for I rushed from

my room and to the door of the room across the hall. When I found it was locked, I threw my whole weight against it and broke it in. There was a woman in the room."

Phil paused.

"Did she need your help," I inquired in my suspense.

"No," he said with another slight smile, "she was in bed and sound asleep."

"It was a rather awkward situation, then," I suggested.

"It was," he agreed, puffing away at his cigar.

"What did you do about it?" I asked, irritated at his complacency.

"I paid the hotel keeper for the damages—and I called upon the young lady next day to offer explanations and apologies."

"Did she accept them?"

"She did not at first. That was pretty rash, even for a somnambulist."

"Well," I inquired, now almost angry, "did you ever get it fixed up with her?"

"I don't know," he mused. And then he went on smilingly: "It took a good deal of talking. You might come around, old fellow, and meet her and ask her for yourself. She is now Mrs. Sanders."

A CYNICAL TALE

E. E. WILSON.

It is Monday night. The Y. M. C. A. and Moot Court are over, and the campus is swarming with students, going to their rooms in various quarters of the town. The timid Freshmen are in the van, seeing monstrous shapes behind every push. The Juniors and Seniors, as is their custom, are trying to acclimate themselves to the airy, flippant use of canes as they stroll down the gravelly campus paths and tell questionable stories.

At the public fountain, Gifty Winslow meets Paul Harper, who suggest that they get some pears from Mr. Doolittle's pear orchard which is on the southern edge of town.

"I've seen the fellows eating pears long enough," says Harper. "I want to get my share, too, before they are all gone."

"Good," says Winslow, "but isn't there some danger of getting shot?"

"No, not at all."

"Well, wait until I can find a bag," and Winslow runs to his room in the dormitory to find his laundry bag, leaving Harper talking at the pump with a Sophomore.

When Winslow returns, Harper is at the dormitory door but the Sophomore has disappeared.

"Where is Jones?" says Winslow, thinking that Harper has enlisted him in the adventure.

"He did not want to go," says Harper. "He said that he had a quiz tomorrow on Bugs."

"So much the better," thinks Winslow as they start in the direction of the orchard. They leave the campus through the old south gate, and hasten down South Avenue, in an

exuberant frame of mind, feeling excited, laughing at nothing, not noticing the beauty of the night, the pale, twinkling stars, the houses wrapped in shadows. The orchard is soon reached. It is situated at the back of a large, white, two-story house and is encircled with a barbed wire fence. The two "New-ish" find an opening in the fence through which they crawl. They are now in the inner sanctuary. They must pluck the golden pears, glistening in the moonlight, very, very quickly, for at any moment some horrible demon may spring upon them, some unforgettable, supernatural, abnormal thing may take place. Gentle Cynic, pray for these wandering souls.

* * * * *

At last, the pears gathered and divided, they part to go to their respective rooms, as they room in different parts of the town.

As Winslow nears the corner of South and Power streets, bending under the weight of his bag, he notices some one across the street watching him. The poor "Newish" says nothing but quickens his pace. The object across the street moves on in the same direction. Winslow never slackens his speed but keeps steadily on toward the campus and the pursuer is close at his heels. Thus they have it all the way up the street.

As he nears the old south gate, his pursuer slacks his pace and strikes up the familiar tune of "Dixie."

"Pshaw!" thinks Winslow, "I can whistle, too, but will wait until I get on the campus."

As he enters the gate there is a yell, a rush of figures, a stifled cry—all very weird and mysterious. Winslow realizes what is about to take place. He is very cunning, O so very cunning. He must hoodwink them, he must pull the wool over their eyes and so he yells out:

"I am no Freshman."

When he comes to himself he is both sad and wise—and minus his pears. He hurries to his room and almost fearfully glares into his mirror to see how prematurely aged he has become.

SOURCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN CHARACTERS

J. P. MULL.

The principal characters of every great writer are usually drawn from his own private life. It may be said that the characters of a writer are an epitome of his life. It is true that many writers draw largely from the source of history for their characters, but at the same time they enlarge the activities of these characters from their own imagination. In this creation of the activities of his characters the writer puts personal observations and experiences from his own life. A character, however great, cannot be truly great unless it has in it a personal application to real life.

In the characters of Shakespeare we find that he not only found most of his characters in history but they also came from his own life. This is especially true of his women characters. Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Plutarch's *Lives*, and other historical records furnish most of the names of his women; but they, too, live the daily life with Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's life, in his relation to women, may be divided into four periods: first, that of his relations to his wife, whom he was forced to marry against his will and with whom he never lived very happily; second, that of his relations to the "dark lady," whom he loved devotedly but from whom the law securely barred the door against him because of his previous marriage; third, that of his relations to his beloved mother after his return to his old home from London; fourth, that of his relations to his own daughter, Judith, whom he had neglected while in London in the midst of his active life.

In the first period of his active life we find Shakespeare's relations to his wife all but pleasant. Being forced against his will to marry one many years his senior, a woman that he neither loved nor respected, his home life could have hardly been anything but a miserable failure. We soon find Shakespeare leaving his garrulous wife and going to London. But his experiences with his termagant wife has left on him a disdain for all women. In this period we find him producing such characters as Adriana, the scolding and jealous wife of Antipholus. She seems to delight in scolding her husband at every opportunity and is jealous of him on the least pretext, all of which Shakespeare must have experienced in his early married life. Later on in this period we find him producing the shrew, Catharina, and taming her as he would have liked to tame his own. Again in this period he points us the termagant, ill-tempered Constance of "King John," whose tongue can be set in motion by the slightest provocation. In these three characters Shakespeare was surely giving to the world the portrait of his wife.

In the second period we find Shakespeare really and truly loving one who returns his affections. After being driven from his home by his jealous and scolding wife, he meets in the London theaters the "dark lady" as he calls her in the Sonnets. Tradition gives us this woman's name as Mary Fitton. This woman must have made the first advances towards Shakespeare, for at the beginning of this period we find him producing "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the women do all of the wooing. Later on we find him bringing out Juliet, whom we may call a snap-shot of his Mary Fitton. Juliet had the spirit qualities which he believed existed in this new acquaintance from the Royal Court. Her position in society seemed to him a bar that could not be removed from between them, yet he was willing to put his very soul into this love. In *Rosalind* we find the true picture of Shake-

speare's "dark lady." The same "dark lady" of the "Sonnets" is in "As You Like It" described as having inky brows, black silky hair, and pitchy eyes—the fairest and most precious jewel. She has Shakespeare at this time completely ensnared in the meshes of love, but he is not so sure that she loves him better than any one else. He next plunges into "Love's Labour Lost," where he is completely lost in his love for his heroine. Instead of taming shrews we find him under complete control of the love of this woman. Next he discovers that he has a rival in one of the Lords of the Court, and then follows the "Lover's Complaint" of the Sonnets. In this he pours out his heart to his lady-love and at the same time heaps upon his rival all of the atrocities of a jealous lover. His revenge is vividly brought out in Hamlet and Othello. He makes Hamlet say, too, of his mother, "I will speak daggers to her; but use none." In "Othello" the jealousy and revenge reach a mighty climax in the character of the weak and innocent Desdemona. Again in Cleopatra we find Shakespeare's hope that his rival has been bested expressed in his plain terms. His hope for a single moment is again brightened only to be extinguished when his "dark lady" marries and leaves the Court, which is brought out by Cleopatra in her own self-destruction near the end of the play.

Shortly after Shakespeare was separated from his "dark lady" he retires to his old home where he is again thrown into the company of his aged and dying mother. In "Coriolanus" he pours out his simple reverence and adoration for his mother on the character of Volumnia. His main purpose in writing this play seems to have been to give some record of his admiration for his mother. He feels that his work and career has not been as she had wished and he desires to leave this recorded devotion and praise to her memory.

After his mother's death he finds himself thrown in the company of his own modest daughter, Judith. In bringing

happy in the consciousness of a crisp ten-dollar bill down in his pocket. Having no particular plan of amusement, and being embarrassed by no scruples about neglecting all lessons, he had the world before him for the evening, and he felt that it was to be no ordinary one. Habit directed his steps to the depot.

He took his place among the usual fellow students who had gathered to watch Number Four pass. At the same moment the express flamed into view, its dazzling headlight illuminating the track with the glare of midday. The engine fled past, followed by big, dark mail-cars; then the train, contrary to its custom, slackened and came to a full stop.

The students were just beginning the accustomed serenade under the windows of the Pullman when Lonny's attention was drawn to something unexpected. A white object struck the ground at his feet. He seized it—a dainty kid glove of Cinderella smallness, on which was written in big, round letters: "A lady is in distress: Come—Myrtle."

Lonny raised his eyes and noticed that the shade of the window nearest him was lowered almost to the sill; he looked closer and recognized a delicate white hand, a girl's hand, which waved ever so gently. Lonny flushed with delicious excitement; he had seen the beckoning finger of romance, and he thrilled into action. He became a knight errant.

There was no time for reflection. The cars had begun gliding silently away; the engine gave a belated throb; the students shouted farewell. Lonny caught the rear platform. He had accepted the gauntlet, courting perils which ranged in degree from the Mann Act to the benign regulation which forbids leaving the hill without permission.

He brushed the eternal porter aside and entered the car. He threw a glance at the passengers—big, tired drummers, a fat lady in black, an elegantly dressed young man—then he

saw her. There could be no doubt of it, for she was a girl of astonishing beauty, and she had extended a hand to him.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad to see you again!" she caroled, in smiling tones. "Have a seat here by me. I have so much to tell you."

Lonny released her hand and, without taking his eyes off her, sat down. He was delighted at the beginning of his adventure, for he had never felt such eyes wooing him, brown, luminous eyes, fringed with curled lashes. Already they had told him a secret: that he must, for reasons which did not concern him, play the sole of an imaginary Jack. He obeyed implicitly.

"Myrtle!" he exclaimed. "So you haven't forgotten me?"

She dimpled, and obviously breathed easier.

"I'm not apt to forget Jack Chandler," was her response. "You really haven't changed at all since those Atlanta days. You should have written oftener, though."

"But you didn't answer my last letter," he complained, staying on safe ground. "I felt terribly jealous."

She demurred that she had never received such a letter, and that led to a polite little quarrel over the imaginary epistle. Lonny found himself pleasantly saying nothings in complimentary tones in an effort to keep her eyes upon him, for he was under the spell of this pouting, teasing, desirable stranger; he was conscious of a delicate appeal to several senses at once—cooing sounds satisfied his ears, and a subtle suggestion of violet was wafted from somewhere in her personality, while teeth of ivory whiteness, red lips, rose-tinted cheeks, and constantly varying eye-brows, beneath a luxuriant growth of brown hair, all these were delightful stimuli to the sense of sight. Something about her, moreover, hinted that she was just the kind of girl who would have been in her element as queen of a medieval tournament, throwing smiles to knights who were pouring out their blood for her favor.

After the conversation was a quarter of an hour old Lonny fancied, for the second time, that the lady stole a glance past him and across the aisle. He could not resist turning, and saw, in the opposite seat, a well-featured young man, dressed in the height of fashion, who was apparently busy writing a letter. Happening to look up at the same instant, the man turned red and appeared discomfited. Lonny's curiosity was reproved by a half frown from Myrtle.

"You must not conjecture," she commanded. "You must simply engage me in ardent conversation."

Lonny willingly resigned himself to his fate, and she leaned toward him, and they talked and talked. Gradually his role became a part of him, and he felt as though he were paying compliments to an old sweetheart. And he became oblivious to the racing of the train and the flight of time and all else about him.

Once, feebly revolting, he said, "Really, now, I have some things to tell you in my own name. In fact, my sentiments are almost identical with those of our mutual friend Jack."

She chastened him with a shrug, and continued, "You remember that theater party that you gave winter before last?"

He surrendered.

But now and then, seeking sanction in her eyes, he turned and saw an unhappy gentleman squirming in his seat, and finally tearing to bits a letter. Lonny was recalled by a touch on his shoulder.

"Let us go out on the rear platform," suggested Myrtle. "It's too stuffy in this car."

The idea was very acceptable to Lonny, and he noticed, as they left the car, that someone else had risen.

Out in the cool, in sight of a constantly shifting, moonlit panorama, Lonny warmed into sentimentality. Conversation, largely interjectional on his part, trailed off into a meaningful silence, made interesting by the sensation of a silken strand

of hair blown into his face. His hand touched hers, and he was charmed by its tiny size and velvet texture. In a moment he had captured it, and was thoroughly happy.

The situation was too delightful to last. A door had slammed; a man stood on the platform.

"May I speak to you just a moment, Miss Harper?" he demanded, in a voice purposely harsh to conceal emotion.

"I am engaged just now, as you may notice," she replied in icy syllables, without turning her head. And then, "Pardon me. Mr. Chandler, this is Mr. Burton."

Lonny extended his hand. Burton, ignoring it, thrust himself rudely between the pair, and began, "Miss Harper—"

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Lonny, feeling the affront, and seizing the other man by the shoulder.

Quick as lightning Burton wheeled about and caught him by the collar. The two men stood tense, straining, each well-built and muscular, each with his blood up.

A gentle touch was laid upon their arms. She stood between them, looking for all the world like the queen of the tournament.

"Why are you gentlemen going to fight?" she asked, provocatively.

"On account of you," answered Burton, simply.

"I thought so," she laughed. "But you musn't."

The men smiled, one amusedly, the other sadly.

"Then," exclaimed Burton, tearing himself loose, and assuming his full height, "it is in your power to prevent it. We are rivals—choose one of us, now."

He spoke fiercely. The response was a ripple of laughter.

"Silly, don't you see you have proposed? And I told you I would make you do it before we got home!"

Burton laughed a sheepish but joyous laugh, and started toward her. Then, pausing, he said, "I owe this gentleman an apology. I beg your pardon, sir."

They shook hands, while an understanding dawned upon Lonny.

"And I should like just a word with this gentleman," Myrtle interposed. "You understand, Jack," she whispered, with grateful, happy eyes. "I knew that whoever accepted my challenge would understand."

"Perfectly," returned the knight errant, bowing and pressing farewell to her extended hand. "I have had a very pleasant evening."

The train was stopping.

That night the adventurer rode back on a freight, and you may still see, in his upstairs pocket, the protruding fingers of a dainty glove.

HER SERVE

 F. H. C.

It all came about in quite an inexcusable way; in fact, there was really no cause for it. But then there is an old saying that "true love never runs smoothly." Possibly this was the cause for it—there just had to be a little break to make them understand just how much they really cared for each other.

And it was nothing but a trifle which brought it all about. They had been playing tennis and, after a short interruption, the question arose as to whose serve it was. She claimed it was hers, while he, on the other hand, stoutly asserted that it was his. The difference in opinion brought on words, words led into a heated argument—the argument culminated in a hasty separation, with silent vows never to relent. Thus old friends parted.

* * * * * * *

She had been in her room, weeping. The evening meal had been refused. The God of Stubbornness had had his reign. Her brain was one seething mass of conflicting emotions. The whole world had turned against her and was one vast blot of unlimited darkness, unpenetrated by any single ray of light. To her, there was nothing left to live for. O, cruel, selfish old world!

But to him had also come his hour of sadness. Surely the girl, around whom he had planned so many things and built so many air castles, did not care for him as he so earnestly longed for her to. He could not understand it—why she could fly off into such a mad passion over such a small thing. But wait a moment—did he not, too, share in the blame? Had he not also spoken hastily? Was he not in equal fault?

With such thoughts flashing through his brain with lightning-like rapidity, he decided he would go see her—things must be straightened out.

* * * * *

He found her on the lawn leaning against a venerable oak, gazing sadly at the moon. Silently, for a moment, he stood gazing into her tear-dimmed eyes. Then, gently, he took her hand and said, "Dear, I have been a beastly brute, kiss me as a token of your forgiveness."

As she raised her lips to his she said demurely, "It is my serve now."

A DEFENSE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

J. M. PRITCHARD.

Capital punishment is the extreme penalty of the law at present. In recent years much discussion has been aroused concerning capital punishment: the allegation is freely made that the death penalty is a relic of barbarism and ought to be abolished. I wish to prove to you that capital punishment as an extreme penalty should not be abolished. I purpose to show that the death penalty meets the requirements of the four most important canons of punishment. First, segregation; second, deterrence; third, reformation; fourth, humanity.

The first requirement of punishment, segregation, is very effectively met by it. The criminal, by losing his life, is finally removed from society, and all possibility of his committing any further injuries is withdrawn. The segregation, while thus perfect more than by any other mode is brought about at a low cost, and with little trouble to society. Many writers on the subject of crime maintain that murderers are often much less truly criminal than the majority of petty thieves and swindlers. Their crime, we are informed by the yellow journalist was committed in a fit of passion; possibly with good provocation; their lives had previously been as pure and beautiful as the little crystal steams that interlace the crested mountain with their liquid silence; and the argument is made by those who wish to do away with capital punishment, that this class of offenders should be given lighter, rather than more severe punishment, than that dealt out to the more vulgar type of petty criminals. This argument may be sound in regard to being more lenient to criminals while in prison, but demands of segregation for such a man are fully as ur-

gent as in the case of the most brutal ravisher or assassin! for a man who has once been so carried away to such an extent by a fit of passion is very likely to be carried away the second time—more likely indeed, for it is well known law of psychology that mental processes which have once occurred render the way easier for a recurrence. The danger to life from such a person cannot be estimated, and it is altogether necessary that the light of his life should be entirely put out. Not snuffed out to please the press and for the pleasure of certain people, but put out for the good of society, and for its protection against murderous assassins. And capital punishment is the easiest and most certain method by which this can be accomplished.

My next proposition is that capital punishment accomplishes our second greatest canon, deterrence. A. Lacassagne, in his important book, "The Death Penalty," shows that homicides are rarest in those countries where capital punishment is most rigidly enforced. One of the most important murder cases of late was the State of Virginia against Henry Clay Beattie. Beattie's crime was a horrible one. His black sin began with the ruin of an innocent girl, a mere child; the second step in the evolution of his sin was the utter ruin of his home, and the climax of it all was the heinous murder of his wife. The evidence in the case was not sufficient at first to convict; then followed the terrible weeks of the trial, throughout which Beattie remained cool and from all outward appearances unconcerned; stoutly maintaining his innocence. The twelve good men returned a verdict of guilty, still Beattie defied the truth, and declared that he was innocent of the murder of his wife. Two days before entering the death cell he confessed his guilt, the world was shocked by the details of his horrible confession. Capital punishment did its work and society was forever ridden of a home wrecker and a murderer of the blackest type. While capital punishment did not deter Beattie

from murdering his wife it gave a deep and profound warning to the future wife murderers of the world. Virginia was applauded for her swift and sure justice, and the civilized world was made to realize the power and majesty of the law.

Capital punishment is not employed for minor crimes: in which vindictive feelings are less powerful; though even then in such cases as the wholesale ruin of poor people by some fraudulent company promoter exciting our high indignation, we often hear the people say that the criminal ought to be hanged. The fact that capital punishment is only invoked to meet the highest flights of public sentiment is unequivocal proof that public sentiment regards it as the most terrible of all punishments. Therefore the punishment which society regards the most severe is necessarily that which the public are most desirous to avoid, and therefore that which has the most deterrent effect. The same conclusion may be drawn from the argument of my friends of the affirmative. Do they regard capital punishment the most terrible of all penalties? If not, is it the case that they wish to abolish it for the purpose of instituting another punishment, such as prolonged imprisonment, which appears to them more terrible? They will hardly admit it. If, then they advocate abolition, simply, because capital punishment appears to them too horrible for our modern civilization, we may surely infer that this is the punishment that they themselves would be least willing to face; and this is an admission that capital punishment is effective in the deterrence of high crimes. There is a class of criminals known as the "murderer by sudden impulse." The impulsive murderer does not stop to think, he never reflects for a moment on any consequence of his action, however appalling; he is borne away by a momentary passion, carrying before it all the remnants of common sense or regard for the future. We have no reason to suppose that capital punishment would not be more likely to deter him than anything

else. On the contrary we must suppose that if he stopped to think he would be more affected by capital punishment which appeals so powerfully and vividly to the imagination than by one less striking and more prolonged.

My third canon—reformation of the criminal. Since capital punishment involves the destruction of the criminal there is no need to reform him. Some persons have suggested, that the law ought to give the criminal time to reform and lead a better life, lest his soul should be eternally damned. Our answer to this is, that it is not the business of the State to trouble itself as to what happens to the soul of the departed: its business is to secure and to maintain safety for society. The height of a criminal's repentance is most likely to be reached shortly after he has been condemned to death, and the gravity of his offense thus strongly brought home to him. By executing him at the proper moment he will be relieved of a moral relapse.

The last canon of punishment which I offer for your consideration is that of humanity. Now let us consider the state of mind of a man condemned to death. First the suffering experienced during the actual moment of execution. Second, the sensations of terror and gloomy forebodings which fill the period between the passing of the sentence and its final consummation. The sensation of death is horrible in thought, but practically painless. From the moment the executioner enters the condemned man's cell until the moment of death there is scarcely more than sixty seconds. The executioner, after binding the criminal does his work with lightning rapidity. The most excruciating mental agony of sixty seconds cannot be compared with the protracted agony of the long weary years of penal servitude. Liberty taken from one is terrible in its effect upon the mind. Shut out from the beautiful things of life, the things man loves and cherishes, his home, his children, his friends. Horrible in contempla-

tion, ghastly in aspect. When we consider capital punishment in the light of reason, we forget the bleeding fingers and the fractured nails, the spirit broken down by hardships and indignities, and the long and dreary winters of servitude cannot be grasped in our thoughts only in a symbolic way. The greatest element of strength in the government of the United States is the protection it gives to all. Our courts hold to the principle that making a criminal's life sacred, never to be put as a sacrifice upon the altar of justice, is a false doctrine. Then let us ever respect our institution of protection for society, and by so doing place our stamp of disapproval on anarchists and demagogues in these American states who are forever declaring against old and established codes and institutions.

Let us admit that every murderer does not deserve execution, and here the discretion of the court may be allowed, but if we eliminate capital punishment, the vilest assassin who takes human life, yes, even the man who has a string of the most horrible murders to his credit, escapes the chair along with the man whose high sense of honor caused him to make himself a judge.

The Legislature of Colorado, in the year 1897, adopted a measure that abolished capital punishment in that State and provided that every person convicted of murder in the first degree should suffer imprisonment for life at hard labor in the penitentiary. In the year 1900 there were three public lynchings in the State, two of the victims were negroes. One of these negroes, who was lynched on November 16, 1900, was charged with assault and murder of a beautiful twelve-year-old girl. He was lynched publicly by burning at the stake in the presence of some three hundred citizens, and it was stated that he was brought to the scene of the lynching by the sheriff who had him in custody. The newspapers of Colorado thereupon unitedly made demand that the next

Legislature pass a bill legalizing capital punishment. The spirit of the demand is expressed in the following quotation from a Denver daily. "If the original bill had never been repealed, there is a general public opinion the causes of the various lynchings would not have existed." At the next Legislature the act of 1897 was repealed, and it was provided that when a person was found to be guilty of murder in the first degree, the jury in its verdict should fix the penalty to be suffered—either at imprisonment for life or at hard labor in the penitentiary—or at death by hanging.

Since 1901, therefore, it has been the law in Colorado that the perpetrator of a heinous crime should, upon conviction, receive, in the discretion of the jury, either the sentence of death or of life imprisonment. A possible excuse for lynching on the ground that the guilty person cannot be adequately punished, has been obliterated; at the same time one frequent objection to the legal infliction of the death penalty has been answered by a provision that no account of the execution shall be published in the State.

The most sacred of the Southland's traditions is the reverence and respect we have always paid to our women. To abolish capital punishment in this glorious Southland of ours would be impossible because as long as chivalry and love are dear to a Southerner's heart just so long will the fair women of our land be protected and justice administered. When the leperous hands of a black negro strangle a Southern woman—when he actually accomplishes the horrible deed for which death alone gives a Southern white man satisfaction—when a black fiend even attempts an assault there are two things that will surely be done, he will either be lynched publicly, or the law will take its course and capital punishment will remove him from society. Suppose capital punishment were to be abolished in North Carolina today, how many negroes do you suppose would be lynched within our borders? Capi-

tal punishment is the only protection that we now have from the negro, and, if this is abolished, murder and rapine will go hand in hand throughout the Old North State, laying their black and bloody scourge upon the pure and innocent women of our State.

Let us consider the condition of affairs in Italy since the abolition of capital punishment. Capital punishment was abolished in Tuscany as far back as 1786, and from Italy has come the chief opposition to the death penalty, originated by Baccaria and supported at this period by eminent but misguided jurists. Under the penal code of 1888 the death penalty was abrogated for all crimes, even for regicide. The cases of homicide in Italy are very numerous compared with those in England amounting in the year 1905 to 105 per million as compared with 27 per million in the United Kingdom. A royal commission in England in 1864 to consider the advisability of abolishing capital punishment. This commission took the opinion of all the supreme court judges in the United Kingdom and collected the laws of other countries so far as this was ascertainable. The commission in 1866 reported that, first, capital punishment should be restricted throughout the United Kingdom to high treason and murder; second, that there should be an alteration of the law of homicide so as to classify homicides according to their gravity and to confine capital punishment to murder in the first degree; third, that there should be a modification of the law as to child murder infanticide as misdemeanors; fourth, that judges should be given power to direct sentence of death to be recorded; fifth, that public execution should be abolished. We can clearly see by this comparison that capital punishment has proved a success in the deterrence of crimes in England and that its abolition in Italy has proved to be a disastrous failure. The report of the royal committee which I have just quoted proves conclusively that it is the opinion of

the legal men of England that capital punishment is necessary in some instances for the protection of society. It is because of the fact that there are crimes whose grave character and serious effect upon society necessitate the death penalty that we of the negative maintain that capital punishment ought not be abolished. From England and all the provinces of the United Kingdom our best citizens come. From Italy and those countries that have abolished capital punishment our most undesirable citizens come. These poor foreigners, trained in the school of murder, come to our country with an inbred spirit of anarchy and a distrust for all forms of government. The foreign element composes nearly nine-tenths of our city slums. The commission of labor's report shows that they comprise 77 per cent of the total slum population of Boston. In Chicago it is 90 per cent; Philadelphia, 91 per cent, and New York, 95 per cent.

It is a fact that the increase of crime in these cities is due to the inbred disrespect of law among the foreign element and not to the enforcement of the death penalty. The trial of Police Licutenant Becker for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler, has given the underworld such an airing as comes only in a generation. This case proves that even New York, where graft is hideous and crime flaunts itself openly, the sentence of Becker has broken up the most notorious gang of murderers in the world. In the fifteen thousand drinking places the thieves, the murders, the ballot box stuffers, the prostitutes, the gamblers, the gunmen, the criminal outcasts, have found the education and the inspiration for their diabolical deeds and before Becker was sentenced to death received the protection of the law from him. Out from these dens the vile mob is poured to hold up, rob and kill the people. Becker was responsible for all of this. Lack of law enforcement on his part opened the doors of poverty, crime and death, and yet some will tell you that he ought to be shut up in

prison for life to be a great expense to the State which he had so notoriously disgraced and finally, by using his great political influence, he might even secure a pardon under your restricted commission plan, but the law of the State of New York says that the perpetrator of such horrible crimes as those committed by Becker must meet the death penalty for the good of society. But the power of pardon, even when restricted like it is in New York, may yet give him liberty in order that he may flaunt his infamy in the face of society.

In France the death penalty was abolished. The streets of Paris ran red with the blood of those murdered in riotous brawls. Homicides increased 81 per cent in one year and France was compelled to return to the guillotine.

There is abroad in our land a spirit of unrest and our people are constantly demanding that our tried and established modes of justice be changed in order to secure social reform. There is a danger here that the American people should consider long and well before they give up their legal statutes that have proved a safeguard and protection to society at large. Then let us ever be proud of the past records of our courts of justice, let us give them our political and moral support and by so doing we will decrease crime in our land and render a lasting benefit to society.

SHE

I. T. J.

She stood,
A maiden, that same hue upon her hair
Which oft has stirred men's blood;
The blue, the pink, the roses, too, were there.

She smiled—
But many such have smiled as well as she
And never yet beguiled
Heart-whole, heart-free, care-free, loveless me.

She spoke;
Her voice was wondrous low and strangely sweet;
But ne'er a heart is broke
By silvery tones. I fell not at her feet.

She wept—
Not for her own but for another's pain;
The heart which I had kept
Was hers, yes, hers—and ne'er my own again.

IN THE STREET

C. A. MOSELEY.

He had lain in the woods all day, uneasy, depressed, expecting the police to seize him at any moment. His name was Bob Harris. He was a little bow-legged, pot-bellied man with the typical negro face, high cheek bones, flat nose, black, sullen, evil eyes. The night before he had gotten drunk and robbed a poor old negro washerwoman of her paltry savings. When she resisted, he had seized a hatchet which she kept in a corner to split kindling with, and killed her. But this did not worry him. Since he had started life as a boot-black with the other street urchins, his senses had become dulled through debauchery and long terms on the county roads. It was the recollection of the judge, however, the judge who looked so sternly at him as he pronounced sentence, and the lawyer who confused him, caught him in the act of telling lies, that frightened him.

As long as the sunlight fell warmly on his head, the negro remained in his hiding place, lying impassively on the ground. With the coming of night his superstitious nature awoke and he began to feel lonely. He was hiding on the outskirts of his native city. He set himself in motion and after a few minutes walk arrived at an open spot from whence he obtained a clear view of the twinkling lights of a great city. Directly in front of him was a little continent of negro slum houses—that cess-pool of vice and filth that is found on the eastern side of every city. The night was an infinitely starry one, warm and sultry. The sound of gay music was wafted to his ears. Evidently there was a minstrel show in town. Unconsciously he began to keep step to the music and finger one of the old woman's coins. He wanted to be near those cheerful lights and hear the sound of human voices.

He set out walking towards the lights with no definite aim in view. In a few minutes he reached a street and began cautiously to traverse it. The street was ill-lighted and littered with debris of all kinds. There was a bad odor in the air. He stopped before one of the small cottages that lined the street—all of identically the same pattern—and listened. A baby was crying, making short, gasping cries, and its mother was trying to soothe it. Suddenly a great wave of loneliness swept over him. Something in the night, his isolation from human beings, depressed him. Why was he not able to talk with people, to laugh with them? He felt a sudden temptation to shout and, without thinking, strained his lungs in a loud halloo. The echoes had hardly died away before he became frightened. Might not the police come to investigate? And he shuffled on down the street with his felt hat pulled over his sullen eyes.

He reached a street crossing. On a small hill a hundred yards away, he could see a white tent in the moonlight. A band was playing enticing music. The music moved him deeply. He was almost drawn into the vortex of surging, ruddy, laughing life on the hill. The red blood in his veins leaped. But he recollected his position.

He decided to go to Parker's eating house. He was about to turn a corner when he stopped, terrified, his heart beating. Two policemen were coming down the street. He turned and fled, feeling for the hatchet which he had slipped through his belt. He hid himself in the obscurity of an alley. He took out a red bandanna handkerchief from the hip pocket of his overalls and wiped away the perspiration which had gathered in beads on his face. Then he extracted a dirty plug of tobacco and took a large chew to steady his nerves. A small cur came up to him and began to rub against his legs. He stooped down and patted the dog on the head, whereupon it whimpered with delight and began to cut up all kinds of capers.

After a while, he ventured forth, the dog following at his heels. The streets were deserted and he started toward Parker's. Parker's eating house was a long one-story affair. It was both grocery store and eating house combined and a great rendezvous for idle negroes. It was situated by the side of a dark-colored, ill-smelling stream, which conveyed the sewage away from the city. The bank was strewn with tin cans and trash which Parker's cook had cast out.

The negro went around to the window and looked in. There was a large crowd in the room. A few were eating at a table. But the majority were grouped around Parker, listening to his chatter. They were listening with hands to ears, head bent to one side, mouths open, with that affected simplicity and childishness which is so characteristic of the negro. Then suddenly the whole crowd would burst into laughter like a mass of quivering jelly.

This animated scene grated on the negro's nerves. He reflected to himself, "Why can't I join them?" A sudden bitterness welled up in his heart against society, against everything. The dog rubbed against his knees. He kicked it aside roughly with a curse.

He paused. A young negro woman had entered the store, with a shawl thrown round her shoulders. Harris feasted his eyes on her. She was one of his old sweethearts, Sally Johnson by name. She bought a box of snuff and stepped out into the night air. The negro watched her as she started down the street and all at once it came upon him that it was love that he wanted, that he hungered for.

He set out after the woman, keeping a short distance between them. She traversed several side streets and finally entered a small cottage. He hesitated. Dare he take the risk? He would. He walked boldly up to the door and knocked. He heard someone moving inside, heavy footsteps, and suddenly the door was flung open.

"Come in," said Sally's father. Then seeing his visitor's face, he exclaimed, "Good Gawd! Bob Harris, git off dis porch." And he slammed the door to violently.

The negro felt as if he had been slapped in the face. The blood mounted to his temples. He left cursing loudly. He did not see two white eye balls staring at him from behind the window curtain.

He had hardly gone a hundred yards down the street when someone plucked him on the arm. He turned, startled. It was Sally.

"What ye doin' here, woman?" he said with affected surprise.

"Bob, ye must git away from here," she said, and blushed under the dark hue of her skin. "Dad's gone to tell the police."

He had forgotten them, his danger, all, sunk in abject misery. He looked at Sally keenly. She was no blue-eyed lady, all smiles and blushes. But she completely filled his heart. He leaned forward and took her arm, a kind of animal joy taking possession of him.

"Come, let's go," he said.

Sally acquiesced without a word. The two, arm in arm, walked toward the sound of the music on the hill. There the blood leapt in the veins and you could laugh deliriously. What did it matter if the police caught him. He felt calm, satisfied, that it was good to be alive.

And the moon and the merry little stars were discreetly contemplative and communed with themselves.

THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE

R. S. B.

Whatever the United States may be suffering in consequence of the present European war, she will gain one lasting benefit which will amply compensate all her temporary evils. Conditions occasioned by the conflict have sadly disturbed our foreign trade, not only with the hostile nations, but with the whole world. Yet this situation, however unfavorable it may be at present, will be productive of permanent advantage to American commerce; for it necessitates the revival of our fallen merchant marine. Nothing short of this monstrous upheaval has availed to awaken American intelligence to the imperious necessity of maintaining an oceanic shipping industry capable of carrying all our imports and exports. The lesson has indeed been taught us by severe misfortune. But that we shall profit far beyond the measure of our immediate discomfiture is certain.

There was a time in our history when our merchant vessels sailed every great trade route, and the American flag was unrivalled upon the seas of commerce. Our early forefathers knew that a merchant marine was essential to the uniform prosperity of our nation. Under the initiative of Washington, Madison and Jefferson vigorous protective laws were enacted to encourage mercantile navigation on the high seas. The subsequent expansion of our shipping industry fully testified to their wisdom. During the short space of twenty years the industry grew from virtual nothingness to world-wide supremacy. It reached its zenith in 1810. The war of 1812 almost annihilated our merchant fleet. But immediately as the war ended and normal economic conditions returned the work of rebuilding began. Our shipping enterprise speedily

revived. And, but for untimely interruption, it would have soon regained and surpassed its former prestige.

The first hindrance placed in the path of our fast growing merchant marine was a cession to Great Britain of our protective customs. This, however, affected nothing beyond our English trade, which was not of particularly great importance. The fatal blow came in 1828 when Congress passed the so-called "reciprocity" act. This act gave to foreign vessels the privilege of carrying all our trade. Alien ships were permitted to take our commerce into all parts of the world. England had been wishing for this opportunity. Knowing the value of a merchant marine she at once subsidized her shipping and increased her liberal mail pay. Other European nations did likewise. Their shippers were thus enabled to handle both passengers and freight at lower rates than ours could. The result of this needs not to be stated. Traffic shifted over to foreign vessels, and the United States merchant marine, deprived of its patronage, began to decline.

This swift retrogression was plainly visible, but its attendant dangers were not apprehended. On only one occasion was any serious effort put forth in Congress to alter the disastrous laws of 1828. That was on the eve of the Civil War. Owing to the hostile relations of the North and South this effort failed. And our shipping industry continued to diminish until at length scarcely anything remained of it; and the glory of our grand marine enterprise faded away.

During the last fiscal year our foreign trade depended almost entirely upon European and Japanese vessels for transportation. So depleted was our shipping service that only 8.9 per cent of our total traffic was conveyed in American owned bottoms. The cost of carrying this enormous traffic aggregated some \$300,000,000. Hence approximately \$270,000,000 were paid by United States merchants and traders to foreign shipping firms for transportation. That large sum

went to upbuild the merchant navies of our rivals in commerce and to strengthen the sea power of our possible enemies in war; whereas it should have been directed to the support of our own interests. In short, *we relied on foreign vessels to maintain our commerce, and was thereby forced to enrich foreign nations at the expense of our own wealth and progress.* This outrageous situation was the natural fruit of brainless legislation, conceived in folly and carried out in stupid disregard for the welfare of our State.

Such was the condition of United States commerce when war so unexpectedly broke out in Europe. Demand for naval transports and fear of hostile cruisers took away almost all of the foreign merchantmen upon which American trade depended for overseas transportation service. Almost within a day the greater part of our vast commerce was paralyzed. The shock was as severe as it was sudden, and our importers and exporters felt it keenly. But it effectually awakened the public mind to the deplorable condition of our shipping industry, and to the urgent necessity of building up a merchant marine owned and operated by American capital. We have learned these things through no little misfortune. It is a consolation to know that we shall profit the more by the hardness of the experience.

It has ever been characteristic of the American people that they need but once to be shown the folly of a policy to forsake it and pursue a wiser course. Now they clearly see the folly of the laws of 1828. Emergency legislation has already been passed to relieve the situation caused by the war. As yet we do not know what permanent measures will be adopted to restore and encourage our mercantile shipping industry. Congress may resort to the successful policy of Washington and Madison; or the legislative genius of our land may propound some superior scheme. In any case we can trust the wisdom and integrity of American statesmanship to do what-

ever is best. *Action will be taken, and the United States merchant marine must revive.* This essential pillar of our national prosperity cannot fail to be restored. We shall regain our former commercial independence and secure for all time unrivalled supremacy upon the high seas.

UNCLE BEN'S CHRISTMAS

L. S. INSCOE.

Uncle Ben sat in front of a warm fire of lightwood knots gazing at the conflagration. By the side of the stool on which he sat, to his right lay a pile of long thin strips of oak; to his left a half-finished basket.

Suddenly he started, picked up one of the strips and began weaving it into the basket. Thus he worked for half an hour. The basket was nearly finished. He looked up toward the small opening which let the light into the room. It had grown almost dark.

Uncle Ben got up, went out of the cabin and in a moment returned with an armful of lightwood knots which he laid down beside the fireplace.

Going over to the corner of the room he removed an old bag from the top of a barrel, turned the barrel up edgeways, knocked it once or twice with his hand and looked in.

"I could eat all dat at one time, but I got ter have some for mornin'," mumbled he, as he divided the meal in the barrel as nearly as he could into two equal parts. Placing one-half into a small woden tray he poured some water into it and made it into dough. This he carefully scraped out and placed on a large collard leaf, then placed another leaf on top of it. Scratching away the ashes he laid it down in the edge of the fire, pulled some more ashes, then some coals over it and went back to his work.

The basket finished, he looked it over carefully.

"De ain't many folks dat can make er basket lack dat nowadays," said he, in a satisfied air.

"But den tain' no use ter make 'em 'cause folks won't buy 'em dis time ob de year when Ben needs de money an ain't

got nothin' ter eat. Ain't I tried all ober de country ter sell 'em an nobody'll gimme haf de worth ob 'em." And he looked up at a high pile of baskets stacked in the corner.

Several loud explosions reached his ears.

"Humph! Den its Christmas eve an' I was 'bout ter fergit it. An' dare's dem baby-wakers bustin' an burning up de money an' Ben wid nothin' ter eat. Ben ain't neber seed no Christmas lack dat before.

"De ain't no sich Christmas lack de use ter be, nohow. 'Fore de war ole Massa he use ter gedder we niggers into dat ole kitchen and gib us er dram erpiece. An' talk erbout yer eating, um-m-ph!"

The old darkey's face lighted with the recollection and as he proceeded to take his ash-cake out of the fire and cool it he felt the spirit of the old Christmas of his younger days. But then his countenance changed and he again began to mumble out the thoughts that passed through his brain.

"An' it's all gone an' de ole Massa's dead an' de ole niggers is dead an' dis new set ain't lack dey use ter be."

Tears crept into the old man's eyes.

Dare's de young Cap'in wid all sights er money an' good eatin's an' even meal fer his hogs when Ben ain't got none fer hisself."

A new thought had entered his mind. He looked up, wiped away a tear with his hand, arose from his seat and stood before the fire.

"He'd never miss it an' Ben's got ter eat, an' it's Christmas an' dey's busy 'bout udder things, and dey woan never ketch Ben."

He stood and thought for a few minutes, went over to the corner, removed the bag from over the meal barrel, folded it up, put it in his pocket and stepped out into the darkness.

Uncle Ben made his way along a small footpath through the woods toward "de Cap'in's," on through a large cornfield, then

a cotton patch and on up to a large barn in the corner of "de Cap'in's" yard. Looking hastily in all directions to be sure that no one was near, he slipped under the barn shelter and felt carefully on back to the rear of the shelter, where, as he expected, he found a barrel of meal covered over with a plank.

"De Cap'in'l never know de difference an Ben's got ter eat same's dem fat'nin' hogs," thought he to himself, as he filled his bag.

From here Uncle Ben made his way down to "de Cap'in's" hog pasture.

"I'll jes fine whar dem shoats beds and de Cap'in'l neber tell de difference." Uncle Ben put down his meal, found the shoats, and taking out his knife, he carefully approached them. There they were, if he could only cut one's throat before they heard him and awoke.

Throwing himself astride one of the nearest he plunged his knife up to the handle into its throat. It squealed and tried to arise but Uncle Ben held it. The struggle was brief, the knife had reached its heart.

The pig Uncle Ben had killed was a small one so he slung it over one shoulder, the meal on the other, and made his way home.

Just as he emerged from the woods he halted and looked up. There was a person leaving his hut. Who was it? What could he be doing? The person was soon out of sight and hearing in the woods.

Waiting a few moments Uncle Ben cautiously made his way to the house. Hearing nothing, he opened the door and went in.

The fire had nearly gone out and cast only a dim glow through the room. There in the middle of the floor was something Uncle Ben had not left there. What was it? He proceeded to examine.

"Dar now, dis is er basket I made fer de Cap'in jess er few weeks ergo, and what's dis in it? Umph! er shoulder er meat sho as I'm livin', an' here's some flour, an', an', an' some meal an', less see what dis is. Coffee! Um-m-umph! Dis looks lack Christmas sho nuff."

Suddenly he looked around. There lay the bag of meal and the pig he had just brought in.

"An' de Cap'in done dis an here I is done stole de Cap'in's meal and kilt his shoat. An he done all dis fer me. Ben, you's a bad nigger and ye ain't gwine ter de good lan' when ye die if ye do lack dat."

At "de Cap'in's" it was long before day on Christmas morning.

Guy awoke. Turning over in bed, he called out:

"Phil! Phil! Let's get up. It's near 'bout day and we've got to shoot our fireworks before light."

Phil's feet struck the cold floor with a bang! He needed no light to dress by. In two minutes he was feeling his way out at the door calling "Come on Guy, and let's see what Sandy Claus brought us."

In order to reach his mother's room where his stocking was hung he must go downstairs and out through the back porch.

Phil opened the door leading into the back porch.

"Mamma! mamma! Guy! Guy!" he screamed as he slammed the door and rushed back.

His father hurried to the door in his night clothes. He struck a match.

There on the porch floor before him, all cleaned and dressed, lay a pig weighing perhaps fifty pounds.

"Well," he said, "looks like Santa Claus has come to see me, too."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor.

The Student and Religion

Let us attempt to analyze religious conditions at Wake Forest. What is the attitude of the student body toward religion? This is a very difficult thing to ascertain and we essay it feeling our limitations. In this article we shall not consider the ministerial class whose attitude needs no explanation. We shall eliminate also the factor of animosity between the "skys" and the lay brethren which is simply a problem in human nature.

The religious element in the ordinary lay student is to a great extent dormant. It is not a vital and active force in his

life. There are a few students who have read sufficient philosophic works to have learned the language of philosophy. And thereby hangs a tale. These brilliant thinkers can explain everything; but the trouble with their solutions is that they vary with the calendar. Not that we discredit theorizing. It is the sign of a healthy intellect. We are merely stating facts. But, to come back from this digression, the majority of students at Wake Forest are from Christian homes. Consequently you would expect them to show considerable interest in religious matters. To come down to brass tacks, however, religion does not play an important part in the life of the young man. When he leaves home, there are so many new things to think about, so many new customs to adjust himself to, that he loses himself in the concrete world about him and does not worry himself with religious abstractions. Under such conditions we do not think that it is a normal thing for young men to be intensely religious. The ones that are so are generally recluses who shut themselves off from life. To show you how lost the student is in his own life, we think we are safe in saying that there are not five students in College who can talk intelligently on the great world war that is now going on in Europe. Quiescence sums up in one word the attitude of the majority of young men toward religion so far as any serious or profound faith is understood. They are interested in their physical and mental development before they are interested in spiritual matters. Therefore lectures on how to control passion, and lectures nerving the mind to renewed efforts are listened to most attentively and make the deepest impression. For these things vitally touch their lives.

So far we have discussed the religious outlook of the student in his private life. What is the attitude of the student body toward church services? The recent abolishment of compulsory church attendance was a step taken in

the right direction; for young men desire freedom. But the great drawback to active participation in church affairs is sentimentality. All during the early part of his life, the child is steeped in sentimentality. Religion is almost a matter of tears. Sunday School teachers play upon the feelings of children. Pathos is a great factor in child religion. In a certain sense this is advantageous, for religious ideas are instilled into the mind of the child which will later cause him to think seriously on them. But in another sense it is disadvantageous and especially among a body of young men. Young men leave the home and embark upon their own career in life. They feel their limitations. They realize that they are weaklings. They try to forget the dependence of the home and childish sentimentality. Religion for them, in fact everything, must contain an inspiring and optimistic message. In fact the young man's nature closes up at the least sign of sentimentality in religious matters. He likes optimism, stirring appeals to action; and when religion appeals merely to the emotions it fails to interest him. He is always conscious with Walt Whitman of the

"Urge, urge, urge,
Ever the procreant urge of the world."

There is a fine sentiment in the old Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Seafarer," which expresses the spirit of youth.

"Yet the thoughts of my heart now are throbbing
To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous play."

To satisfy this aspiring note, religion must be inspiring, not sentimental. It should adjust itself to the individual and not the individual to religion, to have within it the breath of life.

The foregoing are the principal factors that enter into the religious life of the student. We think that they should be taken into consideration when the student body is approached in a religious way.

A
Suggestion

Why do students insist upon sitting on the ends of the benches in chapel? By doing this they inconvenience others in taking their seats. And some fellow's limbs are almost insuperable obstacles to pass. Hannibal crossing the Alps, presents a suitable analogy. If the first comer would take his seat at the lower end of the bench and the next fellow would sit by his side, etc., the benches would fill up in an orderly manner and nobody be inconvenienced.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

L. T. JOHNSTON, Editor.

Not to jeopardize our right to the credence of our readers, but to increase our claim to their interest, we shall begin this record with an account of a hurricane, cyclone, storm, or tempest, which occurred about one mile west of the college recently. Many of the students besides ye editor visited the scene and will vouch for the truth of the following statements: A dwelling house was scattered over a considerable area; its destruction was as complete as that of the temple at Jerusalem. A sewing machine and a feather bed were separated into their smallest constituent parts. A negro woman was carried some distance in her chair and rather seriously hurt. Mighty oaks were torn up by the roots and the tops of other trees were entirely twisted off. It was like the things we read about.

Thursday, October 22d, was the usual holiday to enable the students to attend the State Fair at Raleigh. Many took advantage of the opportunity and went. The unsophisticated went because they had never been before. The upper classmen—some of them—went because they had been before. Some didn't go because they had been before. And in the wee sma' hours of Friday, those who went, like tired honey bees who had extracted the last drop of nectar from the fading flowers, gathered in Union Station to await the arrival of No. 2 from Jacksonville.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University, visited the College and delivered four addresses on October 18-19. He caught the ears of the students as few visiting lecturers have and every listener became an admirer.

The election, which occurred November 3d, had quite a significance for Wake Forest men. The elevation of Oscar

Underwood to the United States Senate and the return of a Democratic majority in the House assures the selection of Claude Kitchin as floor leader of the dominant party. E. Yates Webb becomes Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, second in importance only to the Ways and Means Committee, of which Mr. Kitchin will be Chairman. Senator Simmons will no doubt remain Chairman of the Finance Committee and Democratic Floor Leader in the Senate.

In the State Legislature, Wake Forest men have not fared badly. Last year's representation of twenty-one Wake Forest men in the House will be reduced to fourteen; but among these are E. R. Wooten of Lenoir, and L. H. Allred of Johnston, the two men most prominently mentioned for the Speakership. The other Wake Forest men follows: J. H. Vernon, of Alamance; F. E. Thomas, of Anson; Gallatin Roberts, of Buncombe; H. S. Williams, of Cabarrus; M. L. Davis, of Carteret; T. J. Hendrix, of Davie; D. G. Drummit, of Granville; A. R. Dunning, of Martin; G. R. King, of Nash; Marshall Shepherd, of Robeson; C. B. Deaver, of Transylvania; and J. C. Kittrell, of Vance.

In the State Senate last session, Wake Forest had seven men. This number is increased this year to nine. They follow: W. L. Cohoon, R. B. White, R. D. Johnson, Donald McRackan, W. H. Fisher, E. F. Upchurch, F. P. Hobgood, Jr., C. M. Muse, and E. B. Cloud. Mr. Fisher is still a student in the Law Department.

Society Day, Friday, October 30th, combining the Sophomore-Junior debate and being turned into a College holiday, proved to be one of the most pleasant and most interesting days of the whole College year. The debate came in the afternoon. The query was:

"Resolved, That the Right of Suffrage in North Carolina should not be Restricted on Account of Sex."

Mr Herbert R. Paschal (Phi.) presided and told in appro-

ropriate words of the origin of the occasion. He welcomed the visitors in behalf of the societies and the speakers. Mr. W. S. Clarke (Eu.) was Secretary.

Mr. W. S. Burleson (Eu.) opened the debate for the affirmative. This young debater from the mountains of Vance and Craig told of the development of woman, and urged that she should be given the ballot. He did credit to himself and the section from which he hails.

Mr. J. G. Booe (Phi.) was the first speaker for the negative. He paid a beautiful tribute to woman and declared that the ballot would drag her from the high pedestal upon which man and nature has placed her. His speech elicited hearty applause.

Mr. F. M. Barnes (Phi.) continued the discussion for the affirmative. This young man, well-known as a wit, established his reputation as an orator.

Mr. B. M. Boyd (Eu.), last speaker for the negative, argued the question as to its expediency. He enhanced his already enviable reputation as a debater at Mars Hill and at Wake Forest.

Each speaker had a rejoinder; and then the audience awaited the decision of the judges. Perhaps most of those present had their favorites; but each one knew that he had listened to a close contest and it was a toss-up who would win the coveted decision. The judges, President William Louis Poteat, Dean Charles E. Brewer, Dr. W. R. Cullom, and Professors J. H. Highsmith and Hubert A. Jones decided in favor of the negative by a vote of three to two.

This debate was one of the best ever heard here, and in the minds of many, compared favorable with any anniversary debate yet held. Debating at Wake Forest is not dead, but alive, "breathing, growing every hour."

And now for a friendly suggestion. It has been called forth by what has come to the editor's ears from high sources

and is not a mere criticism by a dabbler in ink of those who excel in the forum. It is given that those who speak hereafter may profit by it.

Debaters on public occasions should give more heed to parliamentary practice. The speaker should address the judges and not his opponents, nor should he turn his back upon the audience and the judges.

Also, greater courtesy should be shown the opposite side. The discourteous speaker endangers his cause by his discourtesy. Personal remarks are improper. The speaker who shows deference to his opponents and yet delivers his thrust is more effective. The presiding officer on such occasions should prepare himself well by a careful study of the rules of order in a debate. When a speaker claims he is misrepresented, he should be allowed to set himself aright, his interruption, of course, not interfering with the time of the speaker on the floor. Also, the presiding officer should not allow unnecessary interruptions, nor hesitate to call the men to order. The duty of the presiding officer is to see to it that the debaters violate none of the rules of public debate and to do this, he must qualify himself. This is a weak point in our debates that ought to be remedied. No debate should ever be allowed to degenerate into a squabble.

At night came four splendid orations by Messrs. G. H. King (Eu.), J. U. Teague (Eu.), T. A. Avera (Phi.), and R. L. Brown (Phi.). The large audience was entertained and instructed.

After the orations, the Berean Class tendered a reception, the guests of honor being the Senior Class of Oxford College. This was a delightful social occasion and President Avera of the Berean Class is due no small credit for its success.

The gymnasium was tastefully decorated. Below a beautiful swinging chandelier was a table in the shape of the letter "B" upon which were the refreshments. This table was

decorated with ivy. The walls were aglow with the mingled colors of Wake Forest and Oxford.

The banqueters were entertained by songs from Miss Kitty Pool and readings from Mrs. Woodall, the chaperon of the Oxford girls.

Dr. Sikes, the teacher of the Berean Class, was presented with a pin upon which is the class emblem; Professor Highsmith, former teacher of the class, received a locket upon which is the College seal; while each visiting lady received smaller seal pins as souvenirs.

Dr. Thomas E. Greene, Vice-President of the American Peace Society, delighted a large audience by a lecture in Memorial Hall the night of November 13.

A series of meetings began November 1st. Dr. Cullom, head of the Department of Bible, did the preaching. He delivered some strong and helpful sermons.

The first of a series of once-a-month lectures to the Senior Class was delivered by President Poteat on October 6. His subject was "College Loyalty."

Professor W. H. Heck, A.B., '97, M.A., '99, now Curry Memorial Professor of Education in the University of Virginia, is due the lasting thanks of the College for a valuable donation of 250 volumes to the College Library.

The autumn number of the *College Bulletin* is now off the press. It is an interesting issue, containing the commencement address of Gov. S. E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, Dr. Slodd's poem, "A Virginian in Surry," President Poteat's address at the A. and M. anniversary celebration, Alumni notes, personals, and announcements.

Mrs. I. O. Walters, one of the most beloved of the older ones in the community, died October 20, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Dixon. She was a sister of Dr. W. M.

Wingate, once president of the College, and the widow of the late Dr. W. T. Walters.

Dr. H. M. Poteat gave an organ recital at Goldsboro, Friday evening, October 23d.

Miss Helen Poteat gave a delightful Hallowe'en party, October 31st, at night.

Miss Ellen Brewer entertained the Meredith girls, Monday, November 2d, at noon, at a luncheon at her home.

The Departmental class championship was won by the lawyers, who defeated the teachers by the close score of 28 to 26, Tuesday night, November 10th. The lawyers had already won from the Meds and the Teachers from the "Skies." The winning team is composed of the following: Franks, center; Speight and Ashcraft, forwards; McCourry, J. C., and Apperson, guards.

Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address at the Washington and Lee University Assembly on October 15th. He addressed the Johnston County Teachers' Institute, October 11th; spoke at the West Chowan Association at Harrellsville, October 28th; and delivered an address to the Y. M. C. A. of Charleston, S. C., on November 15th.

Dr. C. E. Brewer spoke at the Baptist Church at Cameron, morning and evening services, October 18th.

Professor J. F. Lanneau has just completed the blue-print drawings and specifications for his astronomical instrument, the cosmoid. They are now ready for the mechanic.

Messrs. "Ham" Davis and "Cutie" Cuthrell, now at Carolina, and "Mack" Johnson, Associate Principal at Wingate, have recently been on the Hill.

His many friends are glad to see Mr. George Pennell return to College. He will study in the Law Department. He

has recently been private secretary to Congressman Gudger, of the Tenth District.

The Glee Club, with Dr. H. M. Poteat, director, Mr. Charles Riddick, manager, and Mr. T. A. Avera, leader, accompanied by the orchestra, left November 12th, for the following itinerary: Henderson, November 12; Littleton, November 13; Franklin, Va., November 14; Chase City, Va., November 16; Chatham, Va., November 17; Danville, Va., November 18; Reidsville, November 19; State Normal, Greensboro, November 20.

The Christmas holidays will extend from December 19th to January 3d. As they are swiftly approaching, here's wishing each and every one of you the same old, but never worn-out wish, "A merry Christmas." May the time spent with your loved ones be very joyous to you and to them and may the same little girl smile upon you in the same sweet way! And may you come back to College with renewed energy and higher and nobler plans for the session your return will usher in!

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

Friday, October 30th, was observed in great style as the first annual society day. The occasion was successful from all viewpoints. This occasion is to be to the fall session what the anniversary occasion is to the spring term.

The program consisted in a debate on the woman suffrage question held during the afternoon in the Memorial Hall and four orations from representatives of the Senior Class at night.

Mr. H. R. Paschal, who was presiding officer, opened the exercises with an address of welcome. Then the secretary, Mr. W. S. Clarke, read out the name of Mr. W. S. Burleson as the first speaker of the affirmative.

Mr. Burleson delivered a splendid speech, basing his argument for woman's suffrage upon her evolution which has brought her into direct relationship to the government just as man's development has paved the way for him.

The speaker showed that government has been a process of evolution; and that at one time in our own State only the landholders were allowed a voice in governmental affairs. However this privilege has been extended to all men. Not only is government for men but it has brought woman within the sphere of its interests, for it has granted rights and privileges to her, one by one, until now her concerns are its concerns. It has developed until now it is just as much concerned in woman as in man.

Then since the government is directly related to the women of our State, and since it is equally related to men and women the right of expansion in those governmental issues which are

of equal importance to men and women should be allowed to both sexes alike.

Mr. J. G. Booe maintained his position as the first speaker of the negative excellently. He put forth three points: first, that the difference in man's and woman's nature will not allow her to participate in politics; second, the right to vote is not an inherent or natural right but a privilege; third, suffrage would be inexpedient for the woman, home, state, and government.

It is that woman is different from man, not that she is inferior to him that our Creator, in the distribution of powers and qualities, made man adapted to the performances of certain functions and women adapted to other functions. The strength of woman is in her difference and when she takes up the duties intended for man she will become a masculine woman, all of which will result in failure for herself and home.

In support of his third proposition the speaker quoted Senator Elihu Root, who is opposed to granting suffrage to women. Suffrage implies not merely the casting of the ballot, as the affirmative claims, but it means the entering upon the field of politics. Woman rules today by the sweet, noble influence of her character. Woman in strife becomes hard, harsh, unlovable, and repulsive. Unless woman can keep both the State and home, she had better consider well before she gives up her all important trust for the sake of realizing a personal ambition.

Mr. F. M. Barnes was the last speaker of the affirmative. He furthered the argument of his colleague concerning woman's direct relation to the government and the relation of the government to the women of North Carolina.

He gave statistics, showing that women of North Carolina own about one-third of the land; that the 41,772 white widows of the State pay taxes on nearly \$17,000,000 worth of real

property, while the 16,652 white widowers pay taxes on less than \$7,000,000 worth. The census report of 1910 shows that of the 131 gainful occupations women were engaged in all but two.

Women have great interests in the schools, yet they are refused a voice because of their sex. The mothers of the State have no voice in questions concerning the school; yet, said the speaker, a person that is of the sex that wears trousers, although he is half crazy, and hardly able to read, can cast his ballot. We have allowed the educated and laboring man to vote because they were fit morally and physically to administer the affairs of the government, and for the same reasons we should give women the right to do likewise.

Mr. B. M. Boyd carried on the argument as outlined by his colleague, taking up three points: first, the women of the State are not demanding equal suffrage; second, there is no need for it; third, it has not worked well where it has been tried.

The speaker declared that there is no demand for equal suffrage by the women of the State, and that woman does not need the ballot because she is already represented by the men of the State. The laws in North Carolina regarding the rights of woman are as good as those in States where equal suffrage is granted.

To prove that it has failed where it has been tried, he quoted such authorities as President Wilson, Senator Root, Lyman Abbott, and James Bryce. The duty of the Southern woman is to maintain her lofty position as at present and to stay out of the turmoil and strife of politics.

The judges, Drs. W. L. Poteat, C. E. Brewer, W. R. Culom, and Professors Highsmith and Jones, decided, three to two, in favor of the negative.

The evening program consisted of four orations from members of the Senior Class.

The first speaker was Mr. G. H. King who spoke on "Universal Peace Must Reign." He spoke briefly, but to the point.

Mr. R. L. Brown spoke entertainingly on "The Rural Problem," showing the need of united effort in rural questions and work.

The third speaker was Mr. J. U. Teague, who spoke on "Finding Yourself," as to the physical, mental, and moral viewpoints.

Mr. T. A. Avera had as his subject, "Humanizing the Law." He gave some very interesting facts, showing the gradual development of the law and the punishment administered to criminals.

On October 24th the first of a series of eight debates to be given by the Euzelian Society was held in the Eu. Hall. The occasion was a success and it is generally believed that these debates will help to solve the present society problem at Wake Forest College.

The query, *Resolved*, That North Carolina should have the direct primary for nominating officers rather than the convention system, was well discussed by Messrs. I. T. Johnston and L. W. Chappell, who defended the affirmative, and Messrs. J. B. Rucker and C. M. Adams, the negative supporters.

The affirmative put forth the following contentions: first, the convention system is inadequate; second, the direct primary is sound in theory; third, the direct primary has worked well wherever it has been tried; and, fourth, it would work well in North Carolina.

The negative opened the debate by contending that the affirmative must prove, first, that the convention system has been a failure in North Carolina; second, that the direct primary has proved successful in the States where it has been tried; third, that the direct primary would not only eradicate

the evils charged to the convention system but that it would produce more efficient officers than those who hold the reins of our government now. The negative further contended, first, that the convention system in North Carolina has been a success as shown by the men that it has put in office; second, the direct primary has failed in other States, as examples, Iowa, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, and South Carolina; third, it destroys the dual party system.

Messrs. Johnston and Rucker made unusually good speeches and deserve special mention.

The judges rendered their decision, three to two, in favor of the affirmative.

Y. M. C. A.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association met October 12th to hear Prof. H. A. Jones speak on "Individual Work," based on the 12th chapter and tenth verse of Ecclesiastes. The fact that we had the largest crowd out that we have had this year goes to prove that Professor Jones is an interesting speaker. We hope to have him with us again, for we always enjoy his speeches.

The following delegates gave reports of the Conference at Elon: Mr. Redwine, on "Missions"; Mr. Knott, on "Bible Study"; and Mr. Canady, on the "Social Affairs."

The Association voted that we coöperate with the Y. W. C. A. of Meredith College in the building of a Meredith-Wake Forest Cottage at Blue Ridge. The money is being rapidly subscribed and paid in to pay for the construction of the cottage. It is stated that there will be space for only eleven more cottages, so we cannot afford to lose time, for we *must* have one there.

On Monday evening, October 26th, Dr. C. E. Brewer spoke to the Association on "The Message of Jesus Christ to the World." He discussed this subject very interestingly in the following manner: first, the message is universal; second,

the message is to be accepted or rejected by each one personally; and third, no substitute will be accepted.

On November 2d Dr. W. R. Cullom gave the Y. M. C. A. an interesting talk on "The Highest Office of Friendship."

On account of church services the regular session of the Y. M. C. A. was suspended on November 9th. Instead of this regular session a prayer meeting was held by the young men at 6:45 p. m. This week is reserved as prayer week.

Mr. Redwine, the Chairman of the Mission Study groups, reports that there are 19 Mission Study classes with an enrollment of 250 students. The following men are group leaders: Messrs. Knott, Jones, Rowe, Arledge, Gay, Owens, Brown, Weston, Cashwell, Lassiter, Fountain, Davis, Ives, Thomas, Brassfield, Page, Langston, Hunter, and Strole. These leaders meet the various groups once a week and discuss mission problems.

The Committee on a Policy for the College Associations appointed by the North Carolina Student Conference held at Elon College, October 7-11, submits the following report. This report includes policies for the four departments of work taken up in the Seminary discussions of the Elon Conference, namely: Bible Study, Missions, Social Service, and Finances.

BIBLE STUDY.

THE COMMITTEE: ITS COMPOSITION, QUALIFICATIONS, AND BUSINESS.

The Bible Study program should be headed up and driven through by a committee of from three to seven men. These men should be strong, aggressive, Christian men who are deeply conscious of the deeped values of voluntary Bible study among college men. It is the business of this committee to arrange courses, provide for normal classes, and conduct an enrollment covering the entire student body.

THE ENROLLMENT CAMPAIGN.

The enrollment campaign should be opened early in the fall by a Bible Study Rally at which a strong speaker presents to the student body the place of voluntary Bible study in a college man's life. This address is to be followed immediately with a thoroughly organ-

ized room to room canvass made by men going in pairs. Strict account should be kept of every room, including the refusals and the absences, as a working basis for a completing canvass.

APPORTIONMENT.

The members enrolled should be apportioned wisely according to courses and leaders in groups of from six to fifteen men. Each leader should promptly notify the men in his group of the place and time of the first meeting.

GROUP ORGANIZATION AND MEETING.

Every group should have, in addition to its leader, a secretary chosen by the group at its first meeting. The secretary is a substitute for the leader and is responsible with the leader for group attendance. Immediately after the group meeting, the secretary should make a report to the Chairman of the Bible Study Committee who keeps an accurate account of the attendance in every group. The time and place of meeting is adapted to local conditions.

COURSES AND NORMAL GROUPS.

For every course there should be a normal course led by a strong professor or minister. This group should actually type up and exemplify the organization and leadership of Bible groups. The normal group should have its elected secretary and the leader should lead the group in discussion and not teach or lecture. This group should be given, not only to mastering the subject matter of the lesson, but also to principles and methods in making the lesson themes vitally interesting in the groups and spiritually dynamic on the campus. The leaders of normal groups and every student group should make a thorough-going study of Professor Horne's book on "The Leadership of Bible Groups."

MISSIONS.

THE PRESSING NEED.

This college year should especially be a year of great missionary interest and activity. The responsibility of conserving the inspirational power of the Kansas City Convention, the strategic conditions of the foreign field, critical with high opportunity for Christianity, and the paralysis by the great war of the European missionary enterprises, all center the missionary activity of the world upon American churches and American colleges. The pressing, accumulating needs demand more than ever before an aggressive missionary program.

THE COMMITTEE.

The committee should be composed of from three to seven men, in no case all of whom, but in all cases one of whom, should be a student volunteer. These men should be strong men in college and deeply interested in missions.

THE WORK OF THE COMMITTEE.

It is the duty of the committee to arrange courses, select leaders, make an enrollment, and have responsible supervision of the missionary program.

MISSION STUDY.

THE MISSION STUDY RALLY: ENROLLMENT, APPORTIONMENT AND LEADERS.

Mission Study should be opened with a large student rally at which a stirring speaker makes an address on the need and value of mission study in modern life. This address should be followed up with an enrollment canvass covering every room and man in college. The men enrolled are then apportioned among the leaders and are notified by the committee as to their leader and the time and place of the first meeting. The leaders of the mission study course should preferably be strong faculty members or ministers.

COURSES.

Both foreign and home missions should be included in the mission study courses. "The New Era in Asia" and "Mexico Today" are pre-eminently interesting courses this year. A study of the negro question and the rural problem should be in the missionary program of every North Carolina college.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

In addition to the mission rally, monthly missionary meetings should be held at the regular time for religious meetings. The volunteer band should take charge of at least one of these meetings. Returned missionaries who are alumni of the college, the traveling secretary of the student volunteer movement, and other available speakers should be secured for these meetings. (Among these are Rev. Melton Clark, of Greensboro; Dr. J. N. Mills, 45 The Ontario, Washington, D. C.; and Dr. J. O. Reavis, of Columbia, S. C.)

GIVING.

Missionary giving should be on a systematic basis. Pledges to pay monthly have been found to be very successful. Payments may be made to a church board. Perhaps the greatest stimulus to mis-

slonary giving comes from the fact of a personal representative on the field. Every college that has an alumnus on the field should tie up to the great missionary enterprises through an active personal support of his work.

LITERATURE.

Every college association should have a missionary library accessible to the student body. On every association reading table should be "The Missionary Review of the World," "The North American Student," and a report of the Kansas City Convention.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

As this is distinctly a day of a great social awakening, no association abreast of the times can honestly leave out of its policy a study of the social needs in our day, together with a program of active social service. Though a part of the general missionary department, the social service work should have its separate committee and organization in accordance with the needs of the local situation.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The course of study should include one or several of the great problems of the South, such as Negro Life, Rural Needs, Factory Conditions, Prison Reform, and the City Problem.

SOCIAL SERVICE ACTIVITIES.

The spirit of college men is expressing itself in work in the rural Sunday Schools, the cotton mill community, extension work among boys, Boy Scout clubs, corn club contests, social investigations, clean up campaigns, Sunday Schools, and night schools among the negroes.

In order to give uniformity and definiteness to the year's work in Bible Study, Mission Study, and Social Study, the following outline is put forth as a working plan tested by experience. The fall should be given intensively to Bible Study and the spring intensively to Mission Study. Bible Study should have the right of way through the fall and early winter. Mission Study should have the right of way from midwinter through the spring. In the fall it is also recommended that a six weeks' course in negro study be given at six successive regular weekly religious meetings. In this way a program of Bible Study and Mission Study can be carried through completely and without conflict.

FINANCES.

The Young Men's Christian Association is one of the great business organizations of the world. Its business system ranks up in method and efficiency with the great commercial and financial organizations. The college association should have a care that its system of finance

is in keeping with the business policy of the International Committee.

THE COMMITTEE.

To secure a financial system that is sound, business-like, and aggressive, the financial policy of the college association should be in the care of a strong student committee. These men should believe in the things for which the Y. M. C. A. stands; they should be men of business experience, progressive, energetic, and very attentive to immediate details.

THE DUTIES OF THE COMMITTEE, THE BUDGET, RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURES.

It is the business of this committee to make up a careful budget for the year's work and furthermore to see to it that this budget goes through to success. The sources of income such as membership dues, subscriptions from parents, faculty, trustees, and alumni, entertainments and sundry other things should be planned for early in the fall with an eye to a definite understanding of the total prospective receipts. The expenditures should divide themselves into such heads as salaries, printing, stationery and postage, expenses of speakers, expenses of delegates, departmental, and incidental expense.

The entry of these items of receipts and expenditures should be made in a well adapted financial record book. Every entry should be made immediately, giving date, number, amount, and source or purpose.

No moneys, not one single cent, should be paid out in cash. Every expenditure should be made by checks. Every bill should be OK'd by the general secretary or president, or an order for payment should be made out by the secretary or president before any check is written. This check should bear the signature of a faculty advisory treasurer.

A permanent filing system should preserve all checks as they are returned from the bank. Each check, together with the bill or receipt is filed away in an envelope with a number to correspond to the number of the check. The entry book, the bank book, and the filing case of bills and checks made up the financial record which will welcome scrutiny of all eyes either now or at any time in the future.

(Signed)

W. C. PURCELL, Elon.
 T. G. PERRY, Guilford.
 E. C. FEW, Trinity.
 C. C. CASHWELL, Wake Forest.
 W. P. FOSTER, A. and M.
 L. H. EDWARDS, University.
 A. C. PEELER, Catawba.
 W. G. SOMERVILLE, Davidson.
 F. P. GRAHAM, University.

MOOT COURT.

On account of religious services at night and inter-class basketball games, the Moot Court has not had many sessions since the last issue of the STUDENT.

On October 19th a burglary case—*State v. McCoy*—was tried.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. McCourry, Creech, and Journey.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Bradley, Sustare, and Harrill.

The jury, after conferring for some time, reported that they could not agree, so Court was adjourned.

On October 26th a claim and delivery case—*State v. Hardy*—was tried. This case was tried before the judge instead of a jury.

The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Ingram, Downing, and Johnson.

The attorneys for the defendant were Messrs. Edwards, Creech, and Mull.

The judge decided the case in favor of the defendant.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

Robeson County, N. C.:

'93. Mr. Stephen McIntyre, of Lumberton, a former State Senator, is now a trustee of the Thomasville Orphanage, Meredith and Wake Forest Colleges. He is also attorney for the Seaboard Air Line Railway Company. Mr. McIntyre is actively connected with the Baptist Church. He teaches a Berean Sunday School class.

'99. Mr. L. R. Varser, a leading attorney of Lumberton, has recently been elected as Moderator of the Robeson Association. Mr. Varser is counsellor for the Atlantic Coast Line Railway Company.

'98. Mr. Robert C. Lawrence, also of Lumberton, one of Wake Forest's most brilliant students, is a very successful practitioner of the law. The College has no more loyal alumnus than he.

'05. Mr. James D. Proctor, a prominent lawyer, read a splendid report on the orphanage work at the last meeting of the Robeson Association.

'97. Mr. R. E. Lee, who has been connected with an insurance company, is superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School at Lumberton. Mr. Lee is attorney for Robeson County.

At the meeting of the Robeson Association Mr. Woody Lennon, a successful young lawyer, made an excellent speech on "Relief of Aged Ministers."

'05. Mr. E. M. Britt is practicing law with Mr. E. J. Britt ('02).

'03. Mr. E. C. Bobbitt is practicing law at Lumberton.

'98. Mr. D. B. Humphrey was a candidate on the independent ticket for State Senator in the recent election.

Mr. C. B. Skipper is Clerk of the Superior Court. Mr. Skipper is very popular in his county.

'99. Mr. T. L. Johnson is a very successful lawyer. He is also a member of the County Board of Education.

'97. Mr. M. Shepherd, who has been teaching at Stinceon Institute, is now a member of the House of Representatives.

'13. Mr. E. M. Johnson is a member of the firm of Johnson & Johnson, attorneys.

'95. Mr. Robert Allen, who is practicing dentistry, is known as one of the most proficient association clerks in the State.

'10. Rev. James L. Jenkins is pastor at Lumber Bridge.

'03. Rev. A. C. Sherwood is pastor at Red Springs, N. C.

'91. Rev. A. A. Butler is pastor at Maxton, N. C.

'91. Rev. I. P. Hedgepeth is one of the most successful ministers of his county.

'93. Rev. W. C. Wallace, who now holds a pastorate in South Carolina, is displaying the same determination in his work as he showed on the football field while a student here.

'94. Mr. Alph. McLeod is a very successful business man. It will be remembered that Mr. McLeod was the winner of the first prize given here for the one-hundred-yard dash.

'92. Mr. Simeon Caldwell is making a success in business. While a student here he won a reputation playing the role of Juliet in the Glee Club.

'01. Mr. R. E. Sentelle is Superintendent of the Lumber-ton Graded School. At the recent meeting of the County Association he made a very good report on "Foreign Missions."

'02. Mr. T. F. Barnes is engaged in business at Lumber-ton, N. C.

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

The need for good sports at Wake Forest has been seen, and if we judge from the success that the football team has made, we may say that we have that which for the past three preceding seasons was thought to have been lost—material and proper training. This year we have men who are being trained by a coach who knows the game.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, 0; WASHINGTON AND LEE, 72.

Saturday, October 24th, Wake Forest met Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., to play the first football game of the season scheduled with a Virginia institution. The Generals out-weighted the local eleven, and many of their players were those who had defeated the strong V. P. I. team a few days before. Wake Forest was not disappointed, because it was expected that Washington and Lee would be the victor by more than a marginal score; yet, it was not believed that the score would be so disproportionate as 72 to 0. The local eleven was accompanied by Coach Smith, who stated after the game that he was pleased with the work of the team.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, 19; ROANOKE, 0.

The most spectacular game of the season, thus far, was played on the local field, October 31st, with Roanoke College of Virginia. The visitors appeared to be equal to the occasion, but in the early part of the game it was demonstrated that Wake Forest had stamped defeat upon their opponents. The score was 19 to 0 in favor of the locals. It is the general opinion of those who witnessed this game that Allen Riddick proved himself a football star; it is probable that no better

playing has been seen on the local field in recent years than that which he did. Bill Holding and Beam were both in good form, and the forward passes by Holding won cheer after cheer.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, 0; UNIVERSITY OF S. C., 26.

At Columbia, S. C., Wake Forest was defeated by the University of South Carolina, November 7, by a score of 26 to 0. Those who saw the game between the local eleven and Roanoke College were confident that Wake Forest would score in the game with the Gamecocks, but they proved to be as strong on forward passes as Wake Forest and through their system the game was won for them. Those who starred for the locals were Witherington and Harris. Harris succeeded in breaking up a number of long forward passes which otherwise would have been successful, while Witherington made several gains for Wake Forest. The following men participated in the game as regular players or substitutes: Harris, Moore, Parker, Abernathy, Stallings, Blackman, Holding, Billings, Witherington, Trust, Olive, Carrick, Powell, Watkins, Beam, Allen Riddick, Lee and Charles Riddick.

The next game of the season will be played at Raleigh with the University of North Carolina, November 14.

Tuesday evening, November 10, the championship game of class basketball was played by the representative teams from the Law and Education Departments. The lawyers were the victors by the margin of two points, the score being 28 to 26. The game was very well played considering that it was the third class game of the season.

THE ATHLETICS TRAINING CLUB.

Apropos of the opening of the training club, the results have been satisfactory. The Club is conducted by the Athletic Committee, and Dr. Paschal has charge of the finances. The

meals are economically planned, but nothing is spared to give the players the best of necessary and proper foods. At the present time the members of the football squad are being fed at the Club, and since it has proved to be such a great success it is understood that the various other teams will receive the benefits it offers to athletes.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

Winthrop
Journal

The November edition of the *Winthrop Journal* is a credit both to the young lady editors and to the college. In fact, it is about the best college magazine we have received, so far, this year. All editors should be exceedingly careful about each edition of their magazine; for they are not only personally judged by the magazine they get out, but their college also is judged. The edition is opened, very tastefully, with an elegant one-stanza poem—a prayer. The other poetry is only mediocre. The stories are unusually good. "Our Hero" is told in the first person—the narrator being a small girl. The writer uses very correctly child dialect. The narrator and Jack Overlander are special chums. A stranger, Mr. Gordhen, comes to Jack's home and is permitted to spend the night. That night he amuses Jack and the narrator with his stories of adventure. Next morning the stranger leaves and Jack disappears. Jack's mother thinks that Jack has fallen in love with the stranger, who amused him with his stories, and has gone off with him. She arouses the entire community to help find Jack. They search and about twelve miles from his home they find him. He has a pistol drawn on Mr. Gordhen, who is asleep. Gordhen, unbeknowing to any one save Jack, had stolen Mrs. Overlander's set of silver. Jack, spurred on by the stories of the night before, had followed in pursuit of his mother's silver set. Jack is now "Our Hero." "The Tribal Call" contains a good plot but is rather poorly told. An Indian boy has been taken from his wild home and is about to complete his education. He has fallen in love with a civilized Indian girl, and she and his white teacher, whom he

greatly respects, wants him to go out into the civilized world and make a name for himself. His aged mother and his people urge him to return to them and be their leader. The time comes for a decision and he, notwithstanding his promising future and the likelihood of losing his true love, decides to go back to his people. He starts alone but has not gone far before he is overtaken by Mirka, his faithful lover, and they, arm in arm, go back to his people. "The Magnolia Story" is an unreal story with a weak plot, but is told in a very touching manner. "Jimmie and the Princess" is a well written story with suspense held to the very end. It is a love story without that sickening style so characteristic of the average college love story. There are three essays, all of which are good. "Systematic Education" is the best. The writer shows the falseness of the notion held by a few people that a person is better fitted for life without "Systematic Education." She raises the very pertinent questions: if a self-made man's prominence is not due, to a large extent, to his rarity; and is a self-made man as broad-minded as a "Systematic Educated" man. All the Presidents of the United States, save three, have been college graduates. "The man who has to depend upon his own experience as a teacher," though deserving great honor, "must lose the rich experience of others." "Helen Keller" is a sketch taken from a portion of the life of that marvelous woman showing the great barriers hindering her in obtaining an education and what perseverance can do.

Davidson
College
Magazine

This edition contains several good articles. The opening poem, "Peace," is very appropriate in this time of war. There are three stories, all very good. "The Traitor" has as its background the present European struggle. We think it a splendid idea to adapt our writing to present day conditions. The story contains

some real thoughtful suggestions, a thing all stories should, but few do; but it is most too vague. "Nahwane" is a camping trip story. A party of boys and girls have camped for the night in the Blue Ridge Mountains near White Water Falls. After supper they tell ghost stories. After others have related their stories, Walter, a boy of a nervous temperament, tells the story of the brave warrior Nahwane, which story is supposed to have happened on this very spot. Ahwisme, a fellow Indian, becomes jealous of the brave Nahwane and plans his ruin. He, at last, succeeds in getting Great Manitou, their chief, to decree the death of Nahwane. They decide to kill him by throwing him over the falls. They bind him and cast him in the falls, and Ahwisme, to perfect his revenge, after the brave Nahwane, without a single murmur, goes under, steps to the bank and throws the torch in after him, but while doing it his foot slips and he, with a shriek of mortal fear, slides into the falls and is drowned. After the story is told the party retire. Next morning one of the girls said, "Do you know, I clearly heard Ahwisme's scream last night." This remark reminded them of Walter and they asked where he was, but no one knew. They began a search for him and found him lying at the foot of the precipice dead, with the print of a red arrowhead upon his forehead, and above the precipice lay a dead snake. "The Quest of the Star" is told by a sorrowing mother as she stoops over the fresh grave of her cripple child and places on the grave a silver star. My husband has been an exceedingly cruel man and treated this cripple child very cruelly. The child was a sweet child and tried to help us. One day she was converted and for a long time thereafter, every night a beautiful star shone in her room but after awhile it ceased to shine. The husband goes off on a hunt and is caught out in a blizzard. Late in the night, the child hears father scream and she goes out in the cold snowy night and drags her half-frozen father and friend.

to the house and saves their lives. She is taken sick and just before dying the star, more beautiful than ever, reappears in her room. "Shelley, the Poet" is a thoughtful essay on this great poet.

The *Trinitonian*, of Waxahachie, Texas, is a very small edition this month, containing only one story, one essay and two poems. We think that it could get out a larger magazine without much more effort, for we are sure that more of their students could, with slight exertion on their part, contribute creditable articles to their magazine, and thereby not only benefit their magazine but also themselves. "The Bunch and Willie" is a college story. We are pleased to see such stories; and we wonder why more short stories are not written on college life; for we are sure college life furnishes a broad field for story plots and the writer would be more familiar with the surroundings of his story. A crowd of old students, led by Dutch Smith, "have it in for" freshman Willie Winthrop from the beginning of school. They induce him to go to Winfield with them. Smith tries to make a fool of him. A young lady gets on same car. Smith falls in love with her. He receives a letter from her saying if he is in Winfield again, her grandfather, Colonel Beaufort, would be glad to have him call. He fixes up his best and calls, but finds Colonel Beaufort and Ethel Beaufort gone and a note saying, "I did not write former note to you; see Willie Winthrop, an old friend of mine, he knows more about it than I. It is extremely presumptuous on your part to call. Signed Ethel Beaufort." "Morality in Politics" is a thoughtful discussion of present-day conditions. The writer says that our future success will depend upon our political righteousness. If people of America are corrupt a change in leaders would not change conditions, but if Ameri-

can people are moral, civic righteousness can be promoted by people taking stand. "The ballot is the foundation stone of our American government," and all citizens should exercise it in order to drive out corruption, and to inject individual morality into politics; for our individual morality far exceeds our political morality.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

TOMMY.

WHY SHE ASKED—Chaperon—Was that young man who called on you last night an auctioneer?

Tess—Why so?

Chaperon—He talked like one. He put up that "going" bluff for half an hour.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*



ONE ATTRACTION GONE—"Farewell, dear. I will never be able to feel the same toward you again."

"Heavens, George! What have you done?"

"Nothing, dear. I am just going out to cut off my mustache."—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*



SHE WAS NOT TO BLAME—Mrs. A.—So your son is home from college?

Mrs. H.—Yes; and he has the strangest ideas! He says he's descended from a monkey, but I'm sure I don't see how that can be—unless, of course, it's on his father's side.—*California Pelican.*



DISCOURAGING DIOGENES—"I am hunting for an honest man," muttered Diogenes, as he held up his lantern.

"You're a fool!" said the thug, as he adjusted his flash. "You won't find nothing on him."—*Stanford Chaparral.*



DESCRIBED—"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Oh, he's the kind of a fellow who goes out for a walk with you, and then tells you how democratic he is; not afraid of being seen with anybody."—*Yale Record.*



HE'D RAISE THEM—Math. Prof.—How do you make V equal X?

Sporty stude—If I only knew, I wouldn't be broke so often.—*Hobart Herald.*



A SLAM—"Do you believe in dreams?"

"I did till I met you."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Newish Parker (to clerk at drug store)—Have you any Latin Lexicons?

Clerk—No, we sold the last only a few minutes ago.

Newish Parker started to the door but turned and timidly asked, Is that the same as a Latin Dictionary?—*Vann*.



Wanted to Know—What Newish Erwin calls an emphatic position.—*Spate*.



He—I will take you in my arms.

She—I'll be held if you do.—*Kitty*.



Soph. Hayes (in bath room)—Boys, turn off all the water and let it heat.

Newish Owens (turning on cold water)—Let me first turn all the cold water out of the pipes so as to make room for the hot!



Dr. Royall—Mr. Eady, what is the significance of the Hellespont?
Newish Eady (on Greek I)—The Lake of Hell.



Dr. Cullom—Mr. Eady, how far did the twelve spies get in the promised land?

Mr. Eady—Down to Jeremiah.



WANTED TO KNOW.

Newish Morgan wants to know why Tom Dixon was not buried in the cemetery.

Why Newish Herring is so fresh.

Why Derby and Thompson decorated the public places with '18.
—*G. W.*



LEST WE FORGET.

That Creech has a new hat and cane.

That Gifty Wilson lost his pears.

That Newish Biggs has a girl.

That Newish Privott got blacked.

"MY BOY, I'LL WAIT."

By "BIG" BOWEN.

(With apologies to the New England Primer.)

Jack Smith is sure a tough
Although its plain enough
His mother he'd not obey—
At least, that's what they say.

He thought, while yet a child,
I hate to be so mild,
For plainly you can see
A sport I'd like to be.

"One thing," said he, "I can
Some day become a man,
And then I'll be at ease
To do just as I please."

"Mother," said he one day,
"I sure must go away.
Next week I'll be sixteen
This world I've never seen.

"I'll go tonight down street,
Some boys I'm bound to meet.
You need not be alarmed
For sure I'll not be harmed."

"Not so, tonight," said she,
"For I'll uneasy be.
You see I can not sleep,
But only lie and weep."

As Jack went out the gate
She said, "My boy, I'll wait,"
Then she began to cry,
And cast a lingering eye.

About the hour of four
He rapped upon her door.
As he did hear no sound
He quickly turned around.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

He crept around the house,
As you have seen a mouse,
As he did go to bed
New thoughts did fill his head.

"Mother!" said he, "here's Jack!
I said that I'd be back."
Now this is not her way,
For sure a word she'd say.

He went right to her bed
And found that she was dead.
Also upon her coat
These words were in a note:

"Right near the pearly gate
For you, my boy, I'll wait,
And when you reach that shore,
We'll part, no nevermore.



THE MODERN IDEALS.

BY J. GRADY BOOE.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,"
Give us a girl with skirts not so tight;
Give us a girl, whose charms, many or few
Are not exposed by too much peek-a-boo.
Give us a girl, no matter what age,
Who won't use the streets for a vaudeville stage;
Give us a girl, not too sharply in view,
Fill her with ambitions, let them be true,
And give us the ideals of days gone by,
With plenty of thoughts and aims, ever high;
Put turkey trot capers and suffragette slides,
Hurdy-gurdy twists and tango glides,
And other such shallow dreams all on a level
As products of weakness inspired by the devil,
And let us feast our optics once more
On the sweet woman of days of yore.
Yes, Time, let the modern ideals be given,
For woman is man's guide to hell or to heaven.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIV

January, 1915

No. 4

TO SHAKESPEARE

(After the first effort to teach "Lear.")

H. T. HUNTER, '12.

Thou self-taught fathomer of human souls,
Soarer of worlds unkennd by bard or sage,
We watch the sweep of thy majestic flight
All wonder-rapt. As boldly searchest thou
Remotest realms of sense or thought or soul
As eagles wing the skies that roof our heads;
Thy vision stretching o'er the verge of Time,
This little span of man's dim hopes and fears.
Thine art is magic-charged, thy voice divine,
Thy touch doth give an immortality.

From out thine ample brain creations troop
Like stars eternal 'mid the sweep of worlds.
This aged king is all but demigod,—
A god absorpt in human frailty,—
Majestic intellect so strangely mix'd
With monumental folly. O'erwhelmed with wrong
And tragic rage, outcast, the mind distraught,
Superb his ruin as a fallen tower.

O singer of immortal verse, vouchsafe
To us the secret of thine art, and 'twere
Sublimest gift of man to man; let us
But lose ourselves in thine infinitude,
Or point the way for others; then hap what may
Of strife or loss or death: full richly blessed
That soul that scales the summit thou hast reached,
If but for one vast momentary pause.

THE HIGHLANDS

DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD.

Our noisy little steamer goes chugging and splashing down Loch Lomond with the glorious sunset behind us. Oh, the joy of this clean beautiful day after two weeks of cloud and rain! All around the lake are the lovely highlands coming down to the very water's edge,—not so grand and rugged, however, as I had expected. Ben Lomond raises his broad crest to the south, appearing and disappearing as the steamer goes zigzagging from side to side of the Loch. Thousands of gulls are wheeling silently around us and as the great hills begin to darken in the sunset, one by one, these nimble creatures spread their wings in strong flight and disappear against the dark green of the cliff sides.

The steamer puts in for a moment at a lonely landing with a few forlorn-looking houses, but otherwise all around is absolute desolation. Not even a solitary hut to break the monotony of the mountainsides. But there must be life somewhere in those grim gorges, for at the last landing, a highland mother, bareheaded and grotesquely dressed, came aboard with her wild-looking, yet more grotesquely clad, swarm of children about her. Her baby is carried in the folds of her shawl at her back, the little creature's fierce, bright eyes glaring unabashed and unafraid out of the tangles of its white locks. The mother gathers her brood about her in the bow of the steamer and talks with them in a language, beside which New York east side Yiddish sounds like the rippling of pleasant waters.

As sunset comes slowly on (it is already half-past seven), the heights come out sharp and keen against the steel-blue sky, the gorges take on a deep violet hue, and the reflections

in the clear water become so distinct that our vessel seems floating between two worlds. Lord, Lord! how lovely!

"Inversaid!" "Passengers for Loch Katrine ashore!" cries a voice, and I look up from my notes, expecting to see a romantic Highland village, but, alas and alas! it is a trim brand-new tourist hotel, with its row of waiting vehicles.

The passengers swarm ashore and up to the hotel front. Shall we spend the night here or go on to Loch Katrine? It is half-past eight, and two more hours of twilight.

An English surgeon, two Columbia boys, and I climb into the char-a-bank (a four-seated, open-top vehicle) and begin our drive of seven miles across the lonely highlands to Loch Katrine. It is a splendid road but made solely for the tourist. Not a single person did we meet or overtake. The driver pointed out to us a dark spot on a cliffside as Rob Roy's cave and still further on the ruins of an ancient fort built to overawe the MacGregor clan. Midway between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine we came upon the ghastly sheet-iron village which houses the workmen putting up the great dam built clear across the beautiful valley to form a lake and give the city of Glasgow a new water supply. Already the city has built a mighty aqueduct to carry thither the waters of Loch Katrine. Well, cities must have pure water, however romance may suffer. Beyond the artificial lake thus made could be seen the white walls of the cottage where lived Helen Macgregor, Rob Roy's wife. The driver said the cottage would probably be removed or destroyed when the waters reached their highest level. As I looked across the dark waters at the wild, desolate spot, it seemed a fitting dwelling place for Rob Roy's wife.

It was ten o'clock when we came upon Loch Katrine, not seen from a lonely mountain gorge but from the front of a spick-and-span new tourist hotel.

Dinner-r-r-r is long since over, but the sharp-chinned

hostess consents to give me a stoop of beer (German beer in the highlands and abominable anywhere!) and a sandwich.

Ten o'clock and after, and still it is light enough to read large print. I find a lonely path leading down through the pines, reach the sharp point of a little headland where the dark waters of the Loch are breaking into ripples and spouts of foam, and the spell of romance is just descending upon me, when, once more alas and alas! there are voices behind me and a file of tourists stream through the pines and seat themselves on a bench commanding a view down the Loch. Never mind; over yonder is Black Island and beyond it is the head of the Loch, where comes down wild Glen Goyle, the mustering place of the fierce clans of Rhoderick Dhu, from which point the boats swept down towards Ellen's Isle. I go around the lake head by a narrow pathway and climb to the top of the mound of rocks and bushes, round which flows the stream which comes down Glen Goyle and spreads out into the Loch, when suddenly I stop in amazement. Something glitters on the bushes. It is a shield-shaped piece of pasteboard suspended by a neat cord and tassel whereon glimmer in gilt letters: "Love ye one another, for," etc. I go on up the mound, wondering what next will happen. If Rhoderick himself were to rise up in the flesh and come forward to meet me, I should not be in anywise astonished but should greet him quickly and ask him why he played the fool in throwing away his targe when he fought Fitz James—. Can it be? Is it Rhoderick himself that rises up from a stone and comes forward to greet me in the twilight with "Welcome, brother"! My scalp, I must confess, tingles a bit, but I am reassured by the ministerial twang in the voice and the clerical frock and tie. Only the good better-half (no pun, mind you!) of my sharp-chinned hostess, who, for lack of something else to do or out of the pure goodness of his childish heart, spends his time in hanging texts on the shrubbery

by the paths along which the tourists prowl about the land. Well, the Lord knows they need something to put them into right trains of thought; and so I sit down beside the dear old man and for half an hour listen to the talk of one whose head may be cracked but whose heart is as sound as an English gold piece. And then I go back to my room and try to go to sleep, but in vain. At last I slip down through the sleeping house and out to the lake shore among the pines, and the spirit of the much-wronged Lady of the Lake rises up to meet me and until the twilight of night is melting into the twilight of dawn she holds me in thrall with her dark eyes and her wild voice.

LOCH KATRINE.

I am up long before the rest of the house is even turning over for its last nap and am down at the lake side. A glorious morning. Great masses of clouds sweeping across the lake, with shade and shadow following each other in swift succession. A shower comes fleeting down Glen Goyle and goes whirling and roaring furiously around the northern half of the lake, leaving the southern half in brilliant sunshine. But the waves come rushing into shore white-crested and menacing, and I wonder that so small a body of water should become so wild and threatening. But the storm goes soaring away through the deep gorge of the Trossocks and the lake is all sunshine and loveliness once more. But the philistines descend upon me from the hotel and yonder from the east, with demon-like squeak and squeal, the little steamer comes churning and splashing across the lake. The spell of enchantment is broken and Loch Katrine is merely a body of water as prosaic and commonplace as a Southern millpond. But perhaps the greatest disappointment is in Ellen's Isle. Either Scott lied like a trooper or else time has dealt harshly with this erstwhile romantic spot. A string of unsightly

rowboats surround it. Waste paper is strewn over it from yesterday's lunch baskets, and denuded as it now is of trees, one can only wonder what it was when the warring clans made it their gathering place.

The Trossocks, too, have been completely ruined to the lover of romance. A splendid road winds through the gorge, tourist walks are everywhere, prim boarding houses dot the wayside, and in the very midst of the spot where Scott has placed the battlefield of Beale-au-Duin looms up the vast hideousness of the Trossocks Hotel. Well, there is no help at hand, so I climb into my seat on the coach and ride along the shores of lovely Loch Aubray while a crowd of my fellow-Americans behind me ask silly questions of the stern old Scotch driver beside whom I am sitting, and chatter to one another of how much silver they stole as souvenirs from their steamer. We are just passing over the lovely Brig o' Tuck when the woman behind me leans over and asks sweetly, "This is Burns' Brig o' Bonnie Doone, ain't it?" Even the stolid old driver let his grim features relax into a smile. But the road winds on and Demcraggin's hut appears at last; there is a glorious view of Benvenue across the Loch to the south and yonder too is the Ford of Coylantogle, where Rhoderick Dhu fought his fatal duel with Fitz-James. But surely all Goth (if not something worse) has broken loose and emptied itself of its philistines. For an hour we are passing by one unbroken succession of vehicles filled to overflowing with tourists. The German Lloyds have just landed at Edinburgh five hundred globe trotters fresh from the Vaterland. Well, at any rate I like their honest Teuton faces and contemptuous silence better than the noisy greetings of my party. But here we are at Collander and the railroad. Once more I climb into my third-class coach and find a stolid red-faced Englishman and his homely bone-faced wife delightful company, till I roll out at Stirling for a flying visit between

trains to the castle. It is a weary climb up the winding street and the endless stairways, but the glorious view is reward enough,—with the Tweed winding in sunlit silver loops through the landscape, the grim rugged pile of stone which forms Wallace's monument looming up over on the north, and the wide battlefield of Bruce's Bannockburn spread out there on the south. How it all came rushing back,—the memory of the "Scottish Chiefs" and the "Days of Bruce," and best of all, the old Scotch ballads.

Of the grim old castle itself I saw little but the outside, filled as it was with English soldiers. But I came down with my Scottish blood tingling with pride at the glorious deeds its battlements had witnessed. And so on to Edinburgh, every little town has its romantic and stirring history.

Edinburgh, Wednesday, 7 p. m. It is almost sunset when I sally forth from dinner to do Edinburgh. It is a city of monuments, every one of which is hopelessly bad; Scott's is perhaps an exception, but even this seems to me meaningless. America certainly learned the art of bad monuments from the motherland, for a really beautiful, fitting monument I have seen nowhere in Great Britain. The Burns monuments, all over Scotland, seem to be especially designed to show the bad taste of the Scottish people. But I climb Calton hill and dutifully inspect the comical mass of iron erected to the memory of Dugald Stewart, the round tower to the memory of Nelson, and the unlucky national monument. This last is the laughing stock of even the Scotch themselves. It has never been finished and looks like a fragment of a ruined Greek temple.

I go down into the deep valley past Holyrood Palace. There twilight is already falling, and hurry on for the long climb to Arthur's Seat, the beautiful height that looms eight hundred feet above the city—and here a delightful ad-

venture befalls me. I am leaning along over the parapet that bounds the splendid driveway when I come upon two girls of sixteen or eighteen years, dressed in close-fitting blue suits and each carrying a handsome pair of opera glasses. They have stopped and are debating whether to go on or turn back. A group of noisy roughs are just ahead. I take off my battered old cap and ask the way to Arthur's Seat, although the way is there before me as plain as a pikestaff. Well, the upshot of it all is that we three are soon trudging on together like boon companions. The saucy black-haired, black-eyed Miss is named Kathleen Maine, I learn, and the timid light-haired one is Gladys Cooling from Manchester, visiting her Edinburgh friend; they are out for a sunset tramp to Arthur's Seat. We reach the top just at sunset and the view could hardly be more impressive. With grim old Holyrood just beneath, the great city with its myriad twinkling lights beyond, the mighty Forth to the north dotted with innumerable shipping, and there to the east the boundless misty expanse of the North Sea. But the wind is like a sword and we must be on our way, and here the saucy Miss with the black eyes said: "Now I am going to put your American gallantry to the test. We girls never go back by the road, but draw our skirts about us and half-slide, half-crawl down the slope." "All right," I answered; "I won't back out. Shall I go in front or in the rear?" "In the rear, sir," was the command; and down we went. The slopes were smooth and grassy and there was no danger unless you attempted to walk. So slipping and sliding we went, only at times I must lie down and laugh until my sides ached. It is already twilight in Holyrood valley where we make our last rush down into the deserted roadway. The girls write their names in my Baedeker and ask for my card and we say goodbye, then we reach High street and I go on my lonely way to my hotel. Old Holyrood's stern walls look doubly

forbidding in the gloom and I pause before the deserted portals, half-hoping to see the ghost of Queen Mary, which surely must haunt this place. But only a half-drunken Scot goes staggering by and I hurry on out of the scary neighborhood.

Thursday morning, 11 a. m.—A delightful visit to the University and a long conversation with Professor Webster of the English Department, and the librarian. Only let these people know that you are something more than a mere tourist and they show you every courtesy and kindness. Then I visit the old castle, inspect the Scottish Regalia, which dear old big-hearted Scott spent time and money to discover and restore to his people. I go around old Parliament Hall, which is now a museum of arms, into the room where poor little James, Mary's son, was born, or rather scared into the world; visit beautiful St. Margaret's Chapel; and then hurry down High street, to give my afternoon to old Holyrood.

Inside, the palace is much less forbidding, for the government has taken it in hand and restored much of its ancient splendor. There were many portraits of Scottish kings, which did not interest me greatly, but my heart went out to the apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots, with their few relics of that most unfortunate of women. A brass plate shows where Rizzio fell when he was surprised and murdered at the head of the secret stairway which led to the Queen's presence chamber. Bad times they were, but they didn't pretend to be good, and women were so much alive then. But I must be on my way and I say good-bye, with genuine regret, to the stately old city by the Forth. So far, today, I have caught fleeting glimpses of ye tourist tribe.

Same day, Melrose, 6 p. m.—An hour's ride brings me to Melrose Station. I dump my baggage in the first inn I come

to and hurry on to Melrose Abbey, the walls of which I can see over behind the village. Of course one must pay; indeed, one pays for everything now in England. Even the churches demand the poor tourist's shilling, and he is glad if it is not two shillings.

But I buy my ticket from an old sharp-tongued, thin-faced woman, and was told to duck my head and enter the little shop where pictures of the abbey were being sold. Then I am led through a dark hallway and a narrow alley, and I am at last face to face with the loveliest and most pathetic of ruins. Oh, the ruthless nerve of the hands that laid it waste! Like one who puts off what he has so long desired, I pass back and forth before the mournful portals and only enter with a sort of silent protest. Seen now in the soft Scottish twilight, the ruins are hardly less beautiful than a new scene by moonlight as Scott has so gloriously described. Everywhere is the splendid proportion, the skilled workmanship. The tracery on the columns and about the windows and doors is still, after the lapse of time and the desecration of men, almost perfect. I wander about—thank God I am alone, as one who dreams and almost I have to pinch myself just to be sure it is not all a dream. But no, I'm really in Melrose Abbey. There in the corner is the tomb of Michael Scott, the great magician! and here where stood the high altar is buried the heart of Bruce. Only the choir, the transepts, and the chancel of the abbey are left still, and one can only imagine what the complete edifice must have been. Surely our English race has been the most cruel and destructive of all the races of mankind.

I wander out into the graveyard and view the ruin from every side. Then I lie down in the close-cropped grass, and catch for just a moment a vision of the ruins' supreme loveliness, seen against a glorious sunset sky. For the care-taker comes to say that it is eight o'clock—the time of closing.

Well, there are compensations for everything; and when I reluctantly turn toward mine inn, lo, the village square is alive with people and surely—can it be?—the sound of the bagpipe! Yes, it's a band of nine pipes, with drum and fife, of a crack Highland regiment, and for an hour and a half they played as only Scottish pipes can play, and set to tingling every drop of Scotch in my old veins. But at last they marched away into the darkness and I went up to my room—by a tallow candle!—and there, against the clear evening sky was still the vision of the glorious ruin. Nay, no longer a ruin: but the spirit of the abbey glorified, perfect, complete.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE—AN IDYL

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

The alarm clock profaned the stillness of Mr. Shoddy's bedroom at the ridiculous hour of seven, and its harsh, metallic scream brought him to consciousness with a jerk. He suffered his eyes to fall open and, immediately becoming indignant, seized a convenient shoe and let it fly at the shrill-throated instrument which had interrupted his dreams. The missile made a dent in the plastering several inches above the clock, which continued its nerve-racking reveillé triumphantly, and Mr. Shoddy could ease his supersensitive ears only by burying his head in the yawning pillow.

When he was sure the disturbance was over, Mr. Shoddy let his attention drift to the window. It was wet with a drizzle which had drenched the world outside,—a cold, raw drizzle, no doubt, for the naked trees were shivering, ever so slightly, in puffs of wind. A disconsolate bit of sky in the background was tinged a pale chocolate and wrinkled with drab clouds. Mr. Shoddy raised himself tentatively in bed, and felt chilled to the marrow, for the struggling fire, newly built by the servant, had scarcely driven the cold from the hearth. At that moment some poor fellow leaped courageously to the floor, with a barefoot thud, in the adjoining room. Ugh! how uncomfortable dressing oneself would be this morning! Mr. Shoddy fell gloriously back into the warm bed and drew the cover up to his chin. He proposed getting up, however, as soon as he had recovered from this shivering sensation, for he was uncomfortably conscious that he would be obliged to exert himself more violently today than at any time in the fall term—a final quiz on German was scheduled, and then he must call on the dean at eleven to explain certain

absences which had made him liable to suspension. And in the meantime, of course, there was breakfast—one should always eat breakfast.

Why, he wondered, was it necessary for breakfast to be eaten so early? Eight would be a far more convenient hour, and then one might indulge in an additional half hour of that sweetest, most luxurious of all slumber—a nap after the shriek of the impolito alarm clock. Such fitful, half conscious dozing is delightful because it defies the conventions; each successive snore is a gauntlet flung in the face of outraged Regularity. Impatient day has called in stentorian tones, but the philosopher dallies yet a little while in the dreamy embrace of night.

The ringing of a breakfast bell across the street annoyed the reflective Mr. Shoddy. For a moment he entertained the idea of dressing and wreaking vengeance on his boarding house by eating everything on the table, but such a noble gastronomic achievement would undoubtedly require the expenditure of strenuous effort. After all, a cozy little doze until time for his examination would be more to the purpose. He closed his eyes and allowed his well-pleased mind to drift out of the channels of regulated thought.

Some time later he lapsed into consciousness, and was disgusted to notice that the hands of the clock had bustled around around to a quarter of an hour till time for the German quiz. Suppose he should miss the final? Such a possibility worried him, for it assured an ignominious failure on the term's work. Five minutes later his annoyance grew into alarm, for it occurred to him as highly probable that he would not get up. The ordeal would be severe. He would be obliged to perform a nominal toilet and fairly get himself out of breath by hurrying to the class-room, all for the sake of puzzling, hungry and faint, over a nerve-racking examination. Should a man of fine sensibilities submit himself to so discomfiting

an experience, when he might lie supine on the very lap of contentment? The fire had now suffused a drowsy warmth into the room, while outside the drain-pipe played a soothing, pattering lullaby upon the tin roof. Was that the wind? How wretched people must feel outside, dragging cold feet through nasty puddles! Why did they wish to fuss about, with their petty schemes, in such abominable weather, when they might be radiant with warmth and surfeited with lazy luxury beneath well-tucked quilts and blankets? Was it not the height of folly for men to spend the day in bending over ledgers or building bridges or planning to snatch a few dollars from their neighbors, when they might recline at their ease? After all, the same history which recorded the deeds of Alexander, who had disturbed the world by surging, with energetic phalanxes, over its subjugated surface, had found time to tell of the wise man who had passed his days prone against a barrel in the sunshine. Mr. Shoddy felt profound sympathy for Diogenes, and a disgust for the hustling remainder of humanity.

And then his ratiocinations became very vague and fanciful, and then he slept.

At intervals his placid and tranquil repose lightened into "sweet unrest," and on one of these occasions he became painfully conscious that the clock registered ten minutes of eleven. He shuddered at the idea of having to rouse himself from a beatific lethargy in order to keep a pale-faced appointment with the dean. His existence just now was a very idyl; it seemed cruel for a gentleman of the temperament to be under the necessity of accounting for chapel absences. Faintly, just then, he heard the far-off ringing of the college bell, and simultaneously the blinds rattled in the wind. He fancied the doings of his benighted fellow students at college. Now they were probably running frantically to classes, frenzied at the fear of being tardy,—mere puppets rushed hither

and thither by schedule. And so they would spend their brief, pellmell lives—always busy, always hurrying about in craven obedience to the clock, until it ticked off their last minute as inexorably as it had ticked off the rest.

Mr. Shoddy evinced the greatness of his spirit by sinking further beneath the cover and, pleased with a delicious warmth, resigned himself to a rosy dream of a clockless eternity.

After an uncertain interval he was roused by a rude shoulder-shake. An acquaintance stood by his bed. The unruffled Shoddy eyed the newcomer passively.

"Thought I'd drop in and let you know what has happened to you, Shoddy," volunteered the philistine. "They say you have been suspended on account of chapel absences, general principles, and so forth."

A slight frown on the face of the supine one passed into a smile of imperturbable calm.

"In that event," he observed with equanimity, "college duties will no longer interrupt my leisure."

Whereupon the philosopher turned his face to the wall, and did sleep.

WITH THE SOUL

D. H. L.

We can see beyond our world of things
Far out in the great unknown;
Where angels sweep with their snowy wings,
And God is on His throne.

For far beyond, oftimes it seems,
Through realms of endless space,
Clear to my soul His glory gleams;
And I can see His face.

And when He comes to set me free
From earthly cares and fears;
With Him, my Friend, then will there be
Eternity, not years.

SOVEREIGN STATE RIGHTS AND INTER-
STATE ILLS

J. BAIRD EDWARDS.

An eminent authority on "international law" has defined a state, as a "sovereign political unity." This is the generally accepted definition of a state, in the broad, comprehensive sense of the word, by men who have viewed it in the light of international law. It suffices to say, that this article does not purpose to give a detailed account of the origin, growth and development of sovereign states, or their formation into the great federation of states, but it has only to do with the individual rights of sovereign states, and something of their international relationship.

Just as every law-abiding individual has an indispensable right to social life, every sovereign state has a similar right to international life. The same equitable standard which determines individual rights in society, is also the standard by which all interstate rights are measured. When the civilized people of any country become properly qualified for the administration of justice, sever their inter-dependent relations with all sovereign powers, declare their independence, and establish a government of their own, they have acquired an international right to act in the capacity of a sovereign state. The steady advance of civilization, together with the broad experimentations of many nations with innumerable forms of government, have tended to crystallize this right of sovereign state existence, and has resulted in the development of a vigorous spirit of political independence throughout the nations; consequently within the last few centuries many new sovereign states have been born.

The almost universal attempt of the different peoples of

the globe to obtain political sovereignty, has occasioned the recent codification of certain essential characteristics of a sovereign state, that have been incorporated into international law. The first of these is the right of existence. Before any independently governed people can be recognized as a sovereign state, they must conform to the requirements of state sovereignty, that have been named by international consent, and by which all political sovereignties of the whole civilized world are today governed. When conformity to these international laws has been made, and is so recognized internationally the prospective sovereign state has entered into the full international fellowship of sovereign states.

A second essential characteristic of absolute state sovereignty follows closely upon the heels of the one already mentioned, and is not in the least diminished in importance, namely, the right of self-preservation. Any self-governing people setting up a political sovereignty and receiving international recognition is thereby insured the right of self-preservation. Just as self-preservation is the first law of nature, it is also the first law of state sovereignty. A sovereign subject may exercise every effort possible, either in behalf of its government or for the protection of its citizens, so long as such efforts do not interfere with the rights and liberties of another sovereign state. It is this inherent spirit of self-preservation that gives stimuli to the activities of the state, and fires it with a strong national patriotism.

While the rights of existence and self-preservation are regarded as prerequisites to the formation of a state, still there are drawn by international law, certain lines of demarcation, which regulate the behavior of both neutral and belligerent states, in matters of diplomacy and in times of war. In case of any diplomatic controversy, or the declaration of war on the part of two or more states, all other sovereign states are compelled to keep their silence, or else their neutrality is vio-

lated. Every neutral sovereign state "must keep hands off" until some sort of determination shall have been made. No material interference being permissible, except by way of mediation. When belligerent states may disagree, a neutral state may step in as a peacemaker or mediator. Many controversies between belligerents have been satisfactorily settled by mediation. Although not acting exactly in the capacity of a mediator, only a few months ago, President Wilson issued a statement to the belligerent powers of Europe, expressing his regrets that the war had occurred, and showing his willingness to do anything in his power that might be for the best interests of the nations, whenever such opportunity should be presented him.

This mediatory method was successfully used by President Roosevelt in 1905 in bringing to a close the Japanese-Russian war. This is perhaps the most far-reaching and effective application of mediation in the settlement of international controversies that is found in history.

While the duty of non-intervention is safely regarded as international law, yet the discharge of this duty would in some instances prove despotic and destructive. There are times when even the neutrality of a nation may be justifiably broken, and all international law transgressed. Sovereign states may interfere and go to war in behalf of humanity, as did the United States in defense of helpless and dying Cuba. As a civilized Christian nation, although a thoroughbred sovereign state, it was our duty to go to war in behalf of humanity. This single example serves to suggest the justification of neutral sovereign states to interfere with belligerents, where the interests of humanity are deeply involved.

The last two essential characteristics of a sovereign state to be mentioned are independence and equality. No nation can remain subservient to another and become a sovereign state. Independence and equality are the breastplates of state sov-

ereignty and the hearthstones of international law. They are the two great channels, through which flow the currents of international justice. Well grounded is the aged conception, that every tongue and territory should be independently equal in the parliament of nations. As yet there has never been created a high tribunal, having jurisdiction over all the states, for the purpose of enforcing international laws and agreements. But the international rights of the states are almost entirely determined by the individual states themselves, acting in harmony with one another. All interstate agreements are nothing more than the mutual assents of the several states, and are subordinated by the integrity of the states. No international regulation can be made stronger than the weakest of its international regulators. This doctrine is especially applicable to international law, because of the universality of its scope, and its marked dissimilarity to all other kinds of civil law. International law is a common product of all the states, and its effectiveness is largely dependent upon the associated intensity with which the various states endeavor to establish an interstate equity, which will ultimately find expression in the temper of the world's conscience.

The world's common interests have been in the past greatly jeopardized by the uncompromising selfishness and irrationality of the several states. It is the poisoned conditions of the world's conscience today, that is primarily responsible for the wholesale hatching of international controversies. The lazy indifference with which the states of the universe have been fumbling for centuries with meaningless treaties, has intensified the struggle of the state for international supremacy. All this diplomatic confusion has resulted in an exaggeration of the significance of "national honor," and an overemphasis has been placed on the sacredness of state sovereignty. Consequently international interests have been

neglected, and the international conscience has been blighted. Now we witness the whole of Europe plunged into the vortex of a bloody revolution, the like of which history has no record. The present European conflict is a direct product of the ambition of a few states, accompanied by their super-abundance of faith in arbitrary negotiations. Too many treaties have a tendency to compromise the integrity and deaden the consciences of nations. The bloody drama that is now being staged in Europe is another catastrophe added to a number of the world's bloodiest wars, which were rocked in the cradle of lingering treaties and nourished upon the bosom of futile compromises.

After the direful results of the present conflagration, in which Europe's map will doubtless be changed, have been realized, when the tired and wornout belligerent states have been cowed and pauperized by the lingering disasters of war, and the United States still retains her position as "a bold and puissant nation," yet calm and level-headed, surely then will be the crucial moment for her to take the lead in the council of nations, as the champion of a reliable remedy, whereby every political sovereignty the world over may lend a helping hand toward the healing of the world's conscience, and the rapid development of a strong internationalism.

TO THE WINTER PINE

C. A. MOSELEY.

O pine, cold-hearted pine! why art thou ever young?
So ever fair and green?
Hast ne'er committed crime or sin or shame or wrong
'Mid April's sunny gleam?

Green sentinel of the winter wood, art thou above
All human weaknesses?
Standing erect amid the ruins of mortal love,
O thou companionless!

Ah! in the spring when violets bloomed around thy base
Was not thy cold heart warm
With love, O brother, feeling the innocent gaze
Of that sweet flow'ret swarm?

O the woods are sepulchres of hoary death!
Bend low, O winter pine,
And whisper mem'ries of the springtime heath
And lovers' hearts atwine.

What of the stars and moon in heaven's blue sky?
O list to the psalm
Of winds, heart broken, mourning with bitter sigh
The death of summer's calm.

O beauty that is gone, O youth now fled!
I bow my head beneath
The winter boughs and think, with youthful dreams all dead
Of sorrow laden death.

HAIR TONIC PLUS TRAGEDY

C. A. MOSELEY.

"Oh, the scoundrel!" expostulated my ol' pal, Bill.

"Whar?" I inquired, lookin' up from the paper I wuz pretendin' to read. Me an' Bill had lately bin promoted to foreman's jobs in the little cotton mill at home an' wuz treatin' ourselves to a summer vacation on the side. Natcherly I looked up when he made the conspicuous statement we have prefixed above. Bill pinte'd his finger at a dark, fat dude of middle age that wuz a comin' down the aisle o' the car. Though he wuz dressed like a swell an' embellished with joolry, I knew at wunst that he wuz from common stock like me and Bill. As he passed by I heered Bill mutter in his heard something erbout a red livered dawg.

"What's the trouble atween this gintleman an' you?" I asked solicitus.

"What!" sez Bill, "can't ye see he's a villin. I'm ashamed o' myself that I didn't git up an smash his fat face fer 'im. I never seed sich a disgustin' villin in all my auto-be-o-graffy."

"Why, I didn't see anything out o' the ordinary in the gintleman," I sed to tease Bill.

Bill looked at me with compassion in his optics. "Henry," he said, "some people are mighty dull an' stupid. Most folks would have known he's a villin by lookin' at 'im. Howsomever, as ye're my friend I'll belittle the feller for your satisfaction."

With that he lit his pipe an' I begun to prepare for the squall o' adjectives, pronouns, an' verbs that I knew wuz a comin' by the foggy look in his eyes. I fixed my optics on his stub nose where it debases itself above his red whiskers an' seems to apologize for the rest o' his face, as he begun to labor with his langwidge like a brig at sea.

"Henry," he sez, "have ye ever knowed me to vilify my mother or my friends?"

"Ye are the king o' men," I says. "Proceed with yer argumint."

"Well," he resumes, "let me intodooce ye to the town of Greenville, which figgers in my narration. It wuz there that I fust met this stone status in pants what has just passed. The cotton mill at home had shut down fer a spell on account o' hard times an' I went to Greenville to git a job in the mill there. By chance I sot next to this feller, Jim Morris is his name, at the boardin' house table an' soon became acquainted with Jim. Every evenin' he 'ud cum to his room from work in the mills an' shed his clothes all kivered with cotton shreds. Then he 'ud dress up like a swell an' go down street an' hang aroun' the drug stores an' pictur shows. Wuzn't long before he wuz gamblin' an' runnin' with fast wimen. Every night he 'ud cum to my room an' tell me all about it. I would lecture him, but it didn't do no good. Finally he got to borrowin' money from me an' refused to pay it back when I axed fer it. This riled me considerable.

"'Jim Morris,' I said 'ye ain't fit fer hoss feed. This here gamblin' bizness is a goin' to bring ye to the gallows. Besides, ye ain't treatin' me fair. I trusted you an' you have deceived me. Fr'm now on I sever all conjugal relations with ye. If you have a mother, think o' her and try to reform.' At that he turned pale an' I afterwards larned why.

"All th' time I wuz a savin' up my money, fer I knowed that a certain red haired girl wuz a waitin' fer me. While workin' in th' factory, I could see her a standin' at the gate with a wistful smile on 'er face an' heer her asayin' these words above the noise o' the machinery, 'Behave, Bill, ol' top. I'll wait fer ye.' She wuz a fine lass, she wuz, an' has bin a heap o' comfort to me.

"Arter this digreshun, I cum back to my subject. The next

scene in the dramy I'm a tellin' ye is the pictur of yer humble servant a sellin' hair tonic to the peaceful citizens o' Cotton Town. But what does that hev to do with this crook, Morris, ye ask. I'm a comin' to that. I wuz makin' money mighty slow in the factory an' so when a slick drummer feller made me a proposition, I fell fer it. All yer had ter do wuz to fill up yer suitcase with bottles o' hair tonic, locate in some populated oases, distribute yeller circulars to the inhabitants, an' when the hubbub an' excitement had waned, leisurely stroll down th' streets an' collect yer dividends.

"Well, I struck out fer Cotton Town an' put up at a fust-class hotel. Then I distributed my circulars in a sensational an' thrillin' manner an' went to bed. The next morning I et a hearty breakfast an' opened up hostilities. I soon diskivered that there wuzn't no hubbub nor commotion over the perfidious concoction, labeled Bronson's Hair Tonic. In the course o' the day, I made a few converts among the bald-headed men an' ol' maids, but on the whole my enterprise wuz a bloomin' disaster.

"Close on ter night I knocked on the door of a small cottage out in the suburbs o' the town. Well I recollect it. A little ol' woman with bent shoulders an' timid, wistful, patient blue eyes behind a pair o' iron-rimmed specs, opened the door. She invited me in an' I took a seat an' presented fer her inspection 'the salvation of the baldheaded man.'

"'No, Mr. Thompson,' she sez, 'I can't take none o' your hair tonic. I am sorry, but I am so poor I can't afford it.'

"'Hard times?' I suggests.

"'No,' she sez, 'I allers bin poor an' it's allers bin hard times. Ever sence I kin rekollect I've had to work hard. It does seem like the good Lord would let us poor sinners rest a little. My husband died a few years arter we wuz married an' left me to raise an' support our only child, a boy. But what a boy he wuz! He wuz the pride o' my heart. I eddi-

cated him an' taught 'im the Bible. An' how quick he wuz to learn!

"'Hev ye ever had dreams?' she asks.

"'Yes, ma'am,' I sez.

"'Well, he wuz the dream o' my life. I dreamt of him a growin' up big an' strong an' brave to support his ol' mother in her old age. Yes, maybe it wuz wrong o' me to think it, but I dreamed o' restin' in my old age. I wuz to sit back in a little cottage of my own an' do nothing except cook an' sweep an' potter aroun' in the garden an' feed the chickens an' a lot o' things like that. An' then there wuz to be roses,—roses all around the yard an' runnin' up the sides o' the house. My sakes alive! how I dreamed o' roses. It wuz allers so dirty an' dusty in the mill. But shucks, it wuz all a dream an' couldn't come true. I might have knowed it.'

"'There wuz tears in the ol' lady's eyes.

"'Now,' she continues, 'he's got the tubercylossis. He writes fer money every week an' I send him all I kin spare. It's a hard thing to bear, but it's life, I reckon.' An' her eyes wuz mist.

"'What's yer son's fambly name?' I sez.

"'Jim Morris,' she sez. 'He works in the cotton mill at Greenville.'

"'Well, Henry, when she said that I wuz plumb dumb-founded. I knew the sorry cuss didn't hev no bugs no more'n me or you. He wuz a graftin' his own mother. I wuz speechless with fury, but I couldn't show 'im up to his own mother. I resolved, howsomever, to write a letter to the monster an' threaten to expose him to public scorn if he didn't stop his blackmailin' stunt. When I riz up to go I sez, 'Mis' Morris, I'm a goin' to present ye with a bottle o' hair tonic fer nothing.' I reached in my valise, extracted one o' my jewels an' presented it to her. I never seed a woman so

pleased before in all my life. An' I left her a smilin' at her work.

"When I got out in the street I stopped to reflect. Here wuz this pore ol' leddy a sewin' an' a scrimpin' to make ends meet whilo her son wuz a drinkin' an' gamblin' an' running with fast wimen. I tell ye it wuz a shame. Afore I knowed it there wuz a tear in my eye. Fer a minute I wuz plumb seared. 'Bill,' I sez to myself, 'there's something the matter with ye. Ye better go see an' apothecary.' As I wuz a reflectin' on what I orter do a grocery waggin come a bustin' down the street an' liked to rin over me. I jumped to one side an' disturbed the peace of an ol' speckled hen that wuz a dinin' on the public boulevards an' an ol' yeller cur that wuz a trottin' down the road with his tail elevated considerable.

"When I got to my room I sot down an' writ a scorchin' letter to Morris. I 'lowed it would fix his clock. The next mornin' I lit out fer another town to prosecute my bizness an' it wuz a month afore I drapped back into Cotton Town again. The first thing I did wuz to inquire arter Mis' Morris.

"'Sho's dead,' a salubrious lookin' gintleman informs me. It wuz some timo before I could dislodge the perticklers fr'm him.

"'She wuz took sudden,' he sez. 'Some o' the neighbors waited on hor. Sho wouldn't hev no doctor, sed it 'ud cost too much. Afore sho died she began to rave erbout her son Jim, an' dreams an' roses an' sewin' machines an' hair tonic.'

"'Yo don't mean it?' I sez. 'She didn't say hair tonic?'

"'B'lieve it or not,' he returns, 'she sed it. My wife wuz thar an' heard her.'

"I didn't stop to hear no more, I wuz that moved. I bought a bunch o' flowers an' hiked it out to the cimetary fer the poor folks. There wuz her grave, a fresh mound o' dirt with a wooden slab at the head bearin' her name. I unknivered my

head an' laid my flowers on the grave. Then I took to my heels an' begun to pinch myself to distract my thots, fer there wuz a suspichus mistenin' in my front winders.

"Well, when I got back to town, there wuz Jim Morris a settin' on the piazzy o' the hotel, an' smokin' a big, black seegar. Fer a momint I almos' stopped breathin', I wuz so mad. Then I pranced up to him an' sed:

"'Jim Morris,' I sez, 'I'm goner give ye the beatin' o' yer life, ye infarnel scoundrel.' With that I pitched into him an' only modesty restrains me fr'm tellin' ye to what narrer straits I reeduced 'im. When I had walloped 'im to my satisfaction, I left 'im a lyin' on the porch an' boarded the next train that passed by. The only thing that kep' me fr'm turnin' 'im over to the populace o' the town wuz the mem'ry o' his mother; fer I knowed they 'ud kill 'im."

Bill came to an end of his story an' sank into melancholy.

"What's the villin doin' now?" I axed.

"I heer he's operatin' a moving pictur show. He oughter be shot, tho'. Thar's no justice in the ol' world."

For a few minutes Bill looked real sad. Then a smile begun to spread itself over th' crevices of his good-natured face an' I knew that he had fergotten the ol' leddy, hair tonic an' all.

"Bill," I sez, "ain't ye glad we're foremans?"

"Yes," he sez. "Besides, my wife kissed me this mornin' for the first time in two years."

FRANKLIN VERSUS WOOLMAN

P. E. DOWNS.

We have two of America's most representative Colonial writers represented in these. Each was born of poor, humble, but pious parents, who endeavored to do the very best they possibly could for their sons. Franklin outlived Woolman eighteen years, yet he was his senior by fourteen.

Woolman, the great altruistic, supplemented Franklin in teaching what the great aim in life should be, which he said is, "To grow more capable of seeing those spiritual realities which were before invisible." Just as *Poor Richard's Almanac* and his *Autobiography* immortalized Franklin, as it were, the *Journal* of Woolman has done the same for him. It will help to develop that side of human nature that needs development most. By reading it, one will have his sympathies broadened, and will have developed a keener sense of responsibility for the purpose of relieving the world of its misery and wretchedness. Charles Lamb once said, "Get the writings of Woolman by heart." While Whittier in writing of the *Journal* said: "I have been awed and solemnized by the presence of a serene and beautiful spirit, redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness, and I have been made thankful for the ability to recognize and the disposition to love." Thus, we see the estimation these two learned men placed upon him and his *Journal*.

Franklin was shrewd, having spent fifty years of his life in preparing for the work, which was to win him honor and fame wherever his name is known. During his early life he associated with those who were loose in morals, but as he grew older these were cut loose from. By the time he was fifty, his studies in electricity had won him European reputation;

and there was no American who was of more deserved local importance. During this time he had written and published copiously. None of his work, strictly speaking, may be classed as literary from the simple fact that his chief purpose and motive was either to instruct the people concerning his scientific and other discoveries and inventions or else as *Poor Richard's Almanac* to influence conduct. This doubtless comes the nearest to being pure literature of any of his works.

Though a man of plain people, he was coolly preferring the study of earthly accomplishments to any questions which concerned matters beyond human life. He was a Presbyterian; that is, he was religiously educated as such. He tells how he was impressed by the Presbyterian minister, who was accustomed to visit him rather frequently, by referring to his sermons in these words: "They were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens."

Franklin was not so peculiar as the above statement of his might seem to represent him. He was willing to give any man an honest hearing, and if he felt impressed to do anything, he did it. This is seen in his experience with George Whitefield on one occasion when he went to hear him preach. During the sermon he was made to believe that a collection was to be taken at the close. He resolved in his mind that he would not give Mr. Whitefield anything, but before he closed he had become somewhat softened and decided to give the copper money he had; finally he was so moved by the persuasive power of Whitefield that he emptied the entire contents of his pocket, including gold and silver, into the collection basket as it was passed.

When Franklin appeared before the House of Commons in 1776, his examination shows him as a public man at his best,—a man of common sense. Doubtless no other Ameri-

can lives so well in the opinion of the latter-day Americans as Benjamin Franklin, and there appears to be two reasons for this: One is, that of practical learning, shrewd mother wit, honesty, and patriotism. The other is that he is the most complete representative of his century that any nation can point to.

With Franklin, American journalism began. About ninety-three years after Franklin published his *Almanac*, Balzac thought he could turn the lanky American moralist into a French vicar. This fact seems to prove that he was already a man of letters, although he and those who were willing to agree with him in importance hardly suspected any such. In his capacity as a man of letters, he is one of the few among American writers, who is a "cosmopolitan" classic, and this in spite of the fact that he was not devoted to literature primarily. His writings have lived, while others of a more deliberate nature have failed to exist any reasonable length of time. This may be said to be due to the fact that whenever he took up his pen he gave us himself, not merely his actions and thought. He is a great writer, not because of the materials he used in producing what he did, but because he is Franklin acting in that capacity.

His *Autobiography* in its popularity has been placed along with *Robinson Crusoe* by some critics. Doubtless no one will ever be able to reach Franklin's fame without an education. He endeavored hard to get an education, and worthy of mention are his own words: "From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. * * * Plutarch's *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called

Essays to do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night."

He defined leisure as "time for doing something useful." This leisure, whenever he had it, he used chiefly for the benefit of others. For the same reason, he could write in his *Autobiography* at the age of twenty-six: "Were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantage authors have in a second edition, to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer. Since such a repetition is not to be expected, the next thing like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life."

The lack of education and a broad experience which such training usually brings is shown and demonstrated in Woolman's writings by his expressions and imaginative powers, but these deficiencies are covered over by the beauty and intensity in his writing. He spent much of his time traveling as a Quaker preacher doing mission work among the Indians and the poor. He was a man full of sympathy. This is seen in his attitude towards slavery. After visiting the Carolinas in 1746, his mind became more occupied with the institution of slavery until, finally he refused to write a will bequeathing slaves to the heirs. He tried to persuade his Quaker brethren to give up their slaves. While trying to better the conditions of the Indians, it grieved him mightily for the traders to intoxicate them for the purpose of trying to cheat them out of their furs and skins.

Here is the estimation a Harvard president placed upon the two. In issuing a list of books to be read he put Frank-

lin's *Autobiography* first, with John Woolman's *Journal* second. Franklin looked at this world continually, while Woolman turned his attention to the next. He devoted himself to the spiritual acquaintance, and was as successful in this as some of his more worldly minded neighbors. He went to England and died in York in 1772 of smallpox, leaving behind him a reputation for simple-hearted and single-minded piety and benevolence that can hardly be equalled, and can not be excelled.

When it is said that Woolman's writings reveal his life and character with rare fidelity, it would naturally seem that no higher praise could be given than that they should be classed as classics. His *Journal* is all the more endeared to its lovers because it is one that is not read by all. This is a pity, that such a piece of work from a sincere, saintly life should thus be ignored, as it were. It is a pity that it is not known by all from childhood to old age. The question arises, why is it not read more, having come from such a lovely and sympathetic heart, such a record of unselfish devotion to humanity? Why is not Woolman known better than Franklin? It must be in the literary charm of the characters and writers.

There are very few magazine articles written on Woolman, while there are scores on Franklin. In the library here, there is only reference made to two articles on Woolman, and neither of the magazines is in the library. When it comes to his *Journal* here in the library, the general appearance reveals the fact that it has been read very little. Until this particular occasion, we think it can be safely said that it had not been out of the library inside of four years at the very least. Woolman suffers, it seems, from the defects of his qualities. He has no eye for the beauties of nature, and no background of culture. He lacked the charm of mobility. We can see his nobility, but we can not shut our eyes against his morbidity. As it has been said, "He would not drink

out of silver vessels, and alas! the great world will not drink out of his earthen one." His *Journal* does not have the charm of self-revelation as does Franklin's *Autobiography*. Its defects are those of the man.

LIVE TODAY

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

If we could pierce the misty veil
Which hides the coming years,
If we could see both calm and gale,
Our future joys and tears;

If we could glance beyond today
At what tomorrow holds;
If we could see far on the way
That which great time enfolds;

Ah! would we sad or happy be
For what awaits us there?
And would the visions we could see
Bring sunshine or despair?

But we all know "God rules above,
All's well down here below";
So we should trust His tender love,
And in His likeness grow.

IMPLEMENTS OF MODERN WARFARE

BASIL M. BOYD.

What a wonderful change has been wrought in the modes of warfare! The transition from the cumbersome implements of the savage to the marvelous inventions of the present is a great triumph for the inventive genius of the race. As invention revolutionized the modes of industry and transportation, so it has wrought the same miraculous changes on the field of battle. Today the greatest inventions of modern genius are playing their first great rôle in the awful drama of war. As the present conflict is destined to be the climax of these horrible performances, it is fitting that the marvelous inventions of man should play their first conspicuous rôle in this gigantic struggle of the human race. Along with the awful horrors of the present conflict we are almost forced to look with admiration on the tremendous forces of men and implements arrayed in battle on the European arena. Although the demon of militarism seems to be casting the last vestige of civilization into the maddening flames of war and the human race seems to be intoxicated with the desire for life, yet it is a triumph for modern scientific inventions.

The most prominent rôle thus far in the war has been acted by the *aëroplane*. Perhaps the greatest service rendered by this implement has been in watching movements of the enemy. At the outset of the conflict Germany, notwithstanding her half century of preparation in other respects, began the war on the old plan of relying upon trained numbers for victory. In an exceedingly short time she mobilized her tremendous forces and started on the march to Paris via Belgium. When the news reached us of the heroic stand of the little Belgian army and how it checked the onward march of the mighty

German forces it was almost unbelievable. But now it is plain. While the Germans were marching on toward Paris anticipating an unencumbered pathway through little Belgium, the Belgian air scouts were busy changing the guess as to what the Germans were doing into a certainty. The result was that when the Germans reached Belgium they were met by the united resistance of the Belgian army, thus perhaps saving Paris from the hands of the Kaiser and scoring the first triumph of the *aéroplane*.

The old system of the horseback scout with the spy glasses is now supplemented by the air scout who ascends into the air anywhere from one to three thousand feet and gets a view of the country ranging over several square miles. It is this instantaneous scouting ability that makes the air machine so valuable. No commander need fear any longer the sudden surprise and attack of the enemy. The advent of this new implement into military strategy is a great factor in solving the problems which confront every general in planning his marches and attacks.

Not only is the *aéroplane* playing an important part in the strategic activities of the war, but it is being used to great advantage on the battlefield in connection with the modern artillery. The operations of the infantry and cavalry in the present war are much the same as heretofore, but the artillery is different. Formerly the artillery gun was placed on the hill to await the approach of the enemy. Now the gun is concealed behind the hill—the gunner, obeying directions from the air scout, fires the gun into the air at an angle carefully calculated and hits the enemy at a distance of two miles. Colonel Estienne of the French army says: "No device or technical invention has been developed which increases the efficiency of the artillery as much as the *aéroplane* does." This combined operation of the air scout and the artillery is one of the marvelous features of the present war. To this

combination of forces is due the almost instantaneous taking of the Belgian strongholds which were once considered impregnable to any force of the enemy.

The combination of operations between the air scout is not confined to land alone, but it is extended to the waters as well. The submarine, directed from above, is threatening the big ship's supremacy of the sea. These stately monsters of the mighty ocean which have been the pride and hope of nations are now rendered helpless by this unseen fish of the waters. It was the German submarine U-9 which played havoc with the three British cruisers in the North Sea several weeks ago. That won the first underwater victory. Today the mightiest war monster afloat may be suddenly sunk by one daring stroke of the submarine. Is it not probable that this newcomer to the waters is destined to eventually drive the warships from the sea? Certainly it is destined to play an important part in the future activities of naval warfare. Some enthusiasts already see in this new invention the solution of the problem to check the mad race for supremacy in naval armaments.

The already increasing popularity of the motor truck as an instrument of transportation and service has been greatly enhanced during the few months of the war. Here its real service capacity has passed beyond the dreams of its inventors. In the first place it is serving in the place of animal transportation. The number of horses and mules necessary in any war always creates a problem, since the average life of the animal in warfare is eighteen days. By these statistics it is readily seen that the advent of the motor truck into the present conflict will result in the saving of tremendous numbers of horses. One would think at first that the motor truck would be of little service in actual warfare, but experience is demonstrating the opposite to this. "To an outside observer," says the *Review of Reviews*, "it must indeed be an in-

teresting picture to see a dashing general sending two or three thousand reinforcements to a weak spot in his line by motor." This picture was entirely unknown to the battlefields of the past.

The motor truck is proving a mighty factor in solving the financial burden imposed by the supply trains. This immense string of cumbersome wagons and teams so necessary for any army is now reduced to more than one-half by the use of the handy trucks. This substitution is resulting in more satisfactory service at less cost. The powerful guns and loads of provisions are now drawn a distance in nine hours which heretofore required three or four days. By the use of this vehicle of transportation the armies of the present are given a greater range from their base of supplies than was ever deemed expedient in military operations.

Just what effect the dirigibles will have upon the outcome of the war is yet uncertain. Many conjectures have been made about Germany's relying upon a cruise of a fleet of her Zeppelins for final victory. This is yet to be demonstrated. It is no easy task for these modern, colossal Zeppelins to make their destructive cruise without being destroyed themselves. Perhaps this is the picture of which Tennyson sings in his oft quoted lines when he speaks of seeing

The nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

The greatest hindrance to the success of these air monsters is the flect-winged, armored biplane. The success of the dirigibles in actual warfare is yet undecided. As the scare seems to be increasing, perhaps they will be given a showing sometime in the near future.

With the demonstrated success of the aëroplane, the submarines, and the motor truck, along with the anticipated success of the dirigibles, the new implements promise to play a great part in deciding the present conflict. To these new implements is due the revolutionized mode of warfare.

The Wake Forest Student

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JANUARY, 1915.

No. 4

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. T. JOHNSTON, Editor.

Greetings

To every man in college, upper-classmen, freshmen, and the "gifties" brought by Santa Claus, THE STUDENT extends a hearty New Year's greeting. To those who have lent their aid during the months of the fall term when material seemed "ever elusive," we extend our appreciation. To the advertisers who make the publication of the magazine possible, to the loyal alumni scattered over this and other lands who do not

forget their old college magazine, to the faculty, to the friends of the college everywhere, we extend the season's most joyous greetings.

We felt good (pardon the psychological error) the other day when a money order for a few shillings and some pence came from an alumnus who is active in the world's largest city. All is not thorns in the path of the staff of a college magazine. May few thorns be in your paths, friends of ours!

And now may we wish you an old wish in a new form? We wish you a busy New Year! And we can not wish you better.

**Our Special
Issue**

We are planning to get out a special issue in February in honor of the Wake Forest Law School. The alumni are rallying to our aid with heartiness and enthusiasm. The friends of the Law School number all those who know it and Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake. The record it has made is not surpassed by any law school in North Carolina. Let the record speak for itself through a host of alumni in February.

**Athletics—
Appreciation
and Outlook**

The record of our football team under the direction of Dr. Smith deserves all the admiration and commendation it has received,—and more. To win both games played on the home field, to outplay Carolina at Raleigh, and win from Davidson at Charlotte,—these are achievements of which to be proud. Every member of the team has worked manfully during the whole season; but none will contradict us when we say that success has been due to the excellent coaching of Dr. Smith.

This year has marked the beginning of a new athletic era for Wake Forest. The placing of the management in the

hands of the faculty was no doubt a step in the right direction. The selection of Dr. Smith as football coach was the next act of wisdom, as events have shown. But we believe that there is something yet to be done. We must have Dr. Smith again next year. And he must be paid for his services. The schedules should be made with the financial phase in the forefront.

And why not an athletic fee? That gives the management something definite to start with. It unites the students behind the team. It has worked well in all the colleges that have it. It is better than the present system, being more certain,—and it gives something to every man for his money instead of taking four bucks from some who do not buy tickets and thus receive nothing.

Washington and Jefferson with 275 students and Wake Forest this year have upset the dope that a small college can not put out a football team. The start has been made here. Every loyal college man should do his part to put Wake Forest on the athletic map to stay. Four hundred are ready to rush together and throw fuel on the bonfire when good news comes from Charlotte. A spirit like that all the time would work mightily toward increasing the number of bonfires.

Bear these things in mind as we hail basket-ball, the indoor sport, and next spring when our boys fight for us on the diamond.

A New Foe in the Forum

It is now practically certain that Wake Forest will debate Richmond College next spring. The debate is to be a double-barreled one. The facts will be more definitely announced later, but if held, one debate will be here and the other at Richmond on the same night, each team debating both sides of the same question.

Four debaters and two alternates will be selected from the student body. Every man who can stand up and talk effectively should try for these places; those who win should be made to feel that they have been through a fight; thus, they will be all the stronger when they meet Richmond's debaters. And the winners should have just as loyal a support from the student body as our heroes of the gridiron and the diamond.

No one who witnessed the assembling of the **The Convention** Baptist State Convention in the new church building on December 9th will ever forget the scene. It was altogether an inspiring occasion, such as comes rarely to communities or individuals. Our co-laborer describes it in the news department; but we can not refrain from this expression of our sense of its importance.

Pastor Johnson's address on the church building was one of the best we have ever listened to. At some points, it was magnificent; and the close was most dramatic. One forgot the beauty of the decorations enhanced by electricity, the comfort and convenience of the building compared with the chapel of other years, and saw that more was at stake than a mere building in the tense situation the Convention was facing. The Convention met it, however; and now may Pastor Johnson feel the burden lighten on his manly shoulders!

Had You Thought About It? The critic accomplishes very little,—and receives small praise. We would not be a critic. But, men, had you thought about it? This habit of stamping the feet at chapel when announcements are made, often interrupting the president or the dean, cheering every chance entrance at a public occasion, and like

demonstrations, is a habit we could well rid ourselves of. We would say that it was high-schoolish; but we fear that some self-respecting high school might with cause become offended.

It is not the traditional rough-necks who are always the guilty parties, either, but men who shun that title with a self-righteous persistence. "Pep," you say? It is not the place for that; and besides these very men are frequently seen silent in seven languages on the athletic field. The question is, is it worthy of us as college men? Is it the best exhibition of college spirit or of manners? Think about it men; shall we teach this habit to the freshmen and they to those who follow them and thus perpetuate it?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor.

"The time has come, the walrus said,
To talk of many things.
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings."

While we have been garnering facts from text-books, the Wake Forest bees have been no less industrious. For several years they have been extracting the sweets o' the campus and the fields and have been storing them under the weatherboarding of the McKinnon house. The other day several students placed a ladder against the side of the house, made a hole in the weatherboarding, and extracted twenty-five or thirty pounds of honey under the personal superintendance of a large and gaping crowd. All the college wits were present and acquitted themselves well. We hope that the results of our labor will prove more stable than those of our biblical friend, the busy bee.

Thanksgiving night was spent in celebrating the victory of our football squad at Charlotte. A large bonfire lit up the heavens and the college buildings. The usual symbols of victory were placed in the usual places, to wit, the water tank and the bulletin board.

Friday morning after Thanksgiving day (we hear that hens were substituted for turkeys at most of the clubs) was spent in preparing to meet the arrival of our victorious football team on No. 12. A one-horse wagon was profusely decorated with old gold and black in front of the administration building and used as a platform for our foremost orators. Doctor Tom of the School of Campus Euthetics and Manual Arts made a long speech, in which he characterized our vic-

tory as the "noblest an' the grandest in th' history of the institushon." After closing his peroration he took his seat on a stool in the anterior end of the wagon, allowed a tall dunce's hat to be strapped to his head, and clucked to the student "hosses." The wagon started off toward the depot amid the barbaric shouts of all our assembled scholars, with Davidson's colors, which had been affixed to the posterior end of the wagon, trailing ignominiously in the dust. At the depot, the population of the town was gathered to do justice to the occasion. The ladies lined the bank above the railroad, while the "coarser clay" disported itself along the railroad line or hid itself from the glare of the sun under the railway shed. A band played stirring music. Cigar smoke arose in the air. All the drug stores were decorated, as well as the piazza of the Allen Hotel. The crowd was animated, ceaselessly in movement. Our local "sports" hurried hither and thither. "Nigger" bootblacks and "niggers" of all kinds gave a sombre coloring to the setting. Farmers gaped in silent enjoyment with their hands in their pockets or behind their backs or folded across their chests. Our beloved chief o' police balanced himself on a rail, with a cigarette in his mouth, while Doctor Tom, from his eminence in the wagon, pulled tranquilly at a huge black cigar, the compliment of some standerby, to the intense enjoyment of the spectators. Soon the iron monster arrived at the station and stopped with a great clacking of wheels. A cheer was given, but alas! only one football player descended from the car. Doctor Tom solaced the crowd with a few remarks, in which he mentioned quite appropriately the name of the immortal Shakespeare and it soon dispersed. The drugstore reclaimed its habitués, the dormitory its scholars, and the hubbub of a great event subsided into the calm of normality.

The anniversary marshals from the two societies for the year 1915 are as follows:

Philomathesian.

T. L. Bennet, of Brunswick County, Chief Marshal.
W. C. Howard, of Chatham County, Sophomore Marshal.
F. K. Briggs, of Robeson County, Freshman Marshal

Euzelian.

P. E. Downs, of Cleveland County, Chief Marshal.
W. S. Clark, of Northampton County, Junior Marshal.
E. E. Wilson, of Sampson County, Sophomore Marshal.

On Friday night, December 4th, Dr. Cope of Chicago, one of the country's leading thinkers in the field of religious education, lectured to a large and appreciative audience of students and townspeople in the college chapel, on "How to be Happy, Though Educated." The following night he spoke on the "Call of Democracy to the Educated Man." On Sunday he conducted both the morning and evening services, emphasizing the importance of the family in Christian life and the unhesitating growth of men toward God by measuring up to God's law. Dr. Cope is a practical philosopher and a humorist, a combination of qualities which won for him the deepest attention on the part of his hearers.

On December 1st, the inter-class basket-ball championship was played out between the sophomores and seniors. The game was well attended and proved to be an interesting one. The seniors won by the score of 30 to 18.

Our new water tank on the side of the campus facing the railroad has been completed and put into operation.

During the rainy days of December, when the new dormitory was encircled with a stream of water, some wit stuck up a slab bearing this inscription: "No fishing allowed."

A petition, signed by a goodly number of students, for better heating service, was recently sent in to the faculty. The following letter was mailed to each "kicker":

WAKE FOREST, N. C., December 10, 1914.

DEAR SIR:—You signed a petition for better heating service. I want you to have the best service. For this reason I pleaded with the trustees five years to install a heating plant.

The fireman *must* do his duty, or lose his job. The present fireman was appointed on trial. He is being tried because I have faith in the ability of the students of this College and because I wish always to give them preference over an outside person. Also, I happen to know how many "experienced firemen" Meredith College has had to fire for drunkenness and for sleeping on their jobs.

A steam plant the size of this one has to be tested and corrected, and corrected with the steam off. Other corrections will have to be made, but they will be done with as little inconvenience to you as possible.

May I request you not to hold a gun cocked and loaded in the faces of your fellow students, and not to open or close the valves on the steam mains? The first is not so dangerous as the second. Yesterday a student opened a valve under the Alumni Building that sucked the boiler dry. I do not have to tell you what would have happened if the steam fitter had not been standing by to draw the fire before the water rushed back into the boiler.

Very truly yours,

E. B. EARNSHAW, *Bursar*.

On the third, fourth and fifth days of December the town of Wake Forest was cleaned up in response to the proclamation of Locke Craig, Governor of North Carolina, setting aside those days for community service. The college campus was cleaned up and put in apple-pie order.

Wednesday morning, December 9th, a crowd of about fifteen hundred Baptists from all parts of North Carolina disembarked from the "shoofly." A scene of cordiality followed. The Baptist State Convention for the year 1914 had come *en masse* from Raleigh to celebrate the opening of our new church. Almost every class of society was represented. Everything was there from a silk beaver to a wooden leg.

The crowd proceeded to the church, which was filled to overflowing. About two o'clock the Convention adjourned for dinner in the basement of the church. The evening session of the Convention proved as interesting as the morning session had been; and late in the evening the Convention removed its headquarters to Raleigh. The following extracts are taken from the *Raleigh News and Observer* of the 10th:

EDUCATIONAL ACTIVITIES.

"The meetings which determined the keynote of the future activities of the denomination in educational lines was held at Wake Forest and for reason. The convention went to Wake Forest because it is the seat of the source power of the denomination in the State. It went to Wake Forest because at Wake Forest was yesterday brought to a near completion a building which has been the hope and the innermost prayer of Baptists for years—a church of splendid architecture and thorough utility for Wake Forest College, a church wherein the ministers in the making and all students in the formative period of their citizenship may worship with an uplift of ideals and a new consecration.

"For this end, hardly a single delegate to the convention was left in Raleigh yesterday morning at nine o'clock when the convention train pulled out of the union depot for Wake Forest. There the thousand or more delegates and their friends were received with utmost cordiality, and ushered straightway with unstudied eagerness to the new place of worship which has grown up.

"The building itself, with all the furnishing, is not altogether complete. It had been the dream of all the promoters of the cause of the church that the next Baptist State Convention should sit at least for a day in the new church, and so it was with a wild stretch of effort that workmen have been goaded into the utmost haste during the past few weeks to get the interior in such a shape as to be presentable. The incompleteness of the structure yesterday only emphasized the beauty, which surely must be when the finishing strokes are made.

"It is a brick building in the shape of a cross, and rising above it is a large dome significant in the idea of those who planned it of the innate religious freedom of the Baptist people. Through the dome into the church comes a softened light with colored glass effect of passing clouds and back behind the pulpit is a large painted panel of the figure of Christ before Pilate, all done in the most artistic workmanship.

"It was altogether fitting that in this new structure should be consummated the plan for the new era of education among the Baptists of North Carolina. The scheme was advanced by Dr. William Louis Poteat in the report for the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College at the last convention. At that time a committee was appointed with powers to draw up plan by which the recommendations of the board could be put into practical application."

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

"The report of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College was the first order of business when the delegates assembled in the church at Wake Forest. The report was submitted by Dr. W. L. Poteat, president of the college. The report of Dr. Poteat was significant, particularly in view of the inauguration of the new educational policy.

"Dr. Poteat introduced his report with a comparison of conditions in the college now and during the first years of its existence. In 1834 there were sixteen students. These are succeeded now by 446, and this number is even in advance of the number last year. There were four graduates in 1839 and seventy-seven in 1913.

"This increase of students according to the report of President Poteat are better cared for than the limited number of previous years. The health situation in the town and among the students is splendid; a new dormitory has just been erected at a cost of \$40,000, accommodating seventy-five men. The old dormitory has been remodeled and the interior made more livable by the addition of running water, and steam heat.

"Dr. Poteat reported feelingly of the spiritual life of the College, recounting briefly the story of the marvelous revival which swept over the College in November and which continued with manifestations of the working of the spirit for four weeks. In the student body 92 per cent of the students are church members.

"The budget of the College for the year, according to Dr. Poteat's report, is \$62,850. The fees of the students amount to 40 per cent of this amount.

"The report embraced the recommendations of the Board of Trustees for the filling of the vacancies of the board. Three names were presented: T. H. King, R. A. McFarland, W. H. Reddish.

"Immediately after the submission of the report it was adopted in full."

WAKE FOREST CHURCH.

"This brought the Convention to the topic of the Wake Forest church, the prime reason for the day's session in the college town. Rev. C. E. Maddry read the report of the Building Committee. It

was a story of the efforts of the committee and of the pastor, Rev. W. N. Johnson, who has, in the words of Mr. Maddry, "Sweated blood," in the last few months by reason of the situation which is about to face the denomination.

"Of the amount of money collected for the payment of the church debt \$8,007.16 has been contributed by the Wake Forest Church. The Baptist State Convention contributed \$12,106.50. Outside these sources there was contributed \$134. This brought out a total amount raised of \$20,247.66. The cost of labor and material for the building when completed will be \$47,515.34. When completed the furnishings will have cost \$3,900. Therefore, the total cost of the Wake Forest church will be \$51,415.34.

"The report of the committee contained suggestions for the raising of the necessary amount. It was suggested that the Home Mission Board be requested to donate \$5,000. Then of the \$18,000 still due of the \$27,622, \$9,500 be paid by the Wake Forest people, and that the Baptist State Convention undertake on the spot a campaign for the raising of \$10,000, to be paid in sixty days."

Friday night, December 11th, Dr. W. D. Weatherford addressed the Young Men's Christian Association. He spoke on "Training for Christian Service." The following morning in chapel he made a talk on the summer training school of the Baptist denomination for religious efficiency, which is situated in the Blue Ridge mountains. The students of Meredith and Wake Forest have subscribed conjointly the sum of one thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a cottage at the training school. The cottage will be large enough to accommodate all the delegates we may wish to send.

Saturday night, December 12th, William Powell Hale, a famous impersonator, charmed a large audience in the college chapel.

Examinations for the fall term of 1914 will be held on Wednesday, December 16th, and Friday, December 18th. As we go to press, we wish every one success, And may there be a reunion of old friends after the Xmas holidays.

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

Just now everyone is thinking more about going home than anything else; so there is but *little* time for society work.

On account of various public affairs, the public debates to be given by the Euzelian Society have been postponed until after the Christmas holidays. These debates will continue to be held during the spring term every three weeks up until and including April 3d. It is hoped that these debates will solve a serious problem that has been before the society for a long time.

The following report was handed to me from the Philomathesian Society:

"Wednesday evening, December 2d, the query, '*Resolved*, That the segregation of the negro would be for the best interest of both races in the South,' was discussed.

"Among the speakers who deserve special mention are I. E. Carlyle, L. L. Johnson, F. M. Barnes and J. B. Davis. I. E. Carlyle outlined in an admirable manner the points he proposed to prove; then he produced substantial argument to uphold his position. In his closing remarks he gave a fine summary of his argument.

"The affirmative contended, first, that the segregation of the negro was possible; second, that it would be advantageous to both races from social, political and economical standpoints.

"The negative held, first, that segregation was a matter of impossibility; second, that the negro was incapable of self-government; third, that it would hurt both races economically.

"The affirmative advocated segregation into districts within the several states, while the negative contended that the query meant that the negro would have to be removed to a territory and dealt with in the same manner that the Indian is.

"The judges rendered their decision two to one in favor of the negative."

MOOT COURT.

There has been nothing to disturb the peace of the community since the report last month; hence, there are no cases to be reported, except one which was brought over from last month.

A criminal case—*State v. Bowen*—was tried. The attorneys for the State were Messrs. Critcher, Downing, Causey. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Mull, Pritchard, Braddy. The defendant was acquitted.

Y. M. C. A.

Monday, November 16th, the Young Men's Christian Association was pleased at the beginning of the session with a splendid quartette, given by Messrs. Lassiter, Redwine, Styles and White.

After the business session, Dr. J. H. Gorrell gave us an interesting talk on "Bearing Testimony of Christ." Dr. Gorrell does not speak to us often, but he always has something good.

Messrs. Teague, Hall and Jones made some stirring talks as to their experiences in Christian work.

On Monday, November 23d, the fellows were glad to hear Dr. Sikes, who always gives us something good. He spoke on the Magna Charta of the Bible, or the Sermon on the Mount. He interested everyone present.

Prof. J. H. Highsmith was the speaker of the evening of December 7th. His subject was "A Model Man." He used Jesus and Joseph as models. Joseph was referred to as a

model, first as a son; second, in relation to his brothers; third, relation to God; fourth, as a model to us in his character.

A quartetto was sung by Messrs. Jones, Bennett, Inscoc and Teague.

On Friday evening, December 11th, the association met in special session to hear Dr. Weatherford, who spoke to us on "The Great Necessity of Thoroughgoing Christian Activity." Dr. Weatherford gave examples, showing the great religious problems with which students are confronted. Dr. Mott's prophecy was quoted, that within five years America will be called upon to furnish the leadership of the world in Christian activities. The speaker said that the students of the colleges must be trained for this leadership if the demands are to be met. "The Blue Ridge Conference gives this training," said the speaker. He continued: "It is the biggest ten days that a man ever spent. It is the place for fellowship and for fun. It is also a place of training for work."

In regard to Blue Ridge as a place for vacation and for importance of influence in Christian training, the speaker quoted Dr. E. M. Poteat of South Carolina as follows: "It is the most significant of any gathering in the South." Senator Webb of Tennessee says, "It is the most beautiful place and greatest single thing in the South." Not only do the men of the South say that it is a great place, but Secretary Bryan says that it is an ideal place as to location and work. He gave one hundred dollars to be used to beautify the place.

Dr. H. H. Horne, Professor of Philosophy of the University of the City of New York, has already been secured to speak at the next conference.

Dr. Robert Speer, Secretary of the Northern Presbyterian Mission Board, has also been secured to speak at the next conference.

"The world's greatest commentator on the prophets," Dr.

Geo. Adam Smith, of Aberdeen, Scotland, will probably be present at the next session.

Dr. Weatherford said that besides these men just mentioned, the great men of the South will be there. The speaker said he did not consider that a college man's education was complete until he had attended at least one of these conferences.

The association here has already determined to send a large delegation to the next conference.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

[NOTE.—The editors do not attempt to publish in full an account of the Baptist State Convention, but only notes concerning the College Alumni are mentioned.]

Officers of the Baptist State Convention for the year 1915 are as follows:

- '93. President, Chas. H. Durham;
- '98. Vice-Presidents, T. H. King.
- '86. J. E. Vann;
- '86. Secretary, Dr. C. E. Brewer;
- '91. Assistant Secretary, W. M. Gilmore;
- '78. Corresponding Secretary, Livingston Johnson;
- '94. Treasurer, Walters Durham;
- '70. Auditor, F. H. Briggs.

Trustees of the Convention are:

- '87. L. R. Pruett,
- '79. W. N. Jones.
- '98. Rev. A. C. Cree represented the Home Mission Board of Atlanta by delivering an excellent address on "Home Missions."
- '86. Rev. J. F. Love spoke on "Foreign Missions."
- '92. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw spoke on "State Missions."
- '06. Rev. C. A. Upchurch spoke on "Enlistment Work in North Carolina."
- '96. Rev. W. C. Barrett delivered an address on "Sunday Schools."
- '91. Rev. W. M. Gilmore spoke on "State Missions."
- Rev. J. A. Blanchard read a report on "Woman's Work."

The following committees were appointed:

Ministerial Education.

- '93. J. D. Moore, *Chairman.*
- '91. C. L. Haywood.
- '96. J. M. Alderman.
- '89. G. P. Harrell.
- '91. E. E. Butler.

Foreign Missions.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| '96. Bruce Benton, <i>Chairman.</i> | '02. C. V. Brooks. |
| '91. I. P. Hedgepeth. | '77. C. W. Scarborough. |

Enrollment.

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| '84. C. M. Murchison, <i>Chairman.</i> | '04. W. L. Beach. |
| '71. J. E. Wilson. | '92. R. L. Moore. |
| | '11. C. C. Wheeler. |

Board of Education.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|
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| '81. C. W. Mitchell. | '04. M. L. Davis. |
| '93. C. H. Durham. | '89. H. A. Fourshee. |
| '77. C. W. Scarborough. | '97. C. L. Greaves. |
| | '84. F. B. Ashcraft. |

Nominating Committee of Educational Board.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| '95. Jno. A. Oates, <i>Chairman.</i> | '02. J. M. Arnette. |
| | '69. J. C. Scarborough. |

To Report on Education.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| '77. Dr. W. L. Poteat, <i>Chairman.</i> | '92. R. L. Moore. |
| '73. Dr. R. T. Vann. | '96. W. C. Barrett. |
| '97. G. E. Lineberry. | '77. C. W. Scarborough. |
| '01. C. M. Beach. | '98. J. S. Snider. |

'99. Rev. J. Clyde Turner was elected to preach the Introductory Sermon at the meeting of the next Convention in Charlotte.

'89. Rev. E. L. Middleton was reelected as Secretary of the Department of Sunday Schools and Statistics by the Convention.

Members of the State Missions and Sunday School Board are as follows:

J. E. Ray ('75), C. L. Haywood ('91), J. D. Boushall ('86), S. W. Brewer ('70), F. P. Hobgood ('68), C. J. Hunter, W. N. Jones ('79), J. C. Scarborough ('69), C. M. Beach, Judge C. M. Cooke ('61), Dr. W. L. Poteat ('87), H. C. Moore ('90), R. N. Simms ('97), Dr. W. R. Cullom ('92), Dr. B. W. Spillman ('91), D. G. Washburn ('00), Dr. R. T. Vann ('73), M. L. Kesler ('88), E. F. Aydlott ('79), N. A. Dunn ('94), P. S. Vann ('97), W. F. Marshall ('83), P. S. Carlton ('99), J. M. Hilliard ('75), D. P. Harris ('97), T. B.

Davis ('03), M. B. Dry ('96), Dr. C. E. Brewer ('86), C. W. Blanchard ('91), J. C. Clifford ('92), Claude Gore ('99), W. A. Smith ('93), W. C. Barrett ('96), and J. M. Broughton ('90).

'90. Rev. John E. White delivered a masterful address at the Convention while it was in session at Wake Forest.

'99. Rev. W. N. Johnson spoke concerning the new church building at Wake Forest.

'11. Rev. J. A. Campbell presided over the Convention while subscriptions were pledged for the Wake Forest church building.

'98. Rev. J. S. Snider read a valuable paper on "Rudolph Eucken."

At the Pastor's Conference the following officers were elected:

'92. President, Dr. W. R. Cullom, reelected.

'99. Vice-President, J. C. Turner.

'91. Secretary and Treasurer, W. M. Gilmore.

The following of the alumni have been officers of the Baptist State Convention:

Presidents.—James McDaniel ('38), W. T. Brooks ('39), C. M. Cooke ('61), J. C. Scarborough ('69), W. H. Pace ('69), W. N. Jones ('79), J. B. Carlyle ('87), W. C. Dowd ('89) and C. H. Durham ('93).

Recording Secretaries.—J. J. Finch ('37), J. J. James ('37), A. McDowell ('50), J. B. Sullivan ('52), J. D. Hufham ('56), J. L. Carroll ('61), G. W. Sanderlin ('67), C. M. Cooke ('61), G. W. Greene ('70), H. C. Moore ('90) and Dr. C. E. Brewer ('86).

Corresponding Secretaries.—W. H. Jordan ('57), J. J. Finch ('37), J. J. James ('37), A. McDowell ('50), W. M. Wingate ('49), T. E. Skinner ('40), A. J. Emerson ('55), B. F. Marable ('55), W. T. Walters ('48), J. D. Hufham ('56), J. B. Richardson ('61), J. E. Ray ('75), C. Durham ('71), J. E. White ('89), and Livingston Johnson ('78).

Treasurers.—B. F. Montague ('76), T. H. Briggs ('70), W. S. Grandy ('43), J. D. Boushall ('86), and Walters Durham ('94).

Those who have preached introductory sermons at the Convention are: J. J. Finch, W. H. Jordan, W. T. Brooks, J. M. McDaniel, A. McDowell, T. E. Skinner, T. H. Pritch-

ard ('54), John Mitchell ('52), W. M. Wingate, J. L. Carroll, H. A. Brown ('71), Dr. R. T. Vann, J. B. Richardson, J. W. Lynch ('88), W. R. Bradshaw ('92), and G. T. Watkins ('89).

'96. Mr. V. O. Parker was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee during the sessions of the Baptist Convention at Raleigh.

D. W. Herring ('82) and W. E. Crocker ('90), two former Baptist missionaries, were present at the recent meeting of the Convention.

It is interesting to know that one of the college alumni is acquainted with more than two hundred and twenty Baptist ministers in the State who are or have been students at Wake Forest.

Dr. J. R. Sampey of Louisville, Kentucky, who made a report on the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, said: "We always count upon Wake Forest men as centers upon which to build; they are good material, and we get no better from any part of the country."

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

On November 14th the Wake Forest football squad met the strong eleven of the University of North Carolina at the city athletic park at Raleigh. The weather was very unfavorable for football, and at times it seemed that the field was about to be flooded. The crowd who witnessed the game was much larger than had been expected, and the returns showed that the amount of gate receipts was satisfactory.

Evidently the Carolina supporters were confident that they would not be disappointed, and because of the certainty of victory they were surprised by the display that the Wake Forest eleven made. The best showing that had been made by any opposing squad that Carolina had played, excepting Vanderbilt, was that made by Wake Forest. The score resulted 12 to 7 in favor of Carolina.

WAKE FOREST 0, DAVIDSON 1.

The annual game with Davidson College was played in Charlotte, November 26th. The number of spectators was unusually large, and the weather was ideal for the occasion. All who witnessed the game say that it was a victory for Wake Forest, although the referee ruled the victory to Davidson as a forfeited game. Throughout the game the Baptists outplayed their opponents.

The individual stars of the game were Allen, Riddick, Harris, Olive, Abernathy and Witherington. Riddick made several plunges through the Davidson line and skirted ends, each attempt was successful. Abernathy played better in

this than any previous game of the season, and during the entire game he showed that he was well qualified to play his position.

The following is taken from the *Charlotte News*:

"It was the seven points that Davidson had just registered that caused the secession of the Baptists. The ball was in Davidson's possession on Wake Forest's thirty-five yard line. Umpire Ritch blew his whistle for the play to stop but Davidson put the ball in action regardless. The Wake Forest team played according to officials. No one attempted to stop Black when he was given the ball. Several side-stepped in order to let him pass, and Billings jumped out of the fellow's way because the ball had been called dead before the play had been started. Black—therefore, and for no other reason—registered a touch down, for it would have been an easy matter to stop him had the Baptist players thought that the ball was still in play. Umpire Ritch called for the ball at the place it was put in play but referee Sampson ruled that it should count as a touchdown. McKinnon then kicked goal, making it seven to six, and when the Wake Forest players refused to continue the game, Sampson forfeited it to Davidson. * * * It was a pity that such a pretty game should end in such a fashion, and especially so when one official exercises practically an absolute right to overrule another."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

The Roanoke Collegian

The *Roanoke Collegian*, we must admit, was a slight disappointment. Its only story, "Living It Over," is a very poorly written story. Fully one-third of the story is consumed in introducing the character who is to relate the story, whereas he should have been introduced in only a few lines. "The Idling Student" is an unreal picture of college life—not at all applicable to two-thirds of our college students and greatly overdrawn as to the other one-third, and is told in a kind of sophomore style. "Jackson as an Executive" portrays the real Jackson: a man bound by no precedent and a man of unmitigating hatred for his enemies—the originator of the spoils system and the destroyer of the National Bank. "Jackson the executive was as strong and aggressive as Jackson the general." It contains two poems above the average—"Sonnet" and "Christmas in Europe"—both of which are written on the present European struggle.

The State Normal Magazine

The *State Normal Magazine* presents a most pleasing appearance and is filled with articles decidedly above the average. But there is no poetry and only one essay. We think a few poems and a few more essays would have added considerably to the edition. The essay, "Fort Dobbs," is well written. It is an account of the long struggle which took place around and in connection with Fort Dobbs, between frontiersmen under the leadership of the gallant Captain Waddell and the unfriendly Indians.

Its four stories, "Stepping Stones," "The White Rose," "The Guiding Tortoise," and "A Trip to Mars," are all good. "The White Rose" and "The Guiding Tortoise" deserve special mention. We also wish to commend the editor on her common sense editorials.

The *Literary* of Baylor University—Waco, Texas—contains no table of contents. We feel that they are due their readers this convenience. Its four stories all have very weak plots, and "On the Mexican Border" is written entirely too much at length. The one essay, "Havana," is about the best article in the magazine. It shows the real conditions in Havana as seen by an eye-witness, and contrasts the same with the prevalent opinion as gathered from stories and newspaper accounts. The poem, "Christmas Peace," is a very pretty little poem.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Dr. Sikes (on Political Economy I)—Mr. Ferrell, ask Mr. Ferree a question.

Mr. Ferrell.—Mr. Ferree, when did labor and capital industries begin?

Mr. Ferree.—When labor began.

Dr. Sikes.—When did labor begin? When Adam began earning his living with the sweat of his brow?

Mr. Ferree.—No, when Adam began working for Eve.



Mr. W. H. Lee, reading the *Norfolk News*, abstractedly puffed his Neurica which he was nursing.

Miss Helms, the Librarian.—You don't mean to say you are smoking in the library, Mr. Lee? ? Mr. Lee!!!



Wouldn't it be funny to see:

A landlady boarding a train?

Flet Williams marching in the army?

Dr. Gulley pressing his client's suit?

Cop Bobbitt pinch a felon? Ouch!

The glee club hitched to a star?

A House without a Hall?

Jere Newbold (the laundryman) clean up a fortune?

A train of thought wrecked in a brain storm?

King crown all of Wake Forest's Popes?

John Josey fall in a Lake?

A girl Journey down the Hudson with a Derby on?

A little without any humor?

PINKEY PREVETTE.



"Why is Wake Forest the greatest country in the world?"

Ans.: "Because it has three Popes and one King."

PINKEY PREVETTE.



Prof. McCutcheon.—"Have you read Shakespeare's comedies?"
Hardaway.—"Yes."

Prof. McCutcheon.—"Have you read 'Looking Backwards'?"
Hardaway.—"How in the devil could I do that?"

PINKEY PREVETTE.

"Sky" Harrington (gazing solemnly at portraits of Washington and Jefferson in the Law Room).—I wonder which of those pictures is Blackstone.

✽

Mr. J. C. Smith (lecturing Newish Thompson at Senate Committee meeting for freshness).—"Mr. Thompson, I was once a freshman." Thompson (looking at him, open mouthed).—"Impossible!"

✽

Son.—Dad, when you put a hen on eggs to hatch them, do you say she is "sitting" or "setting"?

Dad.—Don't bother about little things like that. What concerns me most is whether when she cackles she has laid or lied!

—*Chicago News.*

✽

Professor Johns (dramatically).—Can you imagine a more imposing procession than the "Old Guard" with drawn sabres rushing to the last charge at Waterloo?

Soph. Beil.—Yes, Newishes Baldy, Wallace, and Thompson crossing the campus with cigarettes in their mouths.

✽

Wanted.—A vacant office. Any old job will do. You can see me and hear me.

J. D. CANNADY.

✽

Why has Strole changed his title of "Dictionary Strole" to "Music-box Strole"?

Answer: Look in the choir.

✽

Dr. Sikes (on Political Economy I).—Mr. Billings, what is meant by Stocks and Bonds.

Mig Billings (waking).—Stocks means cattle and—and such like, and

Dr. Sikes.—And Bonds?

Mig.—Bonds is the place where you keep them!

✽

A LAMENT.

Why are the girls not gay?

'Twould be so simple.

To smile would be a way

To show that dimple.

WOODBROW.

Why will E. P. Whitley make a good lawyer?

Ans.: Because he will know how to press his client's suit.

E. W.



MARY'S STYLE, NOT HER LAMB.

Mary had a little style,
And she of course must wear it,
Which the other ladies saw
And thought that they should share it.
Time went on and fashion changed,
When hoops and staves they bound her.
In spite of hoops and puffed up sleeves
'Twas Mary when you found her.
So on and on, as cycles roll,
Go hoop and hobble, slit and gore.
Her chest of styles does not exhaust,
Minerva knows how many more.

W. B. S.

Fellows!

Had it occurred to you
that our advertisers bear
more than half the ex-
penses of getting out our
college magazine?

That you should give to
them as they have given
to you?

If so, study the ads and
give *your* advertisers *your*
support.

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NEEDHAM YANCEY GULEY, M.A., LL.D.,
Dean of the Law Department, Wake Forest College.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIV

February, 1915

No. 5

WAKE FOREST LAW SCHOOL

DR. N. Y. GULLEY.

The Trustees of Wake Forest College made an order at the meeting in June, 1893, to establish the School of Law. Arrangements were made for the opening of the same in September of that year, but no students were present.

In the summer of 1894, there were two for a part of the time and one during the remainder of the session.

The total enrollment for the session 1894-'95 was fourteen. During this session all the teaching was done by N. Y. Gulley, who lived then in Franklinton, N. C., and came to the college on three days in each week. In June, 1895, N. Y. Gulley was made a full professor and moved to Wake Forest to give his entire time to the work.

In September, 1895, the first students of this school applied for license to practice law. They were three in number and all passed. Only one man from this school failed before the adoption of the system of written examinations in September, 1898. Since that time a number of classes have lost only one man, and nine have all passed without a failure.

From 1900 to 1904, S. F. Mordecai, Esq., then a leading member of the Raleigh bar, aided in the work; then our sister institution, Trinity College, made him Dean of its Law School.

In 1906 E. W. Timberlake, Jr., was elected Professor of Law, and has done admirable work from that time to this. N. Y. Gulley has been teaching in this school from its begin-

ning, being now in his twenty-first year of actual service, with one more year of nominal service. This is probably the longest period of teaching in a law school for any one man in the history of our State.

The number of students increased from year to year. At the end of the tenth year we had an enrollment of eighty, and one hundred and seventy have been licensed. The enrollment last year, the twentieth year, was one hundred and sixty-seven. During the past summer fifty-two were enrolled. The enrollment for the present session will be the largest in the history of the school. The total number licensed to date is five hundred and forty-six. Of these, twenty-four are known to be dead, thirty-three to have abandoned the practice. Over four hundred are actually in the practice now in North Carolina, with a considerable number in other States, as will appear from the following

Roll of Licensed Lawyers

*Dead. †Not practicing.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1895.

†Durham, Walters, Raleigh.
Kerr, J. H., Warrenton.
Taylor, J. R., Martinsville, Va.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1896.

Beasley, L. A., Kenansville.
*Cox, E. Victor, Greenville.
*Gore, J. H., Wilmington.
Meekins, I. M., Elizabeth City.
McIntyre, S., Lumberton.
*Pendleton, W. S., Washington.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1896.

Clifford, J. C., Dunn.
*Farthing, A. C., Hattle.
McLendon, H. H., Wadesboro.
*Newell, G. W., Williamston.
†Prichard, J. H.
Wishart, Wade, Lumberton.

White, R. B., Franklinton.
Winburne, Charles.
Ausley, P. A.
*Snider, E. H.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.

Caudle, T. L., Wadesboro.
Hall, S. E., Winston.
†Leary, L. J., Morehead City.
Lee, R. E., Lumberton.
Long, Hugh, Aiken, S. C.
*McNeill, J. C., Charlotte.
†Matthews, P. V., Enfield.
*Oates, D. T., Fayetteville.
Vann, P. S., Thomasville.
†Watkins, J. C., Winston-Salem.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1897.

Blue, F. L., Raeford.
Braswell, W. R., Nocata, Fla.

- Cannon, L. S., Washington, D. C.
 Campbell, E. L., Kings Mountain.
 Carlton, D. L., Marshall.
 Gavin, J. A., Kenansville.
 Giles, J. A., Durham.
 *Kenny, J. N., Windsor.
 McGlammery, A. C., Mocksville.
 Medlin, A. J., Wake Forest.
 Sapp, H. O., Winston-Salem.
 Simms, R. N., Raleigh.
 †Thurston, D. J., Clayton.
 Weeks, C. D., Wilmington.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1898.

- †Alderman, J. E., Greensboro.
 Bryan, A. B., Waynesville.
 †Cannady, A. B.
 Edwards, C. J., Franklin, Va.
 †Fort, D. F., Raleigh.
 *Kellinger, F. W., Norfolk, Va.
 †Mangum, N. P., Wake Forest.
 Martin, G. P., Knoxville, Tenn.
 Norfleet, P. J., Franklin, Va.
 †Stallings, R. E.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1898.

(First written examination.)

- Hines, H., Lancaster, S. C.
 Hobgood, F. P., Greensboro.
 Johnson, J. McN., Aberdeen.
 Lawrence, R. C., Lumberton.
 McNeill, G. W., Carthage.
 McNeill, R. H., Washington, D. C.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1899.

- *Grandy, W. H., Elizabeth City.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1899.

- Boyles, N. E., Pilot Mountain.
 Badgett, W. R., Mt. Airy.
 Bridger, R. C., Winton.
 Craig, F., Lewiston.
 †Cooper, R. W.
 Etchison, W. P., Branchville, S. C.
 Haynes, F. W., Yadkinville.
 Johnson, W. R., Windsor.

- LeGrand, J. W., Bennettsville, S. C.
 Moss, C. R., Banquo Benquet, P. I.
 Rodwell, T. O., Warrenton.
 †Stephens, B. F., Lumberton.
 Turner, R. W., Elizabeth City.
 Wright, J. C., Albemarle.
 Williams, H. S., Concord.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1900.

- Bullard, V. C., Fayetteville.
 *Holbrook, J. A., Wilkesboro.
 Midyette, G. E., Jackson.
 Murphy, T. J., Greensboro.
 Quinn, J. H., Shelby.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1900.

- Cooke, A. W., Greensboro.
 Cheek, Geo., Sparta.
 Dunning, A. R., Williamston.
 Godwin, A. P., Gatesville.
 Hoyle, T. C., Greensboro.
 Kornegay, H. A., Zero, Miss.
 †Morris, J. P., Columbus.
 Spence, J. W., Greenwood.
 Smith, T. L., Sparta.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1901.

- Garland, G. W., Lexington.
 Green, C. H., Bakersville.
 †Harrell, A. B.
 Hatcher, M. F., Salisbury.
 McCullen, C. E., Burgaw.
 Johnson, N. H.
 Peterson, W. M., Portland, Ore.
 Peterson, S. D., Athena, Ore.
 Rosser, C. K.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1901.

- *Bolton, J. W., Fayetteville.
 Dingelhoefer, O. F., Atlanta, Ga.
 Dickinson, O. P., Wilson.
 Glidewell, P. W., Reidsville.
 Hasten, G. H., Winston-Salem.
 Hamrick, F. D., Rutherford.
 Justice, A. B., Charlotte.
 Little, J. C., Raleigh.

Stringfield, D. M., Fayetteville.
 Varser, L. R., Lumberton.
 Worrell, J. A., Jackson.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1902.

Cranor, H. A., Wilkesboro.
 Duncan, N. G., Fayetteville.

AUGUST TERM, 1902.

Allred, L. H., Smithfield.
 Dye, R. H., Fayetteville.
 Britt, E. J., Lumberton.
 *Carter, J. G., Dobson.
 Kittrell, J. C., Henderson.
 Koonce, C. D., Cronly.
 Leigh, J. A., Columbia.
 Muse, C. M., Carthage.
 †McDuffie, D. L., Fayetteville.
 †Newton, W. L., Arlington, N. J.
 Reynolds, G. D. B., Troy.
 Reynolds, H., Pilot Mountain.
 Upchurch, E. F., Yanceyville.
 Williams, L. B.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1903.

Allen, R. C., Coweto, Okla.
 Beckerdite, H., Winston-Salem.
 Carlton, P. S., Sallsbury.
 Harwood, J. H., Murphy.
 Maness, T. D., Concord.
 Rogers, W. W., Winton.

AUGUST TERM, 1903.

Allen, T., Anderson, S. C.
 Averitt, H. S., Fayetteville.
 Collier, J. L., Bradentown, Fla.
 Dunn, R. C., Enfield.
 Dunn, S. A., Scotland Neck.
 Gilreath, R. C., Wilkesboro.
 Keener, W. N., Lincolnton.
 Larkins, E. L., Burgaw.
 Lyon, W. H., Raleigh.
 *Moore, L. J., New Bern.
 Mull, O. M., Shelby.
 Morris, R. E., Rutherfordton.
 Newell, S. A., Lousburg.

Pierce, C. C., Snow Hill.
 Privott, W. S., Edenton.
 Reavis, Wade, Hamptonville.
 Ritter, C. D., Birmingham, Ala.
 Sams, A. F., Winston-Salem.
 Sikes, J. C., Monroe.
 Vaughan, L. T., Nashville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1904.

Allen, T. A., Albany, N. Y.
 Bell, W. C., Dunn.
 Brooks, J. C., Olive Branch.
 Balley, L. J., Marshall.
 Carson, J. M., Rutherfordton.
 Cashwell, D. J., Rockingham.
 Dunn, W. A., Greenville.
 Harris, C. U., Raleigh.
 Jones, W., Swan Quarter.
 Little, J. E., Charlotte.
 Martin, V. B., Elizabeth City.
 Moore, E. V., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Tilley, A. E., Jefferson.
 Toon, E. M., Whiteville.
 Wagoner, W. M., Sparta.
 Wagoner, J. M., Sparta.
 Wike, C. B., Webster.

AUGUST TERM, 1904.

Anderson, J. B., Asheville.
 Britt, E. M., Lumberton.
 Bryan, R. K., Scott's Hill.
 Critcher, B. A., Williamston.
 Fortune, R. B., Lowndesville, Ga.
 Gullede, J. W., Wadesboro.
 Honeycutt, A. C., Albemarle.
 Jackson, W. M., Dobson.
 Johnson, Hugh, Scotland Neck.
 Medlin, L. L., Hamlet.
 Morgan, J. R., Waynesville.
 Olive, P. J., Apex.
 Roberts, E. G., Asheville.
 Sigmon, R. L., Lincolnton.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1905.

Anderson, J. G., Halifax.
 Crumpler, B. H., Clinton.

Markham, T. J., Elizabeth City.
 McDuffie, P. C., Atlanta, Ga.
 Pace, W. H., Raleigh.
 Spence, G. J., Elizabeth City.
 Whitley, T. F., Scotland Neck.

AUGUST TERM, 1905.

Bellamy, W. M., Wilmington.
 Brock, W. E., Wadesboro.
 Bower, J. C., Lexington.
 Chisholm, W. A., Sanford.
 Cloud, E. B., Columbus.
 Dixon, R. H., Siler City.
 Ferree, T. S., Greensboro.
 Long, J. V., Monroe.
 Long, I. F., Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Martin, C. H., Washington, D. C.
 Ryals, N. T., Benson.
 Skipper, C. B., Lumberton.
 Swindell, F. D., Wilson.
 Webb, W. P.
 Whisnant, J. W., Lenoir.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1906.

Cohoon, W. L., Elizabeth City.
 Dunn, D. W., Spray.
 Henderson, J. R., Wilkesboro.
 Hairfield, E. M.
 McKinney, T. S., Spruce Pine.
 Picot, J. M., Littleton.
 Petree, F. H., Dobson.
 Scull, J. H., Wilmington.
 Timberlake, E. W., Jr., Wake
 Forest.
 Vernon, J. H., Burlington.

AUGUST TERM, 1906.

Davis, M. L., Beaufort.
 Duncan, J. S., Greensboro.
 Guley, Donald, Wake Forest.
 Hall, C. A., Greensboro.
 Hobbs, E. C., Gatesville.
 Powers, A. K., Burgaw.
 Scarlett, Chas., Durham.
 Weatherspoon, W. H., Laurinburg.
 Wilson, S. F., Portland, Ore.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1907.

Brummitt, D. G., Oxford.
 Bryan, S. C., Waynesville.
 Goodwyn, G. T., Laurinburg.
 Holding, B. T., Louisburg.
 Horner, G. T., Lynchburg, Va.
 Holloway, A. C., Lillington.
 Hall, J. W., Danbury.
 Lyon, T. A., Fayetteville.
 Outlaw, N. W., Snow Hill.
 Palt, A. H., Elizabethtown.
 Radford, S. W., Asheville.
 Ramsay, J. C.
 Woody, T. K., Wilmington.
 Zollicoffer, D. B., High Point.

AUGUST TERM, 1907.

Bunn, J. W., Raleigh.
 Clayton, O. W., Brevard.
 Fletcher, A. L., Wilkesboro.
 Hendrix, Tillet.
 Hooks, W. J., Kenly.
 Huffman, R. L., Hickory.
 Jones, H. A., Wake Forest.
 †Josey, E. B., Tarboro.
 Lennon, W., Lumberton.
 McMillan, N. F., Kings Mountain.
 Saintsing, J. E., Winston-Salem.
 Smith, J. C., Robersonville.
 Sykes, C. L., Raleigh.
 Vaughan, W. L., Washington.
 Wheatley, C. R., Beaufort.
 Wooten, J. F., Jacksonville.
 Westfeldt, Gustaf R., Asheville.
 Ward, E. F., Smithfield.
 Peterson, J. M., Burnsville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1908.

Britt, W. S., Lumberton.
 Bland, D. H., Goldsboro.
 Bailey, J. W., Raleigh.
 *Blackmore, E. B., Lenoir.
 Brewer, W. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Brown, R. L., Albemarle.
 Butler, J. S., Clinton.

Barker, A., Lumberton.
 Gardner, W. S., Burnsville.
 Johnson, R. L.
 Johnson, T. L., Lumberton.
 McBrayer, C. B., Shelby.
 Meekins, J. C., Jr., Columbia.
 Powers, J. A., Kinston.
 Richardson, H. C., Monroe.
 Sharp, J. M., Martinsville, Va.
 Sikes, O. J., Albemarle.
 Turner, R. A., Yadkinville.
 Watson, J. A., Burnsville.
 Whitener, C. L., Hickory.

AUGUST TERM, 1908.

Bagby, Chas. W., Morganton.
 Bodenheimer, L. F., Greensboro.
 Bonner, H. M., Raleigh.
 Buchanan, Stokes, Burnsville.
 Clark, A. L., Roanoke Rapids.
 Dulin, P. P., Wilmington.
 Falls, B. F., Shelby.
 Hardy, L. C., Tucson, Ariz.
 Harkrader, L. L., Albemarle.
 *Hayes, T. N., Wilkesboro.
 Holt, S. S., Smithfield.
 Jones, J. R., Wilkesboro.
 McNeeley, C. V., Monroe.
 Newell, J. C., Charlotte.
 Parham, B. W., Oxford.
 Ray, R. L., Selma.
 Weatherman, R. T., Jennings.
 Wilson, M. L., Burnsville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1909.

Burleson, I. R., Albemarle.
 *Clark, W. A., Elizabethtown.
 Dunn, R. M.
 Geiger, H. H. D., Orlando, Fla.
 Hayes, J. J., Wilkesboro.
 Johnson, J. E., Warsaw.
 Johnson, R. D., Warsaw.
 *McDearmid, T. N., Lumberton.
 Mills, J. G., Wake Forest.
 Tilley, L. L., Durham.

Williams, B. F., Columbus.
 *Wood, T. C., Hamlet.
 Wrenn, E. H., Reidsville.

AUGUST TERM, 1909.

Bristol, W. A., Statesville.
 Brooks, R. F., Currie.
 Cole, J. W., Lexington.
 Daniel, T. M., Mullins, S. C.
 Gasque, C. J., Florence, S. C.
 Halsted, W. L., South Mills.
 Hardy, C. L., Tucson, Ariz.
 Kallum, T. W., Pilot Mountain.
 McLendon, J. R., Mathews.
 McMillan, A. H., Wedgefield, S. C.
 McNeeley, C. D., Waxhaw.
 Pratt, W. J., Monroe.
 Ray, E. Z., Marshall.
 Sawyer, P. G., Elizabeth City.
 †Saltsing, G. W., Wake Forest.
 Sherrill, W. R., Webster.
 Sutton, Geo. W., Webster.
 Tillette, D. H., Bartlett.
 †Turner, J. B., Louisville, Ky.
 Wilson, R. W., Asheville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1910.

Benton, H. C., Charlotte.
 *Bell, C. T., Beaufort.
 Berry, W. C., Burnsville.
 Bennett, F. T., Fayetteville.
 Clark, E., Halifax. [D. C.]
 Hampton, W. B., Washington.
 Kinlaw, J. E., Lumberton.
 McBee, J. C., Burnsville.
 Powell, P. E., Whiteville.
 Staton, C. L., Tarboro.
 Suskin, A. L., Baltimore, Md.
 Stewart, J. R., Mocksville.
 Van Hoy, J. W., Washington, D. C.
 *Whitaker, H. G., Pilot Mountain.

AUGUST TERM, 1910.

Benson, W. C., Wilmington.
 Broughton, J. M., Jr., Raleigh.

- Buchanan, C. C., Sylva.
 Burnett, J. H., Troy.
 Clement, J. H., Winston-Salem.
 Critcher, P. V., Lexington.
 Douglass, W. C., Durham.
 Dunn, Ashby W., Scotland Neck.
 Edwards, Franklin, Franklin, Va.
 Forehand, R. E., Edenton.
 Ferrell, R. H., Albany, Ga.
 Farrell, L. B., Hubert.
 Higgs, W. H., Biltmore.
 Hutchins, Chas., Burnsville.
 Leggett, L. W., Hobgood.
 Mitchell, B. G., Youngsville.
 †Martin, J. S., Winston-Salem.
 McLean, A. M., Lillington.
 Oates, J. A., Fayetteville.
 Powell, R. B., Silver City, N. M.
 Prevette, J. M., Wilkesboro.
 Redding, C. H., Asheboro.
 Royall, J. H., Wake Forest.
 Saintsing, J. B., Wake Forest.
 Stephenson, G. T., Winston-Salem.
 Salmons, W. M., Winston-Salem.
 White, T. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 *Wood, J. W., Benson.
 Brown, C. V., Asheville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1911.

- *Bennett, G. D., Wentworth.
 Darden, A. W., Snow Hill.
 Grady, P. D., Wilson.
 Justice, J. F., Hendersonville.
 Martin, R. T., Robersonville.
 Massey, L. L., Wakefield.
 Prevette, J. G., Wilkesboro.
 Stringfield, J. H., Sanford.
 Smathers, J. B., Canton.
 Stras, B. W., Winston-Salem.
 Williams, Phillip, Winston-Salem.

AUGUST TERM, 1911.

- Adams, J. B., Smithfield.
 Bonner, A. M., Winston-Salem.
 Bennett, S. J., Winston-Salem.

- Bogle, W. E., Hiddenite.
 Bryan, P. Q., Washington.
 Bryan, F. H., Washington.
 Clark, D. M., Greenville.
 Copeland, J. T., Troy.
 Chalmers, A. C., Wilmington.
 Draughan, Eugene, Rusk.
 Fletcher, A. J., Fuquay Springs.
 Gore, A. D., Clarendon.
 Hutchinson, A. E., Rock Hill, S. C.
 Hunter, Louis J., Charlotte.
 Hurley, B. S., Troy.
 Horton, A. W., Burkeville, Va.
 Jones, C. W., Rich Square.
 Lewis, D. J., Waycross, Ga.
 Lemmond, W. A., Monroe.
 Leary, H. R., Edenton.
 Lindsay, R. C., Madison.
 McGowan, W. T., Swan Quarter.
 McPhail, S. C., Rockingham.
 McKaughan, L. C., Winston-Salem.
 Nance, D. A., Winston-Salem.
 Richardson, S. A., Monroe.
 Ritchie, O. D., Richfield.
 Stewart, J. A., Stony Point.
 Spencer, C. B., Fairfield.
 †Vinson, H. P., Enfield.
 Williford, J. M., Fayetteville.
 Whicker, J. H., Winston-Salem.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1912.

- Brown, E. G., Whiteville.
 Bunn, A. A., Henderson.
 Gay, P. W., Seaboard.
 Goodwin, J. J., Lumberton.
 King, G. H., Wake Forest.
 Knight, W. L., Weldon.
 Martin, Wheeler, Jr., Williamston.
 Moose, R. R., Newton.
 Pierce, L. R., Stateville.
 Spencer, W. L., Fairfield.

AUGUST TERM, 1912.

- Bernard, A. C., Nashville.
 Broughton, C. C., Troy.

Breece, A. C., Fayetteville.
 Bingham, T. E., Vilas.
 Best, J. J., Warsaw.
 Cline, J. S., Fallston.
 Evans, J. L., Greenville.
 Fezor, P. L., Linwood.
 Ferguson, A. E., Winston.
 Harmon, E. M., Beach Creek.
 Harrill, E. A., Charlotte.
 Howard, C. C., Fayetteville.
 Johnson, J. T., Aberdeen.
 Miller, H. C., Charlotte.
 Moss, J. M., Raleigh.
 Moss, O. B., Wilson
 Ray, A. C., Pittsboro.
 Pruette, R. S., Wadesboro.
 Robinson, J. Q., Rocky Mount.
 Stewart, H. G., Charlotte.
 Strange, R. W., Wilmington.
 Scarlett, H., Durham.
 Simmons, R. F., Fayetteville.
 Swaim, W. J., Winston-Salem.
 *Wilson, E. R., Mt. Olive.
 Walker, R. E., Windsor.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1913.

Bailey, G. D., Burnsville.
 Blanton, R. R., Forest City.
 Davis, G. C.
 Herring, R. L., Clinton, N. C.
 Hughes, Chas., Hughes.
 Johnson, E. M., Lumberton.
 Knott, L. D., Wilson.
 Mayberry, D. F., Charlotte.
 Ramseur, B. F.
 Royal, W. S., High Point.

AUGUST TERM, 1913.

Allen, C. M., Goldsboro.
 Ashcraft, F. W., Marshville.
 Bobbitt, M. T., Rowland.
 Barse, A. T., Jefferson.
 Brown, J. C., Madison.
 Beckham, V. C., Hiddenite.
 Boon, W. D., Winton.

Bland, J. T., Burgaw.
 Craver, J. B., Winston-Salem.
 Cox, W. D., Moyock.
 Cashwell, C. C., Wilmington.
 Chandler, B. C., Sumter, S. C.
 Dickens, A. O., Louisburg.
 Edwards, J. S., Marshall.
 Eddinger, W. L., Thomasville.
 Glover, J. B., Statesville.
 Goodman, J. P., Portsmouth, Va.
 Guy, Chas. L., Dunn.
 Lee, C. C., Four Oaks.
 Oliver, C. M., Mt. Olive.
 Simpson, M. B., Elizabeth City.
 Stillwell, E. P., Webster.
 Stringfield, P. R., Fayetteville.
 Tyler, W. H., Benson.
 Voyles, W. R., Murphy.
 Whitaker, F. G., Hendersonville.
 Watson, E. T., Keniy.
 Wellons, E. J., Smithfield.
 Whitehurst, H. P., New Bern.
 Williams, L. C., Chapel Hill.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1914.

Burton, E. T., Wilmington.
 Edwards, G. W., Forest City.
 Hannah, H. B., Siler City.
 Jackson, D. R., Raleigh.
 Kitchin, L. M., Scotland Neck.
 King, D. B., Sanford.
 Klutz, L. F., Hickory.
 Morris, W. L., Winston-Salem.
 Rowland, G. B., Durham.
 Taylor, H. P., Wadesboro.
 Wilson, J. T., Dunn.

AUGUST TERM, 1914.

Adams, J. A., Greensboro.
 Alexander, J. J., Stony Point.
 Avera, T. A., Rocky Mount.
 Bridges, W. M., Hendersonville.
 Duncan, G. W., Beaufort.
 Fisher, W. H., Roseboro.
 Grindstaff, G. H., Asheville.

- Guthrie, T. C., Jr., Charlotte.
Harris, A. J., Jr., Henderson.
Hollingsworth, J. W., Louisburg.
House, A. R., Oak City.
Henry, O. L., Wadesboro.
Gilman, T. E., Jacksonville.
Jarvis, G. L., Shelby.
Jarrett, C. M., Dillsboro.
Johnson, H. P., St. Pauls.
Joyce, J. R., Reidsville.
Joyner, G. H., Woodland.
Keith, V. W., Raleigh.
Marshall, G. O., Acme.
McLood, J. A., Bules Creek.
Mitchell, A. S., Winton.
Millsaps, L. H., Charlotte.
- Nance, J. H., Winston-Salem.
Parker, R. H., Enfield.
Paschal, R. F., Siler City.
Roberson, A. G., Staunton, Va.
Snider, W. O., Winston-Salem.
Sherrin, M. B., Wingate.
Schulken, F. J., Whiteville.
Strawn, J. A., Marshville.
Sanders, W. H., Smithfield.
Sustare, B. T., Mathews.
Strickland, H. C., Raleigh.
Wallace, J. C., Winston-Salem.
Walls, M. A., Winston-Salem.
White, S. W., Elizabeth City.
Yates, E. P., Winston-Salem.

TWO DECADES—SUCCESS AND YET MORE

JOHN A. OATES.

“The best Law School in North Carolina” is a distinction well worth while. To be accorded this is good; to merit it is more.

A school doesn't “just grow,” like Topsy. Neither do bricks and mortar make a school, any more than castles and battlements make a state. Gulley and Timberlake would make a law school with no roof above them save the blue sky and no seats save the greensward.

The housing is incidental—and to be sure very incidental, at Wake Forest. The material is an attachment in education; that intangible something called personality—with all that it includes of learning, of experience, of adaptability, is the cause, the major, if you please, in that wonderful work of induction and deduction, which we call Education. Let it not be overlooked that personality needs the best assistance in equipment that the material environment may help and not hinder the personal.

The Wake Forest Law School, like our Orphanage, was not greeted everywhere by hosannas and the waving of palms. There was a big question mark hung over its cradle. There was no gold, and not much of frankincense or myrrh.

But it has justified its right to live—and more, to be fostered as an agency of peculiar power in our denominational life and in the civic life of the State. Judged by the severe standard of profitable production, this school is entitled to most honorable mention.

From the day of its opening in 1894 to this good day, the Supreme Court of the State has granted license to five hundred and forty-six. What a record!

The Wake Forest Law School does more than train men to practice law; it gives practical training in the fundamentals of jurisprudence to hundreds of men who desire this course as a part of a well-rounded education. Teachers, preachers and men looking to the industrial life take this course.

The lawyers trained in this school are making good as judges, solicitors, general practitioners, legislators, and not least, as CITIZENS, men whose community life is not limited to the office and court room. Wake Forest does not aspire to turn out men as simple money-making machines. To be sure, her sons are doing their part in the world's industrial battle, but they are doing more.

The law gives a man a training for civil affairs that is recognized by the people. It is no happen-so that the last five governors of this State have been lawyers; that the last seven presidents were trained as lawyers, and that eleven of the twelve men who will represent North Carolina in the next Congress are members of the legal profession. These men were selected, not just because they were lawyers, but because legal training and experience are recognized as valuable assets in a public man. The Wake Forest Law School men are playing their part in this State, in fact, wherever they are found. It would be a study worth while to run over the list of the men who have been turned out from this school and see how they have made good. The present Legislature has a large number of Wake Forest men in it. Just watch them.

And more than that—as a rule the men sent out from this school do not lose touch with the religious activities about them. In one of the stronger Baptist churches of this State there are more than ten practicing lawyers trained at Wake Forest who are active leaders in their church life. In the general affairs of the denomination they are members of all our boards of trustees, association moderators, clerks of associa-

tions, chairmen of association executive committees, and in fact where true men are wanted, these disciples of Blackstone do not hesitate to declare themselves as working disciples of the Christ. And this is no happen-so.

Having proven beyond peradventure its right to live and have its being, I do think that it is time for it to *move*—to move into better quarters. A Law Building has a right to the main line, full speed ahead. I want to see this an accomplished fact when the boys gather back home from the quarter-century anniversary four years hence.

As one of these boys I want to pay tribute to Dr. N. Y. Gulley, jokes and all. His style is peculiarly his own, attractive and successful. And not a whit behind him in quiet effectiveness is Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr. This incomparable pair have builded better than they dreamed of. And yet there is more.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

SOME MYTHS OF THE LAW

HON. WALTER CLARK, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

These words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles apply to every calling and to every profession under the sun save only that of the law.

The beliefs of men in the childhood of the world have vanished. The gods no longer keep court and revel "on high Olympus." The gods and the faiths of Assyria, of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome have long since dissolved into thin air. Even as to the one true religion, the thoughts and understanding of men have undergone a radical change. Three centuries ago in Massachusetts they were burning witches and driving out Roger Williams to become the founder of a new colony. The Inquisition and the massacres in the name of religion throughout Europe, when men were burnt alive, or butchered, for opinion's sake, are recalled today with a shudder. In medicine the practice of Dr. Sangrado is no longer tolerated even in the most benighted regions, and it may be said with truth that so rapid has been the progress in the medical profession that some treatments which thirty years ago were considered orthodox would today invite an indictment for manslaughter or an action for malpractice. In all the other professions, in the sciences and arts, there has been like progress. In the one calling of the law, for which we claim especial ability for the average of its membership, many doctrines remain as they were when patients were bled to death and heretics were burnt.

A short while since we still adhered closely to the common law with its meaningless and cumbersome division of actions into debt, covenant, trover, detinue, assumpsit, and others, whose object seemed to be to prevent the administration of justice instead of its speedy enforcement. Then there was, and in some states there is still, the division between law and equity which long since was abolished in England and in many states of this country, in others as yet is unaccountably asserted as fundamental. Then there were the many technicalities in criminal trials, and as to the forms of indictment, which seem incredible to reasoning men outside of the legal profession, and until lately we retained the common law by which the status of married women was practically that of a slave. Her legal existence was merged in the control of her husband and the bulk of her property became his by the bare fact of marriage. She had "not a penny, but by his permission."

But it is needless to go into all the incongruities of the law. The subject is too vast and its anomalies too unbelievable to be recounted. It may be well to briefly consider three of the most striking myths which a hard-headed, intellectual profession still cherishes to a greater or less extent, notwithstanding the disappearance of delusions in other callings.

1. There is the "common law" which Blackstone so inaptly styled "the perfection of reason." This claim is absolutely without foundation, and all progress in the law has consisted in getting away from the barbarous teachings of the common law. In its origin, and in its continuance, this was merely judge-made law based upon alleged customs or traditions among a barbarous people. Its amendment has come from statutory enactment or from the urgent demands of public opinion arising from greater intelligence among the people. It was in this way that Lord Nottingham imported the doctrines of equity, which is simply the Roman civil law,

with some modifications, brought in to cure the unbearable evils of the common law system. In the same way, Lord Mansfield adapted the common sense of laymen in their dealings in trade and created the "law merchant."

As to the criminal side of the docket little more than two centuries ago there were two hundred and four capital offenses. One charged with a felony was not allowed to have counsel to speak for him, nor process to procure his witnesses, nor to testify in his own behalf, and when as late as 1835 an act was introduced to change this, thirteen out of the fifteen judges of England protested against the innovation, and one of them threatened to resign if it was enacted. This was done, however, but the judge did not resign!

The origin of the common law has been fictitiously claimed to be "as undiscoverable as the sources of the Nile." The sources of the Nile have now long since been discovered, and as to the common law we know that its real origin was in the customs of our barbarous and semi-barbarous ancestors, added to by the decisions of judges of more recent centuries, most of whom were neither wise nor learned beyond their age. One of these, in haste to get to his supper, or half comprehending the cause, or prejudiced, it may be, against a suitor, or possibly boozey (and such have been kened), has rendered a decision, another judge too indifferent, or unable, to think for himself, or oppressed by the magic of precedent, has followed, other judges have followed each other in turn, and thus many indifferent decisions being interwoven with perhaps a greater number of sound ones, there was built up, piece by piece, precedent by precedent, that fabric of law, that patchwork of many hands, that conception of divers and diverse minds, created at different times, that jumble of absurdities, consistent only in inconsistency, which those who thrive by exploiting its mysteries were wont to style "the perfection of human reason—the common law of England." As a system,

it resembles Otway's Old Woman whose patched gown of many colors bespoke "variety of wretchedness."

An eminent lawyer, J. C. Carter, has thus characterized it:

"In the old volumes of the common law we find knight service, value and forfeiture, of marriage, and ravishment of wards; aids to marry lords' daughters, and make lords' sons knights. We find primer seisin, escuage and monstrans of right; we find feuds and subinfeudations, linking the whole community together in one graduated chain of servile dependence; we find all the strange doctrine of tenures, down to the state of villenage, and even that abject condition treated as a franchise. We find estates held by the blowing of a horn. In short we find a jumble of rude, undigested usages and maxims of successive hordes of semi-savages, who from time to time invaded and prostrated each other. The first of whom were pagans and knew nothing of divine laws, the last of whom came upon English soil when long tyranny and cruel ravages had destroyed every vestige of ancient science and when the Pandects, from whence the truest light has been shed upon English law, lay buried in the earth. When Blackstone, who had a professor's chair and a salary for praising the common law, employs his elegant style to whiten sepulchres and varnish such incongruities, it is like the Knight of La Mancha extolling the beauty and graces of his broad backed mistress, winnowing her wheat or riding upon her ass."

The same writer further pertinently asks: "When is it that we shall cease to invoke the spirits of departed fools? When is it that in search of a rule for our conduct we shall no longer be bandied from Coke to Croke, from Plowden to the Year Books, from thence to the Dome Books, from *Ignotium to ignotius*, in the inverse ratio of philosophy and reason; still at the end of every weary excursion arriving at some barren source of pedantry and quibble?"

2. Then there is the myth of Magna Carta. This was a contract (one of many) of King John and thirteen barons and twelve bishops seven hundred years ago—19 June, 1215. Its whole object was to restrict the power of a worthless and irresponsible king in favor of the feudal privileges of the bishops and barons. There was no thought of any protection to others.

The much vaunted doctrine that trial by jury was provided for in Magna Carta is without the slightest foundation in fact. There was no grand jury till about fifty years before, when it was established by the Assizes of Clarendon in 1172, and there was no such thing as a trial by jury for nearly one hundred and fifty years after Magna Carta, *i. e.*, about 1350, and at first these juries were composed of the witnesses to the crime. Yet even as good an authority as should be the Supreme Court of the United States, without scrutiny of the historical evidence, on one occasion actually held that we owe trial by jury to Magna Carta! What the barons really stipulated for was special privileges for themselves. They bargained that if the King had any cause of complaint against *them*, they should not be tried by his judges, like the common people, but that they should be tried "*per iudicium suorum parium*"—that is, they were stipulating for a special privilege for themselves, and in derogation of the doctrine of "equality before the law and equal rights for all"—if such doctrine had existed at that time. The agreement was that as to themselves they should be tried "*per iudicium*" by the judgment (not by a jury) which should be rendered by men of their own order and not by the judges of the King, the judges not being their peers or equals but of inferior rank.

Sir Frederic Pollok, one of the most accomplished lawyers in England, visited this country a few years ago and made many friends. In the well-known work by Pollok and Maitland, "History of the English Law," it is said: "Even in the most famous words of the charter we may detect a feudal claim which will only cease to be dangerous when in the course of time men have distorted their meaning—a man was entitled to the judgment of his peers; the king's justices are no peers for earls or barons. * * * In after days it became possible for men to worship the words '*nisi per legale*

judicium parium suorum vel per legem terrae * * * because it became possible to misunderstand them."

McKechnie on Magna Carta says: "The clause was, after all allowance has been made, a reactionary one, tending to the restoration of feudal privileges and feudal jurisdictions, inimical alike to the Crown and to the growth of really popular liberties." Professor McIlwaine in a very illuminating article on "Due Process of Law in Magna Carta" in the *Columbia Law Review*, January, 1914, has discussed the subject so fully, with citations of all the best authorities, that it is impossible to add to it. He well says that Magna Carta is now regarded by eminent historians "not as a document of popular liberty but rather as one of feudal reaction. They consider it a concession to the demands of the barons for a return to the feudal anarchy of Stephen's time and a repeal of the great administrative measures by which Henry II and his predecessors were moulding a national judicial system and thus preparing the way for a common law."

These authorities further demonstrate that the words "*nullus liber homo*" referred to those who held by military or knightservice—that is, earls, barons, knights, and others who held knights' fees.

As to the other words, *lex terrae*, i. e., "law of the land," of which we have heard so much at the hands of courts which are bent upon setting up their own economic views to destroy or nullify progressive legislation in the interest of the masses, the phrase meant merely "the former law" of feudal tenures which had prevailed during the feudal anarchy in Stephen's time, and the feudal barons demanded thereby a repeal of the measures by which Henry II was preparing a national judicial system. This "*lex terrae*" was trial by wager of battle, compurgation and ordeal. How some later courts have misconstrued its meaning!

But even if Magna Carta had in it the meaning which has

been read into it by judges in later times in violation of all historical authority, it was at most a restriction upon the power of the King. By no sort of logic could it therefore be used, as some courts have used it, as a restriction upon the people of this day, speaking through their agents in the legislature and in Congress, in the enactment of laws for the betterment of the masses.

3. A third myth is that the courts have the power to set aside an act of Congress, or of a state legislature, as unconstitutional. Such power was unknown in England and has been unknown in all other countries, most of which now have written constitutions. Whether an act is constitutional or not is a matter for the legislative body which passes it. They are the direct agents of the people and always have in their ranks more intelligence than the highest court of the state or nation, for the reason that the legislative bodies are far more numerous. The legislators, whether in the state legislature or in Congress, have not only an aggregate intelligence greater than that of the court that assumes to nullify their action, but they are equally sworn to obey the Constitution and are as patriotic as the judges. Should the legislature or Congress disobey the mandate of the Constitution the power to review and nullify their action has not been given by the Constitution to any court but rests in the sovereign—the people themselves—in electing a new lawmaking body. The Federal Constitution, and most of the State constitutions, give the executive a veto not absolute, but qualified, by vesting authority in the lawmaking body to overrule it.

It is inconceivable that the veto power should have been given the judiciary, when it had never existed elsewhere, without any word or line intimating the conferring such judicial veto and with no provision for its being overruled as in the case of the executive veto.

This power was first assumed by the Supreme Court of the

United States in an *obiter* opinion in *Marbury v. Madison*, in 1803. If it had required the execution of any mandate the court knew that Mr. Jefferson would have disregarded it, as Jackson did later when the act of a state legislature and not of Congress was held unconstitutional in the matter of the Yazoo claims. We know, too, that if the judges in that case had set aside an act of Congress they would at once have been impeached, but as the court very shrewdly held, while setting forth the power of the court to hold an act of Congress unconstitutional, that it could not issue the mandamus which the plaintiff asked, there was nothing upon which an impeachment would lie. The court did not venture to hold any other act of Congress unconstitutional for fifty-four years, and then in the Dred Scott case in 1857, which was a *brutum fulmen*.

There is not a line in the Federal Constitution, nor in the state constitutions, to authorize the assumption of such power by the courts. It has no validity apart from the acquiescence or toleration which has been accorded it. The provision in the Federal Constitution that the United States Constitution and laws passed in pursuance thereof shall be supreme does not authorize the setting aside of an act of Congress, but at most asserts the supremacy of the federal authority and that an act under it is to be preferred to a state statute just as a later statute controls a former one.

Nothing can be more dangerous than to assume that the law-making authority in this country does not rest with the representatives of the people, subject to review by the people alone at the next election, but that the majority of a board of five, or of nine, lawyers can nullify at will the power of the people. Such doctrine amounts simply to asserting that great combinations of capital by securing the nomination or the appointment of a majority of lawyers on the highest court can control the public policy of the government.

It is not necessary to quote the stringent denunciation of such usurpation by Jefferson, by Jackson, by Lincoln, and hundreds of others. It is sufficient to point to the fact that in five great states the people have been forced to deny such doctrine and to assert their ultimate sovereignty by the adoption of a constitutional provision for the "recall of the judges," that this provision has been adopted in another state where it has been set aside by the court itself on a technicality, and that it has been passed by legislatures in several other states in which its adoption is now pending a popular election. Then there is the remedy advocated by Mr. Roosevelt, in the platform of one of the great parties, demanding a "recall of judicial decisions" on constitutional questions. This is less objectionable to most lawyers, because it is simply the application to those decisions which shall set aside acts of the legislature as unconstitutional, of the method by which executive vetoes are overruled.

Then there is the remedy provided by the new Constitution of Ohio, which forbids their Supreme Court to set aside any act of the Legislature as unconstitutional if more than one judge dissents. There are other remedies which have been suggested, but which need not now be discussed.

Suffice it to say that the true basis of our government is that the people are capable of self-government, and that their will, fairly ascertained, shall control. We have never given to the judges the "judicial veto" power. It has been assumed, but it can not be maintained. It makes of the courts small legislative bodies which may be appointed, or nominated, by the Special Interests. The question, then, is squarely presented, which shall control—the "Interests" or the body of the people? One must know little of the temper of the American people if he believes that this myth can long survive the fierce light that is being shed upon it.

The demand for reform in legal procedure and of the

abuses incident to our practice is insistent. It must be heeded. Their importance, however, is small compared with the necessity of abandoning the usurped power by which the courts have become legislative bodies, able and anxious too often to thwart the will of the people as to their public policies when this has been declared by them at the polls in selecting their duly constituted agents for making their laws.

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ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ADVOCACY

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR.

Advocacy is one of the most ancient and honorable of all callings. From time immemorial the principle that a person has the right to choose another to speak or plead for him has been recognized. Many of the great orators of Greece and Rome performed the functions of advocates, and many of their most famous orations were composed for that purpose. The influence of the advocate in the administration of justice was scarcely less potent in ancient times than it is at present.

Among the ancient Greeks it was not customary for the advocate to actually plead the cause of his client in court. The usual custom was for the client to lay his case before one of the great orators or writers of the day who would then compose for him an oration which the client himself read or delivered in open court.

Referring to this ancient custom, it is said in Sharswood's *Professional Ethics*, page 137:

"Before the tribunals of Athens, although the party pleaded his own cause, it was usual to have the oration prepared by one of an order of men devoted to this business, and to compensate him liberally for his skill and learning. Many of the orations of Isocrates, which have been handed down to us, are but private pleadings of this character. He is said to have received one fee of twenty talents, about eighteen thousand dollars of our money, for a speech that he wrote for Nicocles, King of Cypress. Still, from all that appears, the compensation thus received was honorary or gratuitous merely."

Among the Romans advocacy received even a wider recognition than among the ancient Greeks. It was considered both the privilege and the duty of the Roman patrician to render assistance and to afford protection to his dependents, and even to others who sought his services and advice. For

this purpose, therefore, the patrician frequently appeared before the tribunals of justice to defend the cause of his client. In this way there arose the highest type of Roman advocate—the *patronus causarum*, or patron. At this time the patron charged no fee for his services, although it was not considered improper for him to accept a gratuity or *honorarium* from the client. Referring to advocacy during this period, Mr. Alexander H. Robbins, in his admirable treatise on American Advocacy, gives the following interesting account:

"The patron was held in very high esteem, but the professional *advocatus* was considered at that time as an abomination. Statutes were passed, prominent among which was the Cincian Law, which prohibited the advocate to charge or receive any fee for his services.

"Later, in the era of the Roman Empire, the Cincian Law was ignored and the professional *advocatus* received public recognition and his qualifications, duties and manner of compensating him for his services, were regulated by statute. Professional advocacy then rose to an honorable calling and gradually supplanted the ancient and more distinctly honorable relation of patron and client. Into all countries, therefore, where the civil law has gone, the *advocatus* has followed, and he is still called by that name or some derivative therefrom."

In this connection the Roman *juris consult*, or "confidential legal adviser of the Roman people," may also be mentioned. The *juris consult* was presumed to be thoroughly versed in the law of the land and he frequently appeared in the Forum for the purpose of imparting information and advice. Being an expert in the science of the law, his opinion was eagerly sought not only by private persons as his clients, but also by the magistrates, advocates, and others employed in administering justice. Referring to the important position occupied by the *juris consult*, it is said in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chapter XLIV:

"On the public days of market, or assembly, the masters of the art were seen walking in the forum, ready to impart the needful advice to the meanest of their fellow citizens, from whose votes on a future

occasion they might solicit a grateful return. As their years and honors increased they seated themselves at home, on a chair or throne, to expect with patient gravity the visits of their clients, who at the dawn of day, from the town and country, began to thunder at their doors."

Turning to a brief consideration of the rise of advocacy in England, it seems that at a very early date the duties of advocate were usually performed by the priests or monks. This may be accounted for by reason of the fact that their educational advantages were superior to those of any other class of persons. We are told by Blackstone, however, that a great deal of dissatisfaction existed because of the clergy's close adherence to the principles of the civil law. "The nation," he says, "seems to have been divided into two parties, the bishops and clergy, many of them foreigners, who applied themselves wholly to the study of the civil and canon laws, which now came to be inseparably interwoven with each other, and the nobility and laity, who adhered with equal pertinacity to the old common law; both of them reciprocally jealous of what they were unacquainted with, and neither of them, perhaps, allowing the opposite system that real merit which is abundantly to be found in each." Whatever may have been the situation at the time referred to by Blackstone, certain it is that at an early date laymen began to train themselves for performing the duties of advocates, and later, advocacy as a profession was limited to those specially trained for the purpose.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century there were organized what came to be known as the Inns of Court, these Inns of Court being given exclusive power to extend a "call" to the bar and to prescribe the qualifications of the advocate. The Inns of Court, or as they are usually termed the common law Inns, are four in number, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn, and these have always held first rank among the law schools of the empire.

In addition to the common law Inns, there are eight chancery Inns. After the prospective barrister has completed his legal education, and has successfully passed his final tests under the supervision of the "benchers" of the Inns of Court, he then receives his "call" to the bar.*

It is beyond the scope of this paper to go into a discussion of the respective functions of the barrister and the solicitor—the two divisions of the legal profession in England. Suffice it to say, the distinction is not recognized in this country, the term attorney-at-law covering the entire field of professional advocacy. "Indeed, it may be accurately stated," says Mr. Robbins, "that the American lawyer is rather the English solicitor possessing, however, the professional rights and duties of the English barrister."

It would scarcely be fitting to close this article without referring, at least, to the legal profession in our own country. The part that the American bar has had in making this great country of ours justifies the statement that it has not departed from the traditional high standard of the profession. The American lawyer has had peculiar opportunities for service. When it became necessary to frame a constitution, sufficiently strong to bind together into one government thirteen independent and sovereign states, yet sufficiently elastic to preserve the rights of those states, this difficult task necessarily devolved largely upon the legal profession. And well was this difficult task performed. Mr. Gladstone characterizes our Constitution as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," and Mr. Bryce, perhaps the greatest modern authority on constitutional questions, refers to our government as "the first true federal state founded on a complete and scientific basis." Not only was the actual framing of the Constitution largely the

*For an excellent account of the Inns of Court and discussion of the "calling" of the English barrister to the bar, see Robbins on American Advocacy, Chapter I. See also Introduction to Blackstone's Commentaries.

work of the master minds of the legal profession of that period, but it was largely through the profession's influence that the adoption of the Constitution was secured. As was said by Hon. William L. Marbury, in an address before the Maryland Bar Association in 1911, "but for the persuasive logic, the powerful reasoning of the great lawyers of the *Federalist*, it might well be doubted whether the Constitution of 1787 would ever have become the law of the land."

Lack of space forbids an attempt to trace, even in outline, the influence of the legal profession in directing the policies, both internal and foreign, of our government. Of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States, twenty-one have been lawyers. In the halls of Congress, in the legislatures of the states, on the bench, and in the life of the community the influence of the profession has been felt and recognized. The names of Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Kent, Story, and a host of others too numerous to mention are indelibly impressed upon the minds of the American people. Of the lawyer of the early days in America it has been aptly said:

"The people of his neighborhood, of his county, or of his State, and as his fame increased people of the whole country, looked to him for guidance and advice in their public affairs, as well as in matters more strictly pertaining to his profession. While he was at the bar he was a leader of public opinion, and when he was transferred to the bench, his judgments received universal obedience, as the settled law of the land."

De Tocqueville, the "kindest yet shrewdest critic of American democracy," pays this high tribute to the American bar:

"The people," he said, "in democratic states do not distrust the members of the legal profession, because it is well known that they are interested in serving the popular cause; and it listens to them without irritation because it does not attribute to them any sinister designs." Referring again to this sub-

ject, he says: "I am not unacquainted with the defects which are inherent in the character of that body of men, but without this admixture of lawyer-like sobriety with the democratic principle I question whether democratic institutions could long be maintained, and I can not believe that a republic could subsist at the present time if the influence of lawyers in public business did not increase in proportion to the power of the people."

In conclusion, what of the lawyer of today? This is a question that each individual member of the profession should ask himself, and ask himself earnestly and often. We of the present generation of lawyers have a priceless heritage, and at the same time there rests upon us a grave responsibility. Our heritage is the record of an ancient and honorable profession; to uphold that record is our responsibility.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

HON. JETER C. PRITCHARD, JUDGE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.

It is remarkable that there has never been a satisfactory definition of law—that principle or thing which regulates and controls all mind and matter. It is equally remarkable that the English word “law” has for its root the various words in Saxon, Danish, Italian and Latin meaning laid, set or fixed, yet, in many instances, human laws are not fixed, stable or permanent. It is true that certain great elementary principles of law are in the main immutable, such as the laws against theft and murder, but human modifications and elaborations of those laws are as changeable as the winds. The laws defining the different degrees of homicide, larceny, burglary and arson are not exactly alike in many of the states in the Union, and the same is true as to the laws relating to divorce, the ordinary relations of parent and child, master and servant, etc., upon all of which it would seem that a homogeneous people would be in absolute accord.

If we go to Blackstone, the greatest of Anglo-Saxon law writers, we find his definition of law very unsatisfactory and inadequate. He defines law in its simplest and most elementary state as being a rule of action, when in fact it is more often a rule of inaction or passivity than it is a rule of action; and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is, in many senses, no rule at all, as “rule” implies control, government, authority, power, elements which, strictly speaking, are practically absent from many of our laws.

Of course all human laws are intended to embrace all of the above attributes, but their frequent and almost universal violation proves that they do not control or govern those who wish to violate them, and are entirely lacking in power or authority for their own enforcement.

As an evidence that laws are rules of inaction rather than action, let us take the Ten Commandments, that great cornerstone upon which all human laws, moral, statutory, ecclesiastical, common and even unwritten laws are founded. Among these ten fundamental laws there are only three that command action, viz., to love God, keep holy the Sabbath day, and to honor our parents. All of the other seven are prohibitory, commencing with "Thou shalt not." The Ten Commandments are silent as to burglary and arson, and this is doubtless due to the fact that the people of that day and time lived mostly in tents and therefore, technically speaking, these crimes were not committed.

When we follow Blackstone's definition further we find that he defines municipal law as "prescribed by the supreme authority of a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." The inquiry naturally arises—what is the supreme authority of the state? Technically speaking, it is the legislature, but really in the first instance it is the people. In our government the people rule, and the legislature being chosen by the people, as a general rule gives expression to public sentiment in the laws which it enacts. The people write no laws, but they compel the writing of such laws as they desire to have written, and they prevent the writing of such laws as they wish to remain in force in an unwritten form.

Law is a chart, a guide, a direction, indicating what may or may not be done and the manner of doing or not doing the same, and prescribing the measure and mode of punishment for its violation. We stand in the presence of the law with uncovered heads, realizing as we do that in the faithful observance of its mandates lies the safety of our Republic.

One of the earliest and loftiest conceptions of God is as the great Judge Eternal of the Universe, and so the most exalted function with which a man can be entrusted is the ad-

ministration of justice to his fellow beings. Hence it has been said by a great philosopher that in the performance of their official duties "judges should imitate God in whose seat they sit."

The first pronouncement of law by divine authority was from Mount Sinai, amid the clouds, accompanied by a wonderful demonstration of the majesty and power of our Lord. From that day until the present time we have been afforded striking illustrations of the majesty of the law, both human and divine. In monarchical governments the regal splendor which surrounds the rulers and those charged with the administration of justice has done much to impress the subject with the majesty and power of the law. While in a government like ours there is an absence of such pomp and splendor, nevertheless the temples of justice are regarded as sacred precincts wherein the law is administered in accordance with the principles of the divine law.

All law should be an exemplification and extension of the rules derived from that source from which we receive the many blessings conferred upon us by an all-wise Creator. We should not forget that were it not for the refining and civilizing influences of Christianity, human laws would be ineffectual and the courts would be powerless to enforce the mandates of the law. There may be some who are not inclined to contribute for the support of Christianity. No greater mistake could be made by any one than to refuse to support the ministers of the gospel in their unselfish efforts to secure the welfare of mankind. To their efforts are we indebted for the public sentiment in this country which stands for the maintenance of law and order under any and all circumstances. So firmly is the doctrine of religious liberty established in this country that all fair-minded people recognize its existence and with rare exceptions the religious views of no one are ever questioned. The individual who is

imbued with the true spirit of Christianity will never attack his fellow being who is attempting to serve his Master, let his creed be what it may. This is as it should be, because all fair-minded persons are bound to admit that there are Christians in all denominations.

Just after the assassination of the late President Lincoln, an infuriated crowd of fifty thousand people was about to destroy the *New York World's* offices after a speech by Gen. B. F. Butler on the Exchange Building in Wall street, when the late President Garfield, then a member of Congress, coming to the front of the portico, held up his hands and began speaking in a grand, sonorous voice, which at once quieted the tumult. Among other things he said: "Fellow Citizens:—Clouds and darkness are around about Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies; justice and judgment are the establishments of His throne; mercy and truth shall go before His face. Fellow citizens; God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

The people were wrought up to the highest tension over the sad news of the cowardly assassination of the President, but the patriotic words of Mr. Garfield electrified those present and reason resumed its sway and they at once realized that they were in the presence of the law and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. The great assembly quietly dispersed, thus affording a splendid illustration of the power and majesty of the law.

The word "majesty" denotes dignity, grandeur, inspiring awe and reverence; so that when we speak of the majesty of the law we mean its dignity and grandeur and our awe and reverence for it. God is the great Law-giver. His laws, or many of them, are recorded in that great history and statute book known among men as the Bible, which is only another name for "The Book," meaning thereby the Book of Books, or the supreme book of all the books ever written or compiled.

Those laws were given by God to His chosen people and were recorded and preserved for our information and guidance by His inspired ministers and prophets. Their dignity, grandeur and power constitute their majesty, and although they were given or enacted thousands of years ago to a primitive and nomadic people, many of them are potent today in our complex civilization. Laws are necessarily majestic whose essential soundness and wholesomeness have survived the lapse of centuries and the changes of many civilizations, and are as vital today as when the shepherds watched their flocks at night on the far-off hills of Judea.

In addition to these revealed laws of God, there are certain well-known laws of nature, such as gravity, light, sound, etc. These are also the laws of God, and it is as much our duty to find them out and obey them as it is to study the revealed word of God as found in the Bible. Many of these laws do not come under Blackstone's definition as being rules of action, as they control or govern the universe of matter and have so much power and authority as to enforce themselves. Unlike human laws, they denounce no penalty against their violation, but the penalty follows inevitably, inexorably, relentlessly, and in their operation we find one of the strongest evidences of the existence of a God.

When at night we behold the starry heavens and endeavor to understand the law that keeps the planets in their orbits around the central sun in our system, and satellites about those planets, and systems of suns and planets and satellites about other systems of suns and planets and satellites, and remember the accuracy and precision that characterize their every movement, we realize the awful, the supernal, the transcendent majesty of the laws of nature in a manner that is at once convincing and appalling.

While we give tribute to the astronomers whose learning has enabled them to predict to the second the eclipse of the

sun and moon, years and years in advance of the happening of the event itself, how much greater should be our admiration—nay, our awe—for that intelligence which keeps those myriads of heavenly bodies in their going and coming with far greater precision and accuracy than the greatest human science has been able to apply to the schedules of our pigmy railroad trains creeping like snails over the solid earth for short distances, or our ocean and river steamboats that are at the mercy of every wind that blows upon their troubled pathway.

The constance and regular recurrence of the seasons, the sprouting of the seeds, the glory and certainty of sunrise and sunset, the song of birds, the power of steam, the mysterious force of electricity, and all the million wonders of nature make us marvel how it can be that, with greater regularity than clock-work and despite "earthquake shock and ocean storm,"

"Still morning comes with marvel as of old,
Still in the soft rose descends the even tide."

It was the majesty of the laws of nature that inspired man to fathom the intricacies of a system of laws the like of which for precision has never been excelled by the agency of man, and second only to the inspired writers of the Old and New Testaments we esteem Galileo, Copernicus, Laplace, Newton, and the older astronomers who felt impelled

"To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity."

Imagine, if you can, the overwhelming ecstasy that must have appalled the mind that first conceived what we have come to know as the Copernicus or solar system, what an imagination it must have taken to interpret

"The dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light."

Between the "long reaches of the peaks of song," from Psalmist to Tennyson, poets have striven to express in words, but all in vain, the inexpressible that is felt in the

"Swing of Pleiades * * * the rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose."

But while we reverence the laws of God as revealed in the Bible, and rhapsodize over the laws of nature as revealed by science, it is the statute laws of our country to which I would now call your attention. As I have already said, they are unqualifiedly the laws of the people themselves. Some may not be able to see anything majestic in the creature of their own hands and this may account for the somewhat frequent violation of the laws by many of our fellow citizens. But to me the very fact that our laws have been made by ourselves, that we are responsible for their enactment and enforcement, gives them a far greater majesty than any other purely human laws that were ever enacted by the parliament of man or the decrees of sceptered monarch or triple-crowned despot.

We are "the heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time." We are the guardians of Liberty in this her last refuge and asylum—the land of North America. We are the unfettered descendants of the forest, most intelligent and most intrepid people of which history has any record. For over one hundred years we have been engaged in the business of self-government. In our struggle for liberty and self-government we have had the example of all the governments that have ever existed for our guidance and instruction.

Our education is and has been on a sounder and more comprehensive basis than that of the people of any other country. We have met and overcome many great and perplexing problems in the past and have made our government loved at home and respected abroad. It has been truly said that our laboring men "are better clothed, better fed, and better educated than the same class of people of any other section of the

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Our education is and has been on a sounder and more comprehensive basis than that of the people of any other country. We have met and overcome many great and perplexing problems in the past and have made our government loved at home and respected abroad. It has been truly said that our laboring men "are better clothed, better fed, and better educated than the same class of people of any other section of the

world." We have enjoyed absolute religious freedom and our public press has always been free, even in the darkest days of our bloody and fratricidal war. If such a people can not and have not made laws that commend themselves for their dignity and grandeur above all other human laws, what laws short of divine laws can be called majestic?

The majority of the American people wish to do right and to know what is the right thing to do. They have the power to elect their own lawmakers and to instruct them as to what laws shall be enacted and what repealed. There is but one limitation to the laws they may enact, and that limitation has been self-imposed. I refer to the Constitution of the United States.

Our legislatures may pass no laws in conflict with our written Constitution, which embodies all the well-settled principles of right and justice as well as the general plan for the government of the United States. It is sometimes difficult for Congress to pass laws in the administration of which the three branches of government,—legislative, judicial, and executive,—in accordance with the theory of our government, are kept separate, or which do not trench upon the rights of the state, or which do not violate the obligation of contracts, or which authorize the taking of property without due process of law, all of which would be in violation of the provision of the Constitution. The laws relating to and regulating interstate commerce have been found to be difficult to draft so as to stand the constitutional test of keeping the legislative, judicial and executive functions separate. The states also frequently pass laws which trench upon interstate commerce laws over which Congress has exclusive control. Laws attempting to fix the rate of freight and passenger fares are also passed without regard to whether the common carriers affected thereby can afford to do business for the compensation fixed by law, which would be taking property without due process of law.

Other laws attempt to relieve certain parties of certain obligations growing out of legitimate contracts, which class legislation is frequently attempted.

It is the bounden duty of our courts to declare all such laws null and void, but whenever Congress or the state legislatures pass laws which are not in conflict with the principles of the federal or state constitution, the law is supreme and must be obeyed.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to the citizen the protection of life, liberty and property rights, and when there is an invasion of such rights, it is the duty of the courts to afford the citizen a remedy that is ample, adequate and complete. The late Minister Phelps, in an address delivered at the Centennial Anniversary of the Supreme Court of the United States, February 4, 1890, in the city of New York, in referring to the Supreme Court, among other things said:

"But the best assurance that the court will be found equal to the emergencies that are to come, whatever they may prove to be, is seen in the success with which it has encountered those of the past. And that success is most clearly shown by the public confidence it has inspired. The people of this country have learned to have faith in the court, and pride in it. Elevated and in a measure isolated as it is, they still feel it to be their own. Many a plain man has never seen it, nor ever expects to see it. He cannot discriminate its jurisdiction nor understand its procedure. The principles of its jurisprudence are not for his comprehension. But he reposes with a more confident security under the roof his industry has raised, and enjoys with a better assurance the liberty that has made him free, because he knows there is a limit which oppression cannot transgress; that he can never be dispossessed, nor outlawed, nor otherwise destroyed; that no agency or power can go upon him or send upon him, but by the judgment of his peers and the law of the land; and he believes that if the worst should come to the worst, and wrong and outrage should be found intolerable and yet without other redress, there is still laid up for him a remedy under the Constitution of his country, to be based in some way or other, in the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Long and late may it be, sir, before that confidence is shaken. If it is sometimes child-like in its simplicity, it is always noble in its origin. Long and late may it be before even the suggestion shall penetrate the faith of common men that the highest American justice is not for them.

"Judges will be appointed and will pass away. One generation rapidly succeeds another. But whoever comes and whoever goes, the court remains. The king may die but still the king survives. Strong in its traditions, consecrated by its memories, fortified with the steadfast support of the profession that surrounds it, anchored in the abiding trust of its countrymen, the great court will go on—and still go on, keeping alive through many a century that we shall not see the light that burns with a constant radiance upon the high altar of American constitutional justice."

It is the positive assurance of protection for the citizen contained in the Constitution that gives power and dignity to the courts, and in consequence our reverence and respect for the law is such that every American is willing, if needs be, to offer himself as a sacrifice upon his country's altar in order that the government under which we live and the laws by which we are governed may be maintained and perpetuated.

The American nation is the oldest and greatest republic the world has ever known. It exists today by virtue of its laws enacted and enforced by its own citizens. There is more individual liberty, intelligence, wealth, education, happiness and morality among us than among any other people in the world. Have any other human laws produced such beneficial results, and why should not our laws command the respect and admiration of the civilized nations of the earth?

As a whole we are a law-abiding people, but the conduct of a few who sometimes set our self-imposed laws at defiance serves to detract from the respect in which our laws should be held, while their conduct might dishearten those who believe in the practicability and perpetuity of self-government.

I fear that in some instances the citizen is under the impression that the laws are not fairly and impartially administered. The fair and impartial administration of the law

accords to the rich and the poor the same kind of treatment, and anything short of doing exact justice between the rich and the powerful on the one hand, and the poor on the other, must necessarily weaken the confidence of the people in the government and those who are entrusted with the administration of the law. But our judges and lawmakers, with rare exceptions, are good men, and in the main the laws are fairly and impartially administered. Of course there are exceptions, but with the spread of Christianity and education these things will happily disappear.

It is for the people to determine as to whether a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall perish from the earth merely because some of the people refuse to be governed by laws of their own enactment. That the American people, in every great emergency in the future, will be equal to the occasion as they have been in the past is vouchsafed by the patriotic conduct of those who have been entrusted with the management and control of our governmental affairs from the days of Washington until this good hour.

It is claimed that the people of Great Britain are the most law-abiding people in the world; that there is greater respect for law and the courts of justice among them than among any other people, and yet they make their own laws just as really and truly as we make ours—the non-elected House of Lords, corresponding in many respects to our Senate, being the only veto power in the government. Why, therefore, do mobs set our laws at defiance oftener than English mobs set English laws at defiance? Why should lynch law sometimes occur in portions of America and never in England?

Mr. W. C. Miller, a distinguished member of the South Carolina bar, in discussing the stability of the English government and the respect of the people of that country for its laws a few days since, related the following incident: He said

that a prominent citizen of his State who had recently been abroad, while in one of the crowded thoroughfares of an English city, saw a touring car coming down the street, driven at a very high rate of speed. As the car advanced, a policeman stepped into the middle of the street directly in the path of the approaching car and held up his hand as a signal that the car should stop, immediately thereafter turning his back to the car, folding his arms and remaining motionless upon the spot over which the car would pass if it did not stop.

The policeman represented to the driver and occupants of the car the embodiment of English law, and the policeman, in absolute confidence in the respect which the occupants of the car would pay to that law, did not hesitate to stand in the track of the car with perfect assurance that the law would be obeyed. The chauffeur put on all the brakes and although the car was thrown into a convulsion by the sudden stop, it was brought to a standstill within a few inches of the burly English policeman.

The gentleman added, in contrasting this scene with the conditions in America, that he "could see the finish of an American policeman who would try the same feat in an American city."

This affords a splendid illustration of the manner in which the law is administered in England. It was truly said by Blackstone that "it is the certainty and not the severity of punishment that deters people from the commission of crime," and this seems to be the spirit in which the law is administered in England, hence everyone in that country is impressed with the power and majesty of the law.

For myself, I have always believed that the best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it, and as our law-makers have never yet failed to respond to any well-defined public opinion on any subject, why should any one set any law at defiance? Whenever any law becomes unpopular a majority of our peo-

ple can always bring about its repeal or modification. Therefore, it is worse than folly—it is criminal—to defy or oppose the execution of any law on our statute books, however enormous or unpopular it may be.

In an enlightened republic such as ours, laws can not be enacted or enforced unless the people uphold favor for support, they are always quick to respond to any popular demand for support, they are always quick to respond to any unpopular demand for the repeal or enactment of any law.

Having, therefore, the entire power to enact, modify and repeal all laws, the people should and generally do frown upon the efforts of all who would set laws at defiance by mob violence or lynch law.

It is true that some laws are and always have been unpopular with certain classes of our people. This is, of course, inevitable, as it would be impossible to pass laws that are always satisfactory to everyone. The best that can be done is to pass laws that are believed to be satisfactory to a majority of our people, as upon the will of the majority all republics depend for their existence. Just so long as this principle is recognized as the cornerstone upon which rests the government of the United States, will our government endure, and no longer. For upon no other basis can a republic exist, for the moment the rule of the majority is abandoned or surrendered, it ceases to be a republic.

It is axiomatic that if laws have not the sanction of the majority of the people who enact them, they will not be enforced, and if laws are not enforced, they fall into contempt. This involves a loss of dignity and authority to the judges and law officers whose duty it is to declare and enforce the laws, which in turn entails a loss of prestige to the legislators who enacted the laws, and ultimately to a want of confidence in the people who elected them. It follows, therefore, that the best way to repeal all bad laws is by insisting upon their

rigid enforcement, and that if our government is to continue to endure, there must be a universal feeling of admiration and respect for the majesty of the law. Consequently, it behooves all citizens, from the highest to the lowest, to uphold the majesty of the law if they would have our government continue as it is.

But aside from all the foregoing considerations which to my mind give majesty to the laws of our country, there are deep religious considerations which contribute powerfully to the same end.

Much of the revealed law of God has been incorporated into our statute law, and almost all that has not been so enacted has a still more permanent lodgment in the hearts and characters of our people. Laws, therefore, that are largely based upon the Holy Bible have been enacted by people believing in and practicing the doctrines of Jehovah, must have a majesty second only to the divine law itself.

It is true that the Constitution of the United States does not contain the word "God," because religious liberty was the cause and cornerstone upon which our government was planted. And notwithstanding the fact that the followers of the Christian religion far outnumber those of all other religions under our flag, so great is the majesty of that provision of our Constitution guaranteeing freedom of conscience and religious liberty to all that it is universally regarded as one of the principles or doctrine of the Constitution that is never to be disturbed or modified.

What is the result of that guarantee of religious liberty? The conversion to Christianity, sooner or later, of almost all who come to our shores believing in a different faith, so that although the commands to love God, to honor our parents, and not to covet, are not written into our Constitution or into the statute law of our land, they are engraved upon the consciences of our people, as exemplified by libraries, hospitals,

colleges, asylums, and by thousands of church spires that "go thrilling up to heaven like a hymn." Surely we are showing every day that we have remembered and are observing that "New Commandment" which Christ gave unto us—that we love one another. What else is the meaning of our pure food laws, our laws for damages for injuries to those hurt in carrying on commerce between the states, the reservation for the use of future generations of much of our public domain, with its forests and mines, our fresh-air funds, our public schools and hospitals, our asylums for the old, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane?

I know of no higher or better exemplification of our Constitution granting religious liberty and freedom of conscience than that it has produced men and women who have reared such splendid monuments for the uplifting and advancement of humanity and amelioration of the suffering of our weaker brothers.

The disposition in certain quarters to denounce the courts and criticise those who are charged with the administration of the law, has a tendency to weaken the faith of the people in the stability of our government. Some have dared to go even so far as to impugn the motives of the Supreme Court—the highest court in the land—the last resort of the people.

The spirit of anarchy is abroad in the land and in some sections is gaining a strong foothold. This sentiment has been nurtured and developed by the demagogue who is willing to assail the very foundation of the government in order that he may succeed in his political aspirations. The courts are not above legitimate criticism, and when a judge acts improperly he should be criticised, and if his conduct warrants it, he should be impeached, but there should be no wholesale denunciation of the courts, and those who attempt by such methods to bring discredit upon the judiciary should be taught by the

American people that the doctrines which they teach can never flourish on American soil.

The late ex-President Cleveland, in an address delivered at Princeton, September 19, 1901, referring to the death of the lamented McKinley, said:

"There is a serious lesson for us all in the tragedy of our late President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard at this time to read the lesson calmly. We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin, the horrible faces and figures from which it will not do to turn away. If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security, we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teachings and practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws."

These are words of wisdom, spoken by one of the greatest statesmen of this age, and the lesson which he sought to teach should be constantly borne in mind by every patriotic citizen. This is indeed a land of liberty, but it is not a land of license, and the sooner the lawless class understand the true situation, the better it will be for all parties concerned. We welcome from abroad the better class who desire to come among us, but our laws should be strengthened and improved so as to keep beyond our borders those who believe that their mission in life is to perpetuate strife and discord. The individual who believes in dynamite rather than reason, and who is willing to resort to unlawful methods, to further his ends, will find no cordial welcome in this free land of ours. The anarchist and the demagogue have much in common, and the one is as dangerous as the other, and each should be shunned by the American people.

The only way to successfully meet those who teach the doctrines of anarchy is to teach the people the importance of being thoroughly devoted to America and her institutions.

Let us, therefore, cultivate a spirit of patriotism and respect for the majesty of the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof. We should endeavor by all legitimate means to promote peace and harmony among our people and press forward to the glorious future which awaits us; imbued with that supreme spirit which flashed from the lips of Patrick Henry, when he said in the Continental Congress, "I am not a Virginian, but an American."

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE VALUE OF EXECUTIVE ABILITY IN THE TRIAL JUDGE

HON. R. W. WINSTON.

Assuming that the trial judge is honest and desirous of doing the right thing, I would say that executive ability is ninety-five per cent of the rest. If the trial judge is a first-class presiding officer, his court will be efficient and he will do business. The trouble with the administration of the law is its delay, and this comes about whenever trial judges are lacking in executive ability. No law school in America, so far as I know, is training its students to become presiding officers. There are numerous moot courts in the law schools, but the object of these courts is to familiarize the students with the practice of law and not to train them to be presiding officers.

You simply can not tell what kind of a trial judge a lawyer will make until you try him—and then it is too late. I have known many fine *nisi prius* judges who knew little law and would have been great failures upon the appellate bench, and I have known many profound lawyers who were ineffectual as trial judges for the reason that they did not know how to preside. Less than one per cent of the cases that are tried in the courts are appealed, and about sixty per cent of that one per cent are affirmed. It would seem, therefore, that depth of learning is a small part of the necessary equipment of the *nisi prius* judge. The administration of the law demands a trial judge of decision, one who is prompt, a high-grade chairman. Such a judge will be on the bench a few minutes before the hour of convening. He will have a regular order of business. He will stop telling his jokes when he enters the courthouse, for this is his place of business. He will rule

boldly but kindly. He will decide promptly but courteously and he will have pardonable pride in dispatching business. It may be that presiding officers, like poets, are born and not made. But I am persuaded that if our trial judges knew in what esteem their brethren held a good executive officer and how they grieve at the sight of the judge who spoils their courts by talk, talk, talk, or by loss of temper or by indecision, delays and procrastination, they would come to realize the value of executive ability in their daily work. Fortunately for North Carolina, all of her judges are honest, and many of them are possessed of executive ability of high order.

It is to be noted that we are considering the chief requisite of a *trial* judge. We have not considered the essentials of a judge of an appellate court or the necessary mental equipment of an attorney in active practice. When a trial judge has heard patiently and decided honestly and promptly, he has done his full duty, be he right or wrong; not so with the practicing attorney or with the courts of appeals. They must be right, their duties and responsibilities are absolute and not relative.

Judges and lawyers, like politicians and statesmen, are divided into two broad classes: the reactionary and the progressive; the one holds back and the other pulls forward. One class employs, in legal science, the three methods designated by law writers as metaphysical, or analytical or historical; while the other class is concerned only or mainly with the comparative. It must be conceded that the trial judge should enlist under the banner of the comparative method, which "collects, examines and collates, the notions, doctrines, rules and institutions which are found in every developed legal system, notes the points in which they agree or differ, and seeks thereby to construct a system which should be natural, philosophical and serviceable." In view of the assaults, which are now developing, upon courts, constitutions and

jurisprudence generally, does it not behoove our trial judges to promptly dispatch the people's business and thereby remove the irritating cause growing out of the law's delays?

When the people complain, they are always right. But when the people are satisfied the occupation of the professional agitator is gone.

RALEIGH, N. C.

A LAWYER'S CHOICE OF LOCATION

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

A question that faces every young lawyer is the one as to his location for the practice of his profession. For some it is much more easily answered than for others. One young man, for instance, has an opening awaiting him in the office of his father; another is bound to a certain locality by family ties or business obligations. But to the young lawyer foot-loose and purse-light the problem of location becomes really perplexing; and in the hope of offering some suggestions to such a one this article is written. Giving dogmatic advice upon such a subject is worse than useless in that it is misleading. All that one need hope to do is to state the advantages and disadvantages of different types of locations and let the young man consider his ambitions and his capabilities in the light of the suggestions and determine in which location he will fit the best.

Locations for lawyers in North Carolina may be divided roughly into three classes, namely: cities with populations from twenty to fifty thousand; small cities and towns of from three to twenty thousand; and county-seats in small towns and villages. To the first class belong Asheville, Charlotte, Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, Wilmington and Winston-Salem; to the second, places like Elizabeth City, Washington, Salisbury, High Point, and a host of other communities of that size; and to the third, the score of county seats like Jackson in Northampton County, Halifax in Halifax County, Nashville in Nash County, Yadkinville in Yadkin County, and Dobson in Surry County, each with a population ranging from a hundred to a thousand.

Our five principal cities offer many advantages to the young lawyer. Though in none of them can he expect to be em-

ployed in important litigation at first, still he is in the atmosphere of big things and that of itself should be a stimulus to an ambitious young man. Though the average young man can not afford specialization but must take every kind of honorable practice that offers itself, still he finds in the city an opportunity, as soon as he is able to do so, to devote himself to special practice, whether it be office work, title work, advocacy, civil issue trial practice, or collection work. The city offers him the stimulus of strenuous competition with other ambitious young men and also the inspiration of association with older practitioners. Moreover, the young man without means finds in the city an opportunity to make a living from the start by teaching or coaching or doing secretarial work of one sort or another.

The disadvantages of the city, on the other hand, must come up for an amount of consideration. The cost of living in Winston-Salem, for instance, is much higher than it is in Dobson. The starvation period is longer and harder because it takes one longer to get acquainted with the people or to acquire a clientele. The competition which is closer and more relentless is stimulating to the self-possessed young man, it is true, but it may be fatally disheartening to the timid one. Because the cost of living is more and the competition closer and the starvation period longer in the city than in the country, the young lawyer without any source of income is tempted to sacrifice his individuality by taking a clerical position or seeking employment as a stenographer in some firm or even, in a moment of discouragement, to abandon the profession altogether for something more remunerative for the time being.

Passing over the small city or town as a location, one may think next of the county seat in the small town or village. One of the advantages of the village county seat to the young lawyer is that he should be able to make a living at the law almost from the beginning and escape the starvation period

entirely. There is no doubt but that for the first few years one's income in the village will be much larger than that of his brother of greater ability and ambition in the city. The most patent disadvantage of starting in the village is that he has less opportunity to grow. There he is not apt ever to be retained in very important matters because they do not arise except in centers of population. In the village he fails to enjoy the stimulus of competition or the inspiration of association with the master legal minds. But do not think for a moment that some of the master legal minds of the State can not be found in the law offices grouped around the village county seats. The country lawyer may not be a specialist in any line, but often he has a grasp of legal theory and a way of weaving common sense into practice that puts to rout the brilliant legal lights of the city. Mr. Cy. Watson, himself one of the most eminent jury lawyers the State has produced, who located in Winston-Salem when it had less than a hundred voters, says that, taken all in all, the best lawyer he ever knew was J. Marshall Clement, who spent his life in practice in the little town of Mocksville, Davie County. But it stands to reason that the young lawyer in the city, where there may be a dozen eminent lawyers, has more opportunity to profit by association with them than has the young man in the village which can boast only one man like J. Marshall Clement.

The advantages and disadvantages of the small city and town stand midway between those of the city on the one side and the village county seat on the other. It goes without saying that one who practices in a town which is not a county seat and has to take a trip every time he searches a title or attends to business at the courthouse, is at a distinct disadvantage. The advantages must be marked that would induce a man to locate in a town not convenient to the county seat. It is, of course, easier to get started in the town than in the city, and in the town one can sooner impress himself upon the

community. The community of eight or ten thousand offers many temptations to the young lawyer to engage in some business like real estate or insurance as a sideline which, unless he is very careful, will be fatal to his success at the bar.

In debating in his mind the question of location the young man ought to take a careful inventory of himself—his physique, his mental habits, his finances. City practice requires long hours of hard work in offices that are often illy ventilated. If one has constantly to be guarding his health and husbanding his energies, he had better not locate in the city. Speaking of New York City, one of the successful lawyers there says: "Success depends upon the hardest kind of work, upon tremendous vitality and constitution. Personally, I should prefer less financial success in a smaller city with more chance to lead a healthier life." What is true of New York is also true, to a less extent of course, of every city. City practice requires ability to concentrate one's thoughts in the midst of noise and confusion, to endure sustained mental effort, to persevere in spite of rebuffs. Indifference and laziness are fatal to success at the bar anywhere and particularly so in the city. The young man need not expect to make a living out of practice in the city before the end of his third year. The proverbial starvation period is five years; the real starvation period is about three years. The secretary of the Harvard Law School recently made an investigation of the incomes of Harvard Law School graduates for ten years back with the following result: He found that the average income the first year out is \$664; the second, \$1,110; the third, \$1,645; the fourth, \$2,150; and the fifth, \$2,668. A very well-informed lawyer in this State says that if the young man collects \$1,500 in all during his first three years, he has done well. I estimate that the average income of the young lawyer in North Carolina is about \$300 his first year, \$600 his second, \$900 his third; after that he soon takes his

place as a successful, mediocre, or indifferent member of the bar. Governor Aycock said that he made \$144 his first year, and that that was all he deserved to make. In the face of these figures, unless the young lawyer has some source upon which he can draw during his first three years, he had better locate in a town in which the cost of living is less than it is in the city.

Many, probably a majority, of the most successful lawyers in the cities of the State began practice in a village or town and moved to the city after they had distinguished themselves in the smaller communities. Judges Dillard and Ruffin, both of whom were distinguished members of our Supreme Court, began practice in the rural town of Wentworth, Rockingham County, and later moved to Greensboro. Propriety prevents one's mentioning the eminent city practitioners of the present who started in the village. Having acquired knowledge of procedure and self-possession by practice in the country, they have bridged, to a large extent, the chasm of uncertainty and timidity that yawns before the young man who starts in the city.

One bit of advice I would give to every young man considering a location is this: Go to the place in which you wish to live. If one has ability, integrity and determination to succeed at the law, he will succeed anywhere, whether in city, town or country. If the quick step of the city appeals to one, he ought to go there; if the slower pace of the village is more to his liking, he ought to go there. Upon this point a successful lawyer says: "One can fail anywhere, and it will be equally unpleasant. On the other hand, if one succeeds it is worth while that it should be in a place where success can be enjoyed. Let every one choose the place where success would mean the most to him. Wherever that may be, he can rest assured that there is no lack of opportunity if he will play harder than the next man."

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

THE LAWYER AND HIS PUBLIC RESPONSIBILITY

JOHN H. KERR.

An address delivered by JOHN H. KERR on the occasion of the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the Wake Forest Law School.

"In the practice of law some men do well; others do good." In all forms of government the lawyer must of necessity have a prominent position. Our's is a lawyers' government. It was the agitation by the patriotic members of the profession which brought on the Revolutionary War. It was the conservative wisdom of the lawyers which framed the Constitution of the United States; the master minds of lawyers harmonized the Pinckney, the Jay, the Sherman and the Madison plans, and it was John Marshall who interpreted this Constitution, and it has been well said "breathed the very life into it." Twenty-four of the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States were lawyers. Twenty-one of our twenty-seven Presidents have been lawyers. It is of the real lawyer and his relation to the public of which I wish to speak; I am compelled to admit that all gentlemen who have license to practice law are not lawyers. A large per cent of the gentlemen who secure license to practice law never intend to practice the profession, some of them only want to learn of the principles and science of law; I do not believe that a man can be highly educated unless he knows of the growth of the law and its application to the science of government. The checks and safeguards against revolutionary action which distinguishes the institutions of the United States from those of all other democracies, are the fruits of the wisdom and foresight of great minds trained to the law.

A great many men secure license to practice law in order

that they may use the law and this knowledge to aid them in prosecuting business successfully; this is all right, if they do not debase the profession as a means to get money.

In my opinion there are two classes of real practitioners: the first is the lawyer who studies and plans to use his profession to the end that he may become prominent; he wants to be a great jury lawyer, or he wants to have some intimate connection with some great corporation, or he wants to attain unto political prominence; now I would not entirely criticize this kind of a lawyer, some of them have been most useful in the great uplift of our country, but I will say that this kind of a lawyer is usually not the great maker of public sentiment and his influence does not mould our highest ideals. The spectacular jury advocate is often deficient in the real learning of the profession, the corporation lawyer is frequently helpless when he comes to consider the fundamentals of the profession, and the political lawyer generally needs somebody to try his cases for him.

COUNTRY MAN FOR THE SUPREME COURT.

I want to say right here that I wish we had some President who would come back to the country and get some great country lawyer, fresh from the streams of human life, a man who has intimate knowledge of the real wants and conditions of his fellows, and put him upon the great Supreme Court bench of this United States; it would have a wholesome effect; I am getting tired of every vacancy upon this the greatest court on earth being filled with some lawyer who has spent his life in the twentieth story of some city law building, studying to advise a corporation, not how to obey the law, but how to break it and not get caught.

The second class of real practitioners, and the class which I wish to call, for want of a better name, the modest lawyer, is the one who has grown into the confidence and life of his

community. Say what you may, the real sentiment of almost every community and county in this State and in every other State, reflects the life and character of the lawyer who has the confidence of that community and who does the business of that community. If he is vicious and stands for low ideals, the citizenship of his community will be sordid and depraved, and there will be no moral progress; if this lawyer has high sensibilities with a conscience attuned to noble ideals, the community will respond to this sentiment, and you will have a righteous people, armed with truth and in the van of material and moral progress.

Of course I want to commend to you this upright lawyer, with the highest ideals, the lawyer who has the confidence of his community, and whose influence stands for the best things of life, the lawyer who advises his people and keeps them out of all difficulties, who each day steers them around the rocks and through the breakers and anchors them safe from trials and conflicts of life. This is now my ideal lawyer; this is the lawyer worth while. Did you ever think of the confidence which men put in their attorney; there are hundreds of lawyers in North Carolina who today have in their possession the last wills and testaments of men worth thousands of dollars, these locked in their safes until the messenger shall come. There are hundreds of lawyers who absolutely have entrusted into their keeping hundreds of thousands of dollars without a receipt or a bond; this confidence extends to every phase of life; we are entrusted with all the sacred secrets of our clients, and these are rarely betrayed.

LAWYER'S GREAT INFLUENCE.

No other professional man has such an influence. The preacher comes and stays a few years, does a great service, but he is not a fixture; if he is a Methodist, four years soon roll by and he must make a new home; if he is a Baptist, he

generally stays until he shakes up his old morally stunted deacons right good, or possibly builds a church, and then he has to go. The doctor never takes the same interest in public matters as the lawyer, he operates in a smaller sphere, the fact is he is busy relieving human suffering and the public has never depended upon him for leadership, as it has the lawyer. The influence of the teacher comes nearest to that of the lawyer; in my opinion there are men and women in North Carolina to day, whose names you will never hear called, who are doing a service to humanity which will be felt throughout the ages to come; Christian teachers who are building their lives and their ideals into the lives of our children.

But what about this upright lawyer, this modest lawyer, whom you rarely hear about away from his community? I should like for Wake Forest to make a specialty of this class of practitioners. Say what you may, the State of North Carolina looks largely to Wake Forest College for public men to shape the ideals and make public sentiment in the State; send the men from this college wherever you may, and you will find those men occupying a large place in the political, religious, business and social life of their community. The Wake Forest lawyer is a factor in North Carolina; go into any county and you find him now, and I'm glad to say that he is securing his part of the business, and I think most of them are entirely loyal to this institution; they should be, it is undoubtedly characteristic of North Carolina Baptists, that they love Wake Forest College. You will not go far in life until you find out that this college lies close to the hearts of many men and women in this State; there are thousands of North Carolinians who never saw these splendid buildings and never had a boy educated here, who have possibly invested one dollar or more in the fund which enables the college to maintain itself, and this investment has made the donor have a real lively personal interest in your institution.

TWO THINGS TO BE DEMANDED.

Let me suggest to my ideal lawyer at least two things which, in my opinion, he should distinctly stand for at this time. First, there is a growing idea that a lawyer takes an active interest in politics for selfish motives, the public generally thinks that he wants an office. I never expect to see the day when the lawyer is not interested in politics, but I want him to remove the idea that this interest is personal; he must do it, he can do it; if he can make public sentiment, and if he has the confidence of his people, he can dissipate the idea that he is in politics for his own aggrandizement. A man can be of more use in the building of character, and in the promotion of high ideals, when he strives unselfishly for the uplift of his fellow man; we will have to make the laws, and we will have to interpret them; we will stand for the great fundamental principles which have entered into the making of this government; and we must do and be unselfish in the act.

NO PLACE FOR DEMAGOGUES.

Second, I beg you to respect our institutions; the cynic and the demagogue has no place in a healthy community. There is a tendency abroad in the land to depreciate the real merit of our jury system; we hear often that the jury system should be abolished, that a court of judges could administer justice much better. We must not be indifferent and let this sentiment grow; it strikes at the very vitals of our jurisprudence, and I believe the abolition of our jury system would disorganize our whole system of government. We must not forget the bitter struggle our fathers made to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people; it must not be forgotten that the whole body of the people is the source of justice, as the people are the source of authority. We remember that the people are the source of authority because Mr. Jefferson wrote it down for us at Philadelphia in words

that—in Adams to Rufus Choate—are unquestionably fine and noble. We have had no great leader, however, to immortalize in any solemn declaration of rights the equally great truth that the people are the source of justice.

Blackstone declared that the jury system was the chiefest glory of the English law. It seems wisely ordered that men do not require a special education to do justice; you have to teach a man what a right-angled triangle is, but you may be sure that every man comes into this world with a knowledge of what is good and what is evil, what he ought to do and what he ought not to do.

I believe I may say, in conclusion, that the greatest lawyer, and the one that does most good in life, is the one that realizes his responsibility to the public, on account of his great profession and position, and simply serves in a modest way his day and generation, and lifts them up to larger visions and thereby makes life nobler, sweeter and truer; this is the lawyer who does good.

Let us strive with a sincere purpose to preserve our institutions, and make the truest ideals in life; then we will have done our full duty and life will not be tiresome.

"Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk."

ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE

FREDERICK DUDLEY SWINDELL.

He was a very young attorney, and today a very despondent one. He had sat for an hour or more in his office chair—a handsome one and very new—resting an arm on his desk, which desk was likewise very new and shiny, and gazing reflectively out of the window on a world that was not new. And, speaking of worlds, we have stumbled upon his very thoughts. It was a strange world, he felt; a hard-hearted world, and withal, a cruel world. His boyish chin quivered a little and a lump found lodgment in his throat, for he was indulging in the bitter-sweet of self-pity.

A month ago his perspective had been rose-tinted. The world was not then a cruel or hardhearted one, but a vast storehouse of treasures, of opportunities for glorious attainments. He had sought to disguise the jubilation and buoyancy of his heart with a new-found, and therefore a tremendously fascinating dignity, while he fitted his office with books and tables and desks and many other impressive looking things. He had indulgently permitted his mother and sisters to stand admiringly by while he filled shelves and books and directed the furniture man, in tones of courteous authority, to place this article here and another there. And finally, when every book and every chair and every rug was in place, he had seated himself with slow and serious movement at the imposing desk, and gently but firmly suggested to mother and the girls that his time was quite valuable. The girls had been inclined to be resentful and even sarcastic at his summary dismissal of them, but the mother, smiling tenderly, drew them away. He had not observed that smile, although it was a wonderful smile, full of tenderness and love and

understanding and hope, and perhaps, a bit of apprehension, for he was only a boy and this was his first day of greatness.

A month had passed since then. A month full of hurts and insults to his pride. He had vaguely known of the hazing months, which come to all beginners in his profession, but he had not realized their depths of misery. Keen of imagination, he had assumed the toga of manhood and dignity and importance, and, with reckless optimism, expected immediate adoption in the realm of affairs. He had been treated as a boy. He had been addressed as Kid and Sonny; had been patronizingly encouraged by some and discouraged by others. He had sat in his office day after day, conscious that passersby smiled at its newness, at its lonely occupant. And, in his self-consciousness, he had exaggerated trivialities into tragedies. So, today, he was miserable, very, very miserable.

He did not know that the little mother had divined, with the instinct and intuition which only mothers have, the soreness in the soul of her boy, or that behind her daily smile was sympathy and tears. Nor did he know that on the yesterday she had visited the office of another lawyer, a much older lawyer, and had a long, long talk with him. What he did know was this.

He saw some one coming, and, as the some one came, he saw him looking intently at the bronze sign, in flagrant evidence over his door. He heard a step in the hallway and then a knock. Suddenly he felt a thrill, a thrill and then a strange nervousness. His hand shook and his voice quivered as he bade the some one enter. With a herculean effort he assumed an air of repose and calm, a business-like attention. He frowned a little, believing it would make him seem wiser and older. He wondered what to say. His brain reeled with excitement. He hesitated to speak, fearing the sound of his voice, and so sat silent.

"Boss," began the newcomer, wholly oblivious to the ex-

citement he had occasioned, "me and another fellow has had a little fracas and I kinder wanted a lawyer to look out for me."

In an instant the wretchedness of thirty days vanished. One sentence from the lips of a dirty, ragged negro had rehabilitated him in pride and hope and importance. He asked question after question. He took a long memorandum of the facts in the case. He expressed profound convictions of his client's blamelessness in relation to the "fracas." And, at last, when a fee of five silver dollars was paid him and his client shuffled out, he viewed the future as in a blaze of glory.

So engrossed was he in his own thoughts, so absorbed in newly assumed responsibilities, and so elated at the first visit to him of the chance he had desired, he failed to catch the glance of interest and expectation in the mother's eye, when he returned home for dinner. When the family gathered about the table the sisters were conscious of a subtle change in their brother. He was quiet and preoccupied. He replied in monosyllables to all remarks addressed to him. At last, when general attention had been directed to him and he saw that the dramatic moment for his act of announcement had been reached, he glanced glowingly over the group, and a bit sheepishly, a bit exultantly, stated, "I have a client."

The effect was magical. Mary and Jane laughed with delight and asked a hundred questions. Lizzie, the quiet one, walked over and threw her arms about him. Mother's face radiated gladness and father beamed in satisfaction. The attorney for the defense revelled in the pleasure of it all for a few minutes and then hurried back to the office.

The trial was to take place before a justice of the peace the next day. Meanwhile time was precious. He pulled down encyclopedias and turned to the head of Assault and Battery. He read industriously. He made notes of cited

cases and then traced them up in the various reports. He called in his father's stenographer and dictated a lengthy brief. At seven he hurried home for supper, and, scarcely touching his food, rushed back to the office. His brief was complete, but there was his speech to prepare. He sat at the desk and wrote for hours. He weaved in his argument bits of humor and touches of pathos. He told how his client had fought in defense of his honor and life. He described the scene of the fight, near the little cabin that was the home of his client. He pictured the home life in this cabin; the happy children and the loving wife. He attained dramatic fervor in relating the approach of the criminal who forced the fight. The challenge on the threshold, etc. He shook sympathetic tears from his eyes as he wrote or ground his teeth in rage as he ranted of the injustice done this unoffending man in being haled before a court of justice. "He should have been awarded a medal for bravery. His should be the universal approbation of a fair-minded community. Instead of censure he deserves reward." Thus he wrote until the night waxed late.

Eight o'clock was his accustomed hour of arising, but this morning he was up at six. Up and out and down at his office, memorizing as best he could in so short a time the speech he had written. So deep was his interest and so important his task he neglected his breakfast. At nine-thirty he laid his manuscript on the desk. The trial was to be at ten, and he felt it wise to compose himself a little. He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and was trying to still the whirl of thoughts in his brain when a knock on his door sounded and a small, kinky-haired negro boy entered. "Is you Lawyer Burns?" he questioned. The attorney bowed. "Well, pa says please, sir, send him that five dollars he giv yer. He says tell you Lawyer Jones told him to git yer, but yer was so young he 'lowed he'd git another lawyer."

WILSON, N. C.

SOME TESTIMONIALS FROM ALUMNI OF THE LAW DEPARTMENT

The Editors of *THE STUDENT* sent to all practicing lawyers who secured law training at Wake Forest the following queries: (1) Tell of your college career and your practice in law with the offices you have filled. (2) Your opinion of the Wake Forest Law School for law training. (3) What has the Wake Forest Law School done for the North Carolina bar?

It has not been possible to reach every man, and we have not received answers from all. A necessarily abbreviated account of the answers received is as follows:

ALLEN, THOMAS A., Albany, N. Y.—Wake Forest College, A.B. 1903, B.L. 1904. Admitted to practice in North Carolina February, 1904. Graduated from Union University, Albany Law School, LL.B. 1906; was admitted to practice in New York State, at Saratoga, September, 1906. Since that time have been practicing in Albany, N. Y. Have been making a success in my profession since that time, and at present have a good and growing practice. Was Democratic candidate for member of the Assembly, First Albany District, 1910.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is in its thoroughness of instruction, the accuracy in teaching of the fundamental and elementary principles of the law, as well as the scope of its work, equal to any of the other law schools of the country. This was impressed upon me by the fact that in my course at Union University there was only one subject not covered in the course at Wake Forest, that of Federal Practice. In my class there were men from reputable Northern universities who did not seem to have as clear an idea and application of the elementary principles of the law as it is presented by the professors of the Wake Forest Law School."

ALEXANDER, J. J., Stony Point, N. C.—Class of 1914. Teaching this year and doing a little local practice in home town.

"The able and efficient teachers of the Wake Forest Law School are not surpassed by any of the many great lawyers of the State in their knowledge of the law. Wake Forest has given to the bar of North Carolina some of its ablest members, and its influence is just now beginning to be felt."



A GROUP OF LAW STUDENTS, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

ALLEN, R. C., Muskogee, Okla.—Entered Wake Forest College in 1901, and completed the law course. Was licensed by the Supreme Court of North Carolina in February, 1903. Associated with Mr. Herbert McClammy, of Wilmington, and in May, 1903, formed a partnership with Henry Lyon and practiced law at Elizabethtown until November. In November, 1903, moved to Coweta, Indian Territory, and engaged in the practice of law until January, 1911. In August, 1910, was nominated as a Democratic candidate for District Judge for the Third Judicial District of Oklahoma, and in November of that year was elected by a majority of eleven hundred, in what had been theretofore a Republican district. At the time of election was twenty-seven years of age and was probably the youngest man ever elected to the office of District Judge; in February, 1914, was tendered the appointment as National Attorney for the Creek Tribe of Indians, and resigned as District Judge and accepted the appointment.

AVERITT, H. G., Fayetteville, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest College during the years of 1895-1896 and 1903. Licensed to practice law in August, 1903. Has never sought public honors or office, and so far has confined himself strictly to the practice of his profession.

"I have always regarded Professor Gulley as the finest lecturer I ever knew on class. I am of the opinion that the Wake Forest Law School has done a great deal for the bar of North Carolina in the way of elevating the standard of the lawyer's requirements."

BAILEY, J. W., Raleigh, N. C.—Wake Forest College, 1889-1893. Law School, 1907-1908. Member Constitutional Commission State of North Carolina, 1913. Collector Internal Revenue, United States, Eastern District of North Carolina, 1913.

BEAM, G. M., Mapleville, N. C.—Took law course with the summer class of 1914. In the year 1910-1911 B.A. and M.A., Wake Forest College. Principal of Mapleville Academy.

BEASLEY, L. A., Kenansville, N. C.—Address is Kenansville, N. C., where he has practiced law for the last eighteen years as a member of the firm of Stevens & Beasley, later of Stevens, Beasley & Weeks, and now of the firm of Stevens & Beasley, which firm has a large and extensive practice in Eastern Carolina. M.A., Wake Forest College. Admitted to the bar in February, 1896.

"The Wake Forest Law School is without doubt the best in the State, if a school is to be judged by the number of its students who

have successfully passed the rigid examinations of our Supreme Court. The success of the school has, in my opinion, been due in a great measure to the unique personality of its dean, Prof. N. Y. Gulley, a man of profound scholarship, rare attainments, a genial nature, an ability to impart information even to the dullest intellect, a *sui generis* in his chosen field."

BENNETT, S. Q., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Class of 1911. Practices at Winston-Salem with good success. Represented Forsyth County in Legislature in session of 1913.

"The Wake Forest Law School is unequalled in the State. It has been a great factor in the progress of this and other States."

BENSON, WALTER C., Wilmington, N. C.—Class 1910. Degree, LL.B. Practices at Wilmington, N. C. Member bar Supreme Court United States, Oklahoma, North Carolina. Secretary Wilmington Law School.

"Wake Forest Law Department stands high. Its teachers are gems. The men Wake Forest Law School has turned out with few exceptions have made great successes at the bar of this and other States."

BLANTON, R. R., Rutherfordton, N. C.—Received B.A. Wake Forest, 1912. Licensed to practice law in February, 1913. Was appointed by the Legislature to the office of Recorder for Rutherford County in March and began his duties in April, 1913. Was elected Recorder for two more years at the November election, 1914. Was elected January, 1915, to the position of County Attorney.

"I consider the Law Department at Wake Forest one of the best not only in the State of North Carolina but in the entire Southland. I often think of the remark Professor Gulley would make, 'The man who slips into some other lawyer's back door for advice will never succeed.'"

BOBBITT, M. T., Rowland, N. C.—Practices in Lumberton and Rowland.

"Professors Gulley and Timberlake are not only learned lawyers, but teachers in the truest sense of the word."

BOONE, W. D., Winton, N. C.—A.B., Wake Forest College, 1911; LL.B., 1912. Since 1913 has practiced in Winton, N. C.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College has set a high standard of completeness and efficiency. The real secret of the success of the department lies in the strength of its teachers. The Law School of Wake Forest College has given to the bar of North Carolina men of ability, efficiency and integrity."

BRIDGES, MARSHALL W., Hendersonville, N. C.—Summer Law School of 1914; A.B. degree, Furman University, 1913. After leaving Wake Forest in August, 1914, and being admitted to North Carolina bar. Continued the study of law at the University of South Carolina.

"Where two or more men are associated together in the same work 'team work' is absolutely essential to success. Whoever heard of a more wonderful 'team' of teachers than Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake? The work of the one dovetails with that of the other. Gulley and Timberlake! Two greater teachers of law cannot be found anywhere than Professors Gulley and Timberlake. I believe that the Law School at Wake Forest has influenced the legal profession of this State and other States to an extent equal to the influence of Wake Forest generally upon the Baptist denomination of North Carolina and other States."

BROCK, WALTER E., Wadesboro, N. C.—In class of 1905. Practiced at Wadesboro, N. C. Mayor of the city of Wadesboro, Judge of Recorder's Court, Secretary of the State Democratic Executive Committee for four years, member of the State Democratic Executive Committee for four years, and at present Solicitor of the Thirteenth Judicial District.

"Wake Forest law teachers are as good as the best. The school is democratic. The Wake Forest Law School has furnished to the State some of its most brilliant lawyers."

BROUGHTON, C. C., Troy, N. C.—Wake Forest College, class of 1912. Licensed in August, 1912. In Troy, Montgomery County, ever since January 1, 1913; had fine success since coming to Troy in the practice of law.

"Teachers have the reputation of being the best in the South, and I believe it. I think it can be rightly said that Wake Forest has sent out more strong men from its Law Department during its experience than has any other college in the South."

BROUGHTON, J. M., JR., Raleigh, N. C.—Class of 1910, A.B. degree; took the summer law course 1911 and obtained license. Subse-

quently attended the Harvard Law School. Began practicing in Raleigh, becoming a member of the firm of Clark & Broughton, in July, 1913.

"The Law School's two really great teachers deserve the grateful appreciation of every alumnus of the college, and they also deserve a building and a library. The Wake Forest Law Department has given to the bar men who possess lofty and unflinching ideals."

BROWN, E. GARLAND, Whiteville, N. C.—Class of 1912; began his practice in April, 1912. Formed a copartnership with ex-Senator Jackson Green at Whiteville, N. C., and practiced thus until May, 1913, when Senator Green moved to Wilmington. Entered politics at the solicitation of friends in 1914, and became Prosecuting Attorney for Columbus County. In the election of 1914 was the youngest man on either Democratic or Republican ticket in Columbus. Now the senior partner of the firm of Brown & Sharp, located at Whiteville.

"I owe more of what I am to Professors Gulley and Timberlake than to any other living men. I feel like Wake Forest Law School has done more to eliminate shysters and the class of lawyers that desire only wealth from the North Carolina bar than any other institution in the State."

BROWN, JUNIUS C., Madison, N. C.—B.A. and LL.B. Class of 1913. Began practicing immediately after examination in Madison, North Carolina.

"The professors in the Law Department are, in my mind, due the credit for the unparalleled success of the Law School at Wake Forest. They are not only thoroughly equipped but they show a personal interest in the students who attend the Wake Forest Law School. In every nook and corner of North Carolina you will find the Wake Forest lawyers standing at the forefront in the legal profession."

BRUMMITT, DENNIS G., Oxford, N. C.—B.A., 1907. The following year taught in a high school in Granville County, and on April 9, 1908, came to Oxford and entered upon the practice. Served as Secretary of the County Democratic Executive Committee, 1908-10, and as Chairman, 1910-14. Now a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee. In May, 1909, was elected Mayor of Oxford and served four years in that capacity. Was nominated for that office before he had been in the town a year, winning over two older citizens who were born and raised here. After retiring as Mayor

served on the Board of Town Commissioners. Elected to the House of Representatives from Granville in 1914.

"I was much impressed at Law School with the magnificent manner in which Professors Gulley and Timberlake complement each other. Timberlake teaches the theory of the law in logical, consecutive order, developing the principles underlying it, while Professor Gulley gives one a practical, working knowledge of the things he will meet in the practice."

BRYAN, PAUL Q., Moultrie, Ga.—Formerly located at Oxford, N. C., but is now practicing at the Moultrie, Ga., bar. A.B., 1908, and LL.B., 1912. Has held no political offices.

BUNN, A. A., Henderson, N. C.—Graduated in class of 1912, LL.B. degree. Since that time has practiced law in Henderson, N. C. Holds the following offices: Chairman Vance County Democratic Executive Committee, Secretary and Treasurer of Home Building and Loan Association, Secretary and Treasurer of Vance County branch of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Association of North Carolina.

BURNETT, J. H., Troy, N. C.—Educated at Wake Forest College; licensed to practice law in August, 1910; received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Wake Forest College, commencement 1911; Principal Snow Hill High School, 1911-12; located at Lillington, N. C., for the practice of law in June, 1912, and practiced there with fair success until January, 1914, when a partnership was formed with Mr. Chas. A. Armstrong, of Troy, N. C.; Reading Clerk of the State Senate extra session of 1913; President of the Montgomery County Bar Association 1914.

"The teachers not only know the law and are gifted in imparting their knowledge to others, but they also try to instill the true Christian spirit. If success is mine it is due to a great extent to the training I received at Wake Forest."

CARLTON, P. S., Salisbury, N. C.—Member of the graduating class at Wake Forest College in 1899. Took the degree of M.A.; taught school in the Atlantic Collegiate Institute of Elizabeth City, N. C., from 1899 to 1902. Returned to Wake Forest in the fall of 1902 and read law there until February, 1903, when he secured his license to practice from the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Settled at

Salisbury. Member of the House of Representatives from Rowan County at the 1913 sessions of the Legislature and now Judge of the Rowan County Court.

"Accuracy and precision were emphasized daily by Professor Gulley, and under him, more than at any other time or place, I formed my ideal of a lawyer. In my opinion Professor Gulley, in teaching law to his students, has a greater personal influence over their lives and characters than any other teacher I have known. Whenever I have gone in North Carolina the lawyer who obtained his training at Wake Forest stands high in his profession and in the estimation of the public."

CASHWELL, C. C., Wilmington, N. C.—Class of 1913. Expects to graduate with the LL.B. degree, commencement of 1915. President of Y. M. C. A., Wake Forest College, 1914-15; Business Manager of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, 1914-15.

"The success of the Law Department and the excellent character of her sons, I think, are due to the deep, personal interest its Christian professors take in those whom they teach."

CHALMERS, A. C., Wilmington, N. C.—Entered the Summer School of the Wake Forest Law Department about the first of August, 1911, preparatory to taking the North Carolina Bar examination. Received degree of Bachelor of Law from the University of Virginia. Licensed to practice law by the State of Virginia. Graduated from Virginia June, 1910, and entered the Law Department of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company January 1, 1911. Still with the company.

"The instruction I received at Wake Forest has been of great help to me since I received my North Carolina license, and it was certainly largely instrumental in helping me to pass the bar examination. I would like to state my appreciation of the lectures delivered by Professor Timberlake; they were always clear and concise and brought out plainly the main points of the subject under discussion."

CHEEK, GEORGE, Sparta, N. C.—Was in classes from spring term, 1898, to and including summer law class of 1900. Obtained license the fall of 1900 and began the practice of law at Sparta spring of 1901. Appointed United States Commissioner in 1901, which "job" he is now holding.

"My law studies were under Prof. N. Y. Gulley, whom I regard as a thorough instructor and a most excellent man. The kindly spirit

and the personal interest shown me by Professor Gulley was a great help, and is to this good day one of the dearest recollections of my college life. So far as my observation goes the men of my class, as well as those of other classes, have been able to amply care for themselves and for the interest of their clients in all legal conflicts, and on the whole have done much to raise the standard of legal ethics."

COOKE, ARTHUR WAYLAND, Greensboro, N. C.—Class of 1900; A.B., A.M., B.L. (Wake Forest College). Winner of Improvement Medal; Dixon Oratory Medal; anniversary debater; anniversary orator; commencement orator; one of the debaters in successful debate with Trinity College in 1899. Licensed to practice law Fall Term of Supreme Court, 1900. Located in Greensboro, N. C., September, 1900; associated with Hon. Charles M. Stedman until 1904; formed partnership with Major Stedman in 1904 under firm name of Stedman & Cooke, which continued until 1910, when the senior member of the firm was elected to Congress. Married in Augusta, Ga., October 12, 1904, to Miss Annie M. Owen, of Providence, R. I. Has one child, a son about four and a half years old, Floyd Elmore Cooke. Chairman Gullford County Board of Elections, 1906 to 1910; Chairman Congressional Executive Committee, Fifth District, 1910 to 1912; Chairman Gullford County Democratic Executive Committee, 1912 to 1914; member State Democratic Executive Committee, 1908 to 1910; City Attorney of the city of Greensboro since 1910.

"The Wake Forest Law School has my highest commendation. Its teachers rank with the best. Not only have they the scholarship, but get a grip upon their students and give them incentives and ideals which are inestimable. Not only do they prepare students to pass the examinations for license but for the active practice of law. Its contribution to the bar of North Carolina has been invaluable. The men it sends out are taking rank with the foremost lawyers of the State. The Wake Forest men are usually men of democratic ideals, active, energetic, bold alike in the assertion of right and denunciation of wrong."

CRAVER, J. B., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Summer Law School class of 1913. No law degree. Practicing in Winston-Salem. Served as Tax Assessor two years in Winston Township; elected on Board of Commissioners of the town of Salem in 1910, and served continuously on same until Salem and Winston consolidated. Passed the Supreme Court of North Carolina in August, 1912.

"Nothing too good can be said of Wake Forest Law Department

for its great strength and power cannot be expressed in words, and only eternity will reveal its character building, its soundness of learning, efficiency of preparation, the greatness of work and the goodness of spirit of Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake and the Law Department."

CRITCHER, P. V., Lexington, N. C.—Class of 1910; B.A. degree. Practicing in Lexington, N. C. Appointed by the Legislature in 1913 as Judge of the Recorder's Court for the township of Lexington. Elected for two years more last general election:

"I still hear the sound of Professor Gulley's and Professor Timberlake's voices guiding me in the principles of law."

CRUMPLER, B. H., Clinton, N. C.—Entered the Law Department of Wake Forest at the beginning of the fall term, 1903, and stayed until the end of the spring term, 1905. Took the LL.B. degree. Located at Clinton, N. C., June 12, 1905, at which place he has continued to practice his profession. Represented his county in the Legislature of 1909 and 1911. Was married on the 24th of December, 1905, to Miss Eva Butler and has three children living and one dead.

"Professor Timberlake was not at Wake Forest while I was there, but I do not think Professor Gulley has an equal in the State in preparing young men for the examination of the Supreme Court. I believe no practicing attorneys have a higher regard for the ethics of the profession than they, and the training which they get at Wake Forest is, in my opinion, as good as can be had anywhere."

DICKINSON, O. P., Wilson, N. C.—Was in the class of 1902, taking the degree of Bachelor of Laws. After leaving college located in Wilson, where he has been practicing law till the present time. Has held no public positions except that of Chairman of the County Board of Elections of Wilson County, and that of Mayor of the town of Wilson. Is now holding the second term. Is a member of the North Carolina Bar Association and of the American Bar Association, and recently has formed a copartnership with the firm of Manning & Kitchin, of Raleigh, for the practice of law in Wilson, under the firm name of Dickinson, Manning & Kitchin. Is a member of the North Carolina Good Roads Association and is the First Vice-President of the Carolina Municipal Association, and at the meeting of the Alumni Association in 1912 was elected President of the Alumni Association for the following year.

"The Wake Forest Law School, for thoroughness of equipment of its graduates, stands second to none in the South."

DUNN, S. A., Scotland Neck, N. C.

DUNN, ASHBY W., Scotland Neck, N. C.—B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908, *cum magna laude*. After editing the *Commonwealth*, a newspaper published in Scotland Neck, for nine months, was elected Superintendent of the Scotland Neck Graded Schools for the session of 1909-10. Licensed August, 1910. Practicing at Scotland Neck.

"The same impressions engraved on my mind as a student in the academic course, so far as the college and its teachers are concerned, I received as a student in the Law Department, both with respect to the department itself and to its teachers. The true spirit of democracy was one of the distinguishing traits of the department. The department was distinguished for the *men* at its head, not machines, and *men* went out from its halls into the larger world. As they have gone out and become a part of the bar of North Carolina they have left the impress of their personality and individualism upon communities, and where they have gone there has the spirit of democracy been—teaching friendship, fellowship and brotherhood."

DUNNING, A. R., Martin County.—Class of 1900. A.B. and M.A. degrees. Practiced in Martin County with success, satisfactory to myself. Member Legislature from Martin County at sessions of 1913 and 1915.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is as good as any school in the South. The teachers have few equals and no superiors in this State. The Wake Forest Law School has been a blessing to the bar of the State. It has turned out more successful lawyers than any law school in the State."

EDWARDS, G. W., Forest City, N. C.—In class of 1913. Practicing at Forest City. Good success so far.

"The Wake Forest Law School, in my opinion, has given to the North Carolina Bar the greatest majority of learned counsel."

FEBRELL, R. H., Albany, Ga.—A.B., 1907; A.M., 1909; Harvard University, 1910-1911. Practiced law at Albany, Georgia, since November, 1911. 1907-1908, Principal of the Oxford High School, Oxford, N. C. 1908-1909, Superintendent of the Youngsville Graded School, Youngsville, N. C. 1909-1910, Dean of Coker College for Women, Hartsville, S. C.

"The Law Department enjoys the same enviable reputation that the other departments at Wake Forest enjoy, not only in the State of North Carolina but throughout the South."

FISHER, WALTER HARRISON, Wake Forest, N. C.—Was admitted to the bar, August, 1914, and has been elected a member of the State Senate, 1915.

"The inexhaustible and practical training of Dr. Gulley and the diligent and thorough work of Professor Timberlake can be equaled by few men and surpassed by none. The great number of students in attendance each year attest the present and growing popularity of the school."

FLETCHER, A. J., Fuquay Springs, N. C.—Was in the 1911 class; secured license August, 1911. Practiced law at Sparta, N. C., with fair success. Private Secretary to Congressman Doughton.

GASQUE, C. J., Florence, S. C.—After receiving license from the North Carolina Supreme Court in August, 1909, took up the senior year's work at University of South Carolina and was graduated in June, 1910. Located at Florence, S. C., then and have been making a living since. Have been a member of the State Legislature from Florence County, S. C., for 1913 and 1914. Married May 14, 1914.

"Wish I could come to old Wake Forest again, but don't know when I can."

GLIDEWELL, P. W., Reidsville, N. C.—Finished law course in the summer class of 1901, taking the Supreme Court examination at the Fall Term, 1901. Located at Danbury, Stokes County, North Carolina, and remained there until December, 1902. In January, 1908, located at Wentworth, Rockingham County, and practiced there until October, 1906, then moved to Reidsville, his present location. Has been reasonably successful in his practice. In 1908 was elected Presidential Elector for the Fifth Congressional District. Was again elected to this place in 1912. In the years 1912 and 1913 held the office of Solicitor in the City Court of Reidsville.

"Am convinced that Wake Forest has the finest Law Department and law teachers in this State. The Wake Forest Law School has done much for the Bar of this State. Some of the strongest lawyers I know are Wake Forest men and the members of the profession of this State taking their course at Wake Forest College."

GODWIN, A. PILSTON, Gatesville, N. C.—In the class of 1900; degree of B.L. Practiced in First Judicial District of North Carolina, principally in Gates County, with satisfactory success. Elected to State Senate in 1906 and served in sessions of 1907 and extra session (prohibition session) 1908, and was elected again in 1908 and served in regular session of 1909.

"In my opinion and in the opinion of others the Law Department of Wake Forest College stands first in North Carolina, not because of the public money or boasted wealth back of it, but because of the men at the head of it. The Wake Forest Law School, represented by the men who go out from it, has stamped out the argument that a man, to rise in political life or stand at the front of the Bar of the State, must be graduated from the University of the State."

GORE, ARTHUR D., Raeford, N. C.—Member of class which applied for license August, 1911. B.A. Began practicing law at Raeford February, 1914. Not making expenses yet. No public honors.

"The Department of Law at Wake Forest attracted men to it who have since become Governors of the State, and continues to draw young men who will in due time be the leaders in North Carolina. Remember more of Professor Timberlake's ethical precepts and more of Professor Gulley's wit and wisdom than I do about the law. But that was not their fault. We remember what we most enjoy."

HAMPTON, WADE B., Washington, D. C.—Was a member of the law class of 1910. Took the LL.B. degree, spring of 1910. Has practiced in this city in association with Robert H. McNeill, Esq., for about two years. After leaving Wake Forest secured, through competitive examination, a position in the government service and, while holding that position, took a post-graduate course in law at George Washington University. Passed the District of Columbia Bar examination in 1912.

"I regard the members of the law faculty as being unusually well equipped by training and experience for giving instruction in their respective courses. In the process of making lawyers the Wake Forest Law School has also sought to make men, strong, virile, honorable, manly, serviceable men, men whose knowledge would command respect and whose integrity would demand confidence and trust. In both endeavors the school has been successful in marked degree. In no school in the land is the ideal of service so much emphasized, and this ideal has found and is finding expression in concrete form in the professional and public life of the State and nation."

HALSTEAD, W. J., South Mills, N. C.—In 1909 attended Wake Forest Law School and at the Fall Term of the Supreme Court of that year obtained license to practice law, and then settled down in South Mills to practice his profession. In 1912 he was engaged by the Great Dismal Swamp Canal Company to appear before the Committee on Rivers and Harbors from U. S. Senate and Congress.

"Wake Forest College Law Department is the peer of all institutions of its kind in the State."

HARDY, LESLIE C., Tucson, Ariz.—Member of the class of 1910. Received LL.B. degree. Has practiced in Tucson since November of 1912. At present he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Pima County Democratic Central Committee and a member of the Executive Committee of the Democratic State Committee. Was Assistant Chief Clerk of the first Legislature of the State of Arizona, 1912-1913.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is one of the best of its kind in the South. The teachers are profound thinkers, deep students, and most excellent instructors."

HARRILL, E. A., Charlotte, N. C.—Finished with the class of 1911 with B.A. degree. Obtained license to practice law in the summer of 1912; entered the active practice at Charlotte, N. C., in September, 1913.

"The teachers of the Law Department are unquestionably of the highest type, and the influence of their teaching sticks. In my opinion the Wake Forest Law School has done more for the Bar of North Carolina than any other like institution in the State, in every respect."

HARRIS, ANDREW J., Henderson, N. C.—Graduated in the class of 1912, receiving B.A. degree. Is practicing in Henderson. Received license on the 31st of last August. He is Secretary of the Vance County Democratic Executive Committee.

"As to the teachers of this department no mere words can say enough for them. Their work speaks for them, and it is speaking louder and better every day."

HARWOOD, J. H., Murphy, N. C.—Was in attendance in Wake Forest College in 1902-03; did not take any degree. On receiving license in 1903 practiced law at Robbinsville, N. C., for three years. In

January, 1913, opened an office in Murphy, and since that time has been engaged in the practice of the law. Is now a member of the firm of Sherrill & Harwood, with offices at both Murphy and Sylva. The firm of Sherrill & Harwood has recently been elected County Attorney for Jackson County. Has been Secretary of the Board of Trade of Murphy since March, 1913.

"I was impressed with the faithfulness and painstaking care with which the teachers in the Law Department instructed those under their charge. While the teachers are few, their work is thorough. The habit of thoroughness follows one into the practice."

HUFFMAN, R. L., Morganton, N. C.—Was in the law class at Wake Forest in 1907, receiving license to practice in the class that went up in August, 1907. Since that time has been practicing in Morganton and has had remarkable success. Was Principal Clerk of the House of Representatives during the extra session of 1913, and was Judge of Burke County Court for eighteen months, from January, 1913, until June, 1914.

"In my opinion the Wake Forest Law School has furnished to our State more able lawyers than any law school this State has ever had, the reason being that every law student is thoroughly drilled in the fundamental principles of the law and is not allowed to go before the Supreme Court until he knows something about law, and the ordinary man cannot stay around Professor Gulley very long without learning a great deal of law."

HUGHES, CHARLES, Elk Park, N. C.—Entered the Wake Forest law class of 1912, completing the Supreme Court course and taking the bar examination at the Spring Term of 1913. In the spring of 1913 entered into the practice of law, and since that time has been making good progress. Has recently been appointed one of the Title Examiners for the county of Avery.

"The day I entered Wake Forest College will ever remain as one of the greatest epochs in the history of my life, and I shall never forget the kind and tender interest shown, and the courteous treatment extended the class by the law faculty. I believe that I can truly say, the Wake Forest Law School is the greatest of its kind in the South, and for this greatness the praise is all due to Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

HUTCHISON, A. E., Rock Hill, S. C.—Entered the Law Department Wake Forest College, January, 1911. Attended the Summer School

that same year and passed the North Carolina Bar examination the 28th day of August, 1911. Has practiced in Rock Hill since receiving law license from this State, which was on December 8, 1911. Has had splendid success from the start, due to his training at Wake Forest, and in 1912 was elected to the House of Representatives from York County, S. C.

"The Wake Forest Law School has certainly elevated the personnel of the Bar of North Carolina, and its influences are felt in the adjoining States. I cannot say enough good things about the Law School and its professors."

HUTCHINS, CHARLES, Burnsville, N. C.—Was a member of the class of 1910, and received license at the August Term of the Supreme Court of that year. Since receiving license has been engaged in the practice of law at Burnsville, N. C. Is junior member of the firm of Johnston & Hutchins. Mr. Johnston is former Solicitor of the Eighteenth Judicial District of North Carolina. Was nominated in 1912 for Representative of Yancey County in the General Assembly. Served during the regular session of the Assembly, 1913, and the special session of the same year. Was the youngest member of the General Assembly, 1913.

"I believe that there is no better law school in the country than Wake Forest Law School. There cannot be found in the country two better prepared and efficient teachers than Professor Gulley and Professor Timberlake. Even more than that, there cannot be found anywhere two better men."

HOYLE, THOMAS C., Greensboro, N. C.—Is an A.B. graduate of Trinity. Taught school for six years after that and in 1900 took law with Professor Gulley at Wake Forest Law School. Got license to practice law in September, 1900. Practiced for one year in Burlington, N. C., and then moved to Greensboro to practice law in October, 1901, and has been there ever since.

"Professor Gulley and Mr. S. F. Mordecai were teachers in the Law Department at the time I was there, and I was greatly impressed with them, especially with Professor Gulley. He, I thought, could make a point as clear as any teacher I ever knew."

HENRY, O. J., Cambridge, Mass.—Was in the class of 1914. Is at present taking advanced work in law at Harvard Law School. Passed North Carolina Supreme Court August, 1914. Has not practiced.

"The Wake Forest Law School for nearly two decades has had for its head that eminent scholar and lawyer, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, who has scrupulously watched the interests of every student, instilling into the hearts of all the dignity of the law and a firm determination to uphold its sacred principles. Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., his able associate, has watched with a tenderness no less thoughtful, always willing, able and ready to explain the questions of all with the same degree of care. He has set for the students and the State an ethical standard to be admired and hoped for."

JACKSON, DONALD R., Raleigh, N. C.—LL.B., 1914. Licensed by the Supreme Court February 2, 1914. Has been doing abstract of title work for the Parker-Hunter Realty Company since June the first. Thinking of opening a law office in Raleigh soon.

"The fatherly interest of Dean Gulley in each student, and the unfailing knowledge and accuracy of Professor Timberlake, serve as a source of inspiration to every law student who goes to Wake Forest. The Wake Forest Law School has been one of the most potent factors in placing the Bar of North Carolina in the forefront as compared with the bars of other States."

JARRETT, CLYDE H., Asheville, N. C.—Was in the class of 1915 but decided not to take a degree. During the summer of 1914 took the summer law course and was admitted to the Bar last August. Now practicing in the city of Asheville.

"I consider Wake Forest College Law School the best school of its kind in the country. No school can boast of a better corps of teachers than can Wake Forest. The Wake Forest Law School has done more for the uplifting of the legal profession than any other one thing in the history of North Carolina."

JARVIS, G. L., Shelby, N. C.—Class of 1914, fall term. LL.B. degree, 1914.

"The enviable record of the Wake Forest Law School speaks for itself. The teachers are able, sympathetic and kind. For more than twenty years the school has faithfully and efficiently served the State. The service in training men for the law has proved invaluable to the Bar of North Carolina and elsewhere, and upheld a high regard for the moral and ethical standards of the profession generally."

JOHNSON, JOSEPH E., Atlanta, Ga.—Went up from Wake Forest in the Supreme Court class of February, 1909, and after obtaining license engaged in practice in partnership with his brother, Rivers, at Warsaw. Although that partnership still survives, has recently moved to Atlanta and hung out his shingle in that larger field.

"From Professor Gulley learned how to study law, how to find it, and how to love to do both. From Professor Timberlake learned the value of gentle argument, and what is equally as important, imbibed from them a desire for ethical principles that are of the substance and not of the shadow. So far as I have observed the Wake Forest lawyer holds his own with the best of them, no matter where made."

JOHNSON, THOMAS L., Lumberton, N. C.—LL.B., 1908. Began practicing law with J. Abner Barker under the firm name of Barker & Johnson immediately after graduation, and this copartnership lasted for one year. Then formed a copartnership with Hon. D. P. Shaw, which lasted until his death in 1910. Had a very large practice, to which he succeeded. Practiced alone until 1912 when his brother graduated, and since then he has been the junior member of the firm. Married in 1909, Miss Jessie Moser, and has two children. For four years has been a member of the County Board of Education, having been appointed by the Legislature. Once elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, but declined to serve.

"I think the success of the Wake Forest Law Department has been largely due to the fact that its teachers have been superior to those of other schools of the State. I hope the time will soon come when the law library will be more fully equipped. This seems to me to be the only point in which the school is deficient."

JOHNSON, RIVERS D., Warsaw, N. C.—Entered Wake Forest College. Took law in 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906. Returned to Wake Forest in January, 1909, and went before the Court with the class in February, 1909, and secured license. Practiced law in Warsaw. Mayor of the town of Warsaw, resigning the office on account of election to the Senate. Elected a member of the Senate from the Tenth Senatorial District November 5, 1910, in the General Assembly of 1911. Re-elected to the Senate from the Ninth Senatorial District in 1914.

"The Law Department is doing a noble service for the State, because the men who go out from that Law School are being well prepared, and those of us who have met some of the men as adversaries can testify to their worth, even at the cost to some of our

clients. The law instructors at Wake Forest are known over the State as efficient and capable teachers, and quite often I hear the members of the Bar commenting favorably on the work they are doing."

JOYNER, G. H., Aquadale, N. C.—Attended the Wake Forest College Law School summers of 1908 and 1914, receiving license in summer of 1914. Received the A.B. degree in 1909. Has not engaged in practice.

"Have a very high regard for the Wake Forest Law School and its faculty of splendid teachers."

JONES, H. A., Wake Forest, N. C.—Took the examination before the summer court, August Term, 1907. College degrees: B.A., 1908; M.A., 1909; LL.B., 1909. Began teaching mathematics at Wake Forest College fall term 1907. Associate professor of same 1911, which position he now holds.

"In my observation of other law schools and their graduates would say that the Wake Forest Law School will compare favorably with any of them. Have sat at the feet of many teachers in different schools but from none have derived more information and inspiration than from Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

JUSTICE, J. F., Hendersonville, N. C.—B.A., 1908. Was Principal of the Southern Industrial Institute at Charlotte for two years following. Returning to Wake Forest in the fall of 1910, secured license to practice law at the Spring Term of the Supreme Court, 1911. Has been located in Hendersonville since that time and expect to remain here till "death us do part."

"The efficiency of the Wake Forest Law School is recognized by both bench and bar. One of our Superior Court Judges told me some time ago that he could recognize a Wake Forest lawyer as soon as he began to speak. The personal interest taken by Professor Gulley and Professor Timberlake in each student during his course, and also their willingness to give advice in matters of procedure which long after annoy, is, in my opinion, largely responsible for the success which the Wake Forest lawyer achieves."

KERR, JOHN H., Warrenton, N. C.—Class 1895; B.A. degree. Has practiced in Warrenton. Mayor of Warrenton two years. Has been Solicitor of the Second Judicial District for eight years, and now beginning to serve his third term; now the Third Judicial District.

KING, G. H., Wake Forest, N. C.—Was admitted to the Bar in 1912. Practiced law in Forest City, Rutherford County, in 1913, and had good success. Then came back to college to get his degree. Good practice in connection with college work.

KITTRELL, J. C., Henderson, N. C.—Class of 1893, A.B. Fair success. Secretary City Chamber of Commerce. City Attorney, 1914-1915. Superintendent of Schools, 1902-1912.

"The Wake Forest Law School is one of the best in the South. It has turned out some of the best and most thorough attorneys in the State."

LENNON, WOODBERRY, Lumberton, N. C.—Class of 1907. Deputy Clerk Superior Court of Robeson County and Clerk and Treasurer of town of Lumberton two years. Began practicing in Lumberton in 1909. Solicitor of County Court, 1913 and 1914.

LITTLE, J. C., Raleigh, N. C.—Belonged to the 1903 class; took law during the summer. Success has been fair. Member of the first Legislature of Oklahoma. Member of the 1913 session of the Legislature of North Carolina.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is well equipped for preparing young men to practice law. There is thoroughness about the Law Department that one might not expect where there is so much work to be done and so much ground to be covered."

LYON, T. A., Fayetteville, N. C.—Class of 1907. B.L. degree. Practiced two years in Bladen. Since has been practicing in Fayetteville, associated with H. McD. Robinson. Success has been satisfactory. While in Bladen was Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee and County Attorney. Secretary of the Congressional Executive Committee for the Sixth District. City Attorney of Fayetteville. Member of and attorney for the Sinking Fund Committee of Cumberland County.

MARKHAM, THOMAS, J., Elizabeth City, N. C.—Degree of Bachelor of Laws. Has been practicing in Elizabeth City since 1907. Clerk of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts; was a member of the Legislature of 1911; was attorney for Merchants Association from the date of its organization until 1910; member of the Board of Directors

of the State Normal School of this place; Secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee; Vice-President of the Fisheries Association of North Carolina, and is now City Attorney for Elizabeth City.

"My impression is that the Law Department of Wake Forest College is unsurpassed by any law school in the State or surrounding States in its thoroughness in preparing and equipping students, not only for Supreme Court examination but for taking up actual practice. As a law teacher Prof. N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the department, has no equal. An able teacher and an excellent gentleman, in my mind he is unsurpassed, and in my opinion the faculty on a whole as now constituted could not be improved upon."

MARTIN, SANTFORD, Winston-Salem, N. C.—B.A. degree at Wake Forest in 1909; returned for the study of law in the summer of 1910 and went up to the court with the class that summer and secured his license to practice. Now hard at work getting out a morning newspaper six days in the week at Winston-Salem. Editor-in-chief of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, daily except Monday.

"Professors Gulley and Timberlake are the most thorough and competent instructors I know, and, as both gentlemen and teachers, were a great inspiration to me all through my college life. The Wake Forest Law School has given to the Bar of North Carolina many of its strongest lawyers. But best of all, it has given to the State lawyers who are something more than lawyers. They are Christian gentlemen with the Wake Forest ideal—men with a vision of higher things which they never would have caught had it not been for Wake Forest."

MARTIN, WHEELER, JR., Williamston, N. C.—Was in the class of 1911, degree LL.B. Practices at Williamston, N. C.

"Think the Law Department of Wake Forest stands for itself upon its record in the State and out. Of the men that have gone from there and have gone to the height of their profession, and also of the honors held by these men in public life."

MARTIN, R. T., Belhaven, N. C.—Class of 1911. Practicing in Belhaven, Beaufort County. Appointed attorney for the town of Belhaven during the year 1912; continues in office.

"Wake Forest Law Department, under the management of Profs. N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake, is one of the best law departments of the State, and means success and happiness to those who

labor and follow the instructions given at the institution. Wake Forest Law Department is the storehouse of legal knowledge for the North Carolina Bar."

MEEKINS, J. C., San Antonio, Tex.—Class of February, 1908. Remained in North Carolina until July, 1911, when he went to San Antonio to accept a position with a bank.

"I, like every other man who has attended lectures at Wake Forest, can only say that the Department of Law there is the acme of efficiency in every respect, and the training I received there has been of inestimable value to me. I can refer with pride to the fact that I have attended lectures at Wake Forest College under Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

MCBEE, J. C., Bakersville, N. C.—Graduated with the class of 1911, and obtained the degree of LL.B. Practices at Bakersville. Mayor of Bakersville for two years.

"In my opinion the Law Department at Wake Forest is much superior to the same department in any other Southern college."

MCBRAYER, C. B., Shelby, N. C.—Graduated in 1907 with the B.A. degree. September, 1907, entered the Law Department and pursued the study of law until February, 1908, obtaining license to practice during that month. Began the practice of law in Marlon, N. C., and continued the practice there until he came to Shelby.

"I am very firmly convinced of genuine worth of the Department of Law at Wake Forest and consider it second to none in the South. Its teachers are thorough and capable and it is through their effort and ability that the Law Department suffers but few failures before the Supreme Court of this and other States. This department of Wake Forest College cannot be too pronouncedly favored, and it really deserves more praise and support than is forthcoming. The Wake Forest Law Department has naturally—like all other similar departments of law—numerically strengthened the bar of the State which per se is not necessarily praiseworthy, but aside from that the men turned out are generally hard workers, consequently winners and rapid climbers. Quite a few of them have won signal honors and reputations in politics and in the practice; in Congress and on the bench. I have had two Superior Court Judges of this State voluntarily state to me that they can always tell a Wake Forest man the minute he gets up and begins to address a jury; further, that the Wake Forest man is invariably the best speaker of the

State; that his manner is courtly and that he has a real individuality. That's saying a whole lot, and while it is quotation it is the stamp of approval by another than a Wake Forester."

McINTYRE, STEPHEN, Lumberton, N. C.—Graduated at Wake Forest College with the degree of B.A. in the class of 1893, and was the first law student to enroll in the summer of 1893. In the fall took charge of the Male Academy at Louisburg, N. C., and taught there until the spring of 1895. Returned to the college that summer and continued with the class until the Supreme Court met in February, 1896, at which time he received his license to practice law. Opened an office in Lumberton February 5, 1896, and has practiced there ever since. On October 15, 1896, formed a copartnership with the late E. K. Proctor, Jr., under the firm name of Proctor and McIntyre, which continued until the death of Mr. Proctor, October 2, 1902. In March, 1903, associated R. C. Lawrence (class 1898), with him under the firm name of McIntyre & Lawrence. In October, 1906, James D. Proctor (class 1905) became a member of the firm, and in November, 1907, the firm name became McIntyre, Lawrence & Proctor, and so continues to the present time. District counsel for the Seaboard Air Line Railway; represent several other railroads and have a good corporate and general practice. State Senator from his district in the Legislature of 1899 and again in 1901. As Senator in 1901 he was a member of the court of impeachment that tried Justices Furches and Douglas, and was one of the nine Democrats who voted for their acquittal. Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Lumberton Graded Schools at its organization and actively looked after the erection of our present school building. At present a Trustee of Wake Forest College, Meredith College and the Thomasville Orphanage, and also attorney for the latter.

"I have never known one who, in my opinion, surpasses Dr. Gulley as a teacher. In my opinion no agency in North Carolina has done more for the uplift of the Bar of our State than the influence for good which has been exerted by the men who have received their legal training in the Wake Forest Law Department."

McMILLAN, HOYT, Mullins, S. C.—Came to Wake Forest in the fall of 1902. Took no degree. Practices at Mullins, S. C. Acting Solicitor Twelfth South Carolina Judicial Circuit, 1912. Member South Carolina General Assembly, 1913-1914.

"With Gulley at its head I do not feel that I would miss the mark in saying that Wake Forest has the best law school in the South, and for a Southern student, the best anywhere. Dr. Gulley teaches

what he loves. His enthusiasm for and energy put in classroom work is never forgotten by a law student. I did not know Professor Timberlake long enough to give an opinion as to him generally. During the summer of 1909 I did some work under him. Permit me to say here that Wake Forest Law School should develop its Practice Course. Theory is aided greatly by practice. My first case cost my client \$469, and I gave the other fellow (lawyer) fifty dollars to let my client down for that sum. My pleadings—I did not take proper advantage of moot court work. Make 'em take it."

MCMILLAN, N. FRED, Kings Mountain, N. C.—Law class of 1906 and 1907. Took summer law in 1907. Was admitted to the Bar in August, 1907. Practicing in Kings Mountain since June, 1908.

"To appreciate fully the real significance of Wake Forest one must know our much loved Professors Gulley and Timberlake, who have a warm spot in the heart of every Wake Forest man."

MOSS, O. B., Spring Hope, N. C.—B.L. degree, 1912. Practiced in Wilson six months and have been practicing in Spring Hope two years. His success has been very satisfactory. President of the Spring Hope Chamber of Commerce and have been eighteen months Vice-Recorder of Nash County. Was elected May, 1914.

"In my opinion the Wake Forest Law Department is the best in the South excepting the University of Virginia, and that the teachers cannot hope to be improved on. Its training has given me courage when I thought the proper thing was to give up the practice, and has meant or been the cause of any success that I have accomplished. The Wake Forest Law School, in my opinion, has raised the standard of legal ethics in North Carolina and elsewhere, and furnished many of the ablest jurists and members of the Bar."

MCNELL, ROBERT H., Washington, D. C.—Law class of the fall of 1908. A.B. and B.L. Practiced at Jefferson, Wilkesboro, and Statesville, and while practicing in these towns held the position of County Attorney for Ashe County and was Republican candidate for Judge of the Superior Court in the judicial district of which Ashe County is a part, but was not elected. Soon thereafter became private secretary to Senator Jeter C. Pritchard, which position he held in the city of Washington until the expiration of his senatorial term in 1904. Subsequently he became Secretary to the Republican State Executive Committee and held this position until 1905. In the mean-

time, about January 1, 1905, he engaged actively in the practice of his profession in the city of Washington, where he has continued to practice until now.

MORGAN, J. R., Waynesville, N. C.—Licensed to practice law in September, 1904. Remained at Wake Forest that year and took the B.A. degree in 1905. Returned to Wake Forest at commencement of 1907 and received the LL.B. degree. Served for a short time as Mayor of Waynesville and for about two years has been a member of the Board of Education of Haywood County.

"Professor Gulley is hard to beat as an instructor in law, and from what I know of Professor Timberlake as a student I consider him a strong addition to that department. The Wake Forest Law School has furnished to the North Carolina Bar a great number of its strongest men. The Wake Forest men it seems to me are above the average in prominence."

MULL, O. M., Shelby, N. C.—A.B., 1902; LL.B., 1903. Practices at Shelby. Firm, Webb & Mull. Member of the House, Legislature of 1907-8.

"The course of instruction in the Wake Forest Law School is so practical that its students can at once take rank with lawyers of experience, and so technically thorough that a Supreme Court examination might be mistaken for a class quiz. Its teachers possess the happy faculty of making their students love the law."

PASCHAL, R. F., Siler City, N. C.—B.A., 1914. Received license at the last examination in August. Has been practicing law at Siler City since September 20, 1914.

"While I was at Wake Forest it held the reputation of being the best law school in the State, and while many students came there from other institutions none of them ever seemed disappointed. The lawyers sent out from Wake Forest are the most courteous in the State, and while they have a high regard for legal ethics they are among the most able."

PAIT, ALBERTUS H., Elizabethtown, N. C.—Entered Wake Forest College Law School fall term, 1905; licensed to practice Spring Term, 1907. Practiced in Wilmington until April 5, 1910. At the solicitation of friends came back to home county and have been actively engaged in the practice at Elizabethtown since that time.

Elected Mayor and served in this capacity during the years of 1910 and 1911. Married, April 4, 1912, to Miss Sophia Marshburn.

"Consider Wake Forest Law School and its very competent corps of teachers, not better than the best, but just as good."

PETERSON, S. D., Milton, Ore.—Was at Wake Forest Law School in 1900-1901, being admitted at the February Term, 1901, of the Supreme Court. Practiced at Bakersville, N. C., until January, 1905, when he removed direct to Milton, Oregon, where he has since practiced continuously, with splendid success. Has devoted his time principally to private practice, but was City Attorney of Milton for two terms, 1908 to 1911. In 1910 was elected by 2,000 majority a Representative from Umatilla County in the Oregon Legislature. Since then he has devoted his time exclusively to private practice. In 1907 was married to Luella E. Robey, of Walla Walla, Wash.

"There is no law school in this entire country that furnishes its students a more thorough course of instruction and preparation for the bar examination, or a better training and equipment for the practice of the profession, and but few that are its equal. Its teachers are the very best to be found anywhere. There is no school in North Carolina that has a record which equals this one, and none in the entire country of its size which have sent out as many young men who have made a real, genuine success in the profession."

POWERS, A. K., Sanford, Fla.—Graduated in the class of 1906. Bachelor of Laws. Have practiced at Burgaw, N. C., Jacksonville, Fla., and Sanford, Fla., where he is now engaged in the active practice of the law. After leaving his home State and engaging in the practice of his profession in Florida, has met with success even beyond expectation, in getting the business and carrying it to a successful conclusion with very small fees and they taken, sometimes, on a slow note, can be termed a success. However, with the improvement of business conditions, hope for a very bright future in Sanford. Was appointed Major Ordnance Officer, General Staff, N. C. National Guard, by Governor W. W. Kitchin; served in this capacity throughout Governor Kitchin's administration. Was admitted by the Supreme Court of North Carolina to practice law on the 27th of August, 1906. Was admitted to practice in the Circuit Courts of the State of Florida June 30, 1907; admitted to the Supreme Court, State of Florida, on the 19th day of May, 1913, and was admitted to the U. S. District Court in May, 1914.

"No days in my short life have been spent more pleasantly or

more profitably than my three years at Wake Forest College under Professor Gulley and the other professors of that college, and I shall continue to always sing its praises. Since leaving college have traveled considerably, and everywhere I have been I have run across some old Wake Forest student, and the influence of the Wake Forest Law School is not only felt within the boundary lines of North Carolina, but its sons are leaders in their professions in every State in the Union. Where a lawyer has received his training under Professor Gulley he has always made good, if not a success financially he is known as an absolutely clean and conscientious lawyer."

PRUETTE, ROWLAND S., Wadesboro, N. C.—A.B., 1913. Obtained license to practice law at the Fall Term of the Supreme Court, 1912; began practice June, 1913, at Wadesboro in association with Mr. L. D. Robinson and Mr. T. L. Caudle, under the firm name of Robinson, Caudle & Pruette, which partnership still exists.

"In answer to your request for other details of my life, will state that nothing has transpired which would place me 'above the role of common men.' If I were superstitious might attribute this to the persistency with which the number 'thirteen' has followed me. Graduated in the class of 1913; was number thirteen when I stood the examination before the Supreme Court; came to the Thirteenth Judicial District to practice my profession, and when I came to Wadesboro I made the thirteenth lawyer in the town. Whether number thirteen will prove an evil or good omen remains to be seen."

QUINN, JACOB H., Shelby, N. C.—Secured license at February Term, 1900. Did not take a literary course at Wake Forest, to my regret. Located in Shelby in 1900 for the practice of my profession, where I still remain. Feel that I have been fairly successful in business, certainly equal to the average of my profession. Clerk of Court for my county before securing license to practice law, but have held no official position since. Have found that the average lawyer will succeed better by giving his time to his professional duties. Have always endeavored to take an active part in church and educational matters. Have been Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Bolling Springs High School almost from its organization.

"Prof. N. Y. Gulley had no assistant in his department when I was there. Professor Gulley has no equal as a law teacher in North Carolina, whether we consider the matter from a standpoint of qualifications or from the ability to impart his knowledge to others, or from his ability to inspire his students to greater efforts on their

part. Do not believe that any other factor in North Carolina has contributed as much during the last fifteen years for the strengthening and developing of the Bar of the State as has the Wake Forest Law School."

RAY, E. Z., Marshall, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest College in 1909 and passed the bar in same year. Has no college degree. Was appointed Solicitor of the Recorder's Court for Madison County by Legislature of 1913. In 1913 and 1914 was editor of the *Newspaper Record*.

"The Wake Forest Law School has been a great factor in lifting the profession up to a higher standard of ethics."

RAY, R. L., Selma, N. C.—In class of 1908.

"Professor Gulley always has something to tell you, and it is to the point. The blackboard exercises are fine. Professor Timberlake is a great teacher. Am partial to Wake Forest. Wake Forest is one of the best law schools in North Carolina."

RITTER, CLAUDE D., Birmingham, Ala.—Attended Summer Law School in 1903. Practiced in Birmingham for the past ten years.

"Regard Professor Gulley as one of the ablest teachers of law in the country, and consider it an honor to number him among my friends."

RODWELL, T. O., Warrenton, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest Law School in 1900; licensed in same year. Elected to the House of Representatives in 1907 and again in 1909 and 1911.

"The man who desires his boy to take a high stand in the State and nation, in my opinion, would make no mistake in placing him under the tutelage of your able Dean, N. Y. Gulley, who, as one student expressed it, can fold himself upon a root of one of the magnificent oaks which stands in the campus and tell you more 'legal law' in fifteen minutes than the average student can digest in five days."

SAMS, A. F., Winston-Salem, N. C.—A.B. degree, 1897. Taught at Marshville Academy and Cary High School. Finished law course and secured license, 1903. Practiced at Thomasville, N. C., until 1908, and in Winston-Salem since that date. Was Mayor of Thomasville. Solicitor of the Municipal Court of Winston.

SHERRILL, W. R., Sylva, N. C.—Obtained license to practice law at August Term, 1909. Has practiced in all the courts in his district and in the Federal District.

SHERRIN, M. B., Concord, N. C.—Class of 1914.
"Wake Forest Law Department serves a purpose which cannot be filled by any other school."

SIMMS, ROBERT N., Raleigh, N. C.—Class of 1897. Degree, A.B. Practiced in Raleigh since 1897. Member General Assembly of 1901. Presidential Elector of the Fourth Congressional District in 1904. Member for many years of the Board of Trustees of Meredith College, of State Board of Missions and Sunday Schools, of the State Sunday School Committee; one of the Trustees of the Y. M. C. A. of A. and M. College.

"Professor Gulley was my only instructor in law, and I regard him as the best in the State and the best I know. Wake Forest men are uniformly of good preparation and high moral character who, with admirable success, demonstrate their ability in the examinations of the Court and in the tests of actual practice thereafter. By their numbers, training and ability they have the opportunity to largely influence the ideals and practice of the Bar of this State. I believe they have worthily measured up to this opportunity and responsibility."

SPENCER, W. L., Swan Quarter, N. C.—Class of 1911. Practiced in this town. Had good success. Held office of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Knights of Hyde, an insurance company.

"If called upon to name the best law school and the most thorough and capable teachers, would say Wake Forest and its teachers."

STRICKLAND, H. C., Wake Forest, N. C.—Now a student at Wake Forest. Completed all work required for the LL.B. degree.

"The Wake Forest Law School has done far more for the North Carolina Bar than that of any other North Carolina institution."

STEPHENSON, G. T., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Passed the Court in August, 1910. Degrees: A.B., Wake Forest, 1902; A.M., Wake Forest, 1904; A.M., Harvard University, 1906; LL.B., Harvard University, 1910. Practiced in Winston-Salem since January 7, 1911.

Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Forsyth County since 1912. Been Solicitor of the Municipal Court of Winston-Salem since March 1, 1913.

STEWART, J. A., Stony Point, N. C.—Class of 1911. Practiced law at Stony Point, and had very good success.

"I consider the Wake Forest Law School the best in North Carolina. Professors Gulley and Timberlake do make good with all students who come under their care and bind each and every one with lasting ties of friendship and good will, who are ever afterwards Wake Forest men. I consider the Wake Forest Law School of incalculable value to the Bar of North Carolina as well as other States."

STILLWELL, E. P., Sylva, N. C.—A.B., 1914; law class, 1913. Am jogging along on the successful side; no public honors or offices.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is certainly the citadel of the legal world in North Carolina, if not indeed of the entire South. And more and more, as time separates us seemingly from this department and its professors, the impressions and training received while there take fuller control of us."

SWINDELL, F. D., Wilson, N. C.—Class of 1905, B.L. A.B., Trinity. Practiced in Wilson since 1906. From 1907 to 1913 was in the law firm of Daniels & Swindell. Succeeded to the practice of that firm in 1913 and since then practiced alone. Had a successful and lucrative practice for a number of years. Solicitor of the County Court of Wilson County. County Attorney.

"Have studied under many instructors and at various colleges and universities and I have yet to see the peer of N. Y. Gulley."

TAYLOR, HOTT P., Wadesboro, N. C.—Class of 1914. Practicing at Wadesboro.

"The personal interest taken by its teachers in each and every member of the law school has, in my mind, been the greatest factor in building the Law Department to its present high standard."

TILLEY, L. L., Durham, N. C.—Graduated in 1909 and took the Supreme Court examination that year. B.A. and B.L. degree from Wake Forest College. Practiced three months in McColl, S. C. Has

been practicing in Durham since 1910. Has been making a living. Relative to public honors or offices, has had none.

"I am sure that no school has better law teachers than Wake Forest."

VARSER, L. R., Lumberton, N. C.—Graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1899 at Wake Forest College. Received license on the 30th day of September, 1901. Began practice at Kinston, 1901; afterwards associated with Messrs. Loftin & Dawson on March 1, 1911. Formed a partnership with Mr. A. W. McLean, and has since been practicing at Lumberton under the firm name of McLean, Varsler & McLean. Member Trustees Lumberton Graded School since 1912.

"The Wake Forest Law Department has impressed me as being the most practical law school within my knowledge or acquaintance. The air that pervades it is that of work and the necessity of work. There is no happier man in the art of imparting knowledge than Professor Guiley. If a student in his department fails to learn what he teaches it is not the fault of this veteran teacher. The Wake Forest Law School has done for the Bar of North Carolina a great service in many respects. Chief of these, in my opinion, is that it has established beyond cavil the fact that a law school can be a practical success and teach law so that a law student can come out of the law school equipped to begin practice."

VAUGHAN, L. T., Nashville, N. C.—Class of 1902; B.A. degree. Practices in Nashville. Was Chairman of Anti-Saloon League in 1908, in Nash County. Elected Chairman of Democratic Executive Committee for Nash County in 1910, and has been since. Was appointed Prosecuting Attorney for Nash County Recorder's Court for two years, resigning August, 1913.

"In my opinion Wake Forest Law School has done more for the Bar in North Carolina than any other and has sent out more learned lawyers elsewhere."

VAUGHAN, W. L., Washington, N. C.—Was graduated with A.B., class of 1902. Later received M.A., 1906. Studied law during 1907, and was licensed at the August Term of court. Located in Washington January, 1908, where he was in the practice until September, 1909, when he was elected County Superintendent of Schools, which place he held until January 1, 1914, when he again entered the practice. At the fall primaries of the Democratic party was nominated as Recorder of the Criminal Court of Beaufort County and elected without opposition.

"The young man attending the Law Department of Wake Forest College, under the instruction of the present faculty, and applying himself, cannot fail to become well grounded in the law, while a great many novel and unusual cases are drilled into the classes."

VERNON, JOHN H., Burlington, N. C.—B.A., 1905; B.L., 1906; licensed attorney, 1906; practiced law in Burlington since June, 1906, and had reasonable success. Secretary Chamber of Commerce, 1909-1910-1911; teacher of the Baraca Class, 1908 to 1914; superintendent Sunday School, 1914; elected deacon and chairman of board, 1909-1914; member of the Mount Zion Association Executive Committee, 1912-13-14; Chairman Democratic Executive Committee for Alamance County, 1913-1914; member of the Judicial Democratic Executive Committee, 1911-1912; attorney for Burlington since 1913; attorney for Alamance County since 1913; Past Master of Beulah Lodge, No. 409, A. F. and A. M.; District Deputy Grand Master of the twenty-first Masonic district of North Carolina, 1914; member of the House of Representatives, 1915; anniversary debater (Phi.), 1904; class orator, 1905; Phi. orator's medal, 1905; law librarian, 1906; president of law class, 1906.

"The Wake Forest Law School deserves more praise than it gets. Its history is replete with growth. It is marvelous how the department has held together. Dr. Poteat's phrase, "The Indefatigable Gulley" explains for the most part the abounding success of the school. The school is a monument to tireless industry on the part of students as well as of the faculty. Law students go to Wake Forest because team work is there, because the teachers throw aside senseless ornamental embellishments and with whole-hearted earnestness they make themselves servants of the boys. It is because of the loyalty of its present teachers, who have an interest in Wake Forest and the State of North Carolina, an interest unsentimental that turns a deaf ear to ready positions elsewhere with perhaps more prestige and compensation. But for the last five years or more the school has had unusual growth. This means, so the boys say, that Dr. Gulley has with him another man of equal power and influence, Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr. Had the pleasure of being a student with Professor Timberlake. The Wake Forest Law School has done much for the Bar of North Carolina and elsewhere in the training of lawyers with large social qualities, men who have not only endeavored to keep their own rank and file above suspicion of the mercenary interests of life, but who have given their talent and time for constructive programs of social progress. This is Wake Forest's contribution to the bar, a giving forth of men of the un-

compromising sort who strive to maintain and practice the legal conception of ethics taught at Wake Forest. There should be a law building at Wake Forest to house its overflowing patronage, and the building ought to be a living memorial for Guiley and Timberlake, the men who have for the most part made the department what it is today."

WALLACE, JOHN C., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Attended the summer class for eighteen days and passed the Supreme Court Board August 31, 1914. Never attended college or any other school three months. Practiced at this place ever since sworn in. Associated with Hon. A. E. Hoiton, ex-United States District Attorney. More than satisfied. Secretary to the late Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, when elected to United States Senate, 1906. Resigned the Secretaryship to Governor Taylor on account of health, and went with the Southern Railway, at Knoxville, Tenn.; remained there until 1907. Was appointed Chief Clerk to Col. W. B. Rodman, then Division Counsel of the Southern Railway at Charlotte, N. C.; held that position until 1911. Chief Clerk of Norfolk Southern, Winston-Salem, till 1914.

"Dr. Guiley and Prof. Timberlake are two of the greatest teachers that ever stood at the head of the Law Department of any college. In every town in this State or elsewhere you can find lawyers who attended Wake Forest College, and in most instances there are none superior in that profession."

WATSON, J. A., Burnsville, N. C.—LL.B., 1908. Practiced at Burnsville since that time. Very successful in the practice of law. Member of the law firm of Hudgins, Watson & Watson.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is one of the strongest law schools in the South. The teachers who have charge of this department are among the ablest in the country. Believe this department has been the means of holding the high standard which the bar has over the entire State."

WEEKS, C. D., Wilmington, N. C.—B.A.; licensed in August, 1897. Practiced in Wilmington since 1900. Good success.

WHITE, S. W., Newnan, Ga.—B.A., 1914. Last summer completed the work for B.L. degree, which he will receive at the commencement of 1915. Accepted position at this place as principal of the high school for this year, after which he intends to spend two years at the Harvard Law School before starting practice.

WHISNANT, J. W., Lenoir, N. C.—B.A., 1904.

WILSON, S. F., Portland, Ore.—LL.B., 1907. Began practice in Athens, Ore., summer of 1907. Was four years a member of the city council. President of School Board; President First National Bank until he moved to Portland two years ago. Member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Club, the University Club, Vice-President of Bankers' Mortgage Corporation, which is a farm mortgage company with a capital of one-half million dollars.

WILLIAMS, B. F., Lenoir, N. C.—Entered Wake Forest in the fall of 1904. Returned in fall of 1908 to Wake Forest and received his Law License at the February Term of the Supreme Court, 1909. Practiced for about two years at Columbus, N. C., and after leaving there went to Lenoir, where he has been practicing for over three years. While at Columbus was Mayor of that town. Is now Mayor of Lenoir and has been since May, 1913.

"In my opinion a better law instructor than Prof. N. Y. Gulley cannot be found in the South."

WILSON, JESSE F., Dunn, N. C.—No degree; fall, 1913, and spring of 1914. Good success in his practice.

"The Wake Forest Law School did for me one of the greatest things in my life. I am confident that it is the best law school anywhere."

WRIGHT, J. C., Albemarle, N. C.—B.A. and B.L. in the Class of 1899, and was licensed to practice law September 25, 1899. Located in Albemarle, Stanly County. Has never sought or held public office. Has had fair recognition at the Bar, and been successful with all the cases with which he has been connected.

"The success of the Wake Forest Law School has been little short of wonderful, and it is seldom that you hear of a Wake Forest Law student who is not doing well. I think the Wake Forest Law School has done much to elevate the standard of practice in North Carolina and to strengthen the Bar of the State."

YATES, E. P., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Was in the Class of 1914. Took the A.B. degree. Has practiced in Winston-Salem since September 15.

"The Law Department has long been known to be the best law school in the State, and the Professors have bound their pupils to them with ties that can never be broken."

The Wake Forest Student

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor.

Where Praise
is Due

All honor to the Wake Forest Law School! May its graduates always hold it in esteem and retain its memory fresh in their minds. The best law school in the Old North State, they declare. And certainly it merits all the praises that have been showered upon it. Our teachers of the law, Professors Gulley and Timberlake, are men of force and personality, and have afforded inspiration to all who have come in touch with

them. The preceding testimonials reveal the high standing of Wake Forest men before the bar of North Carolina. They have taken an aggressive stand in the legal profession and in the province of politics. The reputation of the Wake Forest Law School for efficiency is growing every year and we predict for it a bright and progressive future.

Our Alumni THE STUDENT OWES a debt of gratitude to the alumni of our Law School which it cannot hope to repay. They rallied to our support loyally; and as a result we are able to publish, almost complete, a record of their activities. We have held a mirror up to reality. No, this issue is not a novel; but for pure realism it has something on the Russians. The actual facts in any person's life make interesting reading; but here old friends may recognize each other in print and learn how the cruel world has served them. It contains no romance, no day dreams; we may glance beyond the blue haze that darkens the mountain tops into the vales and glades of life. These records, then, are full of meaning, and he who runs may read. We end these somewhat garrulous remarks by proposing a bumper to our alumni: Joy, health, and happiness be constantly with you, and may the future open up ever brightening prospects.

A Sketch How old associations cling to one! The old homestead, the schoolhouse on the hill, are always dear to the memory, and here on the grassy campus at Wake Forest, which the robins love to haunt, stands the old Law Building, a place for youthful dreams, surrounded by elms and pines and covered in the spring and summer with the green ivy. But hold, a Law Edition of THE STUDENT is no place for an imaginative sketch.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

IRA T. JOHNSTON, Editor.

The Christmas holidays have come and gone, the Psy. quiz has become history, and when these lines are ready for general consumption, a month of the New Year will be past and the lovely feet of "Miss Annie" at the door.

Ye editor hasn't got over that habit of the morning nap and other symptoms of something closely akin to laziness which was acquired or increased during the holidays. The Business Manager, however, insists that we must be up and doing; and despite our (the editorial pronoun!) inclination to prefer a nap or "a cozy rest with cob or brier, sitting by a light'ood fire," we have been hustling for news. Representatives were sent to various members of the student body to interview them in regard to their activities during the holidays. The result was so stupendous that we have dismissed the idea of publishing an account of these activities in full. Alas! what stories of human interest our readers are missing!

We cater this month to those who have gone from among us. We can think of so little that would recall to them the pleasures of their own college days. We have already cut out items of an enthusiastic after-supper gathering in the Drug Store, of the reception accorded the first "Shoo-fly" of the term, of the curiosity meeting of the Freshman class called to inquire into the meaning, origin, and significance of the word "Giftie." We fear if we should print them our predecessors would lament, "How far our successors have fallen!"

It is pleasant, so pleasant, to dream, to see in the blue curls of pipe-smoko fanciful pictures of turkey, eggnog, the old home on the brow of the hill, and the girls we left behind us.

Wintry winds howl outside, and—by George! it's the same old menu in the morning and business tonight: the news; so here goes:

The term opened January 5th, with most of the old men back on the hill. Some few failed to return; but several new men registered.

The chapel exercises were led by Secretary Wilson of the State Y. M. C. A. He urged the students not to be satisfied with less than the best. President Poteat welcomed the students back. "Let us give our pledge one to another to make this the very best session in the history of our college," he said.

Several members of the faculty went away from the Hill for the holidays. Dr. C. E. Taylor and Professor H. A. Jones went to New York City, and Dr. and Mrs. H. D. Taylor to Baltimore; Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith spent their Christmas in Raleigh. Dr. G. W. Paschal went to his old home in Chatham County. Dr. W. R. Cullom visited relatives in Halifax County. Prof. R. P. McCutcheon went to his home at Franklin, Va.; Dr. J. W. Nowell went to Tyner, and Miss Louise Heims to Philadelphia.

President Poteat addressed the North Carolina Society for Mental Hygiene at Raleigh, Saturday, January 9th. The *News and Observer* says: "The Doctor's address was roundly applauded and every one within the sound of his voice fully appreciated it." Dr. Poteat was also one of the principal speakers at the meeting of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League at Raleigh, January 14th.

Dr. C. E. Brewer spoke at the Baptist church at Rolesville, Sunday, January 10th.

Dr. E. W. Sikes went to Fayetteville, Saturday, January 9th, where he delivered two addresses in the Baptist church on Sunday. He stopped in Raleigh for a visit to the General

Assembly. He was accorded the privileges of the floor of the Senate, of which he was a former member.

Rev. W. N. Johnson, the beloved pastor of the church here and chaplain of the college, is off to Cuba for a much-needed rest. His congregation and all his friends are wishing him complete restoration and a pleasant journey. His pulpit was filled on Sunday and Sunday night, January 9th, by Rev. Baylus Cade. This venerable and able man delivered two strong sermons. He spoke briefly at chapel Monday and addressed the Y. M. C. A. Monday night. His sentences stick: "All the prophets of the world have been poets." "Never educate yourself above the commonplace."

The Supreme Court Law Class, consisting of about twenty-nine men, spent the greater part of the holidays at work under the guidance of Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake. At their recent organization they chose the following officers:

- C. M. Adams, President.
- J. M. Pritchard, Vice-President.
- R. C. Causey, Secretary.

Here's wishing them all success when the August court calls on them for legal information!

Mr. J. C. Smith, who has been away on account of sickness, has resigned as chairman of the Student Senate. He has been a splendid officer, courteous and level-headed, and his many friends welcome him back to college. Mr. John J. Neal, of South Boston, Va., B.A. '14, and a member of the Medical class, has been chosen to succeed Mr. Smith as chairman of the Student Senate.

The whole college community heard with regret of the death of Mr. P. J. Mumford, a member of the Sophomore class, which occurred January 6th at his home at Ayden. He was a member of the football squad and popular with his fellows. THE STUDENT extends sympathy to the saddened

relatives. Resolutions of respect have been drawn up by the Sophomore class and the Phi. Society of which he was a member.

News comes of the illness of Messrs. C. D. Moore and F. H. Creech, at their respective homes at Shelby and Four Oaks. We hope the boys can soon join us again.

A preliminary to select Wake Forest's representative at the Peace Contest this year has been arranged for January 29th. There are several contestants.

Several of the boys are also busy preparing powder for the Richmond fray.

Group pictures for the "Howler" were taken Thursday, January 14th. There is also quite an exodus of students this week to Raleigh for the purpose of posing before Tyree in order that their manly pulchritude may be fittingly depicted in the annual.

"Perils of Pauline" at the movies every Monday night. Who offered ye editor a free ticket for this ad.? See us at the Drug Store just after "Shoo-fly" mail is up.

Many more things have happened. Perhaps if they all were written the library itself might not be able to contain them. With a Rah! Rah! for the Law alumni, we take a coveted rest.

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

The fellows here have been back only a few days; so there has been but little done at anything yet. There has been no session of the Moot Court except one for organization. At this meeting the following officers were elected: H. C. Strickland, associate justice; K. A. Pittman, solicitor; E. P. Whitley, clerk; I. S. Bowen was reelected sheriff.

The Young Men's Christian Association made a good start January 11th by having Rev. Baylus Cade to address the organization. It is useless to say that all that were present enjoyed his talk. He spoke on being an efficient, powerful Christian. He said what a man does will depend upon what he is. We hope to have him come again.

The money for the erection of the Meredith-Wake Forest cottage at Blue Ridge is being collected as rapidly as possible. There has been collected \$218.75, while about \$350 has been subscribed. An effort is being made to collect the entire amount this week, so that the work may be begun at an early date. If this can be done the cottage will be ready for use by the next conference.

A contract has been signed for an intercollegiate debate between Richmond and Wake Forest to be held the first Friday night in April. The debate is to be a double-barrelled one. One debate will be held in Virginia, the other in North Carolina.

A preliminary debate will be held here about the last of February to select four debaters and two alternates to represent Wake Forest in the debates. A number of students are

- 16—Elon College at Elon.
- 17—Open.
- 18—Open.
- 19—Augusta Y. M. C. A. at Augusta, Ga.
- 20—University of South Carolina at Columbia, S. C.
- 24—Elon College at Wake Forest.
- 26—Trinity College at Wake Forest.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. C. CASHWELL, Wake Forest, N. C.

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Subscriptions, payable in advance, one year, \$1.25.

Boys! study the local advertisements, and patronize those who help you.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest.
TYREE, Photographer, Raleigh.
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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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THE SONG OF THE STREET CAR

T. L. D.

Mine is the song of service and my task
Forbids my door to close to any man;
Nor rags nor robes of riches do I scan
With sense of a division. Not to ask
From whence they come, the howling, rushing mob
Who crowd to me from teeming thoroughfare
Is given to me; only to be there
At beck and call. No ringing shout, no sob
Is in my song, which mingles with the air
Of noisy noon-day, or at midnight dark
Startles silent suburbs, peaceful park—
Yet thousands know my song and think it fair,
Because mankind has found in it, in me,
The clarion call of pure democracy.

THE CHRIST IDEA IN BROWNING

P. E. DOWNS.

Browning's place in literature may be said to begin by finding God in nature, and end by finding God in man. In this he is unlike Wordsworth, in that he saw more than mere nature. To verify this, we hear him saying in "Paracelsus" where he is speaking in reference to God, these words:

"Thus he dwells in all,
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man—the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere of life—
And man produced, all has its end thus far;
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency towards God."

In these few lines it seems that he sees God, not merely in nature, but in the soul. Thus, we can see why he is called the "subtlest asserter of the soul in song." His real subjects of thought were God, God in man, Christ-man suffering, and sin. These he put his life and thought into. While not a theologian in the strictest sense of the word, yet he has given us many suggestions that are helpful. He took the subjects of many of his poems directly from the Bible: "Korshish," "Saul" and "A Death in the Desert."

His age was one of skepticism, atheism, and doubt, one in which science seemed to dominate the minds of the people, and they thought that it had exploded the idea of Christ entirely. Some may think he was an agnostic, but if they will only study his poetry honestly, they will see that their ideas are false. It is true he used the negative sometimes to bring out the positive, yet he never remained negative, for he was optimistic and not pessimistic. In "An Epistle of Kor-

shish" and "Cleon" from a heathern point of view the argument is negative; but in "Saul," "A Death in the Desert," and in the twin poem, "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," we have the positive argument; that is, from the viewpoint of the Christian.

In "Karshish" we have the story of an Arab Physician, who lived under the idea of divine power, but that power was only dimly known to him. It was not enough to cause him to feel, because he had never thought of a living God. When he met Lazarus, whom Christ had raised from the dead, while he could not believe in Christ as God, he could not dismiss from his mind the thoughts of the act. This idea he cast aside from time to time and tried to pursue it from a scientific point, but every time this new idea of God, who had taken flesh and come down to earth to minister to man, bound him back with a firmer and stronger grip. He considered it thoroughly from a scientific point and reached the conclusion that Lazarus could not have been raised by any one except by an "All Loving" God-man, and declares:

"Think, could we penetrate by any drug,
And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair, by three days sleep!
Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?"

We find Christ's purpose of coming into the world, in "Cleon," was not to show man the love of God as seen in "Karshish," but to show them:

"The worth both absolute and relative
Of all his children from the birth of time,
His instruments for all appointed work."

We have the positive argument in "Cleon" when he says:

"In man there's failure, only since he left
The lower and unconscious forms of life."

Instead of seeing no purpose in the universe, he finds nothing but purpose, and in the powers and faculties of man, the climax of creation, he finds the most conclusive evidence of God's existence, for he says in "Christmas Eve":

"The truth in God's breast
Lies trace upon trace on ours impressed,"

and in "Paracelsus":

"God is the perfect poet,
Who, in creation, acts out his own conception."

Yet, while nature is a manifestation of God, God reveals himself most perfectly in man, because every man has a divine element in himself, this element gives to the poorest and meanest human being an infinite value and dignity.

The poet regarded love as a direct flow from the innermost nature of God. This we see summed up in these words:

"God, thou art love!
I build my faith upon that."

The question may arise, how could he see in every part of the universe a revelation of love, in view of the prevalence of sin and wretchedness? We can answer it in this, that he so clearly saw shown and demonstrated in Jesus Christ the love of God, that all of these opposing features as they seemed, ceased to give him trouble. He saw the most effective revelations of God in Christ, and found in Him the stimulus for sustained effort, and inspiration for enduring virtue.

To verify this we have only to notice the statement of Mrs. Orr, when she says that Browning once spoke to her with relation to his own religious opinions, and concluded by reading to her the "Epilogue to *Dramatis Personae*." She further says: "It will be remembered that beautiful and pathetic cry of those victims of nineteenth century skepticism, the whom incarnate love has disappeared from the universe.

carrying with it the belief in God. The third part attests the continued existence of God in Christ:

"That one face, far from vanish, rather grows;
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Became my universe that feels and knows."

"That face," said Mr. Browning, as he closed the book, "that face is the face of Christ; that is how I feel him."

There is another reason why Browning bows to Christ, and that is because the One who is the life of nature and the moving power of history has taken human form and has shown by an infinite self-sacrifice that God is love, I quote from "Karshish" to verify this:

"This man so cured regards the curer then,
As God forgave me—who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile.

* * * * *

So through the thunder comes a human voice saying.

* * * 'Love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee.'"

In "Saul," which is doubtless Browning's best interpretation of Christ, we have David singing and playing upon his lyre to console the despondent Saul in the midst of his despondency. He first sings songs with the beauty of true life; then uplifting songs filled with aspiration, and finally of Saul's future glory. Not until the last one, was he able to arouse the king and receive a tender look. When David saw that he had aroused him, he ceased singing and began to tell him of a vision which makes a new law and a new life. In these words his thesis is that all things are the manifestation of love, for David says:

"Just as I saw—
I report as man may of God's work—All's love, yet all's law.

* * * * *

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
 I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
 In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen God
 In the stars, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod."

As David sees it, God alone, with His great love is the only one who can—

"Snatch Saul, the mistake,
 Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake
 From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
 Clear and safe in new light and new life, a new harmony yet
 To be run, and continued, and ended who knows?"

Then David closes his speech to Saul with a prayer for the revelation of God's love:

"Would I suffer for him that I love?

* * * * *

'O Saul, it shall be
 A face like my face that receives thee; A man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever! A hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ
 stand.'"

In this passage we see the secret of Browning's firm optimism lay in his recognition of Christ as God and Saviour. Then if the life that pulsates through all nature is the life of Christ, and if the hand that directs the march of history is the hand that was nailed to the cross, may we not then, say with "Pippa?" that it does not matter how great the difficulties may be,

"God's in his heaven,
 All's right with the world."

In "A Death in the Desert" we have shown that Browning believed there must be a mediator between God and man, and in the Atonement so far as it reconciled man to God in these words:

"Himself conceived of life as love,
 Conceived of love as what must enter in,
 Fill up, make one with His each soul he loved."

In these words we see what the incarnate Christ meant to Browning:

"I say, the acknowledgement of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise."

This doctrine is further brought out in "Easter Day," when he is speaking of Christ as Creator and the One who had undergone death in man's stead in these words:

"He who in all his work below
Adapted to the needs of man,
Made love the basis of the plan."

The key word in "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" is love. Christ enters the old chapel and appears to the solitary worshipper. That Christ is the Divine Saviour and will reveal Himself to man in response to love and faith is shown in these lines from "Christmas Eve":

"I, then, in ignorance and weakness,
Taking God's help, have attained to think
My heart does best to receive in meekness
This mode of worship, as most to His mind,
Where earthly aids being cast behind,
His all in all appears serene,
With the thinnest human veil between,
Letting the mystic lamps, the seven,
The many motions of His spirit
Pass, as they list, to earth from Heaven."

The real command in "Christmas Eve" is to

"Believe in me,
Who lived and died, yet essentially—
I'm Lord of life."

In "Easter Day" the trend is thoroughly Christian. It contains the central truth of Christianity, as is shown in the following lines:

"You indeed opine
 That the Eternal and Divine
 Did, eighteen centuries ago,
 In very truth—Enough, you know
 The old—stupendous tale—that Birth,
 That Life, that Death! And all, the earth
 Shuddered at,—all, the heavens grew black
 Rather than see; all, Nature's rack
 And throe at dissolution's brink
 Attested—it took place, you think,
 Only to give our joys a zest,
 And prove our sorrows for the best?
 We differ then."

The Climax in "Easter Day" is brought out where Christ reveals Himself to a soul:

"I knew him through the dread disguise,
 As the whole God within his eyes."

This also may be connected with a passage in "Christmas Eve" where Christ is the "very man and very God":

"Earth breaks up, time drops away,
 On flows heaven, with its new day
 Of endless life, when He who trod,
 Very Man and very God,
 This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
 Dying the death whose signs remain
 Up yonder on the accursed tree—
 Shall come again, no more to be
 Of captivity the thrall,
 But the one God, all in all,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords."

JAKE'S TRIP ABROAD

L. S. INSCOE.

"Jake, doan ye fergit ter pick up some acorns fer dem pigs less ye want dem legs er yourn streaked, ye hear," called Jake's mother from the smaller of the two rooms of their abode, the one they called the kitchen.

"Yebem," replied Jake from the sweet potato patch where he was grabbling for his next day's breakfast, dinner and supper.

But Jake did forget it. Two minutes later he could not have told what his mother had said to him. As a usual thing Jake did not forget orders but tonight something else was on his mind.

He had been picking cotton "up at de Cap'en's" and there were others picking also. There was Uncle Al's family and a stranger with them, a boy of about Jake's age and color. He had told about coming from another place "way off yonder." He had actually "road on de train."

Jake had seen a train once when he had gone with his father to carry a bale of cotton to town, and they were frightfully scary things, but this boy had actually rode on one. This put a new desire into Jake's life. He wanted "ter ride on de train."

That night Jake lay on his quilt quite a while before he went to sleep. "Wonder what dem tickets cost an wonder how I'se gwine ter git de money, an' I wonder how I'se gwine ter git ter de depot, an' wonder how I'se gwine ter git Daddy an' Ma ter lemme go."

All these Jake debated over in his mind. The older the desire grew the stronger it became. Jake made up his mind that he must "ride on de train." At last he went to "Daddy" with the matter.

"Daddy, if I pick cotton hard as I can won't ye lemme go wid ye ter town when ye sells yer bale er cotton, and den lemme ride on de train?"

"Gwan, nigger, what ye talkin' 'bout. If ye doan' pick cotton lack ye head's erfire ye'll see what ye git. Ye're big ernuff ter pick near 'bout as much cotton as anybody."

But Jake didn't give up. Every convenient opportunity he would put the proposition over and over again.

At last one morning, Jake, with his father and mother and brothers and sisters went off to a new place.

"Cotton thick an' gittin' fifty cents" was the report that had carried them to this particular place. The report proved to be true.

"Jake, ye ought ter pick two hundred pounds in dis cotton an all you chilluns ought ter pick more'n dat," said Jake's father when he saw the cotton patch.

It was another opportunity and Jake decided to risk it once more.

"Daddy, if ye'll lemme go wid ye ter town I'll beat ye pickin' cotton terday."

"Den you's gwine some an' ye cain' do it. Sho' ye can go wid me an ride on dat train, too, if ye can beat *me*, but when ye beats me ye can call yerself er cotton-pickin' nigger."

It was Jake's chance and a slim one it was, too, because Jake's father, Jim Stokes, was an extra good cotton picker. He had often picked over three hundred pounds in a day.

Jake did not wait until the others were ready to start. While they were fixing bags and baskets he was picking away on the cotton that counts, that from which the previous night's dew had not dried. He picked for the thickest rows and kept away from the crowd. His back began to ache but he kept on and when he could stand it no longer he took two rows and began to crawl on his knees. It seemed a case of now or never and Jake did his best. All day long he kept at it.

It was nearly night when the pickers stopped, all except Jake. Jake kept on until the cotton had all been carried to the cotton house before he left the field.

At weighing time Jake took it upon himself to empty baskets.

"Jake Stokes" was called out and he ran down out of the cotton house to identify his baskets.

"Ninety-two," called out the weigher as he steadied the scales and adjusted the weights.

"Eighty-eight" was the next.

"Ninety-five. Let's see—ten, fifteen; seventeen, twenty-six, twenty-seven. Jake Stokes, two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Jim Stokes next."

Jake felt that he must get back to his job of emptying baskets but he still kept listening as best he could as he pulled at, turned over, and shook the cotton out of the baskets on top of the pile.

Suddenly he heard something that made his heart jump and he jumped with it.

"Jim Stokes, two hundred and seventy-three."

Jake waited a moment to pile some more cotton carefully over a big rock and a short chunk of green gum-wood, then rushed out with a yell.

"Daddy, Daddy, ye know what ye said." Jim Stokes was scratching his head and looking questioningly at his baskets of cotton, then he broke out:

"Well, I declare, who'd a thunk it?"

On a cold morning a month a later a small mule hitched to the remains of what was once a wagon was driven into the road from a side path by a middle-aged "colored" man. The wagon was loaded with one bale of cotton. On top of this sat a negro boy of about fourteen. He was looking straight ahead. Once in a while he would feel carefully into his pockets and say, "If dem tickets doan' coss over a dollar I'se sho' gonna ride."

THE LAST GREAT WAR

HUBERT E. OLIVE.

Since the creation of the universe the world has been in the throes of a continuous upheaval. This upheaval has been divided into periods which are called wars. These wars have been nothing more than great slaughter pens, yet they have been sanctioned and carried on by both the lowest grade of barbarism and the highest type of civilization. Great statesmen of all ages have endeavored to put an end to these mighty conflicts, but to no avail. Time after time a single nation with a capable and ambitious man at its head has grown more powerful than the other nations. Realizing their power these single nations have attempted to gain the hegemony of the world by force. In each instance they have failed, but from the wreck of nations another single power always rises stronger than the rest and ultimately history repeats itself.

Exactly a century ago this year the nations of Europe combined against France, who, under the leadership of Napoleon, was about to conquer the whole of Europe. From the battle of Waterloo until the surrender of Paris in 1871, France endeavored to retain her prestige in Europe. Bismarck, the greatest statesman of modern times, had consolidated the many petty German states into one great empire with Prussia as the ruling state and had thus humiliated France. His next step was to form the Triple Alliance by which he hoped to preserve the balance of power in Europe. As long as William I was emperor of Germany, Bismarck was the real head of the German empire. But with the accession of William II, Germany entered upon a new era. Bismarck was banished and the young emperor reigned supreme. His position is best shown by his own words. He

said: "Only one is master in this country. That is I. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces." "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" "We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone, and to God alone we are responsible in the fulfillment of our duty." "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*" "All of you have only one will, and that is my will; there is only one law, and that is my law." Following this egotistic idea William II made Germany the home of militarism, disturbed the balance of power and threw all Europe into the present war.

A year ago the world seemed to be nearer peace than ever before. Statesmen were clamoring for peace conferences; Great Britain was asking for a year's cessation of naval armament; The Hague appeared to be the arbiter of the world's disputes; but all this was reckoned without Germany. She was at that very time planning to become supreme over the other nations of the continent. The young emperor hoped, by a series of successful wars, to conquer the hegemony of Europe. By sheer force and audacity Europe was to be made German. Thus were the calculations of the whole world upset. Never had a time been more ripe for peace; never had International Peace seemer nearer to realization. But today the boom of the cannon, the crack of the musket, and the bomb of the aëroplane resound in the horror-stricken ears of humanity.

The more optimistic see in this war, the last great conflict. They believe the horrible losses and incredible atrocities, perpetrated by both the Germans and the Allies, will awaken the humane world to action and hasten International Peace. But are the atrocities of the present war any more horrible than the atrocities of the Reign of Terror in France? Are the sacrifices of human life any more terrible than they were in the campaigns of Napoleon? A conservative person would not say that they are. Great Britain thinks that at the termination of the war she can arrange a treaty of peace which

will be satisfactory to all and which will forever settle the balance of power in Europe. England has thought this same thing before the present time. In 1870, Gladstone said: "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." In 1914, Mr. Asquith said: "Little progress, it seems, has as yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy—the idea of public right." Can Mr. Asquith accomplish today that which Mr. Gladstone failed to accomplish nearly half a century ago? The nations of Europe are further estranged; the war is carried on with more hatred; and though we would cast no reflection upon Mr. Asquith, we cannot believe he is a greater statesman than Mr. Gladstone.

The balance of power in Europe has always been considered as the balance of power of the world, but it is not so today. The largest and the most valuable spaces of the world belong to Anglo-Saxons, to Russians, and to Asiatics. Although the frontiers in all the five continents are carefully marked and delimited, they are not delimited for all time. The earth contains 50,250,000 square miles of land. Of these 48,500,000 square miles are owned or controlled by white people, while only 1,750,000 square miles belong to China and Japan. The 600,000,000 white people ought to be satisfied, for they own and control twenty-nine-thirtieths of the solid surface of the globe; but the 500,000,000 Chinese and Japanese, who have under their control only one-thirtieth of the world's territories, can hardly be satisfied. As they progress these Asiatics are becoming more and more dissatisfied with being confined in their overcrowded countries by the white races who refuse them access to even the most thinly populated countries which they control. We cannot evade these facts, neither can we afford to make light of them.

Japan is already one of the greatest military nations on the globe. They convinced the world of their prowess when they administered an overwhelming defeat to the great European nation of Russia. China, with her 400,000,000 people, has lain inert for centuries, but today she is beginning to realize her strength. Progress is the watchword of the age and these Asiatic nations are making greater strides than even the more civilized nations. As they grow in knowledge it is preposterous to think that they will be content to remain within their thickly populated countries. Will the white peoples be willing to release any of their vast territories to these yellow men? When has the white man ever done so magnanimous a deed? These land disputes have always ultimately ended in war and can we expect any better from these semi-barbarous people, when the most highly civilized nations grapple to the death, over such insignificant disputes.

The optimist believes the present conflict will be the last great war, but can we entertain his hope in view of the facts and the conditions of the world? International Peace will undoubtedly be realized in the distant future, but scarcely in the near future. The conflict between Democracy and Militarism has not yet been settled. The end of the great European war will hardly mark the end of this conflict. The present war has shown the ultimate outcome of armed peace. Yet, the people of America, the only great nation of white people that has been able to withhold herself from the war, are making one mighty plea for a greater army and navy. Can there be any future for a country with a policy of armed peace except a future of war? Will the end of the European conflict mark the beginning of a new era or will it only be a milestone in history? In view of facts, conditions, history and prospects it seems only reasonable to expect it to be a milestone in history and not the last great war.

“THE HAND OF DESTINY”

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

Phil Sawyer, the champion ladysman of the “Hill,” surrounded by a half dozen of his pals, was lazily reclining under the hospitable shade of “the oaks” near the center of the campus thoughtfully nursing the minority of what had been an El Toro.

“Phil,” called Jack Bell, “spin us a yarn, loosen up and tell us about the last girl you’ve gone into tantrums over.”

Phil, although only twenty-three, had seen a bit of the world, for he had been affected with “wander-lust” since his youth and in pursuance of this inclination had sold almost every salable product in the world, including life insurance and books. He had always kept an eye open to anything that had the look of adventure or romance and since he was as gallant as any knight of the middle ages, and an ardent admirer of the fair sex in general and about fifty members in particular, he had had many interesting experiences. His stock of stories never ran low; and he had many times entertained his present hearers until the small hours.

He was not particularly handsome, but his appearance was rather striking, being unusually tall and well developed, and then the combination of brown eyes and light curling hair was one that always caused a fellow to look twice, and some girls to look more than twice.

“Fellows,” Phil began slowly, “I’m going to tell you about a little girl that I met down in Georgia last summer. Possibly I shouldn’t tell this, but there’s nobody here but us, and I don’t see why we shouldn’t be confidential. She isn’t the last one I’ve met but I’ll be confounded if I can’t see a vision of her face in every wreath of smoke that I blow. I’ll swear on

my word and honor as a gentleman and a junior that I didn't mean to fall in love but—"

"Oh, can the hot air and come on with the yarn," chimed in Jeff Hall.

"Well, to go back to the origin of this thing," Phil began, meditatively, "you see 'twas this way. I had been going with girls a great deal, and had been drawing conclusions occasionally until I had just about figured out what kind of a woman I wanted to preside over my bungalow, light my cigars and play our piano for a lifetime, but hadn't met her as yet. I had an idea that I would meet her somewhere, but couldn't tell just where or when.

"The beginning of this affair was really three years ago when I landed in Danville, Virginia, with an empty stomach, only enough money in my pocket to buy one meal, not an acquaintance in three hundred miles, and under solemn oath not to write home for any money. Well, I soaked my watch for board, wired the company for the one thing needful and further orders, and was awaiting developments.

"On the second morning, I was up before the city was astir, taking an early walk and trying to convince myself to go without breakfast, and incidentally searching for some adventure to break the monotony. As I was crossing the park, I caught sight of a small picture on the sidewalk and picked it up. Some fellow had evidently just dropped it from his watch. As I examined it I turned it over and saw on the back the name 'Eva Holt.' I looked at the picture again and saw that the face was one of striking beauty. 'Looks like she might have left her address, too,' I said to myself, but I could find no clue to this so I placed the picture in my pocket and walked on.

"In due time the message from the company came, so I reclaimed my watch, placed Miss Eva Holt's picture in the back of it in a prominent position, and prepared to leave Danville.

"The more I looked at that picture the more I wanted to look at it, and how that picture and my ideal came to be one and the same thing I really don't know, but in less time than it takes to tell it that very thing happened. Thus, the picture did not change its resting place; in fact it hasn't changed yet, 'and there hangs a tale.'

"Last summer, when wars and rumors of wars put a spike in my insurance business I was in the lower part of Georgia. I could not tell just what was going to happen, so I decided to take a rest for three weeks and wait for the skies to clear up. I was near the little town of M— and it was there that I went for the 'hang-out.' I arrived on a bright Sunday morning, went to a hotel, indulged in the luxury of a shoe-shine, given by one of the half dozen pickaninnies hanging around the door, harvested my beard and went to church.

"I entered just as a girl was rising to sing a solo, and I could scarcely believe my eyes, for the beautiful girl, whose thrilling voice was holding the congregation 'spell-bound' was none other than Miss Eva Holt. Yes there could be no doubt about it, it was she. I would have known that face among a thousand for I had looked at that picture more times for the past three years than I was willing to admit. The likeness was good, but she was more beautiful than I had imagined. Words fail to describe that face, even as its vision refuses to leave my mind for a moment.

"She was of more than average height, and her arms and swelling throat as she sang were as perfect as the statue of Venus. She had deep blue eyes with long black lashes, and a wreath of chestnut curling hair, with elusive strands of gold among the brown that drowned her ears in sunny ripples. Her complexion was perfect, and her simple, dainty white dress added to the attractiveness of her figure.

"When she sat down I was almost dizzy with excitement. I could not help but look at her; even during prayer my eyes

were constantly seeking her face above the gallery rail where the choir sat. Once I thought she met my glance, and imagined that she smiled faintly; however I am not sure of this.

"After the service I followed 'afar off' and watched her enter a palatial residence on Park Avenue. I went back to the hotel with my brain in a fever with ideas, and my heart pounding against its confinement as hard as a young politician's when he is making his maiden speech.

"I tried to think of some legitimate means of forming an acquaintance, but as I did not know a person in the State intimately this effort was fruitless. After I had spent the afternoon in this manner I decided to go to church again that evening. This I did. She was again in the choir and it is needless for me to tell you that I did not listen to the sermon. For the next week I frequented all places of public gatherings in hopes of seeing her, but succeeded in getting only two or three fleeting visions of her face; and these only maddened me, making me see the hopelessness of the situation and the folly of my conduct.

"At the end of the second week I hit upon a plan of action. The pastor of the church of which she was a member of the choir seemed to be an agreeable sort of a fellow, and I remembered that one sentence of his sermon was something about entertaining strangers so I decided to go to him with my troubles. Fearing that he might think me a mono-maniac, I took with me every possible recommendation, including that from my pastor, Sunday School teacher, letter of credit, the company's recommendation and all.

"I approached this interview with fear and trembling, but he was a sensible, sympathetic sort of fellow and after examining my credentials carefully, he arranged that we should go to the Holt's that evening and promised to say nothing of the manner in which we made our acquaintance.

"I shall not attempt to relate the incidents of the evening for it seemed more like a dream than a reality. As I tossed restlessly in my bed that night I made up my mind to win Eva's heart and then tell her about the picture to add romance.

"The European war kept on, so I could not go to work again, and I was glad. It mattered not to me how many men were killed on the other side of the ocean, if I might remain on this side within the range of Eva's eyes.

"The next three weeks were the happiest of my life; in fact I forgot that I had ever lived before, and was blind to all the future save tomorrow's dates. We played tennis, went to parties, rowed, fished and sought other forms of amusement, but there was not a day that I was not with her.

"Finally two facts dawned on me one morning. One was that school was to open in one more week, another was that I was hopelessly and madly in love with Eva Holt and she apparently cared nothing for me; for every time I bordered on sentimentality she would laughingly ask how many girls I had told that to before.

"At last one more night remained. As I went to see her that night I was the most supremely happy, absolutely miserable creature in the universe. Happy because I knew and loved Eva; miserable because she cared nothing for me and I must leave.

"She greeted me graciously when I rang the bell, and seemed as gay as if the three o'clock train in the morning meant nothing to her.

"Have you ever been in Georgia on a summer evening? If you have you remember the soft moonlight, the gentlo breezes, and the balmy odors. It was such a night as this when we wandered out on the lawn and sought a rustic.

"The voice of her sister, who was singing in the parlor, floated across the lawn. We sat there in silence—a strand

of her hair flew across my face. I knew that I must tell her that I loved her, but my tongue would not fulfill its mission. I had thought that I would not use the picture and admit the number of times I had looked at it for the past three years, but as I thought of my watch I produced a flash-light, and held the picture before her eyes.

"'Eva,' I said, 'since the morning three years ago when I picked up that little picture on the street in a park in Danville, Virginia, it has been in my watch and every night I have looked at it—'

"She seemed surprised when she recognized the picture, but I went on—

"'On the morning when I went to the Baptist Church and you rose to sing, I knew it was you, and though I did not know it, I think I must have—'

"'Confound it, there goes the bell,' yelled Jack, 'say, Phil, how did it come out?'

"She listened that time," said Phil slowly. "It was twelve o'clock when I left. When I got to the hotel a fellow brushed a strand of brown hair from my shoulder—

"'If I got my license to practice law next August—"

"Which is the Math. lesson for today, Jeff?'"

A REVERIE

W. B. SINCLAIR.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds had ceased their song and play;
The cricket's chirp among the grass
Bespoke the eve and parting day.

I stood beside the old black gum
Where we had met in days gone by;
And carved our names upon the tree,
A little country lass and I.

Across the wood the silvery moon
Climbed gently up above the hill,
And out beyond the rippling brook
Echoed the cheerful whippoorwill.

The owl out on the mountain side
Gave summons to his lonely mate;
Then all again was hushed and still,
As on the night was growing late.

A distant chant burst on the air,
And from my reverie I woke;
"You are the star that guides my way,"
Rang out a voice and silence broke.

"Who can it be?" I slowly gasped,
Then all again was still as death;
"It's merely fancy, that is all."
In fear I held my quick drawn breath.

"It can not be that Billie's here,
For she's been gone now many years";
But hoping, wishing it to be,
I cherished thoughts, beliefs and fears.

A moonbeam fell upon my face
And I saw then an object nigh;
A slender figure stood erect
And faintly breathed a broken sigh.

I rigid stood behind that gum
And could not speak, but knew 'twas she;
With silent tread she then approached
And gently kissed the old scarred tree.

Then quickly she retraced her steps,
Back through the shadow'd moonlit wood;
And soon she vanished from my view
While yet bewildered, mute, I stood.

I made a leap to seek again
The long lost love, my Billie dear:
Then I awoke; it was a dream,
And I alone, no girl was near.

THE FALL OF SILAS SMITH

C. A. MOSELEY.

Have you ever thought that man was doomed to fall in love? My friend Smith thought otherwise until he was rounding out his thirtieth year; but then his fall was all the more startling and humiliating. If you, gentle reader, are so foolish as to deny the above profound truth, list to a tale of love in a drygoods emporium under the most ordinary circumstances.

Silas Smith was a clerk, a mere quill driver; but we differentiate him from all other men when we say that he completely ignored the existence of woman on this round and troubled sphere. Perhaps if he had lived in the country and had been awakened every morning by a chorus of happy songsters or if he had taken an hour off from business to drink in the beauty of the silver moon that rides nightly over the tops of the skyscrapers, we would have a different tale to tell. Or, perhaps no woman had ever smiled at him. But, pshaw, the girls at Meyer's emporium can tell you better than that. The red-haired cashier, who chews gum, had often contemplated Silas' stout and compact figure with a sigh, but all in vain; the blue-eyed Miss, who graced the woolens department, had long ago relinquished the habit of sentimentally perusing his stolid and serious features, his hair slightly tinged with grey, the mole on his left cheek. As to the third girl who harbored designs on the unsuspecting Silas, we shall call her Rosalind; but why should we have mentioned her name at all. She was both modest and pretty; had brown eyes and brown hair and threw the charm of femininity over the artistic realm of the lace department.

Last evening she bit her lips and a tear gleamed for a moment in her brown eyes. While the other clerks were pair-

ing off for the evening's diversion at some cheap show, she purposely lingered behind and dropped her dainty handkerchief directly in front of the oncoming Silas, who, utterly oblivious of her presence, and with a preoccupied look in his eyes, trod heavily on the crumpled fabric and passed on his way. That explains, perhaps, why she cried in her room that same evening, for even department store girls, who merely exist on bread and water earnings, have dreams—dreams that are as free as the air you breathe and as the water you drink.

But Silas had played with fate too long; and that same day on which Miss Brown was vexed, witnessed the first stage in his gradual disintegration. On the way to his modest lodging, he stopped and bought a copy of *McClure's Magazine*. He opened its pages in the shelter of his room and let his eyes wander carelessly through the advertising section. Suddenly he ceased turning the leaves, let his eyes dwell on page two hundred and ninety-seven; and the romance of his life commenced. The thing that attracted the attention of Silas was a picture—a picture set in a desert of glaring headlines and minute printed matter about that essential of life, somebody's particular form of breakfast food. A beautiful young woman was standing in pensive thought at the window of a cozy room. From the cheerful fire in the grate to the steaming dishes on the round table, everything bespoke domestic comfort and felicity. At the top of the page were written these magic words, "I wonder why John is so late."

This pleasant scene had a strange effect on Silas. He mentally compared the charm of this feminine abode with his own somewhat gloomy environment. An idea began gradually to shape itself in the sphere of his consciousness; but it was so foreign to his nature and to his former habits of life that, disgusted, he tossed the magazine into one corner of the room.

He then picked up a modern novel. Horrors! On its very back was the head of a beautiful young goddess with golden hair. Silas began now to be somewhat harassed; to be haunted by an idea. With restless steps, he walked to the mantelpiece of his room, laden with books on business methods, and began to finger a fragile vase that his landlady had placed there for an ornament. On it were depicted nymphs and fauns, delicately clad, dancing in a forest glade, carpeted with green grass and woodland flowers. Silas took one hurried glance and fled from the room in desperation, in abject terror.

Out in the street the noise was so deafening that our hero soon forgot his troubles and began to regain in some measure his equilibrium. But then a horrible thing happened. Silas turned a corner just in time to be crushed by the smile of a charming young widow, who, diffusing a gentle fragrance of violets, tripped on conscious of the damage she was wreaking on the innocent bystanders.

Silas stopped, blinked his eyes rapidly several times, and retired to his room almost a broken man. Then he went to bed. But what a horrible night! A thousand women seemed to hover around him, to smile at him from behind every object in the room, to menace him with accusing fingers. Some seemed to be mending his socks; some were sewing the buttons on his coat; while others were setting his room in order and brushing the dust off the pieces of furniture with light fairy strokes.

When Silas awoke the next morning he no longer felt in his usual mood, but he hurried to the store with a stream of co-workers in stores, factories, and offices, determined to forget this new idea that was about to blossom forth in his soul. He sat down on a stool, took up his quill, and became absorbed in work. Soon Katie and May and Annie came noisily in; but our hero was engrossed with weighty matters.

Then he happened to look up and there hanging directly in front of him was a spring calendar. A young woman with a bunch of roses at her breast was tripping down a gravel path bordered with violets. Silas gave one despairing glance and turned on his stool hurriedly just in time to catch the furtive and melancholy glance of the young lady whom we have designated before by the name of Rosalind. We do not dare conjecture why, but for the first time in the history of his life Silas Smith began to observe the contour of a woman's cheek, the arrangement of the curl behind the ear, and all the other feminine trivialities that are fraught with such momentous consequences.

Then he lapsed into a reverie, sniffing the sweet spring air that permeated the department store. It would be hard at this moment to tell just exactly what Silas' thoughts were; but a minute later, to his own horror, he felt himself walking in the general direction of Miss Brown's boudoir, a veritable fairyland of laces and silken fabrics. He leaned over the counter with a silly smile on his face and their eyes met.

What happened no one will believe, but what difference does that make to Silas. He suddenly stooped and kissed the Princess Rosalind, who blushed as red as a rose.

A loud and resounding smack startled the golden cuirassed bumble bee that was just preparing to enter the open window of the store, and buzzing angrily he winged his way to distant clover fields. A great titter arose from the assembled clerks. The boss turned around in his revolving chair and regarded Silas in open-mouthed amazement, in utter astonishment and consternation.

Silas Smith was kissing a w—n.

SOCIALISM IN ROME

ROBERT R. MALLARD.

In this the Twentieth Century, when all classes participate equally in the prosperity of our nation, and the socialist is looked upon as the instigator of a needless reform, we wonder if the ancient world was enumbered with the disastrous theory, known as Socialism. By reference to history we find that Socialism existed in ancient Greece, and that socialistic literature is full of references to Lyeurgus, "The Lawgiver of Sparta." We also find that in Peru, the Aztecs kept up a system of Socialism known as Communism; while a quite different system prevailed at Rome.

At the outset it is necessary for us to gain a clear conception of the theory and action of Socialism. It is difficult to confine a great movement like Socialism to a one-sentence definition, but Professor Flint's definition gives us a very clear idea of the theory. He says that Socialism is, "Any theory of social organization which sacrifices the legitimate liberties of individuals to the will or interests of the community." We may gain a much clearer conception of the subject by narrowing it down to the one variety of Socialism that we wish to study. There are a number of different kinds of Socialism, namely: Marxian, State, Christian, Communism, and Collectivism. The main socialistic movements at Rome during the Regal period and the Empire were the distribution of public lands. According to Boyle's definition of State Socialism, we conclude that it was State Socialism which existed at Rome.

Now that I have classed the Roman Socialism as State Socialism, it is essential that I should give a definition of State Socialism. James Boyle's definition is as follows: "State Socialism is a system under which there is govern-

mental action instead of private action in the ownership and operation of undertakings and the performance of certain functions for the general good." These undertakings are of a wide variety, and include the operation of railroads, street cars, etc.; and they may be of a commercial nature. The commercial side of State Socialism has to do with supplying food, clothing, school books, old age pensions, and various kinds of insurance. Again public conveniences and necessities generally known as public utilities are classed as State Socialism. It also includes the State ownership and control of productive lands. The last clause mentioned probably interests us more than any other. The British idea of State Socialism is "That the rich should be compelled to provide for the necessities of the poor." We shall see that a form of Socialism very similar to the British idea prevailed in the Roman Empire.

Granting that my readers have a clear idea of what Socialism is, and especially State Socialism, I propose to set forth the workings of Socialism in the Regal period, the Republic, and the Roman Empire. The first traces of State Socialism are seen in the Regal period of Rome. Among the ancients war always decided concerning both the liberty and the property of the vanquished. As Rome was victorious in almost all of her wars, she naturally acquired a great deal of land. This land was disposed of by planting colonies, by granting the use of the land to the colonists, and in some cases a part of the conquered land was left in the hands of the original owners, provided that they would subject themselves to the Roman Government. This form of land ownership and tenure was clearly State Socialism in that the State owned the productive land.

Socialism in the form of State ownership of productive land gave rise to another decided socialistic movement, namely: the distribution of the public land. The second

Roman King divided the public land among the common people, and his system of division has been considered as an authority for the numerous agrarian laws that followed. This king attempted to make all men equal by giving each the same amount of land. The socialist of today would think his task well nigh accomplished, if he could see all men made equal financially. As time went on both population and land increased. Then Servius Tullius divided the public lands among the Romans who had no land of their own, but were cultivating the land of others. According to Montesquieu, the king divided the land into perfectly equal lots for all the citizens, and tried to establish this ancient equality of the division of lands. This clearly made the individual give up his liberty for the good of the community, and is of course, Socialism.

During the Republic, many agrarian laws were proposed, which were merely a continuation of the movement started in the Regal period. About this time class distinction had grown so great between the patricians and the plebeians that it even threatened the State. Spurius Cassius, wishing to lessen the class distinction and at the same time win popularity for himself, brought forward another agrarian law. His law was very similar to the other socialistic laws that had been enacted. He proposed that the public land should be surveyed, setting apart the portion belonging to the populus, and that the remainder should be divided among the plebeians or leased for the benefit of the public treasury. This proposal met with so much opposition from the patricians that it was defeated, and Cassius was condemned to death.

Between the death of Cassius in 486 B. C., and the year 367 B. C., the class distinction was so great that the tribunes seemed to be on fire with a zeal to better conditions. They went further and said that "It is a wise policy to proceed to the division of the lands in order to diminish the constantly

increasing number of the poor * * * and to increase the number of children and defenders of the Republic." The tribunes attempted to carry out this policy along with their efforts to reduce class distinction. In 454 B. C., Lucius Icilius, wishing to carry out the idea of the former tribunes, brought forward a bill for securing the Aventine Hill for the plebeians. His law passed and the plebeians immediately took charge of the hill. This was important because it was one step towards the emancipation of the plebs, and also because it diminished class distinction. As has been stated the diminishing of class distinction is a socialistic step.

The next agrarian law of importance was the Licinian-Sextian Law, which was passed in 367 B. C. This law provided, that no one should occupy more than five hundred jugers of the public land, and that no one should pasture more than a hundred cattle or five hundred sheep on the public land. This law was socialistic because it made the plebeians equal as to the land they should own, and also because it put a limit to the amount of cattle they should own.

From the time of the Licinian-Sextian Law to 133 B. C., there were no serious disputes between the patricians and the plebeians, but a radical change was taking place that had a great deal to do with the condition of the country. Following the Hannibalic war, the condition of the Italian allies was deplorable. The allies were ruined, the large districts of the land were uncultivated and uninhabited. The State then contained nearly twice as many Italians as Romans. Then the nobility drained the commons, at the same time flattering them and winning their confidence. To add to the complication of political affairs a third order, of merchants and manufacturers, appeared and begun bribing the tribunes by grants of land. These grants ranged from two to seven jugera each. At the end of the war with Hannibal Rome had gained 93,000 square miles of territory. Of this land, 254 square

miles had been given to the colonies, leaving 92,746 square miles in the control of the wealthy classes. The increasing number of slaves put the honest working plebeians out of work, and thus swelled the number of idle ones at Rome. The small farms quickly disappeared, and all of the power was in the hands of the wealthy.

In the midst of this turmoil Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, a tribune for the people, enacted another agrarian law. His law met with so much opposition that he was compelled to employ unlawful means to get it passed. Some claim that he did this for his own popularity, but the general opinion is that he did it for the good of the State. His law was merely a continuation of the Licinian-Sextian Law, with three extra provisions added. They were as follows: "Of the laborers on any farm, a certain proportion shall be free men, the sons—not exceeding two—of present occupiers may each hold two hundred and fifty jugera of public land, and a committee of three, appointed by the tribes, shall divide the surplus among the needy in lots of thirty jugera each." This law, although extremely socialistic, accomplished much good. The Senators threatened to kill Tiberius on his retirement from office. He then decided to be a candidate at the next election. On the day of the election the Senators murdered him and killed three hundred of his followers. Thus the senate met unlawful means by outright violence.

Caius Gracchus wished to complete the reforms started by his brother, and became tribune of the plebs. He immediately brought forward a law for the monthly distribution of public grain among the citizens at half the market price. By doing this he introduced no new principle, but merely took the throng of clients from the nobles and won them to his support. In the end he broke the aristocracy, and left their power in the hands of the common people. Caius was finally killed by the aristocracy. He did all that he could to further

the interests of the common people, and his acts were really socialistic in that he gave out grain and helped to make the commons the equal of the nobles.

The last distribution of the public lands in the Republic took place under Caesar in 59 B. C. He divided the *ager campanus* among the citizens. This land had not been touched by the Gracchi and others who had raised the agrarian question. This is the last trace of Socialism that is seen in the Republic, but it continued all the way through the Empire.

Socialism, as seen in the Empire, differs somewhat from that of the Republic, and the Regal period. The last distribution of public land was made by the Flavian Emperors. The senate often supplied the populace with free grain, which was done to win popularity. This kind of Socialism is similar to the British idea of State Socialism, because it is a case of the rich supplying the needs of the poor. The nobles of this period kept up a number of clients. To these the nobles gave food and clothing, and in return won popularity which benefitted them at the elections. The wealthy gave many games and festivals for the benefit of the common people, and often the senate would present the populace with free tickets to the various games and theatres. All through the Empire the wealthy favored the commons for the popularity they would gain thereby.

Socialism was not only the means by which the rich gained an office, but it was also an instrument which tended to weaken the Empire. Thus Socialism placed a premium on idleness and laziness, because the plebeian found that he could live as well by being the client of some wealthy man, as he could by working to earn a living. The result of this was that the population decreased, and the sturdy soldiers grew fewer. Consequently patriotism decreased even more rapidly than did the population, and we see masses of poor, idle people

hanging around the doors of the wealthy for their small allowance of food and clothing. Patriotism decreased because the masses of people had nothing to live for and were merely eking out an existence.

The decrease in population and patriotism, caused by Socialism, had a great deal to do with the fall of the Empire. The masses of the people were weaklings, and were not the kind of men to carry arms to defend their State. This was so, because they had been raised in the streets of Rome, and had not had the proper amount of exercise and training. As has been shown, Socialism did exist in the Empire, and if we agree with Lord Roseberry, we may say that Socialism directly and indirectly caused the fall of the Roman Empire. Lord Roseberry says that "Socialism is the end of all— Empire, religious faith, freedom, property; Socialism is the death-blow to all!"

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT

In the Light of Historical Research

By A. T. Robertson, M. A., D. D., LL. D.

W. B. ROYALL.

In this imperial Grammar we have an illustrious example of what a definite purpose and a genius for hard work may accomplish. Many of the ablest scholars and critics pronounce it the leading New Testament Greek Grammar in existence. This verdict comes with as strong emphasis from Europe as from America.

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The first edition of the Grammar appeared only a few months ago. Already a second edition is called for, and Dr. Robertson is again at work preparing for the press this second edition.

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congratulate the author heartily on his feat. * * * It is impossible to speak too highly of the hard and long research which must have gone to the making of the book from beginning to end. * * * We lay down this book with a sincere appreciation of the labor which has gone to its making, with a cordial recognition of its aim, and with a sense of gratitude to the author for the real service he has done to the science of New Testament Grammar. * * * The hard, true work of this grammar will not be thrown away. It is a remarkable achievement from whatever angle it is considered."

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"America now leads the world in this Grammar of New Testament Greek."

When the New Testament Lexicon of Moulton and Milligan, which is beginning by installments to make its appear-

ance, is completed, the grammatical and lexical apparatus of students of the Greek New Testament will approach perfection.

The George H. Doran Company, New York, are the publishers of Prof. Robertson's Grammar, and the execution of their part of the work is beyond criticism. A volume of nearly fourteen hundred pages, it is sold at the modest price of five dollars.

A WARNING

C. C. CASHWELL.

Rose! loveliest rose,
So fair, so tender, so sweet:
Must I pluck you while yet so young—
Take you from your gay companions—
And place you in a vase so neat?

Oh, rose! purest rose,
You know not what the price might be.
Better let nature with her deft hand
Nurture thy petals with honeyed dew
And let thee grow to full maturity.

Oh, rose! prettiest rose,
Forgive me for causing the dew
To fall from thy petals so fair—
For bruising thy tender stem. There,
Lean toward God, He'll comfort you!

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. T. JOHNSTON, Editor

The business manager of our annual, the *Howler*, will soon be passing among us soliciting subscriptions to that publication. Last fall we asked the student body for their support of THE STUDENT, their College magazine. They have responded splendidly. We have had plenty of material each month, more than we could possibly publish. This fact has been a great relief to the editors; they have been spared the task of leading a vain

search for material at the last moment, a task which former editors have had to their sorrow. We are grateful to our faithful contributors; and with a pardonable pride, based on the interest of those in the student body who write, we feel that we have kept *THE STUDENT* up to the literary standard of former years and also have made it more representative.

Now we appeal to the students, not this time for their time and thought, but we appeal to their pocket-books; we appeal not for *THE STUDENT* this time, but for the other College publication, the *Howler*. Every man should take a copy home with him next May. Our annual, which presents a complete picture of college life, will be of unbounded interest to the folks at home; and it will be a pleasant reminder to the owner in future years of this good college year. The face of some friend, looking at you from its pages, will bring back to you some of the happiest days of your whole life. Every man in college should buy a *Howler* this year. How can three bucks be better expended? Every freshman should this year buy the first of four *Howlers*, which will keep alive and unify valuable memories of his college life when he enters the world which lies beyond these walls; and in days when a great deal of his pleasure will be retrospective, how vividly will an old *Howler* bring back tender recollections!

**A Word
Out of
Season** If there is a word you want to say and you can't possibly say it in season, then the only alternative is to say it out of season, if you say it. Therefore: a word in regard to fall examinations. The present plan is to use the last two or three class periods for quizzes, these to take the place of mid-year examinations. We believe that general sentiment among the student body is strongly in favor of a return to the regular examinations.

Reasons: A man may have his schedule so arranged that in the forenoon he has four quizzes fired at him in rapid suc-

cession. He eats his beefsteak and rushes to the class room to puzzle over verbs of ancient Roman origin. Then, with his mind possessing some kinship to a Latin lexicon, the scene changes to sines, cosines, and tangents. Next, he finds himself facing queries regarding the poets of old England. Then he drops from the clouds where he has been soaring with Shelley to the dust with the earthworm and frog.

This picture may be somewhat overdrawn. But the fact is that only a genius can arrange facts logically in his mind and do himself justice under such conditions, especially, when we consider that he has been handicapped in an effort to review all these subjects the previous night and that he must write rapidly with the end of the hour and the next quiz staring him ominously in the face. And now—but we have said our word out of season.

Spring! No, we are not going to quote "Locksley Hall" and the line of which the terminus rhymes with "dove." But springtime will soon be here; the campus will soon take on a lovelier aspect; athletic activities will be transferred to the amphitheater of out-of-doors. And old Ten may have been right after all.

But there's also the traditional "Spring Fever." Let's not get it, fellows! Let's finish the year with unslacking energy, lest we lose what a year's effort has gained. Let's yield to the lure of spring, certainly, but we must not let it blind us to the duties which continue.

Curtain! A fitting finale to the remarks of our mood, which has led us into the realms of counsel and suggestions! But there should be a curtain around the balcony in the gymnasium—sure enough. The

ladies who are forced to sit in the balcony at games and exhibitions, we believe would welcome it. A curtain wouldn't cost much and would add to the appearance of the gymnasium. Curtain!

LOUISE

K. A. PITTMAN.

1.

The hopes I have of thee,
 Louise,
They fill my soul with joy,
No matter where I be,
 Louise,
There's naught that can annoy.

2.

Thy beauty fills my dreams,
 Louise,
Tho oceans twixt us lie.
And thy pure life it seems,
 Louise,
Is mine until I die.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor

The Schuman quintet, under the management of Carl A. Lampert, organizer and first violin, rendered a delightful program in the college Auditorium on February 1st. Representative pieces of music were selected from Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and America. When "Old Black Joe" was played, the house shook with applause.

A negro going through the Phi end of the dormitory asking for old shoes recently stole ten dollars from Mr. C. P. Herring, a freshman here.

Rev. W. N. Johnson has returned from his trip to Cuba and on February 7th preached the first sermon in our new church.

A picture of the entire student body was taken on February 8th, by means of a revolving camera.

On Sunday morning, January 17th, Rev. D. F. Herring, a returned missionary from China, conducted both the morning and evening services in the chapel.

Polly Green is the happy possessor of a young and vigorous heir.

Dr. Potcat is now reading the proof of his completed book, entitled, "The New Peace," now in the hands of the Gorham Press, Boston, Mass. The volume is composed of a series of lectures showing the relation between science and religion.

Booth Lowry, humorist and satirist, delivered a lecture here January 23d on "Simon Says Wigwag."

The preliminary to choose our representative to the Peace Oratorical Contest, at Raleigh, was held on February 2. The speakers were as follows: L. O. Corbett, Earl Prevette, J. B. Rucker, E. B. Cox, J. A. Abernethy, R. K. Redwine, B. M. Boyd, J. M. Hester, K. M. Yates, E. P. Whitley, O. B. C. Hughes. The judges were Dr. Paschal, Dr. Sikes, and Prof. Highsmith. Mr. Prevette was chosen to represent the college. Mr. R. K. Redwine was chosen as alternate. The subject of Mr. Prevette's oration was, "Is War Rational?" That of Mr. Redwine, "The Conquering Force."

Dr. Sikes gave two addresses in Charlotte during the past month.

Dr. W. R. Cullom represented the college at the educational association in Nashville, Tenn., on the 29th to 31st of January.

Dr. Hubert Poteat recently gave an organ recital in Sumter, S. C., and in Mt. Airy, N. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Gyles of Blockville, S. C., visited their son Ronald C. Gyles, during anniversary.

Dr. W. L. Poteat recently delivered an address before a joint committee of the legislature. He quoted the guiding principles in child labor legislation. His speech appeared in the *State Journal* of February 13th.

Dr. I. B. Lake, of Upperville, Va., is visiting his son, Prof. James L. Lake.

From *Raleigh News and Observer*:

Wake Forest, February 6.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. B. F. Sledd was at home to a number of friends and delightfully entertained them with a reading of notes from her husband, Dr. B. F. Sledd, who is traveling in Europe. His descriptions were charming and written in the attractive manner characteristic of Dr. Sledd. Tea and sandwiches were served during the afternoon.

Miss Louise Lanneau of Meredith College spent Sunday, February 7, with her mother, Mrs. J. F. Lanneau.

Miss Sophie Lanneau has returned from Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Phil Utley, of Raleigh, was in Wake Forest on Friday, February 5th.

Mr. Hugh Smith, of Carolina, spent Sunday, February 7th, in Wake Forest.

Mrs. J. H. Highsmith has as her guest her sister, Miss Johnson, of Durham.

Dr. J. B. Powers, Jr., has returned from a professional trip to Silver City, New Mexico.

The Stratford Club of Wake Forest has arranged for the appearance of the Coburn Players in three performances during May 7th and 8th. The following plays will be presented: From Shakespeare, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "The Tempest"; from Moliere; "The Imaginary Sick Man."

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

The Young Men's Christian Association has had but few meetings since the last issue of THE STUDENT.

The election of new officers for the Association has been postponed until later in the spring.

On January 25, Prof. J. Henry Highsmith addressed the Y. M. C. A. Prof. Highsmith is a live wire. He believes in *doing things*. In his introduction he asked, "Is this Y. M. C. A. reaching its possible constituency at Wake Forest College?" The subject of the speaker was "A Bible Athlete." David, the stone thrower, was used as an example. "Control of self is what is needed," said the speaker.

We expected to hear Dr. O'Kelley of Raleigh the 8th, post, but he was sick on that date; hence we had no meeting of the association.

The Moot Court has not been meeting regularly during the past month, because of the Supreme Court examination which was given February 1. The part the Moot Court plays in the Law Department is shown by the number of students who passed the Court. There were twenty-eight men from Wake Forest who successfully passed the Court.

The only case to be reported in this issue of THE STUDENT is a murder case—*State against Mull*.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Cashwell, Moore and Honeycutt.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Johnston, McCourry, and Ferree.

The defendant was acquitted.

SOCIETY.

The preliminary to select the debaters to meet Richmond College in April will be held Friday evening, February 19. A number of men are expected to try out for places, six men will get places, four first debaters and two alternates.

On Tuesday evening, February 9th, the Peace Oratorical Contest was held in the Memorial Hall to select a speaker to represent Wake Forest College in the Peace Contest to be held in Raleigh the last of the month.

The following men entered the contest: Messrs Redwine, Corbett, Prevette, Hester, Hughes, Rucker, Boyd, Yates, Cox, Whitley and Abernethy.

Mr. Prevette was selected as speaker with Mr. Redwine as alternate.

The annual celebration of the two Literary Societies was pulled off in great style on the 12th inst. The general opinion is that this was the best occasion of quite a number of years. One point of difference was the ideal weather conditions which prevailed. It is customary to have snow for this occasion, but this year was an exception.

Mr. H. D. Pegg, Eu., president of the debate, gave an address of welcome. Then Mr. V. E. Duncan, Phi., the secretary, read the following query: "*Resolved*, That the U. S. should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine engaged in foreign trade."

Mr. John P. Mull, Eu., opened the debate for the affirmative. He gave a brief history, showing how our foreign merchant marine had lowered from ninety per cent of our imports and exports to less than nine per cent in 1913.

Mr. Mull favored subsidies for two reasons: First, we need a large merchant marine, and subsidy is the only way to secure it; Second, ship subsidy is in harmony with the policy of our Government, for we have subsidized nearly every industry except our foreign merchant marine.

Mr. Mull is a logical and sound thinker. He gave us a good speech. He went beyond the expectations of his friends.

Mr. B. M. Watkins, Phi., opened the debate for the negative. He said that he was as much in favor of an American merchant marine as anyone was, but he wanted it built upon a firm foundation.

The speaker objected to the subsidy policy because of the enormous cost that it would be to our Government.

Then he cited England as an example, and held that the experience of other nations did not warrant the adoption of the subsidy policy.

Mr. Watkins gave a good account of himself and delivered a splendid speech.

Mr. K. A. Pittman, Phi., carried forward the argument of the affirmative. He showed first, that the subsidy policy has been tried in other countries and has worked well. He used England and France as examples. In the second place, he declared that it was a good business policy, because every nation that had tried it has retained it.

In his conclusion he gave the following summary: The affirmative advocate (1) The need of a merchant marine because both our commerce, army and navy need it as an auxiliary; (2) The subsidy plan is in direct harmony with the principles of our Government; (3) Ship subsidy has been tried and is working successfully in other countries; (4) It is a sound business policy; (5) Ship subsidy is the best and only method by which we can secure a permanent marine.

As last speaker of the occasion Mr. J. Baird Edwards, Eu., furthered the argument of the negative. He admitted the necessity of a strong merchant marine, but he claimed that the subsidy policy was unnecessary, since the problem could be solved in a much better way. The policy that he advocated contained the following provisions: (1) Permit the ship owner to purchase his ship in the cheapest markets; (2)

Change our antiquated navigation laws; (3) Give the same privilege to American ship owners in manning ships that are enjoyed by other nations.

Mr. Edwards delivered a fine speech and showed the ability that his friends knew he possessed.

A man's ability as a debater is usually shown on the rebuttal. All of the four debaters showed this ability.

This was one of the best debates ever had here on our anniversary occasion.

The orations in the evening constituted the last part of the program.

Mr. A. Y. Arledge, Eu., delivered a fine oration on "The Innocent Bystander—Belgium."

Mr. Arledge handled his subject well and came up to the expectations of his friends. All who heard him were well pleased with his oration.

Mr. Earle Prevette, Phi., showed in the handling of his subject, which was "The Purple Peril, or Roman Catholicism."

Mr. Prevette's friends are pleased with what he did.

A part of the program which is not to be overlooked was the reception given in the Society Halls. This was the crowning part of the occasion. The ladies made this part of the program possible. Here's hoping that they may come again.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'14. The post office address of Mr. W. R. Chambers, who is Principal of the Sand Hill High School, is Acton, N. C.

'14. Mr. A. C. Warlick is the Assistant Principal of the Matthews High School, Matthews, N. C.

'12. Mr. William Henry Jenkins, Jr., was married to Miss Medora Patti Smith of Washington, D. C., Thursday, December 24, 1914.

'86. Rev. Lee McBride White is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Monroe, N. C.

'01. Mr. T. C. White now resides in Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. E. E. White now holds a pastorate in Philadelphia.

Mr. Herbert White is making a record on the football team at the University of Virginia.

'00. Mr. V. C. Bullard is practicing law at Fayetteville, N. C.

'89. Dr. J. V. McGougan is practicing medicine in Fayetteville, N. C.

'03. Rev. E. C. Andrews now has a pastorate at Mount Holly, N. C.

Messrs. John A. Oates ('95) and F. T. Bennett ('06) are practicing law in Fayetteville, N. C.

'87. Dr. J. F. Highsmith is the leading surgeon in Cumberland County, and practices in Fayetteville, N. C.

'84. Dr. Len G. Broughton has returned from London and now holds a pastorate in Tennessee.

'14. Mr. Geo. Pennell, former secretary to Congressman Gudger, is practicing law in Asheville, N. C.

'92. Rev. A. V. Joyner has resigned his pastorates in Raleigh and vicinity, and is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Waynesville, N. C.

Messrs. C. C. Howard ('05) and June Vann ('14) are residing in Fayetteville.

'85. Mr. John Hall is in the drug business at Fayetteville, N. C.

'99. Mr. Terrell Lyon is practicing law in Fayetteville.

'99. Rev. J. S. Snider is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville.

'04. Dr. F. C. Olive is practicing dentistry in Fayetteville.

'08. Rev. R. P. Ellington holds a pastorate at Webster, N. C.

'71. Dr. Fred Brown, a noted debater, now preaches in Frankfort, Ky.

Rev. R. H. Harrington has resigned the pastorate at Rutherfordton and has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Mount Olive, N. C.

Rev. F. D. King, a noted evangelist of the Southern Baptist Convention, has been holding a meeting in Baltimore, from which place he goes to Austin, Texas.

'04. Rev. N. H. Shepard has resigned the pastorate at Rocky Mount to go to Louisville Theological Seminary.

Messrs. Sam Long and Victor McGuire have matriculated as second year students at the Rochester Theological Institute.

'04. Rev. P. D. Mangum is now attending the University of Chicago.

'03. Rev. A. C. Sherwood, since leaving Red Springs, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Murphy, N. C.

The following Wake Forest Alumni are attending the Crozer Theological Institute: H. G. Duncan, T. N. Harward, W. G. Moore, P. C. Stringfield, J. L. Carrick, and E. N. Thorn.

'14. Mr. John R. Hood is practicing law with Hon. Geo. E. Hood in Goldsboro, N. C.

Concerning an honored and useful son of Wake Forest, the Columbia (S. C.) *State* had the following to say recently:

"The position of Charles A. Smith during the five days of his governorship was, despite the honors that rested on him, a trying one. Many persons doubtless asked and expected him to do something and a man poor in judgment and good taste might have used this temporary authority for vaunting himself and, possibly, to the embarrassment of his successor. An entirely creditable sense of propriety marked Governor Smith's occupancy of the executive office and he retires from it in full possession of the friendly regard of the people."

Concerning another popular and promising son of Wake Forest, the *Baptist Courier* of Greenville, S. C., says in its issue of January 28:

"We have been reading the accounts of the life and career of Lieutenant-Governor Bethea with much leisure. He has risen rapidly in our political life and has a fine prospect of rising yet higher. Like his predecessor in this office he is worthy of all that comes to him. Mr. Bethea is the superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of Columbia and a most useful and invaluable member of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Hospital. His interest in the public life of our State and denomination is not the interest of ambition, but that of love of righteousness and truth. He is the very kind of man to put in office."

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

The second basketball game of the season was played with the University of North Carolina at Raleigh, January 16. The auditorium was crowded by spectators, many of whom had expected no overwhelming victory by either team, and they were not disappointed as was shown by the score, 26 to 23 in favor of Wake Forest. The game was fast throughout, and the teams were evenly matched, but the usual excellent playing by Holding, as well as by other members of the quint, was too much for the opposing team. This was the first of a series of three games with the University.

WAKE FOREST 76; ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN COLLEGE 6.

Wake Forest defeated the Atlantic Christian College January 26, on the local floor by a score of 76 to 6. The visitors registered only four points in the first half of the game, and two in the last. Out of the 76 points registered 24 were registered by Holding. Hensley played well on the defensive. The visitors were outweighed and outclassed, and were unable to break up the speedy passes by the Baptists. The following played their usual positions for Wake Forest: Hall, Holding, Carrick, Billings, and Hensley.

WAKE FOREST 66; CARSON AND NEWMAN 7.

The fourth consecutive victory for Wake Forest was registered when Carson and Newman College was defeated on the local floor, January 29, by a score of 66 to 7. In the early part of the game the visiting team played well, but soon Wake Forest began to do that which the opposing team could

not do—find the basket. Holding played his usual game, while Carrick, Hensley and Hall were not lacking in form.

CAROLINA 32; WAKE FOREST 20.

The fifth game of basketball of the season was won by the University at Chapel Hill, February 2, the score being 32 to 20. In the early stage of the game Wake Forest had the lead, but Carolina sent in recruits, the first half ending with a score of 18 to 15 in favor of the University. All of the local quint did credit to Coach Crozier, for it was the excellent playing of Tandy at Center that defeated the locals.

WAKE FOREST 30; CAROLINA 25.

The third of the series of three games with the University was won by Wake Forest on the local floor, February 11, by a score of 30 to 25. Throughout the entire game the spectators were in doubt, and during the game the score was tied five times. With about one and one-half minutes to play, and the score being 25 to 24 in favor of Carolina, Holding shot a field goal which was followed by two more thrown by Hall. Holding registered 16 of the 30 points for Wake Forest. Hensley played the best defensive ball. Hall's playing on the defense as well as the offense was a feature of the game.

The line-up for Wake Forest follows: Hall, R. F.; Holding, L. F.; Carrick, Center; Hensley, R. G.; Davis, L. G.

WAKE FOREST 33; RALEIGH Y. M. C. A. 14.

Wake Forest met and defeated Raleigh Y. M. C. A. on the Raleigh floor, February 13, by a score of 33 to 14. At the end of the first half the score was a tie, 10 to 10, but during the last half of the game the locals registered 23 points.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

The Tattler

The *Tattler* is a popular name among college and high school publications. We exchange with four magazines of that name. The *Tattler* which we wish now to comment upon is the one published by the Randolph-Macon Woman's College—an excellent publication with artistic arrangement and most creditable material. The best article in the edition is "The Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle"—an exceedingly thoughtful essay portraying Jane Carlyle's whole personality, her faults and virtues, as gathered from her letters. "Unc' 'ception's Story" is a story worthy of mention. In it we are carried back to the old slavery days and get a picture of the life of that time. The articles are all good, but we think a few more stories and essays would add to the edition. "The Hammer" with its interesting raps adds greatly to the magazine.

The Mercerian

There are two stories in the February edition of the *Mercerian* while not masterpieces yet are worth reading—"The Way of a Woman" and "The Return of Margaret De Loach." The first shows very forcefully the great changes of ideas and desires which an education almost inevitably brings into a person's life. The second shows the folly of assuming a false unnatural stand in life. "Two Ramblers in Europe," is an instructive article. The most characteristic and perhaps the most important thing in the *Mercerian* is the department entitled "Books and Authors." It treats of modern writers

and modern books. We are pleased to see this department and we hope that other college magazines will add a similar department to their magazines.

The Carson-
Newman
Collegian

Decidedly the best article in the *Carson-Newman Collegian* is the oration, "The Spirit of the Constitution." It is a strong, thoughtful oration. It is no wonder that this oration won such a place in the National Prohibition Contest. The stories show no marked ability, but it is to be commended upon having such a large number. "The Outcome" and "The Girl Who Was Different" are well written stories; though plots in both are weak. "Seeing the Fair" portrays very accurately human nature. We notice that there are no essays, we think a few would add very materially to the issue.

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Manager, C. C. CASHWELL, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXIV

April, 1915

No. 7

SPRING REVERIE

A. L. DENTON.

Ye little birds who've yearned so long
This sunny day to see,
Come forth and sing a merry song,
A merry song to mellow spring,
To mellow spring and me!

The orchard trees are white with blooms,
The wind blows soft and low;
The laden breeze with rich perfumes
Intoxicates my soul with joy
In every way I go.

The clear, calm heaven all aglow,
With azure hues and shine
Breathes out on all the world below
A kindred love that fills my heart
And links my soul with thine.

The honey-bees hum 'round my feet,
The humming-birds above;
And all's so fair, so pure and sweet
That I am lost in reverie,
And I am drunk with love.

THE MAD HEART

C. A. MOSELEY.

O fool, I shall go mad!

—*King Lear.*

King Lear, the rash old Briton, reveals to us the very bottom of his heart—a mad heart; and we read therein a truth of prime importance. The ties that bind kinspeople and the members of a family together are the bases of everything, the subsoil beneath all entities; and when they are cut, love becomes a barren abstraction. The heart is mad.

The tragedy of King Lear is the characterization of the principle that we have stated. The two elder daughters of the old king take advantage of the helplessness of their father; treat him shamefully; and his madness first evinces itself shortly after these inhuman wretches begin to administer their harsh and unnatural treatment. Lear becomes mad, mad at the heart; and in order to establish the theory we laid down in the beginning, that to a mad heart, love is meaningless, let us look first at the environment of Lear; then at his conception of society.

The mad king on an English heath arouses our compassion; yet, though constantly buffeted by the storm, he breathes in an atmosphere of loyalty and affection. The Fool pines away after the banishment of Cordelia; but nevertheless lightens the thorny memory of Lear with his silly verses and clownish wit; old Gloucester and Edgar on the chalk cliffs of Dover present one of the finest scenes of filial affection in all literature; poor Tom o' Bedlam's shivering cry of pity, "Tom's a-cold," rings in Lear's ears like the silvery chimes of a bell; and Lear himself loves his fool and thinks of shelterless wretches out in the rain.

"Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself."

And again he thinks of his boy first when they seek the cover of a thatched hovel.

"In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!"

The atmosphere that swaths the body of the wretched Lear is charged with nobleness and discloses the better side of men; yet, in spite of this fact, we find the mad heart of the stricken King condemning the whole of society. The world is a "Great stage of fools." Blind Gloucester cannot kiss his hand because it "smells of mortality;" and these speeches lead us to infer that the cutting of the cord that binds the king to nature and natural affections has at the same time blinded his heart and mind to love in its broadest application. He cannot interpret the meaning of his fool's affection; and humanity as a whole is condemned.

The Stratford poet thus develops with broad and clear art the idea of a mad heart; and he does not close the picture without convincing us of its truth through contrast.

Toward the end of the play, the old king is reunited to his youngest daughter, the earnest and sweet-browed Cordelia; and is at once restored to a semblance of sanity. The two are prisoners, but Lear is content to be the humblest and meanest of men in a world where it is now plain that truth and beauty exist.

"We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At glided butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies."

The old king, spurned by his daughter, mocks at spitting
fires and oak-cleaving thunderbolts and rails against man;
but Lear and Cordelia will laugh at butterflies and hear the
gossip of rogues and rascals, a contrast that indicates both
the cause, the cure, and the nature of the mad heart.

THE IMMORTALITY OF SIDNEY TRAYMOOR ALLAN

BY CAREY HUNTER, JR.

"Here in this hospital, some weeks ago, occurred the saddest death that I have ever witnessed," began the doctor, "and, since you imagine that a physician's interest in these matters is purely scientific, I shall tell you about it."

"You have an appropriate setting for your story," I remarked, with something like a shudder; and indeed he had. Through the open door of his office one's eye might wander out among the long rows of cots, all pale white in vague semi-darkness, as still with a nervous hush.

"Mr. Sidney Traymoor Allan," the doctor continued in subdued tones, "was brought to this hospital about three months ago. It seemed that he had no relatives or friends in the city, and very little money. He had enough, however, to pay his expenses during the rest of his days, for the poor fellow was in the last stages of Bright's Disease.

"When I first saw him, his long bony frame lay helpless upon a cot, and the muscles of his face were twitching with pain. His skin, pale green, after the fashion of Bright's disease, was stretched tight as a drum-head across bulging cheek-bones. Feverish eyes were smouldering beneath disheveled tangles of black hair; and a sensitive mouth was drawn into an expression of the utmost wistfulness.

"From the first I was attracted to the fellow, and he seemed to take quite a fondness to me. On my second visit he asked me to do him a favor. When I had agreed to anything within reason, he said, with quiet eagerness:

"Doctor, I want to know how much time I have. I know—I have been told—that it must come soon. But how long?"

"I looked down at his wasted form and his sallow face, twisted into wrinkles by intense suffering, and wondered why this creature cared to linger in his torture.

"Your case, Mr. Allan, is a serious one,' I replied, 'and fatal complications are liable to set in at any time.'

"Can't you promise me a week—just a week—or perhaps two, Doctor? I must have two weeks.'

"I see no reason for your not lasting two weeks, at least,' I assured him, 'if you rest quietly and obey instructions.'

"Blank despair fell upon his anxious, upturned features.

"You say I must—rest quietly?' he demanded, plaintively. 'I can't do that, Doctor; tell me anything but that.'

"What is on your mind, Mr. Allan?' I inquired, for I was interested in the man. 'Perhaps I may be of assistance to you.'

"He smiled sadly, and replied, 'No. I am afraid you cannot assist me.' He hesitated a moment, and then explained, 'You see, before I—before the two weeks have passed I must write a poem.'

"I remained silent before his earnest eyes.

"I have been a failure in life,' he continued, talking in mid-Victorian style. 'From boyhood, when I first read the odes of Keats, I have dreamed of being a poet, a poet of Truth and Beauty, like John Keats himself. And I have worked very hard, and often I have had to turn aside from my calling in order to win my bread. It was a long bitter struggle, and sometimes I almost lost hope, but then my dream would return, and I would take heart and struggle a little longer, and sometimes I would be rewarded by seeing a little verse in print. That was very seldom, and I have never been recognized, or read, or loved by the people. And I know that I am a poet.' Here his eyes flashed and his cheeks became hectic with pink. 'I know that my soul has a song for

the world, and I shall obtain recognition! I must write now in the inspiration of death itself, and leave a name to live after my—two weeks!

“He paused for a moment, and his cheek turned green again.

“‘In all my misfortunes I have borne up because I knew that, ultimately, I should triumph,’ his recital continued, calm and determined. ‘Even Keats, my own John Keats, was overwhelmed with cruel criticism during his brief, sad life, and he, too, died in youth, unrecognized and unhappy. I am proud, Doctor, to share the fate of my immortal master. But first I must produce my poem—I feel it in me—and it shall be “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”’ The man stopped with a pant, and fell back upon his pillow. Poor devil!

“I explained to him that writing a poem in his condition would be sure to shorten his life.

“‘In that case,’ he declared, solemnly, ‘I shall probably remain alive but a very few days.’

“I saw that my patient had his heart set on writing, and that opposition would only worry him and make the matter worse. I was surprised, however, when I entered his ward the next morning, to find him propped up with pillows, in spite of suffering which must have been intense, racking his brain for thoughts which were to make him famous. On his knees were spread several sheets of foolscap. He was working like a man. Poor boy! In my opinion, he was a sort of hero.

“‘Mr. Allan,’ I said, firmly, ‘You must lie down.’

“He looked up, startled, and cried:

“‘Doctor, you are going to murder me!’

“‘If you must produce this poem,’ I temporized, ‘at least lie down and let one of the nurses write at your dictation. I cannot consent to your remaining in that position.’

"He reluctantly agreed, and during the rest of the day I heard, at intervals, his high-pitched, sing-song voice proclaiming to an astonished nurse sentiments which were, to him at least, eternal verities.

"And so that day passed, and the next, and on the evening of the second day the nurse came to my office and announced that Mr. Allan wished to see me.

"There was a thrill in his voice when I approached his bedside. 'Oh, Doctor!' he announced, 'my work is complete, I am sure—but read it, judge for yourself. Read it aloud, please!'

"I took the poem from his hand, and began reading. He had called it an 'Ode to Immortality.' As I read he smiled proudly, and beat time with his skinny fingers. When I had done he exclaimed excitedly:

"'Is that not a soul-song? Will it not be an everlasting monument to me? But, Doctor, I am afraid of the editors. They have deceived me so often. I wish you to do me one last favor by taking this poem to—; he named the editor of the best magazine in the city, 'and discover my fate. I cannot wait for the mails,—I should never hear within a week and a half.'

"I promised, and urged him to remain quiet in the interval. His excitement had visibly weakened him.

"The next morning I placed the 'Ode to Immortality' in the hands of one of the foremost editors in the country. He read a few pages, and stopped with a snort.

"'It is worthless save in a few spots,' was his verdict. 'Some of it might pass if John Keats were not so well known.'

"Another editor whom I called on was more positive than the first. 'It almost amounts to plagiarism,' he protested. 'I cannot use it.'

"Then I went back to the hospital and lied to that fellow, professionally and wilfully, and I am proud of it.

"Your ode seems to be a masterpiece, Mr. Allan,' I declared, unblushingly. 'It was hailed by the editor as the work of a genius, and is to be printed on the front page of his March issue.'

"The sick man sprang to a sitting posture in bed, and fairly yelled.

"At last, at last!' he cried, 'I am rewarded—I am recognized—I am immortal! My life has not been spent in vain! Thank God!

"He fell back among the pillows, thoroughly wretched with physical pain, but nevertheless radiantly happy.

"Now you may let me die, Doctor, for my life-work is done,' he babbled, 'I have achieved my masterpiece, and it shall be handed down to the farthest generations. Scholars will be rummaging to find my other poems, and they will likewise be preserved. You, too, will become famous, Doctor, and this room will be known as the death-chamber of Sidney Traymoor Allan. Ah! I am indeed happy, and I do not regret the sorrows and pangs of my long battle. I have received recompense, even as Keats received recompense, and my memory shall be enshrined in the universal heart of man.'

"He was hushed only by exhaustion.

"The tension had been too severe. That night, about twelve, I was called by one of the nurses, who said that Mr. Allan seemed to be dying. When I reached his bedside he was already delirious, and his eyes were fairly sparkling through the tangles of his hair.

"Immortality!' he was saying, 'immortality with Keats!' His voice rang out shrilly in the whispered silences of the hospital.

"And then he was taken with a queer notion. He extended his thin arms, and his pain-ridden features squeezed into a smile.

"'Surely,' the syllables were chanted, 'I am come into the paradise of song, and I am ushered into the presence of the immortal singers. And I see him, a little apart,

"In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,"

and I may now approach him, the gentle, the deathless Keats!

"For a moment he held his peace, and closed his eyes, and listened dreamily, as though he heard sweet music. And then he spoke, in the words of the 'Ode to a Nightingale,'

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy.'"

"And thus Sidney Traymoor Allan entered into his immortality."

SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE REPRESENTATION OF
HAMLET

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

No one today believes that Hamlet was at any time really mad; he was merely, to use his own words, putting "an antic disposition on." Yet almost every one—the modern actor, and, I fear, the modern critic as well—thinks of Hamlet as a dignified young man neatly dressed in black, whose "antic disposition" expressed itself only in "idle" words. Recently I came across a contemporary reference to the play which clearly shows that Shakespeare required his actor to represent Hamlet as "antic" in costume as well as in speech.

In 1604 Anthony Seoloker published a poem entitled "Daiphantus, or The Passion of Love." In his Epistle to the Reader he speaks of Shakespeare as one of his friends, and he refers to the popularity of "Hamlet" on the stage: "Faith, it should please all, like Prince Hamlet." Now, in the course of his poem he represents Daiphantus as going mad for love, and he makes use of the stage performance of "Hamlet" for comparison:

"Of Hamlet thinks,
Tearmes him a mad-man . . .
Puts off his cloathes; his shirt he onely weares,
Much like mad Hamlet."

Clearly, then, the Hamlet trained by Shakespeare went about the stage with his clothes in disarray, and in his shirt—which at that time meant more of dishabille than it does today. And this strange exterior, doubtless, is what the King refers to when he says (II. ii. 4-7):

"Something you have heard,
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was."

And it explains, too, Ophelia's description of him when he forced his way into her closet (II. i. 78-81):

"Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd;
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt."

Such, I feel sure, was the antic garm in which Shakespeare represented Hamlet at the Globe Playhouse; yet no modern actor would have the courage to set aside the sentimental portrayal of the character that has held the boards these many years.

ALSACE! AGAIN FRENCH!

W. B. WRIGHT.

There is a small, narrow strip of land situated between the border of France and Germany which has continually been tossed back and forth between the hands of two great nations. Alsace, is the name of that fair, but unfortunate land. This country of about a million and a half inhabitants and covering no greater area than six thousand square miles has been the mutual battle ground for two perpetually hostile nations. Many times during the past decades have Germany and France made desolate this little country by first striking here the blows which were to enrage both countries and were finally to terminate in the unsubstantiated maxim that "Might makes right."

The known history of Alsace is as interesting as it is old. It was in an early age during the fourth or fifth century that the first records of this territory as a distinct country are known. Originally Alsace was a part of the great domain of Roman Gaul, but during these early times the country was over-run by several invading German nations, and gradually German culture received a stronghold in the districts inhabited by these German tribes. It was during the ninth century that the two sons of Charlemagne became entangled in a dispute as to who should have the land lying between their two kingdoms—the land known today as the Alsace-Lorraine territory. By the tenth century both country and people of Alsace had become thoroughly Germanized.

Alsace remained in German hands until 1648, when, as a result of the Thirty Years' War, the territorial line between France and Germany was definitely marked by the Treaty of Westphalia. Alsace consisted almost entirely of German blood and the assimilation of the people was a slow process,

until, stimulated by the French Revolution, French ideas penetrated deeply into the people. The residents of Alsace enjoyed a long and peaceful existence under the rule of France until 1871. In that year, as a result of the German victory in the Franco-German War, Alsace and part of Lorraine were conceded to Germany. They have remained under her control until the present time, but now the French have again captured their long lost province.

But, why should this small country be a question of so much contention between Germany and France? It is true that by German occupation of Alsace it places the German people in closer range to Paris—the heart of France, but this does not suffice to cause such continual and persistent attempts to hold Alsace. Both France and Germany have their eyes upon a condition that might prove of untold advantage in time of need and each is desirous of this land. This great desire is stimulated by the natural and artificial advantages of Alsace. Under its soil are stored great layers of coal and abundant quantities of iron, while along with this there is an endless supply of that needed and necessary article—salt.

Here, also is found the best adapted soil for the cultivation of grapes, out of which the finest wines are made. Lorraine is widely noted for its red wine while Alsace is equally famous for its production of white wine: nearly three per cent of the land is covered with vineyards. The average annual income from the sale of wines is in excess of four million dollars. The manufacture of textiles is carried on very extensively and is pursued chiefly as a house industry. The roads of Alsace have great efficiency: to every square mile of territory there is an average of one mile of road and to every five square miles there is an average of one mile of railroad. It is from the many advantages manifested by these facts, that the occupancy of Alsace is of prime importance.

It was Daudet who gave to the world of literature that little classic, "La Dernière Classe," which graphically and pitifully describes the last French lesson taught in Alsace before Germany assumed control in 1871. After then, German alone was to be taught throughout the province. Daudet, in his smooth and pleasing style, relates the experience of a French schoolboy on the last day that French was permitted to be taught in the schools of Alsace. The young garçon was late to school and expected to make his entry amidst the usual uproar of the first exercise, but to his surprise on that morning there was no uproar and everything seemed in silence—"Sabbath stillness reigned." He stealthily made his way to his seat, the expression on the schoolmaster's face told something was wrong, and to see the citizens of the village seated around the room was a thing of greater un-usuality. The schoolmaster only spoke a few words reviewing his past forty years spent laboring in that same room. The small boy had never before possessed such a desire to know everything in his grammar, but then it was too late. His knowledge of French was very scanty and the decree had come from Berlin that forevermore German was to be taught in Alsace.

What can be more joyful to the natives of Alsace at this moment, who for forty-four years have been under German rule, than to realize that they are again sheltered under the government of France? That is the status at the present. In place of "La Dernière Classe" it would be entirely fitting, were there another Daudet, to make the title read "La Première Classe." This first class was not conducted in a school-house, but in the street where several of the young generation gathered close around an ancient citizen, and there, with a seeming sense of patriotism, received their first instruction in French.

SPRINGTIME ON THE FARM

G. W. LASSITER.

When th' birds begin a-singin'
An' th' March winds blow a gale,
An' th' weather—when we have it—
Turns frum snow ter rain or hail;
An' th' sun begins ter linger
And th' days are growin' warm,
It is time there's supp'm doin'
In th' country on th' farm.

When th' elm trees start a-buddin',
An' th' maple blooms with wings,
An' th' jonquils peep from under
Leaves an' grass an' other things;
You can see th' smoke a-risin'
Frum th' hedge, without alarm,
Then yer know there's supp'm doin'
In th' country on th' farm.

Then th' mock-birds get ter singin'
An' th' cows begin ter low,
An' th' hens are all a-cacklin'
While th' roosters love ter crow;
An' yer have ter go to market
With a basket on yer arm,
You can bet there's eggs an' butter
In th' country on th' farm.

When th' martins come for stayin'
An' th' bluebirds flyin' 'round,
An' th' peach trees are a-bloomin',
An' th' frogs bring forth their sound;

Then you plow yer "Pestle" daily
At a distance safe frum harm,
An' yer know there's supp'm doin'
In th' spring-time on th' farm.

Now yer get ter feelin' lazy,
Fer there's compost dirt ter haul,
An' yer have ter run a planter
When yer would be playin' ball;
But yer got ter keep a-goin'
'Less th' bees begin ter swarm,
'Cause yer know there's supp'm doin'
In th' country on th' farm.

THE SURRENDER OF SHAKESPEARE HARRIS

C. A. MOSELEY.

"Why, Pa, what's the matter?"

Shakespeare Harris deliberately pushed back his split-bottomed chair from the breakfast table, rose painfully to his feet, and with a reddening face, strode indignantly out of the dining room. The disturbed glance of his wife rested for a moment on the old soldier's bent though stout form, clothed in a plain farmer's suit, his indignant red face, fiery blue eyes, square jaws covered with a grayish beard, and the silver hair, a little thin in spots, that half hid the baldness of his head; then it fell on his plate and a smile of perfect comprehension, starting at the corners of her firm mouth and emerging in her grey eyes, began to accentuate each wrinkle in her old and patient face.

"Ah, I forgot to pass Shakespeare the bread," was what that smile meant.

To the uninitiated this may seem an insignificant matter; but in the household of Shakespeare Harris it was a serious blunder, since the old gentleman never partook of anything without being first served, and he had a habit of never asking for anything.

A door had no more than slammed to violently on the left wing of the house, than Mary Harris was on her feet preparing a tray of food for her husband's consumption. She added several dainties from the side-board and even violated all her laws of economy by adding two extra spoonfuls of sugar.

Then she knocked timidly on the door to the old soldier's room.

"Come in," The response was somewhat surly.

She opened the door and entered quickly. The old man was sitting in his armchair with a frown on his still scarlet face.

"Shakespeare, I've brought you your breakfast," she said cheerily, advancing the tray.

Shakespeare Harris took one glance at the tray. Then with fingers that trembled, he literally snatched it out of his wife's hands and, with a snort of contempt, hurled it through the open window, his little blue eyes flaming with anger.

When Mary Harris heard the sound of breaking dishes, she covered her face with her gingham apron and cried a little, but, seeing that her husband remained impassive, she hastily quitted the room. Then she hurried to her work, for she was a busy woman.

She put a halter on the spotted calf and tethered him on the lawn in front of the house; then she stole cautiously around the red brick chimney at the side of her husband's room and peered in at him through the window. Shakespeare Harris was asleep in his chair, his head resting on his blue cotton shirt.

Late that evening the old lady left the house to milk the cows. She stood in the driveway and with her peculiar voice, which was a little shrill and wheezy, began to summon old Belle and Daisy home; and soon the sleek cows, and heifers came struggling languidly up the wooded lane, surfeited with cropping grass in the distant meadows.

I chuckle to relate where she found the old soldier when she returned. He was in the pantry and as she entered was in the act of consuming a large piece of cherry pie. When he saw his wife he grew purple, became confused, and stammering out some kind of an excuse, went into his room and closed the door behind him with a loud bang. This was a crowning misfortune. Under ordinary circumstances, the old man would have been in a good humor by morning. But

to be caught in the pantry! The color mantled the old soldier's cheeks, and he determined to resist all efforts at conciliation on the part of his wife. "Does she think I'm a child?" he reasoned.

For the next few days Shakespeare Harris did not leave his room, at least to all appearances, but several pies that his wife purposely left on the dining room table mysteriously disappeared. Thus the captive secured his provisions. His wife only bothered him one time, and that was to inform him through the key-hole where his clean socks were located.

Toward the close of the week, he began to leave his room, but was still unsociable. He had a habit of sitting on the front piazza in the sunshine, keeping the flies off his trousers with a small switch, and watching the spotted calf gambol on the lawn with evident pleasure, for spring was come. The woods and fields were beginning to look green; the orchards were in bloom; and the sun, a red ball of fire, was dappling the shallow stream that flowed through the old farmer's few acres of sandy bottom land.

This little household comedy continued, but the climax was rapidly approaching.

One evening as Mary Harris was knitting in her comfortable rocking chair on the front lawn, and watching the sun sink behind the top of a pine wood, tinting the clouds a soft rose color, a sudden impulse moved her to spy upon her husband. She put down her knitting, stole around to the window, and looked into the interior of her husband's room. The last rays of the declining sun were falling on the silvery locks of the obdurate Shakespeare. He was sitting in his battered armchair apparently lost in memories—memories of boyhood—of the times he used to go bird nesting along the stream that was now shimmering in the sunlight—memories of war, and they evidently preponderated in his thoughts. His frayed Confederate uniform was laid out carefully on

the bed, and on his knees was a large book, illustrating Lee's and Jackson's campaign in the Valley of Virginia—the old man's favorite book, and one that he constantly read. The tears were rolling down his cheeks and wetting the pages of the book.

Memories had overcome the redoubtable soldier.

He glanced up at the picture of a gallant young Confederate soldier on the wall, then, at the picture of his wife opposite, and something began to rise in his throat, something that made him feel a bit lonely.

And raising his querulous voice to a high pitch, he called in imperious tones as if in a towering passion.

"Mary, come here and find my clean socks."

This was his way of letting down the bars.

MY DREAMS

D. H. IVES.

In younger days when life was new,
E'er time had dimmed my sight;
I wove the fabric of my dreams,
Each thread with colors bright.

And day by day the pattern grew,—
My plans for future years.
'Twas filled with hints of happy smiles,
And little space for tears.

Thus did I dream to weave my fate
In tints with splendor rare,
Forgetting that I owed my life
To God's own tender care.

And when I saw whom I must thank
For all that's best and good,
I prayed that God might take my life
And use it where He would.

* * * * *

He took the dreams that I began
And formed them to His will;
Since now I see wherein I erred,
I praise His goodness still.

And tho' He changed the brilliant hues
With wisdom from Above,—
He put therein one golden thread,
And that one thread was Love!

FAUSTUS AND FAUST

WM. HENLY DEITRICK.

The dramatization of the old Faust legend by Christopher Marlowe does not begin to compare with that by Johann Wolfgang Goethe, which appeared not quite two centuries later. However, it is interesting to study these two men of different nationalities, each one moulding his masterpiece from the same apparently plastic material, two hundred years apart. Faustus was worked out in spare moments or between periods of reckless living by a mere youth just out of his teens under the degrading influence of a "low tavern atmosphere." On the other hand Faust is the embodiment of the spirit and ideals resulting from the life-long experience of a far-seeing and scholarly man. All the good qualities of Goethe's other less important works seem to have been gathered together and distributed on the pages of his "Faust." What Dante has made the Divine Comedy to Italian Literature, Goethe has made Faust to German Literature. In fact, it is often referred to as "The Divine Comedy of German Literature." Although Marlowe's production does not equal Goethe's, it has given him the name of Shakespeare's greatest predecessor. He it was who first conceived the idea that there were great dramatic possibilities in the old Faust legend. He it was who first attempted to dramatize the story and thus by applying his master-hand, made possible later poetic lines that rivalled those of the mighty Shakespeare in beauty and grandeur. It is very doubtful that Goethe would have attempted to write on this subject had not its possibilities been laid bare before him by the greatest predecessor of England's greatest writer.

There really lived such a character as Dr. Johann Faust, the famous magician. He is first mentioned by Benedictine

Johann Tritheim, Abbott of Spanheim, in a letter to the mathematician and astrologer, Johann Windung, in which he speaks rather contemptuously of him. Faust claimed that were the books of Plato and Aristotle destroyed, he could restore them to a more elegant form and that the miracles of Christ were nothing marvellous, as he could perform them whenever and as often as he wished. He was always accompanied by a dog which the people thought to be a devil. Many stories of his life and death were current among the people and were published at different times. The concensus of opinion was that he had signed a blood compact with the devil, who was to serve him for a period of twenty-six years assuring him a good time during these years. At the end of this time he was carried away by the devil and his angels, meeting death in a horrible manner. There appeared a number of Faust-books containing practically the same story as the one outlined above and puppet plays were very common even down to the early part of the present century. Thus the material for the construction of a Faust drama was plentiful and was kept fresh in the minds of the people by these constantly occurring puppet plays and an ever increasing number of Faust-books.

Goethe began work on this play at a very early age, certainly before he was twenty-five years old. The work was first published as "Ein Fragment" in 1790, and the complete First Part in 1808. The Second Part was finished in 1831 and his great lifework was achieved. Little did he know when he first sat down to work on his "Faust" that it would cover successive periods of his life until his death, yet such proved to be the case. He laid it down for days and weeks and years at a time but always came back to it with an added interest and a greater determination. He is greatly indebted to Marlowe for first proving the dramatic possibilities and to Lessing for proclaiming that the end of

Faust should be his salvation and not his damnation. "This revolutionary conception is the measure of Goethe's debt to Lessing," says one critic. "Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt." In this one pregnant line is summed up the whole spirit of Goethe's conception.

His essential contribution to the old story is the compact between Faust and the devil, Mephistopheles, when Faust agrees to give himself over to the devil whenever he can make him so enjoy the passing moment as to say. "Verweile dich, du bist so schön." It is in the treatment of the death of Faust that Marlowe and Goethe differ mostly. Marlowe lets Faust meet death in an awful manner after having been served the agreed number of years by Mephistopheles, while Goethe allows Faust to be finally saved because he has found the perfect joy in doing some good for suffering humanity. Goethe also introduces the Gretchen story which is inserted parenthetically, it seems, because he has undergone the experiences described, and it has nothing at all in common with the Faust legend.

Thus we see that the old, old story of Faust and the devil, which had been mere hearsay for centuries has been preserved for us by two master poets not only in a readable but in a supremely beautiful form in two different languages.

A SONNET

G. D. R.

I stood upon a little moonlit hill
 Beneath the tranquil beauty of the stars,
 And thought of soldiers dying in the wars,
Of weeping mothers; and the night wind chill,
Sweeping along a moaning little rill,
 Moving the shadows of the pine trees bent
 Did sob and sing a song of loud lament
That stirr'd the sleeping wood with murmurs shrill.

Only to think that Spring will soon abound
 With flowers, and clover fields, and thistles plain!
Only to think that this night far around
 The wind doth moan for troops in battle slain,
Where at eve the Angelus should sound,
 And the cow-bells tinkle in the lane!

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor

Athletics

A criticism of Athletics is never popular in a college community, yet undoubtedly competitive high school and interscholastic athletics hold elements of danger. The medical authorities are beginning to sound a note of warning and protest. We quote

from a contemporary medical journal published in Philadelphia, Pa.:

"No one would gainsay that systematic and even strenuous exercise may exert a most wholesome effect on the human organism. But the win-at-any-cost exertion, taxing vital organs to the very limit of their endurance, exceeding the factor of safety in physiologic functions, and sometimes carried to the breaking strain, represents a sort of unjustifiable self-sacrifice that may properly be made for one's country but is never called for to uphold the glory of one's college. The sooner it is realized that there are better tests of manliness than the ability to endure a 4-mile row in the college boat or to complete the foot-ball season in spite of acquired injuries, the more wholesome will American college life become.

"Prof. C. R. Bardeen, of the University of Wisconsin, has pointed out, in connection with the participation in athletics in his institution, that the increasing amount of cardiovascular disease noted in this country by life-insurance companies and others makes it important for the physician to make himself acquainted with the chief causes responsible for these conditions so that he can protect his patients. Over-exertion in competitive sports, especially in school boys, is one factor. From five to ten per cent of freshmen entering the State University have cardiac hypertrophy with dilatation attributable to athletic sports. While in most cases there is good compensation, in many there are mitral murmurs and a myocardial irritability which not only keeps the students out of college sports, but, to some degree, hampers their scholastic work in college. Practically all college students taking part in the major sports have hypertrophied hearts. In the past two years there have, in addition, been four cases of acute cardiac dilatation among the relatively few members of teams in the major sports to one case among the far greater number of students not members of teams. In the latter case the dilatation occurred while the student was running in the gymnasium.

"The competitive interscholastic games which require great physical exertion and mental tension should be done away with and a good gymnasium, under the direction of one trained in physical culture, should be provided and work according to the condition and need of each pupil assigned."

These paragraphs furnish food for reflection.

The Societies We are not a pessimist, but without doubt work in the societies is being neglected. Very few attend; very few speak and of these few only a small per cent prepare speeches. Leaves of absence from attending society are easily obtained; almost any kind of an excuse is taken for failure to perform duty, and, as a result, the societies are being seriously crippled in their work. We believe that the faculty should investigate the matter. Why not grade in the societies as well as in the class room, in the chapel, and in the gymnasium? It is as essential as the rest. Look at the results of a grading system in Chapel attendance—sickness and all manner of chronic illnesses have been marvelously cured, and the Dean's work lessened considerably. If there is any dependence to be placed in human nature, the same plan would meet with success in the societies. In the final analysis, a student is only a human being, and if you prod him once in a while he will eventually do something.

**A Word in
Season**

The Business Manager has spent a lot of good time and postage in writing delinquent subscribers for their subscription dues. Quite a number of the bills sent out cover two and even four and five years subscription. Unless several remittances are made promptly, there will in all probability be a number of delinquents for the incoming manager to worry over. There is at present \$105.30 due on subscriptions alone. Will you help reduce this amount by remitting promptly?

C. C. C.

**A Musical
Attraction**

The Woman's Club of Raleigh has secured as an attraction for the afternoon and evening of April 13th, Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra and a quartet of opera artists from the Boston and Chicago Opera Companies, said to be one of the greatest musical combinations that has ever visited this State. The program, we are sure, will be artistically educational. The programs are under the direction of Mr. Albert Mildenberg, of Meredith College. We congratulate those musically inclined upon this opportunity. The programs will take place in the City Auditorium, the interior of which will be transformed by scenic artists, and will present a magnificent picture which includes a painting of a Roman Triumphal Arch.

I. T. J.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

I. T. JOHNSTON, Editor

Did you ever read Cousin Marion's "Talks with Girls" in "Comfort?" The point is that every month, "another month is here," and this is all the months until May; and that is the last of the college year.

Eyes are already being turned toward Commencement. The faculty made an announcement March 10th, of the six Commencement speakers from the Senior Class. The men selected are: J. M. Pritchard of Buncombe county; J. P. Mull, of Cleveland County, and A. Y. Arledge of Polk County from the Euzelian Society; and R. L. Brown, of Robeson County; B. M. Watkins, of Wayne County, and Earl Prevette, of Wilkes County, from the Philomathesian Society. The selections meet with general approbation. All six men have made enviable reputations as speakers while at Wake Forest. Pritchard has just been selected for a third intercollegiate contest. He was also Wake Forest's representative at the Peace Contest at Greensboro and Substitute Anniversary debater last year. Mack's record stands second to none. Mull is also an intercollegiate debater and first Anniversary debater this year, and is a speaker and thinker of high order. Arledge delivered the Anniversary oration from The Euzelian Society this year. This oration charmed his audience and assured his selection as one of the six. Brown, a ministerial student and a man interested in the several college activities, is pastor of several churches. His address as Society Day Orator last fall won him this coveted position. Watkins made the audience sit up and listen at Anniversary; his speech was one of the best ever heard in a similar debate. Prevette was Philomathe-

sian Anniversary Orator this year; and he also was the winner of \$50 as Wake Forest's representative at the State Peace Contest at Raleigh in February. His selection comes as a deserved tribute to his splendid ability.

At the preliminary held in the two societies February 19th and 20th to determine who should represent Wake Forest in the double-barrelled debate with Richmond College April 2d, the following men were selected: To debate Richmond at Richmond, J. M. Pritchard, Eu.; Carey J. Hunter, Jr., Phi., with A. L. Carlton, Phi., as alternate; to debate Richmond at Wake Forest, J. P. Mull, Eu.; T. A. Averra, Phi., with B. M. Boyd, Eu., as alternate. The query is, "Resolved, That all Industrial Disputes Should be Settled by Compulsory Arbitration (constitutionality waived)." The six men who represent Wake Forest are well equal to the task before them, and despite the fears of a friend up the State, we feel that the two teams are evenly balanced, and that Wake Forest can put out two teams as easily as one.

Mr. Elliot, a Y. M. C. A. travelling secretary was a visitor February 22d who had something to say worth hearing.

Hon. Francis D. Winston of Windsor, ex-Judge and ex-Lieutenant-Governor, now Federal District Attorney of the Eastern North Carolina District, delivered an eloquent address in Memorial Hall, Monday night, March 1st, under the auspices of the Senior Class. The speaker was introduced in a very appropriate manner by President J. M. Gatling of the Senior Class. Any synopsis would fall far short of giving justice to Judge Winston's speech. Suffice it to say that he held his audience in closest attention with an address full of wisdom, counsel and eloquence.

Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, President of Furman University, was present at the chapel services Saturday morning March

6th. He gave a pleasing and practical twenty minutes speech on the "Temptations of Christ—Their Application." As our President Poteat remarked in introducing the speaker, his visits are too infrequent. As a State newspaper remarks, "These Poteats have something to say and know how to say it."

Rev Walter N. Johnston, pastor of the Wake Forest Church, to the regret of his friends, has not entirely recovered his health. He recently made a trip to Johns Hopkins for examination, and is now taking a rest, which, we hope will restore him to his usual vigor.

The Marshals for the Richmond debate are: From the Euzelian Society, M. A. Honeycutt, Chief; R. P. Holding, and J. A. Ward; from the Philomathesian Society, C. Thomas, Chief; J. O. Tally, and H. E. Olive. The Commencement Marshals are: Euzelian, Allan Riddick, Chief; J. C. Gardner, C. N. Watson; Philomathesian, J. G. Booe, Chief; James M. Hayes, and W. C. Downing.

Mr. Percy S. Vann, of Lexington, led the chapel exercises March 9th. He caught his audience by remarking, "If I had forty boys to send to college, I would send them all to Wake Forest."

The College community rejoices and also is sad that our dean, Dr. Charles E. Brewer, has been chosen president of Meredith College to succeed Dr. Richard T. Vann, who resigned to accept the secretaryship of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention. We rejoice in the recognition that has been accorded a man loved and respected by all Wake Forest students of the past twenty years. We are sad that the College is to lose the services and the presence of Dr. Brewer. Meredith's gain is our loss. Dr. Brewer's remarkable memory for names and faces has aided him in

his services as dean. Never did freshman enter his office and have to tell his name the second time.

Dr. Brewer greets every man with a smile, is ready to help solve any difficulty arising from the course of study, is uniformly kind, courteous, and painstaking. Dr. Brewer was loath to leave Wake Forest and accepted the position tendered only after the most careful consideration. There is much speculation as to his successor.

The Glee Club under the direction of Dr. H. M. Poteat, has been splendidly received on its tours of entertainment.

Early Sunday morning, February, an accident occurred which cast the deepest gloom over the whole college community. Mr. R. B. Hayes, returning from Raleigh, on Seaboard train Number Six, met a tragic death. The train had pulled into a siding some distance from the station, and according to the custom of several students who room near this point, Mr. Hayes attempted to get off the train. He was caught under the wheels in some way and so severely injured that he only lived a few hours. He was taken at once to the College hospital, and everything possible was done to save him. A memorial service was held in the Church at eleven o'clock, and his remains were carried to Norlina on number twelve, accompanied by Messrs. L. S. Brassfield, A. I. Ferree, and R. M. Griffin. There, relatives took charge of the body, and the interment took place at Mr. Hayes' home at La Crosse, Va. Though Mr. Hayes had only been a student among us a short time, he had won the favor and friendship of us all. Wreaths of flowers, presented by the student body and by the Freshman Class, and resolutions of respect drawn up by the same bodies attest the esteem with which he was regarded. We miss him in the class room, on the campus, on the athletic field and in the tenderer relations of the walks of friendship.

Here follows a resolution drawn up by a committee from the student body:

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom and mercy saw fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend and companion, Mr. Robert B. Hayes, therefore be it resolved:

First. That in the death of our fellow student, the student body of Wake Forest College has sustained an irreparable loss and though we sincerely deplore his death and shall miss him more and more as the days go by, we bow with submission and resignation to the will of Him who does all things well.

Second. We realize the omnipotence of God and His power to cut down like a weed such a manly man in the flower of his young manhood, and we pray that we may gain inspiration from his gentleness and manliness of character.

Third. That we extend to his sorely bereaved friends and to the stricken family our heartfelt sympathy and prayers that God may sustain and comfort them in their sorrow.

Fourth. That these resolutions be sent to the broken-hearted family and that a copy be printed in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and a copy be sent to the various papers for publication.

J. R. PARKER, *Chairman.*

J. M. GATLING.

A. F. POPE.

J. B. EDWARDS.

C. E. INOLE.

R. N. GRIFFIN.

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

MOOT COURT.

Several important cases have been before the court since the last issue of THE STUDENT. The men of the law department are doing a lot of practice work in this court.

On February 15, a murder case—*State v. Walker*—was tried.

The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Brady, Meyer, and Johnson.

The attorneys for the defendant were Messrs Ingram, Brassfield and Strickland.

The jury after long consultation reported that no decision could be reached.

The case for February 22 was a civil one—*Pennell v. R. R. Co.*

Messrs. Stroll, Hair and Johnson represented the plaintiff.

The defendant's attorneys were Messrs. Downing, McCourry and Whitley.

The jury reported the R. R. Co. not guilty.

A criminal case—robbery—*State v. Vance and Bland* was tried March 15.

The attorneys for the State were Messrs Ingram, Moore, and Honeycutt.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Sustare, Adams, and Ferree.

The State sued for \$60,000 damage.

The jury reported \$6,000 to be given for damage.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been fortunate in having some good speakers during the past month.

On February 15, Mr. Harris Elliot of New York Y. M. C. A., spoke to us on "What Will it Get Me?" and "If We Lose Our Life We Will Gain It." Mr. Elliot said that we were too much concerned about what earthly gain we would get out of work that we do. We need to turn from selfishness to unselfishness.

Mr. Elliott is a splendid speaker and we were fortunate in having him here.

On February 22 we had short talks from several of our young men who heard Dr. Mott Speak at Carolina.

Mr. Rowe gave us a fine talk on "The Mott Campaign," telling of the great work that has been done and of the great opportunities that the next ten years will bring.

Mr. Duncan made a good talk telling how to be victorious in our Christian life, (1) Resist temptation promptly; (2) Do not compromise; (3) Do not go into presence of temptation; (4) Make battle positive as well as negative; (5) Be preoccupied; (6) Do not break training; (7) Be armed; (8) Associate difficulty with Jesus Christ.

Mr. Meyer, who was formerly a Carolina student, spoke on the effect of Dr. Mott's speeches on Carolina students. He said that the students showed more interest in the speaking than had been shown in several years.

The members of the Association had a rare pleasure in hearing Rev. O'Kelly of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh on March 8.

Rev. O'Kelly spoke on "Service." He made one of the most stirring and practical talks that has been made to the Y. M. C. A. lately. The speaker said that any honest work that was done well and with the right spirit was elevated

work. He said we can honor God on the farm as well as in the pulpit.

SOCIETY.

On February 26 and 27, preliminary debates were held in the Society halls for the selection of men to represent Wake Forest College in the Wake Forest-Richmond debates—a number of good men tried out, but of course only six men could get places. The following men were chosen for the debate which will be held on the evening of April 2: Messrs. Pritchard, Hunter and Carlton who will meet one Richmond team at Richmond; while Messrs. Mull, Avera and Boyd will meet the other Richmond team at Wake Forest.

These men have ability and will do their best in representing the College. Of course we expect victory.

Monday night, March 8th, a public debate was held in the Phi. Society hall between the Wednesday and Friday night sections. The question debated was: "Resolved, That the South should encourage to settle within her borders such immigrants as are admitted into the United States by law." H. R. Paschal, I. E. Carlyle, J. B. Davis, and H. E. Olive representing the Wednesday night section, upheld the affirmative. P. S. Daniel, J. C. Powell, C. P. Herring, and E. D. Banks, of the Friday night section, defended the negative. The speakers all acquitted themselves commendably. The judges rendered a two to one decision in favor of the negative. The Friday night section will debate the Saturday night section at an early date.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'52. Rev. F. M. Jordan, probably the oldest citizen in the State, continues preaching.

'92. Rev. James Long has accepted the pastorate at Laurinburg, N. C.

'02. Rev. J. L. Kirk is pastor of the Baptist Church at Farmville, N. C.

Rev. D. V. Ferguson has a pastorate at West Durham.

'12. Rev. R. R. Lanier is pastor of the Baptist Church at North Durham.

'03. Mr. W. S. Privott is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Beaufort County.

'87. Mr. E. H. Farriss, a lawyer and publisher of High Point, N. C., died while on a visit at Washington, N. C. Mr. Farriss was well known among declaiming circles while a student here.

'11. Mr. J. B. Cooper, who had been employed by the Bank of Union, Monroe, N. C., has been promoted to the position of Assistant Cashier of that bank.

His Excellency, Governor Locke Craig, has appointed Mr. G. E. Lineberry ('97) and G. L. Kesler ('89) members of the Board of Directors of the State School for the Blind at Raleigh, and Mr. J. D. Boushall ('86) as a member of the Board of Directors of the State School for the Feeble Minded.

'97. Hon. Emmet R. Wooten, late Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State, and one of the highly respected members of the State Bar, died after an operation had been performed at Rex Hospital, Raleigh, N. C.

'91. Mr. R. B. White, Senator from Franklin County, introduced the amendment to the "Anti-Jug Law."

'04. Mr. J. B. Anderson is practicing law at Asheville, N. C.

'05. Mr. M. L. Davis led the fight in the House for the "Fish Bill."

'99. Mr. H. S. Williams, of Concord, N. C., was the Republican leader in the House during the session of the General Assembly.

'93. Mr. F. P. Hobgood led the fight in the Senate on the "Primary Bill" and the bill pertaining to Woman Suffrage in North Carolina.

'02. Mr. W. Vaughn is Judge of the Recorder's Court at Washington, N. C.

The following of the Alumni were members of the Senate: Mr. E. B. Cloud ('05), from the 32d District, Columbus, N. C.; Mr. W. L. Cohoon ('98), from the 1st District, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Mr. W. H. Fisher ('15), from the 14th District, Roseboro, N. C.; Mr. F. P. Hobgood ('93), from the 20th District, 3d term, Greensboro, N. C.; Mr. R. D. Johnson ('09), from the 9th District, 2d term, Warsaw, N. C.; Mr. R. B. White ('91), from Franklin County, Franklinton, N. C.

The following were members of the House: L. H. Allred ('02), 3d term, Smithfield, N. C.; D. G. Brummitt ('07), Oxford, N. C.; M. L. Davis ('06), 4th term, Beaufort, N. C.; C. B. Deaver ('96), 2d term, Brevard, N. C.; A. R. Dunning ('00), 2d term, Williamston, N. C.; D. L. Hewett ('01), Brunswick County; G. R. King ('97), Nashville, N. C.; F. E. Thomas ('02), Wadesboro, N. C.; J. H. Vernon ('05), Burlington, N. C.; H. S. Williams ('99), 4th term, Concord, N. C.

'10. Mr. J. H. Burnette was Reading Clerk of the Senate.

'90. The class of 1890 will have a reunion at the Commencement in May. It is urged that every member of that class be present. There will be ample accommodations provided for all who may attend.

Mr. Geo. Pennell, President of the Law Class of 1914, who received his license to practice law in February, has located in Asheville, his home town. He is associated with a firm whose specialty is corporation practice. The firm name is Glenn, Sale & Pennell. His friends, who remember George as an enthusiastic "pep" arouser in athletic conflicts on the Hill are confident that he will show "pep" in the legal field and win success—and we all wish it.

The Wake Forest men seem to have that winning streak in them. If you don't believe it, look at the National Congress. Smaller, but sure successes, and equally as great successes in other fields are all about us.

An interesting story of a successful legal career is contained in the following letter from a former law student, Will M. Peterson, of Pendleton, Oregon. It arrived too late to be recorded in the Special Law Issue, but the story is one of unusual interest and we are sure our readers will enjoy it:

"Responding to the questions, I beg to state that after I was licensed by the Supreme Court in February, 1901, I located at Burnsville, Yancey, N. C., was 'sworn in' at Bakersville at the April term of court, 1901, before Judge Timberlake and tried my first case before him at that term of the court—the case of State v. Moses Wilson. About two weeks thereafter Judge Timberlake presided at a term of court held at Burnsville where I was located and I tried six or eight cases before him, one of which was a homicide case—State v. Warrick. Peterson, a distant relative of mine, was killed by Warrick. His father thought I was too young to be of any assistance in the prosecution of the case; therefore, he hired every other lawyer at Burnsville to assist the solicitor in the prose-

cution. I was the only attorney in Yancey County left for the defendant to employ. He employed me and authorized me to employ associate counsel. I retained Hon. J. C. Pritchard, then a United States Senator, but now U. S. Circuit Judge, of Asheville, and Hon. J. M. Gudger, of the same place. After a very hard legal battle we secured a verdict of not guilty for our client. Since Senator Pritchard was there with me in the homicide case, I also retained him to assist me in the trial of four or five other cases as he was an experienced lawyer and I was only a novice. I left Yancey County in August, 1901, coming to Oregon, was admitted to the bar in this State, also admitted to practice before the U. S. District and U. S. Circuit Courts, and have been here in Umatilla County ever since.

"The first month of my practice in Oregon brought me in the small sum of \$1.50 only. Of course, I was considerably discouraged and wished every day that I was back in North Carolina. The second month brought me in \$31. I instituted a case that month in the Justice of the Peace court for a notorious gambler against two other gamblers to recover the sum of \$110. The other two gamblers retained an experienced lawyer and, of course, he thought all the while he would wallop me good and hard; however, we had a jury trial and I won the case and was paid a fee of \$25. I am frank to state that under no circumstances would I now institute a similar action to that one, for the reason I know a little more law now than I knew then. But, that case was a notorious one and the trial of it was attended by a large number of people and his honor, the Justice of the Peace, stood by me through thick and thin, and practically instructed the jury to return a verdict in favor of my client. The attorney for the defendants gave notice of appeal to the Circuit Court but his clients were good sports and said they could make more money playing poker than they could fooling away their time in expensive litigation and therefore paid the judgment at once. I have had quite an experience in my practice since that time and have been of counsel in some of the most important cases that have been before our courts and my practice for five or six years last past has been worth from \$5,000 to \$9,000 per year.

"I am Treasurer of the Umatilla Bar Association, an organization consisting of about twenty-five lawyers. I was Vice-President, 1913 and 1914, of the Oregon Bar Association. I have been chairman of the Umatilla County Democratic Central Committee for eight years last past; was presidential elector in 1912; have attended all of the State democratic conventions since 1904, and am now a member of the executive committee of the State Central Committee of the Democratic party. I belong to the following secret orders: Knights of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose, Elks,

and to the Blue Lodge, Royal Arch, and Knight Templar degrees of Masonry.

"I was married in 1904 to Eva McDonald, of Walla Walla, Washington, and we have three children as the issue of our marriage, viz.: Raley, eight years old; Charles, six years old, and Wilma, one year old.

"Now, relative to my opinion of Wake Forest Law School for law training, I beg to state that in my opinion no other law school in America offers better facilities for thorough training. I have had the pleasure of visiting the law school at Chapel Hill, the law school at the University of Tennessee, the law school at the University of Washington, the law school at the University of Oregon, and the law school at the University of Idaho and I am frank to state that I have never found an instructor who approaches my ideal as a law teacher so fully as N. Y. Gulley of Wake Forest. I owe my success in life (if I have been in any manner successful) to the influence of four men: First, to Hon. James J. Britt, of Asheville, North Carolina, recently elected to Congress. I went to school to him three years while he was principal of Peterson Academy in Yancey County. Second, Judge Samuel Kirkpatrick, of Jonesboro, Tennessee, in whose office I was a student for nearly two years immediately prior to my entering Wake Forest Law School. Judge Kirkpatrick taught law to several young men. His first student was the famous Robert L. Taylor, three times Governor of Tennessee, and afterward U. S. Senator. I was his last student. If I remember correctly he told me he had taught law to thirty-two young men and he was frank to tell me when I left his office he would not attempt to teach law to any one else on account of the fact that he was getting old and did not care to teach longer. He was a brilliant lawyer, an able scholar, and one of the finest men I ever knew. He died about three years ago. Third, N. Y. Gulley, of Wake Forest. This man has certainly had a great deal to do in shaping my career. I can never forget how earnestly he talked on numerous occasions to the student body at Wake Forest. I do not believe any other man in North Carolina has done more for the manhood of that State than has Professor Gulley. It has been one of my great pleasures, since leaving Wake Forest, to write an occasional letter to this great and good man. Fourth, my old friend and former law partner, Hon. S. F. Wilson, of Portland, Oregon. While I am four or five years older than Fred—we all call him Fred—he has had a remarkable influence over me. He is one of the brightest and most active young men in Oregon. I influenced him to come to Oregon in the spring of 1907 and enter a partnership with me. His success so far has been by leaps and bounds,

and he is now one of the most prominent men in the State. He is not only a successful lawyer but a successful business man as well, and is now identified with some of the strongest business and financial institutions in the State, and is worth in the neighborhood of \$200,000. He and I were in school together eighteen years ago at Burnsville and have always been very warm personal friends.

"Now, as to what Wake Forest Law School has done for the North Carolina Bar, I beg to state that, in my opinion, no other institution of learning has done as much and it is my sincere hope that the influence of Professor Gulley and his associates will continue to keep this school in the front rank and that its powerful influence for good will never abate in the least.

"It was a pleasure to read in the *News and Observer* yesterday the biographical sketch of Hon. Claude Kitchin. He will very soon be as prominent in American politics as Hon. Oscar Underwood or Champ Clark, and every reader will learn the fact that he is a product of Wake Forest Law School. In fact, some of the ablest men at the North Carolina Bar are products of Wake Forest. A knowledge of this fact affords me a great pleasure indeed for the reason that I finished my law course there."

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

The basketball season closed with twelve victories to the credit of Wake Forest and four defeats. The usual success of the team has been attributed to the excellent coaching of Coach Crozier.

The most interesting game of the season was probably the game with Elon which was played on the home floor. In this game Hensley played better than has ever been seen on the Wake Forest floor. He did excellent defensive work, and it was largely because of his efforts that the score was 30 to 23 in favor of the locals. Line-up for Wake Forest: Beam, R. F.; Holding, L. F.; Carrick, Center; Davis, R. G.; Hensley, L. G.

Wake forest played sixteen games this season. They lost one game to Carolina at Chapel Hill, one to Elon at Elon, one to Trinity at Durham, and one to Greensboro Y. M. C. A. at Greensboro. Of the six Y. M. C. A. games scheduled, the Baptists won five. Below are the final scores of the games played with colleges:

<i>Wake Forest</i>		<i>Opponents</i>
26	University of N. C. at Raleigh, January 16....	23
20	University of N. C. at Chapel Hill, February 2	32
30	University of N. C. at Wake Forest, February 11	25
12	Elon at Elon College, February 16.....	35
30	Elon at Wake Forest, February 24.....	23
27	Trinity at Durham, February 15.....	28
23	Trinity at Wake Forest.....	12
64	University of S. C. at Columbia, February 20..	11

In one game played with each, Wake Forest defeated the Atlantic Christian College, and Carson and Newman.

The candidates for the various positions on the baseball squad were first seen on the field February 16. The following members of last year's team are in practice: Ferree, Holding, Billings, Whitley, Smith, Trust, Lee, Hensley, and Moore. Under the efficient coaching of Prof. Crozier there is every indication of a good team this spring.

Manager Riddick announces the following schedule for the 1915 season:

- March 18—Oak Ridge at Wake Forest.
- March 24—(Open) at Wake Forest.
- March 26—Bingham (Mebane) at Wake Forest.
- March 29—University of N. C. at Wake Forest.
- March 31—Liberty Piedmont at Wake Forest.
- April 3—North Ga. Agricultural College at Wake Forest.
- April 5—(Easter) A. and M. at Raleigh.
- April 8—Trinity at Durham.
- April 9—Durham League at Durham.
- April 10—Elon at Burlington.
- April 13—University of North Carolina at Raleigh.
- April 15—Raleigh League at Raleigh.
- April 17—Trinity at Wake Forest.
- April 19—University of S. C. at Columbia.
- April 20—University of S. C. at Columbia.
- April 22—University of S. C. at Wake Forest.
- April 23—Trinity at Durham (pending).
- April 24—Davidson at Davidson.
- April 25—University of N. C. at Chapel Hill.
- April 29—Elon at Wake Forest.
- May 1—Gulifford at Wake Forest.
- May 4—A. and M. at Wake Forest (pending).

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

The Trinity Archive

About the best college story we have read, so far, this year, appears in the February issue of the *Trinity Archive*. "Peggy," as it is entitled, is written in a series of letters; each letter is exceedingly well written and each letter leads towards the climax of the story. The other story, "A Grafters' Luck," is only fairly good. "The Eyes of the World" is a good criticism of Harold Bell Wright's book. We think there should be more contributions from Trinity's large student body. But the greatest fault we find with the *Archive* is its few and weak departments.

The Acorn

One of the best magazines with which we exchange is the *Acorn*, of Meredith College. The contributions in the February issue are up to the usual high standard in quality, but are painfully lacking in quantity. There are only two stories and two essays in the issue. More stories and essays and a few poems are greatly needed. The two stories are good—especially "Which One." In this story we see the propelling power of modesty. "The Romance of a Handkerchief," the other story, while not so good, yet is worthy of mention. "The Mediaeval Castle, With its Customs," is a thoughtful essay revealing much research on the part of the writer. In reading the essay we feel almost as if we have been carried back to an old mediaeval castle lively inhabited with the people of that time and are there permitted to associate with them in

their home. The other essay, "Wordsworth's, Shelley's and Keats's Ideals of Beauty," portrays the different conceptions which these three great poets had of beauty. Wordsworth was able to feel as well as to see the beauty of the commonplace things around him. Shelley viewed beauty only as an impalpable dream. Keats pursued beauty less visionary and more concrete and more definite than Shelley; he was filled with joy obtained from mere external beauty. We wish to commend the *Acorn* upon its high class editorial departments.

The *Chimes* while published only quarterly, is a pleasure when it does appear, and is a credit to Shorter College. The most conspicuous part of the magazine as to quantity and also as to interest is the well worked up departments. The departments consist of more divisions and as a whole, we think we can safely say, are better written up than the departments of any other magazine with which we exchange. The contributions in the February issue, however, are rather weak. "Edgar Allan Poe; a Critical Estimate," and "The Vow That Binds," are the best. "Edgar Allan Poe; a Critical Estimate" discusses Poe as the critic, poet, and short-story writer. As a critic Poe is unjust, severe and unkind; as a poet Poe seeks pleasure, not truth—music combined with a pleasurable idea is his aim; as a short-story writer Poe is America's greatest. "The Vow That Binds" is a very readable story, picturing a struggle which a young man has between his vow to the church and a lady whom he loves; he finally decides to remain true to his vow.

The Furman
Echo

The February issue of the *Furman Echo* contains two well written stories with strong plots: "When Evelyn Dreamed" and "The Atonement." "Siberia," the only essay, is an interesting essay recounting a traveler's observations gathered from a hurried trip through that country. "The Siege of Berlin" is a translation of Daudet's story. This is one of Daudet's strongest and most interesting stories and one that all, who have not, should read. "Thunderbolts and Sunbeams," the addition to the exchange department, should be of special interest to all Furman students.

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.

✽

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.

✽

Corbett (to a girl at Meredith—I don't believe I've met you; what may be your name?

She—My name is Miss Bi—.

Corbett—How old are you?

She—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.*

✽

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."

✽

Dr. Sikes (on Sociology)—Mr. Muil, what is an abnormal family?

J. Muil—A family without any children.

Newish Barnes—Hamilton, what is that you're studying?

Hamilton—It's Hebrew.

Barnes—Is it written in Greek?



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?



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.*



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 Hellican.—*Life.*



Dr. Johns (on German)—Give me the future tense of *lernen*.

Whedbee—Do you want the present future or the past future.



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.*



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."



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.

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.*



LIGHT.

He was seated in a parlor

And he said unto the light,

"Either you or I, old fellow,

Will be turned down tonight."



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 undertsand a word that was said.



Dr. Sledd—Have you read Lamb's Tales?

I. T. Johnston—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.



Newish Woodward—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?



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.

Fellozws!

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that our advertisers bear
more than half the ex-
penses of getting out our
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them as they have given
to you?

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 8

THE CLASS OF 1905

W. L. WYATT.

The members of the Class of 1905 will celebrate their tenth anniversary by a class re-union to be held at the College during the approaching Commencement. Already more than half the class have signified their intention of being present and plans are under way for a banquet and other festivities to celebrate their first re-union since graduation.

One member of the class, "Billy" Stafford, as he was familiarly known to all of his class-mates has passed to the Beyond since the class last met, but his memory is cherished by each of his associates and his presence will be missed at this meeting.

During the ten years that have passed this class has become widely scattered, one member being engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work in China, another a missionary located in Argentina, while seven other of the class are now living in other than their native State.

Law is the leading profession of the class as eleven of its members have chosen this calling, while the ministry is second with eight members, six others being engaged in teaching and four in the practice of medicine. The class also has two bankers, two farmers, and one each engaged in the following lines of business: Mercantile, real estate, insurance and manufacturing.

A short sketch of the career of each member of the class since leaving College was requested for publication in this

issue of the Student and these will be found on the succeeding pages.

The officers of the class are as follows:

- President—Wm. L. Wyatt, Raleigh, N. C.
 Vice-President—M. Leslie Davis, Beaufort, N. C.
 Secretary—W. J. Francis, Shelby, N. C.
 Treasurer—Claudius C. Howard, Fayetteville, N. C.
 Historian—Eugene A. Turner, Shanghai, China.
 Poet—H. F. Page, Bule's Creek, N. C.
 Prophet—George A. Peek, Port Norfolk, Va.

AUSTIN, MATTHIAS D., Dyersburg, Tenn.—Upon leaving College was called to the pastorate of a church near Portsmouth, Va, which charge he filled until the summer of 1907 Professor of Latin, Orangeburg College, Orangeburg, S. C., 1907-1908. After this year of teaching he returned to the pastorate, accepting the care of the church at Cameron, S. C., remaining as pastor here until the fall of 1909. Then he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., where he remained four years, completing the degree of Doctor of Theology. While taking his course at the Seminary he was pastor of the Beechmont Church. For a little more than a year he has been pastor of the Union Baptist Church, Dyersburg, Tenn.

ANDERSON, J. B., Asheville, N. C.—Immediately after receiving his LL.B. degree from Wake Forest and being licensed by the Supreme Court of North Carolina he began the practice of law at Asheville, N. C., and has built up a very successful business. He is associated with Hon. Henry B. Stevens, as junior member of the firm of Stevens & Anderson.

BAGLEY, S. WAITE, Greensboro, N. C.—Engaged in insurance business in Greensboro, N. C.

BARKER, J. ABNER, Roseboro, N. C.—Graduated in 1905. Principal of Boardman High School, Boardman, N. C., 1905-1906. In spring of 1906 began speculating in timbered lands and continued at this work until fall of 1907, meeting with unusually fine success. In September, 1907, entered Wake Forest Law School and was licensed to practice in February, 1908. Located in Lumberton the following June, but after about a year his health gave way and he spent several months traveling for his health, spending most of the time in

the States of Oklahoma and Florida. His health regained he spent nearly a year in the City of Fayetteville, N. C. While there he was engaged in the real estate business. His business began to grow and he finally located in the little town of Roseboro, Sampson County, where he is at present located, enjoying a lucrative law practice and is one of the largest real estate dealers in that section of the State. On May the first, 1912, he was married to Miss Florence Marie Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Butler, Salemburg, N. C. In 1912 he was nominated on the Democratic ticket for the lower house of the State Legislature, but being in a strong Republican county, was defeated. He has served for the past two years as one of the town aldermen and is now Chairman of the board of Graded School Trustees. Also Chairman of the Building Committee of the Roseboro Baptist Church.

BIZZELL, THOS. MALCOLM, M.D., Goldsboro, N. C.—Received the degree of M.D. at University of Maryland, 1908. Has been located for practice of medicine at Goldsboro, N. C., since year of graduation. Was county health officer for four years and is now health officer of the City of Goldsboro. Is married and has one child.

COLE, JOHN W., Charlotte, N. C.—On leaving College in June, 1905, he was elected Principal of Reed's High School, Lexington, N. C., which position he held for four years. At the expiration of that time he resigned and entered the summer law school at Wake Forest, and was admitted to the bar in August, 1909. While attending law school he was elected Principal of the High School and Superintendent of the Graded Schools of Hope Mills, N. C., which position he held for one year. In May of 1910 he began the practice of law in partnership with John C. Bower, at Lexington, N. C., which partnership existed until January 1, 1911. Immediately upon the dissolution of this partnership he became identified with Bradstreet's, at the Charlotte office, in the capacity of traveling representative, and has held that position since.

COVINGTON, RICHARD D., Cerro Gordo, N. C.—Since leaving College he has been engaged in the lumber and manufacturing business at Sanford and Cerro Gordo, N. C. At present he holds a responsible position with the Williamson & Brown Land and Lumber Company. He married Miss Carrinna Chisholm, of Sanford, N. C., and they have one son, Furman P. Covington, Jr.

CRUMPLER, B. H., Clinton, N. C.—Was licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court in February, 1905, and received his LL.B. degree from Wake Forest in May, 1905. Entered upon the practice of law at Clinton, N. C., June 12, 1905, at which place he has practiced ever since. December 24, 1905, he married Miss Eva Butler, of Clinton, N. C. Has three children living and one dead. He was a member of the General Assembly from Sampson County, sessions of 1909 and 1911.

DAVIS, M. LESLIE, Beaufort, N. C.—Received LL.B. degree from Wake Forest College, 1906. Junior partner of the law firm of Abernethy & Davis. Has held various offices in the City of Beaufort, including town attorney, attorney for Carteret County, member of the General Assembly from 1907 to 1915, inclusive. Is a member of the following orders: Masons, Woodmen of the World, and Knights of Harmony. Deacon, clerk, chairman board of trustees, and teacher of Baraca Class in the Baptist church. Was Superintendent of the Sunday School for six years and is now Moderator of the Neuse-Atlantic Association, member of the Board of Education of the Baptist State Convention and a trustee of the Winterville High School. Was President of the Wake Forest Alumni Association for 1911. In December, 1914, he married Miss Ruth Ivey, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. T. N. Ivey, of Nashville, Tenn.

FERREE, THAD. S., Greensboro, N. C.—He has devoted his entire time to the practice of law at Asheboro and Greensboro, N. C., having been located at the latter place for the past five years. On June 25, 1908, he was married to Miss Jessie Boroughs, of Asheboro, N. C. Has one son, Thad. S., Jr., now three years of age.

FRANCIS, WILLIAM JOSIAH, Shelby, N. C.—Has been teaching ever since leaving College, having been Principal of Boiling Springs High School for several years.

GOODE, CLEMENT T., Cambridge, Mass.—From 1905 to 1907 he was Principal of the Oxford Schools and the following year was Superintendent of the same schools. During the school years 1908-'09 and 1909-'10 he was head of the Department of English in the City High School of Durham, N. C. In September, 1910, he went to Harvard and spent a year as a graduate student in English, receiving the

degree of A.M. at commencement, 1911. He was Instructor in English in the University of Arkansas, 1911-'12, and Associate Professor of English there for 1912-'14. During the present year, 1914-'15, he is completing the work for the doctor's degree at Harvard University.

GOODE, W. E., Wagram, N. C.—Spent the two years following graduation in Crozier Seminary and the following year in the Southern Theological Seminary, where he received his degree. The next two years he taught in Leaksville-Spray Institute. Since then he has been in the pastorate, filling charges at Leaksville, Marshall, and Wagram, where he is at present located.

HARDAWAY, JOHN S., JR., Newnan, Ga.—Has been engaged in the banking business ever since leaving College, having risen to the position of Cashier of the Coweta National Bank, Newnan, Ga.

HOWARD, CLAUD C., Fayetteville, N. C.—Upon leaving College he taught in the following schools: Salemburg Academy, now Pineland School for Girls; Bladenboro State High School, and the Fayetteville Graded Schools. In 1910 he took up civil engineering and began the study of law. Attended the summer law school at Wake Forest in 1912 and was admitted to the practice of law. In 1912 was elected County Auditor of Cumberland County, and in 1914 was elected Clerk of the Recorder's Court, which position he now fills. Was married in 1905 to Miss Berta Herring.

HOWELL, J. D., Hobgood, N. C.—Taught and preached during the first year after leaving College at Hobgood, N. C. Spent next three years at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, receiving the degree of Th.M. Supplied churches in Carteret County for several months before going to Roanoke Island, as pastor, in 1910. Was married in April, 1910. During 1912-'14 taught and did pastoral work at Bayboro, in Pamlico County, and from there went to Williamston as Principal of the State High School, where he also supplied the church. At the close of the first year he was called to the full pastorate of the church, which he served till January 1, 1915. At present he is not located, but expects to again enter the teaching profession.

IVES, JUDSON DUNBAR—After receiving his M.A. degree, in 1906, he served his Alma Mater until 1914. The vacations of those years he spent, for the most part, in study or scientific work, either at the laboratories at Beaufort, N. C., Wood's Hole, Mass., or the University of Chicago. The work, taking or taken, this year at the University of Chicago in the Departments of Botany and Zoölogy, includes courses in General Zoölogy, Vertebrate Zoölogy, Embryology, Genetics and Experimental Evolution, Organic Evolution, Physiology of Regulation and Reproduction, Morphology of Spermatophytes, and Plant Ecology.

JOHNSON, WINGATE M., M.D., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Completed second year medical course at Wake Forest, 1905-'06. Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, June, 1908, and secured license from North Carolina State Board of Medical Examiners the same month. From then until December of that year practiced at Cary, N. C., in association with Dr. J. M. Templeton. Resident physician at Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, January 1, 1908, to July 1, 1910. Located in Winston-Salem in August, 1910, where he has since practiced his profession, having built up an enviable practice. Was married March 24, 1914, to Miss Undine Futrell, of Scotland Neck, N. C.

JUSTICE, JAMES MONROE, Buenos Aires, Argentina.—B.A., of 1905; 1906-1908 student in Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, taking Th.G.; May 28, 1908, appointed missionary to Argentina; August 12, 1908, married to Miss Martha Lou Cox, of Opelika, Ala; October 5, 1908, sailed for Argentina; 1908-1911, language study and preaching; August, 1911, elected president of Argentine Baptist Theological Seminary; August, 1913, elected editor of Sunday School literature of Argentina Mission; August 28, 1913, Samuel M. Justice was born; January 1, 1915, returned on furlough. Dedicates all his time to Seminary work.

Present address, Hendersonville, N. C. Foreign address, Casilla 1571, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

KITCHIN, THURMAN D., M.D., Scotland Neck, N. C.—Graduated from Jefferson Medical College, June, 1908, and secured license from North Carolina Board of Medical Examiners the same month. Practiced for the first two years at Lumberton, N. C., and then moved to his native town, Scotland Neck, N. C., where he has been

since located, and where he has built up a very fine practice. Was married in November, 1908, to Miss Reba Clark, of Scotland Neck. Has two children: Thurman D., Jr., and Irwin Kitchin.

LONG, EDWARD, North Wilkesboro, N. C.—Spent the first three years after leaving College at Colgate University, one winter of this time being spent at Columbia University. Received the B.D. degree from Colgate University in 1909. Upon leaving the University accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Marion, N. C., and while there built a new church at a total cost of \$18,000. After serving this church for five and one-half years he resigned and accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of North Wilkesboro, N. C., where he is now located.

LOWE, C. G., Gates, N. C., R. F. D.—For several years was Principal of Leesville High School and pastor of church at Leesville, N. C. At present is engaged in similar work at Gates, N. C., R. F. D.

MARKHAM, THOS. J., Elizabeth City, N. C.—Upon leaving College he at once began the practice of law in his native town and by strict attention to business has built up a large practice. Has served as Clerk of United States Circuit and District Courts and attorney for the Merchants Association. Is Secretary of the Democratic Executive Committee of Pasquotank County and was a member of the General Assembly of 1911. A member of the Junior Order, Chamber of Commerce, and Methodist Church, in which he is Secretary of the Board of Stewards and Superintendent of the Sunday School.

McDUFFIE, P. C., Atlanta, Ga.—After leaving Wake Forest he pursued his law studies at George Washington University and at Harvard Law School, thereafter spending some time in a New York law office. Five years ago he located in Atlanta and has built up a very successful law practice. He is General Counsel for the Atlanta *Georgian*, Hearsts's *Sunday American*, Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, and a number of other corporate interests of this class. Is married and has two children: P. C., Jr., and Betty Phillips.

MORGAN, J. R., Waynesville, N. C.—After leaving College he entered immediately into the practice of law at Waynesville, N. C.,

becoming associated with the Hon. Geo. H. Smathers, with whom he practiced until November, 1913. Since then he has been associated with Mr. Geo. H. Ward, in the firm name of Morgan & Ward. He has built up a very good practice. In 1907 and 1908 he served as Mayor of Waynesville. For the past two years he has served as a member of the Board of Education of Haywood County.

OLIVE, ALFRED H., Birmingham, Ala.—The year following graduation he was elected instructor in Chemistry, with the privilege of finishing requirements for master's degree. During the summer of 1906 he received notice of appointment as Assistant Instructor in Chemistry at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. The appointment was accepted, and a year's credit for degree of Doctor of Philosophy was done, also. Before the session at Cornell closed he was elected by the Trustees of Howard College as Professor of Chemistry and Physics, which position he has filled to date. In conjunction with this work he has been Associate Professor in Chemistry at Birmingham Medical College for three years. In the summer of 1914 he attended Chicago University. In December, 1909, he married Miss Matilda Ayres, of Birmingham, Ala. A text-book, "Chemistry and Physics for Nurses," now in press, has been written jointly by A. R. Bliss, Jr., and Alfred H. Olive.

PAGE, H. F., Dunn, N. C., R. F. D. No. 4.—After graduation he taught two years at Bule's Creek, two at Wake Forest, after which he spent two years at Harvard University. The following two years he was Associate Professor of English in Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Tex. At present he is not teaching, but will re-enter the work this fall.

PARKER, JESSE, Lewiston, N. C.—The first four years after leaving College were spent in teaching, after which he was elected assistant cashier of the Bank of Lewiston, which position he filled for little more than a year. For the past four years he has been engaged in farming.

PEEK, GEO. A., Port Norfolk, Va.—September, 1905, accepted the position of principal of school in Norfolk County. In March, 1909, he was elected to the position of Principal of the Western Branch High School, in Norfolk County, Va., which position he has held

ever since. Was a member of the House of Delegates of the Virginia General Assembly, session of 1912. Was married in 1912.

PRICE, WILSON H., Hamlet, N. C.

PROCTOR, JAMES D., A.B. Class of 1905, Lumberton, N. C.—After graduating at Wake Forest he entered the University of North Carolina, studied law, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court at the August, 1906, examination; began practice at once in Lumberton, in the offices of McIntyre & Lawrence—his father's old firm—and continued until November 1, 1907, when he was admitted to that firm and the name changed to McIntyre, Lawrence & Proctor and so continues to the present. Was married October 26, 1910, to Miss Sarah May Kernodle, of Graham, N. C., and has two children, both girls. Is a member of the First Baptist Church of Lumberton and has been its treasurer since October, 1909; is a Mason, member of Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity and has held the following offices and appointments: On Governor Kitchin's staff, 1909-1913; alderman and mayor *pro tem* of Lumberton since 1912; trustee of the University of North Carolina since 1913.

SANDERS, JAMES R., Jonesboro, N. C.—Was engaged in teaching school for the first three years after leaving College. Since that time he has been farming at Jonesboro, Lee County.

STAFFORD, WILLIAM W., Elizabeth City, N. C.—Deceased.

SWINDELL, FREDERICK DUDLEY, Wilson, N. C.—Received B.L. in class of 1905; studied in Professor Gulley's law class during summer and was licensed to practice by the Supreme Court in August, 1905; began the practice of law in Wilson the same year. In 1907 he became a member of the firm of Aycock, Daniels & Swindell. When Governor Aycock moved to Raleigh he withdrew from the partnership, leaving C. C. Daniels and F. D. Swindell; in 1913 C. C. Daniels accepted a position with the Department of Justice, leaving F. D. Swindell as successor to the firm. Married Miss Frederica Leake of Richmond, November 24, 1909. She died August, 1913. Has one child, F. D., Jr. Solicitor of the County Court of Wilson County, county attorney of Wilson County.

TURNER, EUGENE A., Hangchow, China.—Mr. Turner came to Tech in September, 1907, as secretary of our College Y. M. C. A. In his quiet, unobtrusive way he soon made his presence felt in the student body, and with rare tact, patience, and perseverance he continued his work until he had gained the love and admiration of everyone connected with the School, students and faculty alike. He joined the Kappa Sigma Fraternity in 1909. He was a leading factor in the organization and development of the Glee Club, the band, the Dramatic Club, and the Literary Society. Of course Mr. Turner's special work was in connection with the Y. M. C. A., which he made the leading College Association of my knowledge. His splendid development of the Association made an adequate building a necessity, and I used this fact as the most effective influence in securing from Mr. Rockefeller \$50,000 of the \$75,000 needed for the building. Mr. Turner was active in assisting us to secure the balance of \$25,000, which has given us our present splendid Y. M. C. A. plant and equipment. The *Annual* of 1914 was dedicated to Mr. Turner. I can only add in brief that I have never known a more consecrated, devoted, or effective worker with college students than Gene Turner. Georgia Tech is under a lasting debt of obligation and gratitude to him and his memory will always be kept green here. When he left us in September, 1913, to go as a Foreign Missionary to China, he left a void which will be most difficult to supply. I have known few men who are his equal. As you doubtless know, Mr. Turner is now located with the Y. M. C. A. Foreign Department, Hangchow, China.

H. G. MATHESON,

Atlanta, Ga.

President Georgia School of Technology.

VERNON, JOHN H., Burlington, N. C.—Was licensed as an attorney in 1906 and has practiced with success in Burlington, N. C., since that time. Was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, 1909-'10-'11, teacher of the Baraca Class 1908 to 1914, Superintendent of Sunday School, 1914, chairman of the Board of Deacons, 1909-'14, and member of Mount Zion Association Executive Committee, 1913-'14. He has served as chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Alamance County and as attorney for the town of Burlington and Alamance County since 1913. District Deputy Grand Master of the Masonic Order for the twenty-first district of North Carolina, 1914. Served his county as member of the General Assembly of 1915.

VERNON, T. L., Hobgood, N. C.—In 1905 and 1906 was associational missionary in Tar River Association, located at Tarboro, N. C.;

1907-'09 pastor Stoney Creek church, Nash County, and Principal of Dortch's Academy, Nash County. Since 1910 associational missionary in Roanoke Association, located at Hobgood, N. C. In 1911-'12 was teacher in Hobgood Public School In 1912-'13-'14 was Clerk and Treasurer of Roanoke Association. Married June 26, 1907, to Miss Norma Hicks, Edgecombe County. Two children, boys.

WYATT, WILLIAM L., Raleigh, N. C.—Immediately upon leaving College he entered into the mercantile business, in which he is at present engaged. April 1, 1907, was admitted as junior partner of the firm of Job P. Wyatt & Son, dealers in agricultural implements. January 1, 1911, Job P. Wyatt & Sons Company was incorporated and he was elected treasurer, which position he held until the death of his father, Mr. Job P. Wyatt, in August, 1911, when he was elected to succeed him as president of the company. Is a director of the Merchants National Bank, Mutual Building and Loan Association, and one of the governing board of the Associated Charities. Is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Raleigh Rotary Club, and other business organizations. He was married June 30, 1914, to Miss Lullie B. Marshall, of Raleigh, N. C.

YOKELEY, SAMUEL H., M.D., Buena Vista, Va.—Graduated in Class of 1904 and received his M.A. degree in Class of 1905, of Wake Forest College. Received his M.D. degree from Pennsylvania Medical College in 1908. Is a member of the firm of Divers & Yokeley, practicing physicians, Buena Vista, Va.

TO A DEPARTED MINSTREL

I. T. J.

We're missing something, Mister Minstrel Man,
There seems a hush of all our jollity;
Our laughter ceases, as there comes to us
An emptiness where your fun used to be.

Across the footlights oft you've smiled at us
And we laughed back forgetting all our cares;
Our hearts, they blessed you, Mister Minstrel Man,
That's why we're sadder now,—and moved to tears.

We heard that you had left us and for aye,
That we'd respond with laughs to you no more;
But yet we're thinking, Mister Minstrel Man,
Your spirit smiles from its adopted shore.

Beyond the footlights of eternity,
They bade you welcome to the other side.
Because you made glad hearts where'er you went
And never caused a tear until you died.

OUR MISSING LEGAL LINK

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

In discussing our missing legal link, I do not wish to term the Constitution of the United States as an "out-grown document" as it is sometimes called. I cannot say that any blame can be directly attached to our Congressmen and Senators as a whole, or that any serious defects can be found in our present system of government. But there is one fact which the people are beginning to realize, and that is, that there is in our system, or in the way that this is carried out by the men who hold the reins of our government, a missing link.

That is, our laws have failed to change with changing conditions, and have not been adapted to our complex industrial, social, and economic demands.

When the honored fathers framed the Constitution of the United States they wrote the greatest document of its kind that has ever been produced in the minds of men. It included the principles set forth in the reforms of Solon, the Justinian code, and the wonderful Roman laws. But the conditions under which we now live; and the conditions under which those laws were made are as entirely different as if they had not existed in the same country, while with comparatively few amendments, the Constitution stands as it was.

There is a growing interdependence among us. The average American today relies on someone else to invest his savings, to nurse his sick, to teach his children, and to butcher his pig. But this interdependent manner of life opens doors to the wicked, and sets snares for the weak; it puts us, as it were, at one another's mercy. The tendency of the present social and industrial system is to lose sight of the individual,

and thus, if he chooses to do so, he can commit all manner of crime, hiding behind his corporation, his profession, or his union.

The simple laws which were laid down years ago for the regulation of the relation of master and servant no longer apply to the conditions. For now the average employer or corporation for whom a great number of our laborers work employ from fifty to five thousand employees. The laborer no longer knows his employer or the employer his workman. Thus men are used as machinery "to get results." As an outcome of this we have labor and capital pitted against each other, in a fierce scheming struggle, each striving for supremacy in control of industry. In the form of labor unions and employers associations; each planning to outwit, drive, and defraud the other.

A house divided against itself cannot stand, and if there is anything that will disrupt society, it is the separation of labor and capital, and the creating of a spirit of antagonism between the two great factors upon which the vast structures of the nation's industry rest.

The average laborer today, finds himself caught in an industrial system which is heartless. The labor unions on the one side, and the employers on the other, dictate to him how, when and where he shall work, how much he shall do and what he shall receive for it. These organizations make a man an industrial slave, and force him to do an unwelcome task in order to provide bread for his family.

Society is at a crucial stage. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant labor, and the concocter of soothing syrup for drugging babies to death stands a pillar in society. The petty shop-lifter is donned with stripes, while the stealer of a franchise is still honored. Our present system has produced dozens of millionaires and multi-millionaires, but it has produced thousands, and tens

of thousands of paupers and poverty-stricken men, women, and children.

Over ninety per cent of the wealth today is in the hands of one per cent of the people. There are seventy-six men in the United States who hold over a thousand directorships, and are said by high authority to control over one hundred of the greatest railroad, industrial, and banking corporations with a capital stock of over one-fifth of the national wealth. One man in New York is found to be director on forty-two railroads, and many others are directors on as many as thirty or forty corporations and the mandates of these directors are "to get results," whether it be by child labor or corrupt legislation. The tax-protected infant industries of a few years ago, are today the gigantic corporations that sap the life from our nation and laugh at our attempts to curtail their influence. Yet legislation is strangely silent.

And what is the condition of the people while this has happened? The majority of the people have been lulled to sleep and while they slept in the belief that human life and property were safe, a silken cord was woven which embraced all the financial interests of the country. Thus the few have been enthroned over vast kingdoms of wealth. Statistics show that today, of our ninety million of population, two million are in actual poverty and want, and have not enough to eat and wear, and that five millions more would be made beggars by the slightest calamity. While this is in a day of prosperity and plenty, if a panic should come what would be the result?

"Oh," but says the magnate, "the poor you have with you always." But it is not the will of the divine Creator that eight millions of his beings in the United States should live in such poverty that their higher beings are long since gone, that cannot see a broader vision of life, but are sensible only

to hunger, thirst and passion, and their children inheritors of nothing but poverty and vice.

Sixty years ago this liberty-loving country was stained by the slavery of the Negro in the South, but our Northern brethren were champions of his cause, and this evil was wiped out in blood. The flower of the manhood of both the North and South was spent in the cause. Yet how many of our own Anglo-Saxon race are today in industrial bondage, whose surroundings are more injurious, whose servitude is more degrading, whose bondage is more galling, and whose fetters are stronger than were the Negro's, and no man lifts a hand in their behalf.

Those of the Old World who grow tired of regal oppression and tyranny, and whose hearts, beating for a broader freedom, cross the ocean that they may find homes in a land whose constitution provides that every man shall follow his own inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; they find that the sacred souvenirs of American liberty have been desecrated by sacreligious hands and that individual liberty clothed in the shoddy fabric of wealth has been sentenced to death.

We are prone to think these conditions foreign, and remote from us here in the South, but they draw nearer and nearer around us each day. We have here in North Carolina noted philanthropists, who give their thousands and tens of thousands to endow our colleges, who donate vast sums to missions while the newspapers circulate their fame. But these papers forget to tell you that every one of these dollars is stained with the red blood mark of a human soul, they forget to tell you that they were won over the aching hearts and sunken eyes of thousands of factory worn men, women and children, or by multitudes of cigarette fiends and nicotine wrecks.

And what is the attitude of society toward these crushers

of humanity and amassers of wealth? We lift our hats as they pass. Such a one Ross says "Stands having his loins girt about with religiosity, and having on the breast-plate of respectability. His feet are shod with ostentatious philanthropy, and his head encased in a helmet of eagle-spread patriotism. Holding in his left hand the buckler of worldly success, and in his right the sword of influence is able to withstand in the evil day, and having "done all" to stand.

When once the pocketbook interest has twined itself about the evil, the wreckage of child life has to be mountainous, ghastly and sickening before legislation can be stirred to the point of breaking the employer's grasp on the throat of legislation.

But the sons of America are rousing themselves from this temporary sleep into which they have been lulled and are beginning to supply the missing link. These wrongs which have been maintained and perpetuated by all the machinery of modern conspiracy, have had a temporary triumph and right has been put in prison; but the spirit of justice which shall be as eternal as humanity itself has repeated its demands until we will uproot the system that has threatened our republic.

I believe if we could glance into the future for a century, we would see that our statutes had been so changed and multiplied, that legislation was at last adapted to the varying needs of our complex economic, social, and industrial demands, and that the United States was offering a haven of rest to men of every blood, and every race, who loved liberty and who sought it.

IBSEN'S INTRODUCTION OF "THE NEW WOMAN"

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

Modern drama is indebted very considerably to Henrik Ibsen's play, "A Doll's House." In the matter of technique, it is a departure in a marked degree from anything which preceded it and the precursor of the dramatic revolution which has occurred since its publication in 1879. Though it has provided a very heated discussion and much hostile criticism, what it has done for modern drama in the introduction of naturalness, unity, and a logical ending, whether happy or unhappy, makes its merit from a literary standpoint unquestionable.

The theme of the play centers about the character of its heroine, Nora. And in presenting her, Ibsen introduces "the new woman." He very cleverly brings about a dramatic situation which leads to the awakening of Nora and the forming of her resolution to leave her husband, who treats her as a plaything, and develop her individuality outside the stifling atmosphere of her home.

But let us see what is meant by the term "the new woman," as typified by Ibsen's Nora. I do not believe that Ibsen intended to introduce a species rebellious against all authority. He did heartily advocate woman's right to develop her individuality. But the fact that he had no patience with later Ibsenists, who would have woman vacate her place in the home and invade spheres for which she is not physically fitted, shows that his advocacy of woman's rights went so far and no further. No doubt but that he was displeased with such so-called Ibsen Clubs as the one satirized by Bernard Shaw in "The Philanderer," in which membership could only be obtained by the applicant certifying that she was

not a womanly woman. Perhaps Nora's statement made to her husband just before her departure sums up Ibsen's belief in woman's rights: "I believe that *before all else* I am a reasonable human being."

Now in order to understand Nora, it is necessary to have some insight into the character of Torvald, her husband. He regarded his wife as his toy, his plaything, his doll. He has never during the eight years of their married life consulted her about anything. He has never had a serious conversation with her. She has been his little squirrel to chirp for him of evenings; his fairy to dance for him at social gatherings; but never his companion and helpmeet. And when he learns that Nora has really done something on her own initiative, and that on account of her inexperience and ignorance it is a violation of the law and likely to bring trouble to him, he is aroused to unreasonable anger. But as soon as the threat of exposure is withdrawn, he is the personification of forgiveness:

"There is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife . . . she has in a way become both the wife and child to him. So you shall be for me after this, my little scared, helpless darling."

With such a man as this for a husband, Nora has existed for eight years. She has had no opportunity to develop her individuality, to learn of the world that lay beyond the walls of her home. No wonder that she refuses to believe in the strange statutes of that world, statutes that to her undeveloped mind are as barriers to the performance of a wife's and a daughter's loving duty. Her awakening is a shock to her. She sees things in a different light. She sees her home in its true aspect,—a playroom.

But Nora shows that she has potential character. She makes up her mind to act, to go out and learn of this world with which she has hitherto been unacquainted, to attain

that development of which she has been robbed. Though she must leave home and husband and children, she acts calmly and with the clear conviction that it is the only road open to her.

There has been much discussion as to whether it was necessary for Nora to leave her home in order to obtain the development she desired after her awakening. But there is no other way out of the situation Ibsen has created. A reconciliation with her husband, though it would have been pleasing to those persons who demand happy endings, would have been illogical, and the play would not have become the forerunner of a new era in drama.

A word more about "the new woman." It is impossible to say how many of Nora's sisters have found themselves in a similar situation. Perhaps Ibsen was striking at a real problem. Perhaps his play has had much to do with the uprising among women within the last few years; or this uprising may have been the inevitable result of existing conditions, dependent upon no pioneer to blaze the way. At any rate, "the new woman" is a very prominent figure on the world's stage at present. She is entering the professions, preferring earning her own livelihood to dependency. She is demanding the ballot in tones that the nations have already heard and are beginning to heed.

This "new woman" is also occupying a prominent place in contemporaneous literature. Mr. Galsworthy's play, *The Fugitive*, deals with a situation somewhat similar to that in "A Doll's House." But the ending of this play is tragic. Mr. Wells has written a novel, "Ann Veronica," the heroine of which rebels against dependency upon her father, joins the suffragettes, gets in jail, falls in love—and lives happily ever afterwards. The theme is a very popular one for both plays and novels.

Nearly all movements go to extremes. The movement for

woman's rights is no exception. Some women will make themselves ridiculous and the sincere among them suffer because of the antics of cranks. But woman's part in the world's affairs is becoming greater and greater. The Noras are obtaining development. The Torvalds are having their eyes opened.

Ideals are rarely realized. But without ideals there is no progress. And perhaps the time will come when men and women will live together as equals and companions. There will be no double standard of morals when that time comes. There will be no "playrooms" as excuses for homes, no dolls for wives. Woman will not be compelled to leave her proper sphere, the home, seeking for development. But she will be acquainted with the world beyond the walls of her home, an intelligent companion for her husband, his counsellor as well as his comforter. Was not that Ibsen's ideal? Should it not be ours?

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

L. ST. CLAIR.

"Ma, may I go to see Johnnie," asked Sammy as he stuck his head in at the half open door.

"Naw, you ain't got to be taking up with them Browns every Sunday evening like you been doing," answered Mrs. Wilkins. "I've done told you that more'n once but it looks like you don't remember it," she continued. "You'll be goin to that pond with them and gettin' drowned first thing I know."

"Naw'm I won't," pleaded Sammy. "Please let me go, I won't stay long."

"Well, if you won't stay long and don't go to any pond or creek I reckon you can go today, but I want you to remember it's your last trip." This was the usual answer.

"If you don't mind me I'll whip you 'til you can't set," was the final challenge.

"Let's go to Brodie's pond, boys," said Johnnie, with unusual enthusiasm after the "gang" had grown tired of throwing at lizards on the rails of the old pasture fence, which was one of their favorite Sunday afternoon sports.

"Yes, do," spoke up Pete while the rest except Sammy readily consented to the plan. Sammy argued against it and even proposed that he would not go with them, but it was of no use. A few taunts of "Mamma's baby" and "coward," and solemn promises not to tell decided the matter and they were soon off for the pond.

As luck would have it they found an empty boat which was not securely fastened. It was a flat bottomed, home-made affair and was muddy and uninviting, but that didn't matter, it was a boat and they were boys so it was soon in use. Sammy lingered behind the rest, for, as a matter of fact,

he had never been on a boat of that particular kind. However, the usual threats and taunts did their work and Sammy was soon seated in the middle of the boat, holding on to the seat with both hands.

The muddy looking water, the rocking boat, the laughter of the boys and remembrance of his mother's threat, all went to make Sammy uncomfortable, but Sammy was a hero and he survived the ordeal. The novelty of the situation began to wear off and he felt more at ease. The occasional splash of a frightened frog from the banks which were not very far apart mixed in with the splashing of the paddles and the laughter of the boys soon made him forget that he was scared and that he was disobeying his mother.

They were now nearing an old tree on the bank where they had agreed to turn around and go back down the pond. The water was muddy but the pond was not so broad here. Johnnie and Pete were both paddling, one on each side of the boat, each trying to out-paddle the other and thus turn the direction of the boat toward the other side.

Sammy was just volunteering to help paddle on their return trip down the pond when, bump! the front end of the boat struck a snag, slid up on it with one end, pitching the occupants of the boat forward and causing the rear end to dip into the water. All were frightened but Sammy worst of all. He could not swim. Already he was giving himself up for lost. All sorts of things passed through his mind but more vivid than the rest was the remembrance of his mother and the promise which he had broken. As the rear end of the boat sank the other end slid back off the snag and struck something solid. It was solid earth. The water was only four feet deep. Already most of the boys were out of the boat and in a few minutes all were safe on the bank.

Although the hot sun soon did its work of drying out the boys' clothes the muddy water had left its marks and Sammy

remembered very distinctly a certain bush growing near his mother's back door, famed for its limber switches. It was a case of a whipping any way he figured it if caught, so Sammy decided to fight it out on the "not guilty" side. An attempt to escape notice was unsuccessful.

"Where have you been, Samuel?" asked his mother with a stern countenance and a firm voice.

"Ma, I ain't been nowhere but to Johnnie's," was the answer.

"Why are you muddy, then?"

"Ma, I only got in a ditch catching crawfish and tadpoles."

His mother was touched at this frank confession of guilt and very soberly she said, "Samuel, I ought to whip you for getting into that ditch and getting your clothes muddy, but since you have told me the truth I am not going to punish you this time."

The story of the *Hatchet and the Cherry Tree* was again told over and coupled to it was expressed the earnest desire that Samuel might yet be the second "Father of his Country."

FEMININE CAPES

W. B. SINCLAIR

When Sweet Sixteen began her sail,
She held the love of all;
Her charming grace could never fail
But victims toward her call.
Cape Flatt'ry is her station now,
Engrossed in mirth and joy;
While hosts of men before her bow,
No cares or ills annoy.

Elated by her past success,
She seeks for other beaux;
At only twenty, fair, and sweet,
To Cape Good Hope she goes.
A slight decline her number shows,
Though aims and hopes are high;
Her charming power weaker grows,
But yet no cause to sigh.

Annoyed by haunts of days gone by,
Perplexed and tossed about;
At twenty-five with downcast eye,
She steers for Cape Lookout.
Cycles roll on and so must she,
One score and ten appear;
Then she again puts out to sea,
And anchors at Cape Fear.

She yearns once more for former years,
In deep regret baptised;
Amid her woes, and griefs, and tears,
She thus soliloquised:

“Once I held firm the eyes of men
With methods all my own ;
I was both young and lovely then,
But now I’ve older grown.

“I slighted Tom; and flattered Jim;
Set Bill ’most raving mad;
And there is Joe, I lied to him;
Alas! but now I’m sad.
But yet there’s hope, I *will* be spied,
My former love I’ll tell—”
Just then the Captain loudly cried;
“All off, for Cape Farewell!”



CLAUDE C. CASHWELL, PH.D.
Business Manager

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

C. C. CASHWELL.

New occasions teach new duties,
 Time makes ancient good uncouth,
 They must upward still, and onward,
 Who would keep abreast of truth.
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires,
 We ourselves must pilgrims be;
 Launch our Mayflower and steer
 Boldly through the desperate winter's sea,
 Nor attempt the future's portal with
 The past's blood-rusted key. —Lowell.

When we assume the grave responsibility of determining whether or not capital punishment should be abolished, there are at least three potent factors we must carefully study and associate, and from the study of these factors submit an unbiased or unprejudiced finding. The three objects I have in mind are, first, the criminal, who perpetrates the offence; second, the member or members of society against whom the offence is directly committed; third, the remainder of society, who though perhaps not directly affected, sustain such an awful shock that their progress is materially weakened.

Before dealing with the subject according to the above classification let us examine into the accepted theory and definition of crime; also the evolution of the punishment imposed in the United States and foreign countries. Dr. Douglass Morrison, in his introduction to the English translation of Prof. Enrico Ferri's "Criminal Psychology," says "Crime is a product of the adverse individual and social conditions of the community as a whole, and the only effective way of grappling with it is to do away, so far as possible, with the causes from which it springs." Dr. Samuel George Smith, in his "Social Pathology," says that "Crime is abnormal

conduct, and the man who commits a crime is by so much an abnormal man."

The criminal, then, is an abnormal person, and crime is a disease with which society has to contend. Indeed the whole responsibility of dealing with this disease is left in the hands of society or the State. The all important question at once arises, how shall we deal with the criminal? Will the continuance of a custom which demands the principles at least expressed by the *lex talionis* theory—"an eye for an eye," "a tooth for a tooth," yea, even a life for a life, and quite frequently in actual practice, a life for an arm, be followed, or shall we direct and enact legislation toward saner views brought to light by sociological and psychological investigation, and place the criminal as he really is an abnormal minded human being, and deal with him with humanitarian reformatory methods? Are the civilized, sympathetic, christianized people of America to continue the abominable practice of inhuman barbaric customs?

It is contended by the supporters of capital punishment that it had its origin in the time of Moses, that it was incorporated in the Mosaic Code, that it was stamped with approval by God himself, and they cite various passages of scripture to uphold this contention (Gen. ix:6; Num. xxxv:31; Ex. xxi:14; II Kings ii:5; vi:31-33; II Sam. xxi:1-14). They overlook the fact that the old Mosaic Code, and the ancient customs and relations were superceded by a stronger force than coercion. Christ brought love. He taught and practiced love and compassion. It was His parting message that His disciples should go forth preaching the same doctrine (Matt. 5:38-48; 7:1-12).

Since the days of Christ there has been a growing tendency away from capital punishment. In His day, and the days of Paul the Apostle, most awful deaths were inflicted. There were cold-blooded murders committed by infuriated

mobs in the name of the law; many innocent of any crime were hanged to the cruel cross, were scourged to death, were maltreated in the worst conceivable methods.

In the time of George III there were as many as two hundred crimes on the statute books of England punishable with death. In the earlier stages of our own government there were a considerable number of offences punishable with death. We read with horror of the inconceivable atrocities of the alleged crime of witchcraft which were perpetrated on the innocent in Massachusetts in the earlier Colonial days. Out of all this we view with just pride the saner legislation which has brought about the reduction of these almost innumerable petty offences to only a few of the graver ones in most of the states of our country, and in four states, Michigan (1847), Wisconsin (1853), Maine (1876), and Washington (1913), it has been dubbed inconsistent with humane principles, and the penalty of death has been totally abolished, except in the State of Michigan it is still retained for treason. In Alaska, Arizona, Kansas, New Jersey, Mississippi, Montana, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, and South Dakota it is retained for treason and murder only; in Colorado Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Nevada, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Wyoming it is retained for murder only. Of the last group Minnesota abolished in 1911 the death penalty for murder in the first degree. Some of the states that hold to the death penalty provide for an optional verdict of death or life imprisonment; thus the death penalty is seldom inflicted in these states,—as in the State of Kansas.

The growing tendency away from capital punishment in foreign countries is shown by the following data: Belgium, no execution since 1863; Finland, no execution since 1824; Holland, no execution since 1860, abolished by statute in

1870; Italy, abolished in Tuscany as far back as 1786, abolished for all crimes in 1888; Norway, abolished 1905; Portugal, abolished in 1867; Rumania, abolished in 1864; Russia, abolished in 1750, but according to a Home Office Return in England in 1907 the death penalty is abolished, except in cases where the lives of the emperor, empress, or heir to the throne are concerned; Spain, death penalty is rarely imposed; Switzerland, abolished in 1874; in 1879 each Canton was empowered to restore the death penalty for offences in its territory. Seven out of twenty-two cantons restored the death penalty, but there are no cases in which it has been imposed.

Out of all these states and countries that have tried the abolition of capital punishment in whole or in part there are none to which those of perverse attitudes can point out as examples of failures in any degree except possibly Switzerland. But what of the overwhelming evidence brought to us from the remaining numerous sources? Possibly the conditions in Switzerland did not warrant at that time the total abolition of the death penalty.

Why punishment of any kind? As society grows more dense and complex there is an ever conspicuous increasing interdependence among its members. Rights and privileges have to be sacrificed on the altar of advanced civilization. Now even nations separated by thousands of miles of water are more dependent on each other than small hamlets or towns were an hundred years ago. This growing interdependence forces the study of the welfare of the individual more than ever. There are innumerable regulations that are highly imperative now that would have been laughed at an hundred years ago. Some sort of punishment is essential for the protection of society. Too, the object of punishment is to remind the criminal of his duty to society as one of its members. Then, too, it is necessary for the deterrent effect on the others who are criminally inclined.

Coming back now to the criminal as an abnormal minded diseased person, should society's sole aim be to mete punishment to him in proportion to the offence he has committed, or should he be dealt with as a diseased person? A person brought up in the slums, taught by a father who is a drunkard to swear and curse and steal, has never been taught the first principles of decency, in the midst of vice he has lived all his days; he commits a crime, murders some one; is brought before the bars of justice, and there he is sentenced to the electric chair. Perhaps he is not more than twenty-five years old. Is he to be held absolutely responsible for this awful culmination of his wicked life? In many cases the first prayer he ever heard, the first scripture he ever read, the first words from the lips of any one concerning his soul, came through the good offices of the prison chaplain. He is fed on corn bread and water for a few days, then is led to his death chamber. There he is ushered into an unknown world to meet an unknown God. Quite often they go to the death chamber with a lie on their lips, hoping to arouse the sympathy of tender-hearted governors and secure a pardon or reprieve.) Finally when the commissioned executioner is about to touch the fatal button he gives an open confession of the whole affair. Behind him he is leaving probably a broken-hearted wife with two or three little children, who shall ever remember their wayward father with shame and blush to hear his name.

It would be more in accordance with the divine law for this man to be dealt with by reformatory methods. When he is arrested let him be brought before the court and questioned concerning his past environment, for after all environment has more to do toward shaping a man's character than does heredity. Let the examination extend not only to his own life, but go back to that of his people before him, and as far as possible of his constant associates as well. Was his

father a criminal before him? Was his father, or grandfather addicted to the drink habit? Find out if possible his weakest traits of character, then class him or put him in the grade in a reformatory prison which the information gathered from him demands. Vocational training may be given the better class of criminals. (I mean by the better class those who have committed a crime in the heat of passion or who have been led astray by lust or desire.) Of course quite a number should be made to feel the power of the strong arm of the law and forced to do hard labor, but even these could be given a limited amount of social recreation.

Concerning those against whom an offense has been committed little need be said. It is clearly evident that even in the most atrocious crimes can the killing of the criminal in any way appease the broken-hearted relatives and friends of the person who has been seriously injured, disgraced or murdered, unless probably the spirit of revenge which lurks within them is to a degree satisfied. Must murder be justified by revenge? Which to a fair minded person is better, for the criminal to be himself murdered at the hands of the State, or that he be given a chance under strict surveillance of the government to live down those terrible evil tendencies of which he is possessed and show to the world he can be a man? This should be more gratifying to the bereaved ones than to feel that the offender has been ushered into another world unprepared to meet his God.

There is a third and still greater factor to be given serious consideration—the public or society. The elimination of the criminal minded person is clearly in the interest of this important group. But has the killing of criminals materially reduced the number born into the world? Has it been effective as a deterrent force with respect to the would-be criminals? Statistics, as I have been able to gather, do not show that it has in either case. Can it be possible then that

society, too, is seeking revenge? If the fear of death has a deterrent effect on the criminals who fill the calendar year after year, why do the number of criminals increase annually? Almost daily we read of the execution of a criminal, yet the very next day, or possibly in the same paper, we read of more than one horrible crime committed almost simultaneous with the execution. The results gathered from time immemorial substantiate the contention that the present method of capital punishment has been and still is a failure, for crimes have been continually on the increase.

The death penalty has been a failure as a deterrent force. Life imprisonment will be little better unless the criminal is to be treated other than as a brute. In our hospitals for the insane and feeble minded we have the very best men of scientific experience, but when a warden for a prison is needed, or a jailor for our larger jails, we take men in many instances who have had little or no experience as a handler of men. Men for such places should as far as possible be students of penology, sociology, and psychology; they should know something of the influence suggestion, environment and heredity have on the individual.

To stem the tide of crime attention must be given to its source. To delay dealing with the criminal until he has been lured by sin to commit an awful deed is but a sin of omission on the part of the government. The government should inquire into the conditions of the slums of our cities; the legislation relating to the sanitary conditions of country, town and city; the employment of women and children. The children should be reprimanded for their lawless tendencies, and taught peace and order. Back in the home the criminal germ is planted. Let the seed or germ grow up to full manhood or womanhood without cultured care, without being told of the responsibility of a human life, without having that great love exemplified in Christ brought home to them, and these

trees of life, with the sap of the criminal in them, will grow up crooked, scared, beaten and torn, presenting only a shadow of a life, when they might be forces for good if given the proper pruning in the days of their youth.

A recent investigation in Pennsylvania in a district stretching over an area of about 100 square miles in the north-eastern part of the State,—one of the fairest regions of the State—discloses the fact that the ratio of children born of abnormal mothers is 7 to each woman, while the ratio of children born of normal mothers is 2.9 to each woman. This would suggest that degislation restricting the marriage of abnormal women and men should be of material benefit in reducing the ever increasing number of criminal minded persons, for if they are not born they certainly cannot be a menace to the remainder of society.

The subject of capital punishment and its relation to society and to the individuals immediately concerned is worthy of all the consideration obtainable through sympathy, compassion, and the role of humane principles. Its total abolition is in accordance with all these, and even goes further in that the value of human soul is increased by the act of the government. Ancient and medieval barbaric, inhuman customs give way to principles of truth, love, and hope. It has not helped the criminal, it has not acted as a deterrent force in preventing the culmination in some atrocious crime the criminal spark in others. Then why not be humane and abolish forever the nauseous practice?

The following letter was left by three inmates of Sing Sing who wished to make an appeal for the passage of the bill now before the New York State legislature abolishing the death penalty:

The three undersigned men, doomed to die in the early morning of February 26, in the death-chamber of Sing Sing, make this appeal from the brink of the grave.

Are you, as members of this commonwealth, justified in taking human life because we did? Did two wrongs ever make a right?

We make this appeal to you not so much to save our lives, but because our ignominious death strikes beyond the grave and will bring sorrow, woe and care to those near and dear to us, and who will suffer most by our untimely end.

Picture this! Think of this!

Then, if you can, by word and pen demand from your representative at Albany that capital punishment, this relic of ancient times, this stain on humanity, be wiped from the statute books.

If we believe that our slaughter would act as a deterrent to future murders we would willingly render up our lives to society, if it would erase from human nature the causes which tended to our crime.

Can you recall a single instance in all your life where the horror of the death penalty stayed the hand of a murderer? We know we never gave it a thought.

Murder is mostly the result of two great human passions, that of uncontrollable and insane jealousy or a devouring anger roused by the demon drink, both of which so blur the human mind for the instant as to make the person temporarily insane. Jealousy and anger, roused by drink, were the cause of the tragedies in which we three men were involved.

In conclusion, we offer up our prayers that you will not cast us aside into utter darkness by disregarding our plea from the shadows of the grave.

We admit our sins to God and pray for forgiveness at the hands of our brothers and the Almighty.

ROBERT KANE.

OSCAR VOGT.

VINCENGO COMPONELLI.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE

P. E. DOWNS.

It is not my purpose to tell the story of "Evangeline" as depicted by Longfellow, but I do propose as far as possible with facts and legendary material to give the historical background and sources of the poem. In order to get the historical background and setting, we are relying upon Gayarre's "History of Louisiana," not that there is any conclusive evidence that he used it at all, but because it represents the scenes and actions of the Acadians from the time of their settlement in Acadia or Nova Scotia until they were banished from it, practically in the same manner in which Longfellow represents them in "Evangeline."

The Acadians were living in a province that Sebastian Cabot had discovered, yet the English had made no attempt towards colonizing it. In order to remain these peasants had sworn to England that they would be neutral in all matters of disturbance when Great Britain was involved, but those on disputed territory violated their agreement of neutrality by openly siding with the French when war broke out between France and England. The majority of these according to Williamson's "History of Maine," dwelt about Annapolis, Chignecto, Bay Verte, the Basin of Minas, Cobscook Bay, and in that vicinity, and more still, they were frugal, industrious, and strongly attached to the French interest and Catholic religion.

When the British authorities saw the indissoluble attachment of the Acadians, or *French neutrals*, to their parent nation they determined to disperse them among their colonies in America, where they would be unable to unite for any appreciable defensive measures. Without knowing their destiny, they were summoned to meet in their chapel Sep-

tember 5, 1755, to hear their doom. There at Grand Pre assembled 1923 persons, aged and young, whom General Winslow met, and after censuring them for their disloyal conduct, said: "I now declare to you his Majesty's orders. Know then, that your lands, tenements, cattle, live stock of all kinds, are forfeited to the Crown, with all other effects of yours, excepting your money and household goods, which you will be allowed to carry with you; and that yourselves and families are to be removed from this province to places suiting his Majesty's pleasure; and in the meantime, to remain in custody, under the inspection and control of the troops I have the honor to command. In a word I now declare you all the King's prisoners." Upon this announcement many fled to the forest and remained until hunger drove them back, when they were seized and dispersed.

The summons were disobeyed in Cumberland; hence, they resorted to severe measures, and at this place, 253 of their houses were set on fire at one time. Owing to the fact that these Acadian settlements were too widely extended to admit a complete subjection, only 7,000 were collected at this time and scattered among the several British colonies. On September 10, 1755, one hundred and sixty-one young men, taken from the prisoners belonging to the district of Minas, were driven under military guard on board of five transports, stationed in the River Gaspereaux. The road leading from the chapel to the shore was one mile in length and along it were the women and children, who amid deep heart-broken sighs were uttering farewell to the dejected prisoners as they marched along slowly and with reluctant steps, who too, were weeping, praying, and singing hymns as they passed. Next in order were the old men, who passed through the same heart-rending scene of sorrow and distress. When other vessels arrived their wives and children were carried away.

The *French neutrals* were scattered over all America, from

Newfoundland to the Southern Savannas, and as a result, were supported for the most part as paupers. During ten years of wandering they kept their eyes steadily fixed on Louisiana, especially that which belonged to the French, and during this time the population of that portion of Louisiana was increased by a considerable emigration from the Illinois districts, which had been ceded to the English, and from the province of Acadia.

Thus far we have seen the condition of these French peasants as Gayarre represents them in his "History of Louisiana." Now let us turn our attention to the legendary features as presented in Skinner's "Myth and Legend of Our Own Land." This you will observe is just as interesting as the poem itself, because it brings the whole scene vividly before your eyes, even if it is classed as *myth* and *legend*.

The occupants of the Acadian land were happy, living in peace, and were entitled to call themselves Acadians, because they made their land Acady. The seizure of the country now known as Nova Scotia by the English and the transportation of these people through their colonies, oftentimes separating husband and wife, parent and children perhaps, may be classed as one of the most cruel events of history. Upon the ruins of prosperity and peace was set the cross of St. George. Furthermore, on the shore of the Basin of Minas can be traced the foundations of many homes that were perforce deserted at that time, and among them are the ruins of Grand Pre.

Here lived Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse, who were betrothed with the usual rejoicings just before the coming of the English. They had expected, when their people were arrested, to be sent away together; but most of the men were kept under guard, and Gabriel was at sea, bound neither he nor she knew whither, when Evangeline

found herself alone in her father's house, for grief and excitement had been more than her aged parent could bear.

In their dispersion, Evangeline was taken only to New England; but all lands were drear without Gabriel and she set out in search for him, working here and there, sometimes looking timidly at the headstones of new made graves, and then traveling on. Once she heard that he was a "*Coureur des bois*" in the lowlands of Louisiana; but those of his people who kept near her were inclined to jest at her faith and urged her to marry Leblanc, the notary's son, who truly loved her. To these she would reply, "I cannot."

Down the Ohio and Mississippi she went—on a raft—in company with those who were seeking the French settlements, where the manners and customs of life recalled Acadia. They found it on the banks of the Teche, and on the day that Gabriel set out upon his northern journey in search for Evangeline, they reached his home. Evangeline in company with the priest, who had been her attendant in a year of sorrow turned back in pursuit of Gabriel, and for weary months, over prairie and through forest, skirting mountain and morass, going freely among the savages, they followed vain clues, and at last arrived in Philadelphia. Now broken in spirit, she became a minister of mercy, and in the black robe of a nun went about with comforts to the sick and poor. There was at this time a pestilence sweeping through the city, and those who had no friends nor attendants were taken to the almshouse, whither, as her way was, Evangeline went on a soft Sabbath morning to calm the fevered and brighten the hearts of the dying.

Some of the patients of the day before were gone and new ones were in their places. Suddenly she turned white and sank on her knees at a bedside, with a cry of "Gabriel, my beloved!" breathed into the ears of a prematurely aged man who lay gasping in death before her. He came out of his

stupor, slowly, and tried to utter her name. She drew his head to her bosom, kissed him, and for one moment they were happy; but he suddenly sank into darkness, and once more pressing the lifeless head to her bosom she uttered, "Father, I thank thee!"

All critics agree that Hawthorne gave him permission to use a subject which he had been thinking about writing some prose tale on. One day while Hawthorne and his friend, H. L. Connolly were dining with Longfellow at the Craige House, Hawthorne told him the story upon which the poem is based. The story appears in Hawthorne's "Note Book" thus:

H. L. C.—Heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day all the men in the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled they were all seized and shipped off, to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise.

Volume two of his "Life" verifies the following: That this story as it appears in Hawthorne's "Note Book," and its suitability for a romance or poem was discussed at the table, and while they were dining, Connolly made the statement, that he had been trying in vain to induce Hawthorne to write a story upon the incident, which Mrs. Haliburton had told him about these two betrothed lovers, who had been separated in the dispersion of the Acadians. Hawthorne declared: "That he had no inclination for it, and did not believe he could make anything out of it," but Longfellow was so impressed by it, and saw in it the germ of a pathetic idyl that he said to his friend: "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem." Thereupon Hawthorne gave his consent, and out of this grew "Evangeline"—whose heroine at first was called Gabrielle.

According to a statement made by a correspondent of the *New York Times*, Longfellow was attracted by a large building one day while he was walking down Spruce Street, Philadelphia, with beautiful trees forming an enclosure for it. He continued this walk until he came to the gate, and there he stopped, because the lawn, flowerbeds, and shades seemed to attract his attention then, and more still, this must have left a lasting impression upon him, for he says: "When I came to write 'Evangeline,' I located the final scenes, the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death at this poor-house, and the burial in an old Catholic graveyard not far away which I found by chance in another of my walks." Furthermore, he declares that he got the climax of "Evangeline" from this and says: "The incident Mr. Hawthorne's friend gave me, and my visit to the poorhouse in Philadelphia gave me the ground work of the poem."

The scenery is beautiful, yet it is surprising to know that Longfellow himself never visited either the Acadian Valley or the Mississippi. Its beauty has often been described, and the poet, who was so well acquainted with similar landscapes in Maine found no trouble in painting an attractive one for his charming story. He seems to have obtained part of his conception of the Mississippi from scenic representations that were exhibited in Boston at the time he was writing the poem. Furthermore, according to letters published in the *New York Times* (February and March, 1905), he obtained from Edouard Simon a description of the country along the Mississippi and where they settled. Since he was reading with enthusiasm Chateaubriand's description of America at the time he began to write "Evangeline," perhaps he received some inspiration from this; especially of the primeval forest and the country along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, in "Atala, Rene, and Voyages."

Had he been writing a history, he would no doubt have

gone to Nova Scotia to become more acquainted with the situation, but since he was only engaged in writing a poem, a tale of love and constancy all that was necessary, was a slight historical background.

For the latter part of the poem according to his own statement made on January 7, 1847, he used Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia" and the "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania," also Derby's "Geographical Description of Louisiana." These he used so far as facts and local coloring go, but for the form of the poetry he had to use his own brain.

The treatment of the Acadians might have furnished some strenuous poet with the material for a tragedy, but Longfellow was desirous of making an idyl out of it, and his sweet heroine as well as the other well drawn characters deserve to have their acquaintance made. The descriptive power displayed and faculty of narration even if he gathered this by reading and other sources is worthy of praise. Furthermore, it is a great work of art. The pulse of humanity throbs warmly through it, also, as seen in the characters of Basil the blacksmith, the old notary public, Benedict Bellefontaine, and good Father Felician. Then the beautiful Evangeline, loving and faithful unto death, is a heroine worthy of any poet.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

E. F. CULLOM.

The Red Cross Society has an opportunity for service today that it has never had before. While the nations of Europe seem bent on taking human life, it is a pleasure to realize that the different Red Cross societies have their representatives among all the armies of Europe, trying to aid the wounded.

It is quite a coincidence that the eve of the greatest modern war, should be the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Geneva Convention, which was the beginning of the International Red Cross movement. This movement came as the result of an agitation by a gentleman whose name was M. Jean Henri Dunant, of Geneva. M. Dunant was present at the battle of Solferino, which occurred on June 24, 1859. He was very much impressed by the great amount of sickness and suffering, and the insufficient number of medical corps. In the battle of Solferino, about 16,000 French and Sardinian soldiers, and 20,000 Austrian soldiers, were either killed, or lay wounded and disabled on the battle field. For days the sick and wounded had to lie where they had fallen, many of them waiting for help which came too late. Those that were able, would crawl off to any possible shelter. This situation aroused M. Dunant and in 1862 he brought out his book, "Un Souvenir de Solferino," in which he portrayed vividly the unnecessary suffering at Solferino, and suggested that an organization be started which should have for its object, the preparation in time of peace, for the alleviation of suffering during war. M. Dunant's book met with the approval of the people, and the Genevan Society of Public Utility began a movement which resulted in an international convention in 1863.

At this convention were present the delegates of sixteen nations. A provisional programme was adopted which forms the background of the society as it is today. On August 22, 1864, these delegates met again in Geneva, and the Geneva convention was signed by fourteen of the delegates. In the Geneva convention, no direct provision was made for the Red Cross societies, but they were made possible. It provided that every nation which ratified the convention, should have a national committee or society of its own, and should have authority to send out the surgical corps. Geneva was made the center of the international movement, and is today. A red cross on a white ground was adopted as the international emblem of the society. This was selected out of compliment to the Swiss republic, because the real originator of the movement was a Swiss, and all of the organization had been done in Switzerland. The flag of Switzerland is a white cross on a red ground, therefore the committee adopted the opposite of this as their emblem—the red cross on a white ground. The Swiss may well be proud that such an organization as this, was started in their country.

A red cross is worn on the arm of all those connected with the movement, or those in its service. This is ample protection for anyone, as every government is required to observe the strict neutrality of the Red Cross organization. The red cross is a symbol of mercy in war, and under its flag, ships, doctors, nurses, and supplies are free from molestation. The laws are very strict concerning the desecration of the Red Cross flag, and only those who are really a part of the organization are allowed to carry it. Nevertheless, this neutrality is sometimes violated, as has already been done in the present war.

The United States was not among the fourteen nations that originally signed the Geneva convention. Although she had a delegate at the convention, he did not sign it. In

1881, the American Red Cross Society was founded, with Miss Clara Barton as president. Miss Barton gave her whole life to the movement, and was the one person who set it on its feet in America. In 1905, the movement was re-organized in America and was incorporated by Congress. The President of the United States is always the President of the American Red Cross Society. The governors of the states are chairmen of committees for their respective states.

When the movement was first started in Switzerland it had only one object, and that was, to alleviate sickness and suffering in time of war. When Miss Barton introduced the organization into America, she also introduced a new object into the whole movement. She suggested that not only should the movement be ready for action in time of war, but that it should extend its services to those stricken by fire, famine, flood, mine disasters, or any great calamity. This suggestion met with the hearty approval of the committee at Geneva, and was immediately adopted as an international issue.

While there has been no great war every year the Red Cross workers have found opportunity for service, either in some fire-swept city or in a flood district, but especially in the latter. The American Red Cross afforded much help to the sufferers from the Michigan fires of 1881, to those exposed to the Florida Yellow Fever in 1888, the victims of the Johnstown flood of 1889, and the Galveston tidal wave of 1900. In 1913 the victims in the Ohio flood district were ably assisted by the Red Cross workers.

The times of service rendered by the Red Cross corps are innumerable, but that organization faces today, in the war-ridden countries of Europe, the greatest task which it has ever met. On Labor Day of 1914, the ship Red Cross, with a large red cross on each funnel, and a broad band of red around the white body of the ship, swung clear of her dock in East River, and sailed out with a crew made up wholly of

Americans. There were on board, thirty physicians and 125 nurses, besides a good supply of medical equipment. This was the first Red Cross ship ever sent out from the United States. Without a doubt, these nurses and doctors have already ministered to many of the suffering on the battle fields of Europe.

Some people seem to think that the Red Cross Society is composed largely of untrained women, but it is not. There are many applications for membership received that have to be refused, for the Red Cross wants, and uses, only the best trained and experienced workers. It has been said by authorities, that perhaps half of the graduate nurses of the country could not qualify for the Red Cross register. The organization requires at least two years of active experience, and wants women who go into the work with a real zest for it. There are about 5,000 Red Cross nurses in the United States today, ready to be called to duty at any time. These nurses are all skilled in handling diseases and battling with death, and know how to use anything that is at hand, for their equipment.

In time of peace, the Red Cross nurses are either working at local needs, or going about their daily business. But always, wherever they may be, they are ready to come at a moment's warning to go into a stricken territory.

The Red Cross Christmas Seals are a phase of the work with which almost every one is familiar. These seals are put on sale all over the country at Christmas time each year, and the proceeds are used to care for those afflicted with tuberculosis. The pain of many a consumptive has been lessened by the selling of these Christmas Seals. In the last five years, approximately \$1,400,000 has been raised for the anti-tuberculosis campaign, by the selling of Christmas Seals.

The most beautiful thing in the whole Red Cross organization, is the spirit of the Red Cross nurse herself, who is

so nobly unselfish and willing to risk her life for the sake of her fellowmen. While they are neutral, some of them are nevertheless killed by the stray bullet. When a woman joins the Red Cross organization it means that she is trained—she is willing to work on the battle field for half pay if necessary, and is ready to come at the call of her commander.

In joining the Red Cross Society a woman leaves many privileges, all to minister to the wants of others. While she leaves these privileges behind, still she has the privilege of serving, and this is one of the greatest in the world. These women are nothing less than heroines and as such deserve the praise and admiration of the whole world. When the Red Cross nurse comes face to face with death, as she has so often seen him meet others, she can look back over a life of service, and know that her life has counted for something. Of such a woman as this, it may be truly said:

"Her life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in her, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a saint.'"

AUNT MARTHA'S LITTLE GIRL

IRA T. JOHNSTON.

The light of the camp-fire was growing dimmer. The only sound which broke the silence was the horses chewing at their fodder behind the wagons; for all of us had exhausted our supply of funny stories; and the laughter, hearty and spontaneous at first, had entirely ceased.

Suddenly a sigh from Joe Wood caused all eyes to turn toward him. He knocked the ashes from his cob pipe and pulled thoughtfully at his slightly grizzled mustache.

"What you thinkin' about, Joe?" someone volunteered. "Can't you rip us off another funny yarn before we turn in?"

"Not thinkin' of nothin' in particular," he replied slowly. "No, I don't think of any more jokes just now."

"Perhaps you've fallen in love today," I suggested banteringly. "I saw that golden-haired lassie up at Mill Fork easting sheep's eyes at you as you stopped to water the horses."

"No, Tom," he replied, "I'm too old for love."

"Say, Joe," Jim Taylor put in, "have you ever been in love in all your life?"

Joe heaved another sigh. I was almost ready to rebuke Jim for his good-natured question, as Joe seemed to take it so seriously. But I had started the subject of love; so I remained silent.

"Boys," Joe began at last, "I did like a little gal once. I've never told anybody about it. I never even told her, and it's too late now. But I've been thinkin' about her tonight. Somehow the light of this fire and the stillness all around and the stars up above gits me to feelin' different somehow."

Every man was all attention by now. Joe was a good talker.

"No," he went on, "I never told her about it. I'm a good mind to tell you boys her story. Maybe it'll relieve my feelin's so's I can sleep tonight."

"Go on, Joe!" we urged in unison.

"Well, boys, I've got no part in the story myself. I might have had, but—. Well, it's all past and gone now. I guess you boys never did see Uncle John and Aunt Martha Nichols that lived over on Ham's Creek where I used to live. There never was a cleverer, more accommodatin' couple ever lived. Never did a neighbor git turned away empty-handed if he axed them for anything they had.

"Well, Uncle John's youngest sister and her husband both died one summer with typhoid fever, and left one child, a little gal. Uncle John and Aunt Martha at once took the little gal to raise. I was a boy about half-grown at the time; and I was always runnin' over to Uncle John's. He liked to talk so well that he talked to me just like I was grown; and that made me like to talk to him.

"This little girl soon got to be the apple of Uncle John's eye and of Aunt Martha's, too. I never did see people so fond of even their own child. She was a pretty little trick, with big blue eyes and yellow hair, and such a sweet smile—I can see that smile yit sometimes. Whenever company was there, no odds if it was only me, Uncle John and Aunt Martha—everybody called them that—would make much of little Maggie. Uncle John would say, 'Now you're Uncle John's little girl, ain't you, honey?' And Aunt Martha would say, 'No, you're not, honey. You're Aunt Martha's little girl, ain't you?'

"But little Maggie never would say anything when they were both present. She would only smile that sweet smile of her's and look from one to the other. Sometimes when Aunt Martha would be gone to the spring, she would cuddle up close to Uncle John, and when he'd say 'You're Uncle John's

little girl, ain't you?' she'd rub her soft cheek against his beardy face and say, 'Yes,' very softly. And then when Uncle John would go out to feed, and Aunt Martha would say, 'Now you're Aunt Martha's little girl, ain't you, honey?' she'd jump up in her lap and kiss her and say, 'Yes, Aunt Martha.' But she never would say nothin' before them both.

"Before you'd have thought about it, Maggie was grown, and you never did see a prettier girl. Her eyes had got bluer and they looked like the sky on a warm June day. Her hair was darker; and it was wavy, almost curly. She never could keep it done up. But it made her look all the prettier with a few stray strands fallin' over her face, and Uncle John and Aunt Martha seemed to grow fonder and fonder of her until they could hardly bear for her to be out of their sight.

"About this time, a stranger come into the Ham's Creek parts. He was a fruit-tree agent. He got to makin' Uncle John's his headquarters; and Maggie and him was together a lot. I didn't like it, for I didn't like his looks one bit. But I didn't say a thing. I wish I had. This fruit-tree agent went dressed up better than anybody in the neighborhood. And before long, it looked to me like Maggie was gettin' to be fond of him.

"I never have knowed how it happened. I don't know whether anybody knows but that agent himself. And I don't care if he's past knowin' by now. But one day him and Maggie was missin'. Somebody had seen him come in toward Uncle John's with two horses. Uncle John and Aunt Martha had gone over to Jim Jones' to see a sick child, and when they got back the agent and Maggie was gone. I happened to be passin' about the time they got back.

"Uncle John was the maddest man I ever seen. Aunt Martha was takin' on just like she'd die. Somebody had told 'em about the agent and the horses and they'd guessed

the truth at once. And Uncle John was swearin' vengeance. He got his double-barreled shot-gun and swore he'd kill the agent just as quick as he laid eyes on him. He got his horse ready to foller them. He axed me if I'd go with him, and I went.

"We rode hard for a long ways. A few people we met told us they had seen 'em. And 'way 'long towards sunset, we got in sight of 'em away over on Tucker's ridge. And before long we overtook 'em. Uncle John was still in a rage. And he jerked his gun to his shoullder and takin' aim at the agent, fired both barrels. But about the time he fired, his horse jumped a little so that he missed. Maggie's horse jumped at the report of the gun and off she went down a steep bank below the road. The agent rode on as fast as he could.

"Maggie must have fell on her head. She hardly moved. And when we picked her up, she was dead. Uncle Ben put her on his horse in front of him; and we rode back. His face was as white as a sheet, and he never said a single word on that long ride back home. I never want to have such a ride as that again. It was the dreadfulest experience I've ever had.

"I can hardly remember what happened when we got back to Uncle John's. I remember Aunt Martha's takin' on, and me tryin' to explain what had happened. Uncle John didn't say a word. I helped him carry Maggie into the house and into her room. Then Uncle John went into the next room and fell across the bed. I started out to go to let the neighbors know.

"When I got into the yard, I stopped and listened. I couldn't hear anything of Uncle John at all. But Aunt Martha was still takin' on. And I can't tell you, boys, how I felt."

Joe paused. The fire had gone out. There came the

wavering screech of an owl from somewhere, through the darkness. A shiver seemed to run through the crowd. Then Joe went on in a trembling voice:

“That’s about all the story, boys. It certainly is a sad one. And I’ll tell you, I don’t know how Uncle John felt about Maggie that night. But one thing makes me know that Aunt Martha’s heart was loyal to her. For I heard Aunt Martha git up. I stepped back and looked through the window. She went over to the door and looked into the room where Uncle John was for a minute. Then she went back to where Maggie was lyin’ and throwin’ herself on her knees by the bed, she put her arms around Maggie and in the same tender voice I’d heard her use so often she said, ‘You are, ain’t you, honey? Yes, you are now! Aunt Martha’s little girl!’”



ENNIS P. WHITLEY, Esq.
Assistant Business Manager

ON A JUNE MORNING

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

The baying hounds at early morn.
The dew that sparkles on the corn,
The singing birds in all the trees,
The silent whisper of summer's breeze,

The cattle wending slow their way
In meadows green to spend the day,
The farmer whistling his merry tune—
All go to show 'tis a morning in June.

Yes, a morning in June, how rare, how sweet!
With daisies and violets under our feet,
All nature in harmony: a glorious scene
From the sky of blue, to the fields of green.

While thus we sit: we breathe a prayer
For the beauty and loveliness everywhere;
For each sun-kissed brook, for each grassy vale,
For each shady nook, for each wooded dale,

For flowers that bloom, for birds that sing,
For love, for life, for everything—
While all things around, above,
Whisper in unison: God is love.

A LEGAL CAREER

(For the Benefit of Wake Forest Lambs.)

ARTHUR D. GORE, 1911.

I was once a Lamb, but I am not going to tell you what I am now. When at Wake Forest during the years 1907 to 1911 I passed through only two periods—I was a Freshman and a Law Student. I received an M.A. degree and passed the Bar both in the last year there. It pays to stand examinations every chance you get, especially before the Supreme Court, it is such a relief after you have flunked under your English I and Latin I professors! A fellow who succeeds in either of those courses is amply fit for duty as a Turkish spy in the German Army (with reference to his ability to answer unearthly questions).

A fellow who has passed the Bar of his grand old State rightly merits the name of Lamb during the first months thereafter. He is so ignorant, so intolerably innocent, such an impossible and unaccountable person! I had one of those lucid intervals and saw myself as Dr. (then Prof.) N. Y. Gulley must have seen me; and thereupon I scurried about and scraped up enough ready cash to matriculate at Columbia University. That was daybreak for the Lamb and I was amid green pastures and beside the still waters of the greatest legal opportunity of my life of preparation! I hope I may so describe my stay of two and a half years there that it will be an irresistible inducement to some of you to go there, too. Shall I tell you about it?

If you do not know how "green" and timid and untraveled I was at that time, I will not bother to tell you, but it was deplorable. It was the 27th of September, 1911, twelve days after the straw hat season there in New York. But I didn't know it. I trunked all my belongings, including a two-year-

old derby hat, and donned a straw, and with a suit-case about the size of a 10-pound tobacco box, and an umbrella strapped to it, I shot up the B. & O. from Washington to my destination and spilled myself out among the seething mob under the Pennsylvania Station, and stood with mouth agape like a young mockingbird before its eyes open, when you disturb the nest. Follow me carefully, Mr. Lamb, for if you have never been in a large city it may do your chronic doubts some good to take the tonic of my experiences. I had never been in a city of any mentionable size before, nor so far away from home without a friend to console me. But that only made me grip my precious suit-case the more affectionately. A red-capped station porter's trained eye for distressed green-horns appreciated my situation, and seized my suit-case, asking me where I wanted to go at the same moment, and plunged into the mob ascending the stairway as though I might have been a lion and he the prey. It was his usual way of doing business, but I thought he was one of those oft-heard-of New York crooks, and so I put one hand on my purse and parted the crowd with the other and led him a hot chase until we reached the ground floor of the station, where he stopped and told me where I wanted to go (for I certainly couldn't tell him myself!), and bowed for his tip expectantly. I gave him a dime and congratulated myself that I had been so generous. You do not have to obey the hackmen at the curbing of the Pennsylvania Station. Please bear that in mind. I did though; and after I had been shut in, the goggle-eyed Dago in charge asked me where I wanted to go. I told him to take me to Columbia University. "Dat ess fife or soex milsce; I taket yous to da soob-vay." And away we went for about four blocks, as well as I remember, and there he told me I owed him a dollar, and accepting it with a most gracious gesture, he pointed downward towards a sheltered stairway leading, it seemed to me, into the abode of

Pluto, or into Dante's Inferno. I have told you that in those days I was a Lamb. Well, I had one characteristic—meekness: I trembled down those stairs, praying, for it was night, and I did not know a soul nor where I was descending to nor going to end my journey. But it is a good plan to follow the crowd when you are lost. I followed the crowd. One old fat fellow bought a tiny blue ticket at a window and tossed it into a glass box with a handle protruding from it, which was presided over by a uniformed negro. I did likewise, and stepped inside the engineless train of steel cars that shot up aside the platform, and thereupon I inquired of a fellow standing between the cars, who operated the sliding doors, where Columbia University was. "Ye'll hear me chiming out the number," he replied through his hawk-beak nose. "What number?" I said, somewhat out-witted. "One-sixteen," he grinned, looking askance at my straw and little suit-case. Soon he opened the door at Grand Central, then at Seventy-two, and Ninety-six, and somewhere I changed for a local train that stopped at One-sixteen, where I saw white-and-blue walls with Columbia University in big white letters thereon. "Struck bottom at last!" I exclaimed inwardly and exultantly, as I stepped off and ascended the stairway to the busy street once more, where the noise and lights were in a pleasant way more disconcerting than the smothered roar and news-reading mob in the under-surface train. Now to make a long story short, I met a dudish fellow on the steps of the University Library a few minutes after emerging from below the surface, and asked where Earl Hall was. He was a student there in the Law School I learned afterwards, but he walked all around the Library by way of Kent Hall, Avery Hall and the Gymnasium and back almost to the steps again before we found Earl Hall. I have heard of men living in a mile of the ocean and not seeing it for five years at a time, and of others living in five miles of

the Mammoth Cave and never once visiting it in a life-time, but I doubt if there are any so ignorant of the geography of their surroundings as not to know after a year's time so simple a thing as what he was trying to show me. In an hour thereafter, I had rented a bedroom on 114th street at an apartment house by the fantastic name of St. Orimand. I would tell you some outrageous jokes on myself during my stay there with the crowded-for-space owner, but I must hasten to the real object of this narrative. But in passing I hesitate long enough to add that enough of the laughable overtook me during four months there, to stir you to smiles once a day for the rest of 1915.

Columbia University is a dumping ground for two extreme classes of young men: the poor, eager aspirant, and the rich, impassive fellow. Of course there are exceptions, but you will be right to expect to find it divided into these two when you go there. If you are one of those exceptions, you can find elbow-room among non-attendants of the University; or else affiliate yourself with one of the aforesaid classes. It matters not in which class you line up, you might as well get ready to work. Let me make you a ratio so you may know what to expect when you matriculate there. This: Any course you may take at college is to any course you may take at Columbia, as long division is to analytical geometry or as your A B C's are to Dr. Paschal's Latin Course. If any of you Lambs contemplate taking law there after passing the State Bar Examination, you might just as well haul out your big 42 centimeter guns, the biggest you have, for the fort is impregnable without them. I do not want you to judge your probable difficulties by what mine were; it may be that you are a genius, and can devour a book's insides at a gulp like a frog swallowing a fly. But if not, then measure yourself by one who struggled up the pathway of legal knowledge like Bruce's spider spinning his web.

"What will a LL.B. there be worth?" did you say? Nothing to the man who would not be a man without it; much indeed to him who would rise like truth, though crushed to earth. I did not get any degree; and sometimes I try to coax myself into the belief that poverty is a blessing in disguise to some of us. Hard knocks whet and solidify, if they do not destroy. Deprivation provides, if it fails to perish its object.

Now what is my last hint to the Wake Forest Lambs? I shall make no direct command. If you can get anything out of what I shall presently tell you that I did after having had the foregoing experience, which will be of any help to you in whatever course you have planned or may plan, then all well.

I left the University at the age of twenty-seven, free from vice and unmentionable habits, and at this writing I have not during my life been intoxicated, and have never used tobacco in any form. It is not because I have never been tempted, nor desired to, but because I knew a sound mind could exist easier in a sound body; but chief among my reasons for it is the fact that it is all I can do to maintain an average sanity in this little scrawny, dried-up body even while it is absolutely free of all unduly taxing and questionable stimulating habits of life.

Honesty by all means, truthfulness on every occasion, perseverance incessantly, preparation for any emergency, and the habit of dreaming beautiful things for yourself, will inevitably make your aims high, your heart brave; and if you will only be patient with these, it matters not whether you have a fog-horn voice and Webster's brain and Goliath stature, or a voice like a vibrant splinter on an old fence rail, and look like the attenuated figure of a grandchild of Ichabod Crane and Rip Van Winkle, *you will win.*

TWILIGHT SLEEP

G. D. ROWE.

(Read before the William Edgar Marshall Memorial Medical Society of Wake Forest College.)

During the past year the reading public of our country has been presented with a number of unscientific, and to a certain extent, unscrupulous articles portraying only one phase of a new obstetrical method by which a woman may be relieved of much of the pain generally suffered in labor, or parturition. This popular journalism has given the subject an undue prominence in the minds of the laity and furnished material for the practice of quacks. "Twilight Sleep" has come to be a widely used term for a slightly used method, which, while offering advantages in labor, is not something to which women can look for relief of pain in all cases of childbirth.

Twilight Sleep is a definite mental and physical condition into which a woman is put by scopalamine and morphine administered in the special Gauss manner so that she may bear her child almost painlessly. This method was worked out by Steinbuechel in 1902. It was investigated, used slightly and discarded as unsatisfactory by the obstetricians of this country a few years later, and finally perfected during the last two years by Kronig and Gauss after several years work and treatment of about eight thousand cases of labor. If the University of Baden and its Frauenklinik, or Maternity Hospital, are famous for nothing else they are famous for the manner in which Kronig and Gauss have caused both secular and professional eyes to be centered there as the home of Twilight Sleep. To that hospital several thousand women from all parts of the globe have gone seeking painless labor, and some have returned for the second and third treatments.

The main drug used in Twilight Sleep is scopolamine, which is almost identical with hyoscine—both being members of the belladonna family. It is a powerful hypnotic; puts the patient to sleep; depresses the higher functions of the brain, such as memory; affects the heart only slightly, but depresses the respiration strongly. It is a dangerous drug to use, for often it is unstable and does not act uniformly. Even the stable preparations do not act toward all persons alike, nor toward the same person always in the same manner; and, also, there is no way to stop its action when it is acting badly. Scopolamine is one of the oldest drugs on record. Occurring in the "wine of "mandragora," made from the mandragora root, it was the first anesthetic used by the Greeks in surgery, and it was this solution which Friar Lawrence gave the beautiful Juliet for a sleeping potion with such good intentions, but with such sad results. Morphine or narcophine is the second drug. Both act alike in overcoming pain and causing sleep.

The technique in producing Twilight Sleep is as important a factor in the success of the method as is the drug used. When the labor pains come on regularly in about five-minute intervals the first dose is given, consisting of 1-130th grain of scopolamine and 1-7th grain of morphine; three-fourths of an hour later a second dose is given; and at the same interval again a third dose. In fifteen minutes a familiar object is shown the patient; fifteen minutes later it is again shown her. If she remembers having seen it she needs some more scopolamine-morphine, of which doses containing 1-400th grain of scopolamine and 1-12th grain of morphine are given every forty-five minutes until she does not remember familiar objects shown her or words spoken.

This mental test is possibly the most important single point in the technique, for this is the only method of determining when enough of the drug has been administered, and

it is highly essential not to give too much. After the Twilight Sleep state has been produced the small dose, 1-400th grain scopolamine and 1-12th grain morphine, is administered every one and one-half hours until the child is delivered. Should labor really begin before the proper condition has been reached, a small amount of ether must be used.

In connection with this technique there are four conditions absolutely necessary for success:

1. The physician must be an expert obstetrician.
2. After the first injection he must give his entire time to the patient until the child is delivered.
3. The scopolamine must be a stable preparation.
4. The environment must be as quiet as possible, with very little light and no visitors. An exclusive hospital is the ideal place.

When a woman is in labor in the Twilight Sleep condition she is not conscious of pain. Pain is suffered; she may even struggle and cry out as a result of it, but she retains no recollection of it afterward. She can take orders from attendants, but she will remember nothing of them. All muscle action seems to be reflex, no sensations going to the brain. In this condition the patient furnishes practically as much muscular effort as in normal labor and delivers the child in from four to twelve hours from the time the first dose is given. In from three to four hours later the woman regains her normal condition, and often asks when the baby will be born, not realizing that the child has already been delivered. Then the nurse brings in the new one already dressed and tagged with its mother's name, in order to prevent it being mixed with the numerous babies handled daily in the Frauenklinik.

In regard to the results of this treatment on the woman the largest reports come from the Freiburg Hospital, which is managed personally by Kronig and Gauss. They report

that forceps are used less frequently than in normal labor; that the after effects of the physical and nervous shocks are not present; that the patient leaves her room sooner than after the ordinary labor case; that there are fewer cervical and perineal lacerations; and that there are fewer still-born children than is the case with the normal labor. The secretion of milk is not interfered with.

The child is the one to bear the brunt of the case, and the main danger lies in asphyxiation from the drug which it receives from the mother's circulation. But by carefully noticing the child's heart action, from the time it can be felt until it is breathing naturally, this danger can be obviated. In about fifteen per cent of the cases the child is born with oligopnea or opnea—impaired respiration. Various methods of slapping, hot and cold applications, and artificial respiration soon bring about normal breathing. In ordinary labor the child cries immediately on being brought into the air, as a result of the decreased pressure and changed temperature of the new environment. This crying aids in establishing respiration. In oligopnea produced by scopolamine the young one emits the initial shriek and then the drug does its work in retarding respiration. However, even though the infant seems to be in greater danger from the Twilight Sleep method than the mother, the average mortality for the first year among children delivered in this manner is less than among those delivered by the normal method.

Professional opinions of the value of Twilight Sleep and of its possibilities for general use in this country vary widely.

Dr. A. G. Brenizer, of Charlotte, N. C., states, "With a very small amount of ether it is a veritable God-send in surgery on those with bad lungs, heart, or kidneys, and to women in labor."

Most of the American reports come from the New York hospitals. Brodhead, of the Post Graduate Hospital, says,

"This is still in the experimental stage; it may be of inestimable value, but it can be used in but a limited per cent of cases." Of 101 cases at Gouveneur Hospital, 89 children cried spontaneously, eight had oligopnea, and forceps had to be used on seven.

Rongy, reporting on 220 cases at the Jewish Maternity and Lebanon hospitals, states, "Pain diminished; period lengthened; hemorrhage average; perineal lacerations lessened, the average being twenty per cent with scopalamine and forty-five per cent without. Fifteen per cent were oligopneic temporarily. Six of the 220 babies died; five from other causes, and one from an overdose of narcophine. This one had a transposition of the viscus which likely hastened death." Many other writers speak favorably of it for hospital practice.

The opposition comes from men occupying what we may consider the most prominent medical places of our country. But it may be noted that this opposition came before scopalamine was put on the market in stable preparations, and it came as a result of cases in which the Gauss technique was not rigidly followed. Vaughan, President of the American Medical Society; Green, of Harvard; Williams, of Hopkins; Hirst, of Pennsylvania; and Lee, of Northwestern, all state, "The method is dangerous to the mother and child; it is uncertain and inferior to other methods of relieving pain, and Berlin, Munich, Heidelberg and Vienna, have tried and abandoned the method."

In conclusion, it can be noted that the women who have tried this method seem satisfied; many go back for the second and third deliveries. The use of the method in this country is growing. There has been recently organized in New York a society of women who have tried this method and who want to let other women know of its advantages. They propose to boycott all physicians who will not adminis-

ter scopolamine-morphine in labor cases. There has been and is still much opposition to it because of results obtained by poor technique and unstable drugs.

A beneficial social result may spring from the use of this method, in that the number of children in the so-called higher class families may be increased. There seems to be an opinion that high-strung women in high social circles are afraid of the pains of labor, and they avoid them by not bearing children. One doctor states that some have inquired of him facts about this new method and have decided to bear children since it can be done practically painlessly.

Lastly, Twilight Sleep can hardly be used in general practice—no physician can afford to spend from five to twelve hours to the exclusion of his regular patients. The treatment must be given in a hospital, and, as the patient must be kept quiet she cannot be treated in a ward. Therefore, only those who can afford a private room in a hospital can hope to use Twilight Sleep successfully. Scopolamine-morphine anesthesia, or "Twilight Sleep," seems to offer some advantages for a limited number of prospective mothers, but it is not a "cure-all" which can be used for all labor cases indiscriminately.



IRA T. JOHNSTON, Ec.
Editor-in-Chief

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MAY, 1915.

No. 8.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. T. JOHNSTON, Editor

Victory
Wake Forest has again demonstrated her ability to cope with her rivals in the realm of debate. On Friday night, April 2, while one Wake Forest team was winning from the strong team from Richmond College on the "home ground," another Wake Forest team was winning a victory at Richmond. The debat-

ers who have won these victories are, in the words of President Poteat, entitled to "the thanks and the appreciation of the faculty, student body, alumni and friends of the College." And these they have received in full measure.

Not so very long ago, when Wake Forest lost a debate, held in what may be considered the enemy's territory and by the close vote of three to two, we seem to remember having heard something about the "pulseless dust," *et cetera*. We also heard some laments that there were no more Browns, Collinses, and Pruettes to hold aloft the standard of old Wake Forest. May we remind those friends of ours that there has been a sort of stirring in the dust, if dust indeed it were; and may we point to the achievement of our debaters on Friday night before Easter as evidence that the departed great need not be ashamed of those left in charge of the eternal standard?

A resolution has passed the literary societies declaring for some sort of recognition for those making our intercollegiate debating teams. This is a step that should have been taken long ago. Our athletic heroes have had "W's" given them for a long time. Those who toil in the wee sma' hours, preparing themselves to hold up Wake Forest's debating record, should be given equal recognition.

We do not say that there has been too much emphasis on athletics and athletic achievement. THE STUDENT is an enthusiastic advocate and supporter of athletics. But we contend that the student body as well as those in authority should throw their strong support to our debating teams and that those who make these teams should be awarded some emblem of recognition, lest we lose our prestige in the forum while we are endeavoring to win an established place in the realm of athletics. There is plenty of room for both athletics and debating; there is no reason why Wake Forest should not excel in both. So let's keep the balance even.

**Alumni
Reunions**

We desire to call attention to the article in this issue on the Class of 1905, which class is to hold a reunion at this Commencement.

THE STUDENT is delighted to aid in this movement for class reunions; and we hope that the other classes which have not already arranged to have reunions in the near future will follow the excellent example of the class of 1905. These reunions will not only keep the alumni closer to their alma mater, but will keep them closer to each other in the renewal and strengthening of some of life's dearest friendships. They will make ageing hearts young again. The Wake Forest family, already so large and so loyal, will be brought into still closer union.

**College Men
Without Money**

We have on our table an interesting and valuable volume by Mr. C. B. Riddle, an undergraduate at Elon College. The title is:

"College Men Without Money." Mr. Riddle, while working his own way through college has compiled the lives of eminent men who worked their way through college to success; and as a result we have a book full of guidance and inspiration to the many young men and women in the country without any means of obtaining an education. The book has a two-fold value: a theoretical value in that it is full of inspiration; a practical value in that it is full of suggestions to the young man or young woman who is willing to work.

C. A. M.

And Now

We lay down the pen. Not joyfully, either; for it means the severing of relations that have been most pleasant. But our labors are ended.

We have endeavored during the past year to keep the college magazine up to the high standard of former years. Now, friends of ours, how well we have succeeded is for you to say.

We will not say that we have done our best; for do we not

all fail often to put our best into what we are doing? But we have worked; and now—your verdict, if you wish!

And not because it is customary, but because the writer feels it all and feels it deeply, we desire to express our appreciation to those who have labored with us. In the beginning of the year, the two editors-in-chief agreed to take the two departments allotted to them alternately. This arrangement has been entirely satisfactory. And each month we have aided each other in the collecting and arranging of material. It has been a genuine pleasure to work with such a man as our co-laborer. And our relations will always be a pleasant memory.

Our business manager's faithfulness could not have been greater. He is a live wire; and besides, he is congenial in work as well as in play. The success of the magazine this year has been due in no small degree to his loyal and efficient management.

The other members of the staff have done their work well. They have always been ready to lend their aid when it has been necessary.

In fact, the whole staff have done team work throughout the year. Our relations have bound us closer together in the bonds of friendship; and the writer severs his relation with the STUDENT staff of 1914-'15 with a keen feeling of reluctance and with a hearty "God speed!" to every man on it.

To the faculty editor, too, we desire to tender our sincerest appreciation. His interest in and loyalty to the STUDENT, so steadfast throughout the years, has been shown on all occasions throughout this year. Under his supervision, the future of the magazine is secure.

To our contributors and to all who have aided us, we extend our cordial thanks.

And now for those who follow us, we wish a pleasant and successful year for 1915-'16. With this wish we lay down the pen.

THE OPEN SHELF

MRS. E. T. CRITTENDEN, Librarian

What a place to be in is an old library. It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. * * * I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odor of their old moth-scented covering is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.—*Charles Lamb, Essays of Elia.*

A new department in *THE STUDENT*, you exclaim! Book talk, when one is altogether weary of cramming for the last examinations before Commencement, and of hunting up references for that nightmare of a thesis!

Surely, now that mockingbirds sing, and May flowers bloom, one would prefer to find "books in the running brooks." Yet despite all this we are dedicating today *The Open Shelf*.

Not a "six-foot shelf," if you please, but only a little space set aside for the discussion of books, old and new.

Do you realize what riches are hid in the quiet room in the heart of the Heck-Williams Building? Has it ever occurred to you that here you may find the open sesame to all that inspires and ennobles life?

This being the last issue of *THE STUDENT* for the session of 1914-'15, we must greet you and say farewell in one breath.

To you, men of the graduating class, the Library bids a reluctant adieu. Yet, though now you must face the stern realities of life, if you have learned, during your College days, to walk with the poets in Arcady, you will know where to find refreshment when the light of your spirit burns low. If you carry with you into the world some conception of what

good literature means, your College course has not been in vain.

For you, Seniors and Juniors and Sophomores, aye, and Freshmen-to-be, there is a message. When you come back to Wake Forest in September bring with you the resolve to make the most of the College Library.

In September you may find on this Open Shelf some suggestions as to what books may mean to you.

But that's another story!

A MOTHER'S LOVE

V. E. DUNCAN.

A mother's love is a fruitful tree
 That passing years cannot destroy.
 The child is loved,
 Passing through youth,
 Till he becomes a romping boy.
 Tho' thru time the boy may wander,
 And sin through all the years,
 Yet the mother heart
 Forgives the dart,
 O'erflowing with painful tears.

A mother's love is the greatest gift
 God ever gave to man.

'Tis his strength, his life,
 Thru sunshine and strife,
 His soul is in her hand.
 I would rather have a mother's love
 Than the world and all its gold,
 For 'tis staunch and true
 As the heaven's own blue,
 'Tis the love that never grows old.



CHAS. A. MOSELEY, Pui.
Editor-in-Chief

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. A. MOSELEY, Editor

The boys and girls from Oxford Orphanage gave an entertaining concert in the College chapel, March 15th.

The Orpheus Musical Club entertained the student body, March 16th.

Dr. Horace Williams, of the University of North Carolina, delivered a lecture before the Faculty Philosophic Club, on March 19th. He lectured on "German Philosophy and Religion."

Dr. Chas. H. Leverman, the representative of the World's Peace Federation, addressed the student body during the chapel period on March 23d. His subject was "International Relations."

Dr. Brewer filled Rev. W. N. Johnson's pulpit, Sunday evening, March 28th. He spoke on "The Boy Problem."

Rev. W. N. Johnson is at his home, Delway, N. C., recuperating from the effects of his recent illness. The student body will be glad to hear of his return in perfect health.

Rev. McNeil Poteat filled the pastor's pulpit Sunday evening, April 11th.

The Wake Forest-Richmond debate occurred Friday night, April 2d. The debate was a double-barreled one and as the Wake Forest debaters won both sides of the question unanimously, the student body is feeling elated. This double victory adds another triumph to the long list of forensic conquests of the past. The debate here was well attended. The question was: "Resolved, that industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration (constitutionality waived)." Messrs. T. A. Avera and J. P. Mull represented Wake Forest College, presenting the affirmative side of the question.

Messrs. Weston Bristow and W. L. Breitstein of Richmond College handled the negative side of the question. The alternates were: Wake Forest, B. M. Boyd; Richmond, M. R. Nelson. The chairman of the debate was Hon. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State. The judges were: Judge J. S. Manning, Col. A. A. Thompson, Judge R. W. Winston. At Richmond our representatives, Messrs. C. J. Hunter and J. M. Pritchard, won a brilliant victory. The President of Richmond College, in a letter to President W. L. Poteat, took occasion to compliment the conduct of our representatives in the debate there. Mr. A. L. Carlton served as alternate.

The News and Observer, April 14th: The Board of Trustees of Meredith College received official notification of the acceptance of Dr. C. E. Brewer, Dean of Wake Forest, of the Presidency of Meredith College, recently tendered him upon the resignation of Dr. R. T. Vann. A committee was appointed to arrange for the inauguration exercises which will initiate the work of the 1915-1916 term and will be held in September of this year.

Dr. John W. Nowell, of the Chemistry Department, is to wed Miss Margaret Edwards, of Raleigh, on June 16th.

The Glee Club, under the management of Dr. Hubert McNeil Poteat, recently returned after making the following itinerary in North Carolina: Dunn, Goldsboro, Kinston, Williamston, Scotland Neck, Weldon, Enfield, Littleton.

The celebrated Coburn Players who have, during the last two years, acted Shakespeare's plays on the College Campus will appear again under the auspices of The Stratford Club of Wake Forest. The plays presented will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," on Friday evening, May 7th, Molière's "Imaginary Sick Man," as a Saturday matinee, May 8th, and "Macbeth" on Saturday evening.



A. C. LOVELACE, Esq.
Associate Editor

SOCIETY, Y. M. C. A. AND MOOT COURT NOTES

A. C. LOVELACE, Editor

SOCIETY.

The regular sessions of Society are about over, for the various contests will be had from now on in place of the regular debates. Already we can hear the voices of debaters and would-be debaters ringing in the halls.

The members of the two societies may well be proud of the fellows who represented Wake Forest College in the Wake Forest-Richmond debate, both here and at Richmond.

As for the debate at Wake Forest, Mr. T. A. Avera opened the debate for Wake Forest and showed great skill in debate and oratory.

Mr. W. Bristow, of Richmond College, came as the first speaker of the negative. He had some splendid argument and defended the negative side well.

Mr. John P. Mull continued the argument of the affirmative, using argument which could not be successfully answered. Mr. Mull is one of the best debaters in College and he came up to his previous record.

Mr. M. L. Breitstein closed the debate for Richmond College. He had an easy flow of language and delivered a splendid speech.

Although Wake Forest won by a unanimous decision, yet the debate was no walk-over, for the Richmond boys represented their college well, and had splendid argument.

While John Mull and Thomas Avera were winning over the Richmond debaters here, Carey J. Hunter, Jr., and J. McKinley Pritchard were snatching a victory from the debaters at Richmond College.

The whole faculty and student body are happy over this double victory. Such victories remind us of past days in debating when Wake Forest was always victorious. Possibly the results of this year will make some of the knockers of Wake Forest change their views.

We all feel greatly indebted to the young men and we take this method of showing our appreciations.

Y. M. C. A.

Dr. W. R. Cullom addressed the association on March 15th. He discussed Simeon in the following manner: (1) He was a just man; (2) devout; (3) waiting for consolation of Israel; (4) the Holy Spirit was upon him; (5) there was a special revelation made to him.

All present enjoyed Dr. Cullom's talk to the young men.

On March 29th, after reports of committees and nominations for officers, Dr. E. W. Sikes spoke to us on the subject of "War." It is unnecessary to say that he made the subject interesting, for he is "long" on history and keeps close after the war.

On April 12th the following officers were elected to finish out the present school year and to serve the coming year: For president, R. C. Tatum; vice-president, K. A. Pittman; secretary, P. S. Daniels; treasurer, E. P. Whitley; corresponding secretary, G. D. Rowe. The object for having the election now is to let the new officers get affairs in good working order for the opening session in September.

Arrangements were made for the remainder of the money (\$160) to finish the Wake Forest-Meredith Cottage at Blue Ridge. The cottage will be ready for use this summer.

The following men are trying to make arrangements to go to Blue Ridge this summer, and it is certain that a majority of them will go: Messrs. J. M. Hester, R. S. Britton, E. D. Banks, C. S. Owen, L. S. Inscoc, J. S. Willis, R. L. Ran-

dolph, E. P. Whitley, L. V. Coggins, W. W. Williams, W. B. Sinclair, G. D. Rowe, C. C. Cashwell, A. C. Lovelace, R. K. Redwine, R. C. Tatum, J. G. Booe, W. D. Erwin, A. R. Gay, L. E. Blackman. From this number it is certain that Wake Forest will have a number of representatives at the summer conference.

MOOT COURT.

The Moot Court has been meeting for the past month twice each week and discussing cases that give the lawyers and would-be lawyers good practice. The best way to learn to do a thing is to do it. This is the method that is used in Moot Court.

I report only one case—larceny: *S. v. Jeffirs*.

The attorneys for the State were Messrs. Braddy, Ward and Meyer.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Mull, Ingram and Wilson.

The case was tried before a magistrate to ascertain whether or not there was sufficient cause to bind over to superior court.

Sufficient cause was found and a bond of \$100 was given for the appearance of the defendant at the next term of court.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

Oscar Creech has become one of the real strong school men in North Carolina. He has been in Nash County since he left College. He is now superintendent of public instruction for the county and is bringing things to pass. He is deservedly popular.

H. A. Nanney has been at Red Oak since graduating. He went to this place in the woods. He has grown and along with him has grown up one of the most successful farm-life schools in the State. The institution is well equipped and well managed.

Rev. G. W. May has been a strong factor in the life of Nash County. First he built up good schools at several places in the county and then turned them over to others while he devoted himself to his churches. He is a firm believer that the country school and the country church are the keys to the rural problem in North Carolina.

Gray King, after teaching for many years, became manager of the Farmers' Coöperative Store in Nashville. He has never lost his interest in education, and at the county commencement was chosen to handle the spelling class.

J. White is at Whitakers and is one of Prof. Creech's strong supporters in Nash County.

C. H. Johnson has spent the year at Castalia. The patrons are very anxious to retain him, but he will probably seek more specialized work.

Nash County is becoming well stocked with Wake Forest men.

Leon Vaughan and A. C. Bernard are legal lights that have succeeded the late lamented Cooley.

E. Bartholomew is in business at Castalia and T. J. Dean practices medicine in Nashville, while J. E. Hoyle does the preaching at Nashville and Sawyer at Spring Hope.

The old boys of 1892 will be glad to know that the genial S. J. Carter, whose guitar used to enliven the campus on the warm spring evenings, is happy in Nash, and his friend Hoeutt lives near him.

John Cornwall has been in Nash so long that he has become identified with the county. Often represents in the General Assembly. For many years he lived at Spring Hope, but now lives in Nashville.

L. Powell, 1872, one of the men who came to Wake Forest soon after the war, still lives in Nash.

The friends of Eugene Daniels will be pained to learn that he has been compelled to give up the study of medicine and return to his home in Weldon. He is now taking the sunshine and fresh air treatment.

County commencements are very popular this year. It is a new institution and the founder of it is said to be E. T. Atkinson, of Wayne.

J. N. Tolar is pastor at Sumter, S. C.

L. T. Royall is county superintendent in Johnston and is bringing the school system to the front.

E. R. Settle is principal of the Mountain View school, a new associational school in the western part of the State.

G. L. Bailes is with the Bermeryhane High School, Ala.

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. C. STRICKLAND, Editor.

The baseball season opened with inclement weather, which prevented the playing of the game with Oak Ridge Institute here on March 20th. The game scheduled to be played with North Georgia College here was not played because of the seven inches of snow that lay on the local field.

BINGHAM, 0; WAKE FOREST, 0.

Wake Forest met Bingham (Mebane) on the local field on March 26, and at the close of the tenth inning was neither defeated nor victorious. The game was witnessed by many, and throughout the entire game good playing on both sides featured. Phil Utley, Lowe and Faucett, members of the Wake Forest team of 1913, were in the line-up for Bingham. The feature of the game for the Baptists was the pitching of Ellis. At the closing of the tenth inning the game was called on account of darkness, the score being 0 and 0.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., 1; WAKE FOREST, 0.

Carolina defeated Wake Forest on the local field by a score of 1 to 0 on March 29. Ellis did excellent pitching for the locals, allowing few hits and doing well at the plate. Davis, a varsity player on the basketball squad, did the catching for Wake Forest well; he allowed no stolen bases, and caught a steady game. It was in the third inning that Trust, playing center field for the locals, stumbled and fell, allowing the visitors to score the only run of the game.

WAKE FOREST, 5; LIBERTY-PIEDMONT, 3.

On March 31st the Liberty-Piedmont team suffered a defeat of 5 to 3 at the hands of Wake Forest here. At the early stages of the game the Baptists realized that the game was theirs, and much of the game was carelessly played.

Bill Holding led in hitting, getting two doubles. The visitors were allowed only four hits. Two bases each were stolen by Holding, Billings and Trust.

N. C. A. & M. COLLEGE, 5; WAKE FOREST, 0.

The most sensational game of the season was played with A. & M. on Easter Monday at Raleigh. The score of 5 to 0 in favor of A. and M. was surprising to those who knew the ability of the local team. Probably A. and M. earned two of the five runs registered in their favor, but two of the runs were allowed by Wake Forest because of the water-soaked ball which flew wild as Ellis threw to first base. Ellis pitched nicely, allowing only six hits. The game was witnessed by more than 1,500 people.

TRINITY, 4; WAKE FOREST, 3.

Wake Forest played Trinity at Durham, April 8, and was defeated by a score of 4 to 3. During the first six innings Ellis struck out ten men, but in the seventh he was replaced by Moore. The Baptists struck out a total of thirteen. Holding caught for Wake Forest.

DURHAM LEAGUE, 14; WAKE FOREST, 3.

In a slow game Durham League defeated Wake Forest on April 9 by a score of 14 to 3. Durham has a good team this year, and it was not a surprise that the local team was defeated by the heavy hitters. Billings played very well at short.

WAKE FOREST, 17; ELON, 9.

Elon and Wake Forest met at Burlington, April 10, where the locals defeated their opponents, 17 to 9. The game was very slow. The ground was not in condition for the game, the infield being cut up and muddy. There were many errors made by both teams. Wake Forest secured fourteen safe hits. Ellis and Moore did the pitching while holding received.

THE WAKE FOREST-A. AND M. TRACK MEET.

A. and M. defeated Wake Forest in the annual track meet here April 10. The final score was 72 to 45, as the following records show:

One hundred Yard—Potter first, 11 seconds; Harris second; Herring third.

High jump—McDougal first, five feet, five inches; Harris second; Franks third.

One hundred and twenty yards hurdle—McDougal first, 19 seconds; Thompson second, and Powell third.

Two hundred and twenty yards—Harris first, 24 seconds; Hines second and Potter third.

Half mile—Abernethy first, two minutes and nine seconds; Scott second, and Ray third.

Shot put—McDougal first, 39 feet 10 inches; Cook second and Blackman third.

Two miles—Harris first, 10 minutes 51 seconds; Johnson second and Goodson third.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdles—Potter first, 31 seconds; Powell second and Rochett third.

One mile—Milwee first, 4 minutes 55 seconds; Scott second and Coffin third.

Hammer-throw—Powell first, 92 feet 2 inches; Herring second and McDougal third.

Four hundred and forty yards—Hines first, 56 seconds; Bird second and Jordan third.

Broad jump—Herring first, 21 feet 10 inches; McDougal second and Ferrell third.

Pole vault—Warren first, 9 feet, 6 inches; Eldridge second and Thompson third.

At a meeting held in Memorial Hall, March 27, the following football and basketball managers and assistants were elected by the vote of the student body:

Football—W. B. Wright, Manager; I. E. Carlyle, C. W. Blanchard, Jr., and W. B. Sinclair, assistants.

Basketball—K. M. Yates, Manager; J. A. Ward, assistant.



VICTOR R. JOHNSON, Esq.
Associate Editor

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

V. R. JOHNSON, Editor

We are sure that what other magazines think of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is of concern to the students of the college and is of interest to our other readers. As space forbids printing all the criticisms of THE STUDENT made during the year, we print a few of the most characteristic.

The first issue of the year, the October issue, was variously commented upon. The *Carson-Newman Collegian* had the following favorable criticism to make of it:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is by far the best magazine we have seen this year. In appearance it is neat and attractive. Its subject-matter is wide in scope, covering a variety of subjects. There are poems, essays, stories, folk-tale, book reviews, etc. There are seventy pages of printed matter. It is well proportioned and deserves much from any exchange which would fairly review it. We congratulate its editors on this splendid college publication, and we very earnestly hope to have a copy of it each month.

The University of Oklahoma Magazine takes a decidedly different view of the same issue:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, published by the students of Wake Forest College, comes to our desk with entirely too much debating material in it for a magazine. The material that it does have is very good, but should not be entered in the columns of a magazine.

The Mississippi College Magazine, however, has a somewhat more pleasing criticism of the same issue:

The October number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a neatly put-up magazine. It contains several speeches and orations which do credit to their authors and the subjects which they treat. The sonnets, "Twilight," and "Two Happinesses" are good in structural quality, and the poem "To Rudyard Kipling" has a charming musical simplicity, which stamps it in the memory of the reader. "The Development of Mr. Hardy's Philosophy" shows a deep literary insight

We are highly pleased with all that has been said, during the year, about THE STUDENT. We appreciate the open, candid manner in which the exchanges have noted our faults as well as our virtues. We feel that we have derived real substantial benefit from these criticisms and we are greatly indebted to the exchanges for same.

We wish to thank all our exchanges for exchanging with us this year, and we hope to have you all on our exchange list again next year.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Professor Johns (on History): General Weyler went through Cuba, spreading disease and death throughout the island.

Newish McCann: Professor, did he have the smallpox?

✽

OTHERS ABIDE OUR QUESTION—THOU ART FREE.—*Arnold.*

Dr. McCutcheon (waking up R. J. Britton on English I): Mr. Britton, who was Shakespeare?

Britton (hesitatingly): I—don't—know—sir.

The Doctor (with a leading question): Could you tell us to what nationality he belonged?

Mr. Britton: No, sir; I don't believe I can.

The Doctor: He was a Negro, wasn't he?

The Newish (yielding, yet half afraid): Yes, sir.

Dr. M.: Indeed. And in what language did he produce his plays?

Newish B.: I don't believe I know.

The Dr.: Do you mean to say that you are taking my course and don't know that Shakespeare wrote in Hebrew

The Newish: Oh, yes; that's right. I had forgotten. I didn't quite get over the lesson last night.

✽

Young Husband to nurse (greatly agitated): Quick, what is it? Am I a father or a mother.—*Life.*

✽

Newish Alderman (in boiler room): Say, Hair, does that water in the boiler boll?

✽

R. S. Fountain (to Senator Fisher at the debate): Do the alternates have anything to say in the debate tonight?

✽

Dr. McCutcheon (on English II): Mr. Owens, who was the Attic boy?

Newish Owens: The boy who played in the attic.

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