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SONG

C. A. MOSELEY.

Catbird, trill in the dogwood's gloom!
The butterfly's pure yellow,
Spider loom and meadow bloom
The grassy spots illumine.

Music haunts this russet thrush!
Thicket plums glow fallow—
Soft, brown breasts in berry bush
Break th' sweet nest's hush.

Sunset past, one scarce can look:
Moon radiant, mellow,
Scaly-bark and starry brook,
Silver leaves, a quiet nook,
Nature's flow'ret book.

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WAKE FOREST-RICHMOND DEBATE

Compulsory Arbitration

(AFFIRMATIVE)

The debate was held in Wake Forest on April 2, 1915, Wake Forest taking the affirmative and Richmond College the negative of the following query: "Resolved, That industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration." The affirmative won unanimously. The speeches of Messrs. Hunter and Pritchard, who represented the negative of the same query and were victorious at Richmond on the same night, will be printed in a later issue.

SPEECH OF THOMAS A. AVERA.

There was a time when master and servant worked side by side in the shop or factory, but that time is no more. They have become separated, their sympathies no longer the same. Bitter disputes have arisen between them and it is for this reason that he have come tonight to discuss one of the burning issues now facing the American people.

The question is, should labor and capital be compelled to settle their disputes in legally established courts of arbitration? We, the affirmative, realize that the evils of strikes and lockouts are against public policy, and should be abolished; nor do we fail to lose sight of the fact that in addition to two antagonists, there is always a great third party—the general public—innocent of any blame, but injured by every strike and lockout.

Compulsory arbitration involves no new principle; it has ever been recognized in Anglo-Saxon institutions. Mills, ferries, and common carriers were the only industries when the common law had its origin. Our government has already recognized this principle in regard to railroads, common carriers, telegraph, telephone, and insurance. The government prescribes precisely what charges shall be made, and hence indirectly fixes the scale of wages in these industries. In our more complex life new industries have sprung up, no less vital to the welfare of the people than were the grist mills of

Anglo-Saxon times. For our fuel supply and our clothing we are dependent upon modern industries, which employ nine-tenths of the labor outside of the railroads that might be affected by compulsory arbitration. Now our fuel and clothing are just as important to us as is our transportation. Hence, I think you will agree that the public, represented by the government, has as much right to control these industries as it ever had to fix the toll of corn and oats. Compulsory arbitration is not, I repeat, out of harmony with the spirit of American institutions.

We are not proposing anything rash or unheard of. It does not mean that every petty dispute capital and labor has will be brought into a law court any more than that every petty dispute between individuals is brought into the courts. It only means that capital and labor, as well as individuals, may have a court to which they may refer their disputes that cannot be settled otherwise. In fact, it will be only the more serious disputes that will be brought into the courts.

Compulsory arbitration does not invade the rights of individuals. In fact, it does not contemplate dealing with the individual. It is capital and organization of individuals that it is to deal with. So long as a laborer remains an individual he cannot strike. He may quit work when he pleases and no law can stand in his way, but when the laborers join in great unions they surrender their individual rights and become parts of great machines, which now may seriously affect industry, and it is with these organizations of labor and not with individuals that compulsory arbitration has to deal. The laborer has no right to claim individual rights which he has already surrendered to an organization.

It was with these facts in mind that brought Hon. W. Pember Reeves, Minister of Labor in New Zealand, to secure the adoption of compulsory arbitration by his country. In New Zealand it brought industrial peace and won for it the im-

mortal name of "Land Without Strikes." Its influence continues to widen and now Australia, South Wales, Belgium, and Victoria have practically the same law.

In the United States, prior to 1874, strikes and lockouts were neither serious nor long protracted, but since 1881 the number of strikes and lockouts has continued to increase and all effort on the part of conciliation and voluntary arbitration have proved failures. If we only heard of strikes and lockouts occasionally it would be quite different, but strikes and lockouts are increasing and growing more violent each day. The governors of the several states are throwing up their hands, calling upon the Federal Government for aid. The Governor of Colorado used every effort to settle the Colorado strike, but finally was compelled to ask the Federal Government to adjust the differences between employer and employee.

Compulsory arbitration means then simply the extension of control of law and order over a field which up to the present has been left to chaos.

First, I shall prove that existing conditions need a remedy; second, that compulsory arbitration offers the desired remedy. To my first proposition, existing conditions need a remedy, (1) morally, (2) socially, (3) economically.

That there is a moral need may be clearly shown. Every dispute of any magnitude tends to excite the community to crime. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," applies as much to labor and capital as it does to the individual. In the West Virginia strike of 1912 industrial warfare was waged from April until August, 1913. Thirteen lives were lost, property destroyed, and the community thoroughly demoralized.

In Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, a strike, involving ten thousand employes, lasted nine weeks. The Industrial Workers of the World arrived upon the scene, prevailed upon the

enemy and forced others to leave their work. They organized the strikers into a militant body. Disturbance in the city began. The militia was called out and were denounced as "uniformed drunkards and reptiles with bayonets." A young woman was killed and the leader of the Industrial Workers of the World was accused of the murder. It was here that two hundred children from four to fourteen years of age had the doors of home closed upon them. They were crowded on a train and sent to a neighboring city, the parents giving as their reason for sending them away that they did not want the burden of caring for them.

Lastly, I mention the Colorado strike of 1914. The commission that recently reported says that from the first numerous armed clashes began to occur. The most severe battles were the result, culminating in the most destructive of all—the battle of Ludlow. There is no doubt, says the commission, that the parties bought ammunition and guns with the sole intent to destroy property and take human life. Shots were fired in and around houses. Two children were shot down in their own homes. Often lives of noncombatants, women and children were jeopardized. One twelve-year-old boy fell upon the street with nine wounds. The last two strikes in Colorado have resulted in a loss of over sixty lives.

Then under the present system, we have to deal with the evil of dynamiting buildings. You will call to mind here the McNamaras who destroyed the *Times* Building. Several lives were lost and many were wounded.

Again we have the Industrial Workers of the World, who need to be treated with some distinct reform. The platform as adopted by them reads as follows: "The working class and employing class have nothing in common. Between these classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world take possession of the earth and the machinery of production. Instead of the conservative motto, 'a day's wage

for a fair day's work,' we must adopt the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.' " This is nothing short of syndicalism, and was begun in France by anarchists. They aim to destroy patriotism, and substitute the spirit of the class for national spirit. They are present at nearly every strike, to use their power in causing more trouble. In Louisiana they were making speeches one Sunday afternoon to the strikers; a riot ensued, four were killed, 37 wounded.

Now ladies and gentlemen, we, the affirmative, maintain that such conduct is not right. The laws of the State are disregarded, the sanctity of the church forgotten, and the ties of home are cut asunder. Is there not a moral need?

Second, there is a social need. You have seen from my first point, that strikes and lockouts belong to the realm of war, and not to the realm of peace. Whatever the local result of strikes and lockouts; the national result is increased cost of living, increased poverty and increased unhappiness. Whether they are confined to small industries or large industries the evils are the same. They are against public policy. Heat, passion, greed, and strength are not the companions of equity. The prize ring does not concern itself with right, the battlefield is not the place to look for justice. So you see that the social problem of the relations between employer and employed is one fraught with danger to our peaceful living. When a strike threatens nearly every business interest, home and millions of people in other commonwealths as well, it becomes evident that the greatest sufferers are not the actual participants. The property and lives of innocent by-standers are endangered, and society menaced. The people of our land are paying enormous sums in support of the judicial, and police system in order to obtain protection, but they are not getting it. Social justice demands industrial peace and order. Society is the largest and strongest of the three forces, and yet my opponents would like to make its influence neg-

ligible. One couldn't ask for a more friendly attitude. Society has been knocked about, and abused by first labor and then capital, and yet in a friendly way it seeks to do an act of kindness, and offers a peaceful method of settlement.

Society is fast realizing that its rights are being infringed upon and we might as well realize once for all that such characters as Samuel Gompers, William Haywood, "Mother Jones" and the McNamaras have no legitimate right to bring in dire poverty and grief upon innocent people, nor have they a right to stir up class war. If we allow labor to become more strongly organized and capital to become closer bound together, society will some day awake to find itself secured, pressed between the two struggling for existence. The public demands a remedy, and is not the public good the supreme law?

Lastly, there is an economic need. There were in the United States during a period of twenty-five years 36,757 strikes, or to express it differently, four strikes every day for twenty-five years. The total loss to both parties being \$469,000,000 while employes lost \$143,000,000. This loss does not include the loss inflicted upon the public. The recent Colorado strike alone cost \$18,000,000. Now I want to know, what is the object of wasting all this money, fighting out differences that could and should be settled peacefully? There is nothing to be gained. The strikers very seldom get what they are contending for. They finally have to resort to arbitration, so why not have the dispute settled at first by arbitration and avoid the expense of strike and lockout?

In New Zealand, in 1894, before the enactment of compulsory arbitration, 150,000 persons had money in the saving banks. Six years later, since the adoption of compulsory arbitration, 240,000 have bank accounts; deposits increasing £15,000,000. That is to say within six years the number of

additional people who had been able to put aside money in this single direction amounted to one out of every eight in the country, and 75 per cent on whole amount. Economy demands the arbitrament of law in place of conflict.

Now, to my second proposition—compulsory arbitration offers the desired remedy for this need.

The courts of our land have come as civilization advanced. Back in the dark days of barbarism disputes and differences between men and tribes were settled by brute force; but society advanced and threw away the barbaric customs. The substitution of peaceful, impartial and intelligent justice for turmoil, injustice and destructiveness of private conflict, came as a distinguishing work of a higher civilization. One cannot overestimate the good effect that courts have had upon the race; for every time that deliberation is substituted for force, and passion, a gain for character building is made. Built upon the principle that prohibits man from doing that which is wrong and commanding him to do that which is right; how could the results have been otherwise? Man was brought to see that individual rights must yield to those of society. Being thus impressed we have noticed a great moral, social and economic development. The race accomplished much by the courts; elaborate systems of courts have also come as new conditions arose. Today we have a condition not like the one of primitive days; again we must resort to law.

There is nothing new about compulsory arbitration. It is simply a new application of an old and well settled principle. If two men get into a dispute over property, the question is referred to the court. If the States get into a dispute the question at issue is referred to the nation as represented by the Supreme Court, and whatever the decisions may be, they must be accepted by the defeated party. The industrial courts resemble the civil courts. They summon witnesses,

hear evidence, examine the books and papers, and render an important decision. This is simply a judicial settlement of disputes. It gives to all parties a fair chance, and establishes an ethical code. It is not a question whether this measure is an infringement of liberty, but whether it is justified. Every law on the statute books is an infringement of somebody's liberty. Yet are they not justified by reason and experience? Are not the awards and decisions of courts as near just as is possible for human judgment to reach? Are not bad decisions rare exceptions? It stands to reason that this method would be more just and satisfactory. There is no exultations over victory, no smart over defeat, nor determination to wait for some convenient season for revenge. In the words of William Penn, the path of peace is justice, and the path of justico is the government.

There are two positions to be taken in regard to industrial disputes. First, settlement by legally established courts, or second, leave it to public opinion—Democracy is public plus law, and obedience to law is voluntary for some and compulsory for the untractable. All institutions of family rest upon public opinion, but it is not a public opinion without statutes, courts and sheriffs. Public opinion is the mind of society, but law is the body. Let the gentlemen who advocate that the questions of ownership of life and property, which we call strikes and lockouts, should be made subject only to public opinion convince us of their sincerity by offering their charters, property, and rights to the protection of public opinion without law. As Voltaire once expressed it, in speaking of abolition of capital punishment, "Let the assassins begin the reform."

It is plain therefore that compulsory arbitration will result in a prompt and equitable settlement between capital and labor. It will abolish strikes and lockouts. Its decree will be partly self-enforcing. It will lessen the bitterness of feel-

ing between the two contending forces. It will alleviate misery, and minimize the loss attendant upon difficulties and disputes which cannot but happen under the present conditions of man and society.

Compulsory arbitration offers the desired remedy.

SPEECH OF JOHN P. MULL.

My colleague has shown, first, the history of compulsory arbitration; second that there is a need for a change in the method of settling our industrial disputes from a moral, social, and economic standpoint; third, that compulsory arbitration remedies this need. It becomes my duty to show first, that compulsory arbitration is a benefit to capital, to labor, and to the public; second, that compulsory arbitration can be enforced in industrial disputes; third, that compulsory arbitration is the natural evolution in the methods of settling industrial disputes.

In the first place, compulsory arbitration would be a benefit to capital, because it would insure continuous operation of the industry. Millions of dollars are lost every year by capital on account of strikes. Capital to be profitable to its owners must be kept in continuous operation. In a country where strikes are common, profits from capital are vague and uncertain. The United States has gained for itself the name of the country of strikes. Solve the strike problem and you have to a large extent solved the problem of the development of our industries, because when capital is assured of a continuous return our undeveloped industries will be developed. In many cases there is scarcely any cause for a strike, and if there is a cause, it is soon forgotten in the turmoil and strife that follows. Then there is a sympathetic strike in which there is absolutely no dispute between labor and capital involved. Under compulsory arbitration no sympathetic strikes could occur, and capital could be assured against the loss of such strikes.

Capital would also be benefited in the fact that it could fill all contracts for future delivery. All modern industries have future contracts for all of their products. When the strike comes these contracts cannot be met and serious loss must occur. Many times a regular customer is lost just because the manufacturer could not fill one contract which under the conditions it was impossible for him to fill. Under compulsory arbitration there would be no loss from this source and the innocent third party would not be made to suffer because of the useless warfare between labor and capital.

Labor would be greatly benefited by compulsory arbitration. In the majority of the cases of strikes the workmen do not really want to quit work but they only want to better their conditions. In fact the majority of the laborers cannot quit work without injury both to themselves and to their families. Labor where actuated by the right motive is never unjust in her demands on capital. Why then should labor suffer by placing her demands in the hands of a cool, judicial, deliberate body rather than leaving them to an unreasoning and emotional mob? Where is labor more likely to get justice in the sway and passion of the mob or in the cool, calm judgment of this board of experts?

In many of the strikes the real cause is not the difference between labor and capital but hatred that is stirred up by the labor agitator. Nearly every great strike has its origin in a very small era and by agitation and sympathy it is gradually extended until it affects the whole industry of the section. Labor leaders in many instances have brought about many reforms in our industrial system but on the other hand they have stirred up much unnecessary strife which has caused much loss to both labor and capital. Herein lies their opposition to compulsory arbitration and much of the opposition

of labor to compulsory arbitration is due to the influence of these labor agitators.

But the gentlemen of the opposition may ask, have not these agitators been the means of getting higher wages for the workmen? It is true that wages have increased and will continue to increase, but this is due to natural causes rather than to strikes. The price of every commodity has increased enormously in the last decade but the increase in wages of labor is not out of proportion to the increased cost of commodities. Under the proposed system labor would get its just demands. By far the larger per cent of the awards in the New Zealand Court of Arbitration have been in favor of labor. Instead of being a great burden to labor as many would have you believe compulsory arbitration would be a great benefit because it would secure for labor better conditions in a legal manner. Under the strike system what advantage labor gains over capital must be gained by unfair and unlawful means. Compulsory arbitration would enable labor to benefit its conditions in a lawful and honorable manner.

Then again, the public would be benefited by compulsory arbitration. The function of labor and capital is to produce. The products must be consumed and paid for by the public. The three great agents of production are land, labor and capital. Without these three the world would be a barren waste. The withdrawal of any one of these agencies from the field of production must result in the curtailment of production. In this curtailment the public as consumer is the chief loser because the products must necessarily rise in price. The public then has a right to demand that these agencies shall not be withdrawn from the field of production. This innocent party to every industrial dispute then has a right to intervene through the agency of government to compel labor and capital to settle their disputes in a peaceable manner.

But the gentlemen of the opposition say that they do not oppose arbitration so long as it is entered into by both sides voluntarily. Do you mean to say that the innocent public should stand idly by while labor and capital withdraw from the field of production and war with each other until they become so exhausted that they are willing to arbitrate their differences? Under your system the public pays for the strike while it waits for labor and capital to fight its shameful battle. Why not compel them to arbitrate and save this enormous cost and unnecessary strife and pillage? "The voice of the people is the voice of God." But under your system the voice of labor and capital can be heard above the din of battle in the strike while the innocent public stands by in silent helplessness.

In the second place, compulsory arbitration is practicable and can be enforced in the United States. The State and Federal governments are gradually extending their functions until today there are but few enterprises that do not come in contact with the government. Our banking system, at one time one of the most chaotic of all our industries, has been put under the control of the National Government and today we have one of the finest banking systems in the world. Our railroads cannot fix either freight or passenger rates without first consulting the government. The postoffice is operated by the government, telegraph and cable lines are under governmental supervision and in fact nearly every line of business is more or less associated with the government. Why should not the government have the supervision of all industries when in their broadest sense they were instituted for the benefit of the public?

↳ The plan advocated by the affirmative is to have compulsory arbitration under the control of the secretary of commerce and labor. There will be a national court of arbitration. The United States will be divided up into convenient

circuits with a judge of the national board as supervisor of each one of these circuits. The circuits would in turn be divided into districts from which appeal could be taken to the circuit court of appeals and from there to the national boards. The judges of these courts are to be experts appointed by the government. This system can easily be worked out for our industrial affairs. For example, the South or a part of the South would be one district where cotton manufacturing would cause the majority of the industrial disputes. The judges of this court would be experts in the cotton manufacturing industry and could with intelligence settle the disputes between labor and capital.

But the gentlemen of the opposition may ask, How are the decisions of these courts to be enforced? They will be enforced like the decisions of any other Federal court. When it comes to enforcing the decisions, the Federal Government can always be depended on to enforce its decisions. The whiskey manufacturers of Pennsylvania tried to disregard the Federal Government and failed. New England rebelled against the Nonimportation Act and failed. South Carolina defied the nullification laws and failed miserably. In fact, there has not been a single instance in the history of our government where the Federal Government has failed to enforce its laws.

The gentlemen of the opposition may contend that the Federal Government should have no control over the different industries. The Federal Government already controls the manufacture of tobacco, whiskey and many other products. It also has control over all public service corporations and interstate commerce. Why not extend its control over the other industries since all other methods have failed to secure industrial peace? The Federal Trade Commission has already assumed control over the strikes of the railroads, telegraph lines, street car lines, and other similar industries.

The labor commissioners of Indiana and Illinois have recommended compulsory arbitration. The recent congressional committee that investigated the Colorado coal strike recommended compulsory arbitration under the supervision of the Federal Government. By federal injunction many strikes have already been averted. In fact the tendency seems to be pointing towards settling all industrial disputes by the Federal Government.

The proposed system does not in any way take away the power from labor and capital to settle their disputes without resorting to the courts if they do so in a peaceable manner. On the other hand boards of conciliation, voluntary arbitration, and investigation are sanctioned and encouraged by the Government. All the proposed system seeks to do is, that after all these means have failed to bring results, compel the parties to come into court and settle their disputes without resorting to bloodshed and strife.

Under the proposed system it would be almost impossible to conduct a dispute or strike in opposition to the courts. The party conducting the strike would have to contend against the combined influence of the Government and the other party. You never hear of a strike of the employees of the Government because they know that it is useless to contend against such a powerful force as the Government. Under compulsory arbitration this assurance would be doubly sure for the side that insists on striking will have to contend against the other side re-enforced by the power of the Government. Never could there be any doubt that the decisions of the courts could not be enforced for any party fighting against the Government must always fight a losing cause.

Compulsory arbitration is the natural evolution in the process of settling industrial disputes. In the primitive stage of industry the individual produced only for himself. In this stage there were no industrial disputes for if the work-

man refused to work he alone was the loser. When the industrial revolution was ushered in the whole system of industry changed. Man no longer produced for his individual wants but for society's wants. When production ceased not only the individual suffered but society as a whole suffered. Conciliation was the first remedy for settling industrial disputes. It was the means of settling many disputes and served its age well but later on arbitration was substituted for conciliation. Arbitration, too, was the means of settling many industrial disputes. As the conflict became more stubborn neither side was willing to arbitrate and compulsory arbitration was devised to compel labor and capital to settle their disputes in a peaceable manner.

This is but a natural evolution of all law both civil and criminal. In the beginning men settled their disputes by such savage means as personal combat and wager of battle. Later on the tribe was called on to settle the disputes among its own members. And when this method proved defective government was instituted to control society. Today the industrial world is just beginning to realize that she must use more civilized methods in settling disputes between labor and capital. Compulsory arbitration is the most civilized method yet devised by the mind of man. It embraces all of the good in all of the systems yet tried and there is yet to be found a country where it has been tried where it has proved a failure. Shall we adopt this civilized remedy in treating our industrial ills or shall we reverse the wheels of progress and cling to a barbaric remedy which ought to have been discarded to the scrap heap of failure a century ago. Common sense in industry, if it teaches us anything at all, teaches us that we must change our methods of regulating industry as often as the conditions of industry change. Compulsory arbitration meets all of the conditions of industry today. Why then should there be any question about adopting this

sane and sound method in preference to such a barbaric method as we have in operation today?

In conclusion let me say that we have shown you, first, that there is a need of a change in the method of settling our industrial disputes from an economic, social, and moral standpoint; second, that compulsory arbitration will meet this need; third, that compulsory arbitration will be a benefit to capital, to labor, and to the public; fourth, that compulsory arbitration can easily be put into practice on a system similar to our established courts, and finally we have shown you that compulsory arbitration is the natural and logical evolution of all the systems used in settling industrial disputes.

May the day not be far distant when labor and capital must realize that they must respect the rights of others in settling their disputes. As we look into the future, we can see in our imagination labor and capital marching with equal steps up to the court of arbitration to settle their mutual disputes. Then will it be that the implements of strikes and warfare will be forever discarded and labor and capital will learn to respect the rights of each other, and of the public.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AZTEC TEMPLE

D. H. IVES.

There is a tradition among the descendants of the Aztec Indians that in one of the mountains in what is now the Republic of Panama there is a cavern within which is a marvelous temple, built entirely of turquoise, made by their ancestors many ages ago, before the glory of the race had departed.

What this temple contains is lost in the tradition, except that in the very center there is a huge, mysterious figure, made of a strange white metal, and encrusted with countless gems. This image keeps everlasting guard over the temple and the treasures it is supposed to contain. The cavern in which these are is said to open but once in a century, though in ancient times it opened more often.

So runs the tradition handed down through countless generations to the fast disappearing survivors of a once royal race.

It happened that my friend Adams and myself, while serving as engineers during the building of the Panama Canal, learned this tradition, and were so impressed by its seeming authenticity, that we resolved, if possible, to see for ourselves whether the tale had any foundation.

Immediately upon our return home we informed those whom we knew to be interested in such research about our discovery of the tradition, and soon found ourselves appointed by the Smithsonian Institution to investigate.

Nothing was spared in preparation for the trip, neither time, nor money, nor ourselves. There were provisions to be bought, carriers and guides to be hired, and all things necessary to what might be a protracted expedition.

At length all was ready, and one day shortly after the close of the rainy season, we set out from the Indian town of Mendoza.

The hardships we then had to undergo, such as crossing streams swollen by recent rains, crawling through tangled tropical vegetation, enduring intense heat, and, worst of all, the ravenous insects, would fill a volume to mention. Adams, who was something of a specialist in that line, made quite a collection of the *flora* and *fauna* of the region, some of which later proved to be new and interesting specimens.

After many days we reached a place which our guides told us must be near the templed mountain of tradition, and sure enough, upon emerging from the dense undergrowth, there rose before us a majestic mountain, snow-capped and beautiful, but overhung by a small cloud of volcanic smoke. According to tradition the turquoise temple should be on the western slope, and facing the setting sun, for another of the traditions says that the ancestors of the Aztecs came from a place in the western ocean called Atlantis; so they faced their temples toward the west.

We camped that night at the foot of the mountain, and early in the morning began the ascent of the western side. All that day we toiled up the lava strewn mountain-side, our minds haunted with doubts and misgivings, now that we were nearing our journey's end. "Was there such a temple as we had come to seek, anyway?" "If the cavern only opened once during a century, would we find it open now?" and "If it should be open, would we be able to recognize it?" Soon, however, these disturbing fears were to be set at rest, for, late in the afternoon, upon clambering over a particularly rough bit of lava clinker, we found ourselves at the edge of a little plateau that had heretofore been concealed by the rising ground. We stared in amazement! For there, across the little plain, was the ancient temple of the Aztecs! There

it stood! Gleaming faintly blue in the rays of the declining sun, for time had weathered the turquoise. How long we gazed I do not know, but at length we rushed forward with a shout. When directly in front of the temple, we stopped, a strange awe taking possession of us. We were before the "holy of holies" of the Aztecs! How many forgotten ages had passed since there had been a worshipper at this shrine? or since human foot had trod the passage opening before us, now illumined by the level sun?

Not for long, however, did this feeling hold us. Curiosity soon overcame all else, and we ventured to look around.

The general shape of the temple was square, with a level roof; the whole not over forty feet high and about seventy feet square, set back in what seemed to be a large natural cavern with a rather narrow, fissure-like opening.

Around the cornice and the entrance of the temple were some of the most beautiful carvings that we have ever seen, and I believe, like none that have ever before been discovered. On each side of the entrance there was a roughly-shaped circular block of obsidian, slightly hollowed in the center, and about a meter and a half in diameter. Our guides said that on these stones human sacrifices used to be offered.

We went inside. We began to explore, that is, Adams and I did, for our guides, superstitious by nature, would not cross the threshold; a circumstance that later on proved exceedingly fortunate. Within we found the tradition fully justified, for in the center of the building, with the light of the setting sun falling full upon it through the open doorway, we saw a colossal figure set with flashing gems of countless value! The rest of the interior was veiled in twilight, save where the narrow shaft of sunlight pierced the gloom, or reflected rays from the great image lighted up the dim recesses. We drew near the figure, which was that of a man, seated, with crossed legs, and for hideousness of feature ex-

ceeded anything I have ever seen, beyond Vishnu or Kali of India, Buddha of China, or the monstrosities found in Thibet.

Just then we thought that we heard low mutterings like thunder and that the floor trembled slightly, but in our excited state paid very little attention to it.

Upon closer inspection the figure seemed to be made of a substance like platinum, as nearly as we could judge, though how the ancient Aztecs obtained it was more than we could guess. Some of the gems on the idol had fallen out or been removed, but most were still set in the body, and a few of these we pried out, thinking to test their value later. The figure was hollow and we supposed that in the times when the temple was used, fire was placed inside, the light of which shone out through apertures made in the metal at the base of each large gem. If this was the case, the effect must have been awe inspiring in the extreme.

We were just reaching to open two doors that were cunningly placed in the breast of the figure, and disclose the mysteries within, when—hark! A cry comes from our guides without that causes our hearts to almost cease their beating!

“The cavern is closing, the cavern is closing!”

We did not stop to think what this could mean, but rushed outside, and just in time, for slowly but surely the sides of the fissure-like opening were coming together, while the low mutterings which we now recognized as proceeding from the volcano, grew more and more distinct. We watched breathlessly, scarcely believing our eyes, for as the rocks joined with a crash, hiding the temple from our view within the cavern, there remained not so much as a trace of the once wide opening. There appeared nothing now but a ragged, weather-beaten cliff,—seemingly immovable. The cavern had closed according to tradition!

We never again saw the Turquoise Temple, and what we did see would seem little more than a dream except for the fact that we still had the jewels which we had taken just before we heard the cries of our guides.

We supposed that some slight eruption of the mountain had caused the fissure to close, but whether it will open again after a wait of a hundred years, only some one more fortunate may discover.

TO HIS FIRST LOVE

R. S. BRITTON.

One time, dear one, thy magic charms
 Didst snare my youthful heart,
 My breast was pierced through by thee
 With love's envenom'd dart.

To speak sweet words I tried in vain,
 For thou didst only jest
 At every frantic burst I made
 My love to manifest

But still I hope that underneath
 Thy cruel, girlish way
 Thou hast a treasure full of love
 To give to me some day.

Betwixt us now a great sea rolls
 With restless wave and tide,
 But I shall swiftly sail it o'er
 If thou wilt be my bride!

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT AND UNIVERSAL PEACE*

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

The motto of the late Mohonk Peace Conference was "In time of war prepare for peace." If this injunction is sound, then there is special propriety at this time in considering the part that the college man of the United States should have in promoting universal peace.

The world in this awful hour is realizing the horrors of war. Hitherto the accounts of wars have been to us but tales of romance. But now the heart of humanity is being pierced by the cry of the starving Belgians. The trenches of Europe, holding the bodies of thousands of the choicest men of the warring nations, and the Rachels in ten thousand homes of Europe, weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted for their children because they are not, are teaching us anew that "War is hell." We are now understanding why the world's greatest soldiers of modern times have always put peace above war and have done their best to bring to a prompt end the wars in which they were engaged in order that the blessings of peace might once more spread over the land. We know, too, why the Confederate Veterans, in their recent reunion at Richmond, were most insistent that our nation exhaust every honorable means to preserve its peaceful relations with other nations; these brave old men in their youth had drunk of the cup of strife and know that at the bottom are only sorrow and pain and bitterness. The present war is putting us all into the frame of mind to woo peace with all the ardor of a manly soul.

When this war is over, and there must be an end to it some

*Mr. Stephenson delivered this address at the last Southern College Students' Conference at Blue Ridge.

time, the nations will be ready to listen to plans for securing universal peace hereafter. As ex-President Taft recently said, "Will not the exhaustion in which all the belligerents, whether victors or vanquished, find themselves after this awful sacrifice of life and wealth, make them wish to make the recurrence of such a war less probable? Will they not be in a mood to entertain any reasonable plan for the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means?"

Mr. Bryan has made, at least, one statement lately that will not be debated. It is that, in all history, no such opportunity has ever come to any other nation as that which is destined to come to the United States; in all history, no other peacemaker has ever been in position to claim as rich a blessing as that which will be pronounced upon our President when the time for mediation comes—as it must come.

The college men of the United States during the next few years will have a special opportunity, which carries with it a larger obligation, to serve the cause of universal peace. Each year during the past decade an increasing number of foreign students have entered American colleges. It is but natural to expect that the war in Europe will cause still more to come and along with them not a few teachers. The great universities of the continent of Europe are being impoverished and dismantled by the tolls of war. Our schools must offer their students and instructors the hospitality that is consistent with the universal democracy of letters. After the University of Louvain, Belgium, was closed, Harvard gave professorships to two of the Louvain teachers—one a great mathematician and the other an authority on constitutional law. This generous hospitality will, no doubt, soon be emulated by other American universities. Europe, hitherto the mecca of foreign students, must now give place to the United States and our colleges must be prepared to receive the foreign students that will soon be coming.

The first way that suggests itself in which the college students of the United States may promote universal peace is by encouraging unrestrained fellowship among the students of the various nationalities in the student body. The college men of today have an unparalleled opportunity to fellowship with students of different nationalities. Within the past few years has been organized the Corda Fratrās, an association of students seeking training outside their native lands. Its name in this country is the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs. There are now over thirty Cosmopolitan Clubs in as many American colleges with a membership of over two thousand. These clubs have periodic "National Nights" in the course of which the representatives of one nation describe the customs and institutions of their mother country, play the music of their native composers and on their native instruments, recite and interpret masterpieces of their literature, exhibit their national dances, serve their characteristic dishes—in short, transmit the spirit of their country to the audience. An *esprit de corps* among the clubs is maintained by annual meetings and also by a magazine devoted to the interests of the organization called the Cosmopolitan Student. These clubs are bringing together into one brotherhood men from different countries, teaching them the customs, viewpoints, and characteristics of other nationalities, removing race prejudices, convincing them that "the other fellows" are animated by the same high ideals for which they take credit, and, withal, establishing abiding international friendships.

May I venture to offer a word of advice to the college students of the United States. In scanning through the annuals of several colleges, I have been impressed with the number of clubs. We have State clubs, county clubs, even town clubs; we have eating clubs and we used to have drinking clubs called by some other name; we have tennis clubs

and golf clubs; we have dramatic clubs and Mozart clubs. I recall even one lazy man's club, composed of the three laziest men in college. Some of these clubs have a serious purpose; many of them are formed primarily to get their picture in the annual. The man in college who associates exclusively or even mostly with men from his own State or section or with men of similar tastes and idiosyncracies as himself is missing the larger vision for the promotion of which the college was established. I would advise all college men to court the friendship of men from different sections, different walks of life, different antecedents, and different tastes. And I would also suggest that in every American college that has as many as a half-dozen foreign students a Cosmopolitan Club be organized and affiliated with the Corda Fratres of the world.

Along with the precious international friendships formed at college and as a corollary of them goes the growth of the international peace. We are indebted to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia for this phrase and for a definition of it. The international mind is nothing else than that habit of thinking of foreign relations and business, and that habit of dealing with them which regard the several nations of the civilized world as friendly and co-operating equals in aiding the progress of civilization, in developing commerce and industry, and in spreading enlightenment and culture throughout the world. It is a recognition and appreciation of the ultimate community of mankind and its problems, capacities, tasks, and aims. The man with an international mind would not have all the world one nation but would have all the nations of the world in harmony with one another. This truth has been expressed thus: The total life of humanity should not be imaged as a monotone in English, French, German, or Russian; it should rather be imaged as a symphony built up from the rich variety of notes struck by all

the peoples, not the drowning and merging of every note as in the vast noise of the waterfall but a swelling orchestration in which the trained ear detects the contribution of each instrument and the technique of each musician.

The college student of all men ought to acquire the international mind. Like the Apostle Paul, he is debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise. To the Greek, he is debtor for his appreciation of beauty and for his sense of the fitness of things; to the Roman, for the influence that stands for law, for government, for the republic, and for the living of men together under laws; to the Hebrew, for his religion; and to the Teuton, for his sense of liberty. The college man soon learns that his scholarship itself is essentially international. He knows that the American Peary could discover the North Pole only because of the accumulated knowledge that the scientific explorations of an Irish Dicuil, a Danish Bering, an English Hudson, a Norwegian Nansen had made international property. He is willing to admit that Colonel Goethals could accomplish the stupendous task of digging the Panama Canal only because he could profit by the services and the mistakes as well of his French and English predecessors. He is aware that the German Zeppelins were made possible through the previous, though imperfect, conquests of the air by machines fashioned by the French Lussac, and the English Green and Coxwell and the American Orville and Wilbur Wright. Every factor in the culture of the college man is built up by the accumulated services of men of every nation in the successive ages.

Possessed of a sympathetic heart and an international mind, the college student is ready to take his third course in preparation for his duties as an advocate of universal peace; that is to acquire an accurate knowledge of international relations. President Wilson, in a letter to the Fourth

American Peace Congress at St. Louis in 1913, intimated that peace could be made practicable and universal only by a thorough study of the conditions which determine the dealings of nations with one another and also of the means by which misunderstandings may be cleared away and troublesome questions settled upon a basis of amity and justice. Chancellor Brown of New York University, has recently recommended the endowment in his university of a department of international affairs to offer college men a knowledge of international relations. I offer this recommendation to the consideration of the other larger universities of the United States. The international problems regarding the rights of neutrals on the high seas at present vexing the diplomats of the several nations offer proof positive of the need of clear and accurate understanding, not by the rulers only, but by the people as well of the rules of action controlling civilized nations in their dealings with one another. We need a restatement of international law. As international misunderstandings are more and more submitted to the arbitrament of reason, larger and larger will be the field of opportunity for the men possessed of a thorough knowledge of international law and jurisprudence.

After college, what? Suppose the college graduate has a sympathetic heart towards all the peoples of the earth born of his international friendships, an international mind regarding all nations as friendly and co-operating equals, and an accurate knowledge of international relations. To what practical effect can he put his sympathy and his tolerance and his learning? One answer is this: In helping to create and make universal public opinion against the wisdom of war in solving international difficulties. When the world rises to the point of believing with Grant, the great soldier, that there never was a war where the issues could not have been better solved some other way, then will universal peace

come as a matter of course. It is significant that each of the nations now at war has brought its case to the bar of public opinion in the hope of obtaining acquittal of the charge of having brought on the war, each of them having entered the plea of self-defense. International public opinion is the high court of the world to which all the nations are going with their official yellow books and orange books and white books, praying justification for their causes; and, in the end, the international mind, self-conscious and illuminated, sitting in judgment, will declare its final judgment on the issues involved and its decree will be executed, not by the force of international arms, but by the power of an educated international conscience.

To say that the duty of the college man in the cause of universal peace is to help to create a public opinion against war is to speak the truth but is not to speak in terms definite enough to do good. Along what specific lines does public opinion need to be created? Has any universal peace program advanced far enough to have any policies upon which all right thinking men, regardless of nationality, may agree? I believe so; and I think that one of them is that, when the present war comes to a close, the terms of peace must not be such as to humiliate any one of the nations. No nation, no matter if it should be completely vanquished, should be even partially dismembered. No sting resulting from a sense of injustice done by the terms of peace should be left in the heart of any nation there to rankle during the coming years. The seed of another war may be in the peace terms of the present war as a seed of the present war was in the peace terms of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. The figures of Alsace and Lorraine in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, covered with funeral wreaths, not only told the grief of a nation over the loss of its provinces, but served as a shrine before which patriotic Frenchmen swore everlasting enmity against

the nation that took their provinces. May none of the warring nations, when peace shall have at last been declared, have a "Wailing Place" where it will go to weep over its forfeited glory, as the modern Jew amid the ruins of Jerusalem bewails the humiliation of his scattered nation. The first great task, then, of the peace advocate is to help create an international public opinion that will demand the preservation of national integrity and self-respect under the treaty of peace at the end of this war.

But after the war, what? The next task will be to help formulate and secure acceptance by the nations of a plan to forestall war in the future. It is well that at this time there should be almost as many peace plans as peace advocates because in the abundance of counsel there is wisdom. Each of the plans contains many principles in common. It is the duty of the college man to winnow out the principles that have already been given general acceptance by the peace advocates and help secure their acceptance by the peoples at large and leave the mooted questions out of his reckoning at this time. I believe that the Mohonk Peace Conference at its last session adopted a platform that may be accepted generally. It may be summarized as follows:

1. The substitution of the appeal to reason for the appeal to force in the settlement of international controversies.
2. The official recognition by the nations of an international law to govern international relations.
3. The establishment of a World Parliament to formulate such law.
4. The establishment of a World Supreme Court to interpret and apply such law.

I can conceive of no reason why anybody of any nationality could object to any one of these four principles. But there are other problems upon which peace advocates have not yet agreed. One of them, for instance, is as to how the decrees

of a World Supreme Court are to be enforced. Dr. Butler of Columbia, declares that the moral sense of the civilized world will enforce them in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred and that in the hundredth case an international police will have to be called in. Others say that a policy of non-intercourse—an international boycott—will bring the disobedient nation to terms. Others say that an international police force, made up of contributions from each of the participating nations, would be needed to enforce the decrees of the World Court. Still others, doubting the practicability of an international police but believing in the necessity of maintaining an army as a last resort, advocate an alliance among all the participating nations, each agreeing to join the others against any nations ignoring the orders of the World Court.

Let the numerous peace organizations continue their discussion of international policing and of national disarmament until they have agreed upon some common platform. In the meantime, let the college men, both those out in the world and also those still in college, in their intercourse with men be known as advocates of the two principles upon which all may agree—the establishment of a World Congress and the establishment of a World Court. In fact, when international justice has been made secure by fair laws impartially applied, then disarmament and policing will solve themselves. The reign of peace will cause armaments to atrophy from disuse. Disarm the minds and hearts of men and you will soon disarm their nations. Secure justice among nations and peace will follow as the night the day.

Those who are engaged in the universal peace movement need not be discouraged over what is happening in Europe at this time. It is true that the peace advocates of only a year ago thought that they saw the east grow radiant with the dawn of the day of universal peace; but in the twinkling of an eye last July the rising sun was overcast and the war cloud

burst upon the earth. It is true that the pessimist finds in broken treaties and in bloody battlefields all that he needs to prove his case. This may or may not be the last great war. Joubert says that Force and Right are the governors of this world. Force till Right is ready. Old Force is making a desperate stand. For many eons he has been the merciless arbiter of national misunderstandings. Some day, either at the end of this war or after Force has claimed for his tribute the choicest sons of another generation, Right will be ready to assume her authority. In that good day she will then make Force abdicate his throne and become her ally in the service of humanity. But happily even now the man of faith sees a rift in the cloud that darkens the world because he knows that there behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadows keeping watch above His own.

EMILY

BY R. S. BRITTON.

I.

"Now isn't that provoking," said Ralph petulantly, as he opened the tool box preparatory to changing a punctured tire. "You will be late—about fifteen minutes—at the best."

"Oh well, never mind. I don't care," Emily replied with a smile.

Ralph looked up with mingled admiration and vexation. "Don't you ever worry about anything, or care?"

She laughed lightly. "No, I don't ever care about anything much."

"Or about anybody?" he added, as one who thinks aloud. But she only laughed again, displaying a tantalizing little dimple.

That night, long after the rest of the household were asleep, Ralph lay awake trying to forget Emily. "Now Ralph," he said, reasoning with himself, "you must admit that you love this girl. Else why do you make such frequent and lengthy visits to Annandale Farm? Because William is your roommate at college? Bah! True, you like him very well. But why do you seek Emily's company so exclusively, and why can't you forget her laughing dimpled face? You can't deny it—you love her.

"Now be reasonable. Should you love this gay, carefree girl? You, *you*; who will soon graduate from college and become a professor of Literature, a grave and dignified man? Certainly she is as good as she can be, modest, refined and intelligent. But she has no ambition and is never serious. Do you want a butterfly wife, to flit about merrily in the sunshine of youth, but to fade and die under the weight of household cares?"

Thus Ralph tried to reason against Love. Love did not reply with argument. He only drew back the curtain of a few years and showed Ralph a picture of his childhood. It was a dark and gloomy day. He sat alone, disconsolate, his heart weighted with sadness. Then Emily ran in, rosy cheeked, flaunting her curls, and smiled a bright beam of human sunshine upon him that chased every shadow from his soul and filled his boyish heart with love and joy.

And Love won the case.

II.

Thereafter Ralph assiduously sought to declare his love to Emily. Opportunities offered in plenty, for they were often alone together, rambling about the bypaths and meadows of Annandale Farm, or driving in the country around. But in every attempt he was baffled by her incessant gayety and merriment. As often as he approached his serious, throbbing topic she only laughed and jested in her own thoughtless way.

With these vexatious rebuttals there came on a painful awkwardness which Ralph had never before felt in the presence of Emily, until a fretful discomfort dogged him whenever she was about. She retained her frolicsome mood at all times. Sometimes this would border on flippancy, and he would wonder if she could have any depth of emotion at all. Then he would try to reason with himself and to think that after all it was only a transitory infatuation and not a serious affection that he held for her.

With such thoughts turning in his mind he came from the village postoffice one morning to find Emily sitting in the porch swing soothing her five-year-old brother who had hurt himself at play. She was kissing and petting him in a most affectionate fashion. Envy welled up in Ralph's heart. He wished inwardly that he might fall from a tower and *almost* kill himself, if it would win such gentle caressing.

"Here's something for you," he said, holding out a fat

letter addressed in a handwriting that was notably masculine.

"Oh, it's from Leon!" she cried with a little scream of delight. Releasing her brother who was ready now to return to his play, she ran into her room.

Ralph watched her vanish through her door, feeling a sharp sting about his heart. Who was this Leon? Did he love Emily? Did *she* love him? It had never occurred to Ralph that she should have a lover. The thought filled him with genuine lover-like jealousy. "Confound him," he thought, "I would like to challenge him to a good old-fashioned duel!"

In a moment he laughed at his folly and blushed to know that this mirthful girl had so completely captured him. But the effect remained. Nothing will stir a lagging affection more surely than a keen prick of jealousy. Ralph resolved to declare himself immediately in spite of everything.

III.

That night they returned from a drive to the near-by city. Ralph and Emily sat together, as usual, in the rear of the machine, while her father sat in front by the chauffeur. Ralph seized the opportunity to make his declaration, employing those means which, as Shakespeare says, speak louder than words. He threw his arm about Emily's shoulders, braving with chivalric desperation her father's paternal indignation, should he turn and look back. Each gentle jolt of the car settled his arm more closely about her, and her head pillowed softly in the curve of his elbow. Surely, he told himself, she responded to his love by her unresisting submission to this manifestation. In blissful ecstasy the moments fled—fled all too swiftly. Ralph was happy.

The machine rounded up the hill before Annandale Farm. Ralph withdrew his arm. Emily sat up with a little start of surprise, rubbed her eyes, and then exploded all his fond as-

surances. Laughing to suppress a wicked little yawn she demanded, "Why didn't you keep me awake? I've been fast asleep ever since we left town!"

IV.

Ralph had set the next day for his departure. He was urged to stay longer, and he gladly would have done so; but the disappointment of the night before irritated him so that he thought he had better leave. So he decided to take the evening train from the city.

Emily was to spend the night with some friends in the city, so they went together in the pony cart, leaving Annandale Farm early enough to go by the winding river drive. The afternoon was calm and beautiful. They said little. Emily seemed to be wrapt in watching the river and the beautiful colors of the evening sky. Ralph was engaged with his own thoughts. He wanted to lay bare his heart before her and tell his ardent love, but past experiences discouraged him, and he held his silence.

Once he said, "Emily, you don't know how much I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too," she replied. But there was not the deep meaning in her words that he tried to put in his. And aside from this she gave no evidence of sadness at his leaving. As they entered the suburbs of the city she resumed her accustomed gay mood, which sorely vexed Ralph. Still he could say nothing.

There was a rush of traffic in front of the depot. Ralph stopped the pony to avoid having Emily drive out of the congestion alone.

"I can't tell you how I hate to say good-bye," he began.

"Oh don't say good-bye," she said. "I can't tell anybody good-bye!"

"Well, don't forget me."

"I shall not. Come back to see us Christmas."

Still Ralph could not detect any tone of emotion in her voice. A cutting thought shot through his brain—that other fellow, Leon! He turned and walked out among the hurrying vehicles, scarcely conscious of the turmoil about him. A trolley approached. He paused to let it pass. Then a great black machine rolled close behind him; and a speeding motorcycle came up. There was a stunning crash; a woman screamed, and all became still and dark to Ralph.

V.

Ralph was seriously injured. There was one chance in a hundred, the doctor said, for his recovery.

Throughout the long, anxious hours of the night Emily would not leave him. She was no longer the gay, frolicsome girl; the strong womanhood within her stood forth, bold and triumphant. She uttered not a sound, shed not a tear; but stood beside the cot, tense and calm—calm even when death hung over him whom in her heart of hearts she knew she loved with an all-mastering love. The doctor sat gravely by, noting every symptom with the keen observation of a skilled physician.

Midnight tolled, and still the dread uncertainty. Life hung trembling in the balance. One o'clock struck, and two, and three; yet no relief from the awful suspense. A pale light broke over the sleeping city and stole in the window upon the group of anxious watchers. The doctor bent over the still form on the cot. Emily gazed upon Ralph's pallid face—as white as the pillow beneath it—wild eyed, as one in a dumb trance, leaning over now and again to catch the sound of his feeble breathing. For an age it seemed the doctor held his attentive posture. At length he straightened up with a look of great relief. "His strong constitution wins," he said, turning to Emily. "He will live."

The sudden reaction was too much. She broke down, bursting into a violent flood of tears. The nurses bore her to the next room and administered a narcotic to induce sleep.

It was late in the day when Ralph regained consciousness. As his benumbed faculties slowly clarified he turned a questioning stare upon the white walls of the hospital room. Then he saw a nurse sitting beside him.

"Take this broth," she said, "and then you may see your wife."

"My wife?" he queried mysteriously. "My wife? I have no wife."

"Oh, pardon me. I thought she was your wife."

"Well, I don't think she is. But who is she?"

And the nurse had to recount everything, beginning with the accident, and then describe the girl before he grasped the truth. "Holy smoke—it's Emily! My stars, let me see her!"

Emily, hearing the voices, entered unbidden. There was a happy smile on her haggard features and a light of unspeakable joy beamed in her tear-swollen eyes. Ralph stretched out his arms to her. "Could you, could *you* care so much—for *me*?"

She answered by kissing his brow. The door opened behind her, and the doctor entered.

"Be careful, Emily," whispered Ralph. "He's looking."

But she only kissed him again, and said sweetly, "I don't care!"

THE MOUNTAINS

B. M. BOYD.

For your towering peaks I love you,
For your ever-changing lights,
 For your silent haunts and luring scenes,—pleasure's
 fountains;
For your roaring cascades,
For your misty heights,
 For your sparkling waters and your rippling streams, I
 love you, O mountains.

For your great rugged hills,
For your flower chequered vales,
 For your slumber-soothing nights, canopied with heav-
 en's starry domain;
For your gentle perfume-laden zephyrs,
For your dark mystery-shrouded caves,
 For your cool winding lanes and your secret summer
 joys, I love you, O mountains.

For your glorious sunsets,
For your simple open ways,
 For your sturdy race of people ever kind and forever
 bountiful;
For your scenic beauty (sweet fancy's abode),
For your pleasure-giving days,
 For the many tender memories of hours spent with thee,
 I love you, O mountains.

POE AS A DIPSOMANIAC

L. T. S., JR.

Was Poe a dipsomaniac? The veil of mystery that shrouds the past of America's greatest genius in the realm of letters hides from view the facts that it would require to formulate an absolutely true answer to the above question. In clinics and amphitheatres Poe has been cited as one of the most famous cases of dipsomania. To the layman dipsomania has a hazy meaning, simply that of drunkenness to most of us.

The Practitioner's Medical Dictionary gives this definition of "Dipsomania (Dipsa—thirst; mania—madness). The uncontrollable desire for spirituous liquors." Sir William Osler has given a fuller definition and one much more comprehensive. He says it to be, "a form of acute alcoholism seen in persons with a strong hereditary tendency to drink. Periodically, the victims go on a spree, but in the intervals they are entirely free from any craving for alcohol."

The general characteristics of a dipsomaniac are, when in the intervals of abstinence, those of a normal being. They do not manifest any tendencies toward the strange and eccentric, but are quite natural in that they have the average physical desires and revulsions of the normal.

Osler says that "dipsomania is seen in persons with a strong hereditary tendency to drink." Rich currents of Irish, Scotch, English and American blood ran together in Poe's veins and produced a psychic blend unlike that of any other American poet. His mother was a Miss Elizabeth Arnold, of whose ancestry we know little or nothing. She was an actress, a widow, who was married to David Poe in 1805. Mr. Harrison, in his biography of Poe, describes her as arch, roguish and ariel-like, with marked talent for danc-

ing and acting. His father, David Poe, was a wayward, handsome, theater-loving gallant, who deserted his uncle's law office in Augusta, Georgia, to become a member of the Hopkins Company of strolling players in 1804, and in 1805—shortly after the death of her first husband he married Elizabeth Arnold Hopkins. On the paternal side, Poe came of a long line of patricians. His grandfather was General David Poe, a distinguished soldier of the American Revolution. His ancestry may be traced still further back to the French family of Le Poers, who crossed the channel to England in the eighteenth century. Thus Poe inherited his "artistic temperament" from his mother, together with ease loving inclinations of his paternal progenitors.

I.

Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and in 1811 his mother and father died of consumption while in Richmond, Virginia, filling a theatrical engagement. A few days before his mother's death, Poe, then two years of age—with his baby sister, was found in his wretched lodging, being cared for by an old Scotch rone who confessed to having been in the habit of feeding them bread soaked in gin to quiet them. This old woman was a family servant of the Arnold's and had been with them long before Poe himself was born. His parents had been playing almost every night since Poe was born, and had this method been employed continually since his birth—his parents being absent every night, could not the taste for drink have been acquired in those two years of infancy? Poe was adopted by John Allan, a benevolent but stern old Scotchman of Richmond, Va. At the time of his adoption, the Allans were making a fair income from a store living, Allan and his wife, over their place of business. Though Poe may have been petted and spoiled there could have been no luxurious indulgences allowed the child and judging from

the view he took in later years of Poe's youthful escapades at the University of Virginia, it is certainly incongruous to say that Allan allowed Poe the freedom of his sideboard (if he kept one).

II.

The first evidence of Poe's drinking are at the University of Virginia. Up to that time, he had been a keen lover of out-door sports, a fine swimmer, and a deep, though capricious student. Six months before Poe's departure for college, Mr. Allan came into possession of a legacy which made him one of the richest men in Richmond. He moved his home to a new residence and the Allans with an adopted child found themselves raised from moderate circumstances to that of envious wealth. Doubtless the foster parent was very liberal with his adopted son under this new change of circumstances, and Poe found himself suddenly removed from the dreamy boyhood days of old Richmond to the cloistered walls of the University of Virginia, then famous for its sporting youths, young bloods, and dissipated aristocracy. Mr. William Wertenbacker, the librarian of the University at that time, in his recollections of Poe said, "He certainly was not habitually intemperate, though he may occasionally have entered into a frolic." From numerous recollections of his classmates, many of whom became famous men, the knowledge is gained that Poe seemingly had no taste for alcohol, and that the times he did drink, which were seldom, he gulped down a single glass with no apparent pleasure. Even a very small amount of strong drink affected him intensely, so one writer says, and he immediately was thrown into a high state of excitement.

The only accounts of Poe's drinking (in college) must be taken from reminiscences of his associates and without an exception they say that he was not a drunkard nor in the habit

of drinking. Occasionally a small glass with his friends seemed to have been his heaviest drinking.

He left the University never to return, after having achieved distinction as a student and a rather unenviable name as a card player and gambler. He had contracted in a year's time about three thousand dollars worth of gambling debts. Unable to bear his foster father's ire, in 1827 he was enlisted as a private soldier in the regular army under the name of Edgar A. Perry. After a period of two years he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Major, then and now the highest distinction an enlisted man may attain to. Did he drink at all in those two years? Certainly, he could have been no confirmed drunkard; for industry and sobriety alone would have won for this friendless private so high a promotion.

For one of his melancholy temperament the evidence would point in that direction, but if Poe drank while in the Army he must have been "entirely free from any craving for alcohol during the intervals."

He received an appointment to West Point through Allan's influence and was discharged from the regular army, and for the next year there are authenticated statements as to his conduct. Mr. T. H. Gibson writes that "number 28 (Poe's room) was seldom without a bottle of Benny Haven's best brandy. I don't think that he was ever intoxicated while at the Academy—but he had already acquired the most dangerous habit of constant drinking." This statement is meant for an account of the time between his entering West Point and his dismissal. He entered the Academy at West Point on July 1, 1830, and was discharged for failure to qualify on his spring examinations, March 1, 1831.

So how may this secret steady drinking, the habit of the common drunkard, balance with the life of Edgar A. Perry—who in two years, for sobriety and industry, won his way to the top of his profession? Where were those "intervals" in

which he was "entirely free from any craving for alcohol? Edgar Allan Poe and Edgar A. Perry should be separate persons, or perhaps the change can be accounted for by the aesthetic statement one writer makes, "that Poe's imp of the perverse was with him in those days of cadet life."

From the date of Poe's dismissal from the Academy to the summer of 1833 his biography slips into almost total obscurity. It is known that he lived in Baltimore during this period eking out a pitiful existence with his pen, doing hack work for journals, and winning several awards with short stories. Whether he drank constantly then or not will perhaps never be known. Van Cleef, in his "Poe's Mary," tells of his passionate affection for a beautiful Baltimore girl, with whom he subsequently fell out, because of a quarrel over a chance indulgence in a glass of wine with former West Point friends. (Mr. Harrison, Poe's most painstaking and generous biographer, is disposed to question the authenticity of Van Cleef's article.)

L. A. Wilmer in his book, "Our Press Gang, or the Crimes of Our American Newspaper" (1859), describes a Baltimore paper—the *Saturday Visitor*, in which several stories by Poe appeared. Mr. Wilmer indignantly denies some of the rumors then current concerning Poe. He says that, "The late Edgar A. Poe has been represented as a reckless libertine and a confirmed inebriate. I do not recognize him by this description, though I was intimately acquainted with the man, and had every opportunity for observing his character." He was in Poe's company every day for months at a time, and was Poe's dearest friend for twelve years; and yet he says, "I did not see him inebriated, no, not for a single time." Could Poe have been a dipsomaniac, "with an uncontrollable desire for spirituous liquors," and yet have concealed this fact from his dearest friend? Poe did occasionally drink in Baltimore, all evidences point to that fact and for two years

he had none of those long intervals of freedom from any desire. If his desire was uncontrollable, how did he manage to control it? He, who in his whole existence apparently never checked one single desire!

In 1834 came the rupture with his foster parents, the Allans, and for the next two years he is found in the position of contributing editor on the *Richmond Messenger*. During these two years Poe's drinking is identical with that of the dipsomaniac. At irregular intervals he would utterly abandon himself to alcohol. He himself writes to his friends of his growing fondness for drink, and his weakness in being unable to check his appetite. That he was strictly sober a majority of the time is unquestionable. His manuscripts, over which he spent hours of labor, are written in his clear, delicate hand with the preciseness of a copyist. No inebriate or after day sufferer could have written those lines.

While with the *Messenger* some of his stories are almost weirdly autobiographic in their reference to drink. In his "Hop Frog" he describes the frightful effect of a single glass of wine on the deformed cripple. His allusions to spirits who are ushered into the world intoxicated, of drinking that is closely allied with hysteria, and of brains raging with inward madness, which are intensely susceptible to stimulants make one think that if Poe was a dipsomaniac, he was his own diagnostician!

Osler says, "Periodically, the victims go on a spree." Could Poe have been seized with a spree of two years' duration? He writes his friend and fellow-editor T. W. White, in 1835, that he had become addicted to the habit of an early morning potation.

In 1836 Poe was married to Miss Virginia Clemm of Baltimore, and after a few months of hardship in Richmond, he, with his wife and mother-in-law, moved to New York City. The three lived in an old house in Carmine Street

and there Mrs. Clemm kept house for the three with the addition of a few boarders, no doubt a welcome income to the slender means of the Poe family. It was here if ever there came perfect days. Mrs. Clemm's opinion of him was that of a mother for a dutiful son-in-law, in her utterances she does not mention his drinking. Indeed there may have been none. Mr. William Gowans, a wealthy and eccentric old Scotchman, who lived with the Clemm's says that, "I never saw him the least affected with liquor or even descend to any known vice."

The work of his early New York days were not given over to the fantastic and extravagant, but he completed a book begun in Richmond, the "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," and confined himself to the reviews for which he had assignments.

Having prospect of constant employment in Philadelphia, he removed to that city late in 1838. He was to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and from 1838 to 1844, he labored continuously, doing an enormous amount of criticism, essay work, and story writing.

His wife, Virginia, while singing to him one evening, burst a blood vessel in her throat and from then on was the beginning of the end of her life. Poe himself writes that whenever a hemorrhage occurred, which was frequent after this, he could not restrain his desire for alcohol. In a letter to his friend, Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, from Philadelphia (1841) Poe hotly denies drinking anything stronger than water in the last three years, with one single exception. He describes his habits and admits his former dissipations while in Baltimore and Richmond. He declares that since the happiness of marriage had come to him he had been totally abstinent. Then from Poe's statement it would appear that any drinking that may have been done in Philadelphia was done after April, 1841. The unfortunate poet left Philadelphia in 1844, but Mr. Griswold, a severe critic of Poe's, writes of his

Philadelphia life, "His manner except during fits of intoxication, was very quiet and gentlemanly." This is one of the many references to his weakness, that are found in all accounts of his Philadelphia life. It is here that one of the strongest evidences of his heritage of the desire for alcohol is given in a letter from William Poe, a cousin of Edgar's. He cautions Poe against the use of the bottle which he says is an old trait of the families. Poe returned to New York in 1844, and for the next year (1845) he did more work than in any other single year of his life. He had contracted many enmities with men of his profession, and to them is largely due the accounts of his evil hours. His wife was now sinking rapidly and every few months would suffer terribly from her disease. Poe drank heavily during these dark hours, using almost any stimulant he could obtain to lapse into a state of semi-consciousness. In the now famous cottage at Fordham, in 1847 Mrs. Poe died and after this, up to the time of Poe's own death (1849), he was never long without his vice. He resorted to any indulgence to obtain relief from his mental suffering—drugs, opiates, or alcohol. Medical authorities then pronounced his brain diseased and warned him against excess of any kind.

In Richmond in 1849, where he had turned up delivering a lecture, his friends persuaded him to forswear drink, and after a very successful benefit lecture he was started North again. He reached Baltimore, but only to die. The accounts are so conflicting as to the manner of his death that it is impossible to state whether he was under the influence of spirits or not at this time. He was found in a semi-conscious state in the streets of the city, and being rushed to a hospital he died very shortly afterward. It is very probable that exposure and alcoholic excesses caused his death.

III.

It would be futile to attempt to show in any way conclusively that Poe was a dipsomaniac by his writings. It is true that some of his works are uncanny in their weird imaginative scope, that some are almost incomprehensible in their vagary, and some clearly the result of a sudden whim or caprice. Many hypotheses (purely personal ones) have been advanced, and will continue to be speculated on as to whether Poe was intoxicated when writing this or that story or poem. It is fascinating to conjecture on his sobriety when "The Raven" was written—but such things would only confuse the now too contradictory evidences of his unfortunate practice. What one may do, however, is to consider some of his stories in which there are undeniable allusions to his own character. Poe was a sublime egotist, as most great geniuses are, and he could not forbear writing of himself.

In the opening chapters of his book "Pym," written shortly after his West Point and Baltimore life, he exploits his favorite theme of, "A highly concentrated state of intoxication, a state which, like madness, frequently enables the victim to imitate the outward demeanor of one in perfect possession of his senses." This, bear in mind, was written in the early journalistic days of Richmond. The incident he employs to put forward this theme is in nowise essential to the general theme of the story—but is a digression from the introduction. It is at this period that N. P. Willis is so staunch in his declaration of Poe's sobriety. Willis declares that he never once saw Poe intoxicated, not in the least; but Poe, writing to Dr. Snodgrass years later, admits his drinking while in Richmond. Poe's "William Wilson" is judged by many to be a characterization of the author himself, for some of the characters may be recognized as associates of Poe's school days. In "William Wilson" we have the old theme of a dual personality, but with the brain con-

scious of both personalities, the one good, the other evil. In the "Black Cat" he writes again of the drunkard, seized with uncontrollable fancies and whims, sheer childishness, against which he is powerless.

Poe's vocabulary is enormous; he had an extraordinary aptitude for phrasing and a singular facility for choosing words which were queer and almost unused by the authors of his day. He seems never to grope for the word that will suit his purpose, but chooses his diction with ease. Alcohol is a known paralyzant to the inhibitory centers, or in other words, it opens the floodgates of the imagination, and many attribute some of the freaks of his pen, *Morella*, *Ligea*, and others of a similar nature, to the chance that he was inebriated at the time of their composition. Writers know that even if stimulants do arouse the imagination to the highest pitch, it is just as true that other incentives may produce the same effect.

Taken as a whole, Poe's drinking is that of the dipsomaniac. His desires must have been uncontrollable, for he had every inducement to check them and almost every help—fame, prosperity, the love of his wife, and, above all, freedom from the contempt of his enemies, who were tireless in their denunciations of his private life. He did have long intervals of soberness—the days of his army life—the first years in New York—in Philadelphia and for a brief period in his later life.

The most interesting fields for discussion are in his early life, when the great sorrow of his wife's illness and death had not yet fallen upon him. Dipsomania is from internal causes, and in his early life, his passion for drink must have resulted from his hereditary tendency, and his own peculiar temperament. But in his later life, external more than internal motives are the causes of his drinking. Dipsomania, says W. H. Howell, is an alcoholic psychosis. Psychosis is a shock, sustained by the nervous (or physical) system, the effects of which persist in reappearing. Could not the causes of his

insanity, for such it amounted to, have been shifted from internal to external conditions? The death of his wife was a terrible shock; for days following he could not sleep unless some one remained at his bedside. He confesses his inability to check his thirst for spirits at the times of his wife's seizure.

Poe was no common drunkard, no wine bibber or sot, but the victim, not like Macbeth, of external forces, nor yet like Lear, of his own madness, but a combination of the two—helpless against the demands of everyday routine, pressed on by the convivial habits of the Literati, driven to relief by grief and despair, and powerless against the terrible voice of the tempter within from the hour of his birth.

THE MUSINGS OF A POTTER

W. R. F.

My eager footsteps hugged the tiny white mountain path that led up the green-clad slopes, and lost itself, seemingly in the olive of the laurel. As I watched the threadlike path unwind itself from the tangled mass of thicket, here and there dotted with a towering sentinel pine, I wondered what there was in the wildness of the place—what secret interest, to draw the maker of this trail. What was it in the fastness of this mountain scene, high above the village dotted valley, to single out some being from the throng.

A sharp turn in the trail, and there appeared, as if by magic, such scene as Omar must have viewed, as—

“Once more within the Potter’s house alone
I stood.”

There appeared, with the smoke of his kiln curling upward, lazily, into the overhanging pine, the mountain potter’s hut with door ajar. Dreamily I watched the potter bending o’er his wheel, content amid the shapes of clay.

“Shapes of all sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall.”

As from the clay a form took shape I mused, and musing thought how much like me the jar. After all we, the pot and I, found our being both in clay, but which am I, the shapely vessel, brilliant hued, or the lesser Urn, perchance a trifle marred in making?

I saw beside the Potter’s door a broken, blackened shape, and to my question, his answer came: “I was not strong, and could not stand the fire. The polished vessels best can stand the flame.” Here we have a distorted pessimist of Potdom, but how many more disjointed human pots are there! View

the social outcast and is he not the urn, unable to stand the wear of his surroundings and the objective forces that go to mar the human soul? We see society cast aside these useless, ugly vessels, and I ask by what hand, what fate are they condemned? Or was it fate, thus to doom a being?

Did fate make this atrophied soul what it is today? Did chance cause this, now acetified product of environment, to be brought into this world amid such cramped mental surroundings that they should pervert the plan of the Infinite to such an extent that His masterpiece, the human mind, could be this twisted gargoyle of a man? Think, did not some power, some exterior force, reach through the haze of our celestial sphere, and place into our hands the wet clay of our destiny, to mould it as we will? Thus on the wheel of experience we shape the urn, to make or mar at pleasure, but why the broken shape? Somewhere, sometime, as wheel spun round, the hand of the potter trembled.

Unnerved by the buffets of countless nonego forces the potter, stumbling, fell headlong on the clay, and marred the shape beyond repair. Around the circle of his ancestral shadow-shapes there goes a smile. They knew the fall must surely come, for it was they that caused the tremor in the hand.

How many pots have cracked in the making, and through the fires of the multitude of objective forces that hem us in, emerge leaning all awry! Skip not the blame for having cracked. Thou art the Potter and the Pot, the clay alone Divine. So if, in your dissecting of your subjective self, perchance you spy a crack, blame not the Maker of all clay, for thou art the answer to the lines that say:

"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who makes—Who sells—Who buys—Who is the Pot?"

LIBRARY LORE

"Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means for gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters, who have adorned humanity, you make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages."

—*Sir John Herschel.*

Again the old College rejoices over the return of her children. Once more does the Forest Wake as the tide of young life flows in well worn channels.

The ancient bell, tongue-tied for a season, now entunes mellow notes of welcome; with the instinct of true Southern hospitality, the ivy draped buildings spread their portals wide.

For weeks "Dr." Tom and his minions have been getting ready for you—the "scrubbery" (consult Tom's private dictionary) has been trimmed, the grass shaved, the wielding of paint brush and broom and rake has been encouraged.

In this general renovation, the reading room has not been neglected. The retinting of walls and ceiling, the painting of the shelves, the removing unnecessary furniture—these processes have contributed toward improving conditions.

Is it too much to hope that this room will become the very center of our College life? The chief object of this writing

is to extend to you, students of Wake Forest, the hospitality of the College Library.

The librarian is at your service, her one desire being to help you in some capacity, whether in finding material for your maiden speech in the halls of Euzelia or Philomathesia, in suggesting a book to while away a leisure hour, or in helping you select a subject for your Senior Thesis!

Professor Sledd will edit the Library Department for November.

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No. 1.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

CAREY HUNTER, JR., Editor

The Innocent
Intentions of the
Department

As some inducement to the reader, I hasten to announce that it is not my purpose to set about seriously civilizing or reforming him in these pages. That much profitable work might be done along those lines is undoubtedly true, and the spectacle of a militant editorial department throttling abuses and paralyzing

opposition is of course inspiring. But my intentions are more peaceful and more ambitious—to be read as a sedative, to be taken after dinner for the digestion. The most innocent crusade need not be feared in this pastoral spot, and if at any time I raise my voice in excitement and contort the editorial visage, you may understand that I am merely striking postures in a desperate effort to hold your attention. No such unmannerly conduct should be taken seriously.

This institution has an inheritance of which **To Our Literati** it should be proud—a past full of the spirit of literature. It has given the State a well-loved poet and a distinguished prose writer, and many able editors, journalists, and literary men of ability. And meanwhile the institution has had a chief of the English Department whose own merits, and whose art of exciting merits in others, have achieved for him wide and deserved recognition.

I call attention to this past and present in order to emphasize our possibilities. You know that a nation with traditional literary bent is liable at any time, by means of a little cultural evolution, to produce a sport like the Elizabethan or Victorian age. This must be true, in miniature, of a college.

Perhaps I have chosen a roundabout method of calling for material in vast quantities, but that is our sore need—stories, essays, sketches, poems—ream after ream. If you are a highbrow, give us something clever and paradoxical and Shavian; if you are a man of action, you should at least contribute a brief and brutal description of blacking a newish by starlight. If you dread the intricacy of a story or the heaviness of an essay, do something better still—a light, informal, simple sketch, or prepare your opinion on any local subject and unfurl it in these pages.

Such a revival of learning may have startling results. We may produce something approaching a school of literature, our own Elizabethan era. At all events we shall have an extremely readable "STUDENT."

Isolated

The citizens and the students of Wake Forest have been subjected to a singular inconvenience this year.

Raleigh is a point of considerable strategic value to all the inhabitants of this community. The citizens have business there, and the students have business there also, and other things. The city is our outlet, our open door, and our proper policy, like that of the Russian empire, is to keep the door open. Unfortunately an embarrassing obstacle has arisen. Night trains no longer stop regularly at Wake Forest. This is particularly aggravating because the railroad schedule would otherwise be quite convenient for those wishing to return at night.

Of course there is a jitney line, and there are the freights which, I am told, continue stopping, with approximate regularity, at our siding. But we are numerous, and not anarchists. Why may not the earliest northbound train give us passenger service at night? The performance will react finely upon the comfort and welfare of people who patronize the railroad extensively, and will cripple the company by a grand total of a quarter of a minute out of schedule time.

A petition has been addressed by the citizens of the town to the railroad. We are still hoping for accommodation in response to our unanimous and emphatic request.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

Once more we are back at dear old Wake Forest—upper classmen exchanging tales of wonderful summer experiences—freshmen with expectant thoughts of the work and play in store for them. To one and all—old men and new, THE STUDENT extends a most cordial greeting and welcome.

To those, who for various reasons, hurried home immediately after examinations, a brief account of the Commencement exercises of the largest class in the history of the College may not be amiss. On Wednesday evening, May 19th, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., Litt.D., of New York City, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon. The annual literary address was made Thursday morning, May 20th, by Dr. Woelfkin. Hon. T. W. Bickett, of Louisburg, N. C., delivered the annual address before the Alumni Association on Thursday evening, his subject being "Twenty-five Years with Twenty-five Diplomas."

The graduating exercises were held Friday morning, May 21st. The following medals were presented by President Poteat.

AWARDED BY THE EUZELIAN SOCIETY:

- Senior Orator's Medal—C. S. Sawyer.
- Junior Debater's Medal—E. B. Cox.
- Sophomore Debater's Medal—J. C. Newton.
- Freshman Improvement Medal—A. C. Reid.
- J. L. Allen Medal—B. M. Boyd.

AWARDED BY THE PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY:

- Senior Orator's Medal—R. L. Brown.
- Junior Debater's Medal—J. G. Booe.
- Sophomore Debater's Medal—J. M. Hayes.
- Freshman Improvement Medal—J. D. Humber.
- John E. White Medal—T. A. Avera.

OPEN TO THE GENERAL STUDENT BODY.

Hubert A. Royster Scholarship and Athletic Medal—C. W. Carrick.
 THE STUDENT Essay Medal—G. D. Rowe.
 THE STUDENT Fiction Medal—C. A. Moseley.

PINS AWARDED TO DEBATERS REPRESENTING THE COLLEGE IN
INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

Wake Forest-Richmond debate, held at Richmond, Va., to J. M. Pritchard, Carey Hunter, Jr., and A. L. Carlton.

Wake Forest-Richmond debate, held at Wake Forest, to J. P. Mull, T. A. Avera, and B. M. Boyd.

The prize for the best work in the Department of Anatomy was awarded to Mr. Bahnson Weathers.

After six addresses from the graduating class the committee of judges, Hon. W. A. Hoke, Hon. T. W. Bickett, and Hon. R. W. Winston, awarded the medal to Basil M. Watkins.

Academic degrees were conferred upon the following men:

ACADEMIC DEGREES CONFERRED.

Master of Arts—M. A. Huggins, W. P. Mull, A. C. Warlick, O. W. McManus.

Bachelor of Arts—J. A. Abernathy, J. B. Alderman, J. L. Allen, Jr., A. Y. Arledge, T. A. Avera, G. M. Billings, F. A. Bobbitt, L. S. Brassfield, M. L. Braun, R. L. Brown, J. L. Camp, A. L. Carlton, C. W. Carrick, A. G. Carter, C. E. Chambliss, P. E. Downs, V. E. Duncan, G. Ferguson, R. S. Fountain, J. M. Gatling, A. R. Gay, W. L. Griggs, J. R. Hall, M. A. Honeycutt, L. S. Inscoc, T. Ivey, Jr., V. R. Johnson, I. T. Johnston, E. C. Jones, J. C. Jones, M. H. Jones, J. P. McCourry, R. L. Maitba, J. P. Mull (Magna Cum Laude, highest honor in senior class), B. O. Myers, B. R. Page, J. R. Parker, H. D. Pegg, Earl Prevette, J. M. Pritchard, C. S. Sawyer, E. C. Sexton, J. U. Teague, C. C. Ward, B. M. Watkins, L. U. Weston, R. E. Williams, T. L. Williams.

Bachelor of Science—J. R. Crozier, W. C. Dotson, E. L. Ward.

Bachelor of Science in Medicine—R. C. Gyles, Chas. Hensley, J. E. Howell, H. J. Langston, J. J. Neal, H. M. Vann, E. J. Williams, J. W. Vann, Bahnson Weathers, E. B. Whitehurst.

Bachelor of Laws—C. M. Adams, J. A. Adams, J. E. Bobbitt, G. W. Braddy, C. C. Cashwell, W. H. Fisher, O. L. Henry, B. Hensley, P. S. Herring, R. R. Ingram, V. R. Johnson, G. H. King, E. J. Knott, J. M. Pritchard, C. F. Smith, J. C. Smith, B. T. Sustare, S. W. White.

Honorary degrees were conferred upon the following distinguished gentlemen:

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. Hight C. Moore, of Raleigh, N. C.

Doctor of Laws—Judge Robert W. Winston, of Raleigh, N. C.

Doctor of Laws—President Edward Kidder Graham, of the University of North Carolina.

Other notable features were the Baccalaureate address by President Poteat and the entertainment of the Class of 1875 by the Class of 1905.

The marshals were, from the Euzelian Society: Messrs. W. A. Riddick, chief, J. C. Gardner and C. F. Spaugh; from the Philomathesian Society: J. G. Booe, chief, J. M. Hayes and R. V. Moss.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd has returned from his travels abroad and reports a great trip. We are glad that Dr. Sledd has had such a pleasant and richly deserved trip and more than glad to have him back among us again. His overerowed classes bespeak his popularity as a professor. On account of the unsettled condition of Europe, due to the gigantic struggle now on, Dr. Sledd was unable to complete his travels and not using all the funds set apart for his use by the Kahn Fellowship, will go again some time in the future.

Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, accompanied by his wife and mother, and Miss Agnes Taylor made an extended trip to the West, including the Panama Exposition.

Pastor Johnson spent two and one-half weeks supplying in the Baptist Church of Abilene, Texas. He later went to California, returning home via Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs. The student body and the community at large rejoice on hearing that the health of Mr. Johnson has been restored.

On Friday, September 10th, Dr. Carstaphen went to Richmond for a consultation with the deans of the medical and dental departments of the Virginia College of Medicine on

the question of relating the first year in medicine at Wake Forest with their three year course in dentistry. He reports that the department of dentistry of the Virginia College of Medicine will admit to an advanced standing students who have completed the first year of medicine at Wake Forest.

Dr. Hubert Poteat has put the finishing touches to his "Cicero's Letters" and it is now ready for the press.

On the 29th of April, after the material for the last issue of THE STUDENT had gone to press, Charlie Gorrell, the only son of Dr. J. H. Gorrell, for many years the Faculty Editor of THE STUDENT, passed away in the college hospital. An operation revealed the desperate and unsuspected advance of appendicitis and all that medical skill could do availed nothing. The STUDENT staff and the wide circle of former students and friends deeply sympathize with Dr. and Mrs. Gorrell in their irreparable loss.

The following were Professor J. Henry Highsmith's engagements for the spring and summer: April 1, Vance County Commencement address, Henderson; April 16, Moore County Commencement address, Carthage; April 24, Baraca Convention address, Raleigh; April 27, Graded School Commencement address, Apex; April 30, Graded School Commencement address, Jackson; April 30 to May 2, Sunday School Institute, Edenton; May 7, address at Enterprise (Wake County) School; May 12, Commencement address, Troy; May 22, address at Stedman; June 15 to July 28, classes in Psychology and Education at the Normal and Industrial College Summer School; August 1 to 14, Teachers' Institute for Mecklenburg County at Davidson College; August 14 to 28, Teachers' Institute for Wayne County at Goldsboro.

Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat, of the chair of Latin, made a ten days trip to New York City immediately after Com-

mencement. He conducted the music at the Baptist Chautauqua at Wrightsville, N. C., and, assisted by the Faculty Quartet, conducted the music at the Virginia Baptist Encampment, Virginia Beach. His two songs, "Crossing the Bar" and "Lead, Kindly Light," were published in May by a music house of New York City. They are dedicated to Professor Albert Mildenburg, of Meredith. He has given organ recitals this spring and summer at Sumter, S. C., Mt. Airy, Buie's Creek, and Wilmington, conducted the Choral Society at Henderson, with festival concert, May 18, presided and gave anniversary address of the Johnston-Caswell Lodge, No. 10, Warrenton.

One of the most attractive and valuable features of the revived *State Journal* of Raleigh is "The World of Moving Events" supplied weekly by Dr. George W. Paschal, Professor of Greek and Latin. He is at home not only in the details of college standards and courses, but also in national and world politics.

Professor Edgar W. Timberlake before taking up his work in the Summer Law School refreshed himself by a visit of two weeks to Niagara Falls and Canada and New York City.

Associate Professor Hubert A. Jones of the department of Mathematics was appointed to the full professorship of Mathematics by the Board of Trustees at the annual meeting in May. During the vacation he took a trip to the Panama Exposition.

Director J. Richard Crozier of the department of Physical Culture spent the summer with the Horner School Camp near Black Mountain, N. C.

Upon the resignation of Associate Professor Jay B. Hubbell, who had been allowed a year's leave of absence, Acting Professor Roger P. McCutcheon (B.A., Wake Forest, 1910, M. A., Harvard, 1912), who conducted the English courses

last session in the absence of Dr. Sledd and Associate Professor Hubbell, was appointed Associate Professor of English by the Board of Trustees in May. He will have charge of the work in language, and Dr. Sledd will continue to do the English literature work.

At a special meeting on June 14 of the Executive Committee, to whom the matter had been referred by the Board of Trustees, Dr. Roswell Elmore Flack, of Spray, N. C., was elected Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, to succeed Dr. Herbert D. Taylor, resigned. Dr. Flack was born in Rutherford County, N. C., in 1877. He attended the public schools of that county and the Rutherfordton Military Institute, and entered Wake Forest College in the fall of 1898, graduating with the degree of B.A. in 1901. Then followed four years of experience as a teacher at Burnsville, Carolcen, Fletcher, and Rutherfordton. In 1906 he began the study of medicine at the University of Nashville, Tenn. For the next two years following he was private secretary to Congressman W. T. Crawford. In 1909 he entered the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University, from which he secured his professional degree in 1913. The same year he passed the State Board of Medical Examiners, and during the summer and fall took special work in the Baltimore City Health Department and the Winyah Sanatorium of Asheville, N. C. Since 1913 he has held the position of Health Officer at Spray, N. C. He has published two articles on his health work in this position. Dr. Flack, during the past summer, was engaged in post-graduate work in Johns Hopkins University. He married Miss Lola McClain, of Greenville, S. C., and has one child.

Professor John F. Lanneau, of the chair of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws by Furman University. The distinction was bestowed at the late commencement in recognition of his

original published work in astronomy. The wide circle of his friends will consider it well bestowed.

Dr. Willis R. Cullom, Professor of Bible, attended the commencement of Richmond College, where he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The degree was announced a year ago, but it was conferred only last month. Dr. Cullom turned over to Dr. R. T. Vann, Secretary of the new Board of Education, on July 1, the books of the old board, which had in charge the education of young ministers. During his incumbency the number of men aided was more than doubled, and in other ways he accomplished a notable work for the cause of ministerial education in the South. Dr. Cullom conducted one of the classes at the Virginia Beach Encampment, and supplied the pulpit of the Baptist church of Lexington, Va., for the month of August.

Dr. John William Nowell, Associate Professor of Chemistry, was elected Professor of Chemistry to succeed Dr. Charles Edward Brewer, resigned, at the annual meeting of the Trustees in May last. On Wednesday, June 16, he was married to Miss Margaret Edwards of Raleigh. They were at their cottage at Ridgecrest, N. C., during the summer, and are now residing in Dr. Brewer's residence on Main Street.

The following well-deserved minute about Dr. William Bailey Royall is extracted from the records of the Board of Trustees of May 20, 1915:

Dr. Royall has served the College as Professor of Greek for fifty years. By his godly walk, exalted character, distinguished ability as a teacher, and unflinching devotion to the interest of the College he has inspired the thousands of young men who have attended the institution within this period with lofty ideals.

Therefore be it resolved, (1) that we assure Dr. Royall of our appreciation of his life and services, of our affectionate personal regard, of our gratitude that he is able to fill his chair, and of our hope that he may be spared to us in his present capacity for many years to come.

Resolved, (2) that a copy of this paper be spread on the minutes and a copy sent to Dr. Royall.

Dr. J. Hendren Gorrell taught during the vacation two classes in French, one class in German, and one in Spanish, devoting about six hours a day to them for six days in the week. Dr. Gorrell occupied the pulpit most of the time during the vacation months.

On May 4 President Poteat received the first copies of his volume of lectures on the relations of science and religion, entitled "The New Peace," from the press of Richard G. Badger, of Boston, Mass. He has met the following engagements: April 16, County School Commencement, Jackson; April 21, representing the College at inauguration of President Graham, Chapel Hill; May 2, address Men's Bible Class, First Baptist Church, Atlanta; May 4-7, a series of six lectures on "Christianity and Culture," Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas; May 9, two addresses on the Lewis-Holland Foundation, Fort Worth, Texas; May 11-13, attending Southern Sociological Congress and Southern Baptist Convention, Houston, Texas; May 23, address High Point High School Commencement; May 25, address High School Commencement, Reidsville; May 28, address Public School Commencement, Williamston; May 30, address Baptist Church, Williamston; June 10, address Nash-Edgecombe Alumni Association, Rocky Mount; June 15-24, Bible Class and platform addresses, Y. M. C. A. Student Conference, Blue Ridge; July 4, address Baptist Church, Apex; July 8, 9, and 14, three addresses Virginia Baptist Encampment, Virginia Beach.

At its February meeting in Charleston, S. C., the Tri-State Medical Association heard a notable paper by Dr. William Turner Carstarphen, of the chair of Physiology, on "Liver Function with Reference to Certain Phases of Gen-

eral Metabolism." The paper was published in the *Virginia Medical Semi-Monthly*, July 9, and is now in course of distribution in reprint. On June 15 Dr. Carstarphen presented to the North Carolina Medical Association, at Greensboro, a paper on "Milk," which will be published in the *Virginia Medical Semi-Monthly*. Dr. Carstarphen took a week's outing at Ocean View in July.

Dr. Wilbur C. Smith, of the chair of Anatomy, spent the vacation at Rochester, Minn., in the famous surgical laboratories of the Mayo Brothers, where he had the distinction of being President of the Surgeon's Club. He returned by Independence, Kan., his old home, spending a few days there.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, the new dean, was elected to succeed Dr. Charles E. Brewer, now President of Meredith College, last May at the annual meeting of the board of trustees. He has entered into his new work with vim and determination.

On Thursday, September 9th, the annual opening address was delivered by Dr. Sikes. He pleaded for the coöperation of the entire student body to make this a successful year in the life of the institution. It was a notable inaugural address, much enjoyed by the large number of students.

The following young ladies have left Wake Forest to attend school—to Meredith: Misses Helen Poteat, Minnie Mills, Louise Holding, Lois Dickson, Thelma Beddingfield, and Elizabeth Royall; to Oxford: Miss Elizabeth Davis; to Statesville Female College: Misses Rosa, Mary, and Minnie Holding and Ruth Allen; to Littleton: Miss Mary Allen; to Normal: Miss Helen Thompson; to Peace: Miss Annie Gill.

Mr. Benjamin Roscoe Dodd has gone to Tarboro to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, returned missionaries from Brazil, spent the summer at Wake Forest.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. T. Kendricks and family, of Lafayette, Louisiana, are making their home here now.

Miss Esther Kendricks has returned to Louisiana to teach school.

A private office has been prepared for Dean Sikes adjoining his class room in the Administration Building, thus bringing all the administrative offices of the College together.

Miss Gertrude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, visited Miss Helen Poteat on her way to Meredith.

Mr. LeRoy Allen ('15) has accepted a position with the Southern Express Company in Raleigh.

Mr. G. Ferguson ('15) is teaching in the Wake Forest public schools again this year.

Messrs. L. S. Brassfield ('15), J. R. Parker ('15), R. L. Williams ('15), have been on the Hill shaking hands with old friends.

Miss Pauline Whitley will teach school at Rolesville this year.

Formation of an education club is being planned. There will probably be two meetings a month, the object being to stimulate interest among the teachers in their profession. The club will be composed of prospective teachers and the teachers of the town.

Miss Leah Graves has been engaged to teach in the public schools of the town the coming session.

A delightful concert was given by the Orphans from the Odd Fellows' Home in Goldsboro on Tuesday evening, September 7th, in the College Chapel.

Mr. John Josey, of Scotland Neck, spent a few days on the Hill the first of September. Mr. Josey is taking a business course at King's Business College in Raleigh and pursuing a course in music at Meredith College.

A basket picnic was held on August 31st under the auspices of the local Wake Forest Alumni Association. Rain in the early forenoon limited the crowd to some extent and it was necessary to have the dinner served in the Biological laboratory. Preceding dinner, a meeting was held in Memorial Hall presided over by Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., in the absence of Mr. John E. Brewer, president of the local association. Dr. Poteat made an address of welcome and responses were made by Dean Sikes, Mr. Robert E. Royall, Dr. R. J. Bateman of Troy, Ala.; Dr. J. V. Weatherspoon of Fort Worth, Texas; Mayor J. C. Caddell, President Chas. E. Brewer, of Meredith College, and Rev. J. I. Kendricks.

A course in journalism has been added to the College curriculum. This study is to be conducted under Prof. McCutcheon and is required of all men engaged in newspaper work while in College. Others may be admitted.

The opening address of Dean Sikes, mentioned above, will appear in full in the autumn issue of the College Bulletin.

The new well at the bottom of the campus was dug to a depth of 425 feet before a satisfactory supply of water was reached. This well is intended to be used as an alternate system and is operated by an electric motor.

The many friends of Prof. J. B. Hubbell will be glad to hear that he stood the final examinations for the Ph.D. degree at Columbia University and has returned to complete his thesis, the subject of which is Virginia fiction.

Wake Forest College has now two men at Oxford, England, Mr. Paul Hubbell ('13), representing Wake Forest, and Rev. J. M. Kester ('12), representing Newton Theological Institution of Newton Center, Mass.

Rev. J. J. Taylor has gone to Buie's Creek to place his children in school and has accepted a pastorate at Dunn, N. C.

Miss Louise Lanneau, who has been teaching at Meredith College, has secured a leave of absence and will pursue a course of study at Cornell University this session. Miss Lanneau studied at Cornell during the summer months.

There are about 154 new men in the enrollment thus far as THE STUDENT goes to press. The total registration is about thirty in advance of last session. Beside North Carolina, the following states and countries are represented: Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kansas, Delaware, Virginia, West Virginia, China and Cuba. THE STUDENT staff asks for coöperation from all the men from all of these states and countries in order to make our magazine a success during the coming session. What do you say?

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

SOCIETY.

As this number of *THE STUDENT* goes to press the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies have not begun the regular work for the year. There has been only one meeting, the purpose of which was to elect officers for the fall term.

At present there are about one hundred and fifty first-year men in College. The majority of these have already resolved to join the Society of their choice, and do good work; but there are always a few who plan to wait till the second year with the excuse that they want to get themselves adjusted before entering this phase of College life. A Freshman entering College can make no greater mistake; because there is no better way or place for the student to adjust himself to College life than to begin, at once, active Society work. Furthermore, it is invariably true that the habits and customs formed the first year follow a man through his entire college career.

The average graduate student looks back with regret on the way in which he neglected the opportunities offered by his Literary Society. From every Freshman class must come a group of select men who will support their societies for four years. It is the privilege of every freshman to be one of this select group.

A number of medals are offered each year by the societies to those who are willing to work. The man who wins a medal is always proud of his achievement; but the man who works and loses the gold wins a prize far more valuable than gold.

Y. M. C. A.

There has been no regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. since College opened, but the Cabinet met on Monday evening, September 13th, and outlined the plans for the ensuing year. The work outlined by the Cabinet is to give to the student body, on Monday evening, September 20, the annual Y. M. C. A. banquet; and immediately afterwards make a thorough canvass for membership. The membership committee anticipate having a larger enrollment than formerly.

The Devotional Committee have arranged to have an interesting program for every meeting of the Association this year. Those who attend these meetings will have the privilege of hearing a number of the prominent men of the country.

The Y. M. C. A. Conference, held at Blue Ridge this summer, was attended by the following Wake Forest men: Dr. W. L. Poteat, who conducted Bible and Mission Study classes during the conference; also conducted a Bible Study class at night for a group of girls who spent the summer at Blue Ridge; Roy C. Tatum, J. M. Hester, M. L. Braun, W. A. Riddick, W. B. Wright, J. M. Kesler and G. W. Greene.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. for this year are: Roy C. Tatum, President; P. S. Daniel, Secretary; Geo. D. Rowe, Corresponding Secretary; E. P. Whitley, Treasurer.

The new men entering College, as well as those who have been here before, can do nothing more profitable than spend forty-five minutes in the Y. M. C. A. on each Monday evening. The motto: "Spirit, Mind, Body," should appeal to every young man. Every one desires a strong body and a clear mind. These invaluable qualities go hand in hand with a clean life.

MOOT COURT.

The Moot Court met September 17, and organized with the following officers for the year:

W. C. Downing, Associate Justice.

M. L. Mott, Jr., Solicitor.

J. Casteen, Sheriff.

L. P. Dixon, Clerk.

The Moot Court offers a splendid opportunity to those taking the Law course. The purpose of this department is to give the Law students practical training in the court room. Reports of the cases tried in the Moot Court will appear from time to time.

ATHLETIC NOTES

H. W. G. OWENS, Editor

The athletic spirit at Wake Forest is running high. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, Coach Smith is back this year to train the boys. He has better control of the boys and can get more work out of them than any other fellow who has ever been here. For this, if not other reasons, we are expecting a winning team.

Nearly every varsity man is back. With Olive, Dickson, Stallings and Parker as guards, Captain Moore and Blackman as tackles, Holding, Harris and "Sky" Powell as ends, Beam, Trust, Pace and Riddick in the back field, "Mig" Billings, who is the man that does the head-work of the team, at quarter-back, and the following old men: Rowe, Jordan, Meyer, Carter and possible Abernethy, Lee and Witherington—with all these old men back under the control of Coach Smith we have a right to expect a winning team this season. But there are other experienced men here from other institutions; Langston, who has played for two years as center for Furman (University) is a fast man and is expected to make good. Robling, from Kansas, is not only good for football but will make a good man in basketball and baseball. Harrington, who has played football in Delaware, is a fast man. Koon, of Asheville, and Shaw, of Sumter, S. C., are of the heavyweight variety, both clipping the scales around 225 pounds. These men are likely to make good line men. Taking all these things into consideration it is safe to predict that we will make a splendid record this season in football.

Manager Wright announces that the schedule has not been completed yet. He also announces that the game with the University of North Carolina has been changed so that it will

be played at Chapel Hill instead of Wake Forest as formerly scheduled. The manager says that all inducements possible were given to have the game here and that the changing of the game is no fault of Wake Forest. However we are expecting to win the game anyway, for efforts are being made to run a special train to Carolina on that date and if this train is run a majority of the student body will go with the team to Chapel Hill and help to win the game.

A very liberal offer has been made to the students on season tickets which will admit to all games played on the hill and two or three away from the hill. The ticket is to be sold for the small sum of \$3 provided as many as three hundred and fifty tickets are sold. About three hundred have already been sold and the other fifty can be easily disposed of. This is the best ticket offer that has ever been made to Wake Forest students and it deserves the support of every man who has any athletic spirit at all.

An athletic park is being made just north of the gymnasium. A good field is being made by going around the outer edge of the campus, while eight tennis courts are being graded on the inside of the track ground. A number of men are playing tennis and it is expected that we will have inter-collegiate tennis games with other colleges of the State.

Another great improvement is the arrangement that has been made for outdoor gymnasium. The ground has been graded off and fenced in just behind the gymnasium building with a stairway leading from the building to the ground. Whenever the weather will permit a great deal of the exercise will be taken out in the open air, thus giving to the student in gymnasium the advantages of the athletic field.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

The Exchange Department of one of our exchange magazines is headed with the picture of two men who are exchanging blows with the sword. Of course it is the duty of this department to let the blow fall here and there when it is needed, and when it will be of help to the magazine which is hit. However, we should not be too critical nor exchange blows too freely, for "ten criticize amiss where only one writes amiss," and blows are destructive. Our criticisms, which will be offered in a friendly spirit, will be made only to call attention to the weak points of your magazine, in order that you may know and strengthen them. We shall gladly receive such criticisms of our own magazine in order that we may know how to improve it. If our Exchange Department gives you only a little praise, remember, that your magazine must stand on its own merits, and not on what we say about it.

But since the prime function of this department is not to cast either "bouquets or brick-bats," what is it? To exchange magazines, which will be placed in the reading room where they will be accessible to the whole student body. Through this channel we can exchange ideas for the various College Departments.

We cordially invite magazines to exchange with us because we believe that through this department we can mutually help each other.

Fellows!

Had it occurred to you that our advertisers bear more than half the expenses of getting out our college magazine?

That you should patronize them since they have patronized you?

Then, study the ads and give *your* advertisers *your* support.

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Manager, E. P. WHITLEY, 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.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
November Day (verse)	R. S. Britton 81
Compulsory Arbitration (debate) ..	<i>J. M. Pritchard</i>
	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 82
To A Withering Rose Bud (verse)	<i>B. T. Tally</i> 99
Uncle Bob and the Watermelons (story)	<i>H. I. H.</i> 100
Sonnet	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 103
A Shakespearean Puzzle (essay)	<i>Basil Boyd</i> 104
The Dallas Drawl (story)	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 109
Divorce in the United States (essay)	
	<i>Wm. Henley Deitrick</i> 115
The Musings of a Potter (sketch)	<i>"Mephisto"</i> 118
Cornwallis in Charlotte (essay)	<i>Robert R. Mallard</i> 121
Library Lore	<i>Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd</i> 125
DEPARTMENTS:	
Editor's Portfolio	<i>Wm. Henley Deitrick, Editor</i> 127
In and About College	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr., Editor</i> 130
Society, Y. M. C. A. and Moot Court Notes	
	<i>W. B. Sinclair, Editor</i> 134
Athletic Notes	<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor</i> 137
Alumni Notes	<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor</i> 143
Exchange Department	<i>Fountain W. Carroll, Editor</i> 146
Notes and Clippings	148

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXV

November, 1915

No. 2

NOVEMBER DAY

R. S. BRITTON.

Hist! a sound in yonder wood,
A dismal, wailing sound!
It frights the russet leaves that fall,
They tremble as they flutter 'round
And sadly rustle on the ground.
The raven hears, and croaks a call
From his lone perch in the hemlock tall.
The brook, that gaily splashed along,
Hears, too, and stills its liquid song.
But hist, again the dismal sound!
Some mystic spirit groans and heaves,
And moans among the withered leaves—
'Tis Winter's frosty breath,
'Tis Winter, breathing death!

WAKE FOREST-RICHMOND DEBATE

Compulsory Arbitration

(NEGATIVE)

The debate was held in Richmond, Va., on April 2, 1915, Wake Forest taking the negative and Richmond College the affirmative of the following query: "*Resolved, That industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration.*" The speeches of Messrs. Hunter and Pritchard, who represented the negative of the query and were victorious, are printed below.

SPEECH OF J. M. PRITCHARD.

Let it be understood at the outset that we regret the existence of industrial disputes, and that we are as anxious as the affirmative to settle these disputes peacefully by arbitration. It is the use of compulsion, and not arbitration, that is the sole issue; it is this that we oppose.

It is interesting to note that "*Resolved, That Industrial Disputes Should Be Settled by Compulsory Arbitration (constitutionality waived)*" is a form of statement known in logic as a universal affirmative, and means that each and every industrial dispute in the United States must be adjusted by compulsion. In opposition to this sweeping statement I shall prove that such a policy is false in principle, undesirable, and unsuccessful in practice.

In the first place I shall prove that compulsory arbitration is undesirable because it is false in principle.

Let us see just what the theory of compulsory arbitration is—for it is based upon one distinct principle, which separates from all other methods of dealing with industrial disputes. This unique feature is compulsion—compulsory imposition of awards upon the disputants.

What is the reason for this compulsion? There can be but one logical answer. The single effect of a resort to compulsion would be to force conditions upon the parties which they, one or both of them, were unwilling to receive. It is indeed obvious that compulsion is unnecessary and accom-

plishes nothing at all when both labor and capital are satisfied with the decision of a board of arbitration. The only case in which compulsion can have an iota of effect is when it imposes unsatisfactory terms upon capital or else compels labor to accept conditions against its will. It is against this imposition of unsatisfactory awards that we are contending tonight, and if the affirmative wish to argue upon the point they must not base their remarks upon cases where their scheme has merely accomplished what voluntary arbitration has accomplished and proved satisfactory to both disputants. Rather must they show that the enforcement of distasteful terms is just, wise, and practicable.

It requires little more than this clear conception of the sinister nature of compulsory arbitration to demonstrate the injustice of its principles. Is it right to distate to an employer the terms on which he shall conduct his business and force him to receive those terms or go out of business? Is it just to compel a laborer to work under conditions which he is unwilling to accept? Gentlemen of the committee, a laborer's all in all is his labor power. The most elementary rudiments of human justice demand that he be allowed to expend this labor power as he wishes, or not at all, for reasons sufficient to himself. Call it what name you like, when you compel a laborer to work against his will you have forced him into involuntary servitude. That is what compulsory arbitration accomplishes if it accomplishes any effect whatever.

I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, that unless the plan of the opposition fails in its purpose it either works injustice upon the employer or dooms the employee to involuntary servitude. If compulsory arbitration does not enforce awards to labor which are distasteful by holding workmen to their tasks, it is a failure. However, if by any means it succeeds and attains any degree of efficiency it can do so only by reestablishing slavery upon this continent and violating the very fundamentals of our government. It is true that we have waived con-

stitutional objections to such servitude, but we do not rest our case on these. We are founding our argument upon those principles of human rights which underlie the Constitution, principles which the affirmative can never waive for forensic purposes.

The proposed system has no precedent or analogy in any department of our government. Some wire-drawn theorizers justified the theory of compulsory arbitration by pointing to the compulsion exercised by our courts of law. A moment's thought, however, is sufficient to dispel this illusion, for the compulsory powers of the courts, both civil and criminal, are employed solely to correct and punish crime and wrongdoing in one form or another. But the compulsion which our opponents advocate is to be used in forcing men to remain at work. Is it, then, a crime to quit work? We hold that it is not, and we believe that our contention is in thorough harmony with the American concept of liberty.

Just here let me emphasize the exact nature of the injustice of compulsory arbitration. The primary injustice consists in requiring involuntary labor, and is not essentially conditioned on the injustice of the awards themselves. At the same time the affirmative assume an enormous burden of proof, when they assume that really equitable awards can be secured by courts of arbitration. As a matter of fact, the complicated conditions of modern industry would prevent the attainment of justice in a reasonable number of cases. James Edward Le Rossignol, in his book "State Socialism in New Zealand," on page 238, says: "So great are the difficulties in the way of discovering the principles of justice for the determination of wages that one of the most distinguished of the past presidents of the arbitration board stated that no such principles exist, these and other complications prevent the creation of a body of legal principles defining and explaining the nature of fair and reasonable wages."

But aside from the intrinsic difficulties of arriving at

approximate justice in the determination of wages, another sinister obstacle stands in the way of equity—the personnel of the board. An arbitration court must equally represent capital and labor, and since the disputants are not apt to surrender to one another, undue weight attaches to the third party—the government arbiter. This one man, in whose hands greater problems than those which confront our present courts will rest, will be subjected to all the political and social influences of capital, and it is a violent presumption to hazard that this man can be impartial in his conclusions. Le Rosignol in his book referred to above, “Experience in New Zealand has demonstrated that arbiters are peculiarly liable to prejudice in settling the status of capital and labor:—they frequently lean to one side or another.” It is apparent that with plaintiff and defendant sitting on the bench in judgment of their own case, the chances of impartiality are almost obviated. Let the affirmative stand for imposing the questionable awards of this anomalous court upon employer and employee and enforcing them by legal penalties. Thus the proposed scheme—arbitration by force rather than arbitration by reason—is eminently liable to secure inequitable awards and at best results in a form of involuntary servitude. We submit, gentlemen of the committee, that such a system is unjust in principle and unamerican in consequences.

And now let us turn to a consideration of the superstructure of practical operation which our opponents are attempting to build upon their theory of sand. What are the actual effects of compulsory arbitration? Can the plan stand the test of experience? Will it succeed when tried? A discussion of these queries will establish my second proposition. In the first place, the most pronounced effect of compulsory arbitration has been the stirring up of industrial strife. The breach between capital and labor has been widened and these two indispensable instruments whose coöperation is so essential to

the welfare of the public have been driven into hostile camps. The establishment of compulsory arbitration places a third party between labor and capital, accentuates the differences between the two, and necessarily divides them into sharply opposing forces, each side lives in constant fear that the other is going to use the arbitration court against it. Each must keep constantly on the alert, using every method of political strategy known in an attempt to obtain a favorable court. Does such enforced antagonism bring capital and labor nearer together? Let me give you the facts from Australasia as an answer. Says Mr. Broadhead of the Canterbury Court: "It is a matter of regret that the relations between employer and employee have been less cordial than they were previous to the act. Indeed, the majority of cases both sides occupy hostile camps."

Thus, gentlemen of the committee, instead of bringing labor and capital into a more cordial relationship, compulsory arbitration would mean increased bickering and dissatisfaction, and the constant lining up of the forces of labor against those of capital in needless, jealous, malignant industrial warfare — disastrous consequences which would all strike home to the great third party, the public, whose best interest the affirmative have so charitably assumed in this debate.

In the second place, the plan, with all these needless consequences, can not be enforced, for compulsory awards can never be enforced upon workmen who are unwilling to receive those awards, as we have already seen that is the only case in which compulsion can hope to accomplish any effect. Let us be concrete. Suppose compulsory arbitration were established and a decision handed down by the tribunal which was unsatisfactory to the thousands of laborers in the Pennsylvania coal mines, or to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The terms are resented and five or ten thousand, sometimes infinitely more, go on a strike, acting with unanimity charac-

teristic of trade unions. Face to face with the exigencies of this situation which it has conjured up, what is your compulsion going to do?

There are a few alternatives. Do you propose to call out the Federal standing army, place a guard over each individual laborer, and compel him to dig coal or run his engine with discretion and intelligence at the point of the bayonet? Such a course would be manifestly absurd, but we shall see that it is scarcely more ridiculous than the other resources of the affirmative.

Do you, then, expect to punish the strikers by imprisoning them? That will be an impossibility, for even waiving the matter of throwing men into jail without due process of law, how are you going to imprison fifteen, twenty, or a hundred thousand individuals? I appeal to common sense—would it be practicable to imprison such hordes? Could you find penitentiaries enough to hold them? Do you intend to jail them *en masse* or in relay squads? Such a course would never be considered by an intelligent man. But suppose, for the sake or argument, that you could execute your laws and imprison the multitude of strikers. Very well. Has not the government merely made itself a victim of all the evils of a strike? Who is going to run the trains when all the engineers are serving a jail sentence? There are many industries in which substitute labor cannot be secured. Experience in long years of apprenticeship are necessary to the proper performance of certain kinds of labor; for example, railway train service. And mark you, even apprentices are members of the union. If our opponents advocate this as a means of enforcement they will only subject the public to the unique result of an iron-clad strike rigidly maintained by law.

Perhaps you will say you will content yourself with imprisoning the labor leaders? But how does that touch the men already on the strike? What happened when the agi-

tators at Lawrence were imprisoned? The strikers were outraged, fury drove them to desperation, and the situation was many times as serious as before.

One alternative remains. The affirmative may be inspired with a solution of all their difficulties in the shape of fines. Now in the first place, were such a remedy applicable, it would be a pitiful and impotent weapon with which to attempt the disciplining of numberless strikers. But to be brief, it would be impossible to collect the fines which you had assessed. Can the funds be collected from the trade union? That would be an admirable way out of the difficulty were it not for the fact that a wealthy union is as shrewd and resourceful as it is strong. Are the leaders going to pay the fines willingly? Obviously, no. Then what is to prevent a union from adopting the usual recourse and becoming a benevolent organization, and transferring its funds? With all the powerful affiliations of labor organizations it would be an easy matter to secure the coöperation of some workmen's insurance society or laborer's charity league and transfer all its funds to a separate organization, which would be a separate organization in the eyes of the law.

Then, perhaps, you argue we will collect the fines from the individual workmen themselves. That has been tried in New Zealand. In the Slaughterman's strike in 1906, the men were fined five hundred dollars apiece for aiding and abetting in an illegal strike. The greater part of this amount was never collected. J. J. Ramsay McDonald, writing in a contemporary review says: "The slaughtermen's strike shows how impossible it is to enforce penalties on thousands of workmen. It is impossible to fine or imprison them." The New Zealand Department of Labor report in 1907 admits that the department has been unable to collect the great majority of its fines.

In other words, an attempt to collect fines from fifty thou-

sand men who are unwilling to pay or to compel them to work by any other means must end in abject failure. Now I call upon the affirmative to choose tonight whichever of the alternatives they prefer. I insist that they be specific and tell us before time for rejoinder exactly how they mean to enforce the awards of a compulsory arbitration court against dissatisfied men, exactly how they hope to acquire involuntary labor; meanwhile I await their ideas with curiosity and eagerness, for common sense and experience unite to prove that they are attempting a hopeless task.

In conclusion, gentlemen of the committee, experience in New Zealand, Australia, New South Wales, has demonstrated the impracticability of compulsory arbitration. The measure has failed wherever it has been tried.

Almost the sole advantage offered as an excuse for compulsory arbitration is that the system prevents strikes. But the statistics of the New Zealand Bureau of Labor do not bear out this contention. It is true that during the first few years of the law's existence there were apparently no strikes; but that was due to an unparalleled wave of prosperity that swept over the country. Business was on the boom, wages were on the advance, and decisions were favorable to the laborers. But as soon as the awards were handed down which did not satisfy the working men the law broke down and strikes have increased in number and intensity from that day until this. In 1907 the slaughtermen first successfully defied the law. They struck; they were fined; the fines, according to the New Zealand labor reports for 1907, were never collected. In 1908 the law was amended and made stricter and more inclusive in its application. Yet in 1908 there were 12 strikes, in 1910, 13, in 1911, 21, in 1912 the number increased to 35; and in 1913 a gigantic industrial war broke out, workmen went on strike in every branch of industry; transportation was stopped throughout the country, and finally the people of

New Zealand, as a desperate last resort, were forced to rise *en masse* and operate the street cars, the railroads, and all the tasks ordinarily performed by the strikers. Picture such a situation in the United States. A similar disaster befell New South Wales in 1912. Business was paralyzed with a general strike, originating because of some grievance on the part of the employees of the street railways of Brisbane, which rapidly assumed gigantic proportions. Workers in every branch of industry were called out with the avowed intention of causing a cessation of all labor. All forms of transportation were suspended. In the entire history of the United States, even previous to the passing of the Erdman Act, there never yet has been a strike which affected every industry in the country. It remained for a New South Wales, under the beneficent scheme of the affirmative, to fall victim to such a phenomenal and revolutionary strike. Has the system prevented strikes in Australia? In spite of rigid legal penalties, there were ninety-two strikes in Australia in one year—1912—the equivalent in proportion in population of 1,055 strikes in the United States. In every country where it has been tried the law has been defied with impunity, has failed in its primary purpose, the prevention of strikes, has not stood the test of experience, has proved the argument of the negative—that you cannot force awards down the throats of unwilling laborers.

Now, Gentlemen of the Committee, since compulsory arbitration, which amounts to forcing men to work against their will, is unjust in principle; provokes disputes, and widens the breach between capital and labor; since it cannot be enforced—and mark you it has failed where it has been tried—do we want compulsory arbitration in the United States?—No!

SPEECH OF CAREY HUNTER, JR.

My colleague has discussed the inherent evils of compulsory arbitration, both as regards principle and practice. He has

shown that the system is based upon a false and unjust theory which, translated into terms of efficiency, means nothing other than involuntary servitude. He has pointed out the intolerable effects which follow in the wake of compulsory arbitration, he has proved that the plan can never be enforced, and that it has failed wretchedly in Australasia. It now remains for us to consider the proposal of the affirmative in its relation to American conditions. I hope to prove, first, that compulsory arbitration, already discredited where it has been tried, is entirely out of harmony with the spirit and the industrial situation of the United States, and I shall then show that our needs may be fulfilled without a resort to compulsion.

In the first place, compulsory arbitration is something thoroughly alien to the spirit of the American government. My colleague has already shown that the system invades the rights of the individual, and hence would be repugnant to our regime. But the system means more than injustice to the individual. What does it mean when considered in its relation to all industry, and to society, which is dependent upon industry?

In answer, it is only necessary for us to remember that the query calls for the application of compulsory arbitration to all industrial disputes. Now disputes occur in every industry worthy of the name. Furthermore, when an arbitration court had fixed terms of settlement between one particular capitalist and his employees, those terms would have to be forced upon all other employers and workmen in similar occupations within a considerable area, or else conditions of competition would be upset. This has been done in New Zealand.

In view of these facts, then, what is this measure which we call compulsory arbitration? It is nothing less than governmental control of every industry in the United States, and not broad and liberal control, but regulation of the minutest detail in the relation between employer and employee, and hence

absolute regulation of the workings of our entire industrial system. All wages are to be fixed by law, and hence, logically, all prices. Carroll D. Wright, ex-Commissioner of Labor, stated in his testimony before the Industrial Commission, that every direct attempt to establish wages by law, in Europe and elsewhere, had ended in signal failure. Yet the proposal with which we are confronted is an attempt to establish wages, hours, conditions—and every trivial detail which may occasion dispute—definitely and permanently by law.

Consider for a moment, gentlemen of the committee, this astounding theory of governmental control. Compulsory courts are to regulate these details not only in businesses affected with a public interest, but in entirely private concerns; not only in connection with railroads, but in soap factories, sporting goods establishments—everything. The effects of such far-reaching governmental regulation of production can scarcely be estimated. Logically, if the government is to regulate all instruments of production, public and private, the government, to be consistent, should assume the ownership of the means of production. The statement is startling, but is it not reasonable? Says John P. Peters, on page 158 of his book, "Labor and Capital": "The results of compulsory arbitration will probably be still more far-reaching, and necessitate the assumption by the government of productive industry itself." In a word, such undue governmental interference can only be justified on the basis of socialism.

Whether this final step will follow immediately after compulsory arbitration or not is irrelevant. The fact remains that the system which the gentlemen are offering is an intense form of paternalism, and that it is a flagrant contradiction of the whole American spirit. It amounts to removing the emphasis from the individual and placing it upon the state in a more radical manner than has yet been dreamed of. It would supplant individual liberty and initiative with a gi-

gantic governmental industrial machine; it would convert American workmen into industrial units—mere cogs in the machinery of the state. If that theory is right, we must confess that every inch of our political fabric, built to allow large liberties to the individual, has been falsely constructed from the beginning. The United States is essentially the nation of individual initiative; our very atmosphere is hostile to governmental interference in private affairs, and it is an atmosphere into which compulsory paternalism, the delicate product of the South Sea Islands, can never be transplanted.

Thus we realize that compulsory arbitration is out of harmony with American ideas. Now let us turn to consider the scheme in relation to the industrial situation of today and the great force which is shaping and developing this situation.

By all odds the most prominent force in modern industry is the labor union. No other institution has contributed so largely to the promotion of the interests of wage earners. When workmen were unorganized they were unprotected; their wages, hours, conditions, were wretched, their protests were unheeded. Today the workingman is in a position to look after his own interests; he maintains a decent standard of living, his protest is received with attention and respect. How has this been accomplished? By organization, backed up with the right to strike.

And organization has done more. It is the greatest factor today in the establishment of industrial peace. Through their union, fifty or a hundred thousand men may bargain collectively and arrive at a trade agreement which the organization is pledged to maintain. Practically all strong and recognized unions are able to realize their aims without recourse to the strike. As notable examples, we have the great associations of unions engaged in the dress and waist industries, the cloak, suit, and shirt industry, and the building trades of New York City. These powerful organizations

have voluntarily signed protocols with their employers' associations which provide for the settlement of disputes by industrial courts composed of representatives of both sides. These protocols have preserved industrial peace for a number of years. The necessity of strong unions as instruments of harmony has been recognized by modern thinkers and economists, and led Dr. Frank T. Carlton, in his book, "The Industrial Situation," to write: "Today, labor organized is labor in its normal form; and our industrial peace and progress must be built upon the foundation of unionism."

How has all this been attained? By organization, but not that alone; by organization deriving its power and significance from the right to strike. And what effect will compulsory arbitration have upon this vital phase of our industrial life? Ladies and gentlemen, compulsory arbitration cannot but destroy the integrity of the union.

Take away from the union the right to strike, and you have shorn it of the last vestige of strength, you have removed its sole legitimate weapon—the instrument that has made unionism possible and powerful. Organization may remain, but it will be defenseless, impotent, unmanned—a mockery of trade-unionism. Said Carroll D. Wright: "Organization is effective only when the power to strike is held in reserve. Compulsory arbitration must inevitably result in the destruction of trade unions."

The unions themselves recognize this danger, hence their unanimous and unparalleled opposition to compulsory arbitration. Experience in New Zealand has confirmed their theory. The law in that country, although it nominally encourages the formation of unions, really works a total negation of unionism and allows seven workers to register and secure recognition as a *bona fide* organization. Realizing their hopeless position, a large number of unions, including most of the miners, have recently withdrawn from under the

act. These organizations have repudiated the measure and resumed the right to strike because the law is inconsistent with unionism.

Now, gentlemen of the committee, unionism is here to stay. Our greatest industrial institution, robbed of its normal resource, would be driven to abnormal methods. If you outlaw the source of the union's strength, you deliberately transform a good and useful citizen into a criminal. Labor would be driven to the blind, desperate resort of syndicalism, or something worse. But it is not my purpose to predict the consequences. The fact remains that since the union is the inevitable basis upon which true industrial peace and progress must rest, compulsory arbitration, which destroys the efficiency of the union by removing the right to strike, is out of harmony with the needs of American industry.

As a result of the unfitness of compulsory arbitration for American conditions, we find that the measure is confronted in this country with widespread and intense opposition. Says the report of the United States Industrial Commission: "The sentiment of both employers and employees in the United States is almost universally opposed to compulsory arbitration as a general method of settling disputes." Labor, the party most directly concerned, loses no opportunity to express its violent antagonism toward the measure. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, exclaimed at a recent industrial conference in Chicago: "Compulsory arbitration? Not if the working men of America know it!" And again he wrote: "Compulsory courts could not enforce their decrees except the state would reëstablish involuntary servitude. And to abolish slavery even revolution would be justifiable." *Revolution!* That is labor's declaration of war against compulsory arbitration. In the face of such bitter antagonism from the powerful Federation of Labor, in the face of the opposition of capital, in the face

of the distrust of the general public, which has been expressed by such men as Charles Francis Adams, Carroll D. Wright, President Hadley of Yale, Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, and in the report of the Industrial Commission, compulsory arbitration could never attain any degree of efficiency in this country. Now listen to a statement made by William Pember Reeves, the author of the compulsory act in New Zealand, in his book, "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand." He says: "The very nature of a compulsory act demands, as a condition precedent to its establishment, not only that reformers desire to see it made trial of, but that public favor generally be favorable." I defy the affirmative to show that public opinion in this country is favorable to compulsory arbitration.

So we have found that the proposed system is irreconcilable with the American spirit, inapplicable to our industrial situation, destructive of trade-unionism, and bitterly opposed. We submit that compulsory arbitration is utterly out of harmony with American conditions.

Thus the plan of the affirmative fails as a solution of our labor problem. We shall now see that the true solution of those problems may be achieved without any resort to compulsory arbitration and its attendant evils.

In what way can industrial disputes be settled? It is evident that compulsion itself can settle nothing; all it hopes to do is to force one side or the other into submission. A dispute can be settled in one way only—by agreement between the parties—and that can be reached through mediation or conciliation or arbitration. These instruments, and not compulsion, are the legitimate means of settlement.

Now what can the government do to promote and facilitate these means of settlement? It can provide agencies for preventing hasty action, for thorough investigation of the causes of a dispute, for bringing the parties together in calm deliber-

ation, for securing arbitration wherever possible, for giving public opinion a chance to make itself felt. That is as far as any government can successfully go, and that is far enough.

This the Federal government has done for one industry in the United States—the railroads. Under the Erdman Act for many years, and now under the improved Newlands Act, the government has provided for boards to investigate, mediate, and arbitrate, wherever possible, disputes upon interstate railways. The results have been happy. Industrial peace has been preserved on the railroads since the Erdman Act was passed in 1898. Many important disputes have been settled, but not a single serious railway strike has occurred.

In Canada also, voluntary arbitration, with especial provision for investigation and publicity, has been applied by the government to all public utility industries. Beginning in 1907, when the act was passed, and for the four years during which statistics are available, this measure peacefully settled one hundred and five out of a total of one hundred and seventeen disputes—eighty-nine per cent of the whole.

Thus have been demonstrated the possibilities of voluntary arbitration when it is made practicable and adaptable by governmental agencies. The fact that we have had strikes in industries outside of the railroads is without significance; the Federal government has never furnished a means of settlement in these industries. But peace for seventeen years in the only industry for which Congress has made voluntary arbitration practicable and placed it within reach of capital and labor is significant, significant of a solution of American problems in an American way. It is to be hoped that the government will coöperate more and more with the natural tendency of unionism and employers' associations toward industrial peace, and will establish agencies of settlement in other industries. The recent activities of the Board of Mediation and Conciliation show that this movement is already

on foot, and in this direction we may reasonably look for a diminution of strikes and lockouts.

Now, gentlemen of the committee, we do not claim that voluntary arbitration will prevent all strikes. A small per cent will continue to occur; but we do say that when the real methods of settlement—conciliation, voluntary arbitration, and public opinion—do not alter the determination to strike, compulsion would be powerless and would only embitter the situation. The fundamental misconception of the affirmative is their belief that the solution of industrial problems may be achieved by the mere imposition of peace upon the disputant. That does not go to the root of the matter. It is not a temporary patchwork of peace that is needed; rather do the interests of all parties demand cordial and harmonious industrial relations resting on the solid basis of mutual satisfaction. Gentlemen of the committee, harmony does not exist when men have been cowed into submission; peace cannot be compelled.

In conclusion, true industrial peace can only exist without compulsion. We may get the full benefit of all real, all practical, all American methods of settling disputes, all methods that settle instead of imposing—all methods based on the consent of the governed—without compulsion. When the government furnishes such methods of settlement, in adaptable form, to capital and labor, a high degree of harmony will be secured—without compulsion. Seventeen years of peace on our railroads, where such methods have been applied, testify more emphatically than I can to the possibilities of arbitration without compulsion.

And with compulsion what do we get? We get a system which is false in principle, meaning involuntary servitude; which can never be enforced—and we defy the affirmative to show that it can; which has failed wherever tried. We get a system of paternalism, which is radically out of harmony with American ideas, which destroys the efficiency and in-

tegrity of the labor union, and hence attacks the very foundation of modern industrial peace; which is intensely unpopular and bitterly opposed among all classes of Americans.

Shall we attempt the settlement of our industrial disputes with or without this compulsion? That is the issue.

TO A WITHERING ROSEBUD

B. T. TALLY.

O with'ring bud, wilt thou not bloom today
And shed perfume upon life's rugged way?
Wilt thou withhold thy nectar from the bee,
Who, passing, looks with longing eye on thee?

O with'ring bud, wilt thou not bloom today,
The gift heaven sent thee, wilt thou not repay?
Ope, bless the air, with thy sweet fragrance clinging,
And bird, and bee, will flit about thee singing.

O with'ring bud, wilt thou not bloom today?
Alas! some canker brings thee swift decay—
The mission once divinely given thee,
Now unfulfilled for all eternity.

UNCLE BOB AND THE WATERMELONS

H. I. H.

It was a rainy afternoon late in August. The two clerks in the village store were idling around, taking advantage of their leisure time. On account of the rain the streets were all deserted and no customers were in the store.

About the middle of the afternoon one of the clerks noticed an old negro man making his way toward the store. At a second glance, John Stone—for this was the clerk's name—saw that this old man was his old friend, Bob Jones. Sure enough the old negro came into the store, his patched coat and ragged hat soaking wet.

"Come in, Uncle Bob," spoke the store man, as he was always glad to have his old colored friend come in to pay him a short visit.

"Sorter rainy terday, ain't it, mistah?" spoke the old man as he pulled off his hat.

"Have a seat, Uncle Bob," spoke the clerk, pointing to a soap box near the back door of the store. Accordingly, Uncle Bob sat down, pulled out his old clay pipe, filled it with home-made tobacco, and asked his friend for a match.

"Dem's mighty fine watermelons you got out dah," remarked the old man, puffing his pipe. "Ebery time I sees big fine melons like dem it reminds me ob de night I tried to steal some from ole Marse Henry when I wuz a young feller libin' on de plantashun."

"Tell us about it," eagerly exclaimed the clerk, for he was always glad to hear Uncle Bob relate the experiences that he had had when a slave under old Captain Henry Rockwell.

"Well, it wuz dis way," began Uncle Bob. "My mammy wuz de cook for ole Marse Henry when I wuz a little feller, an' I growed up aroun' de big house. When I got big

'nough to work, Marse Henry he let me do little odd jobs around de house an' lot, sich as curryin' de hosses an' feedin' de hogs an' sich like. I allus wurked hard and ole Massah nobor had to whip me an' somehow or 'nuther I wuz a kinder favorite wid him.

"One summer, de same summer dat I wuz fifteen year' old, Marse Henry had er fine patch er watermelons out kinder behind de barn. Ono night 'long in August, jes' about dis time er year, I took er noshun dat I would like to taste dem melons, an' besides dis dero wuz a young gal down at he huts dat I wuz kinder likin', so I decided to take de wheelbarrer dat night and git three or four ob dem melons an' take 'em down to where Lizah Ann lived and set her up.

"So arter supper when Marse Henry and all de white folks wuz on de front porch I slipped de wheelbarrer from under de wash shed and set out fer de melon patch. I got dere widout being heard. I den pulled four or five big uns and put 'em in de wheelbarrer. Dem melons wuz heavy an' de wheelbarrer hadn't been greased in a long time, and 'sides dis de groun' was soft, so when I started to pushin', de ole wheelbarrer started to squeakin' and groanin' and moanin'. Well, dere wuz nuthin' else to do but push, and de more I pushed de more de thing squealed. 'Bout dis time ole Towser up in do yard givo a long howlin' bark. De more dat wheelbarrer squeaked de more dat dog howled. Den I hecard ole Marse Henry cum runnin' out o' de house. He den cum 'roun' de barn and hollered, 'Who's dat out there? If you don't tell, I'll shoot.'

"Well, Mistah John, I wuz scaird slam to death. But I knowed old Massah meant what he sed, so I hollered, 'Marse Henry, it's me, don't shoot.' He den told me to stand still till he got dere.

"I waited den till he got dere, but it seemed to me like a year. I jes knowed I wuz gwine ter be whipped ter death.

'Bout dis time Marse Henry got to where I wuz. When he foun' out who it wuz he didn't say much but tole me to bring de wheelbarrer and de melons on ter de house.

"'Marse Henry,' I sed, 'dis is de fust time I eber tried to steal anything frum you; please, suh, be easy wid me.'

"'We'll settle that at the house,' he replied. I didn't say any more den, but I done some hard studyin'.

"By de time we got to de house de moon had ris'. I rolled de wheelbarrer up in de yard by de wash shed, all de time er shakin' like I had er chill. Marse Henry wuz de fust to speak. He tole me dat as I had always been a good boy and he had neber ketched me trying to steal anything frum him before, that he was not goin' to whip me.

"I now kinder felt relieved, but he tole me to put all dem melons on de bench at de well. Den he called Mammy and tole her to bring a case knife. Ole Massah den eut two ob dem melons and tole me ter go ter eatin'. I eat an' eat an' eat 'till I felt like I had enough and wuz about ter quit when ole massah tole me to keep on eatin'. Well, I eat a little more, an' felt like I couldn't swaller another mouf'ful, but Marse Henry tole me to keep on. I eat till I hid de biggest part ob dem two melons and den I just couldn't swaller another bit. Marse Henry now tole me to scrape de rines and drink de juice. Well, Mistah John, dis wuz he hardest thing I eber tried to do since I bin bo'n. I managed to git through somehow, an' den Marse Henry tole me dat he hoped I had enough watermelon fer one time. I tole him I shore had enough for dis time. He den tole me to keary dem rines to de hogs and den go ter bed.

"I didn't have no colic dat night, but I didn't sleep very good. An' somehow I neber have liked watermelon so much since dat night as I did before."

The rain outside had now ceased. Uncle Bob rose from his seat, beat the ashes from his pipe, and said: "Well, Mis-

tah John, do rain has slacked and I want ter feed my hogs before dark, so I must get on." Thus saying the old man put on his hat, went out at the door and was soon lost from the sight of his friends standing in the store door.

SONNET

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

Once have I seen, at deepening of even,
When oozy shades hung low in Lake Louise—
Whose pale-lit depths absorb the hush of heaven,
Into whose edges stare the dark fir trees—
A faery gleaming gild with pallor soft
The glacial ice which dwells above for aye,
And then the naked moon did steal aloft,
With blushes burning round in bright array.
Mirrored below her lustrous face beholding,
She smiled, and woke to smiles the deep serene,
Until, herself too soon in clouds enfolding,
She left the landscape black, and walked unseen.
As Dian did illumine and blot that lake,
So I snatch gleams from you till you forsake.

A SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE

BASIL BOYD.

From what source did the Stratford poet get the foundation material for *The Tempest*? An exact and generally accepted answer to the above question has never been given. Various theories have been advanced. But, as yet, that fierce light of criticism which has beaten upon all Shakespearean questions has failed to penetrate the veil of mystery and reveal the hidden truth. In vain have Shakespearean critics sought to discover a single story, legend, drama, or novel that would serve as a universally recognized foundation for *The Tempest*.

The two probable sources which have won the greatest support from critics are (1) an old German comedy, *Die Schöne Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer of Nuremburg, and (2) the romance of discovery and colonization of America in which Sylvester Jourdain and William Strachey relate the thrilling story of the Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils.

I. A number of critics go so far as to draw the positive conclusion that in writing *The Tempest*, Shakespeare went direct to this old German comedy for his material. Now, does a careful comparison of *The Tempest* with *Die Schöne Sidea* justify such conclusive statements? After a careful investigation of the two, can it be positively maintained that there is really any fundamental ground common to both? That there are one or two points of resemblance, it is true, but these are of minor importance. But of all the essential points in *Dio Schöne Sidea* we look in vain to find one of them in *The Tempest*. German critics maintain that the reconciliation of hostile fathers by the marriage of their children is a fundamental idea common to both comedies. In answer to this, hear the statement of Furness: "No English reader,

after a moment's thought, will so interpret the forgiveness by Prospero of Alonso. But this idea expressed by Tittmann, and repeated by Meissner, that Prospero's reconciliation with Alonso was brought about by the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, seems to have become fixed in the minds of many critics." Thus the clearing up of this delusive idea eliminates the claim of a fundamental likeness between the two comedies.

In the German comedy there is a bloody battle; a treacherous seizure of a young prince and his brutal treatment by his future bride; a reconciliation and elopement of the young couple; pursuit of the youngsters by the enraged father; the bride's detection by means of the reflection of her face in the water from the tree above (an incident, as Furness remarks, which would survive in every version or recasting of the story). Thus, again, we are forced to ask: Of all these salient points in *The Fair Sidea* where is there so much as a mere trace in *The Tempest*?

In *Die Schöne Sidea* the captive prince, Engelbrecht, is forced, by blows from the Fair Sidea herself, to split and pilo wood, and, at the time of his capture, when he attempts to draw his sword, he finds it held fast in its scabbard by the power of the magician. Here, again, critics declare a fundamental likeness between these two incidents and Ferdinand's log-bearing, and with his disarming by Prospero. They contend this bit of similarity as an all-sufficient proof for a close kinship between the two plays. With such fragmentary, insignificant incidents as these they attempt to prove that Shakespeare went direct to Ayler armed with his most remarkable "lay-out" of counterfeiting appliances and burglar's tools and literally appropriated the material for *The Tempest* even to the minutest detail. Such accusations do injustice to the creative power of the Stratford bard. They strip him of the last vestige of native originality and proclaim him the

greatest literary parasite the world has ever known. As Furness says, we might as well extend the scope of absurdity and admit as one of the originals of Ferdinand's log-bearing task the nursery rhyme behest of "Five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight"!

II. The second probable source is the one most interesting to English speaking people. The incident that seems to connect itself with *The Tempest* happened on the Bermuda Islands in 1609 when the *Sea-Venture*, a ship belonging to Sir George Somers, was wrecked. The crew and passengers, including Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, Sylvester Jourdain and William Strachey, got to land, built two small boats, sailed to Virginia, whence they got a passage back to England. In 1610 Strachey wrote and had published a pamphlet entitled: "A Discovery of the Bermudas, Otherwise Called the Isle of Devils." In this pamphlet he gives a thrilling account of the storm, their wreck, and the uninhabited islands.

The shipwreck and the storm in *The Tempest* led critics to investigate the account of voyages. The one told by Strachey being the most recent of its kind; its happening on "An Inehanted Island"; and the reference in *The Tempest* to the "Bermoothes," it was natural to turn to the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, which incident had made those islands famous in England.

Malone, in the Variorum edition of *The Tempest*, calls attention to the fact that during a great part of the year 1610 it was supposed in England that the ship containing the Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and Sir George Somers, the Admiral, which had been separated from the fleet, was lost; but Shakespeare, when he wrote *The Tempest*, *knew that it was safe*. This fact was clearly ascertained in the pamphlets of Strachey, indicating that Shakespeare must have been familiar with them. The following lines from

The Tempest bear good evidence to this fact and several other attendant circumstances relative to the storm and the wrecked vessel on the lonely, mysterious Bermudas:

PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit, perform'd to point the tempest that
I bade thee?

ARIEL. To every article. I boarded the King's Ship; now on the
beak—

PROSPERO. Why, that's my spirit. But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL. Close by, my master—

PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL. Not a hair perished—as thou bad'st me, in troops I have
dispersed them 'bout the isle—

PROSPERO. Of the King's Ship?

ARIEL. Safely in Harbour is the King's Ship; in the Deep Nook—
There she's hid, and for the rest of the fleet, they have met
again and are upon the Mediterranean flote, bound sadly home
for Naples; supposing that they saw the King's Ship wreck'd,
and his great person perish.

Do not these lines render an obvious allusion to the circumstances related by Strachey and Jourdain in their story of the wreck on the Bermuda Islands? In this story they tell us of the "Admiral-ship being separated from the rest of Somers's fleet, and after the storm or tempest, it was jammed between two big rocks"; of the disaster happening "very near shore, and not a single person having perished"; of the greater part of them meeting again after the tempest, and all these, thus met again, being "bound sadly" for Virginia, supposing that the vessel which carried their Governor was lost, and that "his great person had perished." In various other passages in Act II we find strong evidence of allusions to the miraculous escape of the wrecked party, and to Jourdain's and Strachey's descriptions of the Bermudas.

Furness tells us that in investigating the possible sources of *The Tempest* he found innumerable pamphlets relating to the travels and misfortunes of these explorers, as though this were a common topic of conversation in London. If this be

true, then we may meet those critics, who maintain that these papers were not available when Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*, by saying that he needed no printed page as a guide in constructing his play. Certainly he met numbers of men who unfolded these personal experiences to him. When we take into account his receptive mind to all impressions that reached it, whether in reading or in conversation, this is not an improbable state of facts. We know that he was always on the alert for news and, as Furness remarks, he "milked" everybody and we have the creamy-mantled product of his plays.

To Meissner we owe the interesting discovery that Strachey was not only a near neighbor of Shakespeare, but a writer of poetry. This bit of interesting evidence was unknown to Malone, who so strongly argues in favor of Strachey's story as the source of *The Tempest*. With these facts may we not then infer that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends; that it was Strachey, whom, "full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of traveler's stories,"—Shakespeare got quietly in the corner and absorbed the ideas to which he later gave expression in *The Tempest*?

THE DALLAS DRAWL

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

Young Skinner was adrift in San Francisco on the farther side of midnight. His conspicuously Southern drawl had been heard a number of times that evening in the cabarets along the jagged edges of Market street, giving orders in the soft, lingering tones which never failed to call forth a smile from the waiters. Now the blazing lights were being discreetly dimmed, but Skinner had not finished his night. Moved by the impulse to explore the curious, so common among visitors in a strange, well-lighted city, he began to rove, and instinctively followed a group of tourists who were hastening out to "do" Chinatown.

Thus it was that he turned into one of those equivocal avenues which begins in a modest respectability and then stealthily surprises the heart of an Oriental city. First came the business section—rows of shops, all closed, their show windows boarded up on the outside to the second story, presenting unbroken, impassive fronts behind which anything, or nothing, might be going on. These presently gave way to the variously illuminated quarters in which the Mongolian amuses himself nightly and at the same time gives entertainment to crowds of curious white men, and employment to sight-seeing auto lines.

But tonight Skinner avoided these well-worn ruts. He turned up a narrow side street seldom penetrated by rubber-neck cars and hunted out a Chinese cabaret he had heard of. Down a narrow flight of steps he went with eager abandon, and entered a low-ceiled room full of tables swathed in smoke. A little yellow waiter spied him as he reached the threshold and huddled him to a table.

"Chop suey!" ordered Skinner, and the waiter trotted away, his soft shoes swishing against the floor.

Skinner looked about to see what he had discovered. He perceived that a party of sensation-seeking tourists had penetrated even here. They were occupying themselves with nameless dishes and brews supplied by the Chinamen, and were paying scant attention to a banjo which was being picked in a corner, or to a white girl who was dancing to the music.

"What a dilapidated girl!" thought Skinner, his attention taken at once; and she was. Two smudges of paint on her face conveyed few illusions. Her eyes showed no more lustre than the dingy spangles on her dress. She was dancing aimlessly, as though oblivious to all about her.

At that moment one of the Mongolians, darting toward a table, happened to stumble against her as she pirouetted. On the instant the whole woman flamed into temper. The dance stopped with a jerk; she flung out one arm, seized the little Chinaman by the shoulder, and sent him spinning toward the kitchen. When he recovered his equilibrium he humbled himself into profuse apologies, but she stood eyeing him as one would a reptile.

"Haw, haw!" broke out some mouthy tourist, "that old gal's a tough one, isn't she?"

But Skinner was delighted, and he began clapping his hands. He had seen that the girl ruled these yellow people, and despised them. At his outburst she wheeled about, suspecting she was being made fun of, but when she saw the sympathetic enthusiasm in the young man's face she grinned at him as pleasantly as possible.

Then her personality was submerged again, and she left the room jaded in every feature.

Toward two the tourists got up and took a declamatory farewell. When Skinner had finished his chop-suey he observed that he was the only representative of his race in the

cabaret, and began to feel decidedly like an adventurer. The little waiters were standing here and there against the wall, watching him out of their illegible almond eyes. He was lingering over his last cigarette, drawing out to the utmost his satisfaction in such an unusual environment, when the portliest of Chinamen, proprietor of the establishment, came up to him, suavely confidential.

"How you like go down see Chinamen smoke hop? Veree risky business for us—cops veree strict—charge you one dollar see it."

The oily, non-committal features were speaking in whispers. Skinner tried to penetrate the expressionless eyes and poker mouth and discover whether candor or treachery was at work there; he could not read the riddle.

The first impulse, the one which has carried men into many other marvelous places, for better or for worse, stimulated him to accept the invitation. The ignoble second impulse, too late on the heels of the other, prompted him to finger his watch nervously, and explain, "You'll have to hurry,—I can't spend much time here."

The greasy, cinnamon-colored face told him nothing guardedly. One fat, caressing hand was rested upon Skinner's arm, and the host shuffled along with his uneasy guest into an adjoining hallway, down two snug, precipitous flights of stairs, and into the Underworld.

They emerged into the lowest-ceiled, most hideous room in which Skinner had ever set foot. Every crevice of the apartment was choked with clouds of stifling smoke. Around the wall small, unkempt bunks, hung with curtains of feeble yellow, were occupied with the flesh of men who had smoked themselves into various stages of insensibility. In the center a table supported an Oriental lamp—the brass form of a dragon from whose green eyes shafts of light gave the surroundings a touch of jaundice.

"I can't stand this hole long," muttered Skinner, and he

began coughing the air from his lungs. Some Chinamen were moving about the room with a subtlety unnerving to an Anglo-Saxon. The fondling touch of his flabby escort became unpleasant.

The imperturbable one raised a long, intricately carved pipe from the table and extended it to Skinner.

"You like smoke too—see how hop taste."

"No, sir!" The young man had already inhaled enough of the pestilence, and he was imagining some unholy drug in the pipe which would render him helpless. "I have seen all I care for. Take me out of here."

The guide made some impenetrable remark. Skinner felt a soft touch from behind, like a tentacle. He turned uneasily, and was pinioned on all sides by little arms.

Overcome with fright, he gave one of the men a shove which sent him to the floor like a child. There was another to take his place. An abundance of Chinamen rendered his superior strength useless. He felt a rope being twisted about his legs, and he became sick with fear. He could not help giving a yell, a yell which seemed utterly hopeless three flights of stairs below ground in Chinatown.

At that instant a door was opened, and the blue light of a gas jet outside revealed the form of a woman. The Chinamen paused, holding their panting victim.

"What the—," she began, in shrill treble, and then, seeing Skinner's predicament, she broke into a thoroughly abandoned laugh. She was the dilapidated cabaret girl.

"I see you have a keen sense of humor, Maggie," drawled the miserable one, lingering over syllables which were now particularly soft and pitiful.

The woman started forward interestedly. "What part of the South are you from, anyway?" she inquired, her voice, though sharp and high-pitched, resembling his in accent.

Skinner had heard that question many times; it had never been so little expected as now. "I am from down in Dallas,

Georgia, and I reckon I wish I was there now," he told her.

The fat Chinaman interrupted this exchange of civilities by some heathenish jargon, and the white man felt himself being dragged toward the other end of the room. He threw one glance back at the girl who stood with the blue light pouring through her hair, the green lamp painting her pale, staring face.

Suddenly she ran forward, tempestuous, transfigured, and sprang upon the big Chinaman.

"I reckon you won't either," she shouted, with unloosed fury in her voice. "Let him go,—you hear! Turn him loose! Don't you touch him!"

The yellow man flinched before her intense, half-sobbing anger. She had caught his shoulders and was shaking him like a bag of meal. He remonstrated in his jargon, but with the voice of a child being punished. Skinner felt arms loosening their hold on him dubiously.

"Turn him loose, I tell you!" she shrieked, her treble becoming bitterer and her shakes more violent. "To hell with the whole pack of you! If you don't let him go I'll leave your place, you fat slob, and squeal on you, too. Get away from here!"

She shoved the hen-pecked proprietor to one side and pulled Skinner from the cowed Chinamen, who retreated before her. She whipped the rope from his legs, muttering to herself as she did so. Then—

"Come this way," she ordered, and led him out of the ghastly room and up the steps.

As they reached the top of the first flight he turned toward her gratefully.

"Well, you saved me," he declared, humbly. "You don't know how much I am obliged to you."

She looked at him out of moist, hollow eyes, in which the fire of temper was just dying out before a glint of humor.

"I was born and raised near Dallas myself, kid," she ex-

plained, "and I reckon I'd do more'n that for anybody with the old slow drawl. You know Bob Jenkins, don't you?"

"Of course I know him," Skinner assured her, looking away. "He's moved into town now,—he's our postmaster."

"That's my brother," he heard her say, clearing her throat. "He thinks I'm working in a laundry. Be sure not to—"

"I won't—you can trust me," was the reply.

They had reached the street door. She threw it open, and extended her bony hand. He pressed it, and stole a glance at her jaded features, now sensitive with memories.

"Good-bye," he told her. "Won't you come back to Dallas some day?" Then he regretted he had said it.

"I wish I could go back to God's country once more," she said, bravely, "but, you know—there ain't a chance, now. And say, kid, don't you ever forget the Dallas drawl."

He hastened out into the foggy night, for he had detected tears crossing the dark circles beneath her eyes.

DIVORCE IN THE UNITED STATES

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK.

Any question touching the family, the heart of the modern social system, should be given the most careful attention, and any evil which it is thought has a tendency to undermine the status of the family as the most sacred social institution, should be eradicated before its evil effects become incurable. Such an evil is divorce as proved by the records of time. It is undermining the family by breaking husband away from wife and *vice versa*, and leaving the children in many cases to the mercy of the State. The ratio of children thrown into correction houses, orphan asylums, and other like institutions is directly proportional to the number of divorce cases.

Some may say that it is not right for a man and woman to live together when there exists no form of congeniality between them. Perhaps so, but the writer seeks to emphasize the importance of more strenuous divorce laws, claiming that as a result, more care will be exercised in choosing a mate for life. This is where the real evil lies but it can be remedied only in an indirect manner, namely, causing divorces to be more difficult to obtain.

The growth of divorce in the United States has been phenomenal. It has gone forward by leaps and bounds until now our country has the unenviable distinction of ranking first among the nations of the world in the number of divorce cases relative to the population. Divorce cases are now two and one-half times as common as forty years ago. In Switzerland, which has the highest ratio in Europe, there is only one divorce for every twenty-two marriages; but in this country there is one for every twelve, while in one State there is one for every three. This is a shameful fact that the so-called Christian nation should have come to such a low state of

morality. One writer, contrasting the rate of divorce suits in the United States with that in foreign countries, says that in Europe the various States in our Union are looked upon merely as divorce mills.

For this unparalleled state of affairs there are several obvious reasons, chief among which is the ease in which divorce proceedings may be carried through. There is only one State in the Union where any great pressure is brought to bear on divorce on the statute books. In other States there are varying degrees of laxity. There is no uniformity in the laws of the several States of the Union, so that what may be considered as illegal in one State is thoroughly proper, legally, in another. In some States residence of three months is required for divorce, while in others it is as high as three years. And in one State there are twelve grounds for divorce while in another there is only one. Other illustrations might be given, but it can be clearly seen from these that obstacles in one State may be easily surmounted just across the line in the adjoining State.

What are the people of this land of liberty doing to check the growth of this evil? Few bodies have taken any action or passed any resolutions against the prevalence of divorce, in the last few years. However, all this time the enormous per cent of divorces has been slowly creeping upwards. Whatever evils we may attribute to the Roman Catholics, we have to admire them for their widespread efforts against this evil. The Catholic press all over the country have had numerous editorials condemning the States in which divorces are obtained without difficulty. Arousing the public sentiment is the only successful way to fight a public evil, and this is what the Catholics are seeking to do.

Nevada has changed her laws again so as to require only six months residence to secure a divorce. The campaign was encouraged by shopkeepers in Reno, who assured the legislators that an "easy divorce bill" would "help business."

The Freeman's Journal (Catholic) says of it: "It was a case of filthy lucre versus the stability of homes, and lucre carried the day." The following is the press dispatch: "Governor Boyle signed the 'easy divorce bill' at 5:15 this afternoon. * * * The State, and particularly Reno, gave its first sigh of relief tonight and jubilation reigns." The *Journal* continues: "'The State and particularly Reno gave its first sigh of relief tonight and jubilation reigns.' What a train of thought is started by these words! 'Jubilation reigns.' Why? Do they who are jubilating think for a moment of the thousands of orphaned children, of the homes made desolate, of the blasted lives of men and women who had solemnly plighted their faith to one another when they pronounced their marital vows? Do they think of the fatal blow struck at our country by the undermining of the very foundation of social order, namely, the family? If they do, they must, indeed, be heartless to rejoice over the prospect of adding to their wealth at such a cost to humanity."

This question is a vital one and must be settled by the States, individually, since conditions differ widely in the several parts of the Union. But it should be settled and settled quickly, because it is, as one writer says, "a moral gangrene that is eating its way into the vitals of the nation."

THE MUSINGS OF A POTTER

 "MEPHISTO."

Stepping back, the Potter views the finished clay. With a critical eye he sees himself, the Pot. In adverse, or favorable, conditions he has thumped his divine clay until it bears some resemblance to a shape, whether it be a cracked or un-gainly one, or beautiful and strong, Man as the Potter is responsible for his Pot. Every man assumes the responsibilities of an adult, having, so far, become what he is through his own efforts, or non-efforts. To what use will he put himself, the Pot?

To my Pot I shall say,—

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend,
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
 Sans wine, Sans song, Sans singer and—Sans end."

From the Divine Clay I have wrought for the Unknown a shape. I did not beg the task, but having wrought, I now hold before my unseen Master's eye, the finished Urn.

My Pot may not bear the resplendent glaze of a superior education; it may be only smoothed by the adverse rubbing of the world; but rough or smooth, it is not all. The task is but half done. I have made a Pot in the workshop of my Master, but will it hold the wine? So, in the ensuing years, I test my Urn.

If, from the jolting hand of Time, and the sundry bumps and bruises of my brothers, I pass without a leak, or having lost my Wine, what then?

Should we be slaves to such predestined Fate, or, into the serfdom of outrageous Fortune be impressed to toil away the years in thumping clay? Is it not unjust, thus to pour, on

the hellish fires, the ripe wines of our most precious days, and break the back of Youth on the wheel?

If I, Fortune favored, do not break my Pot, 'tis well,—but what of him who, while the shadow-shapes pass on, must sit among the blackened bits of clay outside his door and mourn a shattered Urn? Shall not the same Hand that gave the clay, roach through the azure void again and from the fragments of the vessel bear up the soul that

“In this clay carcass, crippled, did abide?”

* * * * *

The chanting voice of the muezzin floated faintly from his tower, across the painted city of Naishapur, to remind the turbaned Mohammedan of his hour of prayer.

It was dusk, and as the great sun framed in golden light the spire and minarets of the land of Omar, an aged Potter, bent and white from years of toil, sat asleep before his idlo wheel. Upon the wheel there lay the last bit of wet clay awaiting the touch of the Potter's wrinkled hand. One, among the faithful host of Allah, did not heed the call, and with bearded head bent low upon his sunken breast, the Potter dreamed:

“Oh Clay! Thou art not of the common dust. Thou Enigma of the world, Thou Divine gift of God to man, wherein he finds beginning and is made, grant a last request: Many times the silver moon has waxed and waned since first, into my hands, the Unknown placed my clay, and in the waning of my life, my Pot grows old and worn. It is now scared, and weak from contact with a hard, unthinking world, and soon my soul must no longer in this clay abide. I knew not, with what I wrought to make my Pot, and three score years have come and gone, but still your ‘What’ and ‘Whereof’ is unknown. So since I am so soon to dwell no more in the shadow of the vine that festoons my humble door, pray tell me Clay, what art thou?”

Into the ancient Potter's cars there floats a still, small voice from out the clay:

"Oh Potter, Friend, it is I, that so soon must leave you. Into thy clay the Master Potter fused me, and you know me, yet you know me not. You know me when you see me, yet you know not 'what,' or 'how' I am. While I am with you, you think not of me, but when I am about to be taken away, you cherish me above all else. It is only when I am gone that I am fully appreciated. By some I am loved, yet with others I am an unwelcomed gift. I am blamed for all the evil that is in the world, and likewise all the good to me is accredited. To some I bring gloom and sadness, but with them I am a misjudged thing. To others I am all joy and gladness, and by them am I judged aright.

"You had me Potter, but you did not own me, and all the while you toiled for my advancement, and 'tis well.

"Thou hast so lived, Oh Potter, that by thy example others have learned to appreciate me, and thou hast not lived in vain.

"The road to success lies through me, and thou hast not chosen otherwise, and thou didst reach thy goal.

"I am His divine gift, and thou hast used me as a stepping stone to higher things, and He is pleased."

The still, small voice grows faint and far away. So from the dim far-off borderland of the Eternal there came the words:

"Oh Potter, I am life."

The silence of death spread over the white domes and towers of a painted city, of the land of Allah. The straggling moonbeams shining through a vine-clad window of a Potter's hut within the shadow of the mosque, spy a cracked and broken Pot.

Out into the night a freed soul soars, upward among the heaven's countless twinkling stars, to join the

"Moving row of shadow-shapes that come and go."

CORNWALLIS IN CHARLOTTE

ROBERT R. MALLARD.

We live in an age of war. The present war has to do with the shaping of the nations of Europe, but I desire to call your attention to an engagement that took place in our own State, between the daring men of Mecklenburg County and the forces of Lord Cornwallis.

Having captured Charleston, S. C., in May, 1780, Lord Cornwallis determined to effect his march northward through South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. He hoped to subdue the patriots and reëstablish the royal rule as he marched along. His victory over Gates at the Battle of Camden, South Carolina, gave him renewed courage, and he at once set out on his march to the north, little dreaming that by the time he should reach Virginia he would be so worn out by the long, weary marches and so weakened by hard-fought battles that he would fall an easy prey to the combined force of Washington and his French allies.

He had often been told, and he readily believed, that there were many loyalists in the part of North Carolina through which he had planned to pass. He thought that they were ready to join the royal cause, and that they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the forces of the king. In fact, he was so sure that the people were going to receive him in a friendly manner that he sent them word to stay on their farms and gather in plenty of grain, so that they would have an abundant supply when he did come along later in the year.

The little town of Charlotte was directly in his line of march. Here, on May 20, 1775, the men of Mecklenburg County had declared their independence of Great Britain, and as an evidence of their earnestness, had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the defense of

liberty and political independence. And now, at the coming of the king's army, these bold patriots were to have an opportunity of redeeming their pledges, by offering up their lives on the altar of liberty, at the very place where, five years before, they had kindled the fires of revolt. Today, the men of Mecklenburg County have such a profound respect for that declaration, that they celebrate it annually.

For some time Colonel William Richardson Davie, with but a handful of patriots had been harassing and opposing the advance of the British column; and when the enemy drew near to Charlotte, he assisted Major Joseph Graham in making ready for the defense of the town.

The only two streets of which the little town of twenty houses could then boast crossed each other at right angles, and a two-story brick courthouse stood at their intersection. Davie dismounted his cavalry and posted them behind a stone wall in front of the courthouse. Then he stationed Graham's volunteers on either side of the street along which the enemy were expected to advance, and awaited their coming.

Major Hanger was leading Tarleton's legion, because of Tarleton's sickness, and it was this legion that first made an assault on Davie's forces, who poured such a deadly fire into the advancing column that it had to fall back. At this time "Lord Cornwallis rode up in person and made use of these words: 'Legion, remember you have everything to lose, but nothing to gain,' alluding, it is supposed, to the former reputation of this corps. Webster's brigade moved on, drove the Americans from behind the courthouse; the legion then pursued them, but the whole British army was actually kept at bay for some minutes by a few mounted Americans, not exceeding twenty in number."

Davie was driven out of Charlotte by superior numbers, but the brave men of Mecklenburg did not count themselves de-

feated. They constantly harassed Cornwallis, and it meant almost certain death for a man to leave Cornwallis's camp and go in search of supplies. Whenever a large foraging party would go out a number of them would be killed and the remainder would be driven back to camp. In truth, the whole region around Charlotte was ready to attack the forces of the king, and "the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan were more hostile to England than any others in America. The vigilance and animosity of these surrounding districts checked the exertions of the well-affected and totally destroyed all communication between the king's troops and the loyalists in other parts of the province."

One party was sent out from Charlotte on a foraging expedition, and they were seen by a little plow-boy, who unhitched his horse, rode away and gave the alarm. Soon twelve armed neighbors rallied around the McIntire farm, which was situated on the road along which the British were coming. Cornwallis's men came up to the house and began to load their wagons with grain and forage. They were catching the poultry and killing cattle when one soldier accidentally overturned a bee-hive. The bees immediately began to sting the soldiers, at which a big, red-faced leader of the English began to laugh most heartily. McIntire and his comrades had been watching it all, and this destruction of property angered them beyond control. One of the men declared that he could stand it no longer, and said that he would kill the captain if the rest would choose a man. The sharp report of their rifles rang out and "nine men and two horses fell dead on the ground."

The British were called to arms by a blast of the trumpet. Meanwhile the twelve patriots changed position and again fired on the enemy. They then ran to another part of the woods and emptied their rifles once more with telling effect on the red-coats. In a few moments the English were in full

retreat from what they believed to be an outnumbering foe. Yet all of this was done by twelve men of Mecklenburg.

These experiences made Cornwallis realize that he was in an enemy's country, without food for his men, without forage for his horses, and without friends in the country around him. Consequently, when he heard of the American victory at Kings Mountain, he retreated into South Carolina, having spent only sixteen days in Charlotte. This is the town in which the men of North Carolina had made their bold and glorious Declaration of Independence, and it is also the town that Cornwallis called a "hotbed of rebellion" and "that hornet's nest."

LIBRARY LORE

(Dr. Sledd was unusually busy at the time that THE STUDENT went to press, and was therefore unable to edit this department, as was announced in the last issue. However, he consented for the following extract from his report to the Kahn Foundation to be published.)

My most interesting experience in Paris was a day spent at the great boys' school in the Rue Arbalète. After numerous rebuffs, I found at last a man in the intermediate grade and a woman in the primary grade who would permit me to come into their classrooms and listen to the recitations. It was Friday and review day, and the pace was fast and furious. Nor was there danger of spoiling the child by sparing the rod. In the intermediate grade I saw some really remarkable performances. A boy of seemingly ordinary intelligence, when called upon in the round of tasks, drew for me at the board a map of Asia, with countries, chief cities, mountains and rivers correctly marked. Anybody could draw a map of Europe! The whole class seemed to have the chief events of European, and even of American, history at tongue's end. And my own knowledge of arithmetic was soon put to silence, if not to shame. Drawing books showed skill and training beyond anything I have seen in American schools. Last of all came the *maitre de musique* on his weekly visit. The fiery looking little man clapped his heels together, bent like a half-shut knife, drew himself up to his full height, curled his fiercely black moustache well-nigh up to his eyes, and went about putting the pupils through their paces at a rate that made the onlooker's head go round. Should Monsieur care to hear the children sing? Indeed he should, especially the *Marseillaise*. And as the clear, sweet voices

caroled the words of the fierce old song, the listener turned away his head to hide his emotion. The children of France had not forgotten the meaning of the Battle Hymn of the Revolution! And these were the children of the poor, gathered from the lowliest homes of the lowliest quarters of Paris. What was to them this death grapple of the world? I asked this of the teacher, but he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in silence.

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No. 2

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

Our Library There are men—old men, too—in college now who are not aware of the fact that in the Heck-Williams Building there are twenty thousand volumes of good reading matter. This is due to various reasons, but principally to the lack of interest in good

reading, and to a lack of knowledge as to what is really profitable reading.

There is no longer any excuse for this—our librarian has willingly offered to edit a page in *THE STUDENT*, in which will appear from time to time suggestions as to what various books will mean to one. This is a splendid opportunity and we should grasp it eagerly.

Owing to the rush in getting out the last issue of the past year and to the confusion incidental to getting out the first issue this year, this new department was not recognized. The editors, therefore, humbly apologize for this oversight, and even now at the eleventh hour welcome this valuable addition to the staff. We expect much good to come from the suggestions given in these pages.

At last we are to have an athletic fee, payable upon registration. This has long been hoped for by the supporters of athletics and has been perhaps the subject of more *STUDENT* editorials than any other question of college life. This year, an athletic ticket has been issued for a moderate sum and has met with success. However, what we need is a fee to be included in matriculation, and we heartily congratulate the advocates of this idea, who have worked long and worked hard, on pulling it through.

We believe in being progressive and adopting new ideas of our contemporary colleges, when they appeal to us, do we not? As some of us know, there are, at several colleges in North Carolina and in other States as well, so-called "student stores." From these stores may be bought text-books, athletic goods, pen-nants and accessories to a college boy's den. At the institutions above mentioned, these stores are under the management of the athletic association. The text-books are sold at

a minimum price, a means of employment is furnished for athletes, and the profit is put in the treasury of the association. This seems to us a splendid plan and one that might be used successfully here. Why not consider it?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

The following are the officers of the various departments in college:

SENIOR CLASS.

J. Grady Booe, <i>President.</i>	A. L. Denton, <i>Poet.</i>
J. M. Kesler, <i>Vice-President.</i>	Roy C. Tatum, <i>Statistician.</i>
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R. K. White, <i>Treasurer.</i>	

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G. V. Stephens.	B. M. Boyd,
R. P. Holding.	C. P. Herring.
A. C. Lovelace,	W. S. Burluson.

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George Rowe.	R. F. Carter.
J. M. Hayes.	C. F. Hudson.
C. E. Brewer.	Burgin Pennell.

DEBATE COUNCIL.

Carey Hunter, Jr., <i>Chairman.</i>	I. E. Carlyle.
E. B. Cox.	K. M. Yates.
A. C. Lovelace.	D. C. Hughes.

The most important social event of the season in Wake Forest was the wedding of Miss Petrona Georgia Powell, daughter of William C. Powell, of Jacksonville, Fla., and Mr. Donald Porter Johnston, of Santa Fé, New Mexico. The wedding was solemnized at 9 o'clock on the evening of October 12th at Miss Powell's home. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lewis M. Roper, D.D., of Petersburg, Va. Mrs. Benjamin Fleet Board, formerly of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Robert Benjamin Powell, of Silver City, N. M., sisters of the bride, acted as matrons of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Rosa Cleveland Powell, of New York City, and Miss Sarah Elizabeth Seward, of Petersburg, Va.; Mr. Claire Joseph Johnston, brother of the groom, was best man; the ushers were Lewis Powell, of Savannah, Ga.; Joseph D. Porter, of Cincinnati, O., and William Royall, of Wake Forest.

The house was decorated with palms, ferns, and cut flowers by Mrs. Benjamin F. Sledd. Before the ceremony, Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat sang "Because," by d'Hardelot; "A Lover's Envy," Dr. Poteat's own composition, and "Love's Coronation," by Aylward. During the ceremony "Meditation," from "Thais," was played on the violin by Foster Hankins, of Winston-Salem.

After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride, many local and out-of-town guests being present. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston immediately left on their honeymoon to

New York and California, after which they will be at home in Santa Fé, New Mexico.

President William Louis Poteat delivered the opening address at the North Carolina Young Men's Christian Association Student Conference at Guilford College, on September 23d.

On September 26th, President Poteat gave two addresses at Greenville, N. C.; he addressed the Roanoke Association at Louisburg on October the sixth; he delivered an address at the Cumberland Association on October the fourteenth. On Monday evening, October the eleventh, he spoke to the Wake Forest Y. M. C. A. on "What It Means to Be a Christian."

Dean Walter E. Sikes delivered the Founders' Day address at the Greensboro Normal and Industrial College on the subject, "Cisterns of War"; he gave the Educational Address at the County Fair, Louisburg, N. C., on October 15; he delivered an address before the Men's Meeting held Sunday afternoon at the First Baptist Church of Durham, this address forming part of a series which Dr. J. J. Hurt has arranged to be delivered at these Sunday afternoon Men's Meetings.

Prof. John Henry Highsmith addressed the monthly Teachers' Meeting of Vance County, at Henderson, N. C., on October 23.

Dr. George Washington Paschal preached the Sunday evening sermon at Wake Forest on October the third.

Dr. Hubert Poteat gave an organ recital at the church on Sunday evening, October the tenth.

At the September meeting of the Cosmos Club, Prof. Roger P. McCutcheon read a paper on "The Mutation Theory of English Literary Development." The October meeting of the club was entertained by a paper from Dr. Benjamin Sledd. It may be stated that the Cosmos Club is a faculty club which meets once a month with the purpose of giving the entire group the benefit of each member's research work along his special line.

Miss Gertrude Kitchin was the guest of Miss Minnie Mills for the week-end of October 2.

There are at present ninety applicants for degrees in college. The Senior class promises to be the largest in the history of Wake Forest.

It is gratifying to note that the old, useless pump has been removed from the pavilion in front of the Administration Building, and its time-honored place taken by the marble drinking fountain which had previously been without shelter. Several birds have thus been exterminated with one stone: cool water is secured for the fountain, the unsanitary pump is disposed of, and the local æsthetic sense is stimulated.

Dr. W. R. Cullom is the new president of the Cosmos Club; Dr. G. W. Paschal is vice-president, and Prof. R. P. McCutcheon is secretary.

A Wake Forest Baptist Young People's Union was organized for the benefit of college students on Sunday afternoon, the third of October. Mr. K. M. Yates was elected president of the Union.

Including the class of August, 1915, 613 licensed lawyers have gone out from the Wake Forest Law School.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell has added a new class to the Spanish department for the benefit of his more advanced students—a class in Spanish conversation. The class is fortunate in having the assistance of Messrs. Filadelpho, Conrado and Calderson Garcia, of Cuba.

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

MOOT COURT.

Since the last number of THE STUDENT went to press several interesting cases have been before the court. These cases add much to the interest of the Law School.

On September 24 a murder case was tried—*State v. Jake Hill*.

The attorneys for the State were Messrs. Mott, Dixon, and Privotte.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Galloway, McDuffie, and Clayton.

The defendant was convicted and sentenced to twelve months in State Prison; but he appealed and gave bond for his appearance.

On October 1 a civil case was tried—*Hall v. Cox*—in which plaintiff sued for \$25,000 damages.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Downing, Ferree, and Harrell.

For the defendant the attorneys were Messrs. J. B. Whitley, Aronson, and Franks.

The plaintiff recovered \$7,500 and the defendant appealed.

The case for October 8 was burglary—*State v. John Hayes*.

The attorneys for the State were Messrs. Mott, Casteen, and Perry.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. G. H. King, Ashcraft, and Gatlin.

The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and the defendant was released.

SOCIETIES.

The annual celebration of Society Day will be held on November 1. In the afternoon representatives from the two Literary Societies will discuss the question, "*Resolved*, That North Carolina should enact a workman's compensation act." The affirmative will be argued by Messrs. I. E. Carlyle, Phi., and D. P. McCann, Eu. Messrs. L. W. Chappell, Eu., and H. E. Olive, Phi., will defend the negative.

In the evening orations will be rendered by Messrs. A. C. Lovelace, Eu.; C. Thomas, Phi.; R. K. Redwine, Eu., and J. C. Powell, Phi.

PHI. SOCIETY.

The Phi. Society is still using the three-section plan which was adopted last year. The meetings are held on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights.

The way in which the Freshmen have begun work presents a very pleasing outlook for a successful year's work. They come with preparation and determination—the two main requisites for any worthy achievement. A large number of upper classmen are showing great interest in society work, which is very helpful to the new men.

The first question which was discussed was an old, yet very popular one—"Woman Suffrage." The second was, "*Resolved*, That Germany's present methods of warfare are justifiable." Both of these questions were ably discussed.

EU. SOCIETY.

The outlook is good for some consistent work in the Eu. Society. On account of the large membership the Eu. Society has adopted the section plan. The sections meet on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights.

Arrangements are being made to have declamations and orations along with debate. The sections have already been at work in debate—two questions having already been dis-

cussed. The first was, "*Resolved*, That the United States is not justified in shipping munitions of war to the warring nations." The second question was, "*Resolved*, That North Carolina should abolish capital punishment."

A number of Freshmen deserve special praise for their good work.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has begun its work for this year with a determination to make the work of the Association beneficial to a larger number of the student body this session than during any previous one. A membership campaign was waged several weeks ago, which resulted in about two hundred students affiliating themselves with the organization; but the Association is not satisfied to stop at this, and consequently intends to increase the membership. In connection with the work of the Y. M. C. A., the Cabinet has held several meetings in which plans were discussed for the year's work.

On the night of September 20th the annual Y. M. C. A. banquet was given. This was the first meeting of the session, and practically all of the students participated in the pleasure of the occasion. Speeches were made by Professor Highsmith and Dr. Sikes.

Dr. B. F. Sledd spoke to the Y. M. C. A. on the night of September 27th. This address was full of interesting things experienced by Dr. Sledd in his travels through Europe.

The meeting on October 4th was given over to a report from the Y. M. C. A. conference held at Guilford College. The delegates to this conference reported a very helpful meeting and a delightful time. Those who represented Wake Forest at Guilford are: E. P. Whitley, G. D. Rowe, G. S. Quillin, P. S. Daniel, N. J. Sigmon, D. H. Ives, J. A. Ward, W. C. Harward, R. N. Childress, I. L. Bennett, P. H. Wilson.

Dr. W. L. Poteat addressed the Association on October 11. His subject was, "What It Means to Be a Christian."

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO F. RITTENHOUSE, EDITOR.

Football

The 1915 football campaign was inaugurated at Wake Forest September 25, when, after two weeks of strenuous practice, the team played the Florence (S. C.) Y. M. C. A. Wake Forest registered her first of twelve touchdowns after three minutes of play and rolled up one of the largest scores in the South that day, the final score being 80 to 0. The home team used straight football tactics, and did not resort to the open game, save on two occasions, when the forward pass was worked for good gains. The visitors were powerless before their opponents' attack. Only on one occasion did they make first down. Billings kicked eight of the goals from touchdowns out of eleven attempts, while Holding led in the scoring with four touchdowns to his credit.

THE LINEUP AND SUMMARY.

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Florence</i>
Harris.....	Left end	Cooper
Blackman.....	Left tackle	Jessup
Olive.....	Left guard	Etheridge
Moore (captain).....	Center	Smith
Parker.....	Right guard	Tyner
Howell.....	Right tackle	Alexander
Holding.....	Right end	Timmons
Billings.....	Quarterback	Bass
Pace.....	Left halfback	Goodson
Trust.....	Right halfback	Stevens
Witherington.....	Fullback	W. Greene (captain)

Substitutions—Wake Forest, A. Riddick for Witherington, Beam for Pace, Duffy for Trust, Myer for Parker, Sidberry for Holding, Turner for Harris, Robley for Duffy, Moore for Howell, Carter for Moore, Dixon for Olive, Koons for Meyer, Harris for Turner, Jordan for Harris. Florence—McKenzie for Goodson, Hoffmeyer for Cooper, T. Greene for Tyner.

Carolina 35, Wake Forest 0

Three hundred loyal and confident rooters journeyed over to Chapel Hill with the team to see Carolina defeat Wake Forest in the second game of the season, 35 to 0. The outcome of the game was a disappointment to the Baptists and their supporters. For three quarters Wake Forest played fairly good ball, but Captain Moore's absence from the lineup, the last half, took the pep out of the eleven and their defense cracked in the last quarter. Carolina scored twenty-five of her points in the last fifteen minutes of play.

The game was characterized by spectacular plays on both sides. Parker, guard, and Harris, end, both played the best games of their career. Their tackling was fierce and they both got into every possible play. Tayloe was kept from running the length of the field for a touchdown by Harris, who overtook him and tackled him almost under the goal. Billings, too, played a steady and consistent game. Moore wrenched his elbow in the first half and was forced to retire. Parker injured his shoulder during the last few minutes of play.

Tandy drop-kicked for Carolina early in the first quarter and Carolina did not score again until the last part of the second quarter. Wake Forest completely surprised their opponents by some of their forward and lateral passes in the first half, but costly fumbles hurt them time after time. The third quarter, too, saw the Baptists playing good ball, for they kept the ball most of this period.

Carolina's ability to break, and to intercept forward passes, accounts for the score more than any one other factor.

Numerous substitutions were made by both sides.

THE LINEUP AND SUMMARY.

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Carolina</i>
Harris.....	Left end	Wright
Blackman.....	Left tackle	Royall
Parker.....	Left guard	Cowell

Abernathy.....	Center	Tandy
Howell.....	Right guard	J. Tayloe
Moore (captain).....	Right tackle	F. Jones
Holding.....	Right end	Homewood
Billings.....	Quarterback	Long
Pace.....	Left halfback	D. Tayloe (captain)
Trust.....	Right halfback	Townsend
Witherington.....	Fullback	Reid

SCORE BY QUARTERS.

Wake Forest	0	0	0	0—0
Carolina	3	7	0	25—35

Wake Forest Holds A. & M. to 7 to 0 Score

Showing a complete reversal of form over their last game, Wake Forest held A. & M.'s well-finished team, working in good all-around play, to a seven to nothing score on the local field before the largest crowd of the season.

Wake Forest was defeated but not outplayed. Until the last two minutes of the first half the game was about even. The third quarter was all Wake Forest's, and the final period was A. & M.'s only by the barest margin.

In the second quarter, with the ball on Wake Forest's thirty-yard line, one minute and a half to play, Sullivan, the Tech's right halfback, went through the line for twenty yards, and a moment later Seifert crossed the line on a forward pass for the only touchdown of the game. Wake Forest missed her best opportunity to score in the third quarter. By a series of end runs, line bucks, and forward passes, the Baptists carried the ball inside of their opponent's five-yard line. With fourth down, goal to go, a lateral pass to Witherington lacked less than a yard of carrying the ball over.

The team showed a great improvement in playing over the Carolina game. The line held better; the backfield worked smoother, and the eleven worked together more like a machine. Several of the regulars were unable to start the game, and Captain Moore viewed the entire game from the side lines, being unable to walk across the field.

The work of Harris, Witherington and Powell featured for Wake Forest.

THE LINEUP AND SUMMARY.

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>A. & M.</i>
Robley.....	Left end	Anthony
Powell.....	Left tackle	Weathers
Olive.....	Left guard	McDougal
Abernathy.....	Center	Davis
Shaw.....	Right guard	Winston
Howell.....	Right tackle	Noye
Turner.....	Right end	Seifert
Billings.....	Quarterback	Rice
Rowe.....	Left halfback	Sumner
C. Riddick.....	Right halfback	Sullivan
Stallings.....	Fullback	Riddick

SCORE BY QUARTERS.

Wake Forest	0	0	0	0—0
A. & M.	0	7	0	0—7

Substitutions: Wake Forest—Robley for C. Riddick, Harris for Robley, Witherington for Rowe, Pace for Robley, Stallings for Shaw, Withering for Stallings, Trust for Witherington, Blackman for Howell, Holding for Turner, Parker for Blackman, Duffy for Trust, Rowe for Holding. A. & M.—Bonner for Riddick, Riddick for Sumner, Bowen for Bonner.

Summary: Touchdowns—Seifert, 1. Goals from touchdown—Riddick, 1. Referee: Henderson, Wesleyan, Ohio. Umpire: Broughton, Wake Forest. Head linesman: Simpson, Baylor, Texas.

The Schedule

The football schedule was not complete as THE STUDENT was going to press last month. Several of the games have been played, but the complete schedule is as follows:

- Sept. 25, Florence (S. C.) Y. M. C. A., at home.
- Oct. 9, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
- Oct. 16, A. & M. at home.
- Oct. 30, Richmond Blues at home.
- Nov. 6, Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.
- Nov. 11, Wofford at Rock Hill, S. C.
- Nov. 25, (Thanksgiving) Davidson at Charlotte.

Basketball

At a recent meeting of the basketball letter men of 1915, G. Hamilton Davis, of Wake Forest, N. C., was elected to the captaincy of the 1916 team. "Ham" has played guard on the team for the past three years, and this is his last year of college basketball. In Davis and Hensley the Baptists had two of the best guards in the State last year. The new captain is a fast and aggressive player, and is one of the greatest defensive players that has ever seen service on the home floor.

Besides Captain Davis, five other letter men have returned to college, and Wake Forest promises to be as strong as ever on the basketball floor the coming season. The old men back are: Holding, Hall, Beam, forwards; Billings, Davis, guards; Franks, center.

Class Basketball

The managers of the class and department basketball teams for the current year have been elected as follows: W. W. Holding, Jr., Senior class; I. E. Carlyle, Junior class; C. F. Spagh, Sophomore class; F. C. Feezor, Freshman class; G. M. Billings, Meds.; F. B. Ashcraft, Lawyers; C. F. Spagh, Teachers; P. S. Daniel, Preachers.

A tournament will be held this fall between the class and department teams. The opening game is scheduled for October 26; four days later the second game is played. From then on the remaining games are played every Tuesday night. Owing to the fact that several of the men play on both the class and department teams, a championship game between the two will not be arranged this fall.

Oct. 26, Lawyers v. Meds.

Oct. 30, Preachers v. Teachers.

Nov. 2, Department championship game.

Nov. 9, Sophomores v. Freshmen.

Nov. 16, Seniors v. Juniors.

Nov. 23, Class championship game.

The Captains

It is the editor's purpose during the current college year, to run the pictures of the various college captains in THE STUDENT, and George Moore, the football captain, is appearing in this issue. All of the captains have been elected, except baseball, and there is no reason why the baseball captain should not be elected this fall. If elected at once the captain can, and will, look after the interests of the team for 1916, before the season formally opens. The captains elected are: George Moore, football; "Ham" Davis, basketball; "Sky" Powell, track.

Officers of Athletic Association

Officers of the Athletic Association were elected this fall. W. A. Riddick, of Asheville, was elected president; J. C. Powell, Duplin County, vice-president; N. J. Sigmon, Catawba County, secretary.

At a meeting of the entire student body after chapel the election of a cheer leader was held, resulting in the choice of Mr. Frank B. Ashcraft, of Union County, as cheer leader, and Mr. J. B. Pennell, of Buncombe County, assistant cheer leader.



GEORGE MOORE, Football Captain

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'83. Dr. A. T. Robertson, Professor of New Testament Greek at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., has published the second edition of his great "Greek Grammar of the New Testament," a monumental work to the credit of American scholarship.

'83. "The Birth of a Nation," which is a moving picture dramatization of "The Clansman," by Thomas Dixon, made in New York City and everywhere it has been exhibited, a genuine and widespread sensation. During all the period of its presentation in New York City, there were packed houses at regular theater prices.

'07. Mr. Edward Allen, who has taken advantage of special opportunities for post-graduate work at Columbia University, is teaching English in the Warrenton High School. He is one of the most accomplished high school men in North Carolina.

'13. Dr. P. A. McLendon has served for the past year on the medical staff fighting typhus fever in Serbia.

'83. Supt. G. C. Briggs, for many years editor of a leading paper in Waynesville, N. C., has entered upon his work as Superintendent of the Public Schools at Hendersonville, N. C.

'10. Rev. E. I. Olive, who has been Principal of the Hope Mills Graded School, has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

'14. Dr. Carl W. Bell is located in Raleigh, N. C., for the practice of medicine.

'14. A. O. Dickens is practicing law in Louisburg, N. C.

'11. Mr. J. Boyco Vernon is pursuing post-graduate stud-

ies at Columbia University. He rooms with Prof. J. B. Hubbell on Amsterdam Ave., New York City. Professor Hubbell has been elected to the teaching staff of Columbia University. He gives one of the courses in Public Debating.

'11. Mr. G. M. Rodwell is teaching Latin at Loomis Institute, Windsor, Conn.

'91. Dr. James F. Royster is Professor of English at the University of Texas. He is also lecturer at Texas Woman's College.

'15. Mr. P. E. Downs is Principal of South Fork Institute, Maiden, N. C.

'90. Dr. John E. White has left Atlanta for a new pastorate in Anderson, S. C.

'90. Dr. Carl Lee Felt is engaged in the practice of medicine in Philadelphia, Pa.

'06. Eugene A. Turner, Hangchow, China, is on the secretarial force of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Celestial Republic.

'06. B. P. Gentry has lately accepted the position of County Superintendent of Public Education for the county of Harnett. His office is at Dunn, N. C.

'06. Dr. R. L. Kendrick is now engaged in the practice of medicine in Elizabeth City, N. C.

'07. R. H. Ferrell is practicing law at Moultrie, Ga. He spent a few days at Wake Forest the past July.

'07. Thomas H. Beverly is a member of the law firm of Winter, Johnson, Wilson & Beverly, Title and Trust Building, Portland, Oregon.

'07. Samuel F. Wilson is also a member of the law firm of Winter, Johnson, Wilson & Beverly, Title and Trust Building, Portland, Oregon.

'07. William H. Vann has been appointed to the Professorship of English in Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark.

'11. Gordon Potcat was ordained to the gospel ministry at

Greenville, S. C., July 18, along with his brother, McNeill Potcat, and on July 28, at Harrisburg, Pa., married Miss Helen Anne Carruthers. Mr. and Mrs. Potcat sailed for China in September.

'11. H. P. Vinson is pastor of the Baptist church at Fordwick, Virginia.

'11. Wheeler Martin, Jr., is associated with his father in the practice of law at Williamston, N. C.

'73. Dr. R. T. Vann has entered upon his duties as General Secretary of the Board of Education of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention.

'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Metropolitan Tabernacle of London, is now on a visit to America.

'03. Rev. Pearl D. Mangum is pastor of the First Baptist Church at Paris, Missouri.

'12. Dr. James Y. Hamrick, Jr., is a member of the Resident Medical Staff of the Workhouse, Blackwell Island, New York.

'12. Mr. David Shelton Kennedy, who was the first winner of the Royster Medal for Scholarship and Athletics, received his M.A. degree from Columbia University at the commencement of 1915. He is at present on the staff of one of the New York City daily newspapers.

'05. Mr. J. Durham Ives, instructor in Biology in Wake Forest College from 1906 to 1914, has accepted the professorship of Biology in Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

Sometimes we are able to criticize people more freely in their absence, but this is not the case with magazines. We have heard complaints of exchanges arriving late, and now we feel like making one. Your exchange magazines ought to be the first ones to be mailed in order that they may be carefully read before their comment goes to the press. But thanks to the business manager of the *Trinitonian*, who has saved this department from a blank this month.

The *Trinitonian* is opened by a short poem, "A Message of Autumn," which is seasonable and read with pleasant reflections on vacation. Then follows "The Prairie Call," which reminds one of Matthew Arnold who begged the stars and waters,

"Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

This is what the hero seems to beg the prairie, and the prairie with the girl helped him in the hour of temptation. "The Effect of Legislation Upon the Home" is a well-written optimistic essay. The way that certain evils are being attacked seems like dreams, but we are informed that these are laws upon our statute books. "Ignorance is Bliss" has a right good plot. About the time we begin to wonder if a second flood is coming, a companion returns and announces that it has been fair weather on the outside for a day, which we recognize as our experience with troubles if not with tents. "The Golden Rule in Business" is an essay on a subject which interests us in this day of struggle between capital and labor. The sentences are most too short and the facts are slighted when the statement is made that "his employer's success is

his success." The condition today is not represented by the "Song of the Shirt," but by the medium somewhere between it and the quotation taken from Kipling. The verses "Good-bye to Summer" are well composed and we have to read them a second time. The editorials and departments are well gotten up, and we pronounce this copy of your magazine worthy of a good bit of praise.

We acknowledge the commencement numbers of the *Isaquena* and the *Philomathean*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Newish Bowers (speaking to Dr. McCutcheon on English): "Doctor, who wrote Lorna Doone?"

Dr. McCutcheon: "Why, Blackmore of course."

Newish Bowers: "I had Black on my paper Dr., does that count half?"



J. L. Wright (to Stubbs): "I didn't rest well last night."

Stubbs: "Why?"

Wright: "The bed ticked so loud, I was kept awake."



HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

"Sure, oi'll write me name on the back o' your note, guaranteein' ye'll pay ut," said Pat smiling pleasantly as he indorsed Billups note. "But oi' know damned well ye won't pay it. We'll have a laugh at th' ixpinse of the bank."—*Life*.



Newish Smith wants to know how much the rooms in the new "laboratory" rent for.



"Some men are born famous, some achieve fame and some stand in with the news editors."



Dr. Poteat (on Latin)—"What did the murderers of Caesar call themselves?"

Hasty Junior—"The Ides of March."



WE ARE REMINDED ONCE AGAIN.

That Rogers is a Soph.(?).

That the shoo-fly was on time Monday, October 11th. Just once.

That Earl Hamrick met the Shoo-fly October 12th—and so did Cop Bobbitt. Moral:—Thou shalt not flirt.

That Call is a Senior. (He has a cane.)

That ten men were awake on History II (forty in the class).

Of McDonald's love for Dr. McCutcheon.

That Rev. J. H. Barnes has entered the realms of matrimony. (This explains his tardiness on class).

That Dr. Paschal is building an athletic field.
 That Chas. Riddick was once in the revenue service.
 That P. Barnes and his jovial smile are absent from the campus.
 That Harry Stubbs perambulates daily toward the "Harricane."
 That Russell Ferrell is a new addition to the faculty?????
 That Newish Elliott has been to Mars Hill.
 That Cannady is still legging the Faculty.



"You can't tell by the neatness of a student's balmacaan how 'holey' his socks are."



Newish Liles (to Upper Classman)—Do you take Psychology or Philosophy?"



CROSS PURPOSES.

We have paused to watch the quiver
 Of faint moonbeams on the river,
 By the gate.
 We have heard something calling,
 And a heavy dew is falling,
 Yet we wait.

It is, no doubt, very silly,
 To stay out in all this chilly
 Evening mist;
 Still I linger, hesitating
 For her lips are plainly waiting
 To be kissed.

So I stoop to take possession
 Of the coveted concession
 On the spot;
 But she draws back with discreetness
 Saying, with tormenting sweetness
 "I guess not."

Her whole manner is provoking,
 "Oh well, I was only joking,"
 I reply.
 She looks penitently pretty,
 As she answers, "What a pity!
 So was I."

F. T. Cooper in Harvard Lampoon.

Prof. Johns—"When was the war of 1812 fought?"
Newish Speight—"In 1894."



Newish De Shazo—"Where is Raleigh?"
Newish Slattery—"Just on the other side of Johnson Street."



WHEN THE OTHER FELLOW'S THERE.

When the evening shades are falling,
And you're pensive, all alone,
And you know she has a caller,
While you have to stay at home;
There's a feelin' in yer bosom—
Not so peaceful as a dove,
When ye know a feller's talkin'
To the little girl ye love!

You want her to be happy,
And you've gone an' told her so:
She can have her many suitors,
If you're "Master" when ye go:
But ye get-er deeper feelin',
Hardly sanctioned from above;
When ye know a feller's talkin'
To the little girl ye love!

She has promised to be faithful,
You believed her too, that day;
And you'd kick the "Jealous Monster,"
Should he creep into your way;
But ye have an anxious feelin'
Which non-lovers know not of;
If ye know a feller's talkin'
To the little girl ye love!

"Such is life" for College laddies,
When each has to leave his girl;
Even though he trusts her fully,
Then, his heart is in a whirl;
For the very first Blue Sunday,
After he has here "aruve";
Ye know a feller's talkin'
To the little girl ye love!

G. W. LASSITER.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, E. P. WHITLEY, Wake Forest, N. C.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
To a Violet (verse)	<i>A. L. Denton</i> 153
The Relative Expressional Value of Poetry (essay)	<i>R. S. Britton</i> 154
December (verse)	<i>G. W. Lassiter</i> 168
Treasurer Gans (story).....	<i>R. R. Mallard</i> 169
Helen (verse).....	<i>D. H. I.</i> 175
Hawthorne as a Story-teller for Children (essay)	<i>D. H. Ives</i> 176
A Lone Violet (verse)	<i>W. B. Sinclair</i> 179
The Battle of Gettysburg (essay)	<i>W. B. Gladney</i> 180
To the Wind (verse)	<i>Wood Privott</i> 186
The Change in Joel (story).....	<i>H. I. H.</i> 187
DEPARTMENTS:	
Editor's Portfolio	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 191
In and About College	<i>W. H. Detrick, Editor</i> 196
Society, Y. M. C. A. and Moot Court ..	<i>W. B. Sinclair, Editor</i> 201
Athletic Notes.....	<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor</i> 208
Wake Forest Alumni	<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor</i> 216
Exchange Department.....	<i>F. W. Carroll, Editor</i> 219
Notes and Clippings	222

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXV

December, 1915

No. 3

TO A VIOLET

A. L. DENTON.

Sweet violet! lonely in thy bed
This cold November day!
Thy beauty makes my heart leap up
As though 'twere sunny May.

A dozen eyes have marked thee here
Within the past few days;
A dozen tongues in passing by
Have stopped to speak thee praise.

And we shall sigh a few days hence
To see thy beauty gone—
In winter's cold and chilling blast—
To see thee die alone.

For thou art dear to many a heart,
But dearer far to mine
Since I have known a maid of late
Whose eyes resemble thine.

Repress thy tears, oh, tender bloom!
And do not sigh on me,
Lest I should snatch thee from thy bed
In wildest sympathy—

Lest I should think of her whose eyes
So much resemble thine,
And dream her heart is lonely, too,
And press thee hard to mine.

THE RELATIVE EXPRESSIVE VALUE OF POETRY

—
R. S. BRITTON.
—

The only logical criterion by which to judge the expressive value of an art is the relative potency of that art to fulfill the single purpose of all art—that is, elevated expression of the beautiful. Thus, the standard of measure is based upon the power of the art to convey in concrete form the noblest feeling, taste, insight, imagination, and impulse of the artist, which postulates the power of the art to reach the æsthetic sensibilities of the audience and to stimulate response—all of which may be stated, in brief, as *the power to express æsthetic conceptions*.

A few remarks here on the general nature of human conceptions will serve to throw light on the succeeding discussion. These conceptions may be broadly divided into intellectual conceptions and emotional conceptions, each of which may be further subdivided into real and imaginary, according as the conception may arise from actual, concrete circumstances, or from imagined circumstances which exist only abstractly in the mind. Art concerns itself only with æsthetic conceptions; hence, artistic conceptions are primarily emotional. And further, to fulfill the requisite of æsthetic appeal, they must be beautifully, nobly, emotional, which necessitates, sad to say, that the greater portion of art be imaginary. If odious or ignoble elements enter any work, save for the purpose of intensifying the opposite elements by contrast, then the work loses its æsthetic appeal, and hence cannot be art. Art, however, in order to be uniformly expressive of human nature, must at times embrace the realistic and the intellectual. But when it does so the realistic and

the intellectual must needs be suffused with emotion, for emotion is the first essential of art. And to be true art, the emotion must be æsthetic.

There has never been discovered any single form of art adequate to express all human conceptions. Various forms, involving several vehicles, are used to express various conceptions. Music employs pure sound, painting employs color, and so on. It is evident, then, that since the purpose is the same with all forms of art, classification and differentiation depend solely upon the respective vehicles of expression. Herein definitions of the art are found, and we may now define our subject: *Poetry is the artistic expression of æsthetic conception by means of metrical language.*

It will be readily seen that various limitations and advantages accrue to poetry, which are consequent upon the fundamental nature of the poetic vehicle, and which largely determine the relative expressional value of poetry. This fact gives rise to the theme of our discussion. Let it be clearly understood, however, that many other significant factors do enter into the determination of the absolute value, chiefly the factor of appreciation. Appreciation may be defined as the identity of the æsthetic taste of the artist with that of his audience. This question manifestly belongs to æsthetic psychology, which lies beyond the range of this paper. Other lesser factors are likewise dismissed as irrelevant to our limited topic. The scope and purpose of our discussion may now be stated as: An inquiry into the relative expressional value of poetry, in so far as that value is determined by the limitations and advantages of metrical language as a vehicle of æsthetic expression. It will be noted that we seek to inquire, rather than to prove any particular point. To that end we will compare poetry, in turn, with sculpture and painting, music, and prose. The restriction of length forbids consideration of any of the other fine arts.

I.

Sculpture and painting are arts of design. They seek to express the æsthetic feelings or, or the æsthetic conceptions produced by, an object by producing the visual appearance of the object in artistic imitation. The art, however, does not consist in literal accuracy of imitation, or the photographic camera would be the supreme artist; rather, it consists in revealing the inward æsthetic impulse by imitating the outward form. In short, the formal, superficial imitation is the means of suggesting the soul beneath. To this end, sculpture has the advantage of giving true proportions of the object and of affording several angles of vision. Painting, on the other hand, has the advantage of greater freedom in perspective, and of the subtle effects of color, light, and shade.

With these things in view, a little reflection will show that sculpture and painting are preëminent in expressing such æsthetic impulses as are more closely associated with, and consequent upon, visible form and appearance. It is this that gives sculpture individual supremacy in conveying the appeal of dramatic figures and groups; it is this too, that gives painting singular force in conveying the appeal of face, form, and scene. What poem could express with such intensity the anguish portrayed by the Laocoön group? or what poem could express the sense of purity and serenity that one glance at the Madonna stimulates?

To make such emotional appeals, such as are directly related to form and appearance, poetry must represent the object to the mental eye, by imaginative description, employing the resources of word-painting, or must have recourse to merely naming the emotion, which cannot be said to be an artistic manner of expression. Herein arises a disadvantage, in that the appreciation of word-pictures involves exercise of the intellectual faculty to comprehend the very significance of the words, which may detract from the force of the ap-

peal. Which is to say, that although the poet can, by verbal description, draw as beautiful picture as the painter, or mould as splendid form as the sculptor, his picture and form are imaginary, appealing to the æsthetic sensibilities indirectly through the eye of fancy, whereas the painter's picture and the sculptor's form are concrete, appealing directly through the organ of sight. Laying aside consideration of the encumbrance of this simultaneous intellectual activity, which burdens the poet's message, we may ask, Which is the more powerful in æsthetic appeal, an imaginary object or a concrete object? Manifestly, this question involves the matter of individual appreciation, which belongs to æsthetic psychology beyond the scope of our present discussion.

We must remark here that poetic description has a certain charm that seems to be lacking to the plastic arts, a charm due to imaginative warmth, intensity, figurative language, and to the concurrent effects of metrical cadence. This charm defies analysis and definition, but is well set forth in thousands of descriptions such as this:

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

—*Scott.*

Here, in a few apt words thrown in a metaphor, the poet flashes a picture upon the reader's mental vision which has a magic appeal.

The freedom of word-painting affords the poet one significant advantage which the plastic vehicles lack. It is a primary law of art that an artistic work shall convey one single unified effect. The sculptor and painter cannot accomplish this if the æsthetic significance of his image is at all ambiguous or equivocal. Unless his imitation bears out his chosen effect unmistakably, the unity of his work is lost, for if there is any ambiguity in the impression—if the imitation might

convey any other impression than that intended—then the observers will interpret the message differently, each according to his individual artistic temperament. The poet escapes this danger of misinterpretation and secures the unity of his effect by eliminating such details of the image as are not essential and by intermingling suggestion with his description. This poetic faculty is likewise more easily shown by example than explained. Consider this familiar stanza:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowering herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

—*Gray.*

The reader cannot mistake the emotional expression here intended, for the suggestive quality of such words as "tolls," "knell," "weary," "darkness," unconsciously and vigorously enforces the single effect. One observing the same scene as described reproduced on canvas might naturally derive a distinctly different impression, were his temperament more susceptible to some other emotion.

The foregoing considerations assign to neither poetry nor the plastic arts any definite preëminence.

In conclusion, let us briefly notice the one faculty afforded by the poetic vehicle and denied by the plastic vehicles which gives poetry undisputed superiority in expressional power. Read this descriptive passage:

More like a picture seemeth all
 Than those old portraits of old kings,
 That watch the sleepers from the wall.

Here sits the butler with a flask
 Between his knees, half drain'd; and there
 The wrinkled steward at his task,
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair;
 The page has caught her hand in his:
 Her lips are severed as to speak:
 His own are pouted to a kiss:
 The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

Here is a panorama revealed to the imagination by successive descriptions of constituent details, producing an impression of spell-bound, enchanted stillness—all of which would be better conveyed by one glance at a painting of the scene. But read on :

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks:
 A fuller light illumined all,
 A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
 And sixty feet the fountain lept.
 * * * * *
 The maid and page renew'd thair strife,
 The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and clackt,
 And all the long pent stream of life
 Dash'd downward in a cataract.

—Tennyson.

Herein lies the preëminence of poetry—in its faculty to express movement. Unlike the plastic arts—transfixed, unbending, confined to everlasting sameness—poetry's images can constantly change with the unfettered freedom of language to describe activity. Poetry can follow the "stream of life"; its expressional value compares with that of plastic art as a gushing stream compares with a motionless pool.

II.

Poetry properly stands between music and prose, and is more closely related to music than to either of the plastic arts. Indeed, its connection with music is far more significant than is generally thought.

Absolute music—that is, music without words sung in accompaniment—seeks to convey æsthetic conception by means of pure sound. It appeals to the æsthetic nature directly through the auditory sense. Music reasonably claims for itself earlier origin than any other art. This would sug-

gest that sound is the most natural vehicle of expression. The fact that music alone of all the fine arts appeals to brutes as well as to humankind substantiates this theory, and further suggests that music is of deepest and widest emotional power. General observation leads us to accept this as fact, although positive proof, if it can be made at all, would involve theoretical æsthetic science, which is excluded from present consideration. But it should be sufficient for our purpose to raise these practical questions: Which will stir the average man's martial ardor more vigorously, Verdi's grand march *Aida*, or Robert Burns' *Bannockburn*? The music of the soldiers' chorus from the opera *Faust*, or Drayton's *Agincourt*? And what word-poem can match Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, *The Isle of Death*, in producing an æsthetic impression of pure horror? Or what poem can equal the melody of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* in expressing the breezy, fragrant delight of springtime?

These questions bring to us the conclusion that pure sound stands foremost as a vehicle for conveying emotional impression. Poetry, in so far as we consider poetry as pure emotion expressed in words, cannot express emotion until it crystallizes into words. The first hot, molten charge of feeling must cool in order to conform to the mould of intelligent language before it can be made poetry. In this process the primal passion—the inspiration, if you wish—necessarily loses some of its original warmth and fervor.

Thus far we have considered poetry only in its intellectual aspect, only as a form of artistic expression through the medium of language; but this language, as our definition requires, must not alone convey the thought, it must also be metrical, it must be subject to the laws of poetic rhythm, which demand regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables. This would imply that poetry has a musical element as well as an intellectual element. Does poetry, then,

have music, or melody, an æsthetic quality due to sound alone, apart from the sense and meaning? To answer this, read aloud any representative poem, preferably a good lyric. You cannot fail to note a sound effect which ordinary prose language lacks. In what does this sound effect find its cause? First, in metrical rhythm, which involves the laws of time, or duration, and the laws of relative loudness, or intensity; secondly, in the cadence, or relative pitch, in which the voice naturally articulates the various successive words and phrases; thirdly, in rhyme and alliteration, which depend on the inter-relation of word-sounds which have similar tone-color. These are the four primary elements of music, all employed here in poetry, methodically arranged to produce an æsthetic impression by means of pure sound. Unquestionably, then, poetry has an essential element of music.

It follows that poetry commands some share of music's particular expressional value. But it is only a meager share, comparatively, due to the fact that poetry's music must be created by selecting and arranging words whose sounds will thereby attain metrical, and, perhaps, rhyming or alliterative relationship—words which must likewise express intelligent emotional thought in clear and grammatical form. Absolute music has no such restriction, since its vehicle is sound, pure and free, and it has no legitimate concern with thought. Thus, the musician commands unlimited variety of æsthetic expression, for there are numberless possible combinations of the four primary elements of music, governed only by simple laws of melody. And further, he commands almost equally unlimited power of expression in the incalculable resources of counterpoint, by which to multiply the force of single melody through combination and consequent intensification. The poet may command as much variety as the musician in thought, but not in melody, and certainly he does not command the power of harmonic counterpoint, for such is utterly impossible in word-music.

To ascertain the function of word-music in poetry, and to rate its value as an expressional factor, let us observe this example:

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

—Poe.

One cannot fail to feel the beauty of the cadence in this verse. Now read a paraphrase which preserves the sense without the melody:

Listen to those silver sleigh bells! What merriment their sound suggests! How they tinkle in the frosty night-air! While the stars, scattered in the sky, seem to sparkle with delight, keeping a sort of Runic harmony with the musical jingling of the bells.

How much of the charm of the original is lost! This contrast demonstrates the extent in which poetry may employ the expressional value of pure sound. It should be noted, however, that our example is an extreme case. Average poetry hardly attains such musical beauty; and in imagist verso the word-music is so little that its removal scarcely impairs the value of the work. Such poetry must compensate the lack of musical force with a balancing increase in intellectual force, in doing which it approaches the realm of prose. Now consider the foregoing stanza from an opposite point of view. Imagine its language to be foreign to you—that you cannot catch any sense or thought from it; all that you de-

rive from the reading is the musical element. How much would that impress you? Would it then convey any definite æsthetic thrill, such as it does when the words and meaning are intelligible? Certainly the effect would be much weakened. This view of the matter shows that the metrical cadence of poetry, as pure music, is in itself of minor value; that is, the word-music is only an essential intensifier of the poem's emotional thought; its charm is that of dress and ornament. The poet's genius may be largely measured by his aptitude in balancing these two essential qualities, thought and music. In the case of the masterful poem, from which our example is taken, the poet so perfectly balances the elements that, while together they convey a powerful æsthetic appeal, neither, of itself, has any great force; their strength lies in balanced blend.

One of the poet's great uses of musical effect is onomatopœia, which signifies the agreement of the sound and the sense of a group of words. This is needful only in poetry whose emotional movement involves some more or less characteristic sound, whereas all poetry is intensified by melody whose æsthetic force is of the same general nature as the æsthetic force of the concurrent words and thought. In onomatopœia, the music and the meaning, mutually agreeing, vastly enhance their united expressional value. Poe's *Bells*, from which the above quotation is cited, is an excellent example of onomatopœic verse. A celebrated instance is this line from the *Aeneid*:

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

—*Vergil.*

Although poetry written by masters often attains remarkable perfection of sound-imitation, music easily surpasses it in this particular species of artistic expression, for, since the musician's vehicle is pure sound, he can reproduce any sound

in nature. The overture to Rossini's opera *William Tell* embodies such imitative expression, varied and beautiful. The orchestra is naturally most capable of this imitation having the greatest variety of instruments—the violin to imitate human voice, the flute and piccolo for the shrill chirping of birds, the snare-drum for the rush and roar of wind, and so on.

With all this strength of emotional expression, and with all this perfection of æsthetic sound-imitation, music lacks one great faculty which the poetic vehicle possesses—the faculty of thought expression. Wagner, indeed, claimed that he could express any thought in music, but reasonable judgment agrees that his claims are extravagant. Absolute music can convey thought, however emotional it may be, only in the rare cases where a particular thought is so instinct with a particular emotion that in rousing the emotion—which music can do—the thought is simultaneously stirred. It is an open question whether music should attempt thus to enter into the realm of thought, for pure emotion is music's one supreme concern. In any case, music cannot approach poetry in thought-expression, which forms so great and important a part in uniform æsthetic expression. Language as a vehicle gives the poet freedom to convey such æsthetic impulses as arise from thought.

It is this faculty that gives poetry narrative power. There is, of course, descriptive music, which seeks to narrate by imitating such sounds as may be coincident with the movement of the story, and by expressing the emotions as they change and ebb and flow with the current of the story. A good instance to point is Schubert's *Erlking*; another, in recent music, is George Chadwick Stock's composition for Kipling's poem *Route Marchin'*. But it will be granted that thought is essential to effective narration, and hence that language is necessary as a vehicle, which assigns to poetry

incomparable advantage in this field of expression. The sum of the matter is that music is supreme in expressing pure emotion, while poetry is supreme in expressing emotional thought.

A word here regarding the musical ballad—the combination of pure music with poetry. This is one of the most beautiful forms of popular art. However, it has neither the power of absolute music in music's own field, nor the power of poetry in poetry's own field. The limitations of the human voice impose certain restrictions upon the range of melody and harmony, and the circumstance of concurrent music imposes various technical requirements upon the poetry to be sung; yet the combination has great power through the blending of the æsthetic force of music with that of poetry, each subdued and curtailed in itself, but in their union attaining a multiple intensity.

III.

Prose and poetry are distinguished from all other forms of art by employing the same essential vehicle—language. The only difference between the two is that poetic language must be metrical and musical, while prose language must not be.

By prose, we mean all literature that is not in verse form—all such careful, nonmetrical writings as have æsthetic quality and are acknowledged to be works of artistic value. To have æsthetic quality a work must be colored with emotion. Thus, the novel, short story, oration, biography, history, or general essay, each becomes literature by comprehending the element of emotion. It cannot be art unless there is a distinctly æsthetic significance, which fact excludes the purely scientific treatise from literature, however perfect it may be in form and precise expression. The one requisite of literature is that the expression be, not purely intellectual, but emotional.

Prose, being language free, unhampered by limitations of

meter and musical effect, is naturally foremost in exact and accurate expression of thought. It is preëminent in expressing such æsthetic conceptions as involve intricate mental processes, since it is unfettered by any considerations of poetic form; hence, prose is the supreme intellectual art. Consider Bacon's *Essays* as a representative exemplification of this particular faculty of prose. The essays are almost scientific in their logic and precision, yet they all have a certain æsthetic appeal which places them in the field of literature. Could they be written in poetic form without sacrificing much of their expressional value? Indeed, could they be cast into meter at all? Certainly, if they were they would lose much of the force and beauty which come of free expression, and the resultant effect would be as questionable as that of Pope's *Essay on Man*, due to the admixture of highly intellectual thought with the unassociated musical element of verse.

Poetry, therefore, cannot attain the expressive precision of prose, since the poet must follow rules of metrical form to give his finished work musical force as well as intellectual force. In casting his æsthetic conception into musical verse he is forced to sacrifice no little freedom of thought-expression. In direct contradiction to this opinion is Dante's statement that no rhythmic exigency ever hindered him in saying exactly what he purposed to say. There is also the contradictory evidence of Lucretius's masterpiece *De Reum Natura*, wherein he promulgated the detailed principles of Epicurean philosophy, all in excellent metrical form, being greatly hampered by the want of an adequate technical vocabulary as well as by the restrictions of meter. It must be remembered, however, that both Dante and Lucretius were consummate masters of the formal art of poetry; and it will be granted that, in general, poetry is relatively inferior to prose in æsthetic expression which involves intricate thought. Thus,

meter becomes at once an advantage and disadvantage to poetry, curtailing the power of precise thought expression and increasing the power of emotional expression. Reversely, the absence of meter in prose both increases the power of intellectual expression and decreases the emotional force.

While lacking anything like the music of poetry, prose still has a certain flowing rhymic movement concurrent with the highly emotional thought which it may express. This is especially notable in oratory, in narrative of actions which rouse strong feeling, and in description of scenes which stimulate deep emotional impulse. Some prose authors have allowed their passionate thought to run away with their style, and as a result have written passages in such highly emotional language that, consciously or unconsciously, they have created metrical rhythm. Such is the case of Dickens. For instance, in the scene of the death of Little Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, there are passages which can be thrown into blank iambs with scarcely any alteration of diction. The effect of this metrical stress in prose writings is altogether injurious, and all the best writers have avoided it, for true word-music belongs exclusively to poetry, and it is not only barred to prose from the very nature of prose form, but it also works hurtful results whenever it is allowed to creep in.

IV.

We may now briefly summarize our final conclusions: While sculpture and painting may surpass poetry in imitative expression of the æsthetic conceptions which are associated with visual images, poetry commands incomparably wider range of expression through the flexibility of language and the consequent faculty of expressing change and movement in both form and emotion. The expressional value of absolute music immeasurably exceeds that of word-music in conveying conceptions of pure emotion, but poetry balances this weakness with the universally expressive power of thought.

for which language is the only artistic vehicle. Although prose attains greater freedom and precision in the expression of emotional thought, poetry vastly enriches the thought value which it does possess by the force of concurrent word-music, whose æsthetic significance agrees with, and consequently intensifies, that of the thought.

In conclusion, let us expand our definition of poetry to more fully and clearly circumscribe the proper field of poetic expression: Poetry is the artistic expression of æsthetic conceptions, which may be both intellectual and emotional, either real or imaginary, employing the medium of metrical language which affords freedom of æsthetic thought expression, and further intensifies this expression by concurrent effects of poetic cadence.

DECEMBER

G. W. LASSITER.

December! December! We know thee quite well;
Thy cold blasting north winds a sad story tell;
You bring us a token with memories that last—
That winter is reigning and autumn is past.
Thy cold rain that severs the leaves from the trees
That were left from the ripple of autumn's last breeze,
Remind us that living things die and decay,
Returning to Mother Earth's bosom of clay;
But Earth, like a mother, doth safely enfold
The germs of the living from harm and from cold.

TREASURER GANS

ROBERT R. MALLARD.

The whistle had just sounded two long blasts. The men were swarming into the factories like so many bees just entering a hive. These men had had a scanty breakfast, and were now entering on ten hours of dusty, dirty manual labor. They were clad in overalls and heavy shirts that had long since surrendered their original color for that of the grime of the factory. Such is the daily occurrence in Paxton, Georgia.

Paxton is a small town with about 4,000 inhabitants. The majority of the people derive their means of livelihood from one of the two large chair factories which stand on opposite hills overlooking the town. The rivalry has always been strong between the factories, and in latter years it has grown so strong that the employces of one factory will hardly speak to the employces of the other. They have their respective ball teams, but play only one match game each year. This always terminates in a "free-for-all" fight, and the game is the subject of conversation among the men for months after.

On this particular morning the office force had just arrived and got settled into their respective desks, when Mr. Goff, the president of the Paxton Chair Company, came into his private office. Ho was very much out of breath, due to the fact that he had walked from his home to the office. He was about six feet tall, and his latitude was equal to about one-half of his longitude. He kept a cigar shoved well into his face, and when he spoke he tried to talk around the cigar, resulting in the emission of a gruff mumble. He took his seat and began to look over the morning's mail.

"By gosh!" he grunted to himself, as he looked at the advertisements in the *Furniture World* and spied the advertisement of the Wysong Chair Company, his rival in Paxton.

"I wonder if that fool Wysong has little enough sense to believe that he can sell that 'Adams' chair for \$20 per dozen," he continued.

Just then an idea struck him, and he proceeded to extricate his preponderous bulk from the inclined chair and make his way to the office of Mr. Gans, the treasurer of the company.

He made his entrance without formalities and proceeded to Gans' desk.

"Look here, Gans," he grumbled, "how long have you been with this company?"

"Well, let me see," responded Gans, "I came here twenty years ago next month."

"In what capacity were you employed when you first came here?"

"I came here to take the position as treasurer of this company," blurted out Gans.

"Well," replied Goff, "it looks to me like that is a pretty good while for a man to stay on one job without receiving a raise."

Gans bit his lip and grew furious.

"Luck has been against me. I am capable of holding down the president's chair in this establishment, but when old Cable died I wasn't even considered for the place. They just sent off after you."

Goff saw that Gans was in just the right frame of mind to accept the proposition he had come to make to him. He went to the door and closed it. Pulling a chair around by the side of Gans, he took his seat and took a long draw on his cigar.

"Gans, I appreciate your position and your ability," growled Goff, "and I have come in to give you a chance to show what is in you."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," responded Gans, looking very much pleased.

"Do you know anything about that fellow Wysong and his factory?"

"No, very little," said Gans, "except I know that they make a good chair, for we supplied them at one time with oak lumber; and you know they always bought four-quarter, bone-dry, oak. As to Wysong personally, I hate him. It was like this: We were both going to see Rebecca Matthews and I was thrown in his company a number of times. He told her a lot of things about me when he really had no cause to do so, and consequently, in the end, she married him."

"Yes!" roared Goff, looking extremely amused. "I see you have a right to be crosswise with the fellow. I did not know of that. You see it happened before I came here. My proposition will be all the more acceptable to you, since it will give you a chance to even up old scores with Wysong, and at the same time bring you in a good round sum."

"Let's have it," said Gans, growing extremely interested.

"Look here," said Goff, pointing to the Wysong ad. in the *Furniture World*; how much would it cost us to make a chair like that 'Adams' and finish it Jacobean?"

Gans figured a few minutes, looked at the cut in the paper several times, and then replied, "We can make that chair for \$14, f. o. b. Paxton."

"You are figuring on making the chair as strong as the rest of our line," replied Goff. "Don't you think that we could leave out the blocks under the seat and use a cheaper grade of cane and come out even on the chair at \$11 per dozen? Of course, that is on large quantities."

"Come out even!" said Gans. "I thought the policy of this company was to make something instead of just coming out even."

"Blockhead," retorted Goff. "Don't you remember how we got possession of that Bard Plant in North Carolina?"

"Yes," mumbled Gans; "you bought the plant just as it was going in the hands of the receiver."

"Well, you know we copied their designs and then under-sold them to the extent that they went broke. That is just the game we are going to play with Wysong. We can afford to lose a couple of thousand on the chairs we sell, because in the end we will make about fifteen thousand at the least."

What manhood there was in the treasurer came to the top. He grew angry. All the while Goff sat there pulling his cigar. Gans got madder and madder.

"In other words," he ejaculated, "you want me to play the scoundrel for you just for a mere bribe. You want me to pull off the deal, which will mean about ten thousand for you, and then you pay me one thousand."

Goff remained silent for a moment or two, and then said: "It is up to you, if you want to take advantage of it. I'll finance the scheme if you will go to the New York Furniture Exchange and succeed in getting the orders. I am not going to be responsible for it, because it might mean the loss of my job; but if you want a thousand for a week's work, all right."

Gans reasoned it out whether it was honest or not. A chance of making a thousand in one week was not to be lost. The next day Gans left for New York.

"Good morning!" remarked Gans as he came into the president's office and deposited his luggage.

"Hello, old boy! that is a great game you have been pulling off. After I received your first telegram I was confident of our success."

"Yes, I was in New York five days, and I sold about ten times as much as Wysong did each day," boasted Mr. Gans.

At this, Goff drew on his cigar and leaned back in his chair. He looked as though he had been presented with \$10,000, so sure was he that his scheme was going through.

"I hear Wysong returned yesterday, looking very blue," laughed Goff.

"He has a right to be down in the mouth."

"They say he got enough orders to run him for about a month, and I understand he is going to fill those orders right away," said Goff.

"As I see it," returned Gans, "it is only a matter of time until the Wysong will be for sale."

"Yes, the jig is up with them."

Wysong went about his business as usual, but one could look at him and tell that something was wrong. He went over his orders again and again, but he could not find even one man whom he thought might give him another order. He could not sleep, for ruin stared him in the face. He thought through the matter more than once, but his reflections were always concluded by the thought that he was a ruined man.

"I passed Gans on the street just now," said Wysong as he entered his office.

"Did he speak?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Ho said, 'Good morning,' and put on a broad grin," returned Wysong.

"Mr. Wysong, didn't you save the Paxton from going in the hole one time by buying a large lot of lumber they had on hand?" asked Jack.

"Yes," gloomily responded Wysong. "They were going to pieces as fast as they could, but when they sold that lumber it put them on their feet again. In fact, we bought lumber of them for a number of years after that. I believe they filled the last order for us about three years ago."

"By the way," remarked Jack, "I believe I saw that order in the files a few days ago. I was looking for something and ran across it."

"Let me see it."

"No, this is not the last one they filled," said Wysong, as Jack handed him the contract. "This is the one I gave him for 650 cars of four-quarter, bone-dry oak. It was only about

two years ago, and the order was canceled by mutual agreement."

"This lumber to be delivered as needed and ordered by the Wysong Chair Company," he read aloud from the order.

"Phew! it would mean about \$50,000 to us now if we could buy lumber at the price I was to pay for this. You know the price of lumber has nearly doubled in the last few years," continued Wysong.

"Do you have any record showing that the order was canceled?"

"No," replied Wysong; "at the time it suited us both to call off the deal, and we did so in a conversation."

"Well, why not force delivery now?"

"Let me see," remarked Wysong, as he looked at the contract, "there is nothing here that would keep us from doing so. I believe I will consult a lawyer."

That night he wrote a letter to the Paxton Chair Company, asking for the lumber he had ordered under Order No. 3907, to be delivered at once. In case they did not make delivery he would start a suit for damages.

A few days later Mr. Goff rushed into Gans' office.

"It's all up!" he roared. "I saw Lawyer Prechtel on the street a few minutes ago, and he said he would advise us to make delivery. In the event that we did not, he said he could represent us in the suit, but he thinks that the suit would be an additional cost, for they would win anyway."

"I told you Wysong was a rascal," yelled Gans.

"He has beat us, and we are ruined financially," Goff growled, as he went out and slammed the door behind him.

As soon as the Paxton Chair Company went into the hands of the receiver business began to pour into the office of the Wysong Chair Company. Every train from New York brought its share of orders for the Wysong "Adams," and in less than two weeks the Wysong Chair Company had orders

enough to use the large order of lumber that it had just bought.

The Wysong Chair Company is now the leading chair factory in Paxton, and Mr. Goff and Mr. Gans are now seeking their fortunes in the West.

HELEN

D. H. I.

Fain would the clouds on heaven's breast
Surpass her dewy tresses,
And all the nectar of the gods
Is stored in her caresses.

Nor can the rosy beams of dawn
On snowy mountains bending
Outrival Nature's rarest tints
In Helen's cheek contending.

'Twere vain to 'numerate her charms,
Ethereal beauty showing;
As well attempt to hush the birds
Or hold the zephyr's blowing.

O, happy is the lot of man
When making love's confession,
To feel the maiden shyly yield
In giving sweet possession.

HAWTHORNE AS A STORY-TELLER FOR
CHILDREN

D. H. IVES.

Classed among the stories which Hawthorne wrote especially for the little folks are the "Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "Snow Image," "Grandfather's Chair," and "Biographical Stories." Though others of his writing may deserve the name of stories for children, it is the above mentioned which we will attempt to discuss.

The "Wonder Book" is a collection of ancient myths retold in terms of modern childhood, interspersed with delightful descriptions from the Berkshire hills. These tales include "The Gorgon's Head," "The Golden Touch," "The Paradise of Children," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Miraculous Pitcher," and "The Chimera." In the scenes between the stories, which are supposed to be told by a young college student out on vacation, the author gives us glimpses of a merry company of girls and boys, and, occasionally, of their father and mother.

The introduction of these little people and their parents has been criticized by some as taking away from the charm of the book, and condemning them as mere "excrecences." It has also been said that the stories would be improved if the setting were placed back in the sunny days of Greece, and that they are spoiled by exposure to the keen New England air. These criticisms, however, seem to come from the critic's own view of the fitness of things, rather than from the standpoint of the childish reader. Indeed, if we may venture an opinion, both the family group and the modern atmosphere add to rather than detract from whatever merit the book may have.

Children are always interested in reading about other children. Hawthorne knew this; and since he was writing primarily for them, what better method could he have used to sustain the childish interest? When, as a boy, this book first came into my hands, the delight found in its perusal has never been surpassed by any other book since, and I have personal knowledge that many other children have gained like pleasure from the same source.

"Tanglewood Tales" is, as the author says, a second "Wonder Book," but in it the "excrescences" are confined to the introductory passages, and only there do we find any reference to the young people that helped to make the first "Wonder Book" so interesting.

This volume contains the stories of "The Minotaur," "The Pygmies," "The Dragon's Teeth," "Circe's Palace," "The Pomegranate Seeds," and "The Golden Fleece." These stories are certainly as well told as the others, and, perhaps, there are artistic touches here which were lacking in the first group, and there is a continuation of the gentle humor that marks them both. Hawthorne does not hesitate to play antics with the ancient myths, and inserts modern panes of glass, spectacles, and lace curtains in the story of "The Golden Touch," and changes Titan Epimetheus and Pandora into children of the present day; but these liberties by no means spoil the tales, and such sly changes and thrusts at modern times have an interest for the older as well as the younger readers. When we read these stories, how we wish that we were children again and could wander in childish imagination with Hercules in quest of the golden apples, or journey with him through the land of the pygmies, watch Cadmus sow the dragon's teeth, see the lusty porkers in Circe's palace, sympathize with little Proserpina in Pluto's gloomy cavern, or go with Jason in search of the golden fleece! If these myths, purged as they are from any taint

that they may have once possessed, have whiled away happy hours for the little folks, then, no matter what critics say, they have been worth while.

"The Snow Image," while undoubtedly a children's story, has for the older reader a meaning which the child could hardly grasp. It is, indeed, a "winsome, fanciful portrayal of that supernatural perception in childhood," and the contrast between Violet and little Peony and their matter-of-fact, common-sense father, Mr. Lindsey, may have been intended to bring out a moral for older people, as well as making a delightful story for children. Of the same sort are the stories of "The Great Stone Face" and "Little Daffydown-dilly."

"The Snow Image" shows good insight into childish imagination, but tends to make the children older in speech and thought than their years will allow. On the whole, however, the story is quite true to life, and Mr. Lindsey, his wife, "whose character had a strain of poetry in it," and the two children, are people whom we might meet any day without going outside our own community.

"Grandfather's Chair" is a collection of New England historical stories, and purports to be the adventures of an old arm-chair that has been handed down through all the vicissitudes of the early Puritan government. These stories were written before those in the "Wonder Book" and Tanglewood series, and probably led the way to those "children's classics." In this, also, we find a group of children, while the tales themselves are told by their gray-haired grandfather. The center of this little company is the gentle Alico, a child too sunny and sweet to be true to life; and in Hawthorne's later stories, when he had little ones of his own, we find no such "angel children." The characters of the boys are better drawn, though all deserve the criticism of being too old for their years, as in "The Snow Image."

These historical stories comprise "The Lady Arbella," "The Red Cross," "The Pine Tree Shillings," "The Indian Bible" (a very interesting account, by the way, of Mr. Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian language), "The Sunken Treasure," "The Old-fashioned School," "The Rejected Blessing," "The Provincial Muster," "The Acadian Exiles," "The Hutchinson Mob," "The Boston Massacre," "The Tory's Farewell," and "Grandfather's Dream"—all told in a way that would be interesting to children, and adhering mainly to actual historical facts, though in some cases the author gives play to his fertile imagination. On the whole, however, it is interesting and instructive and well deserves a high place in literature for children.

The "Biographical Stories" are of practically the same order as those in "Grandfather's Chair," and possess a similar family group. These stories give a good account of the lives of Benjamin West (the Quaker artist), Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, and Queen Christina, and as children seem always to enjoy biographies, these stories, told as they are by one who knew how to entertain children, prove an unfailing source of delight.

Hawthorne loved and understood girls and boys, and if his acceptance by them is any proof of his success in the line of story-telling, then he undoubtedly deserves the place of America's greatest story-teller for children.

A LONE VIOLET

W. B. SINCLAIR.

O, tiny flower, peeping up
Beneath the edge of that huge stone;
You show a petal fresh and sweet,
Yet stand erect and breathe alone.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

W. B. GLADNEY.

Much attention was drawn to the great battle of Gettysburg when its fiftieth anniversary was celebrated at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on the first, second, and third days of July, 1913. Many soldiers who took part in that great struggle were present, and the original battle was fought over again in sham. The veterans camped out in tents, messed together, talked of old times, and rejoiced and wept, as the case might be, over the memory of the battle. In the speeches delivered during the celebration, the battle of Gettysburg was repeatedly referred to as the deciding struggle of the Civil War. Let us see something of the conditions that made it such.

The situation of the Confederacy in May, 1863, had become very critical indeed. First of all, the South was in financial straits. Large amounts of money had been sent to Europe at the beginning of the war to buy provisions, ammunition, arms, etc., and this money could not be regained by the South, because she could not send abroad and sell her produce. The premium on gold in the seceded States, in March, 1863, had reached 400 per cent. Though the Confederate treasury was not entirely empty, it was almost in that condition, for the blockading of Southern ports by Union ships had nearly stopped the revenue which was ordinarily received from import duties. During the first two years of the war the Confederate government had issued bonds to raise money to defray war expenses. It now found that it could not redeem these bonds, and was almost penniless. Each day the blockade was becoming more effective, because the North was building ships rapidly. The South realized that if she could destroy the blockade she could bet-

ter her financial condition greatly. In trying to build up a navy with which to raise the blockade she was brought into relations with England, from whom she wished to purchase warships.

The Confederacy had hoped and believed that England would stand by her, because England was dependent upon Southern fields for her cotton. England wanted to aid the stronger of the two contestants—the North and South—and at first believed the South to be stronger than her opponent. In May, 1863, two ironclad warships which England had promised to sell to the Confederacy were almost completed. These ships would so far surpass any ships that the Federals could put to sea, that if they were allowed to sail under the Confederate flag they would play havoc with the blockade. If the blockade could be raised the South would be able to send her cotton abroad, buy provisions, and better her condition greatly. The day of the sailing of these ironclads would be a day of rejoicing for the South. Would they go to sea under the Confederate banner? This question was asked by both the North and South. England, who had until now been in sympathy with the South, was about to desert her because the Confederate armies had not proved themselves superior to those of the North.

At this time the South decided upon its greatest movement—the invasion of Pennsylvania. If in this campaign the Army of the Potomac, under the command of the immortal "Marso Robert," could win a great victory over the Federal forces Lee could march through the heart of the North, since nothing but raw militia would be in front of him, and Meade's army, defeated, would be behind him; thus England's friendship would be assured, the ironclads would sail, and the South would win in the war. On the other hand, if Leo should lose a great battle he would have to retreat, the campaign would be a failure, and England's

aid and the ironclads would be lost forever. Ever mindful of these things, Lee, with an army of 76,224 veterans, slipped past the Federal army under General Hooker, crossed the Potomac, and began his famous invasion of Pennsylvania.

Lee succeeded in crossing Maryland without having to fight the enemy, and ordered a concentration at Gettysburg, a small town in southeastern Pennsylvania. Lee did not intend to fight at Gettysburg, but there, on July 1, 1863, Confederate troops under Hill had a chance encounter with Federal troops under Reynolds. The Confederates outnumbered their opponents, and were able to drive them through the town to a row of hills south and southeast of Gettysburg. These hills are in the shape of a crescent—a hill called Culp's Hill forming the northern termination, and two hills called Round Top and Little Round Top forming the southern. The middle part of this line of hills is called Cemetery Ridge. Lee, believing the enemy to be in far greater force than they actually were, did not attempt to drive them from their position on these hills on the afternoon of the 1st. During the night of the 1st both armies were hurrying toward Gettysburg, and the Confederate force was the larger on the morning of the 2d. It is in doubt as to whether or not Lee, thinking that his troops would arrive the more rapidly, ordered Longstreet to attack the enemy early on the morning of the 2d. Whatever was ordered, Longstreet did not attack until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the Union force had become the greater. Longstreet attacked the enemy's left on Round Top and Little Round Top, won some success, but fell back. Ewell, who had been commanded to assail the Federal right on Culp's Hill, simultaneously with Longstreet's charge, failed to do so, and did not make the assault until Longstreet had fallen back. Finding the position practically defenseless, he captured it and held it until the Federals drove him off the hill early the next morn-

ing. Confederates, under General Early, made an attack upon the enemy's center on Cemetery Ridge, but, being unsupported, were repulsed.

Thus, by 10 o'clock on the morning of the third day, the Confederates had gained practically nothing, and had lost many men. In spite of this fact, Lee believed that with the aid of fresh troops, under General Pickett, who had arrived with his division on the night of the 2d, the enemy's center could be pierced. Lee, therefore, ordered that, after the Confederate guns had silenced or weakened those of the enemy, Pickett—supported on the right by Wilcox's division, and on the left by Pettigrew's—should make a mighty charge upon the Federal center. This attack would be the crisis of the great struggle, because it would be made by a large force of the South's best veterans against the crucial part of the Union lines—the center. As yet, this point had not been fully tried. If the center was cut through, the Federal army would be separated and defeated; if the attack failed, the loss would be so great that Lee could not risk another trial, and would have to retreat.

The sun was shining brightly on that warm and sultry day, when at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, in accordance with Lee's command, 140 Confederate cannon opened a terrific fire upon the guns posted on Cemetery Ridge. Immediately, 77 "Yankee" cannon replied—and then was witnessed one of the most spectacular artillery duels in history. After thirty minutes the commander of the Federal guns, General Hunt, ordered that the Federal fire cease, so that the guns could cool before the expected Confederate charge. The Confederate cannon did not stop their fire, however, until after the charge had begun at about 3 o'clock.

Pickett's division, under General Armistead, consisting of about 4,500 veterans—mainly from the State of Virginia—swept forward across a mile of open country. On

the right of this division was Wilcox with a division of splendid soldiers; on the left, Pettigrew with another division. The total number of men in the charge was nearly 15,000. As these magnificent columns moved forward with steady tread across the valley which lay between the Confederate lines and Cemetery Ridge, they were in plain view of all, and both Southerners and Northerners looked on in awe. While the troops were advancing the Federal cannon hurled a downpour of solid shot upon them. Then, as the columns came nearer and nearer, first shell, and then canister and grape were poured with telling effect upon the noble Confederates. Nevertheless, the unflinching "rebels" closed up the gaps made in their lines and continued on in the face of what was more terrible than all—a gruesome rifle fire. Rank after rank was cut down, but still the Southerners marched on toward Cemetery Ridge—that ridge rightly named, because in its bosom are now resting the hallowed remains of both Blue and the Gray. The attacking force, now greatly diminished, after driving back several lines of the enemy, reached the top of the hill. Could they hold the position? Would the Federals rally and drive them from the hill? Let us see.

General Armistead had been mortally wounded when he jumped over a breastwork, crying, "Boys, give them the cold steel!" General Pettigrew's troops had faltered, and Pettigrew himself had been wounded when trying to rally them. General Wilcox had not supported the right, but had turned aside. Thus, the hard-fighting soldiers, a while ago led by Armistead, now found themselves with the coveted prize—Cemetery Ridge—in their possession; but—their commander was mortally wounded, they were surrounded by fresh Federal reserves, and night had covered all with its coat of darkness. The flash of the enemy's cannon was the only light by which the Confederates could distinguish friend and foe. A

mighty wave of Federal infantry rushed upon the Confederates and swept them backward, but for only a short distance.

The Southerners, after having fought for hours to reach the top of the hill, were not to be conquered by one blow. Another wave greater than the first forced the Confederates to waver and fall back a little more. Finally, a wave, the greatest of all, put the Confederates into full retreat. Reluctantly, but not rapidly, the Confederates fell back over the way they had come. The charge, the day, the battle, the campaign—the war! was lost to the Southern cause.

The Confederate and Union armies remained inactive all day on July 4th, recuperating from the losses incurred in the great battle of Gettysburg. The North had lost 23,003 men, killed, wounded, and missing; the South 20,451. On the night of the 4th, Lee, having lost many men and feeling that he could not risk another battle, began his gloomy and melancholy march toward Virginia. "The star of the Confederacy had passed its zenith and had begun to sink."

Some authorities say that *if* General Longstreet had attacked the Federals early on the morning of the 2d, as Lee apparently ordered; or that *if* Lee had followed up the successes won on the first day and not allowed the Union forces to occupy the hills; or that *if* Lee had had more information about the enemy's movements; or that *if* Pickett's charge had been supported; or that *if*, etc., that the result of the battle would have been different. Let us not, however, place the blame for the loss of the battle upon some man now dead and gone. We should believe that if it had been in human power to win that battle our fathers and grandfathers would have won it. They lost because it was God's will; it was destiny, and "destiny must be revealed."

This mighty battle had many and far-reaching results. First of all, that aid from England, which the South had so eagerly desired, was denied her. England, seeing the South to be weaker than her giant antagonist, allied herself with

the North, and never permitted the ironclads to sail. Because of the outcome of this battle, the Confederacy lost its chance to become mistress of the sea, to raise the blockade, and to be recognized as an independent nation. The South became disheartened, for these men killed at Gettysburg could not be replaced, no provisions could be obtained, and the Government was bankrupt. The question of slavery and State rights had been settled for. From this time on it was evident that in the outcome the South, shut in on all sides by foes, would be starved out. The seceded States would be stripped of their slaves and forced back into the Union. Although the country suffered and bled during the Civil War, when her wounds had healed, the United States was made firm and strong.

And now, we are all thankful that the slaves were set free and the Union was kept intact; that we still have "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable," as a result of the great Battle of Gettysburg.

TO THE WIND

WOOD PRIVOTT.

Autumn wind, how loud you shriek
And talk among the trees;
Thy voice is heard both far and near;
Thy accents are obeyed through fear;
The sound comes splitting to the ear,—
And rustling fall the leaves.

Winter wind, you need not shriek,
And lay our spirits low,
For thy commands we loathing wait
To clean the paths from porch to gate,
While branches crack beneath the weight
Of crushing ice and snow.

THE CHANGE IN JOEL

H. I. H.

It was in the early summer of 1865. Just a month beforehand General Lee had surrendered to General Grant, and the Confederate soldiers, after bidding farewell to their beloved leader, had set out for their respective homes scattered over the South.

For over three weeks, Joel Simpson had been making his way as best he could, trying to reach his home in the upper section of South Carolina.

Today, Joel was only a little more than halfway home. He was now just below the Virginia-Carolina line, but he was, however, in the neighborhood of his old boyhood home, for he had spent the first fifteen years of his life in this very section of the State. In this neighborhood he had grown up, playing with and going to school with the other boys and girls of the community. But in 1855 he went to live in South Carolina, where he remained until the War Between the States broke out. He then joined the Confederate ranks, and by sheer good fortune was one of the few who were left to return to their homes after the close of the conflict.

After a scanty breakfast at the home of one of his old neighbors on this particular morning, he continued his journey. As he was trudging along the road everything around him was brimming over with life. The grass was green, the flowers were in full bloom, and the birds scattered here and there over the woods and fields were filling the air with their songs. But in all this expression of life, Joel took no part. The May sun was hot, and he was tired and almost discouraged. He saw but little hope ahead of him. The future held out no bright prospects to him. He wanted to get home to see his loved ones once more; but as to how he should find

them, or as to what he should do in the future, he had no idea.

With such thoughts filling his mind he plodded along, giving little heed to his surroundings. But with a start he came to himself again as he came to a spot where the two roads cross. In front of him was a large grove of oak trees; by the road in the edge of the grove stood an old well; back a short distance from the road in an opening among the trees there stood a small house built of logs. Joel recognized the old schoolhouse of his boyhood days. His mind was now active. The sight brought to him remembrances of many incidents that had occurred while he was in school here.

He turned aside from the road and went through the grove to the old house. It was evident that it had not been used within the past three or four years, for the door was almost down, the floor was broken through in many places, and some of the logs in the side of the building were rotten. Out back of the house he found the dim outlines of the old ball diamond, and upon many of the trees he could see the scars that he and his companions had cut there with their rude pocket knives years before. He went back to the old house again. It was now midday, and he sat down under the trees and ate the dinner that his neighbor had given him upon his leaving that morning. While still resting under the trees he began to think of the days he had spent in school here. Many thoughts and memories filled his mind, some sad, but most of them pleasant. Many incidents appeared to him once more. The faces of many of his schoolmates came to him again. But among all these faces one was more precious than all the others. One friend stood out above all, and this was his little girl friend, Lucy Gordon. He thought of the many pleasant times he had had with her here, and as he thought of her his heart warmed toward her. But among all these incidents, one was most treasured by him.

It happened one cold day in February. His lessons were all good on this particular day, except his spelling. He and Lucy were in the same class. After the noon recess, the teacher called his class to their accustomed place in the front of the room. There were only eight in the class, and all were trying to get the largest number of head marks. Already he had as many as any other member of the class, and as today was Friday he would be in the lead if he was not "turned down." Next to him, however, stood Lucy. The teacher gave out the words. He spelled correctly the first two words that came around, but on the third time, after two trials on the given word, he missed it. Promptly, Lucy spelled the word and took her place at the head.

As the teachers of those days laid special stress on spelling, it was one of their rules that whoever missed one word in class should remain after school and recite the entire lesson. So Joel was doubly humiliated—not only in losing the head mark, but also in having to "stay in" after school.

On this particular afternoon he was the only one who had to stay in; the others were dismissed at 4 o'clock. All left the room but Joel and the teacher. In his humiliation and shame, Joel had not studied the lesson since the class, and when he was called up to spell the words this time, in his confusion, he missed two words. The teacher now sent him to his seat to study another fifteen minutes. On the third trial, however, he spelled all the words correctly, and was dismissed for the day.

After getting his spelling book, arithmetic, and dinner pail, he hurried to the door. But when he opened the door, much to his surprise, he found Lucy waiting for him. She looked as if she had been crying. They walked on together toward her home. When they were away from the school-house she told him that she had been waiting for him, and had something to tell him. She told him that she was sorry

for what she had done in the class. She hated for him to have to miss his head mark. Then, as she nervously fingered her gingham apron, she said: "I am sorry I spelled the word. I hated to go ahead of you. I wanted you to have that head mark." And then he had tried to comfort her, telling her that it made no difference, for he was glad she got the head mark.

All of this came very vividly to Joel today as he sat under the trees. It seemed as if it were only yesterday when it all happened. He wondered where Lucy was today. He wondered if she still lived in the same old house just beyond the thicket of woods in front of the schoolhouse.

Just then he heard some one out at the old well by the road, and, looking in that direction, he saw a young woman drawing water. Curious to see who it was, and also to get a drink of water for himself, he went to the well. He asked the lady for a drink of water. She was very kind to him. As will occur on such occasions, she regarded him intently, and he, also, looked at her closely. Then it all happened. This was Lucy!

Next morning as Joel Simpson walked out of the lane into the road in front of the old Gordon home the sun was shining brightly, the flowers were in bloom, and the birds were singing just as on the previous morning. But Joel Simpson was a different man. The air was bracing now; the flowers were beautiful to him. The world was good to live in. He was no longer discouraged. But full of hope he now faced the future. He was more anxious than ever to get home. And as he continued his journey homeward his mind was filled with pleasant thoughts of what had just taken place. He was already making plans for the future, not for himself alone, but for *them*, for through these years Lucy had been waiting.

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No. 3

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

CARY HUNTER, Jr., Editor

Dr. Charles Elisha Taylor

Wake Forest College mourns the loss of a great and noble spirit. On November 5, 1915, Dr. Charles Elisha Taylor passed from the midst of those whom he had loved and served so well.

The intensity of our grief is only tempered by that feel-

ing of pride and rejoicing which comes from having witnessed a life so good, so complete, so inspiring. The memory of Dr. Taylor is ours for all time—a treasured inheritance. We know of his mighty achievements, his courageous soldier life, his long and fruitful period of service as president of the college, when his name and his deeds wrought in the institution unparalleled intellectual, financial, and moral development, and his period of brilliant literary productivity. We remember, too, the serene latter days, when, with heart and brain still young and strong, he continued teaching and inspiring up to the very eve of death.

Every man who came in contact with Dr. Taylor was the better for it. Something more potent than his words of wisdom emanated from his presence. We all instinctively felt that we sat before a knightly Christian gentleman. We understood that his very life embodied the ethical principle which he so emphasized—the principle of loving service.

To the bereaved loved ones of this great man we extend our sincerest sympathy. Their loss, and ours, is indeed great; but a thousand cherished memories of him—his words and deeds—must remain to them, and to us, a precious and joyous heritage.

It is fitting that an entire number of THE STUDENT be given to the commemoration of Dr. Taylor's life. To this purpose the February issue will be dedicated.

**The Patterson
Cup**

The highest literary honor in the State has come to the president of Wake Forest this year. Dr. William Louis Poteat has been awarded the Patterson Memorial Cup for his book, "The New Peace." Such flattering recognition advances Dr. Poteat into State and National prominence as a thinker and man of letters, and, incidentally, reflects luster upon the institution with which his name is associated.

Wake Forest has always been justly proud of one of her sons, John Charles McNeill, whose "Songs—Merry and Sad" took the cup in 1905. Now, we have a new source of pride in the distinction of a man who is not only one of our alumni, but our president.

**Stop! Look!
Listen!**

Since Wake Forest students have been denied the privilege of railway travel at night by the singular obstinacy of the Seaboard Air Line in refusing to stop its night express trains, the great bulk of travel to and from Raleigh has fallen to auto lines, jitneys, and other vehicles, which use the county road. This situation has focused attention on an appalling danger.

About five miles from Wake Forest there is a point where the railway track springs out of ambush and crosses the Raleigh road. This is a literal statement of fact. The track to the northward is so well masked by a combination of hillside and sharp curve that no chauffeur who is not a professional sleuth can detect the presence of an approaching train until it is upon him. The old injunction of "Stop! look! listen!" cannot be obeyed at this spot, for one is unable to look unless he stops on the track itself—a proceeding which has obvious disadvantages—and the ordinary noise of a car in motion is frequently sufficient to drown other sounds. The place is a death trap.

Public sentiment should not tolerate the existence of such a crossing on the county road. If relief may not be obtained through less heroic remedies, the next Legislature should be invited on a trip to Wake Forest via the jitney line.

We are aware that in all human probability the crossing will remain for many a year to come. In that case, we suggest one innovation: the usual railroad sign post should be removed, and in its stead erected a post surmounted by the skull and bones, while an appropriate Scriptural quotation

should be painted on a near-by billboard. Thus, the automobilist might proceed with his mind properly enlightened and resigned.

The Hungry
Sheep Look Up,
and Are Not Fed

Wake Forest men are long suffering in some particulars. During the past four years (we speak with authority, and not as the freshmen) they have been turning the other cheek with a patience equaling that of the man of Uz. Throughout this period our time has been consumed and our intellects subjected to contumely by the stupidest, most unrememberable lot of visiting lecturers who ever imposed almanac jokes on a village sociable.

Perhaps our words need mincing, but any observant man will be forced to admit that Wake Forest does not enjoy the class of lecturers to which her standing entitles her. While other institutions are being entertained and instructed by men of reputation and National caliber—men of letters, statesmen, orators—we are squirming under the small talk and parlor eloquence of persons whose ability falls short of mediocrity.

By whom have we been visited in the last three years? By two, possibly three, able men; a few distinctly inferior musicians; a host of unheard-of lecturers and mountebanks who would have difficulty in signing a contract with a Class C vaudeville circuit.

Up to the time of going to press we have received one visitation. I shall not impersonate, although he was an impersonator. He had one good role; in all the rest he was feeble, unconvincing, commonplace; his selections were hackneyed, cheap, weakly sentimental. Five of his attempts were repeated from his performance here last year. This gentleman is one of our classics. *O tempora! O mores!*

And Alfred Noyes has been to Meredith! By way of sug-

gestion, it is only seventeen miles to Meredith, and that institution has a habit of securing a number of first-rate men. Would not a pooling of the lecture systems of the two colleges be practicable? A little coöperation might accomplish a great deal.

Another suggestion: We had rather be really instructed and amused a little than bored much. Instead of investing our lecture fees in a number of petty entertainments, would it not be better to have a smaller, abler group of lecturers? This is our sincere and wistful plea. Let it be remembered that we are fresh young persons, and not tired business men.

After all the question, like most other problems, is a financial one. Our able lecture committee has at all times done its best, but has struggled under the handicap of a one-dollar lecture fee. We must pay for what we get. The thing needful is a strong sentiment for a two-dollar fee, in the name of Wake Forest culture.

A Paper With
An Atmosphere

It must be admitted that one who cares for even the thinnest veneering of culture must keep abreast of his own times. It is gratifying to note that Wake Forest students, in increasing numbers, are doing this today. One periodical in particular is becoming popular in college circles—the *New Republic*, and it is an excellent paper. The wide circulation of such a well-edited and well-balanced periodical, encouraged by the faculty, is a promising sign, and means more for the college man than many text-books, or than an indefinite number of the Hearst publications.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK

The regular monthly meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society was held in the church Sunday night, October 16th. The meeting was in honor of Miss Sophie Lanneau, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Lanneau, and returned missionary from China. President Poteat of Wake Forest and President Brewer of Meredith made short introductory speeches. Miss Lanneau made a very enjoyable talk and presented the Wake Forest Baptist church with quite a number of "cash" which her Christian friends in Soochow, China, had contributed toward the new church, not for their intrinsic value, but as an expression of their interest in Christian work in this country. President Poteat then read the letter of acceptance which was approved by the Society.

Miss Lanneau left Wake Forest Tuesday morning, November 2, for Seattle, Wash., from whence she will sail November 12, on the steamer *Yokahoma Maru*, for China. Miss Lanneau has been a great friend of the students in the two years that she has been home, and she will be missed much by all of us, whose best wishes accompany her to her noble and self-sacrificing work.

The first number of the college entertainment course was given Saturday evening, October 30. W. Powell Hale, impersonator and humorist, was the speaker of the evening. He entertained the large audience in a pleasing manner.

On the night of November 4 our loved teacher and friend, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, passed away, after a very brief illness. Dr. Taylor was president of the college during the period 1884-1905. His administration was probably the most notable in the history of the college. He came to Wake

Forest in 1870 as an assistant in Latin and Grammar; in 1871 he was made Professor of Latin, and in 1884 Professor of Moral Philosophy and History. President Taylor found the college with a meager endowment of \$40,000; when he left the presidency the endowment was more than \$210,000. The faculty, under his administration, increased from six professors and one tutor to seventeen professors and six assistants, while the enrollment increased from 161 to 328. Several new buildings were erected and the campus beautified under his direction. Dr. Taylor devoted about forty-five years of his life to Wake Forest College, doing a work that will insure for him a high place in the history of education. He never left off studying, seemingly determined to "never leave growing till the life to come." The death of Dr. Taylor has left a gap in the life of Wake Forest which will forever remain unfilled.

The funeral services were held at the home Saturday morning, being conducted by Dr. Cullom and Pastor Johnson. A quartet consisting of Mrs. Sledd, Mrs. Poteat, Dr. Hubert Poteat and Prof. Highsmith, sang very beautifully the hymn, "Over There." The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

The following resolutions of sympathy were drawn up and passed by his class in Philosophy.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom called from our midst our beloved teacher, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, on the night of November 4, 1915; be it therefore resolved:

1. That we, the members of the class of Philosophy I, though we realize our irreparable loss, we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.
2. That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones in this hour of their grief.
3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy to the *News and Observer* for publication.

A. I. FERREE,
E. P. WHITLEY,
K. M. YATES,
Committee.

During the past month three of our fellow students, Fred S. Hutchins, L. P. Dixon, and A. C. Payne, were called home on account of the death of their fathers. THE STUDENT extend its warmest sympathy to these, our schoolmates, in their bereavement. The following resolutions were drawn up and passed by the student body:

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to take away the fathers of our esteemed schoolmates L. P. Dixon, A. C. Payne, and Fred S. Hutchins; be it resolved:

1. We, the student body of Wake Forest College, realizing the irreparable loss which they have sustained, extend to them our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

2. That we also extend our deepest sympathy and respect to the other members of their families, who share with them in their loss.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to L. P. Dixon, A. C. Payne, and Fred S. Hutchins, our fellow students, and also a copy to their home papers for publication.

E. P. WHITLEY, *Chairman.*

W. C. DOWNING,

R. H. TAYLOR,

C. W. PARKER,

J. S. BREWER,

H. E. OLIVE,

Committee for the Student Body.

The large, well-made outdoor gymnasium is proving a big success. The exercises taken out of doors in the fresh air are more invigorating and enjoyable. Students are now seen staying overtime, an unusual occurrence heretofore.

Prof. Highsmith has assumed charge of the class in Philosophy and will teach this course the remainder of the term.

Miss Elizabeth Brown was the week-end guest of Miss Leah Graves the first week of November.

Rev. J. D. Moore spoke at the church service Sunday night, November 7. The service was held under the auspices of the two B. Y. P. U.'s.

Rev. Moore conducted a well-attended B. Y. P. U. Institute the second week in November. A large number

made the required grade on the examination and received certificates. About 100 were enrolled in the course of study.

Wake Forest College was well represented at the annual meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association. Dr. E. W. Sikes delivered a paper on "Economic Legislation in North Carolina—1861-65," and Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd addressed the body on "Literature and Art, the Two Means of Expressing the Genius of a People."

President William Louis Poteat was presented with the Patterson Cup for having written the best piece of literature in the year 1915. The presentation was made by Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels at the close of the first meeting of the Literary and Historical Association. The work of President Poteat is titled "The New Peace," and is in substance a series of lectures on the relations of science and religion. Congratulations to our president, who has brought glory and distinction upon the college as well as upon himself.

At the chapel service of Thursday morning, November 11, a meeting of the student-body and the faculty was called. Mr. R. H. Taylor, a student, spoke in glowing terms of the achievement of President Poteat, and made a motion that the entire student-body stand in recognition of the signal honor won by him. The motion was carried unanimously, and the hall was filled with cheering. Dr. Poteat thanked the students, speaking very modestly of what he had done.

November 1st was truly a gala day. Relieved of college duties, there was nothing to be done but to have a big time, and that the majority of students did that goes without saying. By skillful diplomacy, the consent of the Meredith College faculty was secured to let the girls come over to our second annual Society Day celebration and Berean banquet, which was held in the gymnasium that evening.

The gym. was tastefully decorated with running ivy, magnolia leaves, college pennants, streamers, etc. In the center

of the room was suspended a huge Berean lantern, from which were hanging gracefully the streamers with the colors of Meredith, Oxford, Wake Forest, and the Berean Class. There were punch booths in the several corners, which were fixed up in Hallowe'en style—the servers masquerading as witches. The souvenirs—small Wake Forest pins—were given out by the president of the Senior Class of Meredith, who saw also that each of the ladies present registered in the Berean book. The refreshments, in three courses, were served from two large tables made in the letters M. and O. in honor of the girls from the two colleges, Meredith and Oxford. Music was rendered by the Wake Forest orchestra. Toasts were given by Dr. Brewer, Dr. Poteat, Prof. Highsmith, Dr. Sikes, and Mr. George D. Rowe, president of the Berean Class.

The crowd repaired at a late hour to the station, where a special train carried the Meredith girls back to Raleigh. Thus ended the second annual Society Day, which has come to be looked forward to as the biggest social event of the season at Wake Forest.

The old office of Pastor Johnson has been relieved of its plunder and put in a habitable condition again by "Dr. Tom." The bursar has consented for this room to be used as THE STUDENT office. Many thanks are due the bursar for this favor, as such a place was badly needed.

Rev. Walter N. Johnson, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church, is distributing a strong tract on the solution of the church financial problem.

Dr. W. R. Cullom of the Bible Department gave an illustrated lecture on the Holy Land, in Memorial Hall, October 26th.

The Glee Club and Orchestra, under the directorship of Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat, made a tour of certain towns in the western part of North Carolina, beginning on Thanksgiving Day.

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

Y. M. C. A.

On October 18th the Y. M. C. A. was entertained by a lecture from Dr. B. F. Sledd, who spoke on "How Public Opinion is Expressed in Europe." Dr. Sledd gave several interesting illustrations in making comparisons, which showed the methods of expressing public opinion in Europe as differing from those used in America.

Mr. J. M. Broughton, Jr., of Raleigh, spoke on October 25th, using for his subject "Problems of Service." A number of helpful applications of the real value of service from both social and religious viewpoints characterized Mr. Broughton's speech.

No meeting was held on November 1st, on account of Society Day exercises, which came on this date.

On November 8th a change from the regular order was made. The Program Committee secured four members from the Senior Class—Messrs. A. I. Ferree, S. B. Moore, E. P. Whitley, and K. M. Yates—who discussed the different phases of "Cheating on Examinations," a problem which our schools and colleges have to contend with. All who heard these speeches found their time well spent. They were not only "worth listening to," but well worth modeling after.

Societies

Wake Forest, November 1—Under ideal weather conditions, and with a large attendance, including many visitors from Meredith and Oxford College, Society Day, the annual celebration of the Euzellian and Philomathesian literary societies, was observed today. A general holiday was in effect. The customary program was carried out,

beginning with the Junior-Sophomore debate in the morning, and closing with the Berean banquet in the evening. A football game at 3:30 in the afternoon and the Senior orations at 7:30 completed the program for the day.

The debate was won by the affirmative side, the following gentlemen acting as judges: Professors R. P. McCutcheon, H. A. Jones, and C. D. Johns. They reached their decision unanimously. The query was: "Resolved, That the Workingmen's Compensation Act should be adopted in North Carolina." The affirmative side was upheld by I. E. Carlyle and D. P. McCann. L. W. Chappell and H. E. Olive defended the negative.

Music was furnished throughout the exercises by the Wake Forest orchestra. The marshals were, from the Euzellian Society, P. S. Sykes, chief; C. M. McCurry and R. W. Warren; from the Philomathesian Society, A. Y. Dowell, chief; C. C. Wall and S. E. Teague.

CARLYLE OPENS DEBATE.

Promptly at 10:30 a. m. the exercises were begun, when M. W. Egerton, president of the debate, after a short address of welcome, called upon J. S. Brewer, secretary of the debate, to read the query and announce the first speaker. I. E. Carlyle, Phil., of Wake County, opened the debate with a brief history of the question. After carefully defining the principle of the compensation act, he took up the present system of protecting employees against the effects of industrial accidents in North Carolina. He showed wherein it was inadequate and unjust, uncertain and wasteful in operation. He argued that North Carolina's position as an industrial State warranted the adoption of this industrial legislation.

CHAPPEL IS FIRST NEGATIVE SPEAKER.

L. W. Chappel, Eu., of Perquimans County, began by saying that it was incumbent upon the affirmative to show: first, that there is a vital necessity for so radical a change; second, that the proposed plan is free from vital objections. The speaker defined his position as follows: First, that the employer's liability still adequately met the demands of North Carolina because it is not unfair, it gives satisfaction, and is efficient; secondly, that the principle is unsound in theory, because it is unjust both to the employer and employee, and imposes unnecessary burdens on society, at the same time opening new avenues for corruption.

M'CANN FOR AFFIRMATIVE.

The third speaker, D. P. McCann, Eu., of Surry County, closed the argument for the affirmative by pointing out: first, the demand for a workmen's compensation law in North Carolina; second, by showing that the proposed law was just in principle and harmonious

with the intentions of government by human law; lastly, by giving proof of the practicability of the act. He claimed that the compensation act had given satisfaction, that public opinion generally supported its success, and that its extension in America had been upon its merits.

OLIVE CALLS LAW FAILURE.

The last debater, H. E. Olive, Phi., of Johnston County, declared that the workmen's compensation law had proved a failure in practice; by facts and statistics he showed that the law had worked injustice to employer and employee in States where the law was in effect. Conditions in North Carolina are unfavorable for the adoption of the law at the present time, for the people neither demand or need the law. He called attention to the fact that such a bill was defeated by an overwhelming majority in the last session of the Legislature. He showed that only a small per cent of our people were engaged in industries which would come under this law, and that it would take a large appropriation from the State treasury to administer the law.

THE ORATIONS.

An audience that taxed Wingate Memorial Hall to its capacity assembled at 7:30. Four members of the Senior Class had been selected as the orators for the evening, two from each society. The first orator was M. C. Thomas, of Brunswick County, from the Philomathesian Society. His subject was, "America's Greatest Enemies."

A. C. Lovelace, Eu., of Rutherford County, appeared as the first Euzelian orator. His subject was "North Carolina's Fundamental Needs."

R. K. Redwine, Eu., of Surry County, spoke on "America After the War."

"Freedom and Patriotism" was the last orator's subject, J. C. Powell, Phi., of Duplin County.

Following the orations all adjourned to the gymnasium, where the exercises of the day were brought to a conclusion by the Berean banquet. The large hall was artistically decorated with autumn leaves and ferns and festoons of bunting mingling the respective colors of Meredith, Oxford, and Wake Forest colleges. A Hallowe'en effect was carried out in the two punch booths. A banquet in three courses was served.—*Abridged from the Report in the News and Observer by G. F. Rittenhouse.*

EU. SOCIETY .

OCTOBER 20, 22, 23.

Query: *Resolved*, that a uniform divorce law should be adopted in the United States.

Section A: No report.

Section B: An interesting discussion was made and some genuine enthusiasm was shown. The freshmen of this section are particularly to be commended for their good work. The upper-classmen will have to push hard to keep in the lead. The best speeches were made by C. C. Burrus, A. C. Reid, S. A. Perry.

Section C: The best speeches were made by F. H. Baldy, H. A. Helmes, Lovelace.

OCTOBER 27, 29, 30.

Query: *Resolved*, That the Philippines should be given their independence before 1920.

Section A: No report.

Section B: There were some five in the debate, and the speakers acquitted themselves well. The best speeches were by J. T. Gillespie, L. W. Teague, Hicks.

Section C: The debate was decidedly better than ordinarily. The best speeches were by W. A. Riddick, G. F. Strole, Whedbee.

NOVEMBER 3, 5, 6.

Query: *Resolved*, That all male immigrants over 16 years of age admitted to the United States should be able to read any portion of our Constitution in their own tongue.

Section A: No report.

Sections B and C suspended sessions on account of the death of Dr. Taylor.

NOVEMBER 10, 12, 13.

Section A: No report.

Section B: The debate was not up to the usual standard. Attendance was poor and interest lagged. The best speeches were by H. I. Hester, L. W. Teague, and B. H. Harrill.

Section C: No report.

The reporter of this department regrets that unavoidable

circumstances have prevented him from securing reports from Section A. Hereafter, he will not continue his forced neglect.

PHI. SOCIETY.

Interest is still good in the Phi. Society and a large number of the members are doing good work. Since the last report there have been four questions discussed. These are as follows:

"Resolved, That vocational education should be encouraged, rather than literary";

"That the South should encourage within its borders such immigrants as are lawfully admitted into the United States";

"That all industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration"; and

"That the United States should prohibit the shipment of munitions of war to the belligerent countries."

Each of these questions proved to be well worth the time spent in research.

Following a plan adopted in the past to have all Freshmen and Sophomores declaim once during each term of college, the meetings on November 3, 5, and 6 were given for declamations. Some of the declaimers worthy of special mention here are Casey, Odom, Davis (H. J.), Riddle, Allen, Croom, Maynard, Herring.

The reporter expects hereafter to make reports of the work done in each section and mention the names of the men whose work is worthy of recognition.

Moot Court Notes

Inasmuch as Mr. Dixon was called home, Mr. Archie D. Odom was elected clerk of the court.

On October 22d a civil case was tried—*Jones v. S. A. L. Railway Company*—in which the plaintiff sued for \$15,000

damages. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Trueblood (P. R.), Olive (B. R.), and Taylor. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Ferree, Whitley (J. B.), and James. The plaintiff recovered \$15,000, and the defendant appealed.

On October 29th a criminal case was tried for stealing and receiving goods—*State v. Joe Ivins and Joel Lane*. Attorneys for the State were Messrs. Mott and James. Attorneys for the defendant Ivins were Messrs. Trueblood (P. R.), and Lambert. The defendant Lane was represented by Messrs. Downing and Whitley (J. B.). The defendant Ivins was convicted and sentenced to the State penitentiary for the term of one year, while the defendant Lane was found not guilty.

On November 8th a murder case was tried—*State v. Perry*. The State was represented by Messrs. Mott and Strole. Attorneys for the defendant were Messrs. King, McDuffie, and Arledge. Verdict, "Not guilty," whereupon the court ordered the release of the prisoner.

On November 13th a civil case was tried—*Jackson v. Van Dyke and A. and M. College*—in which plaintiff sued for \$10,000 as damages sustained by the gross negligence of the defendant Dr. Van Dyke. Attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Perry and Aronson. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Downing and Olive (B. R.). Counsel for defendant made a motion to quash as to the college by virtue of the fact that a State institution could not be made a party to a suit. Plaintiff admitted that no action could be maintained against the college, but contended that suit could be maintained against Dr. Van Dyke, which the court allowed. When both plaintiff and defendant had rested, defendant moved a nonsuit by reason of the fact that the plaintiff had not made out a case. Motion overruled. Defendant excepted.

The following issues were submitted to the jury:

1. Has the plaintiff suffered mental anguish and permanent injury?

2. If so, how much is plaintiff entitled to recover?

The jury answered the first issue "yes," the second issue "\$5,000." Defendant appealed. Appeal bond required, \$50.

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor

Football

Playing the greatest offensive game of the season, aided materially by Fullback Parker's line plunging, Wake Forest experienced little difficulty in winning from the Richmond Blues, 40 to 0. The game was played on the afternoon of Society Day, November 1st, and was witnessed by a large crowd, including many fair visitors from Meredith and Oxford colleges.

The Baptists crossed the Virginians' goal line once in each of the first three quarters, and three times in the last. Parker scored the first three touchdowns, Witherington scored two, and Billings one.

Parker's fierce line plunging was the feature of the game, but "Mig" Billings played a great game at quarterback. He circled the ends several times for telling gains, and handled the numerous punts in good style, often running them back for pretty gains.

The Virginians were outclassed in every department of the game. They were forced to play on the defensive the entire time, and never threatened to score. A number of substitutes were injected into the game after the team had a safe lead.

The line-up and summary:

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Richmond Blues</i>
	Left End	
Turner		Harris
	Left Tackle	
Powell		Gresham

Left Guard	
Olive	Donald
Center	
Langston	Crutchfield
Right Guard	
Koon	Bradbury
Right Tackle	
Howell	Quarles
Right End	
Holding	Ruskell
Quarterback	
Billings	Blanton
Left Halfback	
Harris	Ancarrow
Right Halfback	
Stallings	Blankenship
Fullback	
Parker	McRae

Score by quarters:

Wake Forest	6	7	7	20—40
Richmond Blues	0	0	0	0—0

Substitutions: Wake Forest—Dixon for Olive, Carter for Langston, Shaw for Powell, Blackmon for Shaw, Robley for Turner, McKnight for Blackman, Pace for Harris, Harris for Robley, Turner for Holding, Olive for Shaw, Mallard for Koon, Aronson for Olive, Robley for Harris, Witherington for Parker, Trust for Stallings, Duffy for Pace, "Duke" Carter for Holding, Humbler for Aronson.

Summary—Touchdowns: Parker, 3; Witherington, 2; Billings, 1. Goals from touchdown: Billings, 4. Referee, Simpson (Baylor). Umpire, Royster (Wake Forest). Head Linesman, Caddell (Wake Forest). Time of quarters: 12, 10, 8, 8.

CADETS TRIM BAPTISTS, 21 TO 6.

The Virginia Military Institute defeated Wake Forest in Lexington, Va., November 6th, 21 to 6, in a hard-fought game. Wake Forest put up a plucky fight, but was unable to cross the Cadets' goal line until the last quarter, Turner going over on a forward pass for the only Baptist score.

Wake Forest played a far better game than the score indicates. Reports from the official scorer of the game show that Wake Forest made 19 first downs to V. M. I.'s 5. Fumbles at critical stages cost Wake Forest several touchdowns. They would advance the ball down the field and carry it inside the 20-yard line, only to fumble, and then V. M. I., recovering, would punt back out of danger. The showing made by Parker at fullback was especially pleasing. He never failed to plow through the line when called upon, and it is conceded by all who saw him that he played one of the best games of his career.

The line-up and summary:

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>V. M. I.</i>
	Left End	
Harris		Goodman
	Left Tackle	
Powell		Pitts
	Left Guard	
Dixon		Hawkins
	Center	
Langston		Snead
	Right Guard	
Olive		Heflin
	Right Tackle	
Blackman		McCormick
	Right End	
Holding		Cullom
	Quarterback	
Billings		Bertschey
	Left Halfback	
Stallings		Paul
	Right Halfback	
Witherington		Marshall
	Fullback	
Parker		Harris

Score by quarters:

Wake Forest	0	0	0	6—6
V. M. I.	7	7	0	7—21

Substitutions: Wake Forest—Carter for Langston, Turner for Harris, Robley for Holding, Koon for Dixon, Powell for Koon, Moore for Blackman, Trust for Stallings. V. M. I.—Bucher for Goodman, Gray for Bertschey, Whittett for Bucher, Steele for Hawkins.

Summary: Touchdowns—Harris, 1; Goodman, 1; Marshall, 1; Turner, 1. Goals from touchdown—Bertschey, 3. Referee, Henderson (Ohio). Umpire, Cook. Field judge, Young (Washington and Lee). Time of quarters: 15, 15, 15, 15.

GALLAUDET PROVES EASY.

Wake Forest defeated Gallaudet with ease, 28 to 6, in the last game of the season on the home grounds. The Baptists scored in every quarter, using the forward pass twice to cross Gallaudet's goal line, and straight-line bucks twice. Gallaudet's lone score came in the second quarter, when Classem, their fullback, went through the line for a touchdown.

Gallaudet really played a better game than the score shows, for they had a wonderful drive in their backfield—Classem and Marshall piercing the Baptist line again and again for substantial gains. Wake Forest rallied, however, when they threatened, and, except in the instance of their only touchdown, they were unable to cross the goal line.

The outstanding feature of the game was the playing of Billings at quarterback. He completely outgeneraled the Gallaudet eleven, and his work on the offensive was the best of his career. Several times he circled the visitors' ends for telling gains, often shaking off several tacklers before he was downed. Again he would break through the line and make pretty broken field runs—one in the fourth quarter netting 40 yards. Then varying his attack, he would hurl the ball through the air for long forward passes with deadly accuracy. He scored the first touchdown, and then brought his total contribution of 10 points to the score by kicking all four of the goals from touchdowns.

Holding, at right end, gave a good account of himself, displaying all of his old ability at the passing game. He regis-

tered half of the touchdowns, receiving two forward passes behind the goal line.

Harris played a pretty game at the other end. In the second quarter he went around Gallaudet's end for a long run, gaining 30 yards. A few moments later he paved the way for the second touchdown by gaining 30 yards on a forward pass. Langston put a good game at center.

The line-up:

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Gallaudet</i>
Harris	Left End	Peard
Blackmon	Left Tackle	Ferguson
Olive	Left Guard	Burns
Carter	Center	Wenger
Powell	Right Guard	Davis
Moore (captain)	Right Tackle	Cuscader
Holding	Right End	Trucke
Billings	Quarterback	Rendall
Witherington	Left Halfback	Marshall
Pace	Right Halfback	Rockwell
Parker	Fullback	Classsem

Score by periods:

Wake Forest	7	7	7	7—28
Gallaudet	0	6	0	0—6

Scoring—Touchdowns: Billings, 1; Holding, 2; Parker, 1; Classsem, 1. Goals from touchdown: Billings, 4.

Substitutions—Wake Forest: Shaw for Olive, McKnight for

Powell, Howell for Carter, Langston for McKnight, Howell for Langston, Turner for Harris, McKnight for Blackmon, Rowe for Witherington, Robley for Rowe. Gallaudet: Newman for Rockwell, Martin for Burns, Rockwell for Newman.

Referee, Simpson (Baylor). Umpire, McNutt (A. & M.). Head linesman, Caddell (Wake Forest). Time, fifteen minutes quarters.

SOPHOMORES, 6; WARRENTON HIGHS, 6.

The Wake Forest Sophomores and the Warrenton Highs battled to a 6 to 6 tie in Warrenton, October 30th. Each team succeeded in shoving over one touchdown, but both failed to kick goal. The Sophs., in their eagerness to kick their goal from touchdown, touched the ball to the ground before Savage was in position to kick.

FRESHMEN FALL BEFORE SOPHOMORES.

In their annual football game the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 14 to 0. The game was characterized by costly fumbles and numerous misplays on both sides. Pennell and Savage each scored a touchdown for the Sophomores, circling the ends each time from the 20-yard line. Savage kicked the two goals from touchdowns.

Basketball

The first class basketball game of the season resulted in a win for the Preachers from the Teachers by a 32 to 8 score. The Teachers were completely outclassed, and the goal-shooting of Dowell and McKnight proved too much for them.

The line-up:

<i>Preachers</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Teachers</i>
	Right Forward	
Ward		Spaugh
	Left Forward	
Dowell		Huntley
	Center	
McKnight		Blankenship
	Right Guard	
Daniels		Hough
	Left Guard	
Carroll		Moss

LAWYERS, 32; PREACHERS, 19.

The Preachers found the Lawyers too much for them in the second game, the Lawyers winning by a score of 32 to 19. The game was easily the prettiest one of the season and was much closer than the score indicates. Deitrick proved a tower of strength to the Lawyers at left forward, shooting 10 field goals. Yates led in the scoring for the Preachers with 6 goals to his credit.

The line-up:

<i>Lawyers</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Preachers</i>
	Right Forward	
Ashcraft		Ward-Ingram
	Left Forward	
Deitrick		Yates
	Center	
Bryson		McKnight
	Right Guard	
Robley		Carroll
	Left Guard	
Turner		Daniels

SOPHOMORES, 21; FRESHMEN, 14.

In the first of the interclass basketball games, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen 21 to 14. The game was close, hard-fought, and interesting throughout. The goal-shooting of Dickson, the Sophomore forward, and Feezor's work at center for the Freshmen featured. Thompson played a good game at guard for the Sophs.

The line-up:

<i>Sophomores</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Freshmen</i>
	Right Forward	
Spaugh		Neal
	Left Forward	
Dickson		Liles
	Center	
McKnight		Feezor
	Right Guard	
Moss		Sowers
	Left Guard	
Thompson		Billings

Holding Elected Baseball Captain

William W. Holding, of Wake Forest, N. C., was elected captain of the baseball team for 1916 at a recent meeting of the letter men of the 1915 team.

Holding is one of the greatest all-round athletes in college, being a letter man in football, basketball, and baseball. He plays end on the football team, and is recognized as one of the best men in the game for receiving the forward pass. Many of the Baptists' gains on the gridiron the past two seasons have been due to Holding's work at right end. His ability as a basketball player is well known throughout the State. He was given the first place on the All State Basketball Team last year by one of the Charlotte sporting editors. He made the best record of any player in the State last year at forward, shooting 87 field goals and 57 foul goals for a total of 231 points for the season's work.

Holding plays first base on the baseball team. He is a steady and sure fielder. He participated in 19 games last spring, and hit for an average of .290. He led the team in the number of extra base hits secured. His election as captain assures the Baptists of a capable leader for the 1916 baseball team.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'07-'08. Appearing in the *New York Times*, November 7, 1915, is a three-column story by Paul Rockwell, a former legionnaire. The article tells how a corps of foreign volunteers were practically wiped out in the charge of Champagne, on October 28, in the present European war. Paul Rockwell was one of the few survivors of the legion which died for France on this memorable charge. Upon his return to America he wrote an account of the engagement.

'10. Mr. Wade B. Hampton is practicing law in Washington, D. C.

'81. Rev. D. W. Herring is returning to his work in China, after a year's vacation in this country.

'10. Dr. R. E. Clark, who received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy last spring at the University of Pennsylvania, is at present located at Pittsboro, N. C.

'15. Mr. Jeter Connelly McCourry has accepted the position of superintendent of the high school in Aurora, Oregon.

'11. T. A. Haywood is principal of the school at Waxhaw, N. C.

'10. Rev. E. I. Olive, formerly principal of the Hope Mills Graded School, and pastor of churches, has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

'08. Dr. F. F. Browne has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Frankfort, Ky., to accept work in Texas.

'06. Rev. W. D. Poe married Miss Douglas Thornton, of Alavista, Va., November 10, 1915.

'05. Mr. R. D. Covington is in business with his father at Cerro Gordo, N. C.

'02. Hon. Gilbert T. Stephenson, a trustee of the college,

has been elected Judge of the Municipal Court of Winston-Salem.

'00-'01. Mr. Norman Huff Johnson, editor of the *Merchants' Journal and Commerce*, Richmond, Va., a journal described as second only to the *Manufacturers' Record* in the South, has been elected lecturer in the new business course for merchants in the University of Tennessee. He gives three lectures each month. He began this new work at Knoxville, Tenn., in September.

'00. Mr. A. Wayland Cooke has been recommended for appointment as postmaster at Greensboro, N. C.

'97-'98. Mr. E. V. Johnson is located at Brownwood, Texas. He passed through Wake Forest recently and swung off the car steps in search of a familiar face.

'98. Mr. Paul Salisbury is in the mercantile business at Hamilton, N. C.

'93. Col. Frank P. Hobgood has been lately appointed by the United States Department of Justice to the position of special attorney, with headquarters at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

'87. Hon. Ed. J. Justice has charge of the Department of Justice business west of the Mississippi River. Col. Frank P. Hobgood is associated with him.

'91. Dr. W. Mitchell is president of the Bank of Lewiston.

'77-'78. Dr. Livingston Johnson has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Rocky Mount, beginning his work there in January. His last pastorate was that of the First Baptist Church at Greensboro.

'79. Dr. John T. J. Battle, trustee of Wake Forest College and medical director of the Southern Life and Trust Company of Greensboro, N. C., has been an important factor in the public health movement of that progressive city. He has lately published a folder on "Teeth, Tongue, and Tonsils."

'90. Dr. James Oscar Atkinson is a leading professor in Elon College and editor of the *Christian Sun*, the organ of the Christian Church of North Carolina.

'06. Mr. Liston Jackson is in business in Fort Worth, Texas. His city address is Waggoner Building.

'07. James Baxter Turner, who was graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., is supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Church of Rome, Ga.

'11. Mr. Philip G. Sawyer, who is engaged in the practice of law in Elizabeth City, is now mayor of that north-eastern metropolis.

(The Alumni are requested to write cards to the editor of this department, giving his class, location, changes in business, etc. It is the purpose of this department to record as faithfully as possible the activities of the Alumni, and the editor will appreciate all information of interest that is furnished him.)

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

Owing to the fact that THE STUDENT has been published promptly each month, there has not been time for the exchanges which correspond to our previous numbers to reach us. On this account we are forced to make comments on the first issues of this term, which will be improved as the editors have more experience by which to profit.

THE FURMAN ECHO. A glance at the contents of the *Furman Echo* is sufficient to show that it is a well-balanced magazine, containing in its Literary Department three stories, two essays, two poems and a sketch, besides the other various departments. The poem "Autumn," which appears on the first page, produces a melancholy state of mind, which is dismissed when we turn over to "A Cur." This is called a story, but appears rather to be a biography. At any rate, there is more of a sketch of the maneuvering by the dogs than there is plot. The essay on "Nathaniel Hawthorne" is composed of sentences which resemble Emerson in brevity. For example, "Nathaniel added the 'W.'" The composition would be improved in many places if the simple sentences were converted into complex and compound ones. "The Pilgrimage to Kerlaar," which is translated from the German, reads very well. It is sufficient to say that "The State of a Sophomore" is very sophomoric, but "Miss Annie's Romance" is not very romantic. "Superhuman or Christian?" is an essay which adds considerably to this number. The editorials "To the Freshmen" and "Be a Booster" are both full of excellent advice, which makes us resolve to keep our eyes on this department.

WINTHROP JOURNAL. The Literary Department is opened

by "The Littlest Lady." We are sure from the first that she will attract the Big Doctor, but we read on for the close "together." "The Old Order Changeth" is a presentation of the woman's side of suffrage by a woman, and it is right convincing that there is a woman's side. "Who Was It?" and "Mollie's Romance" have good plots, but "The Understanding" is very good. The heroine has to strive to do what is right, just as we all have to struggle, but she receives no praise for the struggle until circumstances bring about the understanding. There is not a sickly moral attached to the story, but an undercurrent which makes us resolve to try harder to understand others. The poems which are put in to fill out the pages really add to the thought side of the issue. The Fun Department is good enough to supplement the Exchange and Editorial departments, both of which are too brief. The drawings which head the various departments add to an already to be commended issue.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE. This number is opened as usual by a poem, "An Evening Song," but it is an unusual poem in real qualities. "Footprints on the Sands" has good description and a moralistic plot. "The Failure of the Hague" is interesting on account of present-day events. Through the new changes, we hope that it will evolve into a higher scale of organisms. "The Moonlight Maiden" is the offspring of imagination, which makes it an interesting story. The article on "The Lighting System at the Exposition" deserves honorable mention from the nature of the subject, which is much more interesting than the English papers that are turned over for publication. We call attention to the editorial, "Mirth is Medicine and Laughter Lengthens Life," and then to the fact that there is not a joke in your magazine. A few of us may need some medicinal aid, and will you not agree to furnish it in a fun department? The Exchange Editor promises to "bestow praise wherever and when-

ever it is due." This seems to be a colossal and useless undertaking. In the first place, true merit will bring contributions recognition no matter what we may say about them. In the second place, we cannot give praise whenever it is due, in our brief pages, even though we may give some at times. It is our function to help you strengthen your magazine, in order that the readers may give it the more praise.

We are glad to acknowledge the exchange magazines which have reached us, and shall be glad to recognize others. We urge that the exchange list be mailed first each time, in order that there may be time for them to be carefully considered.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Dr. Poteat (in Biology I.)—"What is irritability, Mr. Hollowell?
Newish Hollowell—"I was just a'fixin' to ask you, Doctor."



Keller after being hit by a biscuit thrown at "Midnight"—"Fellows,
I don't mind how much you throw at that other negro, but you'd bet-
ter mind how you throw at me."



Newish Proctor—"Do you take Latin, too?"
Newish Bryant—"No; I take Latin I."



"Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real alle-
gory of the lute of Orpheus. It moves stone. It charms brutes.
Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no vic-
tory without it."



The following conversation is said to have been heard from three
of the smallest students enrolled

Newish White—"Say, Jess, you're not allowed to walk on the
grass."

Newish Bryan—"I know, but I walk under it and go 'round when
it's too low."

Newish Penny (passing)—"You haven't got a thing on me. I
used to crawl through the holes the worms had eaten."



Freshman Penny, looking up suddenly with a troubled counte-
nance from the calendar which he was studying—"Well, I declare;
Thanksgiving comes on Thursday this year."



A LOVELY SCENE.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Beneath the hills, one summer day.
Her eyes were tender and big and brown;
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
 Glanced sparkling off her golden hair.
 Those calm deep eyes were turned toward mine
 And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood.
 I see her standing peacefully now.
 Peacefully standing and—chewing her cud,
 As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.
 —*Anonymous in Howard Advocate.*

✽

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

I am quite a hearty eater,
 Not inclined to pick a fuss;
 Commonly, no man is neater—
 I can dine with little muss.

I can nibble watermelon
 Without filling up my ears;
 Slabs of home-made bread with jam on
 I can guzzle minus fears.

And I'm good at pickled peaches,
 Though it is a juggler's job;
 I commit no social breaches
 Chewing sweet corn off the cob.

I can handle soft confetti;
 Eat raw oysters with the best—
 But I cannot eat spaghetti
 Without mussing up my vest.

—R. V. M.

✽

Dr. Poteat (in Biology)—“What is the basis of all Biology?”
 John Bunyan Rucker—“The microscope.”

✽

“Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting with the gift of
 speech.”—*Simonides.*

✽

“First Year Gentleman” Griffin, to Newish Edwards—“When do
 you go on English Lab?”

✽

Manager of Club (to colored waiter, whose thumb is sticking in
 the gravy)—“You sorry rascal, take your thumb out of that gravy.”
 Waiter—“Dat's all right, boss; it ain't hot.”

Time and tide and the jitney wait for no man. However, certain members of the faculty say that man, sometimes, waits for the jitney.



Ches Wilkerson wants to know "If lumber costs \$3.75 a thousand, how many feet are in a thousand?"



Notwithstanding adding machines, brains still count.



Professor Johns—"When were the Crusades carried on?"
Freshman Hopkins—"About the eighteenth century."



Sam Thompson—"Say, Woodward, aren't you afraid to stay in this room?"

Woodward—"Naw; it's been perfumigated."



Newish Liles wants to know why they put such curious words as "*pro humanitate*" on the college seal.



Did you ever notice that the clever men never take up your time telling you about it?



Newish Hobbs (who was looking at a catalogue of athletic goods) —"I'll tell you what Wake Forest needs."

Baldy—"What's that?"

Hobbs—"A golf ball."



Professor McCutcheon (on English I to Newish McDonald)—"Mr. McDonald, you have four zeros."

McD. (very much surprised)—"I didn't know I had four goose eggs."

Prof. McC.—"If you keep on you will have a setting by next month. I think you and Plunkett had better chip in and get an incubator."



Dr. Sikes (on Government)—"Mr. Bryson, who was it who said 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"

Bryson (wisely)—"Harry K. Thaw."

Professor McCutcheon (on English I)—“Mr. Hall, use ‘gruesome’ in a sentence.”

Alex. Hall—“If Mr. McDuffie had used Herpicide on his head and ‘gruesome’ hair, he wouldn’t be bald.”

✽

Dr. Poteat (on Biology I)—“Oh, there is a draught coming in here from somewhere.”

Dick Pace—“That only Van Savage sleeping with his mouth open.”

✽

Newish Vassey wants to know if the Baltimore Bargain House is in Richmond.

✽

Dr. Johns (on History)—“In what respect was the Mediæval church democratic?”

Soph. Martin—“Well—er— I think everybody had a right to be prayed for.”

✽

Merritt—“I understand that Miss Lanneau starts for China next week.”

Owen, C. S.—“Can you go to China by rail, now?”

✽

Soph. Wharton—“What are these darn little red things in my oysters?”

✽

Newish Anderson wanted to know if the Gallaudet “dummies” had a department of vocal music.

✽

Newish Holman, looking for the first time at a full dress collar—“What’s that string there for—to hang it up by?”

✽

Newish Trueblood (disappointed Glee Club candidate), watching the Glee Club men leaving the station on their fall trip—“Good bye! Can’t say as I wish you good luck. Hope you’ll lose every game you play.”

✽

Newish Edwards, in chemistry laboratory, upsetting his Bunsen burner—“Turn it up quick—the juice’ll run out!”

✽

What was that beverage which Professor McCutcheon saw ex-Freshman Martin drinking at the Wake Drug Store, just before he went to see “The Birth of a Nation?”

Sunday School Meek—"The legs of these trousers are too small for me."

Newish Black—"Impossible!!!"



Carroll Wall—"Have a smoke, James?"

Earl James—"No, I never smoke."

Wall—"What's the matter?"

James—"I never could get any enjoyment out of it. When I smoke my own tobacco I think of the awful expense, and when I smoke other peoples' I have my pipe crammed so full it won't draw."



Professor Johns (on History I)—"Mr. Keeter, where is the Dead Sea?"

Keeter—"I don't know."

Professor Johns—"What! Don't you know where the Dead Sea is?"

Keeter—"No, sir; I didn't know any of them were sick."



McKnight (presiding)—"Well, gentlemen, we can't transact any business as we haven't a forum present."



Durham Moore says that one of the "dummies" told him that Will Harris was the best end he had ever played against.



Newish McLeod—"Say, Dr. Hubert, what is the Latin for Aeneas?"

Dr. Hubert Poteat—"Great balls of green cheese, Mr. McLeod, you need to consult 'Prof.' Barnes again."



SHE WON.

For three long years the pair had been
 Each to the other true;
 No friction rose to interfere
 With ties between the two.

One day while walking through the lane,
 Enwrapped in perfect bliss;
 He asked a token of her love
 Just one expressive kiss.

"Not now," she said, and would not yield,
He knew the matter done;
Engagement came and still she said:
"Not yet; not now; not one."

The oft he asked for one, just one;
Each time she bade him nay.
Without success he still sought on
Until their wedding day.

"Today's the day—our wedding day;
Now surely I may get
This simple token of your love.
She answered him, "Not yet."

"We're married now; why did you wait?"
"Yes, love, I'll tell you true.
Three men I kissed, and three I lost;
I meant to not lose you."

W. B. SINCLAIR.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:

	PAGE
To the Emerald, Queen of Gems (verse).... <i>W. R. Ferrell.</i>	231
Our New Currency Law (essay).. <i>Marshall Henry Jones, '15.</i>	232
When Sheriff Griffin Resigned (story).. <i>Robert R. Mallard.</i>	241
Classical Training as a Prerequisite to Vocational Training (essay)	247
<i>A. C. Reid.</i>	
A Country Lass (verse).....	252
<i>W. B. Sinclair.</i>	
Jean: A Tale of the Sea (story).....	253
<i>W. R. Ferrell.</i>	
The Spanish Missions of Old California (essay) <i>H. I. Hester.</i>	261
Three Sides of a Cameo (story).....	267
<i>R. S. Britton.</i>	
Library Lore	275
<i>Librarian.</i>	

DEPARTMENTS:

Editor's Portfolio	277
<i>Wm. Henley Deitrick, Editor.</i>	
In and About College.....	282
<i>Carey Hunter, Jr., Editor.</i>	
Society, Y. M. C. A. and Moot Court Notes <i>W. B. Sinclair, Editor.</i>	288
Athletic Notes	294
<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor.</i>	
Alumni Notes	301
<i>Geo. F. Rittenhouse, Editor.</i>	
Exchange Department	305
<i>Fountain W. Carroll, Editor.</i>	
Notes and Clippings	309

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXV

JANUARY, 1916

No. 4

TO THE EMERALD, QUEEN OF GEMS

W. R. FERRELL.

Oh! flashing bit of verdant green,
Oh! bit of iridescent sheen,
A thousand sunbeams coalesce
To make the sparkling loveliness
Of all your scintillating gleams.
In every polished face there seems
To float the vision of some nook,
Deep-set in ferns that fledge a brook;
Or vistas down some forest aisle,
Where cooler freshness lurks the while
In glist'ning leaf, and dew-tipped blade,
A masterpiece in light and shade.
Small wonder that must Fortune bless
With riches him who would possess
This concentrate serenity,
This brilliance of divinity.

OUR NEW CURRENCY LAW¹

MARSHALL HENRY JONES.

Now that legislation for the reform of our banking system stands as a *facit accompli*, it should be profitable to inquire to what extent, and in what manner, provision has been made for the realization of those aims which, from the economic point of view, seem necessary as well as desirable in the organization of a good banking system, and also what remedies are offered for our financial ills under the old system. It is not the purpose of this paper to present the political and legislative history of the new banking law, but, rather, to attempt a few simple explanations as to what the new law means and a brief discussion of its provisions for elasticity of bank credit and the centralization and mobilization of reserves, probably the two main factors responsible for the peculiar organization of the new system. And I shall be glad if in discussing these questions I may be able to present them in a plain manner, shorn of all technicalities, so that the layman who is not acquainted with the machinery by which the system of banking and bank credits is carried on in a national way may come to appreciate more thoroughly its operation.

Under the new system ordinarily the business of banking will go on very much as it has in the past. Merchants and citizens will see no difference. The banks will continue to be independent business concerns, receiving deposits and lending money as heretofore, but in an important sense the banks will be independent business concerns in a much more limited degree. Heretofore they have been answerable to a higher authority only for the protection of their depositors. With this exception, finance, the most vital and potent influ-

¹This paper was not originally intended for publication but for local inspection, hence the local terms.

ence upon which the development of the country depends, was almost entirely at the mercy of the banks, whose first thought was self. Under the new system they are federated for mutual help under the general supervision of the government, to which they are answerable not only for the protection of depositors, but for their functions as well.

Before considering the issues involved in the new law let us examine briefly the unique system by which this federation of the banks is accomplished. The law provides for the establishment of from eight to twelve "federal reserve districts," in each of which is to be located a so-called Federal Reserve Bank, each one of these banks serving the district assigned to it. As a matter of fact, it was found advisable to establish the maximum number. The federal reserve banks are the banks of bankers. They must have a minimum capital of \$4,000,000, which is subscribed in each district by the banks joining the system. Membership is voluntary, therefore, if the banks in any district fail to subscribe the required amount it may be made up by public or government subscription. State banks and trust companies may join the system by meeting capital and similar requirements. However, State institutions which are not able to meet these requirements are not debarred from the advantages offered by membership, for they have access through their correspondents, the national banks.

The government of a federal reserve bank is vested in a board of nine directors, divided by law into three classes, A, B, and C, each class having three members. Members of classes A and B are elected by the member-banks, but only those of Class A represent the banks. The members of Class B represent the commerce and industry of the district. Those in Class C are appointed by a central board known as the "Federal Reserve Board." This board designates one of its appointees as chairman of the board of directors of the reserve

bank, and he, by virtue of that designation, becomes the "Federal Reserve Agent" for his bank and his district. It is so provided that in the election of members of the board by the banks the small banks will have voice equal to that of their larger competitors.

The term of office of the directors is so arranged that one director will be annually replaced. Coördinating and controlling the whole system is the "Federal Reserve Board." It is made up of seven members. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency are members *ex officio*. Five members are appointed by the President by and with the advice of the Senate. This federal reserve board is a powerful supervisory and regulating body, its authority extending over the officers and directors of a reserve bank and the operations of the bank itself.

The member-banks are represented in the central management by a "Federal Advisory Council" made up of one representative from each federal reserve district, chosen by the board of directors of the regional bank.

As the federal reserve banks are primarily public rather than profit-making agencies, their annual dividends are limited to six per cent per annum. Any excess above six per cent is to go, half to the surplus and half to the government, until the former reaches forty per cent, when the entire excess is to accrue to the government.

Let us now consider the provision made in the new law for insuring the *elasticity* of bank credit. This, of course, concerns the expansion and contraction of deposits and of notes in response to fluctuating demands. The important service which banks render in the broad process of wealth-production grows out of their extension of credit facilities in the form of deposits and of notes. The difference between deposit form and note form of credit may be illustrated by a simple example. Suppose, for instance, a business man takes five

thousand dollars worth of collateral to his bank to be discounted. As a matter of fact, he usually prefers his credit in the form of a deposit balance of five thousand dollars, less the discount, against which he may draw checks. He may, however, have a payroll to meet, and in this case would prefer that his credit be given him in currency, which, under the new system, will be federal reserve notes. We shall see later how these federal reserve notes are to supersede the national bank notes as the circulating medium under the old system.

Under the old National Banking Act the country bank—and I use the term country bank as opposed to city bank in the sense of one not located in some principal city—was required to keep a cash reserve against deposits of 15 per cent, of which cash reserve it could deposit three-fifths with a city bank; the city bank was required to keep a reserve of 25 per cent, of which it could deposit one-half in New York or some other central reserve city where the requirement also was 25 per cent, and where the money stopped.

To proceed with a concrete illustration, a country bank, the Bank of Wake, for instance, starting with \$1,000 cash, could lend \$6,666, provided, of course, that people only checked against their credit and drew no money out. This \$1,000 was 15 per cent cash reserve against loans of \$6,666 written down as deposits to the credit of borrowers. But of this \$1,000 the bank could send three-fifths, or \$600, to one of its correspondents, for example, the Citizens National Bank of Raleigh, a city bank; the city bank could make loans of \$2,400 against that \$600 of cash, and when it had done so it could send half the cash, or \$300, to a Central Reserve City bank in New York; and that bank on receiving it, could make loans of \$1,200 against it. Here it is seen that we had a dollar lent more than ten times, but its expansion reached a rock-ribbed end. This is probably an extreme example of lending, but it illustrates the principle involved.

It would seem that the above is a sufficient number of times to lend a dollar, but there are exceptional times when it is very necessary that the banks have real money rather than credit. When the limit indicated above has been reached the banks cannot pay out real money until they have first called in a lot of loans, and the result is a money panic, such as that of 1907. By reducing the amount of cash required to be held against deposits under the new system, the lending power of a dollar is increased. Suppose that the banks are all "loaned up," as they were in 1907—that the Citizens National Bank of Raleigh has loaned all its legal reserve will allow and four or five business men apply urgently for money that they must have in order to carry through their legitimate commercial undertakings. The amount they need, say, is \$25,000. It may be that they have payrolls to meet. The bank, instead of having to say, as heretofore, that it can give them neither credit nor money, selects from among its assets \$25,000 worth of merchants' notes and other collateral, all maturing in ninety days, and takes them to the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond, together with \$10,000 of cash out of its legal reserve as it is allowed to do.

The Federal Reserve Bank accepts the "commercial paper," deposits the \$10,000 cash to the credit of the Citizens National Bank and issues \$25,000 of Federal Reserve notes, which the Citizens National hands over to the business men.

A State bank, as the Bank of Wake, for instance, with the endorsement of a national bank, may avail itself of the same advantages, provided it has the necessary collateral.

Only the Federal Reserve Bank can issue Federal Reserve notes. They are the new currency provided for. They must be secured 100 per cent by commercial paper and 40 per cent by legal money. That is why the national bank, in addition to the \$25,000 of commercial paper, had to take \$10,000 of

money and of its reserve. It could not itself lend any more credit against that cash, but the Federal Reserve Bank may.

Thus we see we have a national currency based on the note of the business man, or any other solvent person, as for that, capable of expanding in response to demand. Full elasticity of bank credit also requires, as an adjunct of this system of rediscounting effective mobilization of reserves, because in order to extend such credit as the demand varies from time to time and from place to place, the banks must be able directly or indirectly to rely on such reserves when occasion demands. I shall attempt to show that the new system effectively provides for this when I come to discuss the question of mobilization of reserves.

The question of expansion, or elasticity, however, involves the problem of contraction. The expansion of deposits has never given serious difficulty. From this standpoint it is not probable that it will be hard to maintain the proper relations between reserves and liabilities, because the basic units of the system, the member-banks, are within the limits prescribed by the national banking law with respect to loans to individuals.

The expansion of notes is more carefully controlled. Two kinds are provided for. The first grows out of the exigencies of the old system of bond-secured currency. Provision is made whereby the member-banks may gradually dispose of the bonds which they hold against outstanding currency through the Federal Reserve Banks, and thus retire the old national bank notes.

The law also contains a series of provisions designed to insure the contraction of the elastic Federal Reserve notes when demand falls off. The notes may not be counted as lawful money for reserve purposes either by member-banks or reserve banks. It is therefore to the interest of a member-bank to deposit in its reserve bank any and all federal reserve

notes that it receives for its deposits. This will be an influence to enforce their redemption. At the end of ninety days those business men go to the Raleigh bank to redeem their \$25,000 obligation referred to above. They deposit with the bank \$25,000 of federal reserve notes—not the same notes received at first, of course, but their equivalent—the Raleigh bank sends these to the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond to redeem its obligation, and the notes are then destroyed. New notes must be issued for each new loan. Besides, reserve requirements against these notes, interest charges, discount rates, and even the privilege of issuing the notes, is so controlled and regulated by the central governing authority, the Federal Reserve Board, as to insure that their expansion will be kept within safe limits.

A second factor largely responsible for the peculiar organization of the new system was the desire for centralization and effective mobilization of reserves. The plan adopted involves no absolute centralization of reserves, but rather a district centralization with the possibility of effecting virtually complete centralization should the necessity therefor arise.

As indicated above, the reserves are to be kept in the twelve federal reserve banks of the several districts rather than in New York and in the large banks of a few principal cities of the country. There has been a long-felt need for some kind of a central bank or banking system, but we could never arrive at a solution of the problem on account of the hazard of transition from the intricate system in force. While the new system will enable the banking power of the country to be used as a whole in times of emergency, very much as if it were one central bank with branches throughout the country, it will have a tendency to keep money in localities and lessen the sheer financial dominance of New York and one or two other banking centers. Under the old system at the very time when the banks have been most needed in the exercise of their

functions, they have ceased to function at all; and have thus magnified and intensified the business troubles that with a better system could wholly have been prevented. In the panic of 1907, for instance, the banks would not even allow a depositor to draw out his own money—much less would they make customary loans on approved security. Some one has said that it was as if, in the time when the fire alarms were ringing to an unusual extent, the fire companies should decide to respond to no calls, but to keep the men and apparatus solely for the protection of the engine house. Under the old system of having each bank an independent affair the first symptom of financial stress led every banker to protect his own reserve lest he might become the victim of a "run." He lacked a higher financial power upon which he might rely for support in trying to help his neighbor. The new system promises something like a complete remedy for such conditions, because the banks are to be confederated for mutual help.

A simple illustration will explain the principle involved in this question of centralization and mobilization. Suppose that in the time of the harvesting of the tobacco crop a great deal of money is needed temporarily in the Richmond District. This can be supplied in several ways. The Secretary of the Treasury, acting with the central reserve board at Washington, may transfer to the Richmond District additional deposits from unused money in the treasury. The Federal Reserve Board may make temporary transfer to Richmond of surplus reserve funds in the Federal Reserve Bank at Chicago, or some other reserve district where crops are not harvested at the same season. But the thing most particularly to be noted, as indicated above, is the fact that the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond will be prepared to rediscount tobacco bills and commercial paper, and to supply the numerous membership banks with currency to be loaned to custom-

ers upon such paper. As indicated above, also, provision is made for the withdrawal of this extra currency when the need for it has been met, so that there may not be a permanent inflation of the outstanding volume of circulating notes.

From what has been adduced in the above simple discussion I think it will justly be concluded that our new banking system amply provides for full elasticity and ready convertibility of the two forms of bank credit and the effectiveness and economy of centralized reserves. Nor have the other important aspects of banking organized on a national basis, such as the provision for effective domestic clearing, control of the gold reserve, and the advantages of an open discount market been neglected in the new law. Whether the proposed expedients will in full measure attain their ends remains to be seen. Doubtless many imperfections will work themselves out and be remedied, as the finance of the country adjusts itself to the new system, but in spite of this I believe that our new currency law stands as the most remarkable achievement in constructive legislation of our day.

WHEN SHERIFF GRIFFIN RESIGNED

ROBERT E. MALLARD.

It was winter in the mountains of Western Carolina. The little village of Chestnut, down in the valley of the Great Smokies, lay half-buried in a great snowdrift. The narrow road could hardly be discerned winding its way through the snow-covered evergreens, leading down into the village. The rhododendron leaves were heaped with snow, and the bare limbs of the other trees gave the place a deserted look. The icy wind moaned around the mountain and whistled through the barren gorges. The only noise to be heard, except that of the wind, was the ring of the village blacksmith's anvil.

"Have you finished with Nancy?" queried the big man who had just entered the little log blacksmith shop. Nancy greeted her companion with a whicker and jerk of the head, and the man stepped over and rubbed the bay mare on the nose. The smoke was curling up to the roof from the forge in the corner, and sparks were flying from the red-hot shoe the smith had on the anvil.

"Jest a minit, sheriff," responded Bill Franks, the blacksmith. He slowly tempered the red-hot shoe in a tub of water, from which rose a cloud of steam, accompanied by a hissing sound made by the hot shoe in the water. As soon as the shoe had cooled it was applied to the hoof.

"Her feet ain't as tender as they wuz when you first got her, sheriff. I've been a-shoin' her so reglar that her feet is as tough as any horse's," remarked Bill. He drove the nails accurately, and then began to elinch them.

"Yes, Nancy is all right, and two hundred and fifty of no man's money could part us now. We have been through so many tight places together that we have grown to be good

pals. You remember when you got that notch in your ear from old Dave's bullet, don't you, Nancy?" said the sheriff, as he patted her on the neck.

"Thar she is," said Bill, as he put Nancy's foot to the ground. He slapped her on the rump. "She shore is a fine piece o' horseflesh," continued Bill, and he turned to watch the sheriff swing into the saddle. "Kinder rough mornin' to start out, ain't it, sheriff?"

"Yes, it's a little bad; but I've got to go over to Devil's Den after a fellow," responded the sheriff. He spurred Nancy and rode off through the village.

Bill turned and entered the shop, put another shovelful of charcoal on the forge to keep the fire, and went over and sat down by Sam Higgs, who was warming his hands over a wood fire. Sam had kept quiet while the sheriff was in the shop, but he now became very loquacious.

"I'd shore hate to 'ave to ride them ten miles today, but I reckon that's what it takes to make a sheriff. You can just count on Sheriff gittin' his man. He never goes after one that he don't git."

"Yes," replied Bill. "Ole Sheriff's a good one. Do you remember that time when he killed old Dave Bridger, over there in Devil's Den? That wuz the time when Nancy got that notch in her ear."

"I never heard the 'ticulars 'bout that," responded Sam. "You know it happened when I wuz out to the wheat fields."

"You see it wuz this way. Bridger wuz a rough one, an' he 'ad been tracked through twenty States afore he come up here. One day Sheriff heard that he had lodged in Devil's Den, so he couldn't rest till he got 'im. The Sheriff said they had a big fight, an' I 'low they did, 'cause Sheriff's hat had a couple o' holes in it an' Nancy had that gap in her ear, what you saw just now. Anyway, he come back that evenin' with old Dave across his horse." Then Bill shook his head

and added, "When Sheriff goes atter one and don't bring 'im back, he just ain't there; that's all there is to it."

* * * * *

The clouds were lowering. The sun had not shown itself for nearly a week. It was unusually cold, and the snow had a thick crust of hail on top. Sheriff rested his Winchester across the pommel of the saddle and gave Nancy the reins. He was in a rather reminiscent mood that morning, and as the mare knew the road there was no plausible reason why he could not indulge in memories of the past. In fact he seemed almost listless; he pulled his big fur collar up around his neck to keep out the cold wind, and settled down in the saddle. Twice rabbits crossed the road in front of him, and he did not even notice them. He was really oblivious to everything around him but Nancy and the cutting wind.

"It has been eighteen years; no it has been twenty years since I first came to Chestnut," mused the sheriff. He thought of how he had left his home down in Georgia. All the circumstances loomed before him, but after all it was only a little youthful frivolity that caused the trouble. The thought which consoled him was that the people of Chestnut did not know of his past life. His spirits rose quite a good deal when he thought of how he had lived since coming to Chestnut. He had won the confidence of the people and they had responded by making him sheriff. "Does she still live?" he asked himself; the thought of the only girl he had ever loved seemed to make him more downcast than ever. He could not answer the question, because he had not heard from her since coming to Chestnut. "But I have lived true to her," he thought. "I told her that she was the only girl I could ever love, and so I am an old bachelor still."

"What's the matter, Nancy?" said the sheriff, as his horse stumbled against a rock which was covered by the snow. "Phew! it's cold," he remarked as a blast struck him. He

looked up and saw that he had just passed Bald Top, and was now entering the region known as Devil's Den.

When he came to Chestnut the people advised him not to try to take a man from Devil's Den, because three former officers had met death there. But he was not the kind of man to back down on a hard job. Sheriff Griffin was not an ordinary man, and by his keen wits and general ability he had been able to "clean up" the hole, although he had had to bring out two fellows dead. His former successes in entering the Den and carrying off his prisoners made him think very little of this particular trip. Consequently he rode on without taking much notice of anything but himself and Nancy.

The road now narrowed into a mere trail, which literally hung to the side of the mountain. The valley lay almost three hundred feet below, while a huge rock overhung the road. Suddenly he heard the click of a rifle, and then—

"Hands up!"

A shaggy man raised himself from behind the rock, being careful to keep the sheriff covered with his rifle all the time. Contrary to his custom the sheriff was compelled to raise his hands and let his Winchester drop to the ground. He was so completely surprised that he could not speak, and he felt that the time had come for him to experience what he had forced on two other unfortunate beings—death. All his past life fluttered through his mind in one brief instant, and he formed a mental picture of the people of Chestnut all in consternation because he did not return.

"Damn you!" ejaculated the man behind the gun. "You'll never take another unlucky man from Devil's Den." He leveled his gun at the sheriff's head—and then he let fall the gun.

"How in the devil did you come to be here?" he demanded, and he dropped from behind the rock. "Henry Jarvis, don't

you know me? It's damn lucky for you that I recognized you, or you would have spent the rest of your days down there," and he pointed to the valley, hundreds of feet below. "I thought you were Sheriff Griffin," he continued.

The sheriff was taken aback. He did not know what to think of the man's action. He had never seen a man act so queerly before. Then, too, he had called him by his real name—a name which he had not answered to for twenty years now. Then it came to him in a flash. He recognized the low forehead, broad shoulders, and stooped form of his former friend, Dick Harris, who answered perfectly to the description of the man he was hunting, Tom Smith.

"What in the thunder are *you* doing here?" asked the sheriff, as soon as he had recovered from the shock. "I am Sheriff Griffin, and I came after Tom Smith. You will have to go back with me."

"Henry," said Dick, as he realized that Tom meant what he said, "who was it that had his hands raised while ago? I knew you and could not shoot you. I had your life in my hands, and I spared you. Do you think you are square with me?"

"Probably you did not do your duty," responded the sheriff. "I have to do mine," he continued. "Since we were friends together I have turned over a new leaf. You will have to go with me or kill me one."

"Well," responded Dick, very gloomily, "I have never done any one any good, so if I can save the character of my only friend by giving up, I am willing to do so. Before I go, come down here with me."

Something in Dick's voice touched the sheriff. Even if he had known that he was going to be trapped he could not have resisted, but he believed that his old friend would treat him right. He threw the reins over Nancy's head and started off down the mountain after Dick. They followed the footpath

for almost a hundred yards, but the snow made it difficult to find where the path ran. Then Dick turned and went around a huge rock on the mountainside. There the path was so narrow that one could pass only by holding to the rock with both hands. Once across this Dick led the sheriff down into the valley, at the head of which stood a little log cabin, which was nearly hid in the snow. Dick entered the cabin and beckoned for the sheriff to do likewise. The cabin had only one room. The cracks had been chinked and a fire was smouldering on the hearth. A woman was huddled in the corner, holding a young child in her arms.

"Great God," he uttered; "it's Nancy." Without another word he turned and went out. The sight of the girl he had always loved, and for whom he had named his horse, was too much for him. Dick followed him out, puzzled at his actions.

"For her sake!" gasped the sheriff. Then he went off up the mountain.

Late that afternoon the sheriff rode into Chestnut, and dismounted at the little store in which the postoffice was kept. He asked for a piece of paper, and then tore it in two. On one piece he wrote: "I hereby give notice that one week from date I resign my office," and then tacked it up on the front door of the store. He wrote something on the other piece of paper, then slipped it into an envelope and dropped it into the box.

"One week from that day he rode out of Chestnut on Nancy, and the people never knew why Sheriff Griffin resigned.

CLASSICAL TRAINING AS A PREREQUISITE TO VOCATIONAL TRAINING

A. C. REID.

The great work before the American school today is not to nurse a few scholars into strength and preëminence, but to uplift the mass of the people as a whole. Knowledge is not for the few. Education and democracy are not antonyms but synonyms. The problem, therefore, which now confronts our educators is what curriculum is most suitable for producing educationally efficient citizens, and, therefore, a socially efficient nation.

The pessimistic sentiment regarding our present educational system is on the increase, particularly in regard to classical training. When the psychologists announced the "discovery that formal discipline is not a factor of value in education," the new doctrine was hailed with acclaim on all sides. The difficulty of Latin and Greek perhaps gave great impetus to the acceptance of this pronouncement. Vocational training is now being strenuously advocated on every hand, and Latin and Greek are in danger of being rigorously excluded from the high school curriculum on the plausible pretext that they are in no degree vocational and, therefore, do not produce social efficiency. In fact, this is one manifestation of a wide-spread feeling that the existing system of education fails to provide for the great numbers of people who expect and desire to engage in some vocational career as early in life as possible. But right there is where the danger lies.

From one viewpoint vocational training should be stamped on the life of every individual; but care should be used lest extreme measures be taken along this line. There is danger

of immature professional training. It would be difficult to appraise the injury to sound education, if cultural education were supplanted by vocational education, because in displacing the classics one of the essential cornerstones of our civilization would be removed. Vocational training should be an addition to the curriculum, and not a substitute for cultural training. If it is substituted for academic training, either for economy of money or of time, the individual will likely be mechanically minded as well as mechanically muscled. Education is "complete living." It would seem, then, that the student should be given especially whatever will teach him how to make the best of mind and body, and to make the best of life. To attain the maximum degree of efficiency possible for him, the student must have a foundation upon which to build, a key by which he may be admitted to greater possibilities and enjoyments. Though flatly denied by the pedagogical "discoverers," it nevertheless remains true that classical training lays an essential stone in this foundation.

Of course no individual is an exact duplicate of any other, no two have identically the same needs and the same weaknesses. But it is very probable that the average student is capable of acquiring a considerably greater knowledge of the classics than our present inefficient corps of secondary teachers give. For some reason the "discoverers" say that Latin and Greek are of no real value to the student, yet it is an everyday experience and observation that the classically trained mind has greater apperceptive and discriminative ability than the merely professionally trained mind. Forty-six of forty-eight college presidents in the South, upon being asked their opinion of classical training as a basis for professional training, have expressed their conviction that an academic training, inclusive of Latin or Greek, is essential for the highest type of professional efficiency. By a test given in one of our larger western universities it was found

that out of seven hundred and fifty-two students taking the examination, those who had studied Latin or Greek, or both, were rated approximately fifteen per cent higher in their grades than their fellow-students who had had no training in these subjects. The German school system, which is perhaps the most efficient of the world, requires classical training for those who attain the highest government positions. In fact, as one of their greatest classical scholars, Friedrich Leo, pointed out, the study of Greek and Latin was the vivifying force which enabled the Germans, for the first time, to develop a literature worthy of the name, and also gave them that intellectual supremacy which made the rest of the world cager to sit at their feet as pupils. Thus it is an easy matter to show, on the basis of the presidents' reports of our larger colleges and universities, by tests and by observation, that the student whose training has included the classics is likely to maintain a high grade of scholarship, and that the study of the classics is a help rather than a hindrance, as some critics say, in the matter of mental development.

The etymological relation of the classics to modern language is in itself proof of the necessity for classical study. Almost any candid professor of English will tell you that the classically trained students write far better English than those trained exclusively in other subjects. The professors of German, French and Spanish will say the same with respect to the pupil's ability to master those languages. They are, of course, principally of classical derivation, and this fact authenticates the affirmation relative to the value of Latin and Greek for training in the modern languages. Furthermore, the heads of the schools of medicine, law, biology, theology, etc., advise or require linguistic training as a prerequisite to the study of those subjects. This is done simply because a man should give himself the broadest and strongest possible basis for development in the profession he may choose.

One reason for unskilled physicians, unsuccessful lawyers, poor teachers and writers is that they are helplessly circumscribed by having specialized too narrowly and too immaturely. There would be fewer fads in these professions if there had been a wider "acquisition of the spiritual possessions of the race." These professional failures have perhaps wasted time on work that could have been mastered more quickly and more thoroughly if the study had been postponed to a period of greater educational maturity. Therefore the professional man should not focus his views on one narrow channel, but rather should seek some of the "sacred fire from olden books or from the older stars."

At a recent National Education Association convention Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of the Chicago city schools, entered a plea against substituting vocational training for cultural training, basing her argument on the probability that mechanical training alone would give no basis upon which to develop the æsthetic nature of the individual. She holds that the public school should prepare the student for the living of a broader, fuller life than the life of the workshop, and that he should be given that broader training because he must become a worker in the workshop. Mrs. Young is contending for the key to "complete living." The question as to what is Life might be answered, not merely within the sphere of religion, but within the sphere of national life, by saying that "Man shall not live by bread alone." Our most proficient workers say that it is not what they do during working hours that matters so much as what they do outside of working hours. Then, if mental stimulus is generated thus, how can the maximum of social efficiency be reached if the individual has not a basis upon which to work? The worker at his monotonous labor in the workshop, the business man at his desk, or the professional man of any vocation, may never know as he should how to escape the

stunting and atrophying, how to become immune to coarse temptations; and, further, he may never really appreciate the unbounded riches within his reach if he has not the key to the world of beauty. The most dynamic, mind-stirring force is thought or inspiration. The inspirational—music, poetry, art—is ever present. But only a few who have not had cultural training may gaze upon the painted canvas, the beautiful landscape and the unmatched glory of the heavens until the beauty of these has entered and inspired the soul. Thus the possibility for study, for acquiring knowledge, for cultivating talents—the whole world of fact and speculation, of beauty and art—are open to some extent to every individual, and are essential to his highest professional development.

Therefore the basis of vocational training should be as broad and deep as possible; it should be founded upon a bed-rock foundation; it should be so constructed that there can be reared thereon a superstructure fashioned to meet our greatest needs. Classical training furnishes this foundation.

A COUNTRY LASS

W. B. SINCLAIR.

I met a maid one summer eve,
With dimpled cheek and modest eye;
She gave one glance and softly spoke,
Then silently she passed me by.

Her dark brown locks of waving hair
Hung thickly o'er her beaming face;
And every step or move she made
Revealed her sweet and charming grace.

She walked along her daily path,
A milk pail swinging from her arm;
And one could see she lived and breathed
The joy and bliss found on the farm.

JEAN: A TALE OF THE SEA

W. RUSSELL FERRELL.

The Virginia Beach ocean front glistened white in the gleam of the noonday sun. The sole reminders of the recent summer gale were the still angry waves which all the chatting groups along the boardwalk and the cottage front were watching. They were also wondering.

I was surprised, too, that after three days of soft sunshine since the storm the ocean retained much of its roughness.

On this particular day the bathers had not ventured out, but I, because of my love for the sea, the battling with the waves and the keen joy of the struggle, was swimming alone out beyond the breakers. It was only after my already great respect for them was heightened considerably by a pretty severe battering that I shipped a comber, and allowed myself to be swept ashore. As I picked myself up I found my fat friend, the Englishman, who was waiting presumably to tell me that lunch was ready, but I knew, to scold me for risking a swim.

He was afraid of the sea, this little Englishman, and was forever bubbling over like an angry teapot with friendly chidings and spluttered expostulations (for we had become great friends) about my swimming. Thus it was that, after lunch and a black cigar had left him room only for a normal flow of conversation, I fell heir (by way of further warning) to this true tale of the sea:

It happened several years ago that a gale, such as few remember the like before, swept down the shores of Virginia. It was in mid-winter, when the beach was forsaken by all but the coast guard and the few resident families. The low row

of cottages seemed, more than ever, to shiver and shrink into the grey dunes around them, silent and dark, save for the few scattered lights.

Dusk had fallen prematurely, the smoke hung low. The residents, wise in the ways of Neptune, made haste, and soon everything was battened down. Save for the Life-saving Station, only a stray gleam through cracked shutter here and there in the low dark line bespoke human presence.

Then there came out of the blackness seaward the first breath of the storm. Out in the hummocks the short grasses crackled in the flying sand. The few rolling grains grew in a moment to torrents of hissing, stinging needles that swirled around the harried cottages. Night fell so swiftly that it seemed that the rising wind had blown before it the folds of some gigantic mantle over all.

There came a momentary lull. The seas, now rolling higher, could be heard above the droning of the wind. They were beating on the ledge. Then it broke. All the howling Furies went mad that night. Not one soul but felt the terror strike to heart as the shrieking wind, the booming of the seas as they broke across the ledge, and the rain, blended together in one chaotic symphony of sound.

At the Station the beacon light battled for existence with the pitch-black night, but with small avail. A man, booted and in oilskins, clung through it to the lookout's post, reporting from time to time to his comrades within that, so far, the coast was clear. Silently they clustered around the stove, storm-coated, and with life belts close at hand. The lantern, suspended from a beam, rattled as the impact of each huge comber shook the building, and through the steam of drying oilskins it gave a sallow coast to the grave, weather-beaten faces of the crew.

It was well along toward midnight when a rushing of booted feet outside, an icy gust in the little room, and there

in the open door against the background of the storm appeared the dripping figure of the watch.

"Man the boat! A signal of distress off shore!" was heard above the roaring, and instantly the big doors were flung wide, ten powerful backs bent to the lines, and in a trice boat and carriage were speeding down the ways into the night.

Silently every heart sang a challenge to the elements, and twenty brawny arms sped the boat, but never had they faced a rougher sea. Gripping the gunwales they crouched and waited. Then onto the heels of a wave they shoved her, but only to be dashed back again. Time after time they strained with a yell to launch her, and as many times a giant wave would rise out of the blackness seaward sweeping them back. No boat could live in such a sea, and owing to the Numidian blackness the life-line was of no avail. So, unmindful of the cutting salt spray, they waited, watching anxiously the hazy glow of the tiny red light, bobbing ceaselessly out there in the storm.

The hours dragged by, and with the early morning the fierceness had somewhat abated. But a few scattering drops remained of the driving rain. The inky sky was growing gray with the crack of dawn, but the wind and the waves were raging still. The red signal had flickered out, but the lifting of the clouds revealed what remained of a sailing vessel, a bark grounded beyond the breakers. It was slowly but surely being battered to pieces. The guards, who failed repeatedly in their attempts to launch the dory, realized that it was only a matter of time before her timbers would litter the beach.

As the canopy of the heavens passed through the gamut of shades from black to blue, the outline of the wreck grew gradually more distinct through the searching glass of the crew's captain. The crew stood grouped around him, their ears catching such snatches of his brief description as reached

them above the gale; their eyes intent on the picture the creeping dawn unveiled.

The gray light revealed a French bark, her two masts to stern trailing over her rails in a tangled mass of spars and rigging. The mainmast swayed alone among the wreckage, the tattered shreds of its once proud sheets flapping in the wind. With every breaker that foamed over her side she trembled, and with every lurch some guy snapped like a thread, or some spar splintered and fell.

"There's men aboard her," shouted the man with the glass. The watchers gathered nearer. Almost as he spoke the clouds rifted, and the first faint rays showed two—three—four figures lashed in the mainmast stays.

"My God!" cried the man again. "And two of 'em are women."

"The Lord help them," groaned the crew.

"No. Wait; they are not *both* women. One's a child, just a wee mite of a girl."

With this the first signs of emotion showed in their weather-beaten faces, for these men were human; their hearts, though as weathered as their faces by the sight of wrecks and sea tragedy, were still soft in places, especially the place that woman fills in the lives of all men.

The figure with the glass began mumbling to himself.

"Heaven help them if they are not dead by now. This cold is too much for a woman. She must be the captain's wife, and the kid must be his child"—and his voice trailed off in the gale. After a moment he lowered the glass and yelled out the orders that every man among the lot craved to hear. What was life to them when the lives of a woman and child were in peril?

"Hell, men! We'll reach her if we eat with Davy Jones tomorrow," and with a yell they ran the dory out.

This time they rode. They disappeared in a trough; hung for a moment on a crest, and down, down the other side, their backs cracking at the oars. Just as all seemed well the ocean mocked. The dory jammed sidewise in the next, overturned, and a huge comber pieked up the crew, boat and all, like so many chips, and flung them back like chaff. Further attempt was impossible. The side of the dory was stove in, and they stood there shivering, swearing at the sea.

"Look, I can't see but one now," cried one, grasping his neighbor by the arm. "One of them is gone."

"Yes, it was one o' the men, poor devil; I saw him when he fell."

All eyes were now glued on the wreck. The fact that they were soaked to the skin with the chill salt water was forgotten; they talked now, shouting and pointing to each other things they saw.

A white-cap rising above the others showed them for a brief moment the head and shoulders of a man.

"He's swimming. See! Lord, what a stroke."

"It's the devil sure," blurted the captain. "No man can swim like that," and he rushed forward. The others followed his lead and they stood breathlessly waiting, waiting, while the waves, breaking, surged around them. At fitful moments they caught a glimpse of the swimmer, each time nearer, and nearer. Then as suddenly he disappeared; they missed him.

Minutes seemed interminable; seconds crept by, and motionless, expectantly, they stood gazing at each oncoming wave. Then there came a lull, a few small ones, and the ocean seemed to be gathering itself together for a great effort. A green wall advanced toward them, then drawing back, as a cat before the spring, it swept curling upward, up, up till it towered high above them, bearing on its crest the man.

The wave broke about them with a lunge, and having broken itself upon the sands, tumbled back again, leaving the

form of the swimmer stretched full length upon the beach. At once he was on his feet and stood before them, dumb and motionless.

In these few seconds they saw at a glance what it would take hours to fittingly describe. He was not tall, not tremendous, but even to the tall bearded men he gave that impression, that sense of weakness in themselves. It was the powerfulness of the man. He seemed the embodiment of manhood and strength as he stood there in the gale.

About his neck there hung a string of small black beads that disappeared under the torn blue shirt which barely covered a magnificent chest and shoulders. His short trousers were gathered about his waist with a bit of rope. His feet were bare. His face was clean shaven, and showed pale beneath the tan. A fairly small head and short, stocky neck emphasized the unusual breadth of shoulder.

Every muscle under his smooth reddened skin seemed to be supernormal in size. His body tapered gradually from the shoulders to his small but powerful legs. The enormous muscles of his well-shaped arms writhed and twitched with the cold.

Just imagine the hairless, knotted body, shoulders and arms of a gorilla on a perfectly formed Caucasian of medium height and you have the swimmer as he stood before the life guards.

But a moment he stood there, dazed, as one who awakes to find himself in a strange land. He immediately singled out the captain, and waving aside a proffered great-coat, sprang before him, gesticulating wildly; pointing to the ship, and talking excitedly in a strange foreign language. His curly black hair was tangled; his blue eyes, bloodshot from contact with the salt spray, shone with a mixture of anger, and the pleading of a strong man at his wit's end.

Scizing the captain by the arm he pleaded pitifully in his strange tongue, of which the wondering man could gather only: "Mon Dieu," "la femme," and "l'enfant."

The grizzled man only pointed to the shattered dory, the waves, and shook his head.

Finding but little hope there he turned to the men, but no one could understand him. Seeing that there was small hope the swimmer flew into a rage, threw up his hands in disgust, and sweeping the circle aside as so many children, dashed across the sand and disappeared with a splash in the heart of a big wave.

Helplessly and wonderingly the men looked at one another as the swimmer reappeared, each time farther and farther away. He swam powerfully, battling with each white-cap, fighting magnificently to gain yard after yard, and struggling doggedly to keep what he had already gained against the sweep of the waves shoreward. They expected to see him go down, but still he swam on; till they saw him clamber weakly over the vessel's side.

Then there ensued an excited conversation between the two male survivors, with many gestures in the direction of the shore as the timbers creaked and groaned with every pounding sea that raked her, stem and stern. After a time the gestures ceased, and the second man was seen to gather the child in his arms and lower himself and burden into the waters, leaving the swimmer hacking at the ropes that bound the woman to the mast.

Hardly had the swimmer bound the living bundle to his great broad back and cleared the ship when the mainmast snapped and crashed onto the deck, a jumble of wreckage.

Only the second man with the child, who was doubtless the skipper of the bark, was visible to those on land, and he was breasting the choppy waves with long clean strokes. A last Herculean burst of strength and a big one swept the two to

the feet of the waiting men. The skipper, totally exhausted with his heroic task, had spent his last ounce of energy and lay limp in the arms of the crew. The little child was dead, the tiny hands still clinging around the skipper's neck, her hair streaming over her wan, pinched face and purple lips.

For an hour the crew patrolled the strip of beach abreast the wreck before the ocean delivered up its dead. A faint call far down the beach sent the patrol hurrying to where the captain knelt beside the prostrate figures of the swimmer and his burden. Not one man among them but stood with brimming eyes and bared head before the upturned face of the woman, beautiful even in death. Not one staunch heart among those brave guardians of the sea but swelled with emotion, and did reverence to the hero before them, dead, and in the clenched hand above that noble head they saw the crucifix.

* * * * *

If you will look carefully among the dunes that fringe the pine wood, back somewhere behind the Station, you will find, if the wind has not scattered them, three mounds. At the head of the largest of the three there once stood a crude cross, and on it carved the name "JEAN."

THE SPANISH MISSIONS OF OLD CALIFORNIA

H. I. HESTER.

Within the past twelve months the minds of many American people have been turned toward California. Perhaps as many as fifty per cent of these people, especially those from the eastern part of our country, did not know of the great part that the old Spanish missions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries played in the early settlement of California. But, nevertheless, these old missions were the bed-rock upon which the white race made its settlement in California. It was through the influence of these missions that the good qualities and resources of this State were made known to the world. And it was also through the influence of these missions that many thousands of the Californian Indians were in a large measure christianized and civilized.

These missions were founded in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the Dominican and Franciscan monks. These monks had a definite purpose in doing this work but in order to accomplish this purpose they were required to go through many hardships and difficulties, but these hardships were only a test of their determination and interest in their work. The life and struggles of Padre Junipero Serra furnish us an example of what these men had to endure.

Serra was a man filled with an ardent desire and determination to convert these Indians. He succeeded in founding more of these missions than any other one man, and the struggles of his life reveal the character of a truly great man. He was never happier than when he was at work among these natives, converting and baptizing them. And these Indians among whom he labored so faithfully really loved him. As

he was lying cold and lifeless among his friends, after succumbing to an attack of fever, hundreds of these Indians came up and with bared heads and sad hearts paid their last respects to their dead friend. But Serra was not the only man who toiled and suffered in behalf of these Indians. Palou, Verger and Crespi were also instrumental in doing a great and far-reaching good in this worthy undertaking.

The one great object and purpose of these missionaries was to Christianize these Indians, and the word or term Christianize involves a great deal. In the first place these men endeavored to make the Indian a son of God and to teach him the love of Christ. After this was accomplished effort must now be made to improve his life along other lines. After the Indian was converted, among the other things these monks endeavored to do for him were the following: To develop his mental faculties, to teach him domestic tranquillity as well as the various trades of masonry, blacksmithing and cattle raising. Perhaps no other set of men ever undertook such an important work among the Indians, and certainly none have ever succeeded in this kind of work so well as did these Dominican and Franciscan monks.

Important and interesting as these missions are, in order to get a clearer and more lasting knowledge of them we must look at the facts connected with them. These monks succeeded in founding twenty-one of these missions along the coast of California. The first of these was founded in the southern part of the State, but gradually they were built farther and farther northward until at the end of sixty-four years they extended over a distance of nearly one thousand miles along the coast. These missions were connected by a splendid roadway which was frequently used by the travelers of that day.

The founders and builders of these missions were not without some knowledge of architecture. The location and ar-

rangement of these missions was ideal and shows clearly that these men knew how to do the work they had undertaken. A great many of these missions were built in the shape of a square, others in circles, and still others in separate sections. Within a few steps of each mission a large church was located and both mission and church were enclosed by a high wall or hedge. Just outside of the wall arranged in long parallel rows were the huts in which these Indian neophytes lived. The unmarried men had certain huts in which to live while other huts were assigned to the unmarried women, and still others of these huts were occupied by the married men and women who had families.

A great number of Indians belonged to each mission, and in order to keep these Indians occupied and to furnish food and other necessities for the occupants, fifteen square miles of land was allotted to each mission. Under the supervision of these missionaries these Indians learned many valuable arts and trades. They could make soap and tallow; they could produce a good quality of hemp and wool. These neophytes were also skilled in the culture of oranges and other fruits. As these Indians worked hard and lived economically, after a few years these missions became very wealthy.

Let us next look at the inner life of these Indian neophytes. Their life was not hard, and while they had no cares nor responsibilities, still this life was very systematic and soon became monotonous and tiresome to them.

After the mission was completed the next thing to be done was to secure the Indians to occupy it. In this undertaking various methods were employed. As a usual thing, however, it did not take much persuasion to induce these Californian Indians to enter the missions as these Indians were not so wild and ferociously savage as those of the Eastern part of our country. Sometimes, however, a little trouble was caused in securing these Indians, but the trouble never amounted to

very much. As a rule the missionaries persuaded the women and children to enter first, and almost invariably the men would follow.

After the Indians were settled down in their new home the great task was to convert them. Eight days were allowed each Indian to become a Christian. If at the end of the eight days he was willing to accept the views and principles of Christianity he was taught the "Lord's Prayer," and was further instructed in his new belief by one of these learned Spanish missionaries. Oftentimes the Indians refused to accept this new teaching at the end of the eight days. In a case of this kind the disbeliever was imprisoned and kept there until he was willing to accept the views and beliefs of Christianity.

After these neophytes were converted they were allowed to go through the various forms of worship. In case they were unwilling to do this they were forced to do so. Very often the lash and other forms of punishment were employed in forcing these Indians to kneel in prayer.

Shortly after becoming settled in the mission these Indians were required to do some kind of work. This work was not hard but it was compulsory. They were compelled to go through a daily routine of work somewhat like the following: Mass at six o'clock in the morning; breakfast just after mass; work until dinner; dinner at twelve o'clock; work until five o'clock; supper, and then another religious service. This routine of work was to be followed carefully every day in the year except on Sundays.

This kind of life was agreeable to a few of these Indians, but to most of them it seemed almost like slavery. It was not the nature of an Indian who had always been accustomed to the wild, free life of the forests to go through this routine without some resistance. Many of these neophytes never willingly submitted to the rules of the Mission and their re-

bellions were the source of a great deal of trouble to these missionaries. After ten years of service in one of these missions an Indian was given his title to citizenship, provided he could find some one who would vouch for his good conduct. Most of them, however, after having served ten years in the mission preferred to remain here, where they would be protected, rather than again take up their life in the forests.

These missionaries and mission Indians dwelt in peace, entirely free from all bloody wars. To any traveler who chanced to be journeying along the road that connected these missions, they were always kind and hospitable. They enjoyed the company of the traveler and on the other hand the traveler was glad to find shelter and protection under the friendly roof of these missions.

After getting this glimpse into the life and thoughts of these missionaries and Indian converts you may perhaps ask the question: Why did not these missions continue to exist and to exert their good and benevolent influence over the people of California? But they were never intended to be permanent.

In the year 1834 the secularizing of these missions was begun. By the year 1835 sixteen of the twenty-one were secularized and the year of 1840 saw all of them taken out of the hands of these churchmen and placed into the hands of the government. This secularization would not have had such disastrous results had it been in the hands of competent men. As it was, however, this secularization proved ruinous to the best interests of both parties in more ways than one.

At the time when these missions were taken out of the hands of the Monks and placed in the hands of the government, they were very wealthy. They owned thousands of square miles of land, thousands of sheep and other stock, together with various other sources of wealth. After all this property came into the possession of the government, of

course it was used to the interests of the government, while these dependent Monks and missionaries were left without any compensation whatever.

As was stated beforehand these missions were never intended to be permanent. They were intended to prepare the way for Catholic civilization and for favorable Spanish settlement in the New World. During their existence, however, they very largely accomplished the purpose for which they were intended, as they were the means of converting over seventy-nine thousand Indians and of doing an inestimable amount of good in many other ways.

After these missions had been secularized the buildings were either destroyed or were used for other purposes. The historic ivy-covered ruins are the only visible reminders we have of them. American tourists tell us that the sacredness and the beauty of these old mission ruins can not be surpassed by anything in America.

Some of the visitors to the San Francisco Exposition tell us that the natural beauties of California, together with the ruins of these old Spanish missions, makes a combination that can not be forgotten, and that as one gazes upon these old ruins he finds himself cherishing the thoughts of these old Spanish Monks and admiring the work they did years ago among the Red Men of California.

THREE SIDES OF A CAMEO

E. S. BRITTON.

SIDE THE FIRST.

"What's the matter with you, Mabel?"

"O, nothing," replied the kimonoed girl, turning her gaze from a silver-framed miniature portrait to the Racine which she should have been studying. "I was only thinking."

"Were you *thinking*, really? How strange!"

"Don't try to joke that way, Sue. It's serious."

"O, is it? Has your pet dog expired, or your heroine died, or something?"

"Quit joking, I said."

"All right. I'll be sensible a while. But really, what's bothering you? You look so sad."

"Do you truly want me to tell you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, it's just a foolish little affair. You see that picture,"—pointing to the miniature.

"Yes; go on."

"You know papa has a cottage down on the beach, where mamma and us girls go for vacation time. I met *him* down there last summer. Isn't he handsome?"

"Certainly yes; and you fell in love with him at first sight, but some other beauty stole his heart away, or he was already engaged—which?"

"Keep quiet, Sue, please. Yes, I loved him truly, and he pretended to love me."

"The cruel creature!"

"O *do* be quiet! I loved him, truly. He asked me to—yes, really to marry him. I didn't say 'No,' so he gave me a lovely gold necklace with a big red and black cameo charm

on it, that he got abroad somewhere, in Egypt or Italy, or some other place. I promised to wear it all the time, you know, for a sort of token of true love—just for the sake of romance, see?”

“Yes, yes. It goes like an English novel.”

“And you know what—one day the boy just quit coming to see me—didn’t speak to me any more, or even look at me. And we had been together all the time, morning, afternoon, and evening, up till then. He never said a word why. The night before we’d been together, walking by the ocean. He was as dear as ever. But he never spoke to me again.”

“Well, what had you done to him?”

“Not a thing, Sue; on my word, not a thing.”

“The brute—he was just a flirt.”

“He was *not* a flirt! Don’t say the word to me. He was—is—the dearest boy that ever lived. But why, *why* did he do that way?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, unless he was only flirting, as you say he wasn’t. But what might be his name?”

“His name? The loveliest a boy ever had—Oscar Brent.”

“Oscar Brent? No, I don’t know him. Where does he live?”

“His home is in New York somewhere. He goes to Princeton.”

“I would write him and bless him out.”

“I wouldn’t.”

“You are so afraid of being immodest and unmaidenly.”

“Maybe so. You are too much the other way, then. But O, Sue, how I love him! I do wish he would say something, at least explain.”

“Well, it’s no use to be so sentimental about it. What ever became of the cameo?”

“Didn’t I tell you? That made it worse than ever—I lost the necklace with the cameo on it that same night—the last

night we were together. I left it right by my bed on a settee when I went to sleep, and next morning it was gone."

"Such a pity! That's the worst part of the whole affair."

"Sue, please don't make fun—I'm serious."

"Well bless your little heart, I know you are. Forgive me. And just wait—everything will come out right, like a true novel."

So they kissed and made peace. Sue became quiet for a while over her French and her chewing gum. Mabel took up her Racine, too, and studied the miniature over it.

SIDE THE SECOND.

Dick was annoyed by his roommate's melancholy reserve. He resented this unwonted taciturnity. The safety-valve of his patience soon opened up and relieved itself somewhat in this fashion:

"What in thunder's wrong with you anyway?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Nothing, the deuce! You're looking blue as indigo. What's the trouble? Bad news from home? Looks like you might tell your old lady, at least."

"No; home's all right, far as I know. Nothing's wrong."

"You can't bluff. Out with it, whatever it is. Come on!"

"Well, I'll quit lying, and tell you the truth!"

"Glory in excelsis! Impossible!"

"Oh, shut up, you bum. I'm serious now."

"Why, bless your soul and boots, so you are. *Pardon, Monsieur. Proceed.*"

"Well, eut the comedy part and listen."

"I will."

"Shut up!"

"Yes, yes."

"It was this way: I was down at the beach last summer, you know. And *she* was there—never saw her before, but she

was there—blue-eyed, golden-haired, beautiful, *belle comme le jour*.”

“O, cut the French. I know you’ve studied it a few hours. Don’t advertise your accomplishments.”

“Well, keep quiet. I loved that girl—Mabel was her name—Mabel, the prettiest name a girl can have.”

“Yes, yes.”

“I loved her, I say; I truly loved her—no flirtation at all—true love. I told her so. She said ‘Yes,’ and kissed me in the moonlight.”

“Moonlight? Why wouldn’t she kiss you in the mouth? Might have tasted better, you know.”

“Shut up, you crazy fool! She kissed me in the—the moonlight, on the beach, while the stars were twinkling, and the waves—”

“Said ‘slosh, slosh.’ Go on.”

“Hold you blooming tongue, Mutt! And you remember that cameo necklace I showed you last year—the one I hooked onto when I was in Cairo?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“I gave it to her—and you know it was my dearest souvenir, because I stole it myself from an Egyptian princess or duchess or countess or somebody. Mabel went foolish over it and said she would wear it all the time, for a sort of token of true love—a matter of good form, you understand.”

“Yes. Quite romantic.”

“And you know, one morning—I always took a plunge in the ocean before breakfast—one morning when I was going down to the beach about sun-up, I found that necklace lying in the sand between some boulders, where I was looking for a little crab that tried to claw my toes.”

“Shocking!”

“Shut up, you everlasting bonehead!”

“Well, I am shut. Go on—what happened?”

"That meant, you see, that she had thrown it away—that she was done with me. I caught on all right, and never spoke to her again. But by George, I never took her for a flirt—never."

"What did you do with the cameo?"

"Left it there, of course. Think I'd touch it again? I left it, and left the beach myself next day. I saw the reason why clear enough that morning when I was leaving. She was down at the depot—no, not to see me off—but to meet a good-looking cuss who came on the same train I left on. I don't know who he was—don't want to, either. She met him and kissed him right there on the spot! She'd been flirting with me all the time, by gravy, and I thought—"

"Yes, I guess you did think."

"But you can hang and quarter me if she wasn't the prettiest girl that ever looked into a mirror. And only flirting! It gives me an inward pain to think about it, Diek. But if I could get that other party out of the way, I'd gladly forgive and forget and go to the preacher."

"Well, the right thing is to find who he is, and have a duel and settle it. Be a man, Oscar, don't sit here in this plagued dormitory and mope—do something!"

"You mean it?"

"Of course I do!"

"Well, by George, I'll go down to the beach tomorrow, get a detective if necessary, and find the cuss, and—and then anything!"

"That's the spirit—go to it, old man!"

SIDE THE THIRD.

The next morning Oscar Brent arrived at the little depot of the little seaside resort town where his little tragedy had been enacted. In passing he noted the spot where Mabel stood as she kissed his unknown rival. "The villian!" he growled.

He set himself assiduously to the task of finding some clue to the identity of his enemy. In vain he tried to distinguish the villain's signature upon the hotel register. For perhaps an hour he looked around the deserted town, making a few fruitless inquiries. But no longer. The day was clear, and warm for the late autumn season. Bright sunlight sparkled and danced on the gently heaving sea, and Oscar seemed to see innumerable fish in the blue water, inviting the baited hook. Yielding to his piscatorial impulse, he abandoned the weary search for a while and walked towards the beach. A boy was pushing his dingy off shore, with tackle in hand.

"Hello there, you!" Oscar shouted. "Wait a second." The boy paused, "I want to fish a bit with you—how about it?"

He reinforced his request by slipping a halfdollar into the boy's hand.

"Sure! Hop in. I've got a extra line."

"Right you are—let's go!"

They rowed out to a sheltered nook of the bay, and threw their lines out.

Fishing is a sociable art. Men engaged therein—boys likewise—are apt to become confidential, especially if they have burdens on their minds, and often they go so far as to unbosom their griefs one to another. So in this case. Oscar spoke first:

"What happens to be your name, my boy?"

"Dick's my name—Dick Howell."

"Diek. Yes. A good name. My roommate at college is named Dick—a fine fellow he is, too; only he laughs too much—never is serious, you know."

The boy grunted. "The fishes ain't bitin' good today."

"Aren't they? No. Well it doesn't matter, Diek. You're here and I'm here, so we're here, and it's sunny and warm—a good old world on the whole, don't you think?"

The boy grunted again, uncomprehendingly.

"Isn't it? Why, you must have some trouble sealed in your bosom, Dick. Out with—out with it, boy. We are good friends, you know. You tell me your luck, and I'll tell you mine—I'm in trouble too—and we'll both feel better."

The boy glanced up suspiciously. "How'd *you* know?"

"How did *I* know? O, just by telepathy or inversion or mutual attraction or somehow—can't explain it. But I knew you had something on the brain. Come on out with it, Dick."

"That's funny." The little fellow spoke reflectively, with juvenile philosophy. After a short pause he began his tale. "Well, I stoled somethin' this summer. Yer see, I wanted a fishin' tackle—a good one, I mean. But mamma she said, 'No, you mustn't go on th' ocean or you'll get drown'ded. But I jist had ter git a fishin' tackle. So I'd been seein' a girl wearin' a gold chain on her neck with a funny two-colored sorter stone hangin' onto it, and so I found out where she lived, up in a house on that hill over there—yer can't see it from here—and so I jist went up there one night and took it while they was sleepin'."

"A pity, Dick, a great pity. Wish I'd known it, I'd given you a tackle. But what happened?"

"I stoled it, and got ter feelin' sorter funny about it, yer know. I started ter take it back, but I was 'fraid they'd turn me up ter the cops. So I went and stuck it between some stones on the sand—over there on the beach, yer see? So I kep' it there a good while—I'se 'fraid ter take it out and sell it, 'cause I'se scared I'd be took up. One day a fat man gives me five bucks fer pullin' his kid outer th' ocean when the brat was about ter go under. So I got this here tackle. Then I got the gold chain thing, and wrapped it up with a handkerchief of mamma's, and I've been totin' it in my pocket here all th' time. Next summer whenever that girl comes back

I'm goin' ter put it back in her room some night and put a quarter along with it, sorter ter make up fer takin' it, yer see."

"A pity you ever took the thing. But you're a good fellow, Dick, an honest fellow. Not many boys would think of restoring the stolen property. But you say you have it with you? Let me see it—perhaps I can tell you whose it is, so you can return it at once."

"Here it is." And Dick unwrapped a rich gold necklace, bearing a red and black sardonyx carved with exquisite Oriental workmanship—the twice-stolen Egyptian charm.

"Holy smoke!" shouted Oscar in a fit of surprise, nearly upsetting the little boat with his agitation. "I'll be—, why sure, Dick, I know whose it is!"

"Well, by golly, don't turn the boat over jist 'cause yer do!"

"Why, Dick, you know, I'm—yes—I'm really glad you stole it—'pon my word I am. I'll tell you why later. Let's row to shore now, and we'll see that Mabel gets her cameo in a jiffy. And then—here's hoping before long, too—you'll be invited to a wedding, you know, and really you must come. For the present, here're five bucks to you for your trouble, and— O, well, let's get ashore!"

Dick did not understand then. But he got the affair clear next summer, when there was a wedding at the cottage up on the hill by the beach. The cameo, which Mabel wore all the time, seemed to be the center of interest, and Oscar and Mabel appeared to be the parties chiefly interested. Oscar's villain, who chanced to be Mabel's brother, was there too. But little Dick never did know why this big brother would slap Oscar on the back whenever anybody mentioned a "duel," and why Oscar would blush peacock red, and why everybody would laugh and laugh, as he said, "jist like they was goin' ter bust!"

LIBRARY LORE

"Come, and take a choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow."

—*Titus Andronicus*, IV, 1.

We have the pleasure of announcing the arrival of some twenty books, chosen from the fiction of the day. The titles range from Wells's "Research Magnificent" to "Michael O'Halloran" by Mrs. Porter. Thus may it come about that the tastes of various readers shall be satisfied.

A tremendous responsibility that—the choosing of books for a library! Reviews are by no means to be depended on, for one realizes that they are probably printed by publishers who must needs sell their wares.

Yet, certain names inspire confidence. Thus, one does not hesitate to put Hopkinson Smith's "Felix O'Day" on the list. Mr. Smith's place is secure, not only in American literature, but in the affections of many who have campaigned with Colonel Carter, of gracious memory.

Poe and Chatterton—aye, and our own McNeill—those whom the gods loved and who left us with who knows what immortal songs unsung—are brought to mind as we read of Rupert Brooke, the young English poet who died on the island of Lemnos in the Ægean on the twenty-third of last April. He had drunk deeply of the joy and tragedy of life, for this is the divine privilege of the poet. Yet when England called, he hastened to obey, and it was for his country that his life was laid down.

One exquisite sonnet will serve to prove his right to a laurel wreath:

THE SOLDIER.

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
 A body of England's breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

When this issue reaches STUDENT readers the young year will be some weeks old. That the months may bring full meed of all that is worth while to Wake Forest students, past and present; that despite "the alarms of war" they may have inward peace—this is our New Year's wish. What the *Atlantic Monthly* suggests, let us attempt:

To bring new knowledge to old questions, and study new ones in the light which the years have proved cannot be darkness; to salve the sadness of the year with steady confidence in great issues, to confront lesser ones with cheerfulness, and the humor which is so large a part of wisdom; to keep earnestness free from fanaticism and lightness of heart unspolled by foolishness.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

Creetings

Another year has passed into history and now we begin anew the tasks of a new year loaded with resolutions. In the year just past we have "plucked many bones" 'tis true, but yet we have striven for advancement. After all, it is the direction in which a

stream is moving and not the few little turns it makes on its way. The man who never errs, never accomplishes much. But we should take advantage of our mistakes and use them as stepping-stones to greater things.

Now that another year is beginning, what shall we do with it? Continue in the old rut or strive with an earnest effort to put our whole body, heart, mind and will into every task that confronts us? It is only in proportion that we put something into life that we get anything out of life.

And now we wish to express our appreciation to all those who have helped THE STUDENT in any manner during the first half of the term, for without the coöperation of students, alumni, faculty, and advertisers, the staff could accomplish nothing.

To all these and to any other friends of THE STUDENT, anywhere, we extend our heartiest New Year greetings.

**Our Special
Issue**

It is the intention of the Staff to get out a special issue in February, in memory of our friend and teacher, Dr. Charles Elisha Taylor, who gave so large a part of his life in the interests of our college. We ask for the coöperation of the students and alumni in making this a worthy tribute to our deceased friend.

**Our Thought-
less Rudeness**

We do not relish the idea of beginning the year by criticizing, but sometimes criticism is not only justifiable, but badly needed. For some time members of the faculty have been greatly embarrassed by the manifestation of rudeness on the part of some students. It seems to have become a habit to interrupt every announcement of whatever nature with boisterous hilarity. The chapel service is a religious service, and we should act with due reverence in such a meeting. Applause, scraping of

feet, etc., is permissible at times, but there seems to be a growing tendency to have it at all times. This is an exceedingly bad habit, not becoming to college men, and it should be stopped.

The Charlotte Game

Now that we have elected our football manager for next year and are about to make our schedule, it seems that the time is ripe for a thought or two concerning our annual Thanksgiving game. We are called cowards if we remain "on the hill" Thanksgiving, and traitors if we go anywhere else than Charlotte. It is hard to be called "pepless" and classed with those who are not interested in athletics, yet such is the case when we refuse to take a disagreeable, uncomfortable trip, one hundred and eighty-seven miles away, while our opponents in this game, who are called "wonders of enthusiasm" must go only twenty-two miles, practically their home ground. Why not stage this game in a town more centrally located? It is learned from good authority that Greensboro has within the last few years taken a new interest in athletics. At the V. M. I. game there, year before last, an attendance of three thousand turned out, while at a small high school game one thousand people go out. These are facts and not merely theories. The Chamber of Commerce is behind the renaissance of sporting blood and it is "going good." Why not change the scene of our big game, the one looked forward to from the first of each season, to a town that is practically the same distance from each college, and to a town that would make such a game a paying proposition?

In the name of athletics at Wake Forest, in the name of the reputation of the institution, in the name of those faithful few who go to Charlotte each year with expectancy and return with "inward shame," we ask that a fair chance be given to our warriors of the gridiron.

**A Matter of
Recognition**

It is a source of great gratification to note the press reports given to our Glee Club and Orchestra by the various towns visited on the recent trip. To cite only one instance, the *Dispatch* of Lexington says: "Their reputation as the best college glee club in the South seems to be justified." Every press report that has come to our attention—and we have seen several—reflects the same good impression. Certainly this organization is doing a great share in the work of advertising and of spreading a creditable reputation for Wake Forest College throughout the State. All the credit for this is due to the Club—to the individual members, to the management, and especially to the energetic and able director, Dr. H. M. Poteat. And this brings us to our point:

Why do we not give the members of the Glee Club and Orchestra some tangible recognition of their services to the institution? We give the inter-collegiate debaters gold pins, and the athletes W's and sweaters. But these men of the Club receive no mark of recognition whatever from us, in acknowledgment of their share in the active advertising of the college. Certainly, these men get the delightful diversion of a long trip each term. But the debating and athletic teams have their trips too, and both have great honors heaped upon them. Let us notice, further, that the Glee Club is altogether self-supporting. The expenses of the debating teams are defrayed by the Societies, and those of the athletic teams by the Athletic Association. The expense rests ultimately on the student body. But the Glee Club receives no financial support whatever from the students or from the college. The profits of the Club go to cover traveling and incidental expenses, and the individual members supply their dress and their instruments. In view of these things, should not the student body at least make some formal recognition of the work of these men?

The Editor does not mean that they should be given W's, or ten dollar sweaters, or expensive gold pins. We might give them the freedom of wearing the W. F. C. monogram. Or we might award a specially designed Glee Club pin, as practically all other colleges do. This matter has not been brought to the attention of the students heretofore. Certainly a reminder is sufficient to stir us to some action.

A STUDENT.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

CAREY HUNTER, Jr., Editor

On the night of December first the Shoo-fly arrived at Wake Forest only a quarter of an hour late. A bonfire was proposed by way of celebration, but the enthusiastic student-body contented itself with giving the fortunate train an ovation.

The proverbial lateness of the once reliable Shoo-fly is particularly deplorable in that it has been largely responsible for the demoralization of one of the honored and hoary traditions of our institution—the greeting of each evening's train by a delighted and punctual congregation of students. Sad it is to witness the decline of that inspiring ceremony! How tears would have blinded the eyes of him, who shall be nameless here, the heroic Georgian whose unflagging zeal kept him up to meet the 2 a. m. Express, could he but know how the custom is falling into disrepute and neglect! It is to be hoped that the Shoo-fly will mend its ways, and cooperate with a loyal student-body for the maintenance of traditions.

Dr. Hubert Poteat announced on his return with the Glee Club that the trip had been in every way a signal success. Manager Charles Riddick reports a decided financial surplus. The ten-day tour (November 24 to December 4) took the Club to Sanford, Rockingham, Wadesboro, Monroe, Shelby, Rutherfordton, Hickory, Lexington, Thomasville, and Burlington.

A memorial service in memory of the late Dr. Charles E. Taylor was held in Wingate Memorial Hall at 2:30 p. m., Sunday, December 5. The memorial may be said to have begun on Sunday morning, when Dr. J. D. Hufham, at the

regular church service, took as his theme the life and works of his old friend, Dr. Taylor. At the afternoon service a large number of the friends of the deceased, both from the college community and from this and other states, were present. Short speeches were made by men in various walks of life, each viewing the activities of Dr. Taylor as they touched the particular sphere in which the speaker was interested.

Dr. F. P. Hobgood, President of Oxford Female College, spoke in behalf of the Trustees. Dr. N. Y. Gulley then read recollections and reminiscences written by Dr. W. B. Royall. Dr. W. L. Poteat told of Dr. Taylor's work as educator, both in the service of the State and the College; Dr. C. F. Meserve, President of Shaw University, spoke of him as a minister of the gospel; Mr. Britt Norwood, of Greenville, S. C., told of Dr. Taylor's remarkable versatility. Dean E. W. Sikes then read a number of telegrams and letters from alumni and friends unable to attend. "Dr. Taylor as a Citizen" was the subject of an address by Mr. W. F. Dickson. Carey Hunter, Jr., speaking next, represented the student-body. President Charles E. Brewer, of Meredith, pictured Dr. Taylor as neighbor and friend.

Dr. Cullom closed the services with a few brief remarks of thanks to Dr. Taylor's family for allowing the service to be held. Music was furnished by Dr. H. M. Poteat and members of the Glee Club.

It is gratifying to note that the fall term of 1915 ended with an enrollment equal to that of the entire 1914-'15 term.

The Wake Forest community was represented at the Baptist State Convention (Charlotte) by President W. L. Poteat, Dr. W. R. Cullom, Dean E. W. Sikes, Dr. Walter N. Johnson, Mr. T. E. Holding, Mr. I. O. Jones, and Mr. W. M. Dickson.

In connection with the Convention a Wake Forest banquet was held on the evening of December 1, at the Central Hotel,

Charlotte. One hundred and eight men were present. Dr. W. L. Poteat acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by Dr. E. V. Baldy, Coker College, Hartsville, S. C.; Dr. J. F. Love, Richmond, Va.; Rev. J. T. Watts, Richmond, Va.; Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, Asheville, N. C.; Dr. R. T. Vann, Raleigh, N. C., and Mr. John F. Schenck, Lawndale, N. C.

Another Wake Forest banquet was held at the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, Raleigh, N. C., in the Refectory of the Good Shepherd Church. Mr. R. N. Simms was toastmaster.

Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address at the Raleigh Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, November 14, taking as his subject "The Appeal of the Period." On the same Sunday evening he spoke at A. & M. College upon "What is Religion?" He delivered three addresses in Charleston, S. C., on November 21, speaking at the Cannon Street Baptist Church, the Y. M. C. A., and at the Citadel. He was the "University Preacher" at the University of Virginia on Sunday morning, December 12.

Dean E. W. Sikes entertained the Cosmos Club on November 19 with his essay, "Cisterns of War." He traced the origin of the present war to the activities of the ruling class in Europe. Dr. Sikes was made chairman of the Laymen's Movement in North Carolina at the Baptist State Convention. Returning from the Convention he stopped over in Monroe to spend a day with relatives.

Dr. Sikes was elected President of the Sunday School Association of the Central Association at its meeting on the last Sunday of October. At the same meeting Prof. J. Henry Highsmith spoke on "Teachers' Training"; Dr. H. M. Poteat talked on the subject of "Church Music."

Prof. J. Henry Highsmith, present occupant of the chair of Education at Wake Forest, was appointed Professor of

Education and Philosophy by the Trustees in their meeting at Charlotte, December 8.

Dr. H. M. Poteat addressed the Wake Forest Y. M. C. A. on the night of December 6th. He spoke at the Sunday night service of the Monroe Baptist Church on November 28.

"The distinct need of Wake Forest is a mess-hall," declared Mr. J. H. Burnett, manager of the Murfreesboro College for Women, Murfreesboro, Tenn., upon his visit to Wake Forest, November 27. Mr. Burnett's assertion receives additional weight from the fact that he personally manages the mess-hall of the institution with which he is connected, giving attention to the minutest details. It is significant, as he remarked, that Wake Forest is one of the few colleges in Christendom without any central and official eating-place.

Pastor Walter N. Johnson, of the Wake Forest Church, was elected Corresponding Secretary to the Convention by the Baptist State Convention. He offered his resignation to the local board of deacons on December 12. His faithful service as pastor here leaves its monument—the "House of the Lord," which he labored so indefatigably to secure.

The following clipping from the *Biblical Recorder* of November 24 is a judgment pronounced by an authority in his line, and will be of interest to Wake Forest men.

"THE NEW PEACE."

BY W. R. L. SMITH, D.D.

I once heard a preacher tell the Southern Baptist Convention that another preacher had destroyed Darwinism. It was pathetic. The remark was based on the assumption of a necessary conflict between science and religion. Dr. Poteat in his noble little book on "The New Peace" demonstrates the folly of the assumption. He publishes the good tidings of peace. True religion and true science have struck hands in eternal friendship and harmony as ministering angels of God in the service of men. Deeply and reverently understood, they are coworking agencies for the discovery of God's aims and methods in Nature and the human spirit.

Unhappily, in the past the narrow, misguided, and intolerant patrons of each have misunderstood each other, and filled the world with the clamors of war. But the time of wider vision, larger grasp, and deeper intuition has come. Broad-minded investigators and thinkers now see that religion is interfused with science, and that science leans its head on the bosom of religion. All this, Dr. Poteat brings out with intelligent logic and passionate eloquence.

There are two classes of preachers who should read and ponder this book: First, those who still fancy that there is some kind of inherent hostility between the two great departments of learning. Second, by those who are freed from illusion and are in accord with the author.

"The New Peace" has been accorded the honor of being the finest literary production in North Carolina during the year 1915.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Miss Velma Martin and Miss Ellen Brewer were here from Saturday, it then being the 27th of November, till Tuesday, which was the 30th, the guests of Mrs. John Powers. During the same interval Miss Lydia Josey visited Mrs. W. C. Brewer.

Miss Minnie Bell Riddick was the guest of Miss Helen Poteat during the week-end beginning on the fourth of December.

Instructor W. R. Ferrell took an extended business trip during Thanksgiving week. He went to Richmond to keep an engagement with a Standard Oil representative on Monday. Thence he visited a number of towns: Petersburg, Suffolk, and Norfolk. "My stay at Norfolk," said Instructor Ferrell, "was particularly enjoyable." He returned to Wake Forest on Sunday.

The Freshman Class of Wake Forest was given a reception on the evening of Saturday, December fourth, at Meredith College, by their sponsor, Miss Mary Harrell. The reception was well attended and was pronounced a decided success.

"The extreme nervous tension which I undergo at my phrenological sances," says Dr. Furnian M. Barnes, the

noted and popular phrenologist now in our midst, "has compelled me to give up my professional career for a short while." Dr. Barnes was indeed subjected to great strain during his diagnoses. This remarkable man's skilled fingers, able as they were to detect every trait of character by feeling the so-called "psammethorallie theroids" of the human skull, had to be held at a rigidity during the operation which caused much wear and tear on his sensitive nervous system. The abandonment of his experiments is the more deplorable because of the healthy influence which he was exerting upon many freshmen and upper classmen, pointing out various defects and abuses which they were allowing to become fixed in their characters. Dr. Barnes has likewise been obliged to cancel all lecture engagements, as well as his entire professional program at A. & M. College, Meredith, and elsewhere.

As *THE STUDENT* goes to press we regret to announce the slight illness of Dr. J. H. Gorrell, the faculty editor, whose able and patient assistance contributes so much toward making this magazine what it is. Bronchitis has confined him to his room during the past three days; we hope that a few days more will restore him to perfect health.

Mr. E. P. Whitley, business manager of *THE STUDENT*, distributed during the first part of December the best Students' Directory ever issued in Wake Forest. It is a decided improvement over the old editions; but the greatest improvement of all is in regard to price. For the first time Mr. Whitley has presented Wake Forest with a free directory.

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

Phi. Society

NOVEMBER 17, 19, 20.

Query: *Resolved*, That judges should be made subject to recall.

A good deal of interest was shown in discussing this query. A large number of men made good speeches. Some of the best of these were. Croom, P. R. Trueblood, Dawson, Shanks, Snow, E. J. Trueblood, Eaddy, Buckner, and Casey.

NOVEMBER 24, 26, 27.

Query: *Resolved*, That the minimum wage legislation for women and children should be enacted in North Carolina.

The men deserving commendation on this query are: Garcia, Jackson, Goodwin, Page, Nye, Stimpson, Slattey, Hayes, Kendrick, Merritt, Floyd, Williford, Herring.

DECEMBER 1, 3, 4.

Query: *Resolved*, That for American cities municipal ownership of public service corporations, which furnish water, light and transportation is preferable to private ownership.

No reports are given on this query.

An interesting climax in debate for the fall term came on Saturday night, December 11. Following a plan previously adopted by the Phi. Society an inter-section debate was held between the Wednesday night and the Saturday night sections. These inter-section debates are given to stimulate a

friendly spirit of rivalry, and to cause the different members to do good work in order to get on the program for these contests. The section which wins puts out a new team and debates the third section. Since the Wednesday night section won in this debate, in the spring term, this section will debate the Friday night section.

A short summary of the debate is given here.

Query: *Resolved*, That the United States should subsidize her merchant marine.

Mr. A. R. Cousins, Senior, opened the debate by giving a brief history of the American merchant marine, and an explanation of the term subsidy. He then discussed two main points: First, the imperative need of an adequate merchant marine; secondly, governmental subsidies are sound in principle.

The first speaker on the negative was Mr. J. S. Johnson, Junior, who argued that neither the people of the United States nor the leading ship owners favor a ship subsidy. He contended that the decline of the marine was due to the adoption of iron construction, the Civil War, high tariff, and not to the lack of a subsidy.

The second speaker on the affirmative was Mr. S. E. Teague, Freshman, who showed the need of regular services at reasonable prices; and that at present we are dependent on England for transportation; also that the subsidy policy is a paying proposition.

Mr. J. M. Daly, Freshman, second speaker on the negative, argued that the proposition is undemocratic in principle, because it taxes the many for the benefit of the few; secondly, no private enterprise should receive governmental support; thirdly, such a policy would retard our internal progress.

The third speaker on the affirmative, Mr. A. D. Odom, Freshman, briefly summarized the arguments of his colleagues, then presented some of the beneficial results that

would naturally come from a merchant marine subsidized by the government.

Mr. E. J. Trueblood, Freshman, third speaker for the negative, offered two propositions. First, experience with the ship subsidy in the past does not warrant its adoption in the United States; secondly, it would cause the introduction of many undesirable elements into our present commercial system.

The last speaker on the affirmative, Mr. G. Collins, Sophomore, showed the value of a merchant marine as an auxiliary to the army and navy by citing the success of England; secondly, the opportunity to secure the ocean trade held by other nations; thirdly, the wisdom of the subsidy policy by comparing it to other methods of securing a merchant marine.

Mr. R. L. Humber, Sophomore, closed the discussion for the negative. He proposed as a substitute for ship subsidy, first, that the United States should have a permanent free ship law permitting her ship owners to buy their ships in the cheapest market, then transfer them to American registry; secondly, he showed how successful the free ship policy of other nations has been in building merchant marines; thirdly, he proposed that the United States repeal her present laws and allow her ship owners the same privilege of operating their ships that those of other nations enjoy.

These men are to be commended for their work. Their speeches were good, and their rejoinders full of fire.

Eu. Society

The Enzelian Society held two sessions, after the December STUDENT went to press, before fall sessions were ended. The queries were:

NOVEMBER 24, 26, 27.

Resolved, That the United States should establish a more extensive system of shipping subsidies.

DECEMBER 1, 3, 4.

Resolved, That boards of arbitration with compulsory powers should be established to settle disputes between employers and wage-earners.

Section A: On the whole this section put a fair amount of interest and enthusiasm in these two debates. A number of Freshmen should be ashamed of themselves for not appearing on the floor when they were on the program. Perhaps the greater fault lies with those upper-classmen who are not taking the active initiative that they should. Three freshmen are deserving of commendation for their energetic work: Blankenship, Elliot and Ponder.

Section B: Both debates were about up to the usual average. Honorable mention is made of (November 26) S. A. Perry and A. C. Reid; (December 3) W. B. Gladney and D. S. Paden.

Section C: The debates were fairly warm and interesting. The best speeches were by: (November 27) C. C. Sorrells and M. P. Futrell; (December 4) E. C. Denton, W. M. Lovelace and H. A. Helms.

Moot Court News

On November 19 a murder case was tried—*State v. White*. Attorneys for the State were Solicitor Mott, Galloway, and J. B. Whitley. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Perry, Murphy, and Castine. The defendant was found to be not guilty and dismissed. W. C. Downing, Judge presiding.

On November 26 a rape case was tried—*State v. Brown*. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Perry, Castine, and Downing. The attorneys representing the State were Messrs. Murphy, James, and Solicitor Mott. The jury being unable to reach a verdict, the court ordered the case to be

entered on the minutes as a mistrial. Counsel for the defense, in a plea for mercy, asked for the defendant to be released upon bond. The court refused, stating that such action would be unprecedented, and the prisoner was ordered back to jail until the next term of the court. E. W. Timberlake, Judge.

Judge Timberlake and Rev. Baylus Cade were visitors of the court.

Y. M. C. A.

On November 8 Prof. H. A. Jones gave to the Y. M. C. A. a brief sketch of his trip to the Panama Exposition last summer. This entire discussion was taken up in giving an account of the trip to San Francisco and his return through Canada. But on a later date, November 22, he confined his talk to the many interesting things which he saw while at the Exposition.

The Association was fortunate in having Prof. J. H. Highsmith on November 15, who gave an illustrated lecture on the elimination of adult illiteracy. From this lecture we learned, not only the condition of our country in regard to illiteracy, but also the methods and opportunities offered to those who wish to aid in this movement. Prof. Highsmith gave the history of the Moonlight School, showing the efforts made in Kentucky, Georgia and Virginia to teach adults to read and write the English language.

He offered a solution to the problem in North Carolina and elsewhere of eradicating illiteracy: 1. Compulsory education for children; 2. Moonlight or evening schools for adults.

On December 6 Dr. H. M. Poteat gave one of the best and most practical lectures of the term. His subject was "Warfare," and as a foundation for his speech he read Paul's description of the Christian warfare. Some extracts from this

lecture are given below for the benefit of the unfortunate majority of the student body who failed to hear the lecture:

"World peace would aid in spreading the gospel.

"What is to be effect of training men to shoot their fellow-men? The spark of Christian brotherhood is at stake. The great struggle is between the good and the evil. These two forces are allied against each other in Mythology, in Literature and in all phases of human activity. No person is neutral, but serving on one side or the other. The maker of the universe has given us the privilege of aiding in His work.

"The man who goes to an active volcano with an umbrella to protect himself, or the man who faces a stampede of elephants, shows as much wisdom as the man who attempts to oppose Christianity.

"The man who sits in the trench and expresses his conviction that his forces ought to win, and never makes an effort himself, is not a soldier.

"The reason the forces of evil are so strong is because there are so many who are either afraid or ashamed to fight."

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor

Basketball Looming Up

With the passing of the football season, basketball is gradually looming up as another branch of sport and will hold the attention of the followers of athletics at Wake Forest College for the next three months. Coach Crozier has issued the call for candidates and a squad numbering over twenty men, most of whom are experienced players, are on the floor.

Wake Forest has always put out a strong quint, ever since J. Richard Crozier introduced the game in North Carolina in 1906, and started coaching at Wake Forest. He has brought home several state championships, and has always put out a team that was in the running for the honors. With Crozier coaching, with every member of last year's quint back save Carrick and Hensley, and with a large squad of candidates that are going to make the old men work to hold their places, prospects for a winning team are exceedingly bright.

The regulars of last year's team who are now in college are: Holding and Hall, forwards; Captain Davis, Billings, and Beam, guards; Franks, center. All of the above men are ready for work. Holding and Billings joined the squad at the close of the football season, while the other men have been practicing the greater part of the fall.

Holding and Hall will play the forwards this year, for it is extremely doubtful if there is any one in college that can take their positions from them. Holding is playing his last year on the team. He is the nucleus around which the Baptist offense is built. Of the total 587 points scored last season by the team, Holding registered 231, 87 field goals and 57

foul goals. He made first place on the All-State Basketball Team in 1915.

Hall, too, is playing his fourth year at Wake Forest. While not as brilliant a player as his running mate, he is probably the best all-round player on the team, for he is equally as good on the defense as the offense. He is a fast, strong, aggressive player, and has 72 field goals to his credit for last season's work.

Captain Davis is another player that is rounding out four years of service. He will take care of one of the guard positions, while Beam or Billings will play the other. Beam has been shifted to a guard from forward. He ought to make a good defensive player, for he is fast and there is not a better man of the team for bringing the ball down the floor. "Mig" Billings, however, can play something else besides baseball and football, and he is likely to be heard from.

Franks, who alternated with Carrick at center the past season, making his letter, will get first call for center. He is a tall lanky player and has an ideal build for the place. There are several other husky candidates for this place and Franks has got to work to make the team.

Five class and department basketball games have been played this season. A number of men have shown up unusually well and are now out with the varsity squad. Some of these players are: Carlyle, Yates, Spaugh, Dickson, forwards; Feczor and McKnight, centers; Thompson, Robley, Turner, Huntley, guards; Robert Holding, a sub-forward last year, is again out.

THE 1916 SCHEDULE.

The 1916 basketball schedule for Wake Forest College, as announced by Manager Yates, includes games with representative colleges of North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia. Every team in the State save Davidson is played, and a series of games have been arranged with several of the colleges. The

quint from the University of Georgia will be seen in action on the local floor and it should prove one of the most interesting games of the season. The lack of the regular three games with the University of North Carolina is noticeable, as only one game is scheduled to be played, that in Raleigh. Carolina refused to give Wake Forest a game at home, and Wake Forest then refused to play in Chapel Hill.

The team goes north on its trip next February, playing Roanoke College, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Virginia Military Institute, and two strong local teams in Richmond, Virginia.

The complete schedule of nineteen games follows.

- January 13—Keewatin Academy (Prairie Duchesse, Wis.) at home.
- January 15—University of North Carolina at Raleigh.
- January 20—University of Georgia at home.
- January 25—Trinity at Durham.
- January 27—Agricultural and Mechanical at Raleigh.
- January 29—Elon at home.
- February 1—Maryville College (Tenn.) at home.
- February 3—Agricultural and Mechanical at home.
- February 10—Gullford College at home.
- February 12—Church Hill Athletic Club (Richmond, Va.) at home.
- February 14—Gullford at Gullford.
- February 15—Roanoke College at Salem, Va.
- February 16—Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.
- February 17—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.
- February 18—Richmond Howitzers at Richmond, Va.
- February 19—Church Hill Athletic Club at Richmond, Va.
- February 22—Agricultural and Mechanical at Raleigh.
- February 25—Trinity at home.
- February 29—Elon at Elon.

SENIORS 27; JUNIORS 26.

The Seniors defeated the Juniors 27 to 26 in their annual basketball game. The game was one of the best and most interesting ever played in Wake Forest between two class teams. The first half found the score tied at fourteen all. The score was tied almost the entire second half and the Seniors were lucky to get their victory, for Carlyle, the junior

forward, shot a field goal with the ball in the air as the whistle sounded for time up.

The work of Ray and Carlyle, for the Juniors, and Huntley, for the Seniors, featured.

The line-up:

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Juniors</i>
	Right Forward	
Deitrick		Ward
	Left Forward	
Ashcraft		Carlyle
	Center	
Yates		Williams
	Right Guard	
Carroll		Ray
	Left Guard	
Huntley		Daniels

SOPHOMORES WIN CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Sophomores won the class basketball championship by defeating the Seniors, 27 to 22. The game was close throughout, the first half ending with the score 12 to 11, in favor of the Seniors. The last half found the score at a tie with 19 to 19 for a long period, and not until the last few minutes of play did the Sophomores forge ahead. Spaug's timely and spectacular goal-shooting accounted for the victory. Thompson played a brilliant game at guard for the winners. Yates, the Senior center, and Spaug led in goal-shooting with six field goals to their credit.

The line-up:

<i>Seniors</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>
	Right Forward	
Deitrick		Spaug
	Left Forward	
Ashcraft		Dickson
	Center	
Yates		McKnight
	Right Guard	
Carroll		Savage
	Left Guard	
Huntley		Thompson

Football

PARKER ELECTED CAPTAIN.

Charlie Parker, fullback on the football team, has been elected captain of the 1916 eleven, to succeed George Moore, the Baptist captain for the past two seasons. The election was held in Charlotte following the Wake Forest-Davidson game on Thanksgiving Day.

Captain Parker is a native of North Carolina, hailing from Northampton County. He has played football at Wake Forest the past two years, making his letter each season. He is nineteen years old, weighs 215 pounds, and is six feet in height. Parker played guard on the team his first year, but about the middle of the past season he was shifted to fullback. His work in the backfield has played an important part in the showing made by the team this year. He is a sure and hard tackle, a consistent line plunger, and one of the speediest players on the eleven. He made the longest and most spectacular gain of the game with Davidson last Thanksgiving, when he raced with the ball for a sixty-yard gain, being tackled by Kesler, the Davidson quarterback, fifteen yards from the goal.

Parker is an energetic, hard-working player, and his election to the captaincy of the eleven is an honor fittingly bestowed upon a player who will make the team a capable leader.

ALL-STATE ELEVEN.

Following is the All-State Eleven picked by the Sporting Editor of the *Charlotte News*:

- End—Homewood, Carolina.
- Tackle—Ramsey, Carolina.
- Guard—B. White, Davidson.
- Center—Tandy, Carolina.
- Guard—Cowell, Carolina.
- Tackle—Moore, Wake Forest.

End—Younger, Davidson.

Quarterback—McDonald, Carolina.

Halfback—Riddick, A. & M.

Halfback—Black, Davidson.

Fullback—Parker, Wake Forest.

On this all-North Carolina eleven Carolina has been given five places, Davidson three, Wake Forest two, and A. and M. one. It is noticeable that the backfield is composed of one player from each of the four state teams. Only one shift has been made, McDonald, a halfback at Carolina, being placed at quarter because of his experience at that position before playing on Carolina's eleven.

In the line Carolina gets an end, tackle, guard and center, while Davidson is given the other end and B. White, their center, is shifted to a guard. George Moore, the elongated Baptist captain, is given the other tackle.

MONOGRAMS AWARDED.

The faculty athletic committee of Wake Forest College announces the awarding of monograms to seventeen members of the 1915 football squad. Sweaters, with the "W," are given to men making their first monogram, while the old men receive the monogram only. The following men will be awarded sweaters: Carter, R. F., Langston, Rowe, Turner, Pace, Howell, Robley, and Shaw. The men receiving stars are: Moore, captain; Billings, Blackmon, Olive, Powell, Harris, Holding, Parker, and Witherington.

Out of the above seventeen players nine are lost, six by graduation and three by the four-year rule. Harris and Holding, the Baptist' ends, are expected to return next year, and with the following men will be eligible to play next season: Captain Parker, Olive, Shaw, Robley, Pace, Langston, and Turner.

CARLYLE TO MANAGE 1916 ELEVEN.

Irving E. Carlyle, of Wake Forest, N. C., was today elected manager of the football team for 1916. Carlyle was assistant manager of the team the past season, and has made a name for himself at Wake Forest in basketball and baseball. Three assistant managers were elected at the same time with the following results: B. Pennell, of Asheville; C. D. Moore, of Shelby; W. B. Gladney, of Ruston, La.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

A Wake Forest Alumni banquet was held in Charlotte on the night of December 9th, at the Central Hotel. President William Louis Poteat acted as toastmaster, and presented a new scheme for organization of the alumni throughout the State. Covers were laid for 115. The following gentlemen spoke when called upon by Dr. Poteat: Dr. E. V. Baldy, of Coker College, Hartsville, S. C.; Dr. J. F. Love, of Richmond, Va., successor to Dr. R. J. Willingham as foreign mission secretary; Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals; Dr. W. M. Vines, of Charlotte; Mr. John F. Schenck, of Lawndale; Dr. R. T. Vann, Corresponding Secretary of the new Board of Education, of Raleigh; Mr. J. T. Watts, of Richmond, Va.

'99. Rev. Walter N. Johnson was elected Corresponding Secretary of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention at the recent meeting of that body in Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Johnson is especially well fitted for his new position, having had two years experience with similar work in Louisiana, and he is greatly interested in the financial problem that is facing the Baptists of North Carolina today.

'11. T. Clarence White announces the opening of his law offices at 308-312 North American Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

'03. Mr. Hugh Johnson is assistant cashier of the Scotland Neck Bank.

'95. Rev. C. D. J. Parker is pastor of the Moffitt Memorial Baptist Church, Danville, Va.

'99. Mr. William Ensley McSwain is living at Mooresboro, N. C. His address is R. F. D. No. 2.

'13. Mr. B. F. Ramseur has located at Blacksburg, S. C., for the practice of law. He is also interested in politics and has been elected a member of the Legislature of that State.

'05. Mr. W. J. Franeis is engaged in mercantile business at Belmont, N. C.

'98. Mr. D. A. Tedder is official stenographer of Mecklenburg County Court.

'00-01. Mr. E. S. Tedder is an engineer on the Seaboard Air Line on the division from Monroe to Rutherfordton.

'12. Mr. G. H. Joyner has begun the practice of law at Aulander, N. C.

'91. Mr. W. A. Osborne is general agent for the South Atlantic States of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. His wife and family of nine children reside at his old home at Pace, Virginia.

'94-'95. Mr. J. H. Osborne is with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. and has his home in Louisville, Ky.

'02. Lieutenant-Governor A. J. Bethea, of South Carolina, was a member of the party that sailed with Mr. Henry Ford on the "Peace Ship" for Europe.

'93. John A. Oates is Judge of the Recorder's Court at Fayetteville, N. C. He delivered an address Thanksgiving Day before the Baptists of Charlotte, who had a union service in the house of the First Baptist Church. Mr. Oates was elected President of the Baptist State Convention which met in Charlotte on December 7. He is always ready to do a good turn or say a good word for his Alma Mater. In his Thanksgiving address he said: "The leader of the Senate of the United States and the leader of the House of Representatives are Wake Forest men; the last Governor of North Caro-

lina and the next Governor of North Carolina are Wake Forest men; the preacher in the greatest Baptist church in the world, Spurgeon's London Tabernacle, is a Wake Forest man."

The Alumni will note with interest the location and work of the following recent graduates of the college who are teaching in the State:

- R. L. Brown, principal Bay Leaf High School (Wake County).
- L. G. Bullard, superintendent, Aulander.
- A. S. Bullard, superintendent, Newton.
- G. M. Beam, principal, Mapleville, Franklin County.
- W. H. Cale, principal, Henderson.
- A. B. Combs, superintendent, Bryson City.
- W. E. Fleming, principal, Orrum.
- A. R. Gay, principal, Pinnacle.
- H. C. Griffin, principal, George.
- J. P. Harris, principal, Middleburg.
- E. S. Hendren, principal, Walnut Cove.
- W. H. Hipps, County Superintendent of Buncombe, Asheville.
- O. V. Hamrick, principal, Monroe.
- W. R. Hill, County Superintendent of Rutherford, Rutherfordton.
- M. A. Huggins, superintendent, Clayton.
- L. S. Inscoc, associate principal Red Oak High School, Nash County.
- E. C. Jones, principal Buncombe County High School, Asheville.
- B. H. Johnson, principal, Rocky Mount.
- T. T. Lanier, principal, Benson.
- R. A. Marsh, principal, Belmont.
- B. O. Myers, principal, Severn.
- G. O. Marshall, principal, Vanceboro.

H. A. Nanney, principal Red Oak High School, Nash County.

A. R. Phillips, principal, King.

O. L. Rogers, principal, Weaverville.

T. S. Teague, superintendent, Atkinson.

R. E. Williams, principal, Winton.

N. E. Wright, principal, New London.

C. J. Whitley, principal, Hamilton.

The following Wake Forest men are studying this session in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary: F. A. Bobbitt, H. F. Brinson, L. L. Carpenter, J. R. Carroll, A. G. Carter, N. C. Coggin, L. O. Corbett, V. E. Duncan, J. B. Eller, J. A. Ellis, R. S. Fountain, H. B. Hardaway, L. Q. Haynes, S. C. Hilliard, G. C. Kirksey, E. T. Mangum, E. I. Olive, F. K. Pool, E. J. Rogers, Clarence Ross, H. C. Sears, C. R. Sorrell, G. T. Tunstall, J. B. Turner, T. P. Williams, I. C. Woodward, and O. W. Yates.

'12. Rev. O. P. Campbell has his headquarters at Mount Gilead, N. C. He is serving a field of three churches.

'88-'90. Rev. J. R. Edwards is teaching in Howard College, Birmingham, Ala. He is in charge of two departments, Public Speaking and Religious Education.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

A great number of magazines come to us each month which we are not able to criticize, but at the same time we welcome them heartily. Aside from the literary pleasures, we feel that your magazine offers us an insight into your college life which gives us suggestions beneficial to our college life. For this reason we encourage students to read the exchange magazines, and the editors to make them the best possible, because they are going to be read and appreciated.

The October-November issue of the *Pine and Thistle* comes to us with the wheat already picked out and the chaff left behind. This is quite in contrast with the weekly papers which are full of athletic and local news. Two months gives time to get up a table of contents which is published on its merit. Where the material is limited, this is recommended in the place of adding "filling" so as to be able to publish monthly issues. After all it is not a greater amount of material which we need so much as it is material of a higher quality. "Today," "F. M. C.," and "Song of the Brook" are verses which show superior thought and meter to those generally found in college magazines, while "Rest" comes perilously near being real poetry. It is clearly the work of some one with poetical talents which ought not to go undeveloped. Of the stories, "Lets" is real unique, while "Sweets to the Sweet" is clever underscored. Of the three essays, "The Classical Period of German Literature" is the best. It would seem impossible for such a short essay to embrace such an extended period, and yet it presents the lives and works of Wieland, Klopstock, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller in their

relation to one another and to their age, so that we finish the article with a unified knowledge of the period. The large number of notes and departments which your magazine contains should serve to keep up interest in it.

The Bluff and Blue contains two stories, both of which are certainly up to the ordinary standard. The editorials, which are the outstanding feature of your issue, deserve notice. To the one which pleads for our classics instead of the hard practical side of life, and to the one which says that there ought to be literary awards made as well as athletic awards, we say "amen." We agree with "Wasted Energy" so far as it condemns publishing just any kind of rhyme; but we feel that the article is too discouraging to the one producing the rhyme. The idea expressed here is the common one—that poetry is the offspring of genius instead of work. Poe in his "Philosophy of Composition" exploded this theory and gave out the fact that poems are manufactured step by step. Possibly the editors have had to turn down some doggerel because the composer was relying too much on genius. What you want to do is to encourage your contributors to listen to the muse and then apply the "energy" until they give you real readable poems of which your magazine is now in need. "Can You?" is good but of course lonesome when it is the only poem in a whole magazine. Remember that it takes a poor poem not to be just as well worth its space as the rest of the material.

The Acorn, which is a college magazine of high order, may sometimes be a little short in the number of poems and stories, but the material that it contains is always up to the standard. From cover to cover the type and general arrangement of the magazine bear the stamp of the classical with no ragtime about it. The November issue is no exception to this rule. But does Meredith harbor anti-muse devotees?

Surely some of her students might be inspired to write a poem now and then. Verses help the looks of a college magazine wonderfully, and many readers always turn to them first. Of the three stories "The Best Laid Plans o' Mice and Men" is the best. The Negro dialect, the portrayal of "Aunt Maria" and the description of her little cabin are vivid and true to life. "With a Hallowe'en Partner" has an often used plot and the dialect is more polished than two little piccanninies would likely use. "His Violin" breathes of well expressed pathos from beginning to end. It softens the heart with a glimpse of "How the other half lives." *The Acorn's* strongest point is its essays, technically correct in every detail. "The Hebrews in Government and Society" contains interesting and well verified material. The essay comparing poems on the poet by different nineteenth century poets is well written and abounds in well chosen quotations.

The December number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* comes to us with "Contents" on the outside of its front cover and advertisements on the outside of its back cover. This may be convenient and economical but it is not neat and artistic, and should be avoided if possible. It would also be of value to those who criticize your publication if you would give the class of the one who contributes each article, because they would not make the same comments for a Freshman which they would make for a Senior. We note that the editors have left out such material as the readers would be likely to leave out, and given us lighter material. "A Menace and the Future" is a discussion against the absentee landlord. We heartily agree with the conclusion of what is to be done about the matter—"Reelect Woodrow Wilson: avert the menace." "Bernard Shaw in a China Shop" gives a good summary of his mission to his time. The poems on "Bubbles," "Islands of the Sky," and "Ghosts" show fancy, and really add to the

thought side as well as to the variety. "The Letter" has a good plot, but "The Demon of Darkness" stands out in a class almost by itself. It is worth many simple silly love stories. There is a great dearth of departments in your magazine, but if you will just get up a lively joke department we will be greatly disposed to excuse the others.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary am got a little lamb
What's awfully bad to bleat;
It aller's makes a monstrous noise
If Mary stays out late.

Dey set out on de lawn one night,
Jest Mary and her beau,
And whiled away de pleasant hours
Till it was time to go.

Den he moved up a little close
And said, "It's gittin late."
His arm went nearly round her waist;
Jes den dat lamb he bleat.

It skeered dat beau so nigh to death
He dunno whar he's at;
He eben started to go home
And left widout his hat.

Den Mary say, "Don't hurry so,
Dey's plenty time to stay."
Den he took hold her by de hand
And led her right away.

When a man's in love he's allers skeered,
And feelin' kind o' mean,
And ever' time a racket's made
He aller's thinks he's seen.

Dey walk a little piece away,
And stop down by de gate;
He put his arm around her waist—
Agin dat lamb he bleat.

Dis time he didn't stop to think,
Not eben say good-night;
He went a-rushin' down de road,
And soon got out o' sight.

Den Mary she looked kind o' lost
 And not half satisfied;
 And den she say, "Dat silly fool
 Might knowed dat lamb was tied."

—W. B. S.



Where was the Magna Charta signed?
 At the bottom!

—*Princeton Tiger.*



Newish Ridley: "I'm just obliged to learn to play chess before the next Glee Club trip."

Newish Taylor: "You can't. You haven't got enough sense."

Newish R.: "Why haven't I? Dr. Hubert can play."



Newish Hobbs (to Newish McLendon): "What was that happened at chapel this morning?"

Newish McL.: "Newish McDonald got a public *recommence* for making *politittanal* speeches."



His Highness, Sophomore Wharton, butting into a pretty young lady on the train: "Wharton is my name, Miss—eh—eh—."

Young Lady (looking up in disgust): "Well, I'm sorry, but I didn't name you."



Sigmon (to Dr. Lanneau): "How could an airship go to the moon if there is no atmosphere there?"

Dr. Lanneau: "When you get above the atmosphere, just use your surplus."



Wright (to Charlie Watson): "What do you think of Maupassant's *technique*?"

Watson: "I think that's the best thing he ever wrote."



Newish Penny: "What does *retrospect* mean?"

Postgrad.: "Lookin' back."

Penny (eagerly searching in the back of the book): "I can't find it back here."



You never realize the number of friends you have until Christmas draws near.

FORSAKEN!

When I'm with her, and he's longing
 To be where I chance to be,
 He gets letters mailed on Sunday,
 But no Sunday mail for me!

Then he's with her, and I'm longing
 For some pleasant company;
 But alone I sit and sigh, for
 No one's company to me!

I can hear her in my fancy,
 As she sings sweet melody;
 While I have to make my music,
 No one sings sweet songs to me!

I've a loving heart and nature,
 And watch others loving be;
 But today some one is telling—
 No one tells love words to me!

And methinks I hear her kiss him,
 And enfolded arms I see;
 And my heart is almost breaking—
 No one loves and kisses me!

(SEQUENCE)

I awake and find the reason—
 So forsaken, in despair!
 Why not given all these pleasures?
 Just because that I'm not there!

G. W. LASSITER.



Newish McCullers, at Freshman reception, when asked to register, replied as follows: "No, I guess I'll go on to Wake Forest a year or two longer."



Junior: "Is History II a snap course?"

Senior: "You bet!"

Junior: "How is it you made 65 on it, if it is a snap?"

Senior: "I thought you said a 'nap' course."

HEARD AT MEREDITH.

T. T.: "Irene, do you have to wear glasses all the time?"

I. P.: "Oh, no; only when I am using my eyes."



Newish: "That man yonder looks like an actress."



Burt Brown (leading in the Lord's Prayer): "'The Lord is my Shepherd'—Oh! I guess we will have to start over."



Freshman (to Senior): "I heard the faculty picture had to be made again."

Senior: "Why?"

Freshman: "Because Professor Ferrell sued the 'stenographer' for not waiting till he got there."



Newish McLendon (at Freshman reception, after taking four cups of punch for the first time): "Let's go back and get some more of that sweet soup."

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
To Pearle (verse).....	<i>D. H. I.</i> 315
Newish Blake Reneges (story).....	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 316
Valdo Transformed (story).....	<i>R. S. Britton.</i> 321
Glimpses of Divinity in Browning.....	<i>François.</i> 326
My Ideal (verse).....	<i>W. B. Sinclair.</i> 330
Seven to Nine (story).....	<i>Robert R. Mallard.</i> 331
Vers Libre (essay).....	<i>R. S. Britton.</i> 338
Library Lore	<i>Librarian.</i> 344
 DEPARTMENTS:	
Editor's Portfolio	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i> 345
In and About College.....	<i>William Henley Deitrick.</i> 350
Society, Y. M. C. A., and Moot Court Notes...W. B. Sinclair.	354
Athletic Notes.....	<i>G. F. Rittenhouse.</i> 357
Alumni Notes	<i>G. F. Rittenhouse.</i> 361
Exchange Department.....	<i>F. W. Carroll.</i> 363
Notes and Clippings	<i>Ignoto.</i> 365

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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February, 1916

No. 5

TO PEARLE

—
D. H. L.
—

The happy years are flitting by
Like lovely song-birds on the wing,—
May each one added sweetness bring,
Nor thought of harm.

These sixteen summers that are gone
Have given naught but tenderness,—
May other years but serve to bless
Your girlhood charm.

NEWISH BLAKE RENEGES

CAREY HUNTER, JR.

"How are you getting along with that girl of yours today, Newish?" inquired someone, as usual, after the saying of grace.

Andrew Blake, newish, with nothing prepossessing in his manner, replied in an uneasy voice which was supposed to be nonchalant, "Oh, pretty well; I pulled this on the shoofly—sixteen pages." He seemed to get much satisfaction when he revealed, from the top of his pocket, a long envelope of baby-blue color.

Knowing glances were exchanged around the table. His acquaintances seemed to take keen interest in the development of Blake's affair.

"Of course you will have her out Anniversary, and introduce us to her," suggested someone else.

Blake looked up from his plate nervously. "Of course—that is, I suppose so, if it is the proper thing," he responded, reddening.

"You want to be sure to have her out, Blake," asserted an upperclassman at the head of the table, in a way that left no doubt of the necessity of what he recommended. "Every man in college will have his girl that day; you don't want to be left out, you know."

The freshman knew of no proper rejoinder, so he remained silent. Recoiling before the prospect of an unexpected and unavoidable peril, he lapsed into himself and continued eating, hardly tasting what he consumed.

For the spirit of Blake was of the kind which is panic-stricken in the presence of woman. On account of this circumstance he found himself between the horns of a dilemma.

His life thus far had been painfully destitute of intimacy, friendship, even association with any members of the sex who were not staid and matronly. Coming to college in this plight he had early arrived at an understanding of his wretchedness. The appalling complacency with which other boys referred to their girls, taking such luxuries as a matter of course, the frequency and familiarity with which they displayed love-letters, discussed them, even read enticing passages aloud at times, had stung him, mortally sensitive as he was, into the realization that he was losing something very necessary to the career of the college man. So it came about that Newish Blake, in a great burst of courage, had begun writing to a little neglected girl whom he barely knew. The fact that she was unattractive, ill-favored, as hopelessly abandoned as himself, did not abate his ardor; she wrote long, painstaking letters which showed up to advantage when carelessly exhibited at table; he had wanted a girl for correspondence purposes, and his longing was gratified. Unconscious that his accomplished friends had divined the pitiful emptiness of his affair, Andrew Blake had been serenely joyous.

And now, in the very flush of his first social achievement, a complication had arisen. His affair was not to be left in peace. Merciless custom decreed that he must produce a flesh-and-blood girl, must face her, converse with her, air himself with her before a critical public, subscribe to all the forms of a barbarous society, or else resume his old ignominy, lose caste in the eyes of his associates, become again the despised newish who could not boast a single conquest. The instinctive bugaboo of the boy loomed up in its frightfulness, but against it was balanced the wistful pride of a man of the world.

"Are you sure that all the fellows will invite folks—I mean girls, for Anniversary?" appealed Blake, reviving just as dessert was being served. Then he was afraid that the ques-

tion revealed inexperience to a degree that he would have scorned to own.

"Why, certainly," replied the upperclassman at the head of the table, without the slightest hesitation. "All the fellows of our set will be cutting up that night, you know. By the way, Newish, you must be sure to give me a dato with this wife of yours—I'm anxious to meet her."

"I'll be glad to give you a date," declared the freshman, hastily rising to the desperate occasion, and committing himself beyond repair, "If she comes. She may decide not to come, you see." He had a vague misgiving as he pictured the plain-featured, insignificant correspondent walking beside his distinguished friend. But he could not turn back now, and he consoled himself with the reflection that girls had a way of making themselves attractive on certain occasions, even homely ones. His honor must be upheld.

That night the fate of Andrew Blake was settled. Closing his eyes to the awfulness of what was before him, he mailed an invitation to Miss Agnes North, R. F. D. No. 4, Hyde County, North Carolina.

Two days later he had the grim satisfaction of assuring the table that Miss North would be in Wake Forest on the occasion of Anniversary.

* * * * *

"You are looking sick, Newish—braco up! You mustn't lose the pep!" urged the heartless upperclassman, at dinner on the morning of the fatal day.

Blake replied with a wan smile, "I have an awful bad cold, and besides, I didn't get any sleep last night."

He was decidedly an altered man. Seven days and nights of martyrdom had left him a pale, pathetic spectacle. This morning he appeared to particular disadvantage when dressed for the event, painfully self-conscious, and convinced that his friends were watching him with eagle eyes.

Ho had struggled heroically against many temptations during the last week. To feign sickness, to discover pressing business out of town, to cancel the engagement, these possibilities had suggested themselves in plausible forms. At times the ignomy which a failure of nerve would assure seemed more desirable than the chance of disgrace in the face of society. But he had remained unshaken, and now his dates were made, his flowers ordered, his toilet finished, his resolve taken. She would arrive in a few minutes—that was unavoidable.

Often he had tried to form a mental picture of himself greeting her, bowing, smiling, carrying her suitcase, leading her about the reception halls gracefully and unconcernedly. Such situations were to him inconceivable. He could only imagine himself flushing and paling by turns, blurting out improper words or hushing into painful silences, appearing rude, awkward, ill at ease, miserable. What a figure he would present at the reception, surrounded by neatly-groomed men, suffocated by women, women, untold numbers of women, on all sides, critical, curious, easily amused and offended! And always this girl at his side to be treated gallantly, smiled at, entertained throughout an entire evening! How could he hope to deceive her, or his friends, or the rest? Undoubtedly they would guess his secret at a glance; they would begin laughing and whispering to each other: "You see that awkward boob, over there? He acts as though he has never seen a girl before; he is scared to death!" And they would be correct.

Reflections like these, his daily bread for the past week, were agitating him when he perceived that the meal was drawing to a close. Elated boys were hurrying out to meet the long-expected train. He rose from the table wearily, realizing that the tragedy was about to commence.

Resignedly, he took his place in the throng of students at

the depot. Perhaps his mistakes might be less obvious when screened by a crowd. But no! there were two of his acquaintances watching him already. Beyond doubt they understood his weakness, they could no longer be deceived.

Shrilly, from down the track, came the whistle of the locomotive—his crack of doom. There was no time more for speculation. The moment was at hand; now he must make a fool of himself in the presence of the assembled college.

The train hove into view, welcomed by a splendid overture from the students. As the engine fled past he was seized with a notion of flinging himself before the cow-catcher and putting an end to the whole ridiculous performance.

The coaches stopped, and girls began swarming off. Afar off Newish Blake was looking. Suppose (ecstatic hope!) she had not come.

She appeared upon the platform, suitcase in hand. Unmistakably it was she. Upon the face of the distressed newish emerged great drops of cold perspiration. He was seized with a sudden, wild terror. Then came the inspiration.

The train throbbed, and began stealing away easily. One who was no longer a free agent responded. Newish Blake fled up the steps of a passing coach and left the danger far, far behind!

* * * * *

"Got a letter from that fool newish this morning," remarked the upperclassman, at breakfast two days later. "Says he can't finish his year at college on account of bad health. Asked me to send him his trunk and things."

VALDO TRANSFORMED

R. S. BRITTON.

As a soldier, Valdo was organically impossible. He was diametrically superabundant for military purposes. Indeed, how can a man who is as extensive latitudinally as longitudinally be of service in the ranks? Valdo could not shoulder a musket; he could not keep in step with the file; he could not get enough to eat at any time; he could not conceal his whole anatomy in a trench. Nevertheless, in spite of his corporeal unfitness, he was a great asset to our regiment—in fact, you might say he was an enormous asset. Pompous, pot-bellied, waddling, red-faced, oily, choking, smiling, laughing, spluttering—he was the life of the camp, the fountain head of good spirit. All of us loved him, even Peter, the chief of the culinary staff, and his associate cooks, to whom he constantly complained that his rations were insufficient and that he was empty as a eave.

Ah, that was his failing! Old Valdo had an appetite quite comfortable with his lateral dimensions; which is to say, quite too big. How he loved his gruel, his pork and beans, and his small draught of wine-and-brandy which came with breakfast on cold mornings! To see him eat and hear him talk, you would swear that he would sacrifice his birthright, surrender his life, and betray his country, all for a good meal and a jug of brandy. But—you will see.

It happened that cold, wet winter when we were besieging the little fortified town of Berrault. The day passed, rainy and uneventful. Valdo's disappearance was first noticed some two or three hours before sun-down. We were uneasy, but we did not like to own it, and we said, laughing, "He will show up for supper."

But when supper was called by the buglers, Valdo did not show up, and our uneasiness became alarm. Anxiety took away our desire to eat. Every one asked, "What has gone with the fat fool? Where can he be?"

We searched and researched through every nook and corner of the camp; we scoured the environs, going as far as we could without running on the enemy's outposts; but in vain. The next morning, after a night of little sleep for most of us, we organized a careful search; still in vain. No trace of Valdo anywhere. No hint as to the means, manner, or direction of his departure. Seemingly Valdo had vanished.

You would be surprised to know how it changed the face of the regiment. For a while every one was grave, and the atmosphere, especially at eating times, was funereal. This lightened up after a few days, but the old-time geniality of the camp-fire never did return. Some of the men even grew quarrelsome, and growled and complained. Indeed, the siege was tedious, and the camp life was miserable. For two or three weary weeks we kept the town blockaded, and moved our lines closer on the ramparts of the fort whenever the weather would permit intrenching operations. I say two or three weeks. I know it was over two weeks after Valdo disappeared, and I believe to my soul it was a full three, when one bright day we sallied forth, carried the fortifications, and entered Berrault. Mind you, I believe it was three whole weeks.

In the little dungeon of the fort we found one man, pale and famished. No one recognized him. "What!" he exclaimed feebly. "Don't you know Valdo?"

Valdo! We ridiculed him. How could we believe it? All his load of blubber was gone—he was drawn and shriveled; eyes sunken; the redness of his nose faded; skin white and flabby; a look of the grave on his face. Valdo he was, however; but not the fat, hilarious Valdo of old.

Peter, the chief cook, was first to grasp the situation. Without a second thought he hastened to place a feast, such as he could muster up on short notice, before the hungry man. He spread a table profusely, with bread and sausage and wine. At this point the surgeon interfered and told Valdo not to take more than a cup of broth and a swallow of wine, on pain of instant death. For a moment the poor fellow looked as though he wished to blow the doctor's brains out; and then he fell to the broth with a vengeance.

It took us some time to realize how weak Valdo was. The surgeon took him under constant surveillance, and kept us away most of the time in order not to disturb his rest. The whole affair was a mystery to us. But our greatest astonishment came from seeing Valdo rein in his appetite. He ate only what the doctor gave him, betraying no desire for more. Still we could tell that underneath he felt, as he used to say so freely, "empty as a cave." Let me tell you, it was the greatest exercise of will-power I ever saw.

And after the doctor released him as a well man, he continued to eat temperately, and he abstained totally from brandy. He never regained his fat, but remained a man of normal circumference. Unhampered by the load of blubber, he grew strong and active, and soon became a first-rate soldier. The last I heard of him he was in command of a frontier regiment and was winning for himself notable distinction.

* * * * *

I often wondered how Valdo was taken into the enemy's fort and starved, for I could believe none of the various suppositions that were conjured up by the men, each with his own theory. As for Valdo himself, he said not a word of his capture and confinement, except once he remarked that his captors did not give him quite as much food as he might have wished. But one day one of those men, who of course became our prisoners after we took the town, loosened up and told me. And this is the story:

It seems that Valdo found a flask of brandy on the afternoon of his disappearance, and slipped out of the camp to enjoy it. It must have been a goodly flask, for it led Valdo out into perilous proximity to the hostile garrison. Within a musket-shot of the walls of the fort he cast his rotundity down in a rain-pool, in a glorious state of beatitude. Night came and found him lying there, snoring vehemently. The enemy's sentinels, led by the sound of that snoring, also came and found him there, and took him home with them. Here he continued his snoring until late the following afternoon, when he blinked, rubbed his head, and said:

"Peter! O Peter! How long till breakfast?"

At this the guards rolled him off his pallet and conducted him to their general.

"Prisoner," said the general, looking up from his supper, "what is your name?"

"Valdo. I am hungry, Peter."

"What is the number of your forces, Valdo, and how many cannon have you?"

Valdo grunted stupidly and reached for one of the general's hard-boiled eggs.

"Hold, you fool!" the general bellowed. Valdo drew back, astounded. Then he looked about him. Slowly to his muddled faculties came a realization of his situation.

"Answer my questions, and then you may eat. Not till you answer me."

Valdo deliberated profoundly. Then, drawing himself up and making a heroic gesture of disdain, he thundered: "I will tell you nothing!"

"Then you may starve," the general said, and ordered him to be confined in the dungeon, to reconsider his hasty oath on an empty stomach. Each day he was brought before the general and given an opportunity to betray his regiment and to get food. Each time he refused, firmly and heroically. It

must have been a terrible ordeal, for care was taken to summon him only when the general was eating, when there was an appetizing meal spread before his eyes and a sweet savor of hot food rising to his nostrils. But Valdo kept his oath, and subsisted on his own blubber. Certainly, he had a plentiful supply, but who wants to live on an exclusive diet of himself for three long weeks? And at the end of three weeks that supply was about gone, too. But I doubt not a whit that old Valdo would have starved to death, rather than dishonor his regiment and his country.

GLIMPSES OF DIVINITY IN THE POEMS OF
BROWNING

BY FRANCOIS.

Robert Browning has left to the world three pictures of divinity, and they embody human theology in its depth and height. One is the god of a savage, conceived and feared in the hairy breast of Caliban. Another is the god of a man of science, Karshish, the Arab physician. The last is the god of a man of soul, David, the Hebrew minstrel. Superstition, reason, dreams—these three, and they give us the religion of all men and all times, for what can men know of God save what they fear and think and feel concerning Him?

First, we have Caliban, sprawling in mire, soothing the beast in him by kicking his feet in the cool slush. The idyllic surroundings have teased him out of his superstition, so he talks rankly about his god Setebos while the latter's back is turned.

Setebos is a brute whose ungainly strength is animated by blind animal impulse. He is ill at ease in the universe, uncomfortable, unhappy because he can not gratify the longings of his nature. Imagine a man, crossed in love or debarred from social success, turning petulantly to drink or to bullying his inferiors; so Setebos, "hating cannot change his cold, nor cure its ache," occupied himself with the creation of men and things as a narcotic to his divine dissatisfaction. Does he love his creatures?—hate them? No, he is indifferent, whimsical, trifling with curse and blessing to suit his mood.

Thus runs Caliban's theology, a mere product of his own nature. Setebos is like unto himself. For example, Caliban wishes that he were a bird, but, unable to be what he wishes,

he may at least make a bird of clay, giving him wings, comb, sting to do his foes offense. Caliban continues his metaphor:

"I will that he begin to live,
Fly to yon rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din,
In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
And he lay stupid-like—why, I should laugh;
And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,
Beseech me to do good, repair his wrong,
Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,—
Well, as the chance were, this might take or else
Not take my fancy: I might hear his cry,
And give the manikin three sound legs for one,
Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg.
And lessoned he was mine and merely clay.
Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme,
Drinking the mash, with brain become alive,
Making and marring clay at will? So he."

Such a contrary god must be worshiped in a manner pleasing to him. How please him? Caliban concludes that the best way is not to seem too happy, and, above all, not to try "to know his ways, and play him off, sure of the issue." Sometimes fear, sometimes confidence, finds favor! "Never try the same way twice."

Caliban's religion might seem utterly childish were it not for his belief, of which his monologue affords stray glimpses, in another Something higher than Setebos. This higher, unknown god his savage mind conceives as quiet, all powerful, calm with the changeless passivity of fate. It feels "nor joy nor grief, since both derive from weakness in some way: this quiet, all it hath a mind to, doth."

So here we have the creed of Caliban—a belief in an energetic, mighty, tyrannous god who lords it over men as he sees fit, aimlessly controlling every creature, a savage with exalted powers, and over him the calm sang-froid of fate. He is a god to be humored and put up with on account of his fury in the thunder-storm and plague. A coarse religion indeed, but

how many Calibans worship their Setebos today! Translate the savage simplicity of Browning's poem into more orthodox metaphors and you have the practical theology of the average man!

Another, and more learned, though less vigorous, conception of divinity appears in the "Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician." Karshish is of a type which has undergone but slight change from his day to our own, the scientist who views all things in the "dry light" of reason. The physician has come in contact with no less a person than Lazarus of Bethany, and endeavors to explain to his own satisfaction the remarkable medical feat by which the man was raised from the dead.

He accounts for the alleged death by the explanation of epilepsy, and holds that the Nazarene had dispelled the disease in the nick of time by means of some drug or stroko of art. But he is unable to explain the change in the life and character of Lazarus, who now eyes the world like a child, regarding things which the world calls great as dross, while little things assume for him an awful import. His whole perspective has been changed, his mind purged; it is as though heaven had been disclosed to him, and earthly treasures had lost their value.

It is these symptoms which puzzle Karshish, and lead him to exclaim—

"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?"

The futile attempt of the scientist to diagnose the transformation in the soul of Lazarus is typical of the failure of science, in every age, to take into account and explain away the workings of the soul. The baffled scientist has never been better drawn than in Browning's poem. It is when Karshish throws aside his tedious fabric of reason that he catches some

of the significance of the religion of soul, and concludes his epistle with:

"The very God! think, Abib; dost you think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, thro' the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine;
But love I gave thee with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!
The madman saith He said so; it is strange."

So much for superstition and science. It is in "Saul" that we receive Browning's supreme revelation. The poem represents David, the shepherd harpist, playing and singing to King Saul in order to awaken him from a trance and win him back to life.

The utter helplessness of David to restore Saul, and his unselfish longing to do so, awakens in him a conception of the nature of God. He has already known God as the Almighty, the Lord of "the whole round of creation," before whom man is helpless and imperfect. He now perceives that there is one point of contact, and one alone, between man and God—love. He understands that only through this medium can man hope to know his Creator, and worship Him, for man is endowed with love almost divine.

It is not by physical strength nor by power of mind that humanity may rise to cope with the Divine, but by the soul alone—thus Caliban is terrified, Karshish baffled, David exalted. This is the message of Browning.

The magnificent vision of David discovers to him the necessity for the very incarnation of God, the one means by which Divine love may be revealed, human love provoked. His revelation concludes:

"'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and find it! 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!"

MY IDEAL

W. B. SINCLAIR.

I'd search o'er rill and dale and hill,
In quest of my ideal;
Complexion fair, dark eyes and hair,
And a look as true as steel.

All faint and worn one early morn
I spied her, sweet and fair;
Like merc'ry rose my gait and pose;
I walked as though on air.

Each look and word advanced me toward
My love for her supreme;
And then once more I whispered o'er,
"The goddess of my dream."

I wondered then if she had been
To some intruder wed:
Such could not be, but I must see,
So to that point I led.

"A student, dear? May I ask where?"
I had but little fear:
With blush and smile she said ere while,
"I'm married now one year."

SEVEN TO NINE

ROBERT R. MALLARD.

"Hello, Ervin! Where have you started?" said "Newish" Dickson, as he struck up with his classmate, "Newish" Ervin.

"I'm going down street to get the *Evening Herald*, to see what kind of a write-up we got for tomorrow's game," returned the other "Newish," as they strolled down the campus walk.

The most important game of the season was to be played next day. Like all Freshmen these "Newish" were very much wrought-up about the game, even a day before-hand. They dreamed about "field-goals," "drop-kicks," "touchdowns," and "punts." Their only topic of conversation was football, and their heroes were football stars. In this frame of mind the two boys walked toward town.

"Say, Ervin," began Dickson, "did you see this afternoon's practice?"

"No, I didn't get out; I had to 'get off' that bloomin' old Physics Lab., but I heard that Gregory went to pieces at quarter. Since Coach won't let Jack Smith play, I suppose Gregory is the best quarter we have, isn't he?" queried Ervin.

"Yes, that's the way it looks, and if that is so we had just as well get ready to get lieked," returned Dickson, "You know, it's a shame, too, because Hamilton College hasn't beaten us in the last fifteen years."

"I think Coach ought to let Jack play," returned Freshman Ervin. "You know, Jack is kindhearted, and just couldn't stand to see little Tom worked to death, was the only reason he hit Coach," continued Ervin.

"All the boys think that Jack ought to be allowed to play, and if he doesn't play we're going to get beat, in spite of the dickens."

"There goes Jack now!"

"And I'll bet he's started down to old Mike's to get drunk," returned the other.

"He oughtn't to get drunk tonight; let's get him and take him back to his room, for in case Coach does decide to let him go in the game tomorrow he wouldn't be able to play his best."

"It's a pity about Jack. He says he has been ruined here by being excluded, after having played three years of star ball, and he is just trying to see how far he can go," returned the other "Newish." Then they ran off after Jack, like a couple of puppies.

"Wait a minute, Jack!" yelled the "Newish," as they came running down the walk.

"Where've you started, Jack?" they demanded.

"Well," returned Jack, "I don't know that it's any of your business, but if you want to know, I've just started down town."

"Now, come on, Jack; we knew where you are going. You have started to old Mike's, but you can't go tonight, because you've got to play tomorrow," yelled "Newish" Ervin.

"You've got a lot to do with me. You're a couple of fresh 'Newish,' and I think I'll have you blacked for talking like that to me." Then he bumped their heads together and continued, "And if I didn't go down town for a year, Coach would never let me play on a Langford team again."

"But you are going to play tomorrow. All the boys say that you are, and you shan't go down town tonight," returned Diekson, as he expanded his chest, and tried to look as important as possible.

"There's not a chance of that, because Coach told me when he sent me in that he never wanted to see me on that field again."

"Well," began Ervin, "you know he was mad when he said that. You got the better of him in that little scrap, and that was the only way he had of getting even."

With this the "Newish" wheeled Jack around and started back to the dormitory. At first he was unwilling, but then he thought that there might be something in what these young rascals had said, and he consented to be marched back like a prisoner between two guards. Jack had hoped that the Coach would realize the need of his services and send for him, but he had hoped in vain, because Coach was very obstinate, as well as quick-tempered.

"Good night," chimed the "Newish" as Jack turned in at his room.

"You'd better get in your hole," returned Jack, as the Freshmen scurried off up the stairs.

The next afternoon the Freshmen took it upon themselves to see that Jack went out to the game.

"Let's go get Jack," said Ervin, as he came into Dickson's room.

"All right," responded Dickson.

"Have you heard what Coach said about Jack, when about half of the boys went to him last night?" queried Ervin.

"No, I hadn't heard anything about it."

"Yes, we went to him and told him that the only hope we had of winning this game was in Jack as quarter, but he said that he was running the team, and that he had another quarter just about as good as Jack."

The crowd gathered half an hour before the game, and by the time the game started there was not a vacant seat to be found in either the grandstand or the bleachers. The crowd cheered wildly. The college yells came one after another. Then came a cheer for Coach, followed by one for Gregory, and Jack sat back up in the grandstand biting his lips.

Down under the shadow of the eastern goal, Frankford, the Hamilton captain, nodded; Thornton, Langford's captain, in the center of the field, nodded. The referee blew his whistle shrilly. Gregory took ten quick steps and kicked. The biggest game of the season was on.

Twice Hamilton's left-half went through the line for a three-yard gain. Then followed a number of end runs. The game swept up and down the field. The first quarter ended with a score of 7 to 0 in favor of Hamilton. They had outplayed Langford in every point of the game. The two teams went to opposite sides of the field to get water.

"Fellows, we have got to win this game," pleaded Thornton.

"Now, Gregory, if you can't play any better than you did this quarter, you'd just as well not go back in," added the Coach.

"You all act like you had never been in a game before," said Thornton. "Talk it up, and get a little pep in it, and we will score next quarter."

The team went back to its place determined to score immediately, but the next quarter ended without either team scoring again. Gregory fumbled again and again, which meant heavy losses. He was successful in getting off a couple of long forward passes, which barely kept Hamilton from scoring again. However, the defensive showed up better for Langford than the offensive did. The two teams went to opposite ends of the field between halves.

The players stretched themselves on the ground, and the Coach took his seat in the midst of them. He was mad because Langford was getting whipped, and his conscience hurt him because he knew that it was his fault. He realized that Jack should have been playing quarter, but he was too obstinate to confess his mistake and let Jack go back in. Then he began to take his wrath out on Gregory.

"Gregory, you have got to play ball if we win this game, and remember, if you fumble that ball again you will have to come out, if we have to forfeit the game on your account."

Gregory was getting mad. He was doing his best, and he did not like the way the coach talked to him. However, he went back determined to play better.

The teams ran onto the field again. The crowd cheered pluckily, although it looked as if defeat was certain for Langford. Jack sat in the stand with Dickson and Ervin, every nerve tense. How he wished that he could get in the game and redeem himself, but that was impossible. He did not even have on a football uniform. Then Langford succeeded in completing a number of forward passes, and in this was scored a touchdown, but Thornton failed to kick goal. The crowd went wild, hats were flung aloft, the cheering seemed as if it would never cease. Hope of victory returned, although the score was 7 to 6 in Hamilton's favor. Then the third quarter ended, and the teams went to the sides of the field for water.

The coach's spirits were higher, but he felt that he had to urge Gregory to make him keep on playing as he had during the third quarter.

"You're doing some better, Gregory," said the Coach, "but just remember that I mean what I said about taking you out the very next time you fumble."

Here the coach was letting enthusiasm and temper run away with good judgment, but he realized it a little too late. Just as Gregory went back for the fourth quarter he gave Coach a look that showed that he was also getting desperate.

Enthusiasm ran high when the teams went to their respective places for the fourth quarter. Langford received the ball, and tried several line plunges, which resulted in a gain of only about three yards. The ball went to Hamilton, but the Langford's defensive work held them for downs. Gregory saw that the only way he could gain was by forward passes. He tried several, but Hamilton was expecting them now, and consequently succeeded in breaking them up. Both teams were playing good ball now, but it looked as if neither would score again.

"Why doesn't Gregory drop-kick when he gets on the

twenty-yard line?" asked Frank Jones, the president of the Athletic Association.

"He can't drop-kick," was the reply. "He couldn't kick a field goal if he had to."

"Well, where is Jack today?" asked Frank. "He can kick one."

"I reckon he can," returned the other, "and he is back up there with those two 'Newish'."

"Let's get him down and make him suit up," said Frank.

Frank took one of the scrub men around behind the grandstand and made him swap suits with Jack.

"Now," began Frank, "when the timekeeper calls two minutes to play, if we haven't scored again, you go in and report to the referee for quarter. Don't say a word to Coach."

"But that's impossible," said Jack. "You know he won't let me go in."

"But you are going in anyway, so do as I have told you."

"Two minutes to play!" yelled the timekeeper.

Then Gregory fumbled. He threw down his headgear and walked off of the field. He was mad, and he knew that he was the only quarter, and now was his chance to get even with the coach for threatening. He came on out, expecting to be asked to go back, but just then Jack tore through the crowd and ran onto the field.

"Quarter for Langford," he yelled.

The sight of Jack Smith on the field gave the team new life, but Hamilton seemed the match for them, notwithstanding this fact. Langford had the ball on the forty-five yard line. Jack called an end run, but it resulted in a gain of only about a yard. He then called for a line buck and succeeded in carrying the ball about a yard forward. A forward pass was then tried, but it was intercepted. He gave the signal for a drop-kick formation, because the time-keeper had just yelled "Thirty seconds to play." He received the ball

and stepped back a yard or two, but who ever heard of even Jack Smith kicking a field-goal from the forty-five yard line, and yet that was what he was attempting to do. He kicked the ball just as he was struck by the Hamilton center. He was hurled to the ground and knocked unconscious.

When he came to about fifteen minutes later the whole school was around him cheering wildly. The coach stood over him, and as he opened his eyes, Coach said, "I want you to come out again tomorrow." Jack had kicked goal and won the day for Langford by a score of nine to seven.

VERS LIBRE

R. S. BRITTON.

Vers Libre, or free verse, is a form of literature of quite recent origin. Much of Walt Whitman's work, in fact his most characteristic work, may be classed as free verso. We may take him, I think, as the first perpetrator of that species of writing in American literature. In this discussion, however, I shall not refer to Whitman at all, since my intention is to discuss free verse as it is known and written in this country at the present time.

At the outset let us ask, What is free verse? The best characterization that has come to my attention is that found in the preface to "Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology," published in 1915 by Houghton Mifflin Company: "Writing whose cadence is more marked, more definite, and closer knit than that of prose, but which is not so violently nor so obviously accented as the so-called 'regular verse'." By "regular verse," I take it, the writer of the preface—whose name is not given—means genuine poetry, or at least genuine metrical verse.

Edgar Lee Masters is the most conspicuous figure, if not the greatest, in the legion of free verse writers who flourish today. He has won this notoriety through that collection of his works which the Macmillan Company inflicted upon the reading public last year, "Spoon River Anthology." Various theories are advanced to account for the "sensation" created by this volume. Some hold that it is due to the originality of the idea and plan. But read Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Children of the Night," published in 1905, and written a decade or more earlier, and you will see the bottom fall out of this originality claim. William Stanley Braitwaite says,

"It is a skillful welding together of the arts of the poet and the novelist." Of that we will speak later. Shaemas O'Sheel says it is a great vision, an epic of life. We wonder what kind of visions O'Sheel has, and what he calls an epic. A local critic says that it is a new form of literary art, arising in response to a demand which comes of the realistic tendency in modern literature—a demand for some exalted literary form, more emotional in cadence and rhythm than prose, which will yet stand the test of extreme realistic expression. Be all these theories as they may, I am strongly persuaded that Willard Huntington Wright has the true explanation of this wide "sensation": "The answer," says he, "lies in the very faults and shortcomings of the book. The Anglo Saxon is a lover of superficial speciousness, of quasi-materialism, of cheap novelty. He also takes a secret delight in boldness of expression and morbid sexual details—the hypocritical Fren-dian reaction to a zymotic puritanism. These things are all summed up and emphasized in the 'Spoon River Anthology'."

It will be well to quote one or two examples from the collection, for those who are unfamiliar with the book. For reasons of delicacy I can not give quite representative selections here, but the two which I choose will serve to give a fair idea of the general nature of the whole. Remember that the "poems" are spoken by the dead, concerning their earthly existence.

ALEXANDER THROCKMORTON.

In youth my wings were strong and tireless,
 But I did not know the mountains.
 In age I knew the mountains,
 But my weary wings could not follow my vision—
 Genius is wisdom and youth.

KNOWLT HOHEIMER.

I was the first fruits of the battle of Missionary Ridge.
 When I felt the bullet enter my heart
 I wished I had stayed at home and gone to jail
 For stealing the hogs of Curl Trenary.
 Instead of running way and joining the army.

Rather a thousand times the county jail
 Than to lie under the marble figure with wings,
 And this granite pedestal
 Bearing the words, "*Pro Patria.*"
 What do they mean, anyway?

Can we call these productions poetry, without debasing our conception of the meaning of the term? Are they poetic?

This question brings us to that subject of endless discussion: What is poetry? The writer has given his opinions on this in a previous paper, and it will suffice for the present to quote the final definition: "Poetry is the artistic expression of æsthetic conceptions, which may be both intellectual and emotional, either real or imaginary; employing the medium of metrical language, which affords freedom of æsthetic thought-expression, and further intensifies this expression by concurrent effects of poetic cadence." The first part of this definition applies to all fine art; the second differentiates poetry from the other fine arts.

Do these Masters "poems" fulfill the first requisite? That is, are they artistic expressions of æsthetic conceptions? It will be fruitless for the writer to venture his opinion, for every man has his own idea of the significance of "artistic" and "æsthetic." The answer hinges on the interpretation of word-meanings, which we always formulate to a nicety, each for his own individual ends. So were I to answer according to my interpretations, I should only stir up dissension with my friends who are admirers of Mr. Masters, which would admit of no agreement whatever.

Therefore I will grant you that they are works of art, and that they fulfill the primary demands of literature. Now then, to the second condition: Do they possess the essential traits of poetry? Are they metrical? Have they a potent element of cadence, of word-music, apart from the element of thought-content? * * * Obviously they do not fulfill these conditions. Whence, they are not poetry.

Well, if these "poems" are not poetry, are they prose? Let us take one of them and write it out as prose, disregarding the line divisions and capitalizations:

HAMILTON GREENE.

I was the only child of Frances Harris of Virginia and Thomas Greene of Kentucky, of valiant and honorable blood both. To them I owe all that I became, judge, member of Congress, leader in the State. From my mother I inherited vivacity, fancy, language; from my father will, judgment, logic. All honor to them for what service I was to the people!

This is rather poor prose, awkward in form, squalid in content. Certainly it is not literary prose, since it lacks vigor, elevation, and emotional emphasis. Perhaps it would pass muster with some modern journals—I mean the prose style of it—but it would find its way to the wastebasket in a first-class editorial office.

What then are these "poems," if they be neither poetry nor prose? This brings us back, either to our local critic's theory that they are a distinctly new literary form, or to Braitwaite's opinion that they are "a welding together of the arts of the poet and the novelist"—that is to say, that they are an amphibious species of literature, both poetical and prosaic. This latter seems to me to be a quite plausible theory, if we may add one amendment: that, partaking the elements of both poetry and prose, they cannot possess the particular force and charm of either in its own realm. You may, or may not, accept this amendment. In either case the following holds true.

Poetry and prose, as the two great divisions of art which, collectively, we call literature, are essentially different in nature, diverse in character; if indeed they are not opposite. We will agree, at least, that they are different, diverse; and leave the fanatics to call them opposite. What comes now, of a blending of these two different, diverse elements? A mon-

grel breed. Lemon and milk are very well, each by itself; blended, they do not pass so favorably.

In conclusion, let us observe the one feature of "Spoon River Anthology," which makes it a book at least worth reading: The insight into human character. Mr. Masters shows a truly remarkable grasp of "human nature," as we call it, and in this work he reveals this nature—openly, nakedly. The portrayal is rather cold, almost too ironical. But that is necessary, perhaps, to the plan. Sympathetic or unsympathetic, the work gives us a vivid picture of the inner thought of man, of the unseen substance of his character.

I do not mean to apply everything I have said of Mr. Masters and of "Spoon River Anthology" to the whole race of free verse-writers and to all their works, much of which is richer in poetic sentiment and in rhythmic cadence than these samples we have considered. But, as I hinted, I choose Mr. Masters as an exponent of *vers libre*, and as a target for my desultory effusions, because he is the most conspicuous figure in that field. I am glad indeed that I can say there is a great deal of this free verse abroad in our press, which is strong in emotional quality and beautiful in genuine poetic sentiment, however it may be in respect to genuine poetic form. And let it be clear that, by poetic form I do not mean old, moss-grown, traditional laws of relative accentuation, and line and stanza arrangement, and rhyme, and such; but I mean the rich word-music which can be created by studied ordering of vocables, in accordance with tested principles of harmonious cadence.

Let me close now by quoting from Bliss Carman one of his beautiful writings, which *vers libre* claims as of her brood. The language is rather colloquial, yet elevated and dignified; the thought is charming; the rhythm—for it has a certain rhythmic flow, even if it wants metrical stress—is effective.

It is greatly to be regretted that a man of Bliss Carman's poetic temperament should lack either the skill or the am-

bition—I know not which the case may be—to turn his beautiful thoughts into an equally beautiful mould of musical language, whose cadence would immeasurably enhance the thought-value, adorn its simple loveliness, and glorify the expression of it. His work, already good, would then be great.

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN.

Heaven is no larger than Connecticut;
No larger than Fairfield County; no, no larger
Than the little valley of the Silvermine
The white sun visits and the wandering showers,
For there is room enough for spring's return.
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,
And time enough for autumn's idle days,
When soul is ripe for immortality.
And when the winter comes with smouldering dusk
To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth
And hang his starry belt upon the night,
One firelit room is large enough for heaven—
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And the eternal welfare of the heart.

LIBRARY LORE

Charles Dickens

Crowned with the fadeless laurel wreath of fame,
High on Time's pinnacle thou hast thy meed;
A nother note of praise thou dost not need.
Rightly to round men's chorus of acclaim.
Like a clear trumpet call thy message came
Eager the cause of misery to plead,
Swift to succor straightway hearts that bleed.

Dickens! dear, familiar household name!
In childhood first we learned to call thee friend,
Claimed thee in youth and loved thy thrilling page,
Kindling o'er scenes where joy and sorrow blend—
E'en as some spring that doth our thirst assuage,
Nor changed, nor stifled by what Time may send,
So shall thy fancy's flow refresh old age.

February has the honor of being Dickens' birth month. What a host of friends come to mind at the mention of his name!—Paul Dombey and Dora, Peggoty and Oliver Twist, Mr. Pickwick, the Cheerybles, Scrooge, and Tiny Tim.

Some have contended that Dickens makes his characters too grotesque to be natural. But one does not have to travel far to realize that every village holds some person eccentric as many of the children of Dickens' fancy. Who has not met Mr. Micawber, or Betsy Trotwood, or the deliciously irrelevant Mrs. Nickleby?

Speaking of birthdays reminds us that the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death comes in April. The New York Public Library, like many other libraries throughout the country, has issued a bibliography on Shakespeare, and has on exhibition rare MSS. concerning the great master.

It seems quite fitting that we commemorate the tercentenary in Wake Forest by seeing the Coburn Players, of New York, in "Hamlet" and "Richard III."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

CAREY HUNTER, JR., Editor

"Old Gold and Black"

With our profoundest bow we recognize the presence of a new creature in Wake Forest—none other than a weekly newspaper. At last we have a convenient vehicle for the narration of local happenings and the expression of local opinions. Every student

should regard the new departure with something more than passive toleration. It remains to be seen whether Wake Forest will support a newspaper or not—as the University of North Carolina, Trinity, and numberless other colleges have been doing for years—and at this critical period those who neglect to subscribe can hardly be called patriotic. The circumstance that the paper was not duly established by the college or the Philomethesian and Euzelian Literary Societies should not be held to its discredit. A privately-owned, non-political, emancipated enterprise should receive all the more encouragement from the student body and citizens of the town.

THE STUDENT fears no usurpation of its comfortably official position in the life of this institution. The literary journal of the two societies is and always will be devoted to a different sort of material from that which will be used by a weekly paper. The two publications have widely different ideals, methods, spheres of action. One of our departments alone may suffer, "In and About College," but that is of no consequence, since the department has never been able to tell the news before it became stale. Even supposing, however, that a private enterprise is able to compete dangerously with THE STUDENT, the result may be the wholesome one of withdrawing editorial positions from college politics and placing the selection of THE STUDENT staff upon the basis of literary ability rather than upon the quality of animal magnetism. It is to be regretted that all college activities can not be abandoned to the shock of competition and shaken out of the lethargy of complacency which usually descends, like a benediction, upon successful candidates after election day.

THE STUDENT extends a cordial welcome to the estimable *Old Gold and Black*. We trust that it will become increasingly popular, that it will become a permanent fixture without becoming permanently stupid.

**Educated
Illiterates**

The Faculty of the College has taken a signal step in remedial legislation in appointing a committee, with Professor R. P. McCutcheon as chairman, to give attention to the use of English by students in all classes. The ruthless abuse of the mother tongue which prevails on the occasion of quizzes, when the simplest rules of grammar are violated and a tangle of formless words, spelled after the easy-going fashion of Chaucerian times, are flung at the professor, is to be dealt with by a system of reprisals. Such an action must appeal to the fair-minded student as just and enlightened. A college education which does not stress the importance of correctness in the language with which we must communicate our sacred and profane thoughts is a process to be ashamed of.

**The Memorial
Issue**

After the last STUDENT had gone to press it was decided to postpone the Memorial Issue of this magazine, to be dedicated to the late Dr. Charles E. Taylor, from February to March. We take this means of correcting the statement made in the January editorials.

A REPLY

In the January number of this magazine appeared a plea for a more substantial recognition of the Glee Club's services, not to the Glee Club alone, but to its individual members.

"Certainly (I use the writer's own words) this organization is doing a great share in the work of advertising and of spreading a creditable reputation for Wake Forest throughout the State." That is indeed true. The writer of the present article has had the good fortune to accompany the Glee Club on three trips, and this organization does, as perhaps no other representation of the college, quicken the spirit of loyalty in the hearts of the older alumni.

But how can the college give a tangible recognition to the Glee Club? Does he mean a rising vote of thanks in Chapel some day? Or can the mention of Athletic "W's" and Debaters' pins convey a casual suggestion to the unappreciative student body?

An athletic "W" is given a man for three months of hard, steady work, with hours and hours spent away from his fellows. A "W" stands for Patience, Perspicacity, and Perspiration. There are a few won, perhaps, without such an heroic effort, as perhaps I may have pictured, by the "Stars," you know, but we receive very few first-hand stars at Wake Forest.

And the gold pins of the societies! What an amount of competition a winner of a Eu.-Phi. emblem has survived! At Wake Forest they all debate, Lord! the greenest freshman can stand forth and deliver a speech on almost any subject you might choose! The wearer of a Debating Pin has certainly taken a Ph.D. in the school of the three P's.

But the Glee Club—at its fall tryouts, how many can read notes? And then in the spring, or the next fall, when those who failed before come to the second test, how many have been really working to better their chances of success in being "taken on" the Club? The average member of the Club is a member of the Glee Club because he has the good fortune of having a good voice and a fairly correct ear. The man who does the real work is the director. For any club that presents a good ensemble to an appreciative audience, and that is the basis of a good glee club, it means not so much the patient, tireless work of those angels in evening clothes as it does the ability and pep of its director.

Now, if the club is a good advertising medium, substantial recognition for that is due its members, perhaps, but that is a matter more for the Trustees or the Bursar rather than the student body.

I think the student body appreciates the fact that they are

represented by the best club in the State. They are always proud of their club, and the writer of this article is certainly indebted to members of the student body for courtesies shown him in their homes.

The Glee Club would not have the Athletic Association break the iron-bound precedent established by hundreds of colleges in America—that of awarding letters for only athletic achievements. And the matter certainly does not come into the societies' jurisdiction.

The Glee Club is a delightful organization to belong to; the fellows are always congenial and sociable; the trips are pleasant—except the four-hour waitovers in the desert wastes—and the restrictions of the athletic team would fare badly with the club on its trips. The Glee Club, too, is granted one boon that seems to me to be the most gracious one of all: its members are absolutely free from political control—the student body can not say you nay. Why not get together and vote yourselves a little pin, or something? L. T. S., JR.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

The spring term opened in "the usual way" on January 4. The enrollment is the largest in the history of the college, being about 500, with the prospect of exceeding this mark. Among these are many "gifties" and old students who, after staying out for a time, are come again to the old college. THE STUDENT welcomes the new men and greets again the prodigals. Let us hope there will be fatted calves for all!

As is customary, the first week was spent in "gasing" about the big times, meeting trains, and discussing the prospects of a good basketball season. And, of course, the fire, which was fortunately checked in time to save the handsome new dormitory. There were big doings that night—jumping from windows, throwing trunks out, and, incidentally fighting the fire, which was confined to the entrance of the left wing. However, the only serious loss was that of a perfectly good doormat and several square feet of flooring. The boys who succeeded in extinguishing the flames deserve credit, for had they not been checked the result would have been disastrous.

Several of the faculty took advantage of the holidays and visited in various places.

Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Poteat, accompanied by Miss Ida Poteat, visited in New York.

Prof. Jas. L. Lake visited his parents in Upperville, Va.

Prof. W. C. Carstarphen went on a short visit to his father's home in Northampton County.

Prof. H. A. Jones spent the holidays in New York.

Prof. R. P. McCutcheon visited at his home in Franklin, Va. "I did nothing more important than go rabbit-hunting," said Professor McCutcheon, speaking of his trip.

Professor Johns attended the session of the American Historical Association in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. T. Crittenden and her sisters, Misses Mary and Agnes Taylor, and Mrs. E. B. Earnshaw, visited at the home of Mrs. W. D. Duke, in Richmond, Va.

Instructor Dotson was married on the 22d of December to Miss Ollio Lewis of St. George, S. C. Instructor and Mrs. Dotson are now at home at Mrs. Wiley Mitchell's, on Faculty Avenue.

Mrs. W. C. Smith is on a visit to her parents in Independence, Kans.

The Cosmos Club, on Friday evening, January 11, was addressed by Dr. Henry C. Mabie, of Boston. The meeting was open to the general public and was largely attended.

The frontispiece of the 1915 Annual of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention is a portrait of the late Dr. C. E. Taylor.

Mr. Ralph Parlette, humorist lecturer of the Lyceum course, gave a lecture entitled, "The University of Hard Knocks," on Saturday evening, January 8. The lecture was largely attended.

Dr. J. M. Carroll, formerly of Texas, now working in the interest of the Judson Centennial Movement, preached at the morning service Sunday, January 9.

Dr. N. Y. Gulley was the speaker at the first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. for the year, 1916. Dr. Gulley's lecturo was greatly enjoyed.

The resignation of Rev. W. N. Johnson was accepted on Sunday, January 16. Professor Lanneau made a short and appropriate speech on the occasion.

On Friday evening, December 31st, the Wake Forest Literary Society was entertained by Mrs. Roy Powell. The

evening was happily spent in merrymaking, and after the New Year arrived the guests left for their homes.

The following members of the Wake Forest Baptist Church have been appointed as a committee on securing a new pastor: Dr. Sikes, Dr. Poteat, Mr. R. E. Royall, Mr. Richard Brewer, Mr. W. M. Dickson, Mrs. W. R. Powell, Miss Ada Lee Timberlake, and Mrs. J. H. Highsmith.

The Sunday School had its regular Christmas entertainment Wednesday evening, December 29. The program of the occasion was that of the "White Christmas." The outstanding features were the story of the first Christmas, as told by Van Dyke, by Professor Timberlake, and the giving of the various classes. The Gideons presented a Bible to the church, while other classes gave money for the Belgian Relief Fund, sent food to poor families in the neighborhood, and contributed to other worthy objects. Every class responded in distinctive style and helped to make this the most successful entertainment had in years.

The following college girls returned to their homes in Wake Forest for the holidays: Misses Elizabeth Royall, Helen Poteat, Louise Holding, Minnie Mills, Minnie Holding, Rosa Holding, and Helen Thompson.

Miss Martha Blakeney was the guest of friends and relatives during the Christmas season.

Misses Callie and Elizabeth Hunter, of Raleigh, and Miss Ethelyn Penny, of Neuse, were the guests of Miss Irma Ray during the holidays.

The services of Miss Irma Ray, as teacher of music, have been secured by the residents of Clements Academy. Miss Ray has a large class.

Parties galore were had in Wake Forest just before the college opened. The returned college girls and boys and the law students "on the hill" partook in a solid week of jollity.

Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd's fifty-page report to the Kahn Foundation has just been issued in handsome style. It deals particularly with his observations on the teaching of English in European institutions.

In the November-December issue of the *Wake Forest Alumnus*, appears a strong editorial by Dr. G. W. Paschal, on the advisability of retaining football at Wake Forest. Dr. Paschal advocates first, means for making it a success, financially; second, the retention of the present system of coaching, with the addition of a system of alumni coaches; and third, the elimination of every vestige of professionalism.

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

Moot Court

Owing to the fact that a good part of the law students are preparing for the Supreme Court examination, which comes February 7, no work is being done in the Moot Court. There are between twenty and thirty men who will go from the Wake Forest Law School for this examination.

A valuable prize is offered by Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the Law School, to the man who shows himself most familiar with legal terms and the contents of law books on the test given previous to the Supreme Court examination. This fact, and the long-dreamed-of license to practice law, are stimulating some thorough work among the prospective lawyers.

We see no reason why a Wake Forest man should not bear away the trophy offered by the Supreme Court for the best grade made on the State examination.

Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association held its first session of the spring term on February 10. The speaker of the occasion was Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the Wake Forest Law School. He gave a good, practical address, dealing with success and failure in life. The characteristic thought running through the speech was not that of making a living, but making a life.

Possibly the most interesting event in Y. M. C. A. realm during the past month was the visit of Dr. John A. Snell, of China, who is now visiting some of the colleges of the South during his vacation.

Dr. Snell was graduated from the Medical School of Vanderbilt University and for the past six years has been doing medical mission work in China. By means of personal interviews, an address before the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, February 15, and a talk in the auditorium before the student body on Monday, Dr. Snell brought a live message to practically every Wake Forest man.

Societies

As this issue of THE STUDENT goes to press nothing has been done in the Literary Societies since the holidays, except to arrange for some systematic work during the spring term.

The Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies will hold the eighty-first annual celebration of Wake Forest College on Friday, February 11.

The query to be discussed in the afternoon is:

Resolved. That the power of the Federal Government should be made paramount to that of the States in the conservation of forest and mineral resources.

Messrs. I. L. Bennett, Phi., and D. C. Hughes, Eu., will argue the affirmative, while Messrs. W. S. Burleson, Eu., and P. S. Daniel, Phi., will defend the negative. In the evening Messrs. K. M. Yates, Phi., and E. B. Cox, Eu., will deliver orations. Following the orations the annual reception will be given in the Society halls.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of College work at present is the preparation for the preliminary debate which is to be held on February 18, to select two debating teams for the Wake Forest-Richmond debate; the date of which is not yet arranged. One of these teams will defend the negative at Richmond, and the other will argue the affirmative at home. The query for this debate is:

Resolved. That the United States should subsidize its Merchant Marine engaged in foreign trade.

There are about twenty able speakers in this contest. The way our men show their loyalty on these occasions in rallying to the Old Gold and Black convinces us not only that Wake Forest is still one of the leading power-houses of the South in the field of oratory and debate, but it also encourages us to believe that our men will, as formerly, win their laurels in the Richmond debates and cast them at the feet of our Alma Mater.

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor

Basketball Season Now Well Under Way

The basketball season is well under way at Wake Forest, the team having five games scheduled for January, with the bulk of games coming in February. The first game of the season, with one of the strongest Y. M. C. A. quints in the State—Durham, resulted in a win, and the team as soon in action is declared by all to be one of the fastest and best balanced quints Coach Crozier has ever turned out.

Previous to the Christmas holidays proper the team toured the State for seven days, playing six Y. M. C. A. teams. The first game with Durham Y. M. C. A. was lost, the next four won, and the final game at Asheville was dropped. This accounts for the excellent form displayed, the men all showing up in mid-season form in the opening game against the Durham "Y."

Visions of State Championship

Wake Forest entertains visions of the State title this year. Carolina and Wako Forest have played their only scheduled game—and Wake Forest won. Carolina easily defeated Elon, and now Trinity and A. & M. only stand in the way.

WAKE FOREST VICTOR IN OPENING GAME.

Wako Forest atoned for the defeat handed her by the Durham Y. M. C. A. December 17, in Durham, by defeating the visiting five in the first game of the season on the homo floor by a 56 to 27 score. The game was cleanly contested and the passing of both quints was excellent.

Holding and Hall, coupled with Hugh Beam, constituted the offensive stars. Holding caged ten goals, Hall eight, while Guard Beam, coming down repeatedly, caged six goals. Holcombe and Carrington led the Durham quint in scoring, the former securing five field goals and the latter three.

The line-up:

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Durham "Y"</i>
	Right Forward	
Holding (captain).....		Clay
	Left Forward	
Hall		Holcombe
	Center	
Franks		Reed
	Right Guard	
Beam		Mangum
	Left Guard	
Robley		Carrington

SUMMARY—Field goals: Holding, 10; Hall, 8; Beam, 2; Franks, 2; Robley, 1; Holcombe, 5; Carrington, 3; Clay, 2; Reed, 1. Foul goals: Holding, 2 out of 8; Hall, 0 out of 1; Holcombe, 5 out of 8. Referee, Sharpe (A. and M.) Umpire, Martin (Trinity).

CROZIER'S QUINT DEFEATS CAROLINA.

In a brilliant and fiercely contested game, both quints showing up strong in defensive tactics, Wake Forest took the only scheduled game of the season from the University of North Carolina in Raleigh, January 15, by a 27 to 22 score. The Baptists had easy sailing the first half, the score ending in their favor, 15 to 6; they seemingly became over-confident the last half, allowing Carolina 16 points to their 12, and shot at the goal at random, often from the middle of the court. Had Carolina shown a little more team-work the last half the score would probably have read different. Wake Forest played a great game the first half, and they have one of the best bal-

anced and speediest quints that Coach Crozier has ever turned out.

Beam displayed surprising form at right guard the first half, allowing his forward, Long, only one field goal while he went down the floor and registered 8 of the Baptist's 16 points. Franks played the renowned Tandy to a standstill, holding him scoreless the entire game. Hall's work in the last half kept Wake Forest in the lead, the aggressive forward shooting four field goals, one from the center of the floor.

"Meb" Long bore the brunt of the offensive work for Carolina, shooting 6 foul goals and 4 field goals. He made the prettiest shot of the game when he caged the ball with a one-hand throw from near the center of the floor. Andrews, however, was equally as good on the defense. He allowed Holding, one of the strongest forwards in the State, only 2 goals the first half and held him scoreless the latter half.

It took five minutes for either team to score, Carolina drawing first blood. Beam soon tied the score with a pretty shot from the edge of the court. The fleet-footed guard came down the floor three times to cage the ball and this, coupled with Holding's two field goals and three foul goals, totalled 15 points for the Baptists. Carolina only secured three goals this half, the Wake Forest quint seeming to be satisfied with their lead, were all playing defensive ball.

Carolina outplayed Wake Forest the last half by scoring 16 points to their 12. Wake Forest rallied whenever Carolina drew near the goal and succeeded in keeping them from caging the ball.

This contest was the only game of the season scheduled between the two quints, Carolina refusing to play in Wake Forest and Wake Forest, in turn, declining to play the second game in Chapel Hill without having a third game on their home floor.

The line-up:

<i>Wake Forest</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Carolina</i>
	Right Forward	
Hall		*Johnston
	Left Forward	
*Holding		Long
	Center	
Franks		Tandy
	Right Guard	
Beam		Andrews
	Left Guard	
Robley		Tennant

*Captain.

SUMMARY—Field goals: Hall, 4; Beam, 4; Holding, 2; Franks, 1; Long, 4; Johnston, 3; Andrews, 1. Foul goals: Holding, 5 out of 9 chances; Long, 6 out of 9 chances. Fouls committed (personal): Tennant, 3; Tandy, 2; Long, 1; Robley, 1; Hall, 1; Beam, 1. Referee, Stockard (Greensboro Y. M. C. A.). Umpire, Sharpe (A. and M.).

TURKEY DAY GAME AT WASHINGTON, D. C. ?

Wake Forest and Davidson will not meet on the gridiron next fall. The announcement comes out from Davidson to the effect that they have signed a six-year contract with Clemson for the annual Thanksgiving game in Charlotte.

Where will Wake Forest play on the day of days in the football world, and who will be her opponent? If the game is played in North Carolina, Raleigh or Greensboro will get it, but negotiations are now pending with Catholic University of Washington, D. C. If this game is arranged it will be staged in Washington, D. C.

Manager Carlyle is in communication with several other elevens which may be played in Raleigh or Greensboro, but he cannot say at the present who will be played, if the game with Catholic University falls through.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

The alumni living in Albemarle are organizing. A large number met in the law office of Hon. R. L. Brown, on the night of December 16, and elected officers with the following results: President, Hon. O. J. Sikes; vice-president, Hon. R. L. Brown; secretary and treasurer, P. B. Coggin. The Association also appointed several important committees at the meeting. THE STUDENT is glad to note the loyalty of the Stanly County men to their *alma mater*, and predicts much good to come from the organization.

'15. Claude C. Cashwell, last year's energetic business manager of THE STUDENT, is now practicing law in Wilmington. He is associated with Mr. J. W. Little, and is meeting with success. He is also doing some journalistic work.

'02. Mr. E. D. Pearce is advertising manager for Jacobs & Co., publishers of religious magazines and periodicals. He has his headquarters in Chicago, Ill., room 1548, Tribune building.

'85. Rev. J. A. Beam is superintendent of public schools in Person County, and is doing splendid work. He is also pastor of three country churches.

'89-90. Mr. R. E. Rivers is president of the Bank of Chesterfield, Chesterfield, S. C.

'93. Dr. Rufus W. Weaver is pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn. He has done great work for his church during the ten years he has served it. Ten years ago the church was raising \$2,600 a year; January 3 of this year he reported a subscription of \$20,600, with a sub-

scription of \$2,500 that he was able to count upon. This money will pay off their church debt of \$15,000, finish a hospital they are building in China, and increase offering in other directions. Dr. Weaver is teaching in Vanderbilt University, too, giving a course for men desiring advanced work. His course deals with the psychology of religion. His book, "The Religious Development of the Child," has gone into its second edition. Commenting upon his book, the *Biblical World* says: "A product of careful study and large practical experience, the volume deserves a wide circulation among educators and pastors who are actively concerned with the readjustment of the church to modern conditions."

'85. Prof. E. F. Eddins is superintendent at Palmerville.

'13. Mr. L. D. Knott is practicing law at Wilson, and is also in the real estate business.

'92. Mr. E. F. Barnes is cashier of the Savings Bank at Wilson.

'15. Mr. L. S. Brassfield has a successful law practice at Wilson.

'15. John P. Mull is teaching at Spring Hope and is superintendent of the Spring Hope graded schools.

'10. Mr. A. B. Combs is located at Bryson City. He is principal of the Bryson City graded school.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

There often arise discussions as to the weight of the material of college magazines. Some editors think that they should contain mostly surface matter, while others would delve the underground nuggets for their pages. They each have argument for their contention. The most of us get about as much "heavy" material in the classroom as we can take care of; so when we pick up our college magazine we want something witty, humorous, and entertaining. On the other hand it is the function of the college magazine to instruct students in the art of writing, and they ought to learn to deal with serious as well as light subjects. Furthermore, the class of readers who appreciate "heavy" material is large enough to be given consideration. From these facts it appears to be better to follow the golden mean and give all your readers something which they can appreciate.

The *State Normal Magazine* does not publish as much material in proportion to the source which it has to draw upon as most colleges, and consequently what is published is of a higher quality. The sketches, which represent one of the best features of the magazine, give vivid little pictures of life. The poems are neither overburdened with thought nor with care in working out the meter, if we except "The King." The last rhyme of "Peace on Earth" is not well made, while the next to the last line is a mere assertion. The stories fail to arouse the true Christmas spirit because nobody sacrificed to make any gifts. This criticism could not be made of "Christmas in Four Ages" and the one editorial which comes nearer revealing the heart of Christmas than anything else in the issue.

The *University of North Carolina Magazine* for December is fully up to the standard. The poem, "Love's Realization," which has Poe's versification, breathes also of his imaginative creation. One likes to read this poem a second time for the scenes and feeling it presents, and for its tribute to undying love. Another poem, "The World is Mine," gives a simple expression of a truth universal—love enriches life. The stories of this issue are a better collection than is usually found in one magazine. "Fritz Holloweg" holds interest all the way through and has a surprise waiting at the end. "The Weaker Way" is superior to most detective stories found in college magazines. The essays bear out the fact that all "heavy" material is not an abomination. The humor of "Letters of a Freshman—No. 2," in part makes up for the absence of your Joke Department, but what do you have to take the place of your other departments?

The *Philomathean Monthly* has almost let its departments absorb it. Again we have to call for the golden mean and moderation. Two stories and one short poem are not sufficient to balance with eight departments. However, they are creditable to your monthly. If "Uncle Jack" had only been someone else's uncle, "The Third Card" would be an excellent story. Its plot and romanticism are fine.

To the *Carolinian*, which is making its debut in the realm of journalism, we wish to extend a cordial welcome and congratulation. Its brief but compact essays and catchy stories promise something better ahead. "Rose's Happiness" is a pleasing story which has an undercurrent—not a moral. This undercurrent arouses the true Christmas spirit in that the heroine by giving up her own happiness was made superbly happy.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Agent (taking Meek's measure for a suit)—"Do you want one hip-pocket, or two?"

Meek—"Two, I guess."

Agent Gladney—"They'll have to be put one above the other; there's not room for 'em side by side."

✻

Dr. Gulley—"Mr. James, what is a holograph will?"

James (impressively)—"Why, that's one written in the handwriting of the man that wrote it."

✻

Newish Tolar—"I always go to Caleb's barber shop; he gets more practice than any barber in town."

✻

Newish McLeod is seeking a scanned jack to Livy's Histories.

✻

Dr. Barnes relates how, in sending his photograph to a certain young lady, he absentmindedly included his professional card.

✻

Allen Riddick—"Dr. Poteat, how can I tell a poisonous from an edible mushroom?"

Dr. Poteat—"You might try eating one."

✻

EXCHANGE OF CIVILITIES BETWEEN OUR VILLAGE WAGS.

"Mig" Billings—"How did you like the show last night, Eric?"

Eric Bell (punning on "Sari")—"Oh, well, it was sorry."

"Mig"—"You didn't pronounce 'Sharee' right, my boy. Don't you know the Hungarian language?"

Eric—"I board at Mrs. McKinnin's, so I don't know the Hungary language."

✻

Dr. Poteat (on Biology)—"Mr. Greene, what is the kenous artery?"

Giftle Greene—"I don't know, Doctor; I'm not very well up on mythology."

Mr. W. B. Sinclair, the lady's-man of the college, on his return trip after the Christmas holidays flirted with a Normal girl, from whom he a few days later received a postal. In answering, he said: "On account of the bigness of my heart I feel that my *official stationery* alone will do me justice in this communication."



THE CHARGE OF THE SKIRT.

Half an inch, half an inch,
 Half an inch shorter—
 Whether the skirts are for
 Mother or daughter
 Briefer the dresses grow,
 Fuller the ripples now,
 While whisking glimpses show
 More than they oughter.

Forward the dress parade,
 Is there a man dismayed?
 No! from the sight displayed
 None could be sundered;
 Theirs not to make remark,
 Clergyman, clubman, clerk,
 Gaping from noon till dark
 At the Four Hundred.

Short skirts to right of them—
 Shorter to left of them,
 Shortest in front of them,
 Flaunted and flirted—
 In hose of stripe and plaid,
 Hued most exceeding glad,
 Sporting in spats run mad,
 Come the short-skirted.

Flashed all their ankles there,
 Flashed as they turned in air—
 What will not women dare?
 (Though the exhibits show
 Some of them blundered)—
 All sorts of pegs,
 Broomsticks, piano-legs;
 Here and there fairy shapes;
 Just built to walk on eggs,
 Come by the hundred.

When can their glory fade;
 Oh, the wild show they made!
 All the world wondered;
 Grand dame and damoiselle,
 Shop girl and Bowery belle—
 The four hundred;
 H'm—oh, well,
 Same old four hundred.



"Purp" Blanchard, inspecting "Happy" Swepson Saunders's (of Florence, S. C.) new selection of January (1916) records—"Why did you select this Wrow, Wrow, Wrow piece?"

"In January, 1816, 'Purp,' the record was called 'Row, Row, Row.'"



Wanted to know: How George Moore is progressing under Knock-um Trock-um's tutelage, and if he is able to sing Rock of Ages.



Wanted to know: Where "Mig" Billings's \$4.80 ham came from.



MISS ANNIE(versary).

Miss Annie comes 'round once a year
 As sure as years go by;
 But when she leaves the College grieves
 And "sits down" with a sigh.

Each boy gets up his biggest speech,
 We get the best string band,
 Send out "invites" and get dress suits,
 To greet Miss Annie's hand.

The friends come in from far and near
 To meet "old pals" of yore,
 And many Annies come along
 Who've never been before.

Then Friday night—in hall or sleet—
 To College she must go;
 And when she comes she's apt to bring
 A full supply of snow.

But matters not, the lights are "lit,"
And to the hall we go,
And hear such men—'twould put to shame
Time-honored Cicero!

And then "informally" we drudge
To our once secret walls,
And promenade, "receive," and talk
Till midnight shadow falls.

There's Annie Bell and Annie Jane
And Angelina Flynn,
And some with Anna—suffixes
To name would be a sin!

Anna Liz and Annie Lou
And Anna Estelle May,
And Anna Ad. too thinly clad
For such a frigid day.

There's Annie Fowler, Mollie Ann,
And Marguerite Ann, so dear;
In naming all these Anna Anns
Would tire you some, I fear.

'Tis sweet, Miss Annie, when you're here,
But grievings since you left,
For oh, the moneys, words, and hearts
Miss Annie has bereft!

Such is the Anniversary
Of our Society;
But were it not for Anns that come
What would this "Stag meet" be?

The only hope "Miss Annie's" left,
Who sends our notes to Ann,
And future plans a year from hence,
To get one if we can!

—G. W. LASSITER.



CHARLES ELISHA TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.

Born October 28, 1842.

Died November 5, 1915.

Professor in Wake Forest College 1870-1915.

President of Wake Forest College 1885-1905.

CHARLES ELISHA TAYLOR

MEMORIAL ISSUE

OF THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

MARCH, 1916

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	371
SONNET TO C. E. T.....(BENJAMIN SLEDD)	372
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH..... <i>Dr. G. W. Paschal</i>	373

WORKS OF DR. TAYLOR.

THE SOLDIER:	
War Letters	383
THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR AND PRESIDENT:	
Baccalaureate Addresses	404
Immortality in the Light of Modern Science (Essay)....	421
THE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL:	
Christian Manhood (Sermon).....	436
The Excellent Spirit of Daniel (Sermon).....	448
Ordination Sermon	462
ADDRESSES AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS:	
A Queen in Dixie (Address).....	470
Gilbert Stone, the Millionaire (Poem).....	483
The Advantages of Being Deaf (Essay).....	493
Suggestions as to Reading.....	497
Editorials Written for the <i>Biblical Recorder</i>	501

REMINISCENCES AND TRIBUTES TO DR. TAYLOR.....	495

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No. 6

FOREWORD

In editing a magazine dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. Charles E. Taylor our only embarrassment has been an embarrassment of riches. The abundance of material in our hands has quite exceeded the meagre capacity of THE STUDENT, and the problem of choice has been difficult.

We have chosen to employ most of the space at our disposal with the work of Dr. Taylor, himself, rather than with the writings of others about him. Endeavoring to present his many-sided character, we have included letters written during his period of service in the war, a paper prepared in his capacity of Professor of Moral Philosophy, baccalaureate addresses delivered as college president, speeches given in a public capacity before various audiences, and, finally, sermons preached in his character of minister of the gospel. One of

his poems, selections from his editorials, and a light essay full of his quaint humor complete the collection. Writings of such widely differing import should indicate something of the breadth and versatility of the man.

We have also included some of the numerous tributes paid to Dr. Taylor by those who knew him—members of our faculty, public men, and alumni of this college who had derived inspiration from him. We wish to thank these gentlemen here for their coöperation with us.

Much to our regret, we have been able to secure only a few of Dr. Taylor's baccalaureate addresses. In spite of this loss we hope that the material herein collected will be sufficient to fulfill its purpose—to represent to the public the genius and the character of Dr. Charles E. Taylor, and serve as a slight memorial to him.

THE EDITORS.

TO C. E. T.

BENJAMIN SLEDD.

No heedful eye can pass him lightly by,
 Whose face is as the face of one we knew
 Long, long ago—some friend, beloved and true.
 How soft the light of his clear, humid eye,
 As if its earliest look on cloud and sky
 Had caught the light and shade of Heaven's own blue;
 His shoulders bowed, while yet his years are few,
 Show more than one life's cares upon them lie.
 Oh, hear him read the Master's Holy Word;
 Then strange, sweet feelings all my being thrill,
 As if the Master's blessed voice I heard;
 And when he prays there falls a holy still—
 God's messengers, I know, are waiting there
 To bear, before His throne, the sure, true prayer.

[Reprinted from the STUDENT of December, 1888.]

Charles Elisha Taylor

BY G. W. PASCHAL.

[Reprint from the JANUARY ALUMNI BULLETIN of the University of Virginia]

Charles Elisha Taylor, B.Litt. the University of Virginia, 1870, was born at Richmond, Virginia, on October 28, 1842. He died at his home in Wake Forest, North Carolina, on November 5, 1915, at the age of seventy-three, after an illness of less than two days. The cause of his death was paralysis of the heart. He had been a teacher in Wake Forest College from October, 1870, until his death, and had been its president for 21 years of that time, from 1884 to 1905. He was a most important factor in the development of that institution to its present rank of one among the foremost Baptist colleges of the country.

Dr. Taylor—in this sketch we shall call him Dr. Taylor, as he was known among his friends, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Richmond College in 1884, the degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of North Carolina in 1889, and the degree of Doctor of Laws by Mercer University in 1898—Dr. Taylor was fortunate in his parentage. His father, Rev. James Barnett Taylor, D.D., was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1804. When a child his parents brought him to America. At twenty years of age he had entered the ministry as a Baptist preacher, and for twenty-seven years before his death in 1871 was Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Taylor's mother, Mary Williams Taylor, came of a distinguished New England family. Her grandfather was Dr. Elisha Williams, President of Yale College from 1725 to 1739. Her father served in the Continental army as an aid to General Washington. In this home were born three sons, Dr. George B. Taylor, missionary of

the Southern Baptists to Italy; Rev. James B. Taylor, a prominent Baptist minister of Virginia, and Charles Elisha Taylor, the subject of this sketch.

In his boyhood, the education of young Taylor was carefully looked after. A most important element in it was the culture of his home and parents. His father was a man of wide scholarship and literary taste and took a keen interest in the scientific, philosophic, religious, and political development of his day. As secretary of a foreign mission board he gained a cosmopolitan outlook rarely found at that time. These large and extended interests of the father had no small influence in forming the character of the son. As a boy he heard his father and the scholarly visitors at his home discuss the wonderful developments of the middle nineteenth century in the realms of science, religion, and philosophy, and from these discussions he imbibed an interest that followed him through life.

His education was interrupted by the War. In 1858 he had entered the freshman class of Richmond College. In April, 1861, on the day Virginia seceded from the Union, he left the college and volunteered his services to his state. He was with Lee in the West Virginia campaign, and then with Jackson until the battle of Kernstown, in which he received a severe wound. In 1863 he became a member of the Signal and Secret Service Corps under the command of General J. E. B. Stuart. In this branch of the service he attained the rank of adjutant and remained until the end of the War.

Soon after the War Dr. Taylor took up his interrupted education, entering the University of Virginia. As has been said, he was graduated from this institution in 1870. Respecting his studies at the University it is well to note their solid scholastic quality. They extended far into the fields of Mathematics, Philosophy, and the Latin and Greek languages and literatures, and were not limited by a definite curriculum. Becoming interested in Plato, a group of students, of

which the young Taylor was one, read through in the original Greek the 2,500 pages of the Dialogues. After his graduation he complemented his education by several months' travel in Europe.

With this endowment of native talent, culture, and training, on August 12, 1870, at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, "Charles E. Taylor, of Virginia," was elected "Assistant Professor of Language, it being left to his option to enter upon his duties at the beginning of the first or second term of the session." He entered upon his duties at the beginning of the first term. In the catalogues from 1870 to 1882 the entry under his name is "Professor of Latin;" from 1883 to 1885, "Professor of Latin and Moral Philosophy;" and from 1885 to 1915, "Professor of Moral Philosophy," it being evident that he began to teach in Moral Philosophy before he resigned the chair of Latin.

It was as a teacher of Latin that Dr. Taylor first gained recognition as a teacher of extraordinary ability. Among his students the first year were many men who in one way or another have become widely known. Of these we may mention A. C. Dixon, J. T. Bland, D. A. Covington, C. H. Martin, J. E. Ray, E. W. Timberlake, W. C. Brewer, H. Trantham, and R. T. Vann. Many of these men would give you an anecdote to illustrate their teacher's insistence upon grammatical accuracy in translation. Owing to one feature of this insistence the students dubbed him with the nickname, "Old Aorist," which fell into disuse as he turned to other duties than teaching Latin. Along with the emphasis on syntax went the teacher's enlightening and stimulating interpretation of Latin literature. It is not too much to say that as a master of Latin idiom and as a teacher of the language Dr. Taylor had few equals. As long as he lived he retained his interest in Latin, and in person taught it to his children and grandchildren. When opportunity offered he would scan with

the keenest interest the Latin exercise of a college student. Often he would write short letters to friends in that language, and always idiom and syntax were in true Ciceronian style.

In the catalogue of 1885 Dr. Taylor is first listed as Professor of Moral Philosophy. This he continued to teach with short intermissions, when engaged in raising funds for the College, as long as he lived, and in this he did his greatest work as teacher. In Philosophy Dr. Taylor was a conservative of the most pronounced type, generally following Sir William Hamilton. To Dr. Taylor there was nothing true in metaphysics, ethics or logic that did not include the personal directing agency of God. To fix this belief ineradicably in the soul of every student was the purpose that gave zeal to his teaching. For his text-books in later years he used in class the Psychology and Ethics of Noah K. Davis, both because of their conservative view and because in these texts psychological and ethical phenomena are systematically treated, and the terminology currently used in philosophical discussions is explained. But Dr. Taylor did not hesitate to investigate and discuss in class the most recent results of modern scientific study of the nature of the mind. In fact the first six weeks of the study of Psychology in his classes were devoted to physiology of the brain and nervous system, and he ever taught his students to investigate without fear any theory put forth and always to welcome the truth. With the opening of the present session he had placed in the College library the latest and most authoritative books on psychology and philosophy for use on reference by his classes.

It would be hard to give an adequate estimate of the value of Dr. Taylor's influence with the students of his classes. What a privilege it was to sit at his feet! He was a great soul and in a wonderful way had the power of calling out what was best in his students. Before him they learned that they had a right to think; they learned the true dignity of manhood; they felt they were gentlemen, or at least it was their

privilege to be gentlemen. They learned self-respect, but they learned reverence too. This is the reflection of a student of a quarter of a century ago.

We now turn to consider Dr. Taylor's work as a college builder. This may be considered under two aspects: (1) The development of the College curriculum, and (2) of the equipment and endowment. In all he had two purposes in view, first to make Wake Forest a good college, and second to make it serve the Baptists of the state.

The very first catalogue after Dr. Taylor's coming to the College, that of 1870-71, gives evidence of his presence. The system of schools was adopted. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was no longer offered, its place being taken by the degree of Master of Arts.

It was Dr. Taylor who introduced the elective system at Wake Forest. In this he was following the lead of President Eliot, of Harvard University, whose work Dr. Taylor greatly admired. It was in the catalogue of 1887-88 that this elective system was first introduced. In this catalogue only two degrees are offered, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, but for the Bachelor's degree there are six options, one of them including no Greek, but French and German instead. Modifications have since been made, but the elective system thus introduced is still maintained.

The endowment of the College was a subject in which Dr. Taylor early became interested. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees at Shelby, in November, 1875, he had been asked to act as an agent of the College "to secure an increase of patronage," and later the Executive Committee met in Raleigh and requested Dr. Taylor to act in connection with Rev. J. S. Purefoy, "both of them to solicit funds for Endowment." At the meeting in June, 1876, the Board requested that "Professor Taylor continue in the work of Endowment." During this year Dr. Taylor raised \$10,000. After this the work lapsed. But the interest of Dr. Taylor did not lapse. A minute of the

Record of the Faculty of the date, November 8, 1880, shows that he was appointed a member of a committee "to memorialize the Board of Trustees to prosecute the work of Endowment." At a meeting of the Board in Goldsboro on the same day, we find that "Prof. C. E. Taylor was also present and gave his views about the work of Endowment." An unsuccessful effort was made to get Rev. R. H. Griffith to undertake the work. At a later meeting it "was submitted to Dr. T. H. Pritchard and Prof. C. E. Taylor." However, Dr. Pritchard tells us, in his report the next June, that because of delicate health Dr. Taylor had been prevented from doing any of the work. It was in November, 1882, that the Board of Trustees in a meeting at Warrenton resolved, "That the Endowment of the College be submitted to Prof. C. E. Taylor, and that we pledge our personal efforts to aid him in furtherance thereof." In a year's time the endowment had reached \$100,000. In the course of his work for endowment Dr. Taylor had succeeded in securing a contribution of \$10,000 from Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York. In 1885 Mr. Bostwick made a further gift of \$12,000, "the Bostwick Loan Fund," which later was turned into the endowment. In 1886 Mr. Bostwick made still another gift of \$50,000, and a further gift of \$13,000 in 1891. All these donations were secured through Dr. Taylor. It is the funds thus raised that wisely invested constitute more than two-thirds of the present endowment of the College, amounting to half a million dollars. So much in this way does Wake Forest owe to Dr. Taylor.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees in Raleigh on November 11, 1884, Dr. Taylor was elected president of Wake Forest College to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. T. H. Pritchard. Among the many qualifications that indicated him as the fit man for the position were his broad and thorough scholarship, his correct appreciation of educational values as shown in his improvement of the College curriculum, his success as a teacher, the esteem of his colleagues in the

Faculty of the College, the regard and respect with which he inspired the students, his sympathetic interest in young men, his rare wisdom, his saving grace of humor, his unpretentious piety, his acquaintance with the Baptist people of North Carolina and his great influence with their leaders, and especially his success in raising funds—a work continued after he became president—and his comprehensive plans for the future of the College.

As president he set about adding to the teaching force of the College. In 1886 three additional professors were elected; in 1887 the Lea Chemical Laboratory was completed, and thus a well equipped department of Chemistry was instituted in the College; in 1888 was added a professor of Modern Languages and in 1891 the Department of Mathematics was further strengthened; and in 1894 Dr. Taylor secured the organization of the School of Law; the chair of the Bible was added in 1896; that of History and Political Science in 1898; that of Physics in 1899, those of Education and Physical Culture in 1900, and the School of Medicine in 1902. Under the administration of Dr. Taylor the teaching force increased from six professors of college grade to seventeen, the numbers of students from 161 to 328.

The equipment was also greatly increased. We have spoken of the Chemical Laboratory. To this we must add the Gymnasium, completed in 1900, and the Alumni Building, 1904, and the College Hospital already projected before he gave up the work of the presidency.

In general, Dr. Taylor believed the less management of students the better. Young men were "treated and trusted as gentlemen and expected to respond to this treatment by gentlemanly deportment at all times." This treatment gave President Taylor much influence in the College. Only on a few occasions was it necessary for him to show the stern side of his character; then he was majestic, a very king of men.

The great influence of Dr. Taylor with the young men who

came to know him, whether in their relations to him as teacher or as college president, is well stated in the following appreciation that appeared the day after his death in the editorial columns of the Greensboro *Daily News*. It was written by a member of the staff of that paper, once a student at the College:

Once in a long, long while it has been our good fortune to find a man whose soul has a Midas touch. In a finer spiritual sense every base metal that it approaches is transmuted into gold; although the transformation may be temporary, it is for the time being none the less real. When such a spirit is called to the city where the very pavements have already been made golden the earth loses greater riches than have been swallowed up in all the hurricanes that tore the treasure fleets of Spain.

Such a loss North Carolina has sustained in the death of Dr. Charles Elisha Taylor, of Wake Forest. He had garnered all the great titles which usually mean fame—soldier, scholar, poet, philosopher—his hold on the memory of his contemporaries was fourfold; yet we are persuaded that on none, nor on all of them, will his fame depend, for he had yet a greater power; it is simple enough to be almost laughable, but wonderful enough to puzzle sages; it was not that he was so fine a gentleman himself, but that in his presence every man became a gentleman. That is the Midas touch worth the sacrifice of a lifetime to obtain.

We have no disposition to comment on Dr. Taylor's forty-five years of service to the State. The bitter toil in the ruins of a wrecked civilization, the heart-sickness of hopes deferred, the long nights of agonizing in prayer when God was deaf and man forgetful; finally the hard-won triumph of seeing the work of his hands towering up to become one of the pillars of the commonwealth; and then the peaceful years before the end—surely these things are a theme worthy of being sung by the voices of men and of angels.

Yet there is a nobler theme, could one but grasp its full significance. To have accomplished what Dr. Taylor accomplished is much; but to do it without allowing the iron to enter into one's soul is more. To build a great college in North Carolina since the war was a stupendous labor; but this man also had a "great task of happiness," in which he never failed. Wake Forest College has given thousands of men a hunger for a larger learning; Dr. Taylor has given them a hunger for a larger spirit.

As Professor of Moral Philosophy he used to close his last lecture of the year on ethics with a quotation from one of the sages that is peculiarly applicable to his own life. He had chosen Wisdom for his

guide. His students knew how many stones and brambles he had found in her paths. They knew, even if dimly, how steep were the heights he had climbed and how long it had taken him to achieve them. So the triumph of his life was that he was able to make them believe him when as his final words to them he said, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

The social life of the students was always an object of concern to Dr. Taylor. They found a hearty welcome in his home. On September 11, 1873, he married Mary Hinton Prichard, of Richmond, Va. She proved a helpmeet indeed. In all social amenities, as well as wife and mother, she was a gracious and a queenly woman. The receptions given by her and her husband are among the sweet memories of many. She was the mother of seven children, one son and six daughters, all of whom survive. The son is C. E. Taylor of Wilmington; the daughters, Misses Mary and Agnes Taylor, Mrs. J. H. Gorrell and Mrs. C. C. Crittenden, and Mrs. E. B. Earnshaw, of Wake Forest, and Mrs. W. D. Duke, of Richmond. Mrs. Taylor died nine years ago.

In his busy life as college teacher and president, it is wonderful that Dr. Taylor should have found time for other work. In his first year at Wake Forest he was ordained to the work of the Baptist ministry. He served pastorates at Louisburg, Franklinton, and Perry's Chapel. He often filled the pulpit of the Wake Forest Church, and did this by regular appointment during the year 1914-1915 in the absence of the pastor. His sermons were marked by their rare literary quality. In their structure he utilized many a reference drawn from his rich store of learning. And yet he always kept in view the practical purpose of preaching and built upon a simple Gospel theme.

His literary output was small. He was at his best in occasional productions, such as baccalaureate addresses and speeches before associations and conventions. On these occasions his words were always fitting, always charming in style and in manner of delivery, and precisely effective of the re-

sult desired. His published works include "Gilbert Stone" (poem), 1891; "How Far a State May Educate," 1894, and "Story of Yates, the Missionary," 1898.

No account of Dr. Taylor's work would be complete that did not call attention to the great contributions he made towards awakening interest in common school education in North Carolina. His articles on "How Far a State May Educate," originally appearing serially in the *Biblical Recorder*, first brought to the people of the state a realization of the neglected condition of the children's education. Nor was his interest confined to these articles. He told the same thing in nearly every county in North Carolina, and from the College sent forth young men to be missionaries of the children's cause. It was one of his students that introduced and worked through the Legislature the bill carrying the first appropriation ever made directly from the North Carolina State Treasury for the education of children in the common schools.

In 1905 Dr. Taylor gave up his work as president of the College. Except for impaired hearing he was still in full possession of his powers. He continued to teach with unabated enthusiasm for ten years longer. Though he had many interests he made them all serve the College, for the College was the passion of his life. Men will not withhold their commendation. In honest trust he was a loyal steward of the talents with which his inheritance, his parents and his Alma Mater had endowed him. The story of the development of Wake Forest College is largely the story of his labors. No alumnus of the University has been more faithful with the equipment bestowed there; perhaps none has done a greater or more enduring work.

The Soldier

War Letters

WINCHESTER, January 17, 1861.

Dear Sister Fannie:—Your two very welcome and often read letters must not be longer unanswered, so now that I have taken my pencil to write home (a very mean pencil by the way) my letter shall be to you.

I wish you could see me now: But as you cannot just shut your eyes and imagine me in a cosy chamber, seated in a warm chair, both feet perched on a stove in which sundry sticks of oak and hickory are blazing brightly. Of course, you who are expecting me to say “imagine me seated on a snow bank” and are surprised and are about to ask how I happen to be in Winchester, which question I will anticipate by telling you all about it.

Almost ever since leaving Winchester for Bath I have suffered from a violent cold, and Dr. Coleman frequently advised me to go back. This I hated to do and stayed with the company until day before yesterday when I started back for this place. It was well I did so, for had I remained longer, the Dr. thinks I would have had the pneumonia. I arrived in Winchester yesterday, and tho the town is full of soldiers, I succeeded in getting a place in Mr. Cornell's first day's boarding house at very moderate rates. I am very comfortably fixed in a room with two Georgia officers from Augusta, one of whom knows father. Mr. Cornell, the keeper of the house, I knew before.

I left the army on its way to Romney, where I suppose they now are. General Jackson's army is getting smaller by degrees and beautifully less every day. More than half are sick, and not only is Winchester full, but soldiers are scattered all the way from here to the present whereabouts of the army.

Do not think I am sick, suffering, and all that sort of a thing. I have a very bad cold and am very weak, but as I intend to stay in the house and take care of myself, I expect to be well and with my company in a week.

I suppose you see by the papers the movements of our army. General Jackson probably knows what he is about and where he is going—certainly no one else has any idea.

Last night we heard heavy firing in the direction of Manassas. Snow has been on the ground for nearly two weeks and it's clouding up again. Well may people say "good soldiers."

Direct your next letter to CHARLES E. TAYLOR,
Winchester, Virginia.

I am as ever your loving brother.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,

Monday Morning, February 10, 1861.

Dear Sister Mary:—I have just come out to camp from ye goodly little town of Winchester, where I spent last night. I went in yesterday morning to church and heard a good sermon from Rev. Mr. Meredith, of the Episcopal church, and for the first time heard the Episcopal Communion service. I have not partaken of the sacrament since leaving R., and when I see others enjoying that privilege I wish so much that I could do so too.

After church I dined at my old boarding house. In the evening I went out to see a good old Baptist lady who lives in Winchester—a Mrs. Carningham. Some years ago she lived in Baltimore, where she says father and mother have tea-ed at her house. She is a good old lady. I stayed all night at her house and was treated in a manner that only a soldier can appreciate. This is one of those bright, warm beautiful days which sometimes come in the midst of bad weather, and almost make up for its inclemency. I am now sitting by the fire before my tent, and could write with some comfort, but

for this abominable smoke, which blows right into my eyes about every five minutes on an average. I believe it is the only thing that a soldier can't get used to.

Willie Hiter's brigade is in camp about a mile and a half from here; tomorrow morning I am going over to see him, W. P. (weather being propitious). After finishing this note to you I want to write to Luther. I would have done so before, but have (Bah! there comes that smoke right into my eyes) not known where to direct a letter.

Several of our boys have reënlisted, taken a bounty and thirty days furlough, and are going home this evening. I would prepay my letters instead of franking them, but stamps cannot be gotten here. We are to get our "spondulicks" now, in a few days. General Loring went to Richmond yesterday. He is much more popular than General Jackson with the troops.

CHARLEY.

Dear Mother and Sisters:—I wish to keep a diary and also write you often, so to kill two birds with one stone, I will send you my diary and you can keep it. So here commences,

MY DIARY.

HAZEL HILL, Friday, May 10, 1861.

I was busy all the morning preparing my uniform. After dinner Mr. D. Kinley carried me to the depot and after waiting a few moments the cars started. I was very sad at leaving home, especially as I feared that loved ones there would unnecessarily distress themselves on my account. I came safely on to F. and when getting out of the cars was met by Mr. Slaughter, who insisted on my going home with him. I did so and am now at his hospitable mansion. I sat up late and enjoyed much talking to Carter Braxton and his three sisters.

CAMP MERCER, NEAR F., Saturday Night, May 11th.

Talked to Misses Gannie and Lizzie until ten o'clock. I then came by the depot and got a *Dispatch* and went up to camp. There I met many friends who seemed glad to see me. I talked to the boys and cleaned my gun till dinner, for which I had a glorious appetite, although dinner only consisted of bacon (not at all fat), scrambled eggs, baker's bread, and boiled rice and sugar for dessert. After dinner we drilled and went through dress parade. I then talked a while with some ladies and Carter Braxton, who is captain of a splendid artillery company. When they went I took a stroll in an adjoining grove and came back to camp in time for a good supper. After supper I went to see Captain Cary, sat by the camp fire and listened to the "Glee Club." This last is a musical association which gives a concert every night after supper. All of its members are "F.s," and it embraces some of the best talent of our various city choirs.

After prayers, which were read in an Episcopal service by a young man and largely attended, I retired to my bunk, which is a room about ten feet by twelve. I am in with I. M. and R. E. Binford, Lindsay and C. M. Tedd, all of them old students. The roof of my bunk is perfectly tight and there is straw six inches thick on the floor. I have been thinking much all day "of those I left behind me," and have only feared lest they should be troubled about me.

Sunday Morning, before breakfast.

I shall close this and send it to the P. O. I slept as well last night as I ever did in my life. I am getting on gloriously, and am enjoying myself as much as I ever did at the Culpeper Camp. Don't be troubled about me, at least so long as we remain here, and remember that I am in God's hands and He is everywhere.

I am going (after roll call) to Dr. Broadus' Church and will remain in town till night. More anon.

Your loving son and brother,

CHARLEY.

HEADQUARTERS F. COMPANY, STAFFORD COUNTY,
ON ACQUIA CREEK, May 14, 1861, 3 O'clock.

Dear Loved Ones:—From the date of my letter you will see, as you have already learned by means of the electric spark, that the station of our company has been removed from Fb'g. I will commence however, where I left off and according to my plan will give you my journal.

Sunday Night, May 12, 1861.

This morning I went through drill, and then went down to church. Dr. Broadus preached from "What shall it profit a man," etc., quite a good sermon. I then walked home with Carter Braxton and dined at Hazel Hill. At night I heard Mr. Randolph, the Episcopal preacher; he has a great reputation which his sermons scarcely sustain.

Monday Night, May 13, 1861.

I spent the day in camp. I was rejoiced to get your letter in the morning. In the evening Mr. Slaughter's carriage came out with the ladies and Miss Mary. They begged me to go home to tea which I couldn't well do. Camp Mercer was a pleasat place. We had to drill only three hours per day (in the cool of the morning and evening) and the rest of the day we were free to go to town, read, write, play, and so forth.

Tuesday, May 14th.

This morning we were drilling, when about nine o'clock Captain Cary suddenly rode up and ordered, "Break ranks, to arms, pack knapsacks, and march at once." One mighty shout rent the air as three hundred men rushed to their tents. Such was the haste that in less than ten minutes we were on the march for the depot. There the "F.'s" (110 men), the Blue's (80), and an Artillery Company (50), embarked and were soon en route for the Potomac. As we left we were saluted by cheers and the waving of a thousand handkerchiefs.

On the way officers passed through the car and distributed ammunition; we all filled our cartridge boxes and pockets.

On arriving at A. Creek, we found that the war steamers, we had gone to meet, had just left, much to the disappointment of our men, who were all spoiling for a fight. I spent some time in examining the batteries which had been thrown up. They are beautiful, and are mounted with 10 inch Columbiads. We are now camped in the "Wild old woods" on the bluffs of the Potomac. 'Tis a glorious place, with a splendid view of the Potomac and surrounding country.

Wednesday, May 15th.

Last night our captain took us to a large house in the neighborhood where all who desired slept under a roof. Before retiring I had prayers for the troop by request. We sang, I read a chapter, and then I led in prayer. We are now in the woods again. This morning I enjoyed my breakfast more than I have ever done before. Write me soon and often at F'b'g.

I am enjoying myself much. I love you all and think of you often. Love to all my friends.

Your loving

CHARLEY.

CAMP ON VALLEY MOUNTAIN,

Sunday, Aug. 9, 1861.

My Dear Brother:—I shall use the first piece of writing paper I have been able to get since you were here, to acknowledge the receipt of the basket. It came yesterday evening and everything except bread was in excellent order and much enjoyed. The cake especially was as nice as if just from the oven. The ham (many thanks to Mother Linda) was prime. Indeed, everything in the box, eatables and wearables, were all right and most thankfully received. For the past

three days it has been raining hard, and indeed it is now. The mud is even worse than it was when you were here. Still, a large number of wagons arrived last night, and it is almost certain that the army will push on to Huttonsville within three days. There will be an engagement in Mingo Flats in which we must be successful, and if we are, the way to Maryland is open before us. I shall be so glad to move on as I am rather tired of this camp and the picket and scouting duty we have to perform. Only think—since you were here—not quite a week—I have been on picket three times! Never mind, "There's a good time a-coming."

About those books—you couldn't have sent me a better collection. I have today read two articles in the *Review*, and am going this evening to read some in Bunyan. I anticipate in "The Diary," "Mill on the Floss," and "Montgomery." When we move on I am going to ask one of the officers to carry 'em for me. Do you remember young Fountain who was so sick? The colonel and his wife came up last Wednesday and are still here with him. Will you believe that the greater part of the way Mrs. F. rode behind her husband on horseback? Doesn't that show a mother's love? All the sick in our regiment and the others have been ordered to the hospital, a little way down the road—some in our company have gotten sick furloughs and will soon leave for home. Yesterday I received a letter from mother and two *Dispatches* and a *Spectator* from you. Many thanks.

Three o'clock.—Since writing the above it has cleared off beautifully. How long it will stay so it is doubtful. Yesterday the first lieutenant of our company died. Today I was called on to hold some service at the grave. As there was no one else to officiate, and the call was peremptory, I went to the grave and read the whole Episcopal burial service. I understand that a man will be buried this evening and that I will be called upon again. If so, I am only going to read a short, suitable piece of Scripture, and pray.

Please send me any letters you may receive from home; I am very anxious to hear, especially since learning that Mary has the fever. I am going to write much oftener, now that I have some paper. If you get tired of paying postage on them, let me know.

Six o'clock p. m.—Your package of a *Dispatch-Herald*, toothbrush and isinglass has come to hand. The *Herald* I will enjoy reading tonight if I can get a candle, as we do not get more than one a week now.

Saturday, September 14, 1861.

Nine miles from HUTTONSVILLE.

Dear Brother:—In my last letter, dated the 9th I believe, I wrote that we were expecting to move on. We started that evening, leaving tents and baggage behind us, and marched slowly and cautiously (having to drive in the enemy's pickets as we advanced) we reached this place day before yesterday evening, where we were stopped by meeting the enemy in large numbers. They fell back in their intrenchments and now occupy a strong position—where the road to Huttonsville passes through a range of mountains. They have planted cannon and thrown up breastworks, from what I can understand. Our generals, however, prove themselves equal to the occasion. Ever since yesterday morning twenty or thirty "Pioneers" have been busy cutting a road around the side of the mountain to outflank the enemy.

On this band of Pioneers, I was detailed with six others to act as a guard. For instance, while they are cutting this road we are sent on before about a hundred yards, to see if the way is clear. Everything depends on the secrecy and quiet of this movement. We have to avoid rattling dry leaves, snapping a stick or even letting the sun shine on our gun barrels. This

road will be finished after dark tonight—then cannon will be dismounted, the carriages taken to pieces, brought up here by hand, and put together again ready for use in the morning.

I am now sitting down at what will be the terminus of this road, quietly writing to you on my notebook which I happen to have in my pocket, yet (will you believe it?) I have only to push aside some heavy undergrowth to be in full sight of some hundred Ohio Yankees. As yet there has only been a little skirmishing. On our way here we killed two or three of the enemy's pickets, taking one or two prisoners. Since we have been here four of our men have been slightly wounded—they were N. Cns. They have fired on us several times with shot and shell from rifle cannon, hurting no one.

[A rough sketch of the position is inserted here.]

Above is a little rudely drawn plan of the localities. R R R is the turnpike road. V V is the valley river, with a small stream running into it at H. M is a tall mountain, thickly covered with undergrowth. At X X X are our men—in the woods. Y Y Y are the enemy, besides more at the other side of the pass. V V V is the road we have been making, it is about a mile long. O O O are the dwelling houses, now of course deserted. All along on both sides of the river are large fields of meadow lands. You will thus have some idea of the place where there will probably be a battle tomorrow or some day soon. The plan is rough, but correct. Now as to the force we have here, there are two large artillery companies with a combined battery of eight pieces. We have three regiments of infantry (and F Company) and a squadron of cavalry. All this brigade is under the immediate command of Colonel Gilham, who is acting Brigadier General. Generals Lee and Loring are both with us. General Anderson, with three Tennessee regiments, is somewhere about; I rather think he will come in when a fight comes off at the point marked N in the plan. I am myself really anxious for a fight, and long for the expected day to come. I feel that

should it be the will of God that I fall, I am ready to go—that Jesus has died for me and that through the merits of his blood, in which alone I trust, I will come off conqueror in the struggle with death.

Sunday Morning, 11 A. M.

Last night I was compelled to close by it becoming too dark to write. I remained in the place where I commenced my letter until 2 a. m., without food, drink, or sleep. At that time we were relieved and I returned to where our Company was stationed. I had laid down but a few moments when with the rest of the Company I was awaked and ordered to "be ready to be off in fifteen minutes." I did so immediately, and then, amazed at the order, inquired the meaning. I was told, "our whole plan has been knocked in the head and we are going to retreat." And so it proved, for in less than half an hour the whole division—infantry, artillery, and cavalry and with a large number of cattle taken from the enemy—was on the way backward. Of course we were all very much disappointed and eagerly sought for an explanation.

From all that I have heard the facts are these: The whole plan of attack, indeed of a whole campaign, had been planned by General Lee and was on the eve of execution. We were to attack the enemy in front, Jackson was to attack him at Cheat Mountain, and come in at the rear of the column we attacked. General Jackson failed in his part and, without aid in the rear, General Lee could not attack them in front of their fortifications. For a whole day we were out in line of battle, and thus offered to fight them, but they declined to come out of their intrenchments. We have now fallen back (not retreated) two miles from our position in the sketch. Goodbye for today.

Tuesday, September 17, 1861.

I had no chance to close or send this letter since writing, but Mr. Sizer is going down in the morning, so I will finish

tonight though it is almost time for tattoo. The above was written on Sunday—that evening the whole army (larger than I supposed, as many as 9,000 men) was drawn up in several lines, and general orders from General Lee were read aloud to each regiment. They were, in short, to the effect that General Lee was satisfied with the conduct of his men, and that until some other move was to be made the various regiments would retire to their old camping grounds. So here we are again on old Valley Mountain. It seemed to me like coming to a kind of home when we got here—hungry, sleepy, tired, and wet to the skin by a pouring rain that fell almost incessantly for eight miles of our march.

So much for our expedition a la King of France “with twenty thousand men.” You may now imagine me in my old tent on Valley Mountain and everything around pretty much as it was when you were here. Yet the expedition was not without its good results for our side. About a hundred Yankee prisoners were taken; a large drove of cattle and many cooking utensils fell into our hands, besides other useful articles; none of our men were killed and but four wounded, and we brought off all our baggage.

You have ere this heard that Colonel Washington, aide to General Lee, has been killed. It is really so. His body was sent for under a flag of truce and brought into our camp. It is quite a loss to our side and what makes it worse he had (according to a well authenticated report) on his body the entire plan of our campaign, affecting not only Lee and Wise, but also Beauregard and Johnson. His death was owing to his own imprudence, and Major Lee, who was riding with him, came near sharing his fate, having his horse shot under him.

Many thanks for the several packages of papers, handkerchiefs, toothbrush, soap, letters, and so forth. This evening I received a *Dispatch* of the 14th, and a letter from you enclosing letter from James.

How sorry I am that there has been so much sickness at home. I believe that I have suffered more from the thought of mother's constant watching and the sickness at home than from cold, rain, fatigue, hunger, or exposure during the campaign. God be praised that there has been no "sickness unto death," and that all are in the way of recovery. I wish I had time to write a long letter directly home, but I will be on guard again in the morning and will not have time. You can forward this to them. I am much ashamed of it both from the scraps on which it is written and from its disconnected, irregular and unsatisfactory character. I had rather none of my letters should appear in print.

It is rumored that we will soon retire from this place back to winter quarters or to N. C. If so this place will be strongly fortified and the regulars left here as a garrison. I am now in that blessed state of "don't care-ness" as to what they order me to do. Yet I am, negro like, very happy so long as they give me plenty to eat and drink, a tent to sleep in, and the privilege of getting letters and papers from you by pony express (which, by the way, only staff officers and yourself can use).

Now, there's the sound of tat-tat-too,
So I must close my letter to you
By signing myself your loving and true
Charley E.—you know who!

CAMP AT GREENBRIAR BRIDGE,
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, VA.,
Tuesday, Octo. 17, 1861.

My Dear Mother:—I have of late made it a rule never to let an opportunity of writing home pass without improving it. These opportunities have been very few. We have been so constantly on the march or on picket or on guard that sometimes weeks pass without our being able to sit down quietly in

a tent. And even when we can, there is so much talking and confusion that it is next to impossible to write a connected, sensible letter.

By this time, however, you must have learned to excuse my illegible, hatch patch scrawls. Excuse them, or not, you must take them, or none, for it is the very best I can do under the circumstances.

I think my last letter was dated Elks Mountain. About two days after that letter was written we moved to a place called Edray, where we stayed some four or five days and then moved to this place. We are here very conveniently near to wood and water. The last we get from the Greenbriar River, a stream of some depth and as wide as the Rappahannock at F'b'g. Our tent is pitched on the first level ground it has been on since leaving Huntersville, on our way out. I received while in Edray a letter from Bro. George enclosing letters from you and James and Fannie. These were very welcome and have been read and reread with the greatest interest. I wish that one of you would write—if only a few lines—at least once a week. You can have no idea how cheering it is to get a letter from home while roving out here in these western wilds. Don't send me any clothes until I write expressly for them. I have enough for the present.

Quite a number of boxes have lately come to hand for members of our Company, and we have been living quite well on the contents. Some allusion was made in Brother George's letter to a box for me, but as yet I have heard nothing of it. Its arrival will be joyfully welcomed. If at any time you should send me a box of edibles, you might send me a ham (cooked or not), a quart or two of ginger snaps (they don't spoil) pickles, preserves, (Is there a bottle of that "Pepper sauce" left?), some sweet potatoes, some candu, ground pepper, two or three lead pencils (A. W. Faber No. 2), 3 or 4 pounds of sugar, crackers or a bologna sausage. I only mention these things that you may know what to send in case you

should send a box. I do not mean that I want you to do so. I should like very much to have a pair of good boots. Couldn't Mr. White make me a pair? If not, get some good shoemaker to make me a pair of stout *high*, waterproof boots. I wear No. 8 shoes. Perhaps Brother George could have me a pair made in Staunton cheaper than you can in R. He kindly offered to do so when on Valley Mountain.

Do not think by all these "wants" that I am in need of anything. By no means. Wm. Tall got five pounds of bread soda from his store and since that time we have had first rate bread. We are now, too, in a better country for foraging and have been enjoying apples and peaches greatly. There are plenty of chestnuts and wild grapes in the woods. Now, too, we draw more of our rations than formerly. We now get flour, beef, salt, coffee, and sometimes rice. Altogether we are getting on very well. I have fattened a good deal, and am much stronger than ever before. Let me warn you not to credit any of the rumors which are floating about R. in regard to our Company and Regiment. We are all in good health, except those who eat too much fruit. None of us have been downed. We don't know (nor indeed does Colonel Gilham) where we will be quartered this winter. We may (a bare possibility) stay here, but will more likely be sent down somewhere on the Southern coast. It is immaterial to me where I am sent, I am just as willing to meet the enemies of my country on the fields of Texas as among the mountains of Virginia. You know my time will be out in April. I intend (if the war is not over by that time) to take a month or two of rest, and then to reënlist. This though is too far ahead to talk about. How I wish I could see you all and have a chat with you this quiet evening. I often think of and pray for each one of you. Father, I imagine, is busy with office affairs, and yet always finding time to oversee the garden and farmyard. Mother, with her self-denying devotion to the comfort of others, is constantly employed with household duties. Fannie is just

now getting to sleep little Jimmie, whom I imagine to be a fat young gent, who makes himself heard in the world. Dear Mary is by this time, I hope, nearly convalescent and will, I trust, be soon restored to her accustomed health. I was so sorry to hear that Sister Jane has given up her trip. I had anticipated seeing her this winter when I go home on furlough.

Friday, 12 O'clock.

While drilling this morning one of the Balto. Company came up and gave me three letters. Dated Sept. 18, 23 and 27. These were eagerly seized, and devoured with avidity. From them I learned of Mary's severe illness and partial recovery. God be praised that her life was spared. I have thought of her so much since she has been ill. Don't trouble yourselves about sending me boxes. I was sorry to learn how much trouble you had taken to send one by Mr. Montcastle. Brother George has sent me a pair of shoes, but I will want boots this winter, and would like to have a pair on hand subject to my order.

We have for the past three or four days had beautiful weather—quite Indian Summer like—the nights, however, are very cold—we have big fires and keep very warm and comfortable. Frosts have been falling heavily for some weeks.

There are constant reports that the enemy is advancing, which I do not believe. There is no doubt that they have burned Marshall's Store and advanced over Valley Mountain, by Big Spring as far as Elk Mountain, where we blockaded the road as we fell back to this place.

Our only wish is that they will attack us here. Hundreds of men are at work daily throwing up breastworks on the river bank—this is only a precautionary movement as we know the Yankee character too well to imagine that they would fight, unless with vastly superior numbers, or position. I have much to write, but must close.

I am as ever,

Your loving son,

CHARLEY.

Dear Brother George:—I send this by for you to read and forward. I have just come off guard and feel sleepy or would write more.

I congratulate you on the possession of a horse. It was once my highest ambition. Didn't you feel so once? I'll acknowledge the receipt of the box directly it comes. How I would like to worship with you in Stro. today. I think of you now as just about going to church.

I think that letters mailed in the usual way will get to me quicker than those sent by express, since Lee has gone to the Kanawha Valley. Much love to all.

CHARLES.

Sunday Morning, Jan. 20, 1 O'clock.

Such a bright, beautiful, Spring like morning is this, that I almost repent complaining of the weather so, last night.

I want to make hay while the sun shines, so I intend today to go to church twice and Sunday School in the evening. There are quite a number of churches in W. Indeed it is a very pretty, pleasant place.

Wasn't Zollicoffer's defeat a bad thing for our cause? It was, though, as in every thing else, "Some days must be dark and dreary." I expect there'll be more fighting in the next four than in the last eight months. This war can't last much longer.

No mail came in yesterday, so there are double chances of my getting a letter today.

But the boy is going to the Post Office so I must hurry to send this and get ready for church.

Your loving son,

CHARLEY.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,
Before Breakfast, Friday Morning.

Dear Mother:—It is too cold to write long letters now, but I must write a few lines home to inform you of my welfare, by today's mail.

We came to this place from Strasburg on yesterday. The day was very cold and windy. All of Gen. Loring's command came along with us—2 Brigades and 2 Batteries of Artillery. Our Brigade has been reorganized. Col. Gilham has been made Brig. General, and commands the 21st, 42d, and 48th Va. Rejts. and the first Battalion. We made quite a stir coming thro Winchester and the long procession marching thro the streets looked more like a holiday pageant than the stern reality of war. General Jackson has now quite a large army here—probably 15 or 20 thousand men. There are many surmises as to the reason why so large a force has been concentrated here. It is, however, certain that we are either going to Romney or into Maryland, via Martinsburg. Some time since the council of R'd made an appropriation of some thousands of dollars to the volunteers of that city. Sent Weford who was in R'd some time since, drew our share of the money and bought Sibley tents, nice blankets, shoes, and net undershirts, all of which we got in Strasburg.

I must try and thaw a little and then write to Brother Geo. Still you may forward this letter to Staunton.

Give my love to all home folks, and a kiss to what's his name? I mean Fannie's baby, and a Happy Xmas, a happy new year, etc., to everybody I know in Richmond.

I am your cold and affectionate son, CHARLES.

WINCHESTER, Feb. 6, 1862.

Dear Brother George:—Though Mr. Lindall, who left here for S. this evening, will tell you how and where I am, and

deliver sundry messages sent by him, I must write a few lines tonight in answer to your kind letter, which Mr. Lindall brought.

Though I have had some books to read while in W. I am glad you sent those you did, as I can carry them with me. For this last, as for your previous kindnesses, I am under many obligations.

Loring's division arrived here today, and are now encamped near town. I will go to the Company tomorrow. Many of the boys came here sick, and all of them say they have had an awful time up at Romney. The snow has not been off the ground since they left Winchester. They are all abusing Jackson mightily and lay all their hardships at his door. It is now rumored here, with a tinge of truth, that we are going to Kentucky. It matters little to me now where we spend the seventy-five days which have now to elapse before the 21st of April. The whole Northwestern army is (I hear) down on the bill for drafting Vols. with Militia. Your views on it?

Brother Lindall let me have \$30, which I will send you in a week or two. The weather remains awful. I am very sorry to hear that Sue has the Neuralgia. I was afflicted with that disagreeable and painful disease myself, and can sympathize with her. I am glad to hear Barnette is well. He's a Trojan, every inch of him.

Yesterday evening I took a long and pleasant walk, tho' a very muddy one, to two old cemeteries, and a Fort built by Washington during the Revolution. I also saw Gen. Morgan's grave and Monument.

Please remember me to the young ladies when you write. Thank Mrs. Lindall for her kindness in sending pickle and cake to a poor old soldier.

Your Bro.,

CHARLES.

P. S.—The socks are very acceptable.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,

Feb. 12, 1862.

I have for two or three days saved this letter, hoping to be able to acknowledge one from home, but as none has come I will send it anyway, tho not worth the postage.

We hear that a large body of Yankees are half way between here and Romney.

Yesterday I went to see Willie H. He is very well. Says he's going home and go to school when his time is out. Yesterday it snowed hard. Today is very pleasant so far.

I am now reading Gamon, by Bulwer. It is not equal to his other works I've read.

Enlisting is going on finely. Nearly all the Stonewall Brigade will reënlist. I shall not do so until I go home.

Much love to all, from

CHARLEY.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER,

Feb. 13, 1862.

Dear Mary:—Mother's letter, mailed last Tuesday, has just been placed in my hands, and I hasten to reply before the approaching shades of evening shall render writing impossible. The tongues of rumor, which here, as everywhere else, are busily at work, report as the latest news, that "the noble twenty-onesters" (as they call us in Winchester), are to be sent to North Carolina. I hope this is so from the bottom of my "buzzum." The needs of the country are now so pressing that I may not go home next April. However, I shall decide on nothing until I hear from home. All of you there must write and advise me what to do.

From the way mother wrote, I judge you cannot have gotten my two last letters. I wrote to you and mother both, at length. The weather is now comparatively pleasant, though snow is still on the ground. Last night, especially, was beau-

tiful. After dark as I was walking down the camp color line, gazing upward on the spacious firmament, the fleecy drapery of cloud and the moon which shed on all around a silvery light, I was attracted by the sound of music, and, on approaching the place where it proceeded, I found the Professor (as we call the splendid violinist in our regt.), and Capt. Mosley with his flute drawing forth from their instruments "music soft, music sweet." I remained in the throng drawn together by the melodious harmony till, with sweet traveling expression, they complied with a request to play "Sweet Home." Never before had I been so homesick in the army while listening to those strains as they stole thro the evening air. Scarce could I refrain from taking a 30-days furlough (by reënlisting), and being off to home this morning.

Oh music! music! Poets have sung of thee—Philosophers have tried to explain thy influence, all have felt thy magic charms, but never is the heart so touched or the soul so moved by an appreciation of thy influence as when one is far away from home in a land of strangers, and hears a familiar tune around which cluster fond associations, even though sung by the most unmusical voice or performed in the rudest manner.

Mother, in a recent letter, mentioned that father had sold some lots. What lots are they? She also writes that Jack drove father down town, and that Mary Jane and "Emmie" had gone to S. S. Who are Jack and Emmie?

Our Camp is about four miles from Winchester by an awfully muddy road. I generally go in every other day in a wagon. We have to go $\frac{1}{2}$ mile for water, which is rather hard, but as an offset to that, we have no guard duty, no drill, no dress parade, no inspection and no roll call. How long this will continue I do not know. I find my visor very comfortable. I wear it nearly all the time in the day as a cap and over the face at night. Especially was I interested in the way the yarn was made. I incidentally mentioned it in the presence of some ladies in W. They were "took," and declared

they were going to adopt the same way to make yarn for "sox," as old Dr. w'd spell it.

Camp is awfully dull and muddy, but luckily we have some books to read. The weather is turning colder. Goodbye.

Friday Morning.

Cold and drizzling. I must hurry up my letter to send by mail. Why don't you send me Sister Jane's letters to read now? I can send 'em back. Please attend to the tracts I wrote about in my last letter. I am so unsettled now, that Mother had better not send me a box at present. Give my cone to the Rounduter's, Ritters and Hendricks.

Young Watkins of our Co. sings "Maryland." It is an old College air which I have often heard before. An ode of Horace is often sung to that tune, which is prettier than the Maryland song, I think.

Yes, Geo. Pace has a discharge. I too, could get one any moment I choose to apply on account of deafness, but don't want one.

Your Brother,

CHARLES.

The College Professor and President

Baccalaureate Addresses

[Owing to the loss of manuscripts, only a few of Dr. Taylor's baccalaureate addresses were available. All these have been printed.]

1888.

Young Gentlemen:—Is life worth living? A strange question to ask young men just as they have achieved success and are knocking at the gate of the future that it may open and disclose another world to conquer.

Strange, but not foolish. At any rate not to be answered by a sneer or with indifference, for some lives, surely, are not worth living. Those who fetter themselves with evil habits, whose lives are lies, who are anchored by no abiding convictions, whose drift through life has no orbit controlled by law— it were better for them had they never been born.

Are your lives to be worth living? That depends. If in the fear of God you seek to do His will—if you aim for clean living, pure thinking, unselfish helpfulness to others, Yes. If you form groveling ideals, are satisfied with low aims, yield to the seductions of vice, and sell the eternal for the temporal, you may meet the hour when you shall wish that the boon and trust of life had never been given to you.

I am not detaining you with a mere empty form of words. I wish this hour and your college life to close with an earnest word ringing in your ears. I would that I could sound it as the blast of a trumpet.

Youth spoiled and blighted comes not back to have its record mended. The hours carry away their reports, one by one, indelible. No angel's tear blots any record out. No fabled fountain gives back our wasted years. A dissolute manhood leaves its stamp ineradicable. On the face of age may oft be read, deep-carved, the epitaph of a dead soul. Day

by day you mould your characters like sculptor's clay. Day by day they harden into permanence. The final outcome of your lives and of yourselves, in dignity, in usefulness, in happiness, will be as you have moulded your own characters.

Our work for you is done. Today, as plumed knights, you enter the lists, not of a tournament, but of real battle. Kneel reverently at the altar as you enter the arena. Gird strongly on your armor. Unsheathe the only sword which can open your way to victory. Quit you like men. For the victors remain unfading garlands. Farewell.

JUNE 11, 1890.

The opening paragraph of the biography of the eminent Francis Wayland contains these words: "The man was greater than all his works. The noblest thing that he made was himself." His works were numerous and valuable, his labors incessant, his influence was almost unbounded. Yet his fashioning of his own moral and intellectual self is pronounced to be a larger achievement.

You go forth today, my brothers, not to begin but to continue your work in new fields and on new planes. Most of you have recognized your callings or chosen your professions. I trust that you have made your election according to your natural aptitudes and desires; that you have made it wisely and well. For my honored colleagues and in my own behalf, I say, "May success attend you and laurels crown you."

But the word which I would fain leave ringing in your ears as a part of the abiding memories of this hour is this: that, after all, the ultimate outcome of your work in life will be determined not altogether by what you do, but mainly by what you are. And what you are will be determined by the dominating purpose and controlling motives of your life. And this controlling purpose is to be (if it be not already formed) the result out of a thousand minor acts.

Each one of you is going to be guided by either policy or principle. Policy is shrewd, cunning and sly and wears pleasing masks. But it standeth not in the godly sisterhood of truth and faith and hope and charity. It may run well for a time. It will get into high places. But it is doomed from the beginning. It is rotten at heart.

Principle is heaven-born. The man who is controlled by it may be misunderstood. His best efforts and sincerest words may be misinterpreted. The tongue of detraction may wag against him. But peace will smile lovingly in his heart. In the long run the outcome of his life will be high achievement, both for himself and for others.

My last message as you go forth is, therefore, not to you as workers, but as character-builders, for there's no alchemy which can get golden work out of leaden characters.

1894.

Young Gentlemen:—I desire, before we part, to put into your hands three keys. They are master keys. Rightly used, they will open the doors which stand closed and locked in the way of a young man who is seeking the highest usefulness and the truest success. I had almost added that they would open the way to renown also; but of that I am not so sure. But in the long run, as compared with other things, this amounts to little. I leave it out.

The first key is *self-control*. You are persons, not things. And because you have this high endowment of personality, you are put into your own hands. Before we can ever move or help or govern others, we must control ourselves. You are to learn to postpone the pleasure of today for the greater good of tomorrow. Bit and bridle must be put on passion and appetite and every sordid ambition. No fellow-creatures can possibly do this for you. Unless your own hand is

steady on the helm, the craft will drift awry. This is not easy. No, it is hard. But therein lies the dignity of manhood. The young Macedonian overran the East and the West. And an age of inadequate standards laid its little footrule over against him and called him "Great." We know better how to measure. The bloodless victory of real self-mastery is more worthy of renown than those celebrated by triumphal march or recorded in the epitaphs of Westminster. Greater than the man who taketh a city is he who ruleth his own spirit. This is the empire—even your own selves—over which you are placed with supreme control. See that you keep strict, wise discipline therein. Repress every mutiny in the lower nature. The tiger and the ape and the serpent within us must be subordinate to reason, and reason to conscience, and conscience to moral law. Then the brute will dwindle. The man will grow.

The second key is *self-reliance*. Tomorrow you will begin to face the realities of life as you have never done before. You have your own paths to clear, your own living to make. Times are hard. All occupations are crowded. Employment was never so difficult to find. If any of you imagine that, because you are college graduates, people are going to beg for your services at big salaries, you will soon discover your mistake. You now enter a field of competition where, if you mean to be honest men, nothing will tell but your own industry, your own enterprise, your own brains, and your own brawn. And I am glad that it is so. This also will help to develop manliness. Self-indulgence, morning slumbers, lily hands, day-dreams of unearned fortunes will never develop a hero. For there are heroes still. They are, for the most part, the patient, silent toilers. When the story of the world is told at last, its brightest pages will be starred with the names of unknown workers whose toil and sacrifice and mutual helpfulness will make us wonder that we did not

know how much of heaven there was on earth—perhaps where we least expected it. But God knew all the time.

Success, if at all honest, is like true liberty:

* * * Not a fair young maid, with light and delicate limbs,
And golden tresses, flowing from her cap; but
A bearded man armed to the teeth.

Young men, go to work—anywhere, so it be honest work. If you wish to reach the top, be willing to begin at the bottom. Earn something. Be proud, not of birth or fortune or kindred, but of your own manly independence.

And do not be afraid to be brave, self-reliant thinkers, as well as actors. Call no man master, except the Son of Man. All things about us are fairly saturated with truth and are vocal with divine messages. That man who is a coward or who blindly follows precedent will never hear the whisper nor behold the vision. You and I have learned together that there are solid foundations on which to build safe thinking. You have been encouraged to use the intellects which God has given you. And you have also learned, I trust, that this self-reliance is not incompatible with the deepest humility, nay more, that in distrust of human authority, it leads of itself to reliance upon the Spirit of God.

The third key is *self-respect*. Not self-esteem or vanity. Far be it. The conceited man does not respect himself. He only admires an imaginary being which he thinks bears his resemblance. We must take our own real measure and learn to make wise and true estimates of our own abilities and character. And mark this: there can be no real self-respect in the absence of genuine moral soundness. A man who will cheat or lie or flatter, or be a slave to drink and unholy passion, may make sport of it all, but it is impossible that he respect himself. It is true that, with the help of divine surgery, the unsoundness may be cut out. Then he can respect his better self, as he becomes conscious of a love of integrity and a hatred of a lie.

Self-respect is quite independent of the place you may hold. Henry Clay must have felt it when he said, "I had rather be right than to be President." A temptation which has been and which will be is to buy position and honors at the cost of self-respect. The price is too high. We cannot afford it. The post of honor will often be the private station. Do not let the devil fool you with enticing baits. He knows well, and will whisper to you the secret of short-cuts for the getting of bread, for immunity from danger, and for realizing visions of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Blessed is that young man who has learned to say, though hungry or in danger or ambitious, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Self-respect will abide with him.

These three keys—self-control, self-reliance, self-respect—I would fain commend to your daily use. *Without* them, you will surely lose your way in the labyrinths of life. *With* them, "your own hands will be laid on your own goals."

1895.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Before addressing myself specifically to the young gentlemen who are about to receive their diplomas, my baccalaureate address today will be to your larger presence. Its subject will be "An Ideal Christian College." As to the auspices under which they should be sustained and controlled, there may be honest differences of opinion: there must and will be colleges consecrated to culture under Christian influences. This is no open question. To society at large they are helpful. To the individual student they are invaluable. To the churches of every denomination, they are not mere luxuries, but absolute necessities. Religion and education must live together. Their bill of divorcement may no man write.

Christian colleges count not themselves to have attained perfection. And it is only as they keep before themselves some exalted ideal that they are ever likely to attain it. I

have my own conception—call it a dream, if you will—as to what a Christian college ought to be, and possibly may be. The artist's cunning is not mine—and if it were the time is lacking now—to trace in detail the fair picture. Only a few hints as to the broader lines may be suggested.

1. The Ideal Christian College will be recognized as sustaining immediate relations to the building up of the Kingdom of Heaven in the world. The constant purpose which runs through the evolution of the ages is the founding and upbuilding of this kingdom. The intrigues of diplomacy, the pomp and pride and circumstance of war, the fall or rise of empire, are all subordinate thereto. All these are but the scaffolding of a slowly-rising temple. If any so-called Christian College has no clearly recognized and direct relations to this work, sublime, because divine, the reason for its existence is gone.

2. A college founded with so lofty an aim and inspired by so holy a purpose will be as broad as the truth will let it be. For all truth is essentially narrow. The laws of nature are nowhere elastic or sentimental. To say that two and two are five is broad and wide—wide of the truth. Straight is the gate and narrow is the road which leadeth unto successful experiment, accurate knowledge, correct conclusions. But a narrow road may be trod by men of broadest minds and largest sympathies. An ox-cart needs a wider road than a locomotive. But the locomotive has more definite convictions. "Narrow" is a good word. But judgment is not always shown in the use of it.

3. The Ideal College will be impatient of anything short of the most thorough and extended instruction. It will blink at no truth, because it need not. To new truth, as well as to old, will it give hospitable reception. But it will insist on submitting its credentials to the closest scrutiny. A college means scholarship or it means nothing. The degrees of the Ideal College will in every case authenticate real learning.

knowledge which will not be nebulous and amorphous, but crystalline with the sharp edges of accuracy. No college has the right to ask for patronage, even of those who would be its natural supporters, unless it can offer the best instruction by men of real ability. For a young man, with his future before him, is worth more than any college.

4. The Ideal Christian College will lay great stress on the study of the Bible. We have already passed the period when this is considered the peculiar, if not exclusive, function of the minister. But in the college of the future more attention will not be given to the literature of the ancients and half-heathen moderns than to the Oracles of God. Pilate put writings in Greek and Latin above the cross of Christ. Too long have they been allowed to remain in our colleges in this unnatural position. Not that classic culture should be lowered or ignored, for Christianity needs and demands it. But the Cross and the Word that reveals it will be lifted above it all. And the men who will control the Ideal College as trustees and instructors will not regard as open questions the chief end of man, the ideals of character, the facts of redemption. The gospel of the grace of God will be considered by them as far more important than art, science, or literature. All instruction, so far as possible, will be permeated with the warmth and light and glory of religion. And instructors will recognize in their positions possibilities of usefulness only second to those enjoyed by the Christian ministry.

5. The Ideal College will not be hampered by lack of means with which to do its work. The more clearly its high mission and destiny are recognized, the more generous will be the streams of consecrated wealth which will flow into its treasuries. Men will rejoice to know that there is a way to transmute gold and silver into spiritual and intellectual force, and will be glad through permanent endowments to perpetuate their own influence into unborn centuries. The plant of

such a college should be adequate to the work to be done. Buildings, crowned with architectural beauty, will crowd a campus made lovely by art and nature, and will mutely educate the æsthetic taste. Museums, libraries, laboratories will supply all the working tools that professor or student may need. Endowments and scholarships, the voluntary gifts made in the name of patriotism and religion, will enable it, on the one hand, to deal liberally with all its officers, and on the other to bring the blessings of liberal education within the reach of all who are prepared to receive it.

6. The discipline in this Ideal College will be easily managed. Located in a community whose every member will be in hearty sympathy with its aims and efforts, its students will be largely delivered from temptations presented by those who are prompted by lust for gain or social pleasure. The relations between its instructors and students will be those of mutual respect and friendship. The development of Christian manliness, of truth, purity, honor, will be effected, not by the enforced wearing of moral straitjackets, but through inculcation of right principles and ceaseless encouragement to self-restraint.

7. Will athletics live in the Ideal Christian College? Yea, abide and flourish. The monastic idea that the soul belongs to God and the body to the devil is dead; but its results are not. The ideal college will teach each student to aim for bodily strength, vigor, activity, grace, beauty. And, as an end to this, athletics will receive every encouragement. But they are prone to fall from grace and need to be soundly converted. When this happens, intercollegiate football—a brutal game when played by strong men—will leave all Christian colleges and come back no more. Hired professionals or semi-professionals will under no subterfuges or pretexts be found on their teams. The colleges of the future must either relinquish their claim to be considered as Christian institu-

tions, or else they must practice on their athletic grounds the same principles that they teach in their lectures on ethics.

Yet doubt it not that the Ideal College will win its victories. But its pennants will wave all the more proudly, because in every case they shall have been won by unpaid students in honorable conflict.

8. Will the Ideal College produce leaders in State as well as in Church? Why not? If they stand for culture and manliness as well as for Christian principles, they ought to be able to send forth men who cannot be bribed with money or office, men who will dare to tell the people the truth, men who will have more regard to public good than to selfish interests, men who will be independent enough to disregard the lash of party bosses. And these are the men needed in America to-day. But if the day shall ever come when the low arts of the political trickster shall be essential to leadership, it will be high honor to an ideal college if its sons shall not be promoted.

9. What should be the relations of the Ideal Christian College to sister institutions of learning? They should, most assuredly, be relations of amenity, of cordial coöperation, mutual helpfulness, honorable competition. If anywhere in the world petty jealousies, heartburnings, bitterness, clamor, evil speaking and appeals to passion would seem to be out of place, it is in the wide republic of the liberal arts.

Young gentlemen of the Class of '95, I have been speaking of an ideal college. But you may remember that I said just now that a man is more than a college. For the achievement of his best in self-making or world-moving, he, too, must have his personal ideal. My parting word to you is this: Fill your minds with the knowledge and your hearts with loving thoughts of Jesus Christ until He be formed within you, not only as your hope of glory, but as the model of your lives and characters. Farewell.

1896.

"FOR KNOWLEDGE AND GODLINESS."

An eminent writer has recently declared that, of all the public occasions in our American public life, such exercises as bring us together today are the most important and significant.

Their significance and interest, I ween, is not altogether due to social pleasures and rhetorical banquets, nor even to glad sympathy and laurel-crowned graduates as they enter life's wider arena.

Is it not because we all recognize, at least in some half-conscious way, that the colleges stand for what is best in our American life, that in them we find hope and promise, not merely for the stability of our institutions, but for the elevation and adornment of our social structure?

This suggestion may seem a bold one. But reflection will confirm the conviction that there are no more potent factors for developing the highest type of civilization in our country than the 476 colleges, with their eleven thousand professors and their 144,000 students.

As these shall be, so shall our country be in the years to come. Upon them, then, rests no small responsibility. For them, their boards of control, their faculties, their student bodies to be faithless in their several trusts is to be untrue to the future. That this trust be not betrayed, there must be ceaseless vigilance and unremitting labor. There is an ever-recurring need to inspect foundations, to reaffirm first principles, to elevate standards, to enforce discipline.

Two hundred and fifty-eight years ago the first college founded in America flung to the breeze a banner on which was written, large and clear, "For knowledge and godliness." Who can estimate the far-reaching influence of this brief motto? It presented an ideal which thousands of colleges and academies have sought to make real. Those who first

enunciated it struck the dominant note of education in America.

What is a college for? What should be its object and aim? To make a youth a more successful bread-winner? Not primarily. Its first and central aim is—or should be—to develop into well-rounded, full-orbed manhood the physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual possibilities, dormant in the individual youth.

It is, then, no light thing to have the oversight and training of youth for four years in the plastic period of life. No more solemn trust than this is known in the world. And the duties imposed thereby are not to be interpreted with a view to please the whims of youth. These obligations are not to be affected by popular clamor, by passing fads, by an evanescent time spirit. Not by a will-o'-the-wisp, but by the eternal stars must these bearings be taken.

Nor is this oversight and training an easy task, if it be faithfully performed. Tendencies there are which must be resisted; dangers there are which must be shunned or overcome.

A college should stand for thorough and solid attainments. If it does not do this, it ought in common honesty to forfeit its name and charter. Culture, also, has its shams. There are degrees and degrees. A diploma may be like that other parchment on the drumhead, long-sounding, but with naught save emptiness back of it.

We are not ashamed of the past record of Wake Forest for solid and honest as well as extended work. But it is no time to rest under the shade of these laurels. It is to the future that our faces are turned. Let us, now and here—trustees, faculty, alumni, students—consecrate the college afresh to exalted ideals of true scholarship; let us tolerate no short-cuts to graduation, no neglect of disciplinary studies, no lowering of standards; let there be no recognition of the pedagogic grind which ignores personality and treats men

merely as numbered things. Thus will knowledge dwell in our midst and wisdom will not linger far apart.

But more important still is the other element of complete education. For the only sure basis for manliness is godliness. Not what a man has, even of knowledge, but what he is, is the measure of his manhood.

Here, too, are perils and difficulties. Those who have caught frequent glimpses of the inside of college life, especially in other latitudes, as reflected in the metropolitan press, know that there are strong undercurrents which sweep athwart time-tried moorings. There is a spirit, restless, pervasive, insidious, which chafes at the old-fashioned discipline and clamors for its relaxation. Yet it must ever be true that the man cannot command unless the youth has learned to obey. This spirit calls cruelty fun and condones petty larcenies. But moral sense is no less weakened, and habit formed is no less habit because the unpunished culprit wears good clothes and is numbered as a student. This spirit justifies and applauds even the extremes and excesses of athletics. Athletics is altogether good as a servant, but it is a bad master. This spirit invades the simple democracy of college life and encourages the silly semblance of aristocracy to strut in selfish social exclusiveness. But "a man's a man for a' that." This spirit condescends to patronize a certain form of godliness—sentimental, rather than practical. Too often it is only form. Absent is the dynamic element working, purifying, overcoming.

We need continually, though the task be arduous, to reassert first principles. The college that commits itself to knowledge and godliness must continually reaffirm its allegiance to Christ, the Son of God. It must be made a temple for His abiding. And as He shall dwell therein, teacher, lawgiver, king, unworthy aims will be supplanted, ignoble practices will be relinquished, degrading traditions will be forgotten.

Let us all—alumni, trustees, and fellow-students—kindle

afresh in the fires on this altar also. Let us, here and now, re-consecrate the college to Christ as well as to culture. Let us pledge ourselves to Him and to one another for resistance to every evil tendency and for the bettering of all things, more and more, in our college life.

Young gentlemen, you need no new assurance of our interest in you at this hour when you have attained this goal of your ambition, and this reward of your toil. Nor imagine that this interest is well begun; see that there be no arrested development. Your feet, we trust, are in the narrow path that leads to the City of God; see that you stray not therefrom. Your ambitious dreams are of worthy aim and ends; yet doubt not that less worthy visions will present themselves to you. I beg you to close your eyes to the glitter of tinsel and deafen your ears to the voice of the charmer. My parting word to you—I would that I could stamp it upon your memories—my parting word is this: No human life, as the generations swiftly come and go, amounts to much or can be counted a success if its controlling purposes are at variance with the divine plan. But the life of no man, however humble, who seeks to know and do the will of God can be a failure.

MAY 27, 1897.

You constitute the largest graduating class that has ever gone forth from the College—a class more numerous than all the seven classes combined which graduated from 1870 to 1877. When we remember the positions occupied and the work already done by the men of those seven classes—in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, in agriculture, in journalism, as physicians and teachers—we confess to high expectation and hope as you go forth, as well equipped as they were to take your places as workers in the world.

I rejoice with you in the exhilaration of this hour. Fitting it is that with flowers and music and concourse of sympathiz-

ing friends the culminating hour of your college life should be crowned. But what of the morrow, when the strains of music shall have died away, the garlands faded, the concourse dispersed?

You have your various plans and purposes and ambitions. We believe that you have the ability and equipment needful to execute your plan and fulfil your hopes. We need not counsel you that only through patient, persistent labor can any truly noble ambition be realized or tell you that in steady, successful work is the joy and glory of living.

If it were my high privilege to speak one word strong enough to abide in your memories through the coming years, it would be to keep ever before you a high ideal for your own personal characters. When you shall have reached the meridian of life, you will see clearly, as you may not now, that it is not what a man does or possesses, but what he is—what he really knows himself to be—that counts. When the deeply-hidden springs of spiritual life within are pure and unclogged, all else will take care of itself. And more clearly than is possible now you will then discern that a life centered in and circumscribed by self is a failure; but that he who, in his sphere, humble or exalted, becomes a co-worker with the Eternal God in helping men, will not have lived in vain.

1902.

Young Gentlemen:—This is the end. It is also a beginning. The end of anything, you know, is the beginning of something else. Human combinations, like chemicals, perish, but the atoms recombine. Eras pass, but force is persistent. Most of you today write "Finis" on the last page of your college records. Ere the ink is dry you begin to pen the preface of a new volume. When its pages are filled and numbered, may the index reveal among its contents that you have found your way to the world's need, that your highest aspirations have been fully realized, that you have achieved the best for

yourselves through loving service of your fellow men. With whatever native talent you may be endowed, with whatever knowledge and intellectual acumen you have been enriched through training and practice, may there be united and inter-fused a purpose to make your homes, your neighborhoods, your country, the world—at least a little better and wiser than they would be but for you.

Nor need you postpone to riper maturity your efforts. Fortunate are you that you assume the fuller duties of manhood in an era pregnant with opportunity and among a people who are awakening to their higher needs and resolving to supply them. The thought of this rising tide of interest in popular education, to which I refer, thrills me through and through. Some of us older men—and women—who have longed and labored that we might see our sleeping Southern giant shake himself and arise can understand the emotion of the aged Simeon. We are almost ready to envy you younger men as you shall reap harvests from seed which we have helped to sow.

Now, in the name of your Alma Mater, which has always stood for the education of all the children of all our Southland and for the Voluntary Principle as a means thereto, I charge you to throw all the force of your young manhood—pen, tongue, influence—into a movement in which men of the South and North are knit together into a fraternity of patriotism. It was a Wake Forest man who organized the first graded school in North Carolina; those were Wake Forest men who first formed and drilled a student company for war with illiteracy. You, as Wake Forest men, must in the coming campaign, be in the forefront of the battle line as it sweeps on to victory.

I need not detain you with words of counsel. Day after day we have wrought together, you and I, in our search for truth. The thought in my mind, the wish in my heart you already know. The word need not be upon my lips. In the

coming years we shall follow your careers with unabating interest, rejoicing in your successes and sympathizing if shadows darken about you. And through these coming years may the Divine blessing richly abide with each one of you.

[DATE UNCERTAIN.]

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class:—When, next Wednesday, you go forth from your Alma Mater, this institution, you will bear well-earned diplomas as credentials of your equipment for your life work. But may I remind you, as you pause on the threshold of the world's activities, that no man is equipped for all the wider range of life who has not yielded to the claims of his Maker and under the teaching and with the help of the Holy Spirit begun to mould and shape himself into some likeness to the Son of God.

With noble and justifiable ambition, you are already planning for higher achievement in your several professions and occupations. God grant that all your brightest dreams may become realities.

Yet, forget it not, it is possible for one to amass wealth, to attain to high position, and to wear the laurels of fame, only to find in his later years that he has missed the best that life had to offer. Man's spiritual nature may be starved through neglect and the larger possibilities of his being may become atrophied from lack of exercise. But he who, as he goes forth into life, takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, his king, his teacher, his guide, will bring his whole nature into harmonious symmetry. Following the Perfect Man we may develop more and more the excellent spirit until we shall have grown into the measure of the stature of fullness of perfect manhood in Christ.

Immortality in the Light of Modern Science

[Paper read before the Baptist Congress in Philadelphia.]

BY DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

"There has been a sudden and sensible change in the opinions of men within these last fifty years by the progress of learning and liberty. Most people in this island have divested themselves of all superstitious reverence to names and authority; the clergy have lost their credit; their pretensions and doctrines have been much ridiculed; and even religion can scarcely support itself in the world."

These sentences seem to have a familiar ring, a flavor of recentness. But they were penned by David Hume in 1741—162 years ago. To each generation its own science is always modern; and the light thereof may prove afterward to have been but the twilight of a dying era. At no time have there been lacking prophets, like Hume, that, the foundations of religion being unsound, the fabric itself was in danger of falling. But a little later on it has always become evident that what was interpreted as the crumbling of the pillars of truth was only a stripping off of cumbersome barnacles.

Such considerations as these we do well to keep in mind in the discussion of *Immortality in the Light of Modern Science*.

On the threshold of a serious inquiry its terms demand strict definition.

"Immortality" is often loosely used in a popular sense to convey the notion of life, limited or otherwise, after death. But it is here assumed that the central thought in this discussion is endless life—the persistence forever of individual, conscious personality.

The term, Science, is accepted in its widest acceptance. It embraces all branches of human knowledge which have been organized into logical consistency and which, through recogni-

tion of natural law, have been brought into organic relation with other knowledge.

"Modern" is an ambiguous term. Its familiar acceptation in opposition to "ancient" and "mediæval" was evidently not contemplated by the framers of our program. We are asked rather to consider the more recent advances in scientific knowledge and the hypotheses which have been built thereon. Of these, the most important for our purpose have been made during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Accepting these definitions and limitations, it may be helpful to notice at the outset the general attitude of modern scientists toward religion and revelation. It may be questioned whether any true scientist has ever antagonized religion, in the wider sense of that term. But they have often differed from the opinions of others as to what religion is. In the same way the advocates of various forms of religion have often held inadequate or false conceptions of science, its methods and aims, and have often questioned its conclusions.

The views of scientists as to Christianity have widely varied. Much has depended upon the type of Christianity with which they were familiar and upon their personal experiences with its representatives.

Speaking very broadly, it may be said that during the first half of the period embraced in our most modern science, the general attitude of science toward Christianity and revealed truth was unsympathetic, if not hostile. This attitude was due, in part, at least, to misunderstandings, and this, in turn, was due, in part, to the unwise attitude of some apologists for Christianity. However this may be, many are still living who can remember the tide of unbelief which seemed about to overwhelm, not only Christianity, but all theistic belief. In the early 70's Mr. R. H. Hutton wrote in the *Spectator* of what he called "The Approach of Dogmatic Atheism." Dean Church had already said in Oxford, "Signs are about us which mean something which we dare scarcely breathe. Anchors

are lifting everywhere." It was at this period that Green, the historian, abandoned both his parochial charge in London and his Christian creed. It was in that era that Mr. John Morley used to write the name of God with a small "g." Just twenty-nine years ago Prof. Tyndal delivered his celebrated Belfast address on Materialism, Prof. Clifford declared that in a very little time there would be sufficient evidence to forbid our faith in a divine Creator, and the author of "Supernatural Religion" published his book which Mr. Morley declared would be "the complete demolition" of the value of the New Testament as authentic testimony. And the extent to which these expressions in high scientific and literary circles were echoed in popular sentiment is shown by the influence at that time of Charles Bradlaugh and the vogue of the much-vaunted "Halls of Science" in Great Britain.

There is, perhaps, no more vivid expression of the feeling of fear of many during this era than was expressed by T. H. Huxley in one of his essays: "The progress of science means the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation and the banishment from human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity. * * * The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls."

No thoughtful observer of the currents of thought during the last thirty years has failed to discern the turn of the tide. In the highest quarters materialism stands discredited. And the reaction is due, not only to distinctively evangelical influences, but also to the gradual assumption of a new point of view by men of the highest scientific standing.

This new attitude was described by President D. C. Gil-

man in his address at the Johns Hopkins University last spring:

Science is now recognized as the handmaid of religion. The propositions which were so objectionable thirty years ago are now received with as little alarm as the propositions of Euclid. * * * It is one of the most encouraging signs of our times that devout men, devoted to scientific study, see no conflict between their religious faith and their scientific knowledge. * * * As the realm of Knowledge extends, the realm of Faith remains. * * * It is more and more clearly seen that the interpretation of the laws by which the universe is governed, extending from the invisible rays of the celestial worlds to the most minute manifestations of organic life, reveal one plan, one purpose, one supreme sovereignty—far transcending the highest conceptions to which the human mind can attain respecting this sovereign and infinite Power. * * *

The contrast between the earlier and later periods of this era is well illustrated by the change from earlier to later views of some of the most eminent scientists. Virchow, in 1856, published an interpretation of the Universe which was essentially materialistic. In 1877 he enunciated a diametrically opposite view. Du Bois Raymond in his earlier life was an advocate of materialistic monism. In his celebrated "Ignorabimus-speech," delivered in his fullest maturity, he expressed quite different opinions. Wilhelm Wundt, of Leipzig, in 1863, published his lectures on human and animal psychology in which he took his position in the ranks of materialists. Thirty years later (1892) he published another edition, correcting what he esteemed to be his earlier errors and saying that he had learned to "consider the earlier work a sin of his youth." At first he treated psychology as a physical science. Thirty years later he finds it to be a psychological science. And familiar to most readers are the change in the opinions of George Romanes, the disciple of Ingersoll.

This change in sentiment is especially noticeable in regard to those opinions which affect belief in the immortality of the soul. But while the drift away from materialism during the last twenty-five or thirty years has been general and decided,

this drift is not generally known by the masses of the people. Some years are required for advanced opinion to percolate from top to bottom through the various strata of society. If multitudes of unthinking and half-educated people are still living under the cloud of materialism, it is because they are dwellers in valleys. Those who stand upon the mountain tops can discern the rising of the sun of a spiritualistic conception of the Universe.

The most notable exception among the belated thinkers and the most earnest and influential advocate of materialism in our day is Ernest Haeckel of Jena. The following expressions from his *Riddle of the Universe*, published in 1900, furnish, perhaps, the clearest, as they are the most radical statement of the dogma of materialism.

When we come to analyze the different proofs that have been urged for the immortality of the soul, we find that not a single one of them is of a scientific character; not a single one is consistent with the truths we have learned in the last few decades.

Palaeontology and the comparative anatomy and physiology of the brain, coöperating with and completing each other, prove to the hilt that the human brain (and, consequently, its function—the soul) has been evolved, step by step, from that of the mammal, and, still further back, from that of the lower vertebrate.

These inquiries * * * prove the old dogma of the immortality of the soul to be absolutely untenable; in the twentieth century it will not be regarded as a subject of serious scientific research.

* * * It is my firm and honest conviction that a definite abandonment of these "athanatist illusions" would involve no painful loss, but an inestimable positive gain for humanity. * * * The best we can desire after a courageous life, spent in doing good according to our light, is the eternal peace of the grave.

The belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma which is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science.

These conclusions, which a Haeckel claims to describe the "stage in the attainment of truth which we have actually arrived at in this closing year of the Nineteenth Century" and which he calls "this ripe fruit of the tree of knowledge" are not without what he claims to be a philosophical, as well

as an empirical, substratum. This is succinctly stated as follows: "Matter, or infinitely extended substance, and spirit (energy), or sensitive and thinking substance, are the two fundamental properties of the all-embracing divine essence of the world, the universal substance."

This system of materialistic monism with its conclusions may be accepted as the last and strongest denial of immortality.

In opposition to the opinion of Haeckel and of the very few who follow him to his extreme conclusions, it may be asserted with all boldness that Science not only has not discredited belief in immortality as unreasonable, but, in the nature of the case, can never do so. The glory of science is that it bases its deductions upon an exhaustive observation of actual phenomena. Consciousness reveals phenomena of its own. They are of a different order from those manifested by matter, even in its most highly organized form. The thing series and thought series exist side by side, but they are incommensurable. The science which entirely ignores the one in the emphasis which it gives to the other is, to that extent, unscientific. Indeed, if either the thought series or the thing series is to be subordinated, the one to the other, it should be the latter. For closer to the life of the soul than any other kind of cognition is the consciousness of its own existence.

As to whether this existence is to terminate with death, there is absolutely no experience upon which to base an argument, for or against. All true science is based upon experience. A cautious scientist will venture to enunciate a general truth only after wide induction from large observation. But as to the immortality of the human soul, he is absolutely without experience or observation. He may assert that he cannot prove the survival of conscious activities apart from matter. There he is on safe ground. But it is equally true, and for the same reason, that he cannot disprove this survival. The truth is, so far as observation and experience are concerned,

there is no evidence accessible for proving or disproving immortality. It is here that the scientist's argument against immortality utterly fails. There is not even the slightest presumption advanced against the survival of the soul; for, in order to such a presumption, testimony must be accessible. And, in the nature of the case, there is and can be no testimony available.

This conclusion is admirably presented by the late Dr. John Fiske, one of the foremost American interpreters of science.

While the belief in a future life is without scientific support, at the same time it is placed beyond the need of a scientific support and beyond the range of scientific criticism. It is a belief which no imaginable future advance in physical discovery can in any way impugn. It is a belief which is in no sense irrational and which may be logically entertained without in the least affecting our scientific habit of mind or influencing our scientific conclusions.

The real grounds for belief in immortality are clearly outside of the realm and range of empirical scientific method. (What these grounds are may be stated later on.) In these, as in an impregnable Gibraltar, believers in immortality may rest secure, so far as the assaults of science are concerned.

Science can neither prove nor disprove immortality. But from several quarters, worthy of recognition among scientists, have come suggestions which serve to encourage the belief in immortality or, at least, to answer and counterbalance objections to this belief.

1. Modern Science, so far from bridging the chasm between mind and matter, tends rather to exhibit the distinction between them as absolute. It is freely admitted that during the present stage and in this arena of our existence, the nervous system, especially the brain, is an essential condition of all mental activity. But this is not an admission that the material organization which we now possess is the only possible organ of mind. It is freely admitted that thought and mole-

cular movement are simultaneous. But in no scientific sense does concomitance prove that thought is the produce of molecular movement. All that can be affirmed is simultaneity. The casual nexus has not been established.

Despite the close and undeviating parallelism between conscious states and neural states, science admits that the two cannot be identified. A brain change may be a case of matter and motion. To describe a change of mind in the same term is specious.

2. Again, the series of neural events is closed and complete within itself. Each neural state is wholly the effect of its neural antecedent and the cause of its neural subsequent. The Law of Conservation of Energy, the master generalization of the science, would be violated by the assumption that energy could appear or disappear in one form without at once disappearing or reappearing in another. Brain changes cannot be changed into sensations without a breach of physical continuity, and of such a breach there is no evidence. The same is true of the transformation of volitions into brain changes. It is in part on this ground that Herbert Spencer wrote, "No effort has ever enabled us to assimilate the oscillations of a molecule and a nervous shock in consciousness." And, again, "A unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion." T. H. Huxley, also, said, "If we could trace all the movements of every molecule of the brain, we could still no more understand how a nerve impulse occasions a state of consciousness than the appearance of the Djinn when Aladdin rubbed his lamp." If the mechanical theory of the material world be admitted, then there is no natural explanation of the concomitance of neural and conscious processes. Across the gap can be traced no causal links. The destruction of the organ, therefore, does not necessarily imply the destruction of the person.

3. A theory has been propounded that a few molecules of living matter, richly laden with the conditions of personality, may survive the dissolution of the body and fur-

nish the germ out of which a new organism may arise. There is no more interesting fact within the range of human knowledge than that a single cell may contain within its microscopic compass the sum total of the heritage of the species. No physico-chemical theory will ever explain how all the physical and intellectual peculiarities may be transmitted from father to son through one minute cell, a spermatozoon, five hundred millions of which would hardly occupy one cubic centimeter. If, over this attenuated bridge, the accumulated characteristics of generations of ancestors have passed, why, it has been argued, may not a single cell, excepted from the disorganization of a living body, persist and perpetuate personal life?

Intensely interesting as this suggestion is, it is unsatisfactory for the illumination of the specific problem before us. If immortality consisted in the continuity of life throughout a succession of forms of living, organized matter, this theory would doubtless be helpful, if not satisfactory. But personal immortality demands more than this.

Weissman insisted that "death is not an essential attribute of living matter," and that "no protozoan has ever lost an ancestor by death." His disciples have extended this latter statement and claim that:

There is not a single component cell in the body of a metazoan which has ever lost an ancestor by death. * * * Generation behind generation, there has ever been unbroken continuity of living matter.—*Arthur Milnes Marshall.*

But this statement, made to embrace humanity, is only saying that a man lives again in his descendants. It does not fulfill the demands of our definition of immortality.

4. This discussion would be incomplete without reference to a theory advanced by two of the most eminent physicists of England, Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart, and which, a few years ago, attracted no little attention. The distinguished authors attempted to bring the future life of the human soul

into connection with hypotheses generally accepted by physicists. These hypotheses postulate "The Principle of Continuity" as necessary to an explanation of the past and future of the universe. The study of the visible universe has led, it is claimed, to the recognition of a kind of unseen world underlying the world known to the senses. If this be true, our experiences of visible phenomena justify the framing of theories as to this unseen world.

According to this theory it is conceived that there may be independent worlds, perhaps interpenetrating one another in the same space. One of these is of some indestructible element which, for a time "draws sustenance from physical phenomena and is to survive their decay." All loss of energy in the visible universe has its counterpart in a gain of energy in an unseen universe of ether. No physical action is ever lost, but is stored in its impressions upon ether, affecting another universe simultaneously. In a word, as one visible clock is running down, it is winding up another which is invisible. This theory, it was conceived, might afford a working hypothesis for the explanation of a future state.

This, however, is still materialism, though in a most attenuated form. It does not satisfy the craving of the soul for its own, personal persistence, apart from material organization. It is rather one of the fossils which lie in the vague borderland between physics and metaphysics.

5. It seems strange that the doctrines of the Theory of Evolution, which forty years ago were classed as unfriendly to all revealed truth, should now appeal to some minds as affording strong proofs of immortality. Yet so it is. The late John Fisko has expressed views on this subject which have no uncertain meaning. Through his study of Evolution he found "distinct intimations of a dramatic tendency in Evolution," culminating in man and his exalted spiritual qualities. The law of Evolution is perpetual upward progress.

Biology exhibits man as the terminal fact in the stupendous process of Evolution. "The world was made for man, and the bringing forth in him of those qualities which we call highest and holiest is the final cause of creation." Of this conception of man he said, "When * * * it suddenly flashed upon me * * * it came with such vividness as to seem like a revelation." Then he urges that if man is the consummate fruition of creative energy, one "is almost irresistibly driven to the belief that the soul's career is not completed with the present life upon the earth." He insists that there is as much reason to believe in the permanence of the spiritual nature of man as in the constancy of nature. His conclusion is that "the more thoroughly we comprehend Evolution, the more likely we are to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning."

There are indications in current literature that a better understanding and more general acceptance of the underlying principles of Evolution in its wider scope are beginning to stimulate in many minds a conception as to man's place in Nature which will not allow his immortality to remain an open question. It must be admitted, however, that the argument in its present stage would seem to lend its support mainly, if not entirely, to the doctrine of conditional immortality. If the law of survival of the fittest prevails in the unseen world, immortality is not the portion of the spiritual unfit. But the philosophy of Evolution has not yet been adequately written. When it shall be, we may rest assured that it will be welcomed as a handmaid, and not repudiated as an enemy, of all that is fundamental in Christianity. Like the Gospel it proclaims the law of hope and progress.

6. The Materialistic Monism of Haeckel is fairly offset by a type of Spiritualistic Monism which seems to be gaining in acceptance among many thinkers. Even among scientists there is a tendency to recognize the basis of things as spiritual

and not material. Physics, which began as a positive science, by turning its back upon all metaphysics, is itself creating a new metaphysics. Whenever Biology lifts its eyes from its microscope, it perceives that life has a large spiritual background. Prof. Ostwald, one of the most eminent chemists of Europe, addressing the Society of German Naturalists and Physicians, has recently said, "The most hopeful scientific gift which the departing century can offer the dawning one is the replacement of the mechanical theory by the energistic. * * * Matter is a thing of thought which we have constructed for ourselves. * * * We have only energy. * * *

Matter is nothing but a spacially contiguous group of different energies, and all that we can predicate of it we predicate only of these energies." And quite recently discoveries in radio-activity have led physicists of world-wide reputation to suggest new theories as to the ultimate constituent of matter.

There are not a few in our day who, while varying greatly in their theories, admit as the best conclusion from their thinking, that "The things which are seen are temporal and the things which are not seen are eternal." This is true in the case of the majority of the advocates of Monism as a philosopheme. And it is coming to be generally admitted that if one were limited in choice (as, in the opinion of the writer, he is not) between Materialistic and Idealistic Monisms, he must choose the latter. Whatever a thinking subject may be in doubt about, he cannot deny the fact of his own existence. All arguments of the materialist assume that the possibilities of existence are limited by our ephemeral experiences. But what is matter but a group of qualities which, as such, have no existence apart from our minds? What is perception but a mental state caused by force which is not ourselves? May not what we call the material universe be only the manifestation of the thought and will of infinite Deity to finite minds? This thought is as old as the time of Plato, but it seems during the last generation to have won its way, as

never before. God is the source of all life, in its continuance, as well as in its origin. All forces, at the last analysis, are one divine force, which is the divine will; all laws are only the modes of divine operation. To the spiritualistic Monist, belief in immortality is only a natural and reasonable conclusion and a legitimate part of his system.

7. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, eminent in both scientific and literary achievement, in a recent book has advanced an argument which is rich in a certain suggestiveness. The long evolutionary process in nature is crowned by the individuality of man. This is completed by the consciousness of selfhood and the acquisition of the moral sense. "It is hardly possible adequately to state the isolation of the individual man. * * * At first sight these features of isolation and of brevity make * * * the gravest note in all lyric poetry. Our better knowledge * * * has gone past those distressing features to show us in part what they mean. It sets forth the person as an unique storehouse of personal experience; as a garner of the times that have been; as the embodied history of the past. In a word, it gives a value to the organic individual of all grades which exists in nothing else we know in the realms about us." "In man, we have not only the vast storehouse of experience, but the newly added feature of self-consciousness and all that goes therewith. * * * This addition places our kind in a distinct sphere, separated from that which is lower by an interval effectively as great as that which parts the group of organic units from that of the inorganic realm. * * * The great significance of the individual man fairly raises the presumption that his place in Nature has a meaning that is not to be measured by the length of his life in the body. Looking, as we must do, for a purpose that justifies to our understanding all this doing of nature, is it not reasonable to suppose that one at least of the designed results is attained in the creation of these personalities? May we not fairly regard these persons as containing

and preserving the permanent gain which comes from the work of the visible universe; as the indestructible profit of a work which otherwise would offend us by its apparent resultlessness?"

8. This discussion would be incomplete without a passing reference to certain results which, it is claimed, have been secured by the Society for Psychical Research. The gentlemen who compose this Association are partisans of various explanations of phenomena which have long been knocking at the doors of accepted science. But what are claimed to be facts reveal themselves in the majority of cases as falsified with fraud. The residuum is too scant and uncertain to lend itself to scientific treatment. Not a few able men, well-trained in the methods of science, have shared in these investigations. Their reports, for the most part, as they turn wearily from their quest, are as empty of real result as those of the ancient Greek who milked a he-goat into an empty sieve. The history of "Spiritualism" is chiefly interesting as an illustration of the ease with which intelligent people may be deceived and as an indication of the universal longing for immortality and for proofs of its verity.

The several considerations which have been advanced by modern scientists may encourage in some minds the hope of immortality. No one will probably claim that they will prove the doctrine. But, so far as science speaks at all, its testimony is almost altogether on one side. It cannot disprove immortality. But it does furnish some hints which are presumptions as to its truth.

The real reasons for believing in immortality are just what they have been in all the Christian ages. These may be reinforced; but there is no good ground for thinking that they can be antagonized by any scientific knowledge of Nature and its laws.

That human life should terminate absolutely in the weak-

ness of old age and the corruption of the tomb will always seem a humiliating anti-climax, and will often seem a hideous injustice. The eternal moral law and the rightful supremacy of conscience demand redress for the wrongs and injustices of the present life. The innate sense of justice claims an arena for the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Earth and earthly things are manifestly incapable of satisfying our cravings and ideals. Human nature instinctively revolts against the idea of annihilation; on the other hand, it is conscious of a capacity for attainment and affection which seem to transcend the limit of this present life.

The crowning proof is that Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel. So long as the New Testament can maintain its record as genuine and authentic despite the assaults of scientific criticism, there will be need of no other proof. Every confirmation of this proof from every quarter will be welcomed. But Christianity needs not to be reminded that, as its claims rest upon other than "scientific" foundations (though its claims are not unscientific), its appeal for verification must not be made to science.

The Minister of the Gospel

Christian Manhood

[Sermon delivered at Shaw University Commencement,
April 9, 1913.]

I have taken for this afternoon a text within a text. The larger text is II Peter, 1, 5-7: "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness charity." The text within this text to which I shall give emphasis, is, "Add to your faith virtue."

A few months ago, when visiting our great metropolis, I stood for a moment on lower Broadway and looked down into a deep excavation. A hundred brawny laborers were laying bare the granite bed rock on which that city is builded. Some weeks later, on revisiting New York, I beheld on the same spit the beginnings of a massive structure—a lofty skeleton with its ribs of steel and its outer casing of marble. To a solid foundation was being added a noble superstructure. In the passage which includes the text, the apostle counsels that a seven-story fabric be builded upon the foundation of all Christian hope and Christian living. Other foundation can no man lay than is laid. That foundation is Christ, his wondrous life, his sacrificial death, his ceaseless intercession.

Both Paul and Peter, again and again, use this figure of building, the latter, perhaps, recalling his Lord's words, "Upon this rock will I build." They use it, first, with reference to the church universal. Here, believers, vitally united by faith—mortised—into the living foundation stone, are as living stones built up into a spiritual house. Of this vast temple all saints of all ages and all lands are component parts. And each saint is responsible for the carving and polish of at least one stone of the temple.

They apply the illustration also more specifically to the in-

dividual Christian. Each believer is said to be a temple of the Holy Ghost. Each one is exhorted to build clean personal character upon the foundation, faith being the cement which binds him to the rock. In each is there to be a holy of holies where the shekinal presence of Jehovah may appear.

Perhaps another familiar gospel figure will be more helpful here even than that of building. The process is not mechanical, but vital. Each Christian is a branch grafted by faith into Christ, the Vine. Every branch has its own power to assimilate, to grow, to take direction, to bear fruit. The fruit is to appear in varied clusters. Of only one of these can we speak today as our central thought. Give all diligence that out of your faith shall be developed Virtue.

We are accustomed to the familiar use of this word Virtue as a general term for moral excellence or in opposition to vice. And in a more limited sense we use it as a synonym for purity. But the translators of our English Bible use the word in its original, etymological signification. As you all know, the Romans had two words for man. *Homo* was any human being. *Vir* was a hero. *Virtus* meant heroism. The word actually used by Peter is a direct derivative from the name of the Greek divinity, who, as the god of war, was idealized courage. The idea of the apostle here is manliness, manly vigor, moral courage, decision of character. See to it that out of your faith shall grow true manliness. My subject today, then, is "Christian Manhood."

In order that we may make no mistake as to the nature of this Christian manhood, we are reminded that it is united with other qualities with which it must be consistent. As true manliness is to spring from genuine faith, so branch after branch will be offshoots from manhood. These we shall consider as related to, or elements of, real manliness. And perhaps we shall find that Peter, in enumerating these branches, gives some results of personal experience, drawn from his own spiritual biography.

I.

Christian Manhood must develop *knowledge*. Religion is doubtless compatible with ignorance, but it is of the nature of Christianity to create an appetite for knowledge—for all knowledge. It is knowledge of truth, said Christ, which makes men free. And when men are made free, liberty without knowledge is perilous, tending to degenerate into license.

1. I think that in order to grow into our nobler manhood, God would have us know all that we can about this vast and wonderful universe in which we are citizens. There have been those who have feared that the study of nature would antagonize divine truth. Away with the idea. What we have to fear is, not knowledge, but ignorance and the superstition which knowledge kills. For ignorance is the mother of superstition and the grandmother of many sins. The scientist who traces natural phenomena is reading the handwriting of God. He who discovers natural law is thinking God's thoughts after Him. It is the Christian man who more than any other should strive to penetrate into the arcana of nature. With earnestness and enthusiasm, but with great reverence and a consuming love of truth, let pioneers advance into the realm of the unknown. And as they pass back their messages of discovery, let us see to it that we do not, through sloth or apathy, fail to enrich our manhood with the new knowledge.

2. Knowledge, too, of the meanings of history. Its pictured page glows with lessons of supremest interest and value. You and I may be but dwarfs and pigmies, but we can mount up on the shoulders of giants and widen our horizon from their altitude. Along the pathway which men have traveled are guideboards and red danger signals for those who are to follow. If, in our twentieth century, we are going to make history which our descendants can read without sighs and tears, we must not repeat the ignorant and costly blunders of our ancestors.

3. In order to a high type of manhood there must, of course, be *self-knowledge*. "Know thyself" is a Christian as well as a pagan motto. He who is ignorant of or overrates his own real abilities and limitations will never fill out the measure of his opportunity. To master the science of self requires higher heroism and greater effort than to know the phenomena and laws of nature. Easy enough it is to study our fellows critically. To scrutinize our own abilities and characters closely is difficult and often-times painful and discouraging. Strange as it may appear, it is less difficult to discern motes in the eyes of others than beams in our own eyes. Ignorance of self has been the rock upon which many of the world's conquerors have been wrecked. They knew others, but never learned their own weaknesses. The fields in which they were victors were outside of themselves. On the real battlefield of life, which is within, they were vanquished.

4. Knowledge, too, of the divine will disclosed, and the divine man portrayed in the divine word is essential to the highest manhood. No one can form a loving acquaintance with Jesus Christ without having before him the highest ideal of manliness—brave, tender, and true. To know Him is life eternal. But that life begins now and reveals itself in growing likeness to the perfect life.

Nor can the full work of a man be done in the world for the uplifting of mankind without this special knowledge. When Peter spoke on the day of Pentecost he was illumined by the Spirit of God. But we cannot suppose that by special inspiration he was given the knowledge of scripture with which he enforced his argument and appeal. He had already perused the Sacred Book with curiosity and eagerness. Its teachings were imbedded in his memory. Hence he was able, on the spur of the moment, to quote from the Prophet Joel and to cull from the Psalms of David threads of gold and purple for the web of his unpremeditated discourse. And he was more of a man that day because he was able to do this.

When to virtue we shall have added real knowledge, *Humility* will grace our manhood. It is only the superficial smatterer who brags of his erudition. But the wider the circle of light about us, the wider will be the range of darkness revealed to us. The most learned man is he who measures most modestly his own attainments. But in proportion as we widen our vision of *nature* and *self* and *history* and *God* we make possible for ourselves a larger, though a less boastful manhood.

II.

Another essential for symmetrical, harmonious manliness is temperance, or rather *Self-discipline*; for that is the next item in this sum of addition which we are working out. Man is an embodiment of instincts, passions, appetites, capacities and powers. They range from the lowest, which are animal, to the highest, which are divine. The higher are to rule; the lower to be ruled. Each in its place is necessary. No single faculty—not even the lowest—can be spared. To exterminate anyone is to mutilate personality. Man's lowest instinct is a useful servant so long as it is harnessed with bit and bridle. But, uncurbed, it may become a ravening wild beast, a relentless tyrant. There can, therefore, be no true manliness without ceaseless self-restraint. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. We need no evidence beyond our own experience that when we would do good evil is present with us. Either our lower nature with its appetites and passions and unclean imaginations will conquer reason and conscience and turn our manhood into brutehood, or else this lower nature must be forced to own the supremacy of reason and conscience. Then manhood wields the sway over the serpent and ape of carnal appetite. While the mutinous crew of unbridled passions riot on the quarter-deck, the bark drifts before winds and waves hopeless of a haven. There can be no prosperous sailing while the captain, reason, and his mate, conscience, are in chains below. But when these

command on deck, get the bearings of life from the eternal stars, and point the way for the pilot, there'll be safe harborage by and bye.

The young and inexperienced often make a fatal error in their estimate of what constitutes real manliness and courage. They think that quickness to resent by word or blow is the highest expression of valor. They forget that oft-times there is greater bravery in recalling the word that is on the lips or withholding from the assault which one is tempted to make. There had been a time when Peter made this mistake of rashness. Impulsively he exclaimed, "Though I should die with Thee, yet I will not deny Thee." And in the heat of his haste he drew his sword and sliced off the ear of Malchus. One would have said, "There's a hero, every inch a *man*." But when the real pinch came, Peter's spirit oozed away and left the poor fellow fearful and afraid. He learned his lesson well that time, and when, in after years, he urged the development of true manhood, he insisted that it should be tempered with self-control.

III.

A third element which must enter into Christian manhood is Patience, a passive characteristic, but just as important as any active virtue, and perhaps more difficult to cultivate. Many a man has courage who has not fortitude, for it is often easier to do than it is to bear. Bravery we may share with brutes. Calm endurance, suffering the contradiction of sinners against ourselves, we share with our Lord. Nothing is more beautiful in the life of our divine Master than His patient bearing. Misunderstood, misrepresented, reviled, plotted against, abused, deserted by disciples, persecuted by enemies, He calmly, patiently trod that pathway of obedience to His Father which led to Gethsemane and the Cross. And, as we read the wonderful story, we can not but feel that if our Lord had stooped to resentment—that if He had summoned

legions of angels for his deliverance—the manliness of the Son of Man would have suffered an irreparable subtraction.

I think that we shall more fully appreciate the importance of patience in Christian manhood if we remember that it is an essential condition of all successful work in the world. Without steady, patient labor, achievement is impossible. There's no royal road that leads anywhere that's worth going to. Thomas Carlyle once wrote that the world is made up of three classes of people—working men, beggar men, and thieves. Certainly it is true that no man with normal powers has a right to be a consumer unless he be also a producer. The right to eat and wear, and the obligation to work are correlative. It matters not what the work may be. The man with the hoe, the man with the pen, the man with the trowel, the man with the ledger,—all are co-workers in the world-wide field of labor. Not a curse, but a blessing, have men found honest, patient work to be. Throughout the ages they have found it to be not merely a means of livelihood, but a cure for tedium, a solace in affliction, and a bringer of happiness. And since, by the Sea of Gallilee, the young carpenter of Nazareth pushed his plane and swung his hammer, work has been crowned with a new sacredness and dignity. Patience in labor, then, is an essential characteristic of true manhood.

Again: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." There is no one, however rich or strong, or saintly, into whose life comes not losses, bereavements, and pain. There is no one who does not at times pass into gloom and misgiving as he tries to decipher the puzzle of the universe. Baffled in the effort, the Stoic finds calm in apathy, the Cynic in scorn, and the Buddhist in despair. The Christian man can find his relief in patient trust. Recognizing life as a scene of moral discipline and probation, he can admit that he does not comprehend the vast plan, while claiming with patient resignation that its ultimate issues are assured. For the patience of true manhood has an element of hope in it; it

is a waiting for a definite something. Suffering is accepted as an unseen good. The soul believes that somewhere, somehow, it will issue in a joy. It feels as if it were itself the subject of a grand problem which is being gradually worked out in the inner chambers of its own nature, and to whose solution its experience and life are contributing unconsciously. In many a form tribulation will surely come into the life, but Christian manhood will always hear whispered the reassuring words, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

IV.

Those who have studied Godliness, the fourth quality with which Christian manhood is to be enriched, tell us that the idea in the mind of the writer was a disposition in which the divine approval counts for more than all else. In other words, the principle of obedience to God is to be established in the soul as supreme and final. The writer of the text, after his own manliness had grown into some symmetry, said in an august tribunal, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we can not but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Was this the same impulsive Galilean who trembled before a servant maid and who denied his Lord? Yes and no. What says the record? "Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them." The same Peter, but multiplied by deity. The unfaithful sentinel who fled from his post of duty, filled with the Holy Spirit, has become a man of war, is immovable as Gibraltar. He had put on godliness. This disposition fashions the life after the Christ pattern. Our Lord's controlling purpose throughout His mission was to do God's will. And he is most Christlike who in all his plans and actions seeks to answer the prayer, "Thy will be done." The will of God is no arbitrary command of an autocrat. It is the expression of divine nature, the shining forth of the divine attributes. He

who seeks, therefore, to conform to it is shaping himself, his life, his character in accordance with universal, necessary and eternal truth.

This brings Unity into the soul and the life. Where there is the settled purpose of obeying God and doing duty under all circumstances, there is what the Scripture calls "singleness of heart." There is one Master, one aim, one effort. That illustrious example of Christian manhood who began his new and strenuous life with the question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" proved the power of deep-seated conviction to focalize the energies of a many-sided nature.

It brings *Stability* into a life. Reuben was the oldest son of Jacob. But unstable as water, he could not excel. He lacked an element of true manliness. His chance was naturally better than that of his eleven brothers. He lost his opportunity because his soul was not anchored in decided loyalty to duty.

It brings *Strength* into the soul. One becomes conscious of the reinforcement of Omnipotence. The man who is on God's side has God on his side; and the veriest weakling who has Jehovah for his ally is always in the majority. Infuriated fanatics could break the martyr's bones and lacerate his flesh. But they never even touched the real Stephen. His soul was unconquered up to the moment when it was received by the outstretched arms of his Saviour.

It brings *Peace* into the life. He alone who has made the divine will his will can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And in every dark valley of shadows, even unto the end, there will be the rod and the staff to comfort. Thus, through an abiding purpose to do God's will, unity, stability, strength and peace crown true manliness.

V.

So far we have been considering moral development as progress in the course of personal duty. But we are now reminded that manhood is not so self-contained as to sustain

no external relations. We are in the midst of manifold social relations and owe duties to others. These lie about us in concentric circles, some wide and large, others small and very close to us. One of these is BROTHERLY KINDNESS, or, as it should be rendered, love of the brethren. One who has begun to admire and acquire the qualities which enter into Christian Manhood, begins to recognize and admire these same qualities in others. This type of manliness is not merely a personal possession. We share it with many others. It makes possible the communion of saints. It introduces us into a brotherhood. And I believe that loyalty to this brotherhood is paramount—that it creates higher and stronger obligations than are imposed by membership in any human organization. Those who are one in Christ are united by a bond closer and stronger than any man-made tie. Paul recognizes this when he enjoins that, while we are to do good unto all men, as we have opportunity, we are to do good “especially to them that are of the household of faith.” It was with the people of God that Moses chose rather to suffer affliction.

Out of this relation rises the duty of mutual helpfulness. I am not saying that other societies are wrong and to be discouraged. They may have their place in the world, especially for those who have not the Christian's hope. But one will find his own highest manhood most developed, I am persuaded, if he puts his duty as a Christian to his fellow Christians in front of all other duties. The individual, local churches should be temperance societies, carers for the poor and orphan; they should do their full part in helping to feed and clothe the living, to nurse the sick and to bury the dead. It is not right that vital sap which should flow through the churches, the body of Christ, should be drained off into other channels. For one to seek elsewhere than in his church help in moral guidance and temporal relief, seems a virtual confession that there are needs which the churches can not or do not supply. And if this be the case, the scope of our church work should

be widened until each member finds an ample arena for the cultivation of brotherly kindness and the enriching thereby of his better manhood.

And, as this comes to pass, we become workers with those who have like precious faith with us, who are the children of the same Father, servants of the same Master, members of the same family, travelers to the same country, and heirs of the same inheritance.

VI.

But love and helpfulness are not to be limited to our brethren in Christ. The circles of obligation widen out to the furthest limits of humanity. When Paul asserts that he who loves his neighbor as himself fulfills the whole moral law (does his whole duty), he springs the old question, "And who is my neighbor?" And we know our Lord's answer. The woman at the well said, "The Jews have no dealing with the Samaritans." But in Christ's wonderful story there was one time, at least, when a Samaritan had certain dealing with a Jew. Every man is more or less my neighbor. And when, last of all, Peter says that perfect Manhood must be crowned with CHARITY, he means universal love for all our fellowmen. Not that we can love all men alike. We can not feel towards those who hate us as we do towards friends. But we can discipline ourselves to an exercise of universal love of benevolence. By this I understand an intelligent, well-directed and permanent good will towards all. And it does not expend itself in fruitless well-wishing, but strives to confer benefits upon all our fellow creatures. It brings sunshine into the home; it sweetens all social intercourse with the gentle courtesies of life; it speaks the soft answer that turneth away wrath; it puts oil upon all the creaking joints and heated bearings of business machinery; it enables people of all races and varying opinions to live together in harmony and mutual helpfulness; it sends Lott Carey to Africa; it brings Henry Tupper to

Raleigh. Alas, that this loveliest fruit of Christ's religion so seldom grows to perfection in our manhood!

One day, before preaching, the eloquent Dr. Richard Fuller read the 13th chapter of the 1st Corinthians. While the words, "The greatest of these is charity" were still echoing in the ears of his audience, he said: "I have just read to you the epitaph upon the tombstone of a well-nigh forgotten virtue." And yet it is the one thing that Christ came to plant and nourish in the world. The core of His message to humanity is that God is love; that, as a Father, He loves His wayward children; that men are brothers; that their best manhood is promoted and their happiness secured by loving each other. This love is the gravitation of the free human will to the true center of the universe. It is the affinity of souls, binding like to like.

Love is the life

That doth inform the spirit by its power,
Causing all perfect growth and every mold
Of lasting beauty, every blessed fruit.
Love overpasseth all analogy,
Gives to creation all its radiance,
Crowneth all nobleness, and nameth God.

It is not without purpose that I have chosen for my message today the subject of True Manliness. After a few hours some of you will have received all that school and college and university can give you, and will have entered upon a wider arena. You begin your life-work in an era and amid circumstances which peculiarly demand that real knowledge, constant self-restraint, great patience, unwavering loyalty to God, and, above all, ceaseless love, shall temper the courage of your manhood.

This manhood is possible for men and women of every race. Christ called Himself "The Son of Man,"—not of a man. He was the representative of humanity, of that one blood of which God hath made all nations of men.

This manhood is independent of social condition. Some

who have hardly had the right to claim to be men at all, have worn crowns and sat on thrones. Others, who, like their Lord, have not had where to lay their heads, have illustrated the possibilities of noblest manhood in humblest stations.

It is independent of calling or profession. The men of the ninth and tenth regiments of the regular army saved the Rough Riders on the bloody day of El Caney. They were heroes. But no more heroes than hundreds of men and women who, wearing plain garb and living on simple fare, unheralded, have done their duty in lowly positions.

Whoever you may be, wherever you may go, whatever you do, remember that it will be yours to act the part of men—to illustrate Christian Manhood. That you may do this, give diligence—give *all* diligence. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful. * * * Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The Excellent Spirit of Daniel

[Baccalaureate Sermon delivered at A. and M. College Commencement, May 27, 1900.]

Daniel 6:3.

The first half of this verso states a fact;—a fact, too, which, everything considered, is remarkable. In reorganizing the vast and opulent kingdom of Babylon, under the new Medo-Persian dynasty, Darius appointed 120 princes or satraps. Over these he set three presidents. Of these viceroys, the ranking officer was Daniel. One would have expected that the man next in power to the king would have been to the manner born, with ancestral prestige, with influential family connections, and a worshiper of the Babylonian divinities. As

a matter of fact, the king placed in this high position a man of alien birth, a nonconformist to the established religion, and over 80 years old.

The second half of the verse gives a reason for this strange fact. We naturally look for some explanation of this choice of a man who, by all his outward conditions and relations, was handicapped in his chances for promotion. The explanation is given—"because an excellent spirit was in him."

God's wonderful book teaches truth in ways diverse. Herein we discover not only precept but example—not only abstract argument, but concrete illustration. Here are biographies, full or fragmentary, of all manner of men. Here we may behold the disintegration and wreck of character through rejection of God and disobedience to his laws. Here we may discover how character is enriched and ennobled when God is welcomed into the life and when His will is accepted as law. It is such a case as this last that invites our attention tonight, as we seek to discover what constituted the excellent spirit which caused Daniel to be distinguished above his fellows.

A glance at the general features of his earlier career in Babylon reveals that Daniel had the good sense to turn an apparently bad start in life into a good one. Carried away captive when about fourteen years old from Jerusalem to Babylon, it would have been not unnatural for the boy to yield to homesickness and despair. In his place it would have been easy for many to say, "Had I been allowed to remain in my native land, to be sheltered by my father's roof, to worship at the altars of my people, I might have achieved something in life. But now, separated from kindred, a stranger in a strange land, my hopes are all blasted and effort is useless." But so far from yielding to despondency, we find that Daniel began to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him in Babylon. This great city was at this time the most important center of civilization in the Oriental world. The young man,

finding the way open to secure a liberal education, set himself to master the language and the learning of the Chaldeans. And when, after several years of faithful application, he stood before the king with the other Jewish cadets of the royal house, we are told that, "in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king required of them, he found them ten times better than all" the magi "who were in all his realm." Here was the result of the excellent spirit of *industry* in a youth who was getting ready to stand, in due time, before presidents and princes.

Blessed is that youth to whom opportunity is given for the acquisition of knowledge and the development of mind. More happy is he who, even in the midst of disaster and untoward outward circumstances, knows how to discern his opportunity and not merely from self-interest but as a matter of religious duty, to avail himself of it.

It was during this period of his student life that we find that Daniel had come "into favor and tender love with" the several officials in whose charge he and his young companions had been placed. There was that about him which won the hearts of men. No monkish churl was he, soured by misfortune. But, as ingredients of the excellent spirit, we find here indications of unselfishness and courteous bearing. True religion puts sunshine into the heart, and it cannot help gleaming outward. A surly, uncivil person may possibly be a Christian, but he is assuredly not the highest type. One may doubtless be a gentleman, as the word goes, without being a Christian. But can one be a Christian without being a gentleman? Christianity inculcates the spirit of true benevolence. From this flow naturally kindly thoughts, feelings, acts. The apostolic injunction, "Be courteous," does not bid us wear on special occasions a thin veneering of politeness, but rather on all occasions, as a matter of religious principle, "To do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

This man, who was unconsciously getting ready for large

usefulness and high promotion, from the very beginning of his sojourn in Babylon, showed remarkable fidelity to his convictions. In his new environment, a captive in a heathen country, residing in a luxurious and idolatrous court, pursuing a course of study which was necessarily pervaded with superstition, associating with the followers of a false religion and a low morality, it would not have seemed strange had the record told us that the youth succumbed to the influence of his surroundings and that his early piety was crushed. Like every Jewish boy, he had been taught the Scriptures from earliest childhood. And, inasmuch as there have been few men, great and good at the same time, who have not been reared under Godly maternal influences, had pious mothers, we may safely infer that Daniel's religious convictions were associated with the instructions and prayers of a pious mother.

Yet the sudden transition into an atmosphere saturated with idolatrous beliefs and practices must have been a terrible strain upon those convictions. Daniel's very name was changed to Belteshazzar, implying that he was expected to worship Bel, or Baal. He was expected to partake of food which, by Jewish law, was ceremonially unclean, and to be present at banquets which involved formal participation in idolatry and which were revolting in the sight of an Israelite. How revolting it all was we can learn from the language of Ezekiel, who was a captive at the same time, and in the same land. When he witnessed the shame of his countrymen, who, as he said, "ate their defiled food among the Gentiles," he exclaimed, "O Lord God, behold, my soul hath not been polluted; for from my youth even until now, * * * came no abominable flesh into my mouth." And three times, in his trance at Joppa, Peter declined to recognize a divine command, protesting that he had never eaten anything that was common or unclean.

An important point of the Jewish law, then, was involved

when Daniel was supplied with food which was polluting and defiling. And loyal to that law, as a matter of religious principle, he yielded not an inch, though the strain was great. So far from worshipping Baal, three times each day he bowed before the God of his fathers. Not from a quixotic whim or because he wanted to be peculiar, but in simple fidelity to his principles, he confined himself to a plain vegetable diet. And this fidelity in the face of difficulties and dangers has commanded the respect and admiration of men wherever the record of it has been read.

We are told that Daniel "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat." This purpose involved reflection and decided volition. Repeated acts of purpose grow into resolution and force of character. They will put a spinal column into natural weakness and flabbiness. This young man was marshaling his forces for the control of self. He already knew that self-control is a master key to the door which opens the way to strong character and high achievement. Blessed is that man who has learned to purpose in his heart that he will not defile himself by allowing appetite and passion to rule his life. If the voyage is to be safely made, the mutinous crew of appetites and desires, motley and clamorous, must be disciplined into subordination to conscience and reason. These high officers alone have supreme authority, and they should have the might, as they already have the right, to control. They alone can take life's bearings from the eternal stars and guide through stress and storm into the haven of safety.

Natural it would have been for Daniel to say, "Well enough to be a Jew in Jerusalem when the sacrifices were smoking on Jehovah's altars. But why remain a Jew now that the temple is in ashes, its sacred vessels in heathen shrines, and its frequenters scattered in captivity? Loyalty to my religious convictions will lead to social ostracism, to the charge of narrowness, to unpopularity. On the other

hand, to do in Babylon as Babylon does will surely open the way to safety, popularity, and pleasure." Easy, at any rate, it would have been to postpone outward profession of his principles and, for the time, at least, to throw off the restraints of religion. But

He never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power:
He let the turbid stream of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high or low.

Sooner or later, in greater or less degree, such temptations assail all men. When the restraints of home life are left behind; when one goes out among strangers, and, in the new environment, siren voices lure to the desertion of religious principle, character gets its crucial test. It is a critical period in life. Yet the era and arena of probation may not be avoided. Nor should we wish them to be. Untempted, one may be innocent, but never virtuous. Temptation is a part of the discipline of life which *makes* character, as well as *tries* it. And, fortunately, right decisions, in special cases, tend to become habitual choices of the right. In time, through the power of habit, right-doing may become a second nature. And the path of duty becomes less difficult as we advance in it. So it proved in Daniel's experience. The way was opened before him and it became easier for him to be faithful to the dictates of conscience than had at first seemed likely. Rarely are the difficulties in resistance to evil and in discharge of duty so formidable in actual encounter as they seem in anticipation. If it is God who says, "Go forward," the sea of trouble will divide before our advancing feet.

In connection with his fidelity to principle, consider also Daniel's courage. For this also is an element of the excellent spirit, and it is illustrated in his conduct throughout his career. The officer to whom the youth expressed his desire for another diet instead of that concerning which he had scruples, said that the experiment would be made at the risk

of his life. The wrath of Nebuchadnezzar, as of all Oriental despots, was as the roaring of a lion. But Daniel persisted, though his act could readily have been interpreted as disobedience and contempt. When called upon to interpret the two visions of the king, Daniel, standing in his presence, modestly but fearlessly, gave utterance to unpalatable predictions. On the first occasion he told him of the coming downfall of his kingdom; on the other he disclosed to the king that his overweening pride would be humbled and that he would become like one of the beasts of the field. And, years afterward, when summoned into the royal banquet hall where mysterious words were flaming from the wall, he hesitated not to declare to Belshazzar, in the presence of his courtiers, the whole truth—"Thou art weighed and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided."

But in this chapter from which my text is taken we find the crowning evidence of the courage of Daniel in not flinching from persistence in duty even when the reward of persistence seemed to be inevitable death. An old man now, and having reaped the rewards of integrity and wisdom, he was made the victim of a diabolical conspiracy. This plot was instigated by jealousy and fear; fear lest an upright man in his high position would not connive at corruption and peculation in public office, jealousy and hatred because he, an alien, had been promoted above the conspiring officials. Envy, like death, loves a shining mark, a signal blow. With devilish cunning Daniel's enemies flattered the king, whom they kept ignorant of their purpose and of Daniel's danger, into issuing an unusual decree. This was that any man in the realm who should, during the space of thirty days pray to any one except the king himself, should be thrown into a den of lions. They had scrutinized his private and official conduct through the keen microscope of malice, if haply they might discover something on which they might found an accusation against him. But every attempt to find a flaw, to prove a weakness, to jus-

tify a suspicion, either of disloyalty or maladministration, failed. They discovered only

The white flower of a blameless life
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot.

The only way to entrap the prime minister of Darius must be in connection with his religion, in which he was known to be as strict and conscientious as in his official duties. And how did Daniel adjust his behavior to the perilous situation? "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime. Then these men assembled and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God."

He did not close his lattice-work before his windows or withdraw from observation. No, without the slightest deviation he simply continued to do as he had done before. It was the habit of a life-time. Had he altered it at this crisis, he could have been justly charged with fear of the consequences which would ensue. And that would have wrought the disaster of a tarnished life. It would have destroyed his reputation and influence and his name would have become a byword in Babylon for his inconsistency and cowardice.

We have seen that in the early days of his captivity the young Israelite showed heroic fiber. Those were days of misfortune when he could say, "out of the depths have I cried unto my God." Perhaps it was easier then, when skies were dark and the future ominous, to live close to God, than after success had been achieved and he stood on the pinnacle of power. For exaltation has often proved more perilous to character than the lowlier walks of life. Not every man can stand with unswimming head upon the dizzy heights of earthly greatness. Not every hand can hold with untrembling

steadiness the brimming cup of worldly prosperity. Jeshurun is safer ere he waxeth fat. How many men—and women—in their social elevation have left their religious convictions behind them in the valley out of which they have climbed! How many, when they attain to wealth and distinction forget the God whom they worshiped in poverty and obscurity! How many, when they have realized their social ambitions, engage in questionable amusements because they are fashionable and relinquish religious duties because they are unfashionable! All honor to this aged hero who, so far from being spoiled by position and power, goes calmly, steadily forward, discharging duty, regardless of detraction and danger. All honor to all those men and women who in the olden time had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. All honor to those who in the early Christian centuries refused to lay a pinch of incense on the altar of Jupiter and gazed unmoved into the glaring eyes of the Nemean lion. And to the uncounted thousands (God knows them all) who, not accepting deliverance, rose from blazing stakes to wear martyrs' crowns.

The recollection of the fortitude with which men and women have endured persecution rather than deny God is a tonic which ought to put iron into the blood of a weak, inconsistent, self-indulgent religious life. Not, however, that we need to look to other ages and countries to find instances of this fortitude. For persecution has not ceased out of the world. It has only assumed other of its protean forms. It is still true and ever will be, that he who will live godly in this present world must endure persecution. Sometimes a word may be made to cut like the edge of a razor; a sneer will leave a scar as truly as did the red-hot iron of the inquisition. But patience and courage and persistence will win their way in the end. They speak in the imperative mood and compel respect.

More than sixty years ago a young man went from the city of Raleigh to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was a devout Christian, but he found the spirit of the institution, when he entered it, unhelpful, if not unfriendly, to the living of a consistent Christian life. But none the less did he persist in the regular, unostentatious discharge of all his religious duties. It is said that for a time he was derided even by his own room-mates, as, morning and evening, he knelt in prayer, as he had done aforetime. Yet he compelled respect, not only for himself, but for his religion. As the months passed by, the power of a holy life and of his example of fidelity began to reveal themselves. Others were led to take a decided stand as Christian men. The moral and religious atmosphere of the institution was purified and vitalized. He afterwards became eminent in the Christian ministry, a bishop in the Episcopal Church; but Leonidas Polk was never more useful in the pulpit than he had been during his student life. When, later on, the cyclone of war swept over our land, he was made a general and was slain in battle; but he was never braver in conflict than when in college he kept flying the colors of his religious convictions. Like Daniel,

He found the path of duty was the way to glory.
And he that ever following her commands
On with toll of heart and knees and hands
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
And close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

In studying the excellent spirit of Daniel we must not fail to notice his patriotism. He loved the land of his birth. No meaningless fact is it that in his devotions his face was turned toward Jerusalem. Thither his heart turned ever. In spite of its desolation—nay, perhaps all the more because of it—he could say, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand

forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." There are men and women here who remember that it was in her darkest hours that they loved our southern land as they had never done before.

And his heart went out also in affection and compassion toward his fellow countrymen who were sharers in his captivity, though not in his privileges. They made a ceaseless appeal to his sympathies. "By the rivers of Babylon," wrote one of them, in a beautiful poem, "there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps on the willows in the midst thereof."

Relying upon intimations given by God to the prophet Jeremiah, Daniel believed that his people would be permitted to return to their fatherland. But nearly seventy years had passed since the day when, as a boy, he had been torn from his home and brought to Babylon. And as the years revolved with, to human view, no clearer prospects of restoration, the burden became more and more heavy upon his soul. At last he resolved to set apart for himself an unusual season for fasting and prayer. In the ninth chapter is recorded one of the prayers. No more earnest petition is recorded in Scripture than that offered by this saintly patriot for his country and his brethren: "O Lord, I beseech thee let thine anger be turned away from thy city, Jerusalem, thy holy mountain. Cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate." And inasmuch as he knew that the captivity and all its woes were the results of apostasy from God, he pleaded that the spirit of repentance might be given, that Israel might be revived and reëstablished in their religious life as a necessary antecedent for their freedom and prosperity. To an enlightened man the cause of his country will always be bound up with the cause of God and of religion. A country will truly prosper only as its religion prospers. For at the last it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.

Not only did Daniel pray, but he wrought as well. He was active in seeking the restoration of his brethren. It was doubtless due to his efforts and influence that Cyrus, on his accession, issued the decree which allowed the Jews to return to their own land and to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. It is said that the aged statesman pointed the king to the passage in Isaiah where he is mentioned by name as the conqueror of Babylon and the chosen deliverer of Jehovah's covenant people.

It is no small part of the duty of a Christian that he should strive for the maintenance and improvement of social order. There is a high standard for society as well as for the individual. Nowhere has it been fully attained as yet. We are grateful for the unspeakable blessings of our free institutions, but the highest ideal has not yet been fulfilled. Many questions, practical and of deepest import, are yet to be solved. If these problems are solved in the light of the teaching of the Son of God; if, instead of petulantly asking, "Who is my neighbor," each man shall strive for all men's good, then the areas of sweetness and light will broaden and widen, will extend to all sorts and conditions of men, regardless of classes and races. There will be need for many Daniels, each with an excellent spirit of his own, for it is only as units are improved that the mass is elevated. But it matters not though the State be secularized, if only individuals shall become Christianized.

The root out of which grew Daniel's excellent spirit was strong faith in a personal, ever-present, holy God. This was the diamond itself. The several manifestations which we have noticed were only the outgleamings from some of its facets. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews has been called the roll-call of the heroes of faith. It reminds one of the great column in the Place de la Concord, cast from the bronze of captured cannon, and inscribed with the names of Napoleon's victories. On that roll in the book of Hebrews is found reference to Daniel. His character and work will stand forever

before the world as one of the illustrations of the triumphs of faith.

We are prone to think that had we lived in other eras than our own, it would have been easier to believe in God and in God's word. But surely no man ever lived the life of faith under more unpropitious circumstances than did Daniel. God seemed to have withdrawn himself from his people. The Holy of Holies had been profaned, the Shekinah had vanished, the ark of the covenant had disappeared, the temple had been burned. One whole book of the Bible is a wail of Lamentations. It is in the minor key throughout, but the saddest note is struck when God is said to have deserted Israel. "The Lord was as an enemy. He hath swallowed up Israel. He hath caused the solemn feasts and Sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion. He hath cast off his altar, he hath abhorred his sanctuary. All that pass by hiss and wag their heads, saying, is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth!"

It was in the midst of such deep and almost universal gloom that Daniel's unfaltering trust in God shone bright and clear. And by constant prayer he poured fresh oil on the flame lest the chill of doubt and indifference should creep into his religious life. The root out of which his excellent spirit grew was nourished by the dews of heavenly influence, which fell upon it in his private devotions. His public life was holy and incorruptible, because his hidden life was prayerful and devout. In his closet he transacted business *with* God. As prime minister of the kingdom he transacted business *for* God. He was sincere in the one and, therefore, faithful in the other.

Unless our characters are rooted and grounded in a genuine faith in God, the excellent spirit, in its highest and best meanings, is not possible for us. Nor is this faith possible for us while the paths to our closets remain untrodden. The law of periodicity prevails in the spiritual, as well as in the material

realm. The fatigue of the day needs to be repaired by the rest of the night. Muscular and nervous tissue destroyed by labor must be rebuilt by regular supplies of nutriment. Likewise, spiritual wear and tear and waste, as the days go by, must be repaired by the exercises of the closet. And it is as one comes forth from these devotions that he can say with the Psalmist, "He restoreth my soul."

Oh, how the world needs men—is calling for men—men of the excellent spirit, men of industry and unselfish courtesy, men of convictions as to right and wrong, of courage enough to encounter peril rather than compromise principle, men who will serve State and country with unbought devotion, men who believe in God and who try to live close to God! In every vocation and profession promotion awaits such men as these. But even if moral excellence were a barrier to advancement, it would be a no less precious possession. For a man's life consisteth not in what he has nor in the promotion he receives, but in what he is. "The rank is but the guinea stamp; the man's the gold, for all that."

I trust that the young men who are here this morning have already built character and noble and useful living upon the one foundation, other than which no man can lay. If this has not yet been done, I beg you to consider well the example of the aged hero and statesman who, in his earlier years, consecrated his life to God. It is not too late to get upon a better foundation than that upon which we have been building.

Many of you have seen the Washington monument in our national capital. Gleaming snow-white in the sunshine, or wearing its dazzling electric crown in the darkness, it stands a triumph of engineering skill. Before it was finished, you remember, all work upon it ceased. After the lapse of twenty years it was begun afresh. Examination revealed that the old foundation was unsound and had already begun to yield. Then, wonderful to tell, a new foundation, solid and enduring as the rock of the eternal hills was put in beneath the thous-

ands of tons of marble. Now, the loftiest monument in the world, it stands four-square to all the winds that blow, secure and immovable like the fame which it was intended to commemorate. It was a proud day when the cap-stone at last crowned the summit; but it was a more important day when the foundation was completed. There may be—I trust that there will be—proud and happy days for each of you. But the most important days in life are those in which is laid a massive and stable foundation for character. The storm that by and by will beat upon what we build will reveal that whereon our structures are erected. But of him who shall have built himself and his life upon the corner-stone that has been laid in Zion, it will be said, "It fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

Ordination Sermon

[Delivered at Wake Forest in April or May, 1890.]

Matt. 9:35.—"And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom."

Whatever methods may have been adopted by the founders of other religions for the dissemination of their doctrines, we know that Jesus the Messiah of God began by teaching and preaching. His Kingdom was not of this world and he repudiated the sword. The temples offered to show him a short and flowery road to universal dominion. He chose the path which led through Gethsemane to the Cross, and as he trod that path he sought to instruct, exhort, and warn. As, through the simple narrative of the gospels, we should behold the first feeble ripples of the vast and widening circles amid which we now stand, and recognize divinest wisdom. Christ came to lift the world up to God. But in doing this he used, not mechanical, but organic methods. He planted germs of truth in the hearts of men and put leaven—which is also a germ and vital—into society at large. Three years he spent

in spiritual seed-sowing and in training others to do the same. And on going into the skies he said to them: "Go preach—teach." It is by preaching, foolish and ineffectual as it appears to many, that men believe and are saved. Our Lord, who is called the Christ, or Anointed of God, gathered unto Himself the functions of all who under the old education's dispensation had been anointed for service. These were priests, kings, and prophets. As priest he offered the sin atonement for the world. As king he ever rules, head over all things unto the church. As prophet, standing at the very fountain-head of truth eternal, he spake as never man spake. It may not be out of harmony with this occasion to dwell upon the prophetic office of Christ and to consider him as a teacher and preacher, remembering that here also He is an example, that we should walk in his footsteps.

1. Christ was an instructive preacher. He was emphatically a teacher. While appealing to the hearts of men and inviting them to the exercise of faith, he never ignored the intellectual side of man's nature nor the fact that faith cannot be intelligently exercised in the absence of knowledge. He does not appear ever to have relied upon mere exhortation. But lifting the veil—as men were able to hear it, and never dazzling them with excess of light—He instructed them concerning the Father—His Father and theirs—the need of regeneration, the nature of His Kingdom, the necessity for repentance, His own mission and that of the spirit, angelic interest in human redemption, the many mansions, and the doom of the impenitent. There is scarcely a recorded utterance of our Lord which does not shed light into some dark place—which does not introduce a factor into some hard problem which had otherwise gone unsolved. He said of Himself, "For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth"; and He could declare, "I have not refrained my life, O Lord, thou knowest."

Let us bear in mind that our office as Christian ministers

is not to tickle the ear with pleasing but empty rhetoric, not to discuss questions which though attractive are unprofitable, not to beat chaff when the grain has been winnowed, not merely to plead and exhort, however earnestly, but to bring forth from the treasury of divine truth things new and old for the instruction of those who hear us. There is no fear that we shall exhaust the mine. There is ground for fear lest we fail to work it. The sparkling ore is abundant. But we do not always do our duty in bringing it forth and fashioning it in the furnace of our own emotions and on the anvil of our thinking. Too often the hungry sheep look up and are not fed; not because the provender is not plentiful, but because the shepherd is too slothful to seek for it and put it in proper shape before them. Many a time the poor sermon is due, not to poverty of mind or material, but to downright laziness on the part of the preacher. And perhaps the temptation to this was never so great as now. Cyclopedias of illustrations and which seem to make many fail to cultivate the homiletic instincts and find or make their own illustrations. Second-hand material, often of doubtful quality, and the natural indisposition of men to do solid and persistent thinking, all set traps for the unwary. If we would be instructive preachers, let us be earnest, unceasing students of the Word of God. Let us store our memories with its actual language. Let us seek to know the needs of men and to adapt our teaching to their actual necessities. The call to preach and teach involves also the call to prepare ourselves—not merely for each sermon, but for the whole work which lies before us. The years of preparation, of acquisition of knowledge, of training our natural powers, are not wasted. The study of mathematics, languages, philosophy, science, can help us to understand more perfectly God's Word and to become more instructive preachers. But let us beware that we do not as Pilate did when he put Greek and Latin and Hebrew above the cross of Christ. While we seek to make all possible ac-

quisitions, let us make them all subordinate and tributary to the instruction of the people in divine truth and their own duty.

2. Our Lord was an interesting preacher. The people heard him gladly. He grappled and held their attention; for His words were not mere platitudes. They were seasoned with salt. Short and pungent were his sentences, and each was an arrow which had its special aim. Recognizing that the uneducated mind finds it hard to grasp abstract truth, he cast his teaching in the mould of the concrete. With Scribe and Pharisee he reasoned. With the common people he illustrated. The things of nature, events of daily life, the relations of the family, whatever men did or said were all laid under contributions by him as he taught them in parables. Nothing was too insignificant to be made a vehicle for the importation of divine truth. Around the commonest thing He has thrown a halo which will never fade. No wonder that multitudes gathered to hear him, so that they trod one upon another. His preaching, aside from his miracles, was interesting and therefore attractive.

Let us learn from our Lord's example, and, as we instruct let us also seek to interest the people. God has nowhere exalted dullness and insipidity. He who is apt to teach not merely has knowledge, but also has some power to impart it. And this he cannot do unless he can gain the attention of his hearers and fix such barbs to his shafts as to make them cling to their memories. The faithful preacher will not fear to use plain language and homely incident. He can do this without sacrificing the truth or violating taste. There may be a temptation to do both in order to gain a temporary and worthless popularity. But one may be interesting without being sensational. And to use language and anecdotes in the pulpit which would scarcely be tolerated in the parlor is to dishonor the Gospel, to lower the dignity of the pulpit and to bring a blush to the cheek of those who believe that all things

are to be done decently and in good order. The fantastic orgies of some modern revivalists find no warrant in the style of our Lord's preaching, plain and pointed as it was.

3. Christ taught with authority. There was no uncertainty in his preaching. His communication was yea, yea, and nay, nay. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," was the formula which introduced even his most startling utterances. With self-consciousness of his perfect knowledge of that of which he spoke and of its essential touch, he antagonized popular conceptions, and contradicted the traditions of scribes and Elders. No wonder that the people were astonished at his teaching. It was not "perhaps" or "it may be true," but with calm decision he enunciated the truth. You will find no theory advanced by Christ. There is no discussion or uncertainties, no calculus of probabilities. He who knew both the will of the Father and what was in man spoke of heavenly and eternal things—the past, the present and the future—the nature of sin and its damning consequences—the love of God—the mission of the Spirit, the music of Heaven—the gnashing of teeth in hell as simple facts. To Him they were simple verities, and he merely enunciated them, showing meanwhile the credentials of his divine legation.

Are Christ's ministers to speak with authority? Yes, or it were better that they held their peace. They are not commissioned to proclaim doctrines of their own making, or facts of their own invention or hypotheses of their own imagining. They are God's ambassadors to a guilty world, commissioners of peace—and with the consciousness of full authority they can proclaim and teach whatsoever Christ has commanded them in his word. More or less than this they may not dare to preach. But as long as a minister is a faithful steward of the mysteries of God and abides by the clear teaching of the Word, he comes before the people, and with the belief that God is back of him, can say, "Thus saith the Lord." This

preaching refers the authority to God. It honors God and God honors the preaching. No man can faithfully wield the keen sword of divine truth, believing that it is the sword of the Spirit, in vain. Blessed is that preacher who can say, "I have believed and therefore have I spoken." Such a man has abiding convictions as to a definite system of truth as God's truth and dares not substitute for it any human imaginings. There are today, as there have always been, tendencies and temptations to go beyond what is written, to rationalize about the truth, to cut out of the Bible what does not please the carnal heart, to minimize and compromise Christianity. Sometimes we may even say of so-called Christian ministers as Máry said in the garden, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him." Instead of a life-giving, experimental religion, they propound a mortality which had been tried and which had failed before Christ came. This moonlight might be useful if we were in total darkness, but it is absurd to seek to substitute it for the light of the world. Some clamor for broader views and a broader system, complaining that the gospel is too narrow for the nineteenth century. Christ, speaking with divine authority, said, as we can also preach on his authority, that the broad road leads to destruction and that in all the centuries the way of life is narrow. There is a broadness which makes the mind a wide, trackless moor. Too often those whose views are simply vague and indefinite call themselves broad. The stream may appear to be deep, whereas it is only turbid. One may tread the narrow path without being a narrow man. The having of definite views and clear convictions does not make a man smaller.

These vague generalities about broadness are only plausible fallacies. The true man of God when he sees his fellow-creatures on their way to perdition will have none of them. He rejoices that the truth is clear and explicit and positive and that there is nothing vague and indefinite about the life and character and atonement of Christ and about the duties

and privileges and hopes of his followers. And if he is loyal to his Master and faithful to the responsibilities which he has assumed, he will deliver his message just as it was given to him to deliver.

4. Need I say that Christ was a tender preacher? God so loved the world that He sent His Son. The Son so loved the world that "Down from the shining courts above, with joyful haste he fled" and with the unutterable tenderness not merely of a human heart, but with divine sympathy He preached His own blessed tidings. The bruised reed He did not break. The smoking flax He did not quench. It was a quenchless love that yearned over the lost sheep and sweet and loving words were on the Shepherd's lips when He found it. The weary and heavy laden were welcomed to Him and lovingly folded to His heart. The woman who came sick in body and soul carried away not only restoration, but the word daughter ringing in her ears. When Jesus saw the young man, he loved him. He was faithful with him, but when he went away, He was exceedingly sorrowful. The woman who was a sinner found no hospitality in Simon's house, but she found sympathy and forgiving grace in Jesus' heart. He was so anxious to lift up and save those who had forfeited the good opinion of their neighbors that He was called the friend of publicans and sinners. And beholding the city—that city which had rejected Him, which was the home of His bitterest enemies, which was even then clamoring for His death—He wept over it—"O, Jerusalem," thou that, etc.

We must be instructive preachers; but that is not enough. If we would be like Christ we must preach the truth in love and tenderness. Bunyan did not name his typical pastor Mr. Great Knowledge, or Mr. Great Intellect, but Greatheart.

Oh for Christlike sympathy and tenderness in the ministry: without it we may make reputations, we may widen and stimulate the thoughts of men, we may build up external things,

but we will not save souls. As we contemplate the sin and misery in the world, and in individual lives, we must be filled with pity. And when we remember that the sovereign remedy—the only remedy—is in our hands and on our lips it may well be that the pity shall blossom into tenderness as we seek to minister in public and in private. For each true minister of Christ can say, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good things. * * * He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Thus in a few brief points we have dwelt upon Christ as the preacher's example. How it exalts and dignifies the work of the ministry when we remember that our Lord was the first distinctively Gospel preacher! Peter the Great labored as a shipbuilder. We may well believe that since his day every shipbuilder in all the Russias has held his trade in high and honorable repute. And since the Son of God has preached the Gospel on earth, we, like Paul, may well magnify our office. He not only preached the truth, but He was the truth. We have the treasure in earthen vessels, but we believe that our work might give fitting employment to the angels of heaven and is worthy of the loftiest human ambition.

Addresses and Miscellaneous Writings

A Queen in Dixie

Address Delivered before the Calliopean Society, Oxford, N. C.

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common,—this is my symphony."—WM. HENRY CHANNING.

Young Ladies of the Calliopean Society:—It is a daring venture for one who is not on intimate terms with the muses to appear before a society which bears the name of that imperial goddess who presides over the cunning use and eloquent utterance of language.

I am reassured, however, by the hope that even the votaries of Calliope will bear with me a little while because of the worthiness of my theme. For I have chosen to speak of the development and character and influence of a queen—a representative of the highest type of nobility that the world has known.

And now, fresh from your study of history, you are already asking, "Are we to be led again into the schoolroom, after congratulating ourselves that we had been released from its tedium? Are we to follow the fortunes of Zenobia, the energetic ruler of Palmyra? Or are we to hear again of the valor or Maria Teresa, or of the fall from throne to guillotine of her unfortunate daughter?"

Nay, none of these, nor of the hundreds of others whose careers and adventures, honorable and dishonorable, illumine

or disgrace the annals of history. For there have been queenly women not a few, as also there have been kings among men, whose names appear in no royal pedigree. My theme is "A Queen in Dixie"; my object is to add, if I can, one more flower to the laureled crown of Southern womanhood.

If graciousness and power to rule are attributes of queenhood, then the old-fashioned Southern matron, as I knew her, was a queen indeed. Her rightful sway was unquestioned, her coronet was untarnished, her influence was unbounded.

Perhaps I can best indicate what I mean by keeping before my mind and describing with such detail as time will allow one of these queens whom I knew well. She will serve as the type for a thousand others. I do not promise not to idealize. For the real is never so true as the ideal. And features seen through the mists of more than thirty by-gone years may prove to be a composite photograph from many faces. But clearly to be discerned among these is the queen whom I remember as one of many queens—a matron, and the wife of a country doctor.

She was not what would now be called a "society woman." The palace in which she dwelt and reigned was not a massive mansion with doric columned porticos. Those who know the Old South only through modern fiction and illustrations by imaginative Northern artists have false mental pictures of things as they were. There were Westovers and Montpeliers, but they were few. Our queen lived in a framed building to which several successive generations had built additions and ample piazzas. Around the front and sides, great oaks and other forest trees shaded an area almost generous enough to be called a park. Passers-by on the county road would feel, if they did not say, "There is a home." And those who entered its portals would soon discover the presence and inspiration of a home-maker. Here, and in the administration of varied domestic interests, she swayed the sceptre of undis-

puted authority. The well-lubricated machinery of the household moved frictionless and noiseless. Believing that in the equal partnership which she shared her husband was to be the bread-winner for the home, she did not enter the lists of unequal competition with men for gain or position. His it was to breast the waves of the rough, surging sea without. She was content to rest in the seclusion of a land-locked harbor.

Sometimes we hear the question mooted as to why, in some parts of our land, marriages are more infrequent, relatively, than formerly. If this be a fact, as it is said to be, there are doubtless several reasons for it. But may not one of them be because a larger proportion of women than formerly are not attractive to men? Speaking very broadly, there are four kinds of men and women: the manly man, the womanly woman; the womanish man, and the manish woman. Between the first two are natural and resistless affinities. When under favoring conditions they meet, Cupid may slumber unconcerned. His work is already half completed and Hymen stands on the threshold.

But the mannish woman repels the manly man. She may cherish her independence, as she apes the masculine, but she pays a high price for it, if it is through this that she fails to become the queen of some royal man, the idol of his devotion, and the maker of his home.

The divine plan and purpose is that neither man nor woman shall be alone. God has declared "No longer twain, but one." The contour of the life of either, without the other, is, at best, but a half circumference and the circle of being is incomplete. Their mutual relations naturally lead to a sacred, honorable union. Thenceforth, man and woman, though numerically two, are essentially one. Our queen, therefore, as wife and matron, had fulfilled the conditions for complete and well-rounded womanhood.

This queen in Dixie was not rich on the ownership of bonds

and stocks and money. But she was fertile in resources and opulent in contentment. Hers was the happy lot of those whose income is modest, yet sufficient for the necessaries and amenities of life. Her luxuries, when they came, were enjoyed with greater zest because of their rarity. She never owned a diamond in her life, but seemed, however, to endure existence without one. At least she was delivered from the torture of fear lest she should lose it. Her dresses and bonnets were kept with a freshness, and worn with a grace which would have been the envy of a Parisian fashion-setter. And yet I know that this queen sometimes made one silk robe do duty for half a decade. At an examination on practical economics she could have made a grade of $99\frac{1}{2}$ and have taken a degree "*summa cum laude*."

There may be many paths which lead to happiness, but that which leads through freedom from all care and labor is not one of them. Of course I do not use the word care in the sense in which Horace speaks of "*atra cura*," anxiety or foreboding, but rather with the meaning of the poet when he says, "Life's cares are comforts, such by heaven designed; Who has them not must make them or be wretched." We greatly underrate the capacity of a human soul if we imagine that it can be filled and satisfied with things purchasable. Those whose only labor in life is the cutting of coupons and the signing of checks, and whom we are disposed to envy, are often starving for something to do. We cannot annul the laws of our nature. To lounge in the piazzas of Ponce de Leon in winter and to remove the scene of inactivity to Newport for the summer, sounds inviting, does it not? Yet some who have tried it have had the grace to confess that they have not found it so. And those who have enlisted in the army of idling globe-trotters have discovered that they had to carry themselves along and found it sorry company. No, pleasure may be a transient guest at the feast of indolence, but happiness stays away. Momentary thrills of joy may awake the sluggish

pulses even of the surfeited, but genial contentment lingers elsewhere.

The Queen in Dixie was no ornamental piece of animated waxwork. The planning and making of garments for children and servants, the spreading of her hospitable board, the oversight of poultry yard and garden—these were her self-imposed and ceaseless tasks. But she hastened to them with a song of gladness on her lips. Cheerfulness quickened and graced her willing steps, whether they were in the round of domestic duty, on an errand of merey, or amid the flowers which she loved and tended.

Need I tell you that our Queen was an educated woman? That she was may help to explain her aptitude in domestic menage and her success in executive administration. The generous culture of mind through education is not so much a warehousing of fixed ammunition as the sharpening of a tool capable of manifold adjustments and adaptations. It makes no difference what one's task may be, the energies of a trained mind will speedily acquire its technicalities and then originate new methods for its performance. Educated mind can discern far off the ends to be reached and the means thereto. It will know how to organize for achievement. The unreasonable and baffling irregularities of verbs, the shrewd statements of algebraic puzzles, the combinations of chemical elements—all these may ooze out of the cabinet of memory and be forgotten. But one is never the same afterward as if he had never learned them. There is left behind a residuum of power, aptitude, taste, and appetite for wider attainments.

I once heard a father—a prosperous farmer—say, "I do not want my daughters to learn to sing and play and read in the parlor. I want them to do their practicing on the sewing machine and the cooking stove." Surely he was unwise and unkind if he carried into practice his crude theory. My own observation has been that a girl who has been trained to know only the stove and the machine seldom has the desire and

taste to read or the heart to sing. But there are thousands of women who can evoke music from piano or violin who can draw, and can appreciate Tennyson and Carlyle, who, on occasion, can also sew and cook. Nay, more; I venture the opinion that they can do these things better than the women who can do only these.

The idea suggested here is capable of being generalized, and its importance demands emphasis. To divorce technical from liberal culture is to work injury to both. In former days we in the South made the mistake of exalting the liberal to the almost total neglect of the technical. Today and tomorrow the danger is that the pendulum may swing to the other extreme.

We rejoice—and no one more than I—in the awakening of our Southland to an era of material prosperity. But, if this is to be purchased by the loss of that which made our Southern civilization beautiful—if gentleness and kindness and hospitality and sweetness and light are to be overlaid by a coarse materialism, as the fair flowers and foliage of Martinique were overlaid by the ashes and lava of Mt. Pelée, prosperity will have cost too much.

There is real danger that in our day the commercial fallacy may vitiate all liberal culture. This is the doctrine that education is to fit one to *do* some special thing instead of to *be* a complete human being—that its aim and end are to make money rather than to develop a perfect life. This bread-and-butter education is not the best or the highest. Let us aim first to develop manhood and womanhood by general and liberal culture. Then let us knit into that as much as we can of specialized ability. In other words, let us seek first of all to make men and women. Then let them make themselves proficient in the several arts and professions. Man does not live by bread alone.

Some of those who practice fads in the schoolroom and who think that there was no such thing as education before Peda-

gogy was born, would laugh to scorn the training received by the Queen in Dixie. But there were heroes before Agamemnon. There have been numberless great teachers who never heard of normal schools. It was under the guidance of some of these that the mind and heart and hand of our queen were developed. Her education, while solid rather than showy, was self-revealing like the aroma of a flower. Knowledge is of three dimensions, having depth as well as length and breadth. This typical lady did not profess to know as much about everything as *some* do now; but she knew more about some things than *most* do now. In certain high and transcendental branches of learning—such as spelling, mental arithmetic, and the correct use of her own language, she was an expert. But she did not know a secant from a cotangent, nor was she able to calculate the length of a seconds pendulum or the orbit of a planet.

In the wide and alluring garden of English literature she culled fruits and flowers and reveled in them with delight. Hers were the great essayist thinkers and the brighter luminaries in the galaxy of English and American poets. Fiction was not yet ground out by the ton, but there was good old Sir Walter, the Magician of the North, Dickens, the mirth compelling, George Eliot, analyst and phrasemaker, and Thackeray, unsurpassed now, as he was then, among English novelists.

Few books there were, but they were read as eagerly as books are read now and far more carefully. Perhaps the multiplication and cheapness of books in our day, along with their numerous advantages, have also some disadvantages. For story after story to flow through the mind and leave no appreciable residuum is possibly mind-destroying. An eminent man remarked to me a few days ago that he doubted whether, on the whole, the Carnegie libraries would be a blessing to the communities to which they have been given. He said that recent enquiry at the great public library in the

city in which he dwelt had revealed the fact that an enormously and increasingly large percentage of the books called for was fiction—and that by no means of the highest and purest type. If it be true that these great fountains are to give out streams of questionable influence, as he feared would be the case, we were better off without them. But let us take a more cheerful view and hope that in time a taste of the best in literature may have the power to expel the desire for the less good.

The Queen in Dixie had a *finished* education in the sense that her taste had been chastened and refined through culture. But that she had not an *ended* education was evinced by the avidity with which she broke up new ground in her reading, entered with intelligent interest into discussion of new social questions, and sought to solve new practical problems as they presented themselves.

To cease to grow intellectually is to begin to die. There are dead lines elsewhere than in the ministry. And these are not drawn mechanically at the age of fifty. A dead line begins to reveal itself, as remorseless as a wrinkle on the brow, at any age at which one has come to be satisfied with past acquisitions and to rely upon them. And whenever the divine discontent of lofty ideals ceases to urge man or woman on to higher things, the era of decline has begun.

If, back in the later fifties, the life of a country physician had its peculiar hardships, that of his wife, had, at times, its peculiar loneliness and tests of courage. Or, should I not rather say fortitude? For it was this, rather than valor that our Queen exhibited during a unbroken series of years. Left alone, oftentimes by night as well as by day, with only children and servants about her, she learned to calm her apprehensions, to curb a vivid imagination, and to maintain self-possession in the occasional presence of real danger. Here was genuine heroism. Man may be more valorous and

venturous than woman, but he has not her capacity for patient endurance.

And her experience for half a lifetime was the experience of thousands of southern women during four cruel years. We all know of the knightly deeds of our heroes from Bethel to Appomattox, but who has ever adequately told—who can ever tell of the unspoken suffering, calmly endured, by the heroines in countless, isolated rural homes? Are their daughters and granddaughters of the same fine fibre? I believe that they are and that, were occasion offered, they too would rise to lofty heights of self-sacrifice and, what is more difficult, would exhibit silent, uncomplaining endurance. But should a generation arise whose women are worldly and flippant and shallow, and with little ambition save to be leaders in social farces, then would already have begun the decay of moral vigor and heroism.

The epic of the fortitude of our Southern queens, in peace and in war, has never been worthily written. But it will never be forgotten. More and more will it be embalmed in song and story when much that now claims more attention shall have been forgotten.

Were I to call upon this audience to mention one name which has survived the great Crimean War of fifty years ago, how many could reply? We can all remember that in the charge of the Light Brigade, "somebody blundered." Who was he? Is it not a fact that the only name which is generally remembered, and which is encircled with a halo which grows brighter as the years come and go is that of Florence Nightingale, the heroic woman who in that war endured exposure and suffering herself in camp and hospital to alleviate the sufferings of others.

The time will surely come when the exploits in Cuba of Shafter and Wheeler and even the Man of Strenuous Life will be numbered among the minor events of history. But the unselfish labors and deprivations endured by Clara Barton are

not likely to be forgotten so long as altruistic devotion is honored in the world.

You have already inferred that this Queen in Dixie had excellent common sense. Fortunately we all understand what this term implies, for I have never yet seen, or been able to frame, an adequate definition of it. It certainly includes the idea of sound practical judgment, of tact in behavior, and of acuteness in reading character. We often use it as a synonym for mother wit. But there is, I think, an appreciable distinction to be made between them. Native mother wit, a gift of the gods, cannot be cultivated or improved. Common sense may be. This idea is an hopeful and encouraging one. That a larger measure and improved quality of common sense may be acquired ought certainly to be impressed upon all the young, as Jefferson, in one of his letters, sought to impress it upon his granddaughter.

The Queen in Dixie doubtless had her giddy girlhood days. But she outlived them. Some women never do. During the years when her suitors' horse used to paw at the rack before her father's house, she must have said and done many foolish things, as maidens will—and we forgive them—but through it all was growing a wise and sober way of looking out upon the world and estimating relative values. Gradually her eyes opened to clearer vision, intellectual and spiritual, as to the things which are worth while in life.

When I said just now "in a sober way," I hope you did not mistake me to intimate that this Queen was lacking in a sense of humor. So far from that, I would insist upon it that this is an essential ingredient in common sense. Pity the man—and still more the woman—who goes through this rather serious world without being able to appreciate and diffuse a genial humor, and who has never learned how to blow open the safety-valve with great burst of merriment. I am not speaking of wit, which is quite a different thing. The sudden flash of wit may burn deep and leave a scar. The genial play and

glow of humor has no sting. Even if it had, it brings its own healing salve.

It goes without saying that, having good sense, our Southern Queen was free from affectations. She did not deem it necessary to seek to endow herself with delicate little graces which nature had denied her. No assumed simper, no mincing gait, no forced laughter, no borrowed attitudes and other absurd artificialities made her ridiculous. Her speech and her manner were the simple and natural expressions of herself, and therefore she was always at her best. Her company manners were her home manners. If there was ever any difference it was that her sweetest courtesy was for those whom she loved best. And all this was but the outward expression of genuine sincerity of nature. Affectation of manner cannot live on friendly terms with perfect soundness of heart. One who really loves the true, the simple, the natural, is not likely to flaunt the outer robe of affectation. Where truth is the warp and woof, the texture and fibre, the pattern woven and worn cannot be false.

Another proof of our queen's common sense was that she was able to hold her tongue and knew when to do it. Lord Bacon has said that the remark you wish to make is as a live coal in the mouth until you speak it out. I think that this is especially true of those who are afflicted with the chronic disease of maintaining a critical attitude toward other people. If any proof were needed of human perversity, it could be found in the general tendency to see and tell of the weaknesses and blunders of others. This may find its explanation in the fact that we are in this way helped to condone our own faults, on the principle that misery loves company.

Soon after the close of the Civil War the venerable Richard Fuller read to a great audience Paul's wonderful description of Charity. As he closed the book he said, "This encomium is the epitaph upon the mausoleum of a well-nigh forgotten virtue." We know that this was an exaggeration, even in

those loveless days in which the words were uttered; and yet how often, even now, we have to cry out with Tom Hood, "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity."

The queen was not only no originator and retailer of gossip, but she could be trusted with a secret. When made the repository of a confidence she felt that betrayal would be dishonor. She knew by instinct the occasions when silence is eloquence. Not to her most intimate friends would she whisper a hint of what would most intensely have interested them, but which she had no right to disclose. A promise, spoken or implied, was as a padlock on her lips.

Nor did she seek to penetrate unduly into the reserve of others. In the course of many years of extensive practice of his profession, her husband had naturally become acquainted with facts not generally known in the histories of many families. I deem it to be no little to the credit of our queen that, repressing vulgar curiosity (and eurousity about other people's affairs is usually vulgar) she listened to what her husband felt that he had the right to tell her and sought no further to penetrate the arcanum of professional secrecy.

I am persuaded that half of the troubles and alienations of average lives arises from the glibness of tongues, silly or impertinent or malicious. This conviction must be my apology for so extended a reference to prudence as a factor in the common sense of this southern lady.

She, surely, was responsible for few alienations and enmities of her own or of others. It was a good evidence of her common sense and excellent spirit that she was easy to get along with. She was not one of those who cultivate pet animosities and are never so unrighteously happy as when they are marshalling for inspection their real or fancied grievances. But, being a peace-lover herself she became a peacemaker for others. No wonder that her neighbors liked her and placed on her brow a worthier crown than that of mere popularity.

I have not spoken of the Queen in Dixie as a religious

woman. Why need I? Could the character and life which I have outlined be that of one out of harmony with God, of one who had never learned from the great Teacher? Nay, she was what *she* was, because the Christ was what *He* was. She not only followed the guideposts which He has erected along the road, but she never lost sight of the Guide himself. In her life He was a daily, living, helpful presence.

Wherever a kind touch of healing falls soft on a wound or a woe,
 Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
 Wherever a soft hand of pity outstretches to succor a need,
 Wherever springs blessing for cursing, the Master is present indeed.
 Wherever a soul or a people, arousing in courage and might,
 To fling off the chains that have bound it, to spring from the dark to
 the light,

Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
 And right wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is present indeed.

The queens of history have seldom been happy women. Was our Southern Queen an exception? Was her life a success? She wrote no books. Only twice—when she married and when she died—was her name ever in a newspaper. She accumulated no wealth. Over her grave, where the periwinkle blooms under the waving locusts, is only a modest marble slab. But, as she passed through the world she gave the world her best, and the world gave back to her, I believe, the best it had to give. And heaven was in reserve.

I said that I knew the Queen in Dixie. May I not say that I know her now?—that there are still with us hundreds of such queens? For in the picture that I have sought to draw, do you not recognize the features of your own mothers and older sisters? Thank God that queenly women still dwell among us, and that you, young ladies, need only to look about you, as well as into the past, for ideals and examples of natural, simple, beautiful, useful lives?

Gilbert Stone, the Millionaire

A prosperous banker was Gilbert Stone;
And well was his name on Wall Street known,
For he knew when to sell and he knew when to buy,
And keen was his scent when a bargain was nigh.
He had risen up early and bartered till late
In stocks and "futures" and real estate—
He'd acted the bull and he'd played the bear,
And from every "corner" had made his share,
Till, in his vault that was safe from fire,
Were government bonds, piled higher and higher,
And mortgages, too, on houses and land,
Whose interest came at a word's command,
And gold and silver and railroad stocks,
Well guarded behind his burglar-proof locks.
The more he got, the more he saved,
And the more he had, the more he craved;
And many a broker the day had rued
When he'd pitted himself against Stone, the shrewd.
When they saw the tall man with iron-gray hair,
Men whispered, "That's Stone, the millionaire,"
And they raised their hats as by them he passed,
At the thought of the wealth that he had amassed.

There were plenty of men who were called his friends,
But he valued them less than his dividends;

And well they knew 'twere a useless task
From him, as a favor, a loan to ask.

Nobody loved him,—but what of that?
He loved no one,—'twas tit for tat,

But he loved himself with a love so great,
That little he cared for their liking or hate.

"No brother's keeper am I," he would say,
As he locked up the gains of a fortunate day,

"What is it to me how their interests fare?
My business it is for my own to care."

True, he had learned at his mother's knee
Of mercy and faith and charity,

And, "Be to others kind and true
As you would have them be to you,"

But the world had taught him that one was a fool
Who squared his life by the Golden Rule.

The golden rule that he made his boast
Was the one that brought him of gold the most,

And the god of his worship, the god of his lust,
On its brow bore th' inscription "*In God We Trust.*"

In Wall Street his empire, his riches a throne,
A king in the market was Gilbert Stone.

There came to the banker one evening late,
Borne over the wires, a tempting bait

To bid for a railroad in the West
Whose owners for money hard were pressed.

He was glad of the chance to add to his store;
He knew how to do it,—he'd done it before.

So he lost not an hour, and traveled all night,
And found himself in the early light,—

In the early light of a bright June day,
At a railroad junction, far away

From the city's bustle, and doomed to bide
For another train in the evening tide.

An axle was hot, and he'd missed his train;
So he cursed his luck, for time was gain,

And he fretted sore that the train's delay
Would keep him there that summer day.

Then, presently, he began to think,
As he sauntered down to the river's brink,

Of a little farm by that river's side,
In easy reach, by an hour's ride,

A farm where his early life he'd spent,
In simple comfort and sweet content;

Ere the lustre of gold and the city's ways
Had dazzled his sight in its eager gaze.

And, as he thought, he formed his plan,
Then straightway hired a horse and man,

And took the old familiar road
That lay close by where the river flowed.

Softly rippled the river along;
Clear was the note of the robin's song;

Sweet on the breeze was the rich perfume
Exhaled from the wild-grape's tiny bloom;

Fresh were the leaves whose dimpled shade
On the turf by the river's bank was laid.

With the simple faith of a trusting child,
June, the summer queen, looked and smiled

In the banker's face that was stern and hard
Where selfish greed had its beauty marred.

There stirred, when nature thus appealed,
A thrill of emotion, long concealed

Far down in his soul near the fountains of tears,
And deep overlaid through the passing years.

Ah, the sweet, sad thrill, when we hear again
The sound of some half-forgotten strain,

And think of the laughter with which it was sung,
Ere death called the singer and silenced his tongue!

Two score years had come and gone
Since, on another bright June morn,

He had kissed his mother a last good-bye,
And left the farm his fortune to try:

Alas! for the change that the years had wrought
While he in the city had sold and bought;

For many a care had left its trace
In many a line on his wrinkled face,

Till his look was hard and his eye was cold,
And cold and hard was his heart, they told ;

For, dealing with men, he had learned their guile,
And they knew the chill of his cynical smile.

Changed, too, was the valley through which he rode,
And changed was his childhood's humble abode.

The old gray cottage was standing, still,
Nestling beneath the brow of the hill ;—

It had been so large to his boyish eyes,
How strangely it seemed to be dwarfed in size !

And just as of old were standing there
The trees of the orchard—apple and pear,

How was it that they seemed shrunken and small,
While he had grown to be stout and tall ?

At last, when he reached the outer gate,
He bade his man in the shade to wait,

Then turned and slowly onward strolled,
While backward the tide of his memory rolled,

As the sight of each object, distant or near,
Summoned the by-gone, vivid and clear,

And the mists that had gathered for many a day
Round his boyhood memories, floated away.

There was the porch, where, the day's work done,
His father had rested at set of sun ;

There, by the door, his mother had churned,
While he, at her side, his letters had learned ;

There was the well, where many a draught
Of cool, clear water his lips had quaffed.

How often beneath that old cherry tree
He had swung with his brother in boisterous glee;

How often he'd gathered its ruby-red fruit,
Or sat, book in hand, on its gnarlèd root.

That morning beneath its sheltering shade,
With her flower-decked doll, sat a little maid,

Who, seeing the stranger by the well,
Ran into the house, her mother to tell.

The news to the door the house-wife brought
With enquiring look as to what he sought.

With softened mien did the banker explain
His wish to visit his birth-place again;

And with unwonted courtesy,
He craved that he the room might see

Which his mother's presence had hallowed and blessed,
Where her baby boy she had oft caressed.

The house-wife paused as if she knew
Not whether the story he told were true.

Little she knew of wealth's power to change,
And to her thought 'twas exceeding strange

That the well-dressed stranger, so fine and tall,
Her humble home should his birth-place call.

But, hushing suspicion, the banker she asked
To enter the house, and in he passed,

While the child clung close to her mother's side,
And the form of the stranger keenly eyed.

As he stood again on the bare, clean floor
Which his lighter step had pressed of yore,

Rude seemed the chamber and very small,
To the man whose home was a princely hall ;

And yet no scene in the crowded mart
Could have moved so deeply his selfish heart.

The men of his street would have felt surprise
Could they have beheld his moistened eyes.

'Twas as though an enchanter, in magical light,
Had brought the dead years again to his sight,

Or a long-dropped curtain before him raised
And revealed his own childhood again as he gazed.

'Twas as though his mother still were there,
And lovingly smiled from her cushioned chair ;—

Smiled on her son, yet wept as she smiled,
That the man had drifted so far from the child,—

And tenderly looked, but chidingly, too,
That he had been false when she had been true.

The form of his father again he could see,
With the open Bible upon his knee,

And a toil-worn hand seemed to rest on his head,
While the words of the Book were rev'rently read.

Before him appeared, as when once they played,
Or bared their young arms for their father's aid,

His brother, to whom he had help denied,
And who, long ago, among strangers had died.

Another boy stood, with the simple grace
Of clustering curls and a ruddy face,—

Who basked in the warmth of a mother's love,
Who still believed in a heaven above.

The parents had long in the churchyard slept;
The brother had died where no one wept;

But, living, before himself he stood,
As he had been in his bright boyhood,—

For himself, yet another, this vision seemed
To the banker, standing as one who dreamed;

And he thought of his life, his wealth, his sin,
As he saw himself as he once had been.

Something sweet and tenderly sad
Was evoked by his vision of Gilbert, the lad,

And, beginning to reap what his manhood had sown,
With bitterness sighed the banker, Stone.

For deep 'neath a cold heart's surface of snow
There is ever the warmth of a tender glow,—

A spring that e'en selfishness may not congeal
To the icy hardness that cannot feel.

While the sweet tears of sorrow he hastily dried,
The little maid stole from her mother's side,

And softly asked, with uplifted eye,
"Does anything hurt you, that you should cry?"

He looked an answer, but could not tell
Of the strange, sweet pain that he could not quell.

But he heeded an impulse's quick command,
And a bright gold eagle gleamed in her hand.

He marked her joy as she saw the gift,
And a gleam of sunshine fell through a rift

In the cloud of his sorrow; and, then, through the door,
He passed out again ere her thanks were o'er.

He looked at the trees and the arching sky,
Then, plucking a blossom, wondered why

Sky, trees and flowers should seem less bright
Than they once had been to his childhood's sight.

He strolled through the field to a moss-grown stile
O'erlooking the valley for many a mile,

And on his hands he bowed his head,
While, deeply moved, aloud he said,

"O glorious sun of these noon-day hours,
O bees and buttercups' glossy flowers,

"O rainbow hues on butterflies' wings,
O joy-laden song that the oriole sings,—

"Ye were all so bright in days gone by,
Oh say, is it ye that have changed, or I?

"For lost to the man is the innocent joy
That nature's gladness brought to the boy.

"As I balance my life on its ledger's page
And scan it over, from youth to age,

"I find that my loss is more than my gain,
And money and bonds do not lessen my pain.

"Alas, alas for the grievous mistake
Of living for self and for money's sake!

"I entered on life with an eager heart,
Learned the world's shrewd maxims and cunning art,

"And greedily grasped for the glittering prize
That wealth has seemed to my dazzled eyes.

"But now that the guerdon at last I hold,
Corrupt seems my silver and cankered my gold;

"In the service of Mammon I've been but a slave,
And my master took from me far more than he gave,

"For now that I'm nearing life's farthest goal,
I find that for wealth I've been selling my soul.

"Thank God that even so late I've learned
How false are the riches for which I yearned.

"Men call me successful and print my name
In the list where money has purchased fame;

"They flatter and envy, they flatter and hate,
As, guessing, my wealth they estimate;

"They think that I'm happy;—I'd give it all,
Could I the vanished years recall;

"But I know that 'tis vain to wish them back,
Though my thoughts will linger upon their track,

"For the tomb of the by-gone is sealed fast,
And naught can undo a deed that is past.

"Ah, better I'd lived in the humble lot
Of my father's life in yon homely cot!

"Tis true I gained more in a single day,
When I made the 'corner' in grain last May,

"Than rewarded the labor of all his life,
As he battled with want in ceaseless strife;

"But he talked of something laid up on high,
A treasure that money, alas! can't buy,

"And 'tis said that none cumbered with riches great
Can pass into life through the narrow gate.

"At best 'tis a little while, then I shall die;
So far, life's a failure; God help me, I'll try

"To heed the lesson this day has brought,
And not live the rest of my days for naught."

And for many a day has the banker blessed
The axle that hindered his way to the West;

And many another would bless it too,
If the cause of his kindness they only knew;

For a tender influence hallows him yet,
And he knows that 'tis better to give than to get.

Concerning the Advantages of Being Deaf

The disadvantages, we all know. No, not all. Only those of us who have experienced the privations and embarrassments of what Mrs. Bell aptly calls "the sad and isolated

life" can have any adequate idea of them. The rest of you can only imagine and guess.

But, "There are gains for all our losses," as our poet Stoddard has sung, and even the deaf have their peculiar compensations. Perhaps it is because some of these have been recognized by them that many deaf people (as well as the blind) are apt to be cheerful and carry about with them a sunshine of their own.

Even in cases where they happen not to be optimists by nature, the deaf have forced upon them some special facilities for cultivating evenness of temper, and are much disciplined thereto. To be in a circle, and yet not of it; to be ignored in general conversation and avoided for tête à tête conference; to be bawled at by some and whispered to by others would hardly be supposed to count as means of grace. Nor are they at first. But use worketh endurance and resignation ripens into content. Deaf people get accustomed after a while to being laughed at. Nay, where they happen to be more sensible than sensitive they know how to join in the laugh and have their own fun out of their own blunders. Not that they are objects of ridicule,—except to the cruel and the coarse, but their misunderstandings will sometimes give rise to inconsequent replies and unexpected remarks which would start a smile on the lips of the weeping philosopher. The true etymology of our word "absurd" (*ab*, from; *surdus*, a deaf man) is easily understood by one who, not hearing well, has caught himself in those unsuggested and ridiculous replies which are genuine absurdities. Months and years of helpless endurance of these social deprivations and unintentional insults will sometimes make one abnormally sensitive and shrinking and may drive him into sullen seclusion. But the writer's observation has been that the great majority of the deaf, sooner or later, rise above these depressing influences. As a result of the disciplinary process come good nature, sweetness of temper, and real cheerfulness.

Coleridge has nothing to say about deafness, of course, in his "Aids to Reflection," but one of the evident advantages of the deaf man is that he is necessarily shut up to meditation. He has abundant opportunity for quiet and uninterrupted thought and generally avails himself of it. At any rate, less of effort and will power is required than is needed by those to whom the outer world is more obtrusive. For the sense of hearing is more frequently the cause of distracted attention than any other. It has no eyelids and cannot even wink. The deaf man, silent and unresponsive, may sometimes wear the outward semblance of a fool. But he himself may know better. As blind Milton saw visions which were not discerned by the outward eye, so, perhaps, the deaf may sometimes hear whispers which are inaudible to others. It need not surprise us, then, when we find in the annals of philosophy and literature the names of brilliant writers and acute metaphysicians who have been at least partially deaf.

The deaf are dependent upon books to a far greater extent than are those to whom other sources of information and amusement are open. Perhaps there is something here, too, to be set over to the credit side of the account. The deaf can console themselves, and doubtless they often do so, with the reflection that a large part of what those about them are saying is not worth hearing, anyway. In fact, all of us are ready enough to believe that in the multitude of other folks' words there lacketh not folly.

The erudite do not always dispense their learning in conversation; the wise do not always display their wisdom; the brilliant do not always sparkle. But he who relies on books runs no risks. You can always be sure to get your man at his best and to get him when he is in the mood for your mood. If he does not suit your present humor, it is easy to retire gracefully, or even, like Little Blossom, to throw your book against the wall and say, "You stupid old donkey." This relieves the mind without hurting anybody's feelings. Per-

haps those who hear well would be glad sometimes, in the agonies of stupid conversation, to proceed to such extremities. They'll hardly venture to do so.

The loss or weakening of any sense is usually accompanied by an invigoration of the other senses, and, indeed, by a quickening of all the mental faculties of apprehension. Those who have taken the trouble to observe such things have noticed that the deaf generally have excellent eyesight and that their immunity from the need for eyeglasses is apt to be protracted. Their wonderful quickness of vision and power to detect almost imperceptible movements is admirably illustrated by those who have mastered the art of lip-reading. And it not infrequently happens that one whose sense of hearing is impaired can carry on intelligent conversation though he identifies only a few words here and there in each sentence of a companion. Of course brave inferences have to be ventured. Keen insight and a quick putting together of this and that are required for this sort of work.

Here is where absurdities come in. And no wonder. That, after all, they are so few and seldom is an evidence of the value of deafness as a distinct help to quickness of apprehension and intellectual training.

Is it not true that the deaf are less apt to be the victims of nerves than other people? There is certainly less to make them so. The innumerable sounds which grate painfully upon the acute senses of others have for them absolutely no existence. To a delicately organized being this is clear gain. The deaf know not what it is to feel, in the dead hours of the night, a vague sense of terror when the imagination is stimulated by effort to account for unexplainable noises. Nocturnal concerts of domestic pets, the monotone of the clock, the rattle of wheels over the paving stones are all as if they were not. Sound, unbroken slumber is the peculiar heritage of the deaf.

And yet,—and yet, after all, it may not be a bad thing to be able to hear well. That is, when there's anything worth hearing.

Suggestions as to Reading

Aurora Leigh doubtless gives the experience of her creator, Mrs. Browning, when, having found her father's books piled and packed in the garret, she—

Nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling thro' the gap,
In hearts of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark
An hour before the sun would let me read.

And she but tells the experience of thousands whose earliest childhood has been associated with books. Blessed is the boy or girl who cannot remember when first he read of Jack Horner, the hero of Christmas fire, or that other Jack, who slew the Giants of the Lonely Course, or of Aladdin and the forty thieves. More blessed still the man who has learned how lovingly and reverently to use books and through them to bring his own mind into contact with the minds of great men of all ages. They are a priceless heritage from our predecessors and admit us into the inner chambers of thought of our contemporaries.

Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and oblige them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it!—how superior to all common enjoyments. But in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Caesar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton.

In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dullness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone.

It will be time enough to read the third and fourth-rate books when you have mastered the first-rate. Read above you not so far as to be out of reach and to discourage, but far enough to elevate and inspire. Why should I read poetastless and neglect true poets? Why fill my time with shallow compilers and let go the great chronicles of great events? Why remain ignorant of the undying classics and waste precious hours on the silly story-tellers of a day.

We need to know what DeQuincey finally calls "The literature of power" whose dynamic energy passes into the spiritual life as iron into the blood. Ephemeral literature may be lightly touched or passed over.

As John Milton has expressed it, "Better kill a man than books:

Books do preserve, as in a viol, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living Intellect that bred them. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a Life beyond Life.

Non omnis moriar.—HORACE.

Cicero said: "If I can make my books mine indeed, I shall exceed Cræsus in riches and be able to look down with contempt upon all the horses and lands in the world."

Francesco Petrarch said:

"I have *friends*, whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them; for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short,

the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely, in all emergencies. In return for all these services, they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace."

And here I find myself overwhelmed by the embarrassment of riches. One could speak and quote for hours and not exhaust the praises of books.

Let us, therefore, with exalted conceptions of the importance of the subject, discuss (1) What to read, (2) How to read. Read standard books mainly, rather than ephemeral literature. What is a standard book? It is the book which survives; the book with vigor and power enough to outlast the conflict; the book found in the library instead of the reading-room. One standard book may influence your whole life. How many lives have been influenced by Adam Smith and John Locke!

[Here follows Dr. Taylor's outline of books worth reading:]

1. *History*. Macaulay's History; Green's Short History of the English People; McCarthy's Nineteenth Century; Creasey's Fifteen Decisive Battles; Student's Gibbon; White's Eighteen Centuries; Alex. Stephens's United States; Moore's North Carolina; Geography—read with map.

2. *Biography*. Autobiography.—Benj. Franklin; Hugh Miller's School, etc. Southey's Nelson; Blaikie's Personal Life Livingstone. Trevelyan's Macaulay. Hawthorne's; Jones's Sec.; Dabney's Jackson. Irving's Columbus; Mohammed.

3. *Poetry*. Scott, Lady of Lake; Shakespeare. Milton; Spenser (Summer); Pope's Essay on Man; Homer; Addison; Cato. Goldsmith; She Stoops to Conquer; Tennyson. Small poems—memorize.

4. *Essays*. Bacon; Macaulay's; Irving. Sketch Book. Locke on Human Understanding; Spectator. Emerson; Carlyle.

5. *Fiction*. To enjoy Arabian Nights; R. Crusoe; Gulliver; Ivanhoe; Kenilworth; Quentin Durward. Cooper—Leatherstocking Tales. Dickens—Pickwick; Copperfield. Thackeray—Newcomes; Pendennis. G. Elliot—Silas Marner; Adam Bede; Scenes of Clerical Life. Hawthorne—Marble Faun. Bunyan.

6. *General.* Adam Smith—Wealth of Nations. Holmes—Autocrat. B. Taylor's Travels. Warner's Winter on Nile. Dawson's Story of Earth and Man. Bate's Naturalist on River Amazon.

1. *How to read.*

(1) Not to interfere with studies—only getting ready to read. But every student who has not overcropped himself and who has learned how to study ought to average one to two hours a day.

(2) "Tasting some, chewing and digesting others." Reading light literature, "conscientiously" skipping.

(3) Making abstracts and analyses; notes. Increasing vocabulary; lists.

(4) Read as rapidly as you can. Not slurring over—but giving attention.

(5) Do not read lying down or when eyes are tired.

Editorials Written for the Biblical Recorder

[During the years 1895-96, Dr. Taylor contributed the leading editorials in the *Biblical Recorder*. By the kind permission of this paper, we insert a few of these.]

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

A few days ago we gazed for a moment upon an object which excited the most solemn reflections and the most varied emotions. It was the form of a lovely Christian woman lying cold and still within a flower-crowned casket. The smile that had never failed to greet us had vanished. The lips, for the first time, moved not to speak a word of greeting. The eyes sparkled no more with their light of intelligence and love. The hands, that had been wondrously cunning in the witchery of music, were folded for their long rest.

As we turned away it was with this thought: "This is a discarded dwelling-house—henceforth useless. That which temporarily dwelt in it has moved from the old house into a better one."

There is a natural body, and there is a Spiritual Body. Of the natural body we know something, though not very much. It is the most marvelous fabric in the material world. Whether we consider its adaptation of complicated structure to manifold function, or the adjustment of both structure and function to its environment, we are compelled to pronounce it the most wonderful visible object that God has made and shown to us. And, with its millions of nerves carrying their messages to and from its hundreds of millions of nerve centers, it is admirably fitted to be the home, during its school term, of "a living soul."

But all this, when compared to the Spiritual Body, is as a log cabin by the side of Vanderbilt's new palace near Asheville.

The tabernacle for our wilderness life is wonderful for use

and beauty. The temple for our eternal abode transcends our power to understand with our present limited faculties.

A French philosopher once represented an inhabitant of the planet Saturn as visiting our world and asking a man whom he met how many senses he possessed. "Five," was the reply, "sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell." "Indeed," rejoined the visitor, with a pitying smile, "is that all? We have seventy senses." The story is a violent appeal to the imagination, but is, at least, suggestive. What reasonable ground have we for concluding that there are not, even now, innumerable vibrations which find no open doors for entrance into our minds? Still less have we ground for imagining that our experiences in the natural body exhaust the possibilities of perception and of intellectual and moral activity.

Is there any reason why there should not be a Spiritual Body? Any objection at all worth considering must be based upon a knowledge of what spirit is. And, when we come to think about it, we know just as little what matter is, in its essential nature, as we do in regard to the nature of spirit.

There is no more reason that there should not be a Spiritual Body—yes, body—than that there should be a material, natural body.

The death of a believer is only the moving from one house of few windows and comparatively few conveniences to another which is perfectly adapted to every need of the spiritual nature. The carnal mind is all sloughed off along with the old body. The "spiritual mind" will wield an unchallenged scepter over the Spiritual Body. Only the pure in heart can inhabit it. They shall see God. Wherever this body goes will be heaven. To die and dwell in it is no disaster. It is promotion to fullness of life—exaltation to a higher stage of being. "To die is gain."

You and we, brothers, are to dwell just a little while longer in our natural bodies. Let us make these—so far as we can—

temples fit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Let us tread down carnality, evil thinking, unholy ambition. It will not be long. The best is yet to come. And it will soon be ours. Our brethren and sisters whom we have known and loved are already dwelling in spiritual bodies. We shall join them. We shall know them. Together we shall sing of "Amazing Grace." Oh the music that our spiritual bodies can make and perceive! Only let us be ready. If we are spiritually-minded, we shall have life and peace in spiritual bodies. But to be carnally-minded is death.

ON DROPPING THE CABLE.

We were standing on Broadway in New York City. Down the middle of the crowded street came moving rapidly a cable car. It was evident that the earnest efforts of the motorman to stop it were unavailing. The grip upon the cable, which was gliding underground under powerful impulse, could in no wise be relaxed. Relentlessly the car ploughed its way through carriages and heavily laden trucks, pushing them aside, or leaving them wrecks behind. The next morning's papers told the story fully and recited the catalogue of disasters.

Being in a meditative mood, we reflected, as we strolled up the street, upon what we had witnessed. Cable cars are an unspeakable convenience and blessing to hundreds of thousands of people in great cities, but when they forget when and how to stop, they are only nuisances. Grip—not the disease, but the power to hold on—is a good thing as an element of success in life. It involves decision of character, and courage, and steadfastness of purpose. We are bound to admire it. But it may be overdone. The wise man will consider, not only how to hold on, but when to let go. Wealth comes not only from holding on to property, but from knowing when

to part with it. So usefulness and happiness will sometimes be enhanced by letting go at the right time.

Well it is for that man or woman—especially the brain-worker—who has learned to drop the cable of work when excessive fatigue puts up the danger signal. One of the most eminent of living surgeons said to us not long ago, "I have to work night and day, and to think carefully about what I am doing. The anxiety and the draught upon my sympathies is very great. Now and then I am aware of the beginnings of nervous prostration. Immediately I drop everything and give myself up to perfect rest." There can be no doubt that all of us can accomplish far more in a lifetime if we can learn to knock off from work before exhaustion begins.

Perhaps we all allow ourselves to be carried too far in feeling and imagination, and especially in conversation, because we fail to drop the cable, or at least to put the brakes on, at the proper point. We do not intend, when we begin, to say aught to our neighbor's disadvantage, or to pass the bounds of purity of utterance. But, borne headlong by the momentum of feeling, of good fellowship, of desire to entertain, we make the criticism, spread the scandal, tell the anecdote. And, afterwards, we blush when we remember that we allow the cable of conversation to drag us on beyond the proper stopping point.

What can require more courage and self-denial than for a preacher to drop the cable of his sermon before he has said all that he had prepared and had intended to say—especially when he knows that his best things are in the part he leaves out? But the motorman in the pulpit, if he is wise, will sometimes stop before his sermon is ended. It is very easy for the man of books and abstract thought to over-estimate the capacity for attention of the average audience. But, when minds and bodies are fatigued, and when attention is withdrawn, the chance to do good is passed. If the best thoughts were put first, would it not be easier to have the "good termi-

nal facilities," which a railroad man once said were essential for a first-rate sermon?

Those who have had largo experience in protracted meetings tell us that there is a point at which it is best to drop the cable of "special effort" and close them. This point, they say, is often reached before all interest has subsided. Because we are human, there are limitations to the emotional strain. Reactions are inevitable. Is it not usually better to close a meeting while, as yet, there is but little ebb in the tide, than to have it close itself after interest has culminated and declined?

It is just possible that men may sometimes keep too firm a grip on positions, when their work in them is done. Some could have retired with fortunes from their boom investments a few years ago. They held on too long and lost all. In the same way many a preacher, professor, agent, editor, who has labored wisely and well, could, at a certain point, have dropped the cable, leaving his work in good shape, and bearing away the savor of a good name. But it is possible to hold on long enough to undo some of our own good work. Along the cable lines are occasional signs for motormen, "Drop the cable here." No such plain directions appear for other workers. They are not needed. He who has his eyes open, and can exercise sound judgment, will demand no such imperatives. Not in a fit of discouragement, not because there may be a few malcontents, but because one can see for himself that his work at a place is done, he will see his opportunity and drop the cable.

THE "TROUBLE MAN."

This is the name of the expert employed by telephone companies in large cities for tracing and correcting difficulties. Wires are frequently broken or crossed or uninsulated. When, for any reason, communication from point to point is inter-

fered with, when lightning, wind, or fire have wrought damage, the trouble man is in demand. By his knowledge, experience, and dexterity, he is usually able very soon to put everything into good running order again.

The name and mission of this useful member of society suggested to us, the first time we ever heard of them, the work of a true pastor. For is it not his peculiar function, his sacred duty, his blessed privilege, to be a trouble man—to find and remove causes of trouble? Blessed is that under-shepherd of the flock who has the wisdom, the delicate tact, the loving tenderness, to enable him to succeed.

Wisdom, tact, and tenderness will surely all be needed by the successful trouble-mender. Imprudence or unsympathetic harshness may not only make the trouble bigger, but also hurt the bungling mender. He who deals with live wires, if he is not careful, will set the house afire and get his own fingers burned. But when the trouble-healer knows that communications are broken, that there are alienations, discords, strifes, his duty is clear. He must do his best to bring about reconciliation and restore fellowship. And if he shall wisely choose his opportunity and go forth from his closet to embrace it, good results will be sure to follow. He will find out that, not only hereafter, but here and now, "blessed are the peacemakers."

In quite a different sense it will always be the privilege of a true pastor to be a trouble man with the bereaved, the suffering, the storm-beaten of his flock. The first tidings of any kind of trouble will be enough to summon him to the point where his advice, sympathy, or consolation may be needed. It may be the counting-room where failure threatens, the jail where accusation frowns, the bedside where suffering lingers, or the open grave around which mourners weep. When there is trouble in the home, the faithful trouble man will wish to be there, too.

Nor will his coming be in vain. Who is there who cannot

recall some memory of the benediction of a pastor's presence in hours when the skies were darkened and all sweetness and hope seemed to have faded out of life? His gracious bearing, full of sympathy and of true dignity, his fitly chosen words, full of his Master's wisdom and touched with his own emotion, his prayer, earnest and yet in tender accents, made the trouble man more than welcome. The help rendered by him, when hearts were sore and homes were shadowed, plucked away the sting from criticism for years afterward. Even a poor sermon did not seem altogether dry and dull if it were preached by the trouble man.

And in still another sense our evangelical expert will make trouble as well as heal it; or, rather, will cause trouble in order that it may be cured. We sing, "'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved." Just as surely as conviction always precedes sound conversion, so surely will our trouble man, if he be wise in soul-winning, arouse sleeping conscience and wound self-satisfied hearts. This he will do in private interviews as well as in public ministrations. A skillful surgeon knows that he must often make a fresh wound before he can heal a deep and malignant sore. And he to whom is committed the shepherding of souls should seek to cut deep, using an instrument in his possession which is sharper than the razor edge of an old Roman sword. He will go without a summons and, like his Master at the well, will give his best to a single auditor. We know a man whose heart and life had been all wrong for years. He carried an experienced old trouble man with him in his buggy several miles to an association. Before that ride was ended, with skillful, faithful surgery, he had been cut to the heart. Godly sorrow began to do its work. On the homeward way the trouble-maker became the trouble-helper, and had the more pleasing, but not more important, task of applying the balm of the gospel. Had he waited to be sent for, or had he relied

only on his public preaching, his reliance and waiting might both have been vain.

Blessed is that pastor, we say again, who has the heart-power, the zeal, the prudence, the tact which are essential to the work of a successful trouble man.

MR. GREATHEART.

"Then said Mr. Greatheart to Christiana and to Mercy, 'My Lord has sent each of you a bottle of wine, and also some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; He has also sent the boys some figs and raisins; to refresh you in your way.'—*Pilg. Prog., Part II.*

Since the great multiplication of books it is hardly likely that the matchless allegories of the immortal dreamer, Bunyan, are as generally read as in former days. And it is not probable that at any time the Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress has been as popular as the story of the earlier pilgrimage. This is not at all surprising, and yet some of the most valuable instruction is given, and some of the most interesting characters are portrayed in the less familiar Second Part. Among the latter is the faithful, heroic, and gentle guide, Mr. Greatheart.

He is described by Bunyan as a man of large knowledge, wide experience, and sturdy common-sense. His valor was proved by his bearing in the Valley of Shadows and by the slaying of Giants. But the characteristics which gave him his name were his gentleness of bearing and tenderness of speech. He is not called Mr. Largemind or Mr. Bighead or Mr. Strongarm, but Mr. Greatheart. As the authorized guide of a personally-conducted party from the City of Destruction to the Land of Beulah, he is Bunyan's type of a Christian minister.

One need of the world now, as always, is Greathearts in the ministry. We encourage our young preachers to acquire

knowledge and cultivate their intellectual powers. Those who seem worthy and are really indigent, we gladly assist to secure all the culture that colleges and seminaries can bestow. And so far from belittling the importance of the best possible education for our ministry, we would give new and added emphasis to the obligation which rests upon every preacher, old or young, to add to his knowledge and discipline his powers.

But all this will amount to absolutely nothing, so far as effectiveness in pastorate and pulpit is concerned, if heart-power be altogether lacking. Of a minister of the gospel, above all others, is it true that he may have all knowledge and all eloquence, and yet, without the tenderness of love, be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Parched corn is not enough for him to bring to his flock, whether on week-days or Sundays. The Lord would also have him be the bearer of pomegranates and wine, of figs and raisins.

Only a very patient and loving guide could ever have brought safely to the end of the journey such a motley party as was accumulated on the way. Mr. Standfast and Mr. Honest might possibly have made the trip by themselves. But Mr. Ready-to-halt, and dear Mr. Feeblemind, and Mr. Despondency with his daughter, Muchafraid—they stood in need of constant encouragement and comfort. One cannot help admiring Mr. Greatheart's tender dealings with these rather humble people even more than the prowess shown in killing Giant Despair and the strength displayed in pulling down the walls of Doubting Castle. And when, at the last, we read through our tears how, one by one, they all went through the river, singing, to meet the shining ones, we cannot but believe that this pastor has done a better work, as Mr. Greatheart, than if, as Mr. Greatmind, he had written a learned book.

If there be any moral or practical lesson herein, it lies on the surface and will reveal itself.

We have more learning in our pulpits than our fathers had. Have we as much of what they used to call "unction"—that heart-power which comes from the anointing of the Holy Spirit? Perhaps so; we do not know. But we do know that tenderness is an essential element of success in proclaiming the gospel. Mr. Fine-rhetoric may tickle our fancies, Mr. Funnyman may make us shake our sides, Mr. Sound-theology may (and ought to) confirm us in the faith, Mr. Exhortation may belabor us with loud appeals. And yet, somehow, the great depths within our natures, wherein lie the springs of action, are untouched and unmoved.

But ah, when Mr. Greatheart preaches to us, it may be very simply and without much show of learning, our hearts begin to open, even as flowers open to dew and sunshine. His tenderness makes us tender. Pride melts away. Love, dove-like, flutters into the heart. We want to shake hands with the man whom, an hour ago, we regarded with suspicion or enmity. We seem to be close to God, yet, somehow, we are not awed by the blaze of His holiness, but want to get closer and closer until, like tired children who have not done their best and are sorry for it, we can hide our faces in His bosom.

Whence comes this power of Mr. Greatheart to stir our souls so that they are melted into humility or uplifted with aspiration? Is it due to the tones of his voice? We think not. Is it because he relates pathetic anecdotes? He seldom does it. Does he stir our sympathies by wearing the mask of emotion? Never; he would not stoop to it.

But whence comes this gracious influence? Ah, it is because his heart is great and is full of genuine love and tenderness. He moves us because he is moved himself. He is moved himself because—but we may not penetrate the seclusion where he has been closeted with God. We can only know that it is from our Lord himself that he brings us fruits and wine to refresh us on our way.

HINTS FROM A COTTON FIELD.

Some time ago, when passing along a country road, we noticed a party of laborers who were just completing the picking of the cotton in an adjacent field. Every boll had been emptied and the field was quite bare of its fleecy product.

A few days later we had occasion to pass by the same field; and lo, it was as if an April snow had fallen upon it, so white was the field with freshly-opened cotton.

Ah, we thought, there was more cotton to come from that field. One single picking did not get it all. And it may be that there are other fields which do not yield all their fruit to a single picking.

There's Bible reading. How many bolls we have to leave unpicked in our earlier readings. We cannot force them open, and for us, at least, they do not reveal any truth or practical lesson. Our knowledge may be inadequate, or our experience too limited. And there are other great bolls, five-lobed, that we never even see at all in our first readings. But when we go over the field again, many passages, dark before, open of their own accord, disclosing precious truths and valuable lessons. And other divine revealings, whose very presence has been unsuspected, unfold themselves without need for search or effort. In the cotton field the limit for fresh pickings is soon reached. In the field of divine truth there is no limit. Passage sheds light upon passage. The more we have, the more there is to get and the easier it is to get it. And so it will be while life shall last; there will always be more and more opening for us in God's word as we become receptive for it.

And then there's preaching. Did you never wonder whether a preacher—we mean, of course, a young preacher—does not sometimes go to bed on Sunday night with the feeling that he has exhausted all his resources and that there are no more sermons for him? We think that we have even heard confessions of this sort. Perhaps an experienced old preacher,

remembering his own blue Mondays, would smile and comfort his young brother with the assurance that fresh sermon bolls will open for him from week to week. But, if experience has brought wisdom, he will be sure to add the caution that this will not continue indefinitely unless he shall study. Sir Walter Scott once said, in one of his delightful introductions, that an author's brains should yield more than one single creaming. Perhaps they will. But it will all be drawn from previously acquired material. The principle of Conservation of Energy holds good. When nothing is put in, nothing will come out. And if a preacher does not study and read and observe and think, his brains, to use good Sir Walter's figure, will yield, not cream, but skim milk, very blue and thin.

Another hint. The revival has closed. Great has been the ingathering. Surely every boll in the neighborhood seems to have opened under the influence of pungent preaching and the Spirit's power. The harvest has been gathered. There's no use any more in trying to reach the unconverted; they have all been reached.

It does not look that way now. But wait a little while and watch. Open bolls begin to appear ready for another picking. Some who professed religion show that they were not converted. New people move into the community. Children become old enough to understand and receive the gospel. How soon the field gets ready again for the work of ingathering!

Comfort, too, for the agent. This wandering "necessary evil" must, indeed, often need comfort in his Arab life. The field, as he surveys it, appears to have been thoroughly picked. Other agents have passed over it. Why should he pass through empty rows? He himself has thoroughly canvassed it. Why appeal to those who have already responded? They have no more to give. Why appeal to those who declined before? It is not pleasant to be denied.

Remember the cotton field, brother, and take heart. That other pickers have traversed your field will prove no bad thing for your success, provided your cause be at all worthy. These other workers have only helped the bolls of liberality to open wider and more rapidly. The oftener the gatherers of beneficence pass, within reasonable limits, the more the habit of giving will become established.

And if you have yourself wrought wisely in your work, you have not only collected as you passed among the brethren, but you have left the road in such order that you can pass over it again. A wise agent, like a good farmer, should enhance fertility even while he harvests good returns. And the oftener he visits his fields, at reasonable intervals, the more he will get. Those who helped your cause before did not impoverish themselves; you may be sure of that. And it may be that those who did not help felt sorry afterwards, and will be glad of the chance to show their repentance.

We like the sentiment of that hymn which reminds us again and again by its refrain that "There'll be more to follow." In our religious life, also, we can apply the similitude of the field of opening bolls. We have some measure of faith, hope, joy. Past efforts to add new graces to our Christian characters have not been altogether in vain. But we have not "attained." In answer to our prayers, and as the result of faithful effort, there will surely be more to follow.

We have done some little good already, perhaps. Cups of cold water have been proffered by our hands, sympathy has been shown by our manner, instruction and encouragement and warning have dropped from our lips, material aid has flowed from our purses. And we have felt the joy of it all. Let this, too, be more and more. The field is not yet gleaned. Nay, what we have done and felt hitherto is as nothing compared with what we may do and feel tomorrow and through the coming years.

NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES.

This was the prayer of Agur, the son of Jakeh. In theory, we all admit its wisdom. Practically, most of us are very sure as to the first half; as to the second, we are not so certain. Never was the race for wealth more eager than it is today. Not only are the young dazzled by the appeal that riches make to their imaginations, but the middle-aged and even the aged become envious, dissatisfied and soured. And too often, alas, both young and old succumb to the allurements of wealth, and resort to unfair, over-reaching, dishonest methods to secure it.

A calm survey of the conditions of happy living, of peace of mind, of the development of Christian character, will surely be enough to convince an open mind that great riches are not worthy objects of desire or labor. And one who has been favored with a wide range of observation of all classes of society will be no less certain that the most useful and happy lives are passed by those who are in only moderate circumstances.

We do not for a moment sympathize with the current tirades against the rich. To be rich is not necessarily to be bad, much less criminal. And in order to make our point it is not necessary, even if it would be right, to blink the fact that all the virtues have occasionally blossomed and borne fruit in the homes of the wealthy. It is possible for a good man to be a millionaire. Capacity, thrift, industry, honesty, have made many rich, and a few very rich, in a perfectly legitimate way. And not a few have rightfully inherited fortunes which were honestly acquired.

Nor are we among those who think that a rich man is necessarily a curse to a community. On the other hand, he may be, incidentally, a great blessing. If a millionaire were to settle in every township in our State, a large proportion of the people would be benefited thereby. If, better still, a

native citizen in each county should by perfectly just and honest methods become a millionaire, large numbers of his neighbors would surely become sharers in his prosperity.

But as to whether it would be best for the man himself and for his family, is another question. And this is just the question before us.

As a matter of fact, does wealth, in the long run, make people happy? At first, we are inclined to say yes. We think only of the things that money will buy and of the ease that it will secure. But reflection will suggest that this is a superficial judgment, and observation will prove what reflection suggests. Wealth, it is true, is masterful; it can speak in the imperative mood and command many of the means of pleasure. But not all, nor the most important. The best, the essential things, are unpurchaseable. A rich man may sometimes have these essential things. But that is in spite of his riches, not because of them. We have good authority for believing that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth."

We see the silk-attired, fur-wrapped lady roll by in her carriage, or the millionaire lolling in the back piazza of his private car. Envious thoughts begin to rise. But stop:—are they happy? We may not ask them, but we can watch them. Are they not often restless, petulant, querulous? Do they seem to be more contented than others? Does their bearing suggest that there are no skeletons in their closets? Do we not read anxiety and black care in some faces, hardness and selfishness in others? Do we often hear from them the spontaneous, ringing laughter that is an outward sign of a happy heart?

No; peace of mind, contentment, happiness, are not purchasable commodities. Money can buy things, externals, the accidents of living. But the roots of happiness lie too deep to be watered by wealth. Money is king in its own limited realm, but there are vast provinces which heed not the sway

of its sceptre. And all the best, unpurchaseable elements of happiness are really more apt to be possessed by one who is neither rich nor poor, by the man who is above want, but has work to do and his economies to practice.

"But surely one may pray for riches in order that, through them, he may be more useful." By all means, provided that we are absolutely certain that the object of the prayer will not be forgotten if the prayer is answered. Somehow, in most cases, it seems to be. Rich people—even Christian men and women—do not give as much, in proportion to their incomes, as do those who are in moderate circumstances. There are shining and noble exceptions, rich men and women who really believe that they are God's stewards, and who prove their belief by gifts which are as unostentatious as they are munificent.

But these are exceptions. The rich are never rich enough. "What is my paltry million; my neighbor has three millions. I cannot begin to give yet. When I get more able, call on me." The style of living adopted by many of the wealthy would empty the purse of Fortunatus. But if this should not use up all the income, what is left must be re-invested for futuro gain. May none of our readers ever be so poor as some of the rich imagine themselves to be when asked to be useful through their money. Instead of praying for more, let us so use our few talents or dollars as to prove that we are fit to have more.

But even if wealth could buy happiness or would certainly be used for good purposes, the prayer of Agur would still be the proper one for a Christian to offer, unless it could be shown that the possession of wealth tends to spiritual prosperity. For our business in this world is not to be happy (though the good Lord often makes His children so), but to be good and grow to be better. And few will contend that people have as good a chance to lead sober and godly lives in palaces as in less pretentious homes. Millionaires' children

are usually handicapped from the beginning in the struggle for eternal life. And the rich, tempted toward worldliness, pride, fashionable display, have a harder task in treading in the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene than their less wealthy neighbors. No, those who are neither poor nor rich have the better chance to get to heaven, and to enjoy religion on the way thither. In congenial work they find deliverances from many seductions of the devil. Experience proves that to be delivered from the necessity for exertion is no real blessing. Observation shows that those who possess moderate means are usually less selfish, live more virtuous lives, and pass more readily through the narrow gate that openeth into the kingdom of God.

BUCKLE AND TONGUE MEET.

[A HINT FOR THE NEW YEAR.]

The importance and success of a meeting do not necessarily depend upon the number of people present. Some of the most interesting and profitable have needed the attendance of only two. They formed a sufficient party. More would have been a crowd. So it was at the recent memorable meeting of Buckle and Tongue, or, to put it more politely, of Mrs. Buckle and Mr. Tongue.

Though they have long had certain business interests in common, a considerable time had elapsed since they had had a chance to confer together about their affairs. And, owing to a number of circumstances, the meeting with which we are now concerned was not brought about without some difficulty. Many serious obstacles had to be overcome. And, though in former times they had had frequent meetings which they still remembered with pleasure, much persuasion was required on this occasion to bring them together. This was due in part to the distance that separated them and in part to the lapse of time since their last meeting.

When, however, Mr. Tongue and Mrs. Buckle had met and had spent some time in talking over money matters and other

business in which they were both interested, they found each other's company so pleasant that by and by they began to converse together about how they might have more frequent meetings.

It was in the course of this colloquy that Mrs. Buckle begged to remind Mr. Tongue that their failure to meet in so long a time had all been due to lack of ready money; and that it was his part in the business to see to it that this was provided.

Mr. Tongue regretted that he had not been able to furnish more ready money. Times had been hard, business slow, profits small. But he really had done his best. He admitted that it was his part to make collections and supply the cash. After all, however, he did not think that he ought to bear all the blame; that Mrs. Buckle, also, should bear her share of responsibility for the infrequent meetings.

Mrs. Buckle insisted that she could not catch the drift of his last remarks, and urged that he should make his meaning plainer.

Mr. Tongue felt great reluctance in going into the matter for fear of giving offense, which he was far from wishing to do. But, having said as much as he had, perhaps he ought to say more. Mrs. Buckle must remember that most of the money had been paid out by her; that when expenses were made smaller money went farther; that if her wants had been more moderate, even the reduced income would have been sufficient, and they could have met as in the good old times.

Mrs. Buckle supposed that she was to infer from what he had said that outgo had as much to do with their meeting as income.

Mr. Tongue thanked her for expressing his notion so much more neatly and tersely than he could have done it himself. He had always admired the quickness with which the feminine mind would catch an idea. He hoped that she would not

think hard of him for his plain speech. It was, however, a fact; the only way for them to meet as they had once been wont to do was for him to get all he could and for her never to spend more than he got.

Mrs. Buckle said that, so far from taking any offense, she was glad that Mr. Tongue had expressed himself with so much candor. And she would be sure to think over what he had said; it seemed to her that there might be some force in it.

Mr. Tongue was about to thank Mrs. Buckle for her gracious reception of the views he had advanced, when she resumed by saying that since they were talking very freely together (though in a perfectly good-natured way), she would be as candid as Mr. Tongue had been. She was clear in her own mind that he ought to have taken her more fully into his confidence about their business matters. She had not been informed about that income; if she had been, she did not think that the expenses would have exceeded it.

Mr. Tongue very freely admitted that he had made a mistake in not letting Mrs. Buckle know just how their affairs stood. But he promised that, thereafter, he would keep her notified as to how they were prospering.

Then Mrs. Buckle assured him that if he would keep to his promise she, for her part, would see to it that the spendings should never be more than the revenues, whether these should be small or great.

Then they entered upon their conversation with which we have no concern.

P. S.—Since this narrative was written we have learned from good authority that as a result of their colloquy, Buckle and Tongue now meet at the end of every month.

THE ONE-CLAW HAMMER.

We happened to drop in on Phil Withers about sundown of an August day. He was having his barn rebuilt, using old lumber and new. The hands had just knocked off from work

and were pulling down their shirt sleeves and putting on their coats, preparatory to leaving. To one of these Phil called out in the slow, drawling tone which was natural to him, "Joe, you needn't come back here to work for me any more without you bring another hammer with you." "All right, boss," replied the negro carpenter, "I'se as sick o' this here old one-claw hammer as you is. If there's another one in the store, it'll be mine before bedtime." As the man turned away, Phil remarked to us, apologetically, "I've had the fidgets all day, looking at that man trying to draw nails with his one-claw hammer; and he's a good workman, too."

How often, since that summer afternoon, we have been reminded of that ineffective hammer, and have understood what our friend meant by having the fidgets at the sight of its bungling work. We have seen good workmen hampered and the possibilities of good work spoiled by the lack of proper tools. For the quality and quantity of every man's work will much depend on his kit of tools. And he who would be a master-workman in any department will be wise to deny himself in food and clothing rather than in his working apparatus. Is there any economy so extravagantly wasteful as the use of a pointless plough, an untempered blade, a rusty pen, an obsolete book?

We have occasionally known young men and women to spend two or three hundred dollars in a session at college and yet fail to get the largest good out of their money, time and labor because they were not willing to spend five dollars more for needed books. Many a capable and faithful teacher is handicapped in her efforts to teach the children committed to her because their parents insist on the use of old or cheap school-books. The fact is, there is nothing on earth so costly as a poor school-book, when a better one is to be had. This is a glaring case of one-claw hammer. For books, also, are tools.

They are preëminently the teacher's implements for work.

His library is his tool-chest. His education is largely an apprenticeship in the handling of them. His sermons and exhortations and conversation will reveal, not directly, but indirectly, his familiarity with them. We say, indirectly. For it is not the tools of an artisan that we care to see, but his skillful use of them as revealed in completed work.

His tools need not be numerous. They should, however, be the best of their kind. A half-dozen tools will go a long way in the hands of a skillful workman. A score or two of books—provided they be the right books—will be enough for the practical purposes of many preachers. Alas for the lumber in the library of many a preacher! Occasionally, as one glances through a preacher's tool-chest, he sees much that is absolutely worthless and only here and there a really valuable and helpful volume. One turns away with a fit of the claw-hammer fidgets. It is as if an inspection of a carpenter's chest should disclose a variety of curious but ineffective implements, but neither saw, hatchet, nor jack-plane.

Christians are not only tool-users in seeking to build up the Lord's kingdom, but they often refer to themselves as "instruments in the Lord's hands." But, alas, it is possible to be so defective or lop-sided as to be of but little account as tools for His using.

There, for instance, is Brother Muchzeal. He is very aggressive in all the externals of religion. As a worker for building up his church he is as tireless as a yard locomotive. And you will sometimes hear him chide those who are less active than himself. But, alas, his character does not back up his work. One cannot help feeling that his work is superficial, that there is a false note in his exhortations, that his foundations are not so solid as could be desired. What a good hammer he would be if the other claw were not lacking!

In Brother Nozeal's case it's the other claw that is wanting. Nobody doubts his religion. But he keeps it all to himself. One never thinks of any sort of Christian activity in connec-

tion with him. If nobody took any more active interest in the Sunday-School than he does, it would die immediately. And yet, if he would only put himself into God's hands for service, what a valuable tool he might become!

The very incarnation of logic is Elder Aridus, in his preaching. His creed is faultless. His sermons, if published, would form an excellent manual of Systematic Theology. But the young people say that they find it hard to listen to him. He brings no message audible to the children.

Elder Florescent's sermons are an unbroken series of illustrations. He stands for rhetoric. But the older people, in confidential moods, whisper to each other that, somehow, they are not fed by his discourses.

Defective hammers, both of them. Each has one claw that the other lacks.

Ah, but Elder Homilist is a fine preacher. All classes, all ages, like to hear him. And for each he has his message. But he recognizes not the faces of his people. He knows not the way to their homes.

Brother Shepherd is an excellent pastor. He is a frequent visitor to the homes of all his members, and the eyes even of the children brighten at his coming. His own study, however, knows him but slightly, and the people find it out on Sundays.

No useless instruments are they. But only think what each might be if the lacking half were supplied.

Reminiscences and Tributes

During my course at Wake Forest College Dr. Charles E. Taylor was its President and many incidents occurred at that time to impress me with his great and noble character. I remember now with what cordiality he received me, the interest he showed in my college career, and the sincere good wishes he entertained for me as I went out into the world to work.

Others will give estimates of him as a scholar and man, as teacher and executive. My brief word is to tell of the things that he said or did that influenced my own life.

The circumstances of my life since my college days have been such that I have had to make many public speeches. I have read many guides and rules on public speaking, but Dr. Taylor used to give the boys a rule which in my opinion excels all others. How often I have heard him say in the chapel and elsewhere: "Young gentlemen, there are three essential qualities necessary to make a good speaker: Have something to say, say it, and quit. These three, but the greatest of these is *quit*."

Dr. Taylor was a serious man because he believed the great business of life to be a most serious matter. But he also had a fine sense of humor and enjoyed the fun of college life. On one occasion when a college debating team had returned from Raleigh victorious and a celebration was joined in by several hundred enthusiastic students, Dr. Taylor was found on the campus and put up to speak. He took off his hat, although it was very cold and he was very bald. His response was happy and timely, but exceedingly brief. And this is the way he closed that memorable speech:

Young gentlemen, brevity is the soul of wit;
My head is cold, and so I'll quit.

But the best lesson I got from Dr. Taylor was a passionate love for the truth. He hated with a righteous hate a dishonest act and despised mean and unmanly living. I shall never forget the emphasis he placed upon things that are noble and how he inspired young men to high ideals. He liked to tell the story of men who had gone out from Wake Forest College and made good in the big business of making character. This was the important thing; all other things were secondary. He often told of a student who had received his diploma through fraud and who, conscience stricken, later came back and returned it to his alma mater. This man was his hero.

Dr. Taylor was modest and unassuming and one of the humblest of men. But like Christ and Socrates and Phillips Brooks and

Robert E. Lee he impressed every life with whom he came in touch. He has left every student who had the privilege to sit at his feet a lesson of priceless value, for while he taught science and philosophy and other things well, he taught character best of all.

ANDREW J. BETHEA,
Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina.

Dr. T. H. Pritchard in conversation with me once used the phrase, "All the Baptists of North Carolina from Dr. Taylor down." The Wake Forest men of twenty-five years ago would heartily have endorsed the judgment of Dr. Pritchard in placing Dr. Taylor first among North Carolina Baptists.

We admired him for his pure English, his broad and accurate scholarship, his powers of analysis, the clearness of his thought, in which I think I have not known his equal. And how much work he could do. Without help, before the days of typewriters at Wake Forest, he looked after the detail of his office, taught his classes, lectured, attended associations and conventions, had time for social duties, contributed to the papers, wrote poems, "alas too few," and had many other activities.

We loved him for his great strength of character, his piety, and the deep interest he took in us; he talked with us of our work and plans; he went out to see us practice on the athletic field; he visited us when we were sick. His oft-repeated prayer, that we might make the very most of our lives, abides as a blessing on me yet.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

R. L. PASCHAL

I recall a conversation with Dr. Taylor in the early years of my pastorate that has greatly influenced my ministry. We were riding together in the country on the way to a Baptist association, and passing a cotton field the observant teacher remarked that picking cotton reminded him of reading the Bible—after the first harvesting there was no more fruit in sight, but in a few days the field showed white again and was ready for another gleaning. Since then I have been a *picking* preacher, always finding in the Bible new, wonderful, and ever-unfolding truth.

The other part of the conversation suggested hand-picking evangelism. Dr. Taylor deplored the fact that our church letter to the association showed no baptisms, and the earnestness with which he spoke made me see a fig tree with nothing but leaves. Of late years I have learned to be my own evangelist, to open the doors of the church every Sunday, and to expect God to be working all the time.

Other memories might be recalled, but this conversation is more than a memory—it is a working force in my life.

ATHENS, GA.

J. W. LYNCH.

DR. CHAS. E. TAYLOR AS A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL

Dr. Taylor came of preaching stock. His father, Dr. Jas. B. Taylor, Sr., was a minister of the gospel, and two of his brothers, Dr. Jas. B. Taylor, Jr., and Dr. Geo. B. Taylor, spent long and useful lives in the same holy calling. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor was for many years a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention in Rome.

The subject of this sketch had not been ordained as a preacher when he came to Wake Forest in 1870. He supplied pulpits as occasion might demand, but he himself followed a course which he recommended to others afterwards, viz., not to ask ordination for himself, but to wait until some church called for his ordination, that he might be able to perform the functions of the pastorate. This call came to Dr. Taylor in 1871, and in April of that year he was set apart to the work of the ministry in the college chapel at Wake Forest after the usual custom among Baptist people.

As a pastor Dr. Taylor was the combination of firmness and tenderness, of broad wisdom and of beautiful simplicity. He was at once the faithful shepherd and the fearless prophet; the tender friend and the wise counselor; the patient seed-sower and the diligent cultivator of the soil. The little children found in him a disposition of mind and heart that they could freely approach; the strong, stalwart men found in him one who was able and willing to aid them in dealing with any question of life.

Some years ago he related in our college chapel an impressive incident that came out of his pastorate at old New Hope Church. He was carrying on a revival. Two young men were on his heart in a special way. Inviting the young men to a little conference, he made a special request of each of them that he go at sunset to a designated spot and think calmly and dispassionately for half an hour on God and eternity. The result was that both young men were baptized at the close of the meeting. This incident illustrates in a striking way Dr. Taylor's conception of religion. It was not merely emotion. It was rather a deliberate response of each soul for itself to the appeal of God in Jesus, followed by a life of practical usefulness.

When Dr. Taylor began to give a good deal of attention to the matter of increasing the endowment of the college, it became necessary for him to give up his formal connection with churches as a pastor; but to the last he did the work of a preacher of the gospel and a minister of Jesus Christ. In his attendance on the general meetings

of the denomination, in response to special calls from various churches for supply work, in season and out of season, he was ever making "full proof of his ministry." During his presidency of the college the church at Wake Forest had a resident pastor who did his work with uniform faithfulness and with marked success. But who among us that came into touch with President Taylor while we were students in the college did not feel that in him we had a real pastor who came as near as could be to supplying the place of the pastor we had left behind in the old church at home? Nor was this all: he was ever preaching in the very best sense of the term. One of the most prominent lawyers in North Carolina has told me repeatedly that Dr. Taylor's talks at our chapel service and his prayers on those occasions did as much or more than any other influence to shape his Christian life, during his four years in college.

There were several special traits about Dr. Taylor as a preacher which his younger brethren in the ministry would do well to emulate. His choice English was perhaps one of the first things that impressed a careful listener. He used no superfluous words, but always chose the word that expressed exactly what he wanted to say—no more, no less. His clear, logical analysis of his subject was also a striking trait of Dr. Taylor's preaching. If one did not get his point, it was due to some defect in the hearer and not in the logic or diction of the speaker.

But after all, the very best part of Dr. Taylor as a preacher was the man himself. One could not hear him without feeling that a strong character was back of the message—a character whose very fiber was built of the spirit and life of Jesus Christ.

One of the impressive things about the man was the beautiful way in which he met the changes incident to declining years. To be sure he had passed the three-score-and-ten mark when he was called home, but he never seemed to me to be an old man. He did not live in the past, but was rather ever looking for and expecting something better. This attitude gave to his spirit a brightness, a hopefulness, even a buoyancy that made him exactly the opposite of the misanthrope. The good news which he had preached to others was first of all the best of all news to his own soul. Immortality was not to him a doctrine merely; it was an assured fact in his own heart. Of course, then, the transition which occurred on November 5th was a mere incident in the current of his ever onward-flowing life. And this figure of the *current* suggests one of his own similes which he used years ago in connection with the funeral of a good man. He said the life of this man—the man who anchored himself early in God and spent his life in doing good—was like the river. Away up in the mountains it has its source. For some time it is a little murmuring brook. But as it goes on it gathers volume and depth.

After a while it becomes so deep and mighty and moves on so majestically that one can scarcely tell that it moves at all. Finally when it empties itself out into the bosom of the great ocean it is impossible to tell just where the river ends and the ocean begins.

In closing this all-too-imperfect account of this great preacher of the gospel, what could be more appropriate than to apply to him the same beautiful figure which he had applied to another? Like Enoch, "he walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

W. R. CULLOM.

If I were shut up to one word to describe Dr. Taylor I should use the word poise. He was a remarkably well-balanced man.

His clear and deep thinking was so well balanced by his perfect candor and his moral earnestness that he was never erratic.

His spirit of aggressiveness was so well balanced by his rich fund of common sense that he never went beyond the bounds of wholesome conservatism.

He was broadminded enough to see all sides of a question, but he was too loyal to principle to sacrifice any particle of truth on the altar of expediency.

In short, when we now study his long and useful life, we can see that the things which he said and did were wise—nothing to regret and nothing to retract.

RUFUS FORD.

MARION, S. C.

When I was a student at Wake Forest College, Dr. Taylor was Professor of Latin in the college. The year I entered school he brought his bride to the college, and we boarded in the same home. During my four years stay at the college I was constantly associated with him, not only in the class-room, but in other ways. He was an honorary member of the Philomathesian Society, of which I was a member, and not infrequently attended the meetings. He and Drs. W. L. Poteat and J. B. Powers and I were members of a croquet club, and for several years we were accustomed to play croquet together in the afternoons. In this way I learned to know and to love him as perhaps I have not loved any other teacher. In fact, he was more to me than a teacher—he was a friend. He was one of the noblest men with whom I ever came in contact—cultured, consecrated, gentle, refined, dignified. In short, he was the highest type of a Christian gentleman.

In his death there passed from earth one of the best, truest, saintliest men who has ever trod its soil. But while he has gone, his influence still lingers and will linger in the hearts and lives of his old

students and their children and children's children. Earth is richer for his having lived. Heaven is richer for his having died.

EDGAR E. FOLK,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Editor Baptist and Reflector.

I remember these distinctive traits of Dr. Taylor: the clearness of his English, the logic of his reasoning, the accuracy of his scholarship, the dignity of his bearing, his patience with the honest blundering of boys, and his impatience with presumptuous ignorance; his mastery over men and his ability to inspire respect in everyone. I once heard him say, "I cannot make anyone love me, I can make everyone respect me." We pupils did love him, and our love was founded on our respect for the man, his integrity of purpose, his lofty ideals, his magnificent intellect, and his simple faith in the Master he served so well.

W. D. BURNS.

LAWNSDALE, N. C.

I have for years included Dr. Charles E. Taylor among the few great men of my acquaintance. He was probably greatest as a teacher. When a student, I felt his wonderful power in this relation. But I came to appreciate it tenfold more after I had myself been a teacher for many years. Among the great teachers I have known, I would place him as a peer of Dr. John A. Broadus, of our Seminary; H. H. Harris, at one time Professor of Greek in Richmond College, afterwards a member of the Seminary faculty; Dr. Wm. R. Harper, of Chicago, and Dr. Paul Shorey, of Chicago.

Dr. Taylor was a great scholar. Not a spectacular writer of textbooks—one of the easy things, if you have the money to back the venture—but a man of the class-room, of almost infallible accuracy of judgment in the translation and interpretation of the Latin writers.

He was a great college president. He was not a type. Though predominantly academic, his individuality was most distinctive. After the decease of Dr. Wingate, and Dr. Pritchard had occupied the president's chair for one year, retiring of his own volition, the trustees elected, successively Dr. Henry MacDonald and Dr. A. C. Dixon, both of whom declined. The trustees were in despair, when lo! the scales fell from their eyes. In their own faculty was one the Lord had anointed. Dr. Taylor was elected president unanimously. It was the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the college. He accomplished a great task. This was, the persuasion of Mr. Bostwick and other capitalists that an institution with a comparatively small plant and one hundred thousand dollars endowment was suf-

ficiently permanent to justify large gifts on their part. Those of us who knew Dr. Taylor are conscious that it was the unique character of the man which "won out" for the college in those days.

But, in these general considerations, I have not revealed my best estimate of Dr. Taylor. It was the man of deep sympathies, active kindness, and perfect Christian courtesy whom I loved best. I felt the direct influence of these noble qualities as a student at Wake Forest and the Seminary, and especially as the young, inexperienced editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. Again and again came the nerve-enriching word of encouragement and appreciation, given at the right moment, with a sincerity which was wonderful.

C. S. FARRISS,

Vice-President Stetson University.

DELAND, FLA.

IN THE AUTUMN.

Let me die in the autumn,
When the leaves are brown and sere;
Let me die in the autumn,
When the leaves fall on my bier.

In the glory of the autumn,
With the blue and white above,
In the glory of the autumn,
Let me meet the Lord I love.

Midst the fruits of the autumn,
When the work of life is done,
Midst the fruits of the autumn,
May the crown of life be won.

From the autumn of decay
To the beauty of the spring,
In the land of endless day
His praise forever will I sing.

CHARLES FRANCIS MESERVE.

SHAW UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, N. C.

Charles E. Taylor was master of the Latin language. His understanding of it and his genuine aptness in teaching it created an atmosphere in which his students felt the personal esteem and love of their teacher and saw the grace and charm of the Latin language,

and always their affection for him was as unalloyed as was their appreciation of his methods of teaching. With an event which easily occurred in his lecture room I would enlarge our sense of his value and emphasize the business of teaching. One of his students met a sense of uncertainty in *oratio obliqua*—in the work of translating indirect speech into Latin. The student said in the class-room: "Professor, I cannot find in our books a sufficient guide for the use of moods and tenses that follow moods and tenses in *oratio obliqua*." Professor Taylor said: "We can now pause and put on the blackboard a table of sequences upon which the class may rely." He quickly wrote the table. I gratefully copied it and soon memorized it, and my troubles with *oratio obliqua* there ended. With sympathy and promptness he shared his large knowledge with his students as they had need.

One cloudless night I rode with him from Franklinton to Wake Forest. On the way the great man revealed to me the availability of God. Gazing upward, he quoted many passages from the finest of the Psalms. I hear the music of his tones now, as I remember how he said: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." He was finding and understanding God in the starry depths of night. He was feeling the forever-presence of God. He spoke of Matthew T. Yates, who was laboring in China, as if Yates were his fellow-worker at hand. The wideness of Charles E. Taylor's affections was like the wideness of the Infinite Mind. Soon after its publication, I read his "Yates, the Missionary," with enthusiasm, and I was thankful that Yates and Taylor were partners in the business of the world's redemption. In 1907 I read the volume in China and felt a new sense of the worthfulness of Yates and of his biographer. In Shanghai, R. T. Bryan, D. W. Herring and J. W. Lowe went with me to the beautiful monuments that mark the grave of M. T. Yates and the grave of his wife, Eliza Moring Yates. Bryan, Herring and I stood near the monuments and Lowe took a picture of us and of the monuments. I sent the picture to Charles E. Taylor and wrote a little letter, expressing appreciation of the value of his foreign missionary book. His letter in reply to mine glowed with his old-time fellowship with God and prayerful interest in Christ's work in the home land and in foreign lands.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

N. R. PITTMAN.

Dr. Taylor reached Wake Forest a few weeks after the opening of the session in the fall of 1870. The first class he met was what was then called "Senior Latin," numbering eight or ten boys, of whom C. H. Martin, of Polkton, J. S. Mitchell, of Winton, Lucius Majette, of Wilson, A. C. Dixon, of London, and the writer still survive. The

lesson was in the *Agricola* of Tacitus, and after a few lines read by Mitchell, came the first question from the teacher: "Mr. Mitchell, in what case is *ut*?" The *u* in *ut* was long, after the Continental pronunciation; and as none of us had known anything of the English method, Mitchell was sadly in the mist in trying to find something that looked like *ut*. Finally hitting on the only word of one syllable ending in *t* in the passage read, he answered, "Oh, you mean *ut*," emphasizing the short sound of *u*. "Ut's a conjunction."

"Yes, sir; what case?"

"Case! I never heard of a conjunction having case."

"Old ablative, sir."

And then other puzzlers of like kind; and we left that room a thoroughly frightened bunch of boys, each one satisfied that the new professor knew all that there was to Latin and we knew nothing about it. He also felt that his own proper name was *mud*. But we all got busy, very busy. We had to; that unaccountable teacher of ours, day by day, plowed through the grammatical and structural minutiae of every sentence, pulling out what each boy knew, and generally still more what he didn't. And so he kept us grinding away steadily on Latin history, composition and translation throughout that session. And though he had us in hand only one session, it is doubtful whether any class ever left that college much better grounded in the principles of the Latin language.

Once, and only once, a boy who happened to be short on the lesson that day undertook to shield himself by pulling on the professor the old gag of asking irrelevant questions. "Yes, sir," said the teacher, "just come around to my room after class and we will discuss that question."

After the examination, which came a little later, the same boy remarked that he had "put one over on old Aorist" by writing briefly on a question which he did not know, and winding up with "&c.," as if the rest was a matter of course. When he class next met, "old Aorist," in referring to the examination, quietly remarked, "When a man writes '&c.' in answering a question on examination, I take it for granted that he doesn't know anything else about it." I never heard of any other effort to run in "soforth" that year.

The other particular snag, besides the aorist tense, on which most students hung up, was the subjunctive mood, concerning which the teacher maintained a regular inquisition. So in an original address delivered in the chapel on "Some of Life's Mysteries," one student propounded the question, "Why are Taylors so fond of the subjunctive mood?"

That one year with Dr. Taylor revealed his dominant qualities as man, teacher and president: thoroughness, honesty, faithfulness, firmness, patience, sanity, and an unflinching mastery of situations.

These qualities soon gave him a commanding position in a faculty of strong and scholarly men; and it was generally understood that the policies instigated by him even before he became president started the college on a career which has placed it in the forefront of Southern colleges.

Those who knew Dr. Taylor only in the dignity of his office, or in the unobtrusive attitude which he generally maintained in public assemblies would hardly have recognized him in the freedom of his home life, or in the company of intimate friends. And yet, even amid jest and pun and ready wit and convivial volubility, his native modesty and charming dignity were never obscured.

Of his relations to his pastor and church and to the various enterprises of his denomination, this is scarcely the place to speak. And of his courtly courtesy, generous sympathy, and the "charity that never faileth," there is no need to speak; for these all shone so resplendent that in his company, even with closed eyes, one could feel their perpetual glow.

R. T. VANN.

RALEIGH, N. C.

I cannot remember the time when I did not look upon Dr. Charles E. Taylor as a great man. His close personal and professional relations with my father (resulting in frequent visits to our house) brought me, at a very early age, under the power of his personality, and through all my boyhood and my college days he exercised a predominant influence over me. As I look back from my present viewpoint, I feel that, of all the teachers I have known, not one was greater than Dr. Taylor. He was great in his power to stimulate; great in his ability to get work out of the student by creating enthusiasm for learning; great in the abiding influence that he exerted.

Of President Taylor's services to the college in its wider interests and relations I could not hope to speak adequately. To those who, like myself, had opportunities to observe, at close range, the vast and unselfish labors that he performed I should seem almost miserly even if I were to employ the most sweeping words of praise. It is a matter of common knowledge (and record) that during his administration Wake Forest College was brought into such a state of effective life as it had never known before; Under his leadership, the alumni took course, friends rallied to the cause, and the long-dreamed-of endowment became a reality. I venture to think that those who shall hereafter write the history of Baptist achievement in the South will give to Dr. Taylor a place second to no other educator who has lived and wrought in North Carolina.

On the personal side, Dr. Taylor was an unfailing gentleman. He was a man of great dignity, of exceptional culture, and of extraordinary charm and distinction of manner. He was appreciative

of kindness shown him, and was prompt and generous in his recognition of the good qualities of others. He loved God, he loved his family, he loved his fellow-man, he loved his life work. He thought of himself as a debtor to the world, and the world will not lightly forget the fine conscientiousness and fidelity with which he applied himself to making payment. In the passing away of this good man, Wake Forest College has lost a faithful and trusted servant, the State has lost a distinguished and deeply lamented citizen, and the denomination has lost a great Christian scholar and teacher.

JAMES HENRY SIMMONS.

GAINESVILLE, GA.

Take him for all in all, from my viewpoint of life, I regard Dr. Charles E. Taylor as the greatest man I ever met. Religion and learning and character and humility all found expression in his life to a remarkable degree. As a boy, I was always grateful to him because when I went to Wake Forest College a lad of fifteen he made me feel at once that I had in him a true personal friend. So I found him then and ever afterwards.

I recall his respect for the students and the way he would tip his beaver to them. He was ever approachable, we were not afraid of him, but there was that in him which always commanded the profoundest respect from all the students, and, indeed, from everybody. It was his character. I do not remember ever to have heard a disparaging or light remark about Dr. Taylor, though, of course, after the manner of students, we had some pet names for him.

I remember many of his sayings. I will put down just one, and that because it seems to indicate his clear vision on that partisan controversy that was waged some years ago between certain religionists and scientists. Dr. Taylor took occasion about once a year to say to the student body: "Young men, you need not ever fear to follow just as far as truth will lead." That, I think, was great for that time, and for any time.

TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

JOSIAH CRUDUP.

In the year 1909 four of us returned to Wake Forest for the A.M. degree. We had a class in philosophy under Dr. Taylor. Near the close of the school year, when we had met for our last recitation, Dr. Taylor dismissed us with a message something like this: "Young gentlemen, for several months now you have been following the leaders of different schools of philosophy as they built up elaborate systems of thought, trying to understand and explain God, and man, and the universe. These systems of thought are complex, profound,

and beautiful. The study has been a fascinating one. You have seen these great thinkers as they pushed their giant intellects out to the very frontier of human thought and speculation. And you have seen them return baffled, perplexed, and defeated. My closing word to you is, Have faith in God. Faith in Him is the only key to the mysteries of life and destiny." That message will abide with me as the utterance of a great scholar, a profound thinker, and a sincere, devoted Christian. Himself a child of faith, "he being dead yet speaketh."

SHERMAN, TEXAS.

F. F. BROWN.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

Written in Memory of Dr. Chas. E. Taylor

Brightly fall the level sunbeams,
Sinks the busy day to rest,
Field and forest glow in light-gleams
Shining from a golden west.

Evening comes with gentle footfall,
Treading soft where strove the day;
Ev'ry sound a soothing flute-call
Murm'ring o'er the peaceful way.

Stars shine down from azure vastness
Out of far untrodden space,
Ever fixed in firm-set fastness,
Knowing season, time and place.

Thus the day of life's endeavor
Passes into fadeless night;
Thus the glow of God's forever
Dawns in clear and radiant light.

J. V. DEVENNY.

The presence of Dr. Taylor was a constant benediction to me during my life as a student at Wake Forest. Like most of the other fellows, I did not come in close personal touch with him until my senior year, but then I came to know him and love him. Whether in class-room, on campus, or on street, I never came into the presence of Dr. Taylor that my hand didn't go reverently to my hat. And it was no matter of form, but genuine reverence. I shall never forget my only visit to Dr. Taylor in his home. It was to ask a

favor of which I stood in great need during the last half of my senior year. His kindness, consideration and sympathetic interest in me and my work overwhelmed me. And I came away wondering if he was that good to all the boys. I came to know him much better after that and to love him more. The closer I got to him the bigger he grew. I find it hard to think of Wake Forest without Dr. Taylor, so much did his presence mean to me.

SANTFORD MARTIN,
Editor The Journal.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Replying to yours of 18th instant, would like to say that I knew Dr. Taylor intimately as a teacher of Latin, a teacher of moral philosophy, and as president of the College; and since that time I have been more or less intimately associated with him as a trustee of Wake Forest, and I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, he has done more for the college than any man connected with it during the past fifty years, and that he was the most consistently strong and inspiring influence that the college has felt in his time. His genuine interest in and sympathy with struggling young men seem to me to be the predominating characteristic of his relation to the college life.

W. C. Down,

President and General Manager The Charlotte News.

Dr. Taylor had the respect, confidence and love of young men to a more marked degree than any other man I have ever known. Coming within the radius of his personality, one instinctively knew and felt that on his justice and sympathy and help there might ever be implicit reliance. No other man in North Carolina for the past half century has left as deep an impress for the culture and character of its citizenship. It was under his management that Wake Forest College became the center and inspiration of Baptist influence for the State. His place in North Carolina history is assured. His works do follow him.

CHAS. A. SMITH.

TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

There is need for self-restraint when one is speaking of a distinguished and cherished friend. I must be under such restraint in paying a tribute to Dr. Chas. E. Taylor. Perhaps my admiration for him approached more nearly to reverence than it ever did for any other man.

He seems to have grown upon me in the following order of dis-

closure: He was a great man; he was wise; he had a subtle power to penetrate me deeper than I was accustomed to being penetrated; he imparted a desire for his friendship and the privilege to draw on his resources; he had a defensive dignity which could not be invaded by undue familiarity or presumption; he was a gentleman of breeding, instinct and culture; he was a Christian without gulle or cant; he was interested in me; he was my friend.

To the end he seemed far above me in mental attainment and moral excellence, and yet he was so evidently my sympathetic brother that, on my part, timidity gave way, in a measure, to confidential repose. But he was to me at the last, as at the first time I saw him, a *great man*.

To have had him for a teacher, a friend and counsellor, and so pure a soul to seal the bonds which doubled my usefulness and happiness, I count among those things for which I am daily grateful, and because of which I am under solemn obligation to be increasingly a better and a more faithful Christian.

J. F. LOVE.

I never shall forget three incidents in which Dr. Charles E. Taylor showed his great heart to me personally.

Some years after leaving Wake Forest, I wrote him a love-letter in which I told him how much I realized what his great helpfulness to me as a student meant in my life. I begged his pardon for all the trouble which my gay escapades had caused him. He answered my letter, saying that the great compensation of his life as a college president had come in such letters as mine, and that somehow the students who had seemed to appreciate his concern for them least almost invariably had paid it back in that golden coin after they left college.

After I had entered the ministry and was pastor in Edenton, and Dr. Taylor attended the Chowan Association at Gatesville, I was up to preach the introductory sermon. My great anxiety, after I had belabored for a space of half an hour, was to get a compliment for the sermon from Dr. Taylor, who sat in the congregation. When we adjourned for dinner, I cuddled up to him, mightily hoping for a great word of approval. He talked about everything else but my sermon. Unable to bear this suspense longer, I asked him to take a walk with me. When we had reached a quiet spot in the woods, I managed to let him know that I was waiting for his opinion of my sermon. Facing me in the path, his searching blue eyes on my expectant face, he said in that well-known tremulous voice, "Jawn, one thing I want to tell you so that you won't forget it: you must never try to preach the love of God with your fists." You may be

assured I never have forgotten it, and many a time when I have caught myself gesticulating with clenched fists, I have heard that warning voice, "Jawn, you can't preach the love of God with your fists."

Twenty years ago, when the North Carolina State Convention was meeting in Greensboro, Dr. Columbus Durham had just died, and the Convention was on the lowly sea of perplexity about his successor. I was in the Benbow Hotel late at night when Dr. Taylor entered the lobby. He was chairman of the big committee to nominate a secretary to the convention. This committee had been in session all day and much of the night in the courthouse. Dr. Taylor had come to the hotel looking for me. He motioned to me, and I at once followed him. He went around by the hat-rack near the dining-room door, and I wondered what on earth he wanted. His voice trembled with emotion, and this is what he said to me, "Jawn, I want you to go to your room and pray all night. The brethren are going to elect you in the morning to succeed Dr. Durham. I want you to go to your room and give yourself to God." With rapid steps he was gone before I could grasp what it all meant. That was the most troubled night I have ever spent. It was bitterly cold, and I was sharing the room with a Methodist preacher in the house of Mr. J. J. Stone, of Greensboro. I did not go to bed at all, but sat all the rest of the night with a Methodist overcoat over my own, and I am sure I prayed with Dr. Taylor's words haunting me through the hours. A week or two later, Dr. Taylor came to see me at Raleigh and left in my keeping a cryptic commission. He asked me if I had prepared my speech to be made over North Carolina at the associations. I told him I had done nothing. "Then," he said, "I want to give you a subject to guide your studies. The subject is: 'The Mission Cause.' Study the word 'Cause.' It is a triangle of meanings. Apply it to Missions, and it will serve as a formula of inquiry into the great commission for Baptists."

For twenty years this suggestion of Dr. Taylor's has lain in my mind. I did not know what he meant. Three months ago, when the message came that my great and good president was dead, a rush of emotions through the words "The Mission Cause" turned on a great light. This is what he meant: (1) The Cause of Missions, or what is the great primal source and dynamic of missions. (2) The Mission Cause as an enterprise, a movement for rallying and organizing the enthusiasm and consecration of Christians.

At the South Carolina Convention at Greenville in December I performed Dr. Taylor's cryptic but wondrously effective exposition of "The Mission Cause." I had the consciousness that he was by my side as I spoke, and that he smiled upon the scene.

JOHN E. WHITE.

PUTTING ON THE GARMENTS OF GOD

IN MEMORIAM CHARLES E. TAYLOR

"I lay aside the garments of earth," he calmly said,
 "To put on the garments of God." The friends about the bed
 Stood silent, waiting the end, and ere another dawn
 The melancholy watch was past, the spirit gone.
 Soon the earth was mounded o'er its kindred clay,
 And there was naught but memory and tears. That day
 There passed the soundest proof since ere the world began,
 Of that Edenic miracle of God in Man.

"To put on the garments of God." O soul-sustaining hope!
 If e'er to less than angel the pearly portals ope,
 For kindly service done, for helpful deed or word,
 This man by every test was worthy such reward.
 No martial pomp, no power filched from human kin,
 Was his, or gilded honor stained with secret sin;
 But Thought, sustained and sanctified by Heart, his realm,
 Each moving free, with God as pilot at the helm.

But O the silent pain, and O the spirit's pail,
 To think the one we loved has answered to the call!
 We wonder why the world seems grey and chill, why the sun
 His wonted light withholds and, like a hooded nun,
 Creeps silent through the heavy, leaden sky: the wing
 Of pallid Death has passed, and not a bird doth sing.
 But to the angels' choral song methinks new life is given,
 He whom we loved is there, bright in the garments of heaven.

H. T. HUNTER, '12.

During my senior year at Wake Forest I had the very rare privilege of being the only member of Dr. Taylor's class in Senior Philosophy. I prize as one of the choice recollections of my college life, the hours spent alone with him in his office. Here, with great patience, marvelous insight, and a thrilling earnestness, he led me through the intricate reasonings of Butler's Analogy. Sometimes he would seemingly forget that we were studying a book and that there was only one trudging boy in the room with him, and his earnestness in the theme would become a mastering passion. It seemed to me on these occasions that he was reaching up near the eternal world where we are to know not in part but face to face.

This intimate personal touch impressed me not only that Dr. Taylor was a profound thinker and an ideal teacher, but also that he

was one of the most deeply-pious men that I have ever known. This rich experience remains as a benediction in my life.

C. M. BEACH.

The quality of his manhood, as I now try to recall it, was exhibited most clearly in a simple incident.

It was the chapel hour and he was in charge. Some student towards the rear of the hall, in a spirit of irreverence, made a slight disturbance. It was only slight and but little broke the silence of the general attention, but I remember to this day Dr. Taylor's whole figure, and I incline to think that I see it more distinctly in this frame than anywhere else. His whole figure became as rigid as steel, his complexion went white, his lips almost purple, his beard quivered, and his deep blue eyes flashed fire. He did not speak a word. But the combination of indignation at the irreverence and of heart-hurt, coupled with inflexible integrity, remains with me today to constitute a portrait of a great character.

FURMAN UNIVERSITY, GREENVILLE, S. C.

E. M. POTEAU.

DR. TAYLOR IN THE HOME

From the north gate of the campus with its vine-covered walls, stretches in broad and gentle dignity the length of "Faculty Avenue." Even the groups of students at their noisiest pitch do not disturb the serenity of the street. The clean gravel sidewalks soften the sound of constantly passing feet. The wide roadway lies undisturbed by the honking cars and the slower vehicles that travel its length. A peace presides here, lays its silencing hand upon harsh noises and makes of them but mellow echoes.

In the middle of the second block of "Faculty Avenue" stands a home that seems an intensified expression of the street it faces. The picket fence in front shuts in rather than shuts out, and the gate in the center offers an invitation, not a barrier.

On the lawn at the left sweeps the down-growing branches of the tall holly tree, forming an evergreen tent around the circular seat at the trunk. On the right lies the smooth croquet ground where scarcely a summer afternoon passed without the staccato click of mallet and ball.

At each side of the straight walk from the gate to the steps stand glossy-leaved magnolia trees. Reaching high above the porch and stretching protecting arms over the third-story dormer windows are sentinel elms, giving shade and music and their very name to the home.

There is something about even the exterior of a real home that bespeaks the character of those who live in it and love it. To an observant stranger this home would be an appropriate introduction to the two who for so long were the guiding and inspiring spirits of the daily life within its walls. To those who were privileged to enter often into the charming home-life of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, no detail but speaks afresh of these two whose motto was always "Simple living and high thinking."

About their hospitable table sat guests of national and international note, and one listened in charmed silence to the discussions or the merry wit that found such ready place in this company. Yet one was not permitted long to be silent. With the truest courtesy, both host and hostess drew each guest into the conversation, and no college youth or shy schoolgirl but was made to feel at ease. It is one thing for the wise to bring themselves down to the level of the unlearned, but it is a far greater thing to lift the unlearned to the enjoyment of wise things. It has been written of Dr. Taylor that he was so true a gentleman that in his presence all men became gentlemen.

Possibly the growing deafness which from early manhood cut him off from much general conversation caused Dr. Taylor to gain more largely "the harvest of a quiet eye." Both he and Mrs. Taylor, like their beloved Wordsworth, possessed "The vision and the faculty divine," finding beauty and pleasure everywhere.

Ready pictures flash upon the inward eye of gentle Mrs. Taylor hending her sweet, flower-like face above the roses in her garden—of Dr. Taylor as he examined the ripening figs close against the south wall of the house, or came in to announce the first bloom on the apple tree, or the first ripe strawberry.

It was worth while to summon guests and family to the rear porch for a view of a soft or splendid sunset. The peculiarly delicious fragrance of the tiny blooms of the grape vine was a joy in anticipation and a memory to cherish. All hudding, blossoming, growing things made their appeal to these two lovers of Nature.

Inside the home there was a cherished sentiment toward the very furnishings long associated with the family life. The large center-table in the sitting room was made by Dr. Taylor's own hands from a great walnut tree that grew at his boyhood home. The tall book-cases that line the library walls were made almost entirely by him during a summer vacation. Many of the pictures in these rooms had been bought by him when traveling as a young man in Europe.

The books that fill the cases and lie at hand in every room are the choicest and best from the literature of all ages and lands. No day was complete for Dr. Taylor, no matter how much other reading he did, unless there were at least some familiar pages of classic lore fixed afresh in his mind.

The afternoon sunshine glowing through the bay-window full of luxuriant plants, the large chair by the fireside, the daily New York paper at hand, and the studious figure reading at ease. Often there was a pause to read aloud and explain some item from paper or book. The wonderful blue of those clear strong eyes that never needed glasses! There was the far-away upward and outward look that seemed gathering inspiration for thought. Then the lowered gaze that was turned inward to bring up some fact from the richly-stored mind. The sudden smile that shone through eyes and face, and the initiated were prepared for the whimsical turn of wit or the impromptu rhyme.

The tenderest ties of father, counselor, and companion bound him to his children. No bit of girlish nonsense was too trivial for his patient hearing, and his replies were often the most worth-while part of the conversation. He made frequent suggestions for his daughters' reading and encouraged them constantly in the development of their various talents.

Toward his grandchildren he had the most responsive interest in all that interested them. His help was always ready, whether the difficulty lay in a hard Latin lesson, or a broken toy, or the rules of a new game to be mastered.

Dr. Taylor was broad and tolerant in his sympathies. His religion was so practical, so gentle, so one with his every word and act, so unobtrusively pervasive that one came to feel that here indeed was "Pure religion breathing household laws." He has left to those who knew him in the home an illumined knowledge of humility combined with self-reliance; of simple duties nobly done; of high ideals lived faithfully.

ELIZABETH NORWOOD BRIGGS.

Although I have most vivid and happy recollections of Dr. Taylor as a teacher, I remember him best as a preacher. The occasions when he preached in the college chapel were all too rare, but whenever he did, the students were eager listeners. He did not claim the gift of beautiful sentences and the commanding action of the orator. But he possessed real eloquence of the most moving kind. He seldom used an unnecessary word, his sentences being gems of lucidness and succinctness. He made his studies in psychology and ethics contribute largely to the matter in his sermons, thus attracting and holding the attention of his hearers by both the novelty and depth of his discourses. His preaching made men think, and jostled them out of their accustomed grooves of thought. Students are great critics, and the Sunday dinner table is where the Sunday sermon is subjected to the most merciless discussion; but it took a

brave critic to even intimate that he knew better than Dr. Taylor how to prepare and deliver a sermon. I well remember a sermon by the Doctor in the nineties, while I was a student; a sermon that he doubtless repeated on other occasions. "Honor thy father and thy mother" was the text. The postmaster said that his Monday mail after that sermon made the bags bulge. Hundreds of students wrote affectionate letters home the afternoon and night after the sermon. The truth that is so expressed as to "move" is said to be eloquence, and the case in point proves that Dr. Taylor was an eloquent man, without resorting to any of the tricks of the clever rhetorician.

C. L. GREAVES.

LUMBERTON, N. C.

The one thing that stands out prominently as I think of Dr. Taylor was his remarkable wisdom. In the class-room, on the platform, in his advice to students, so many of whom went to him for counsel, his words were always wise. He had the faculty, as few men have, of saying exactly the right thing at the right time. This, of course, was due to his unusual wisdom.

The last time I saw Dr. Taylor was at the commencement at Meredith College last May. We sat together at the class day exercises. I never saw him when he seemed in better spirits, and I never enjoyed an hour with him quite so much. I do not recall just how it came up, but here is the substance, and much of it in his exact words, of something that he said, which I can never forget: "Did you ever think of the difference," he asked, "between love and respect? I cannot compel a man to love me, but I can force him to respect me. To command the respect of men does not depend upon condition or circumstances, but upon character. On the other hand, no matter what one's condition may be, or amid what circumstances he may live, if he has not character men will not respect him. They may fawn upon him and flatter him because they desire to secure some favor from him; but they do not respect him, for only character can command respect."

These, and other words, spoken by this preëminently wise man, in that last hour with him, will ever abide in my memory.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

LIVINGSTON JOHNSON.

Was there ever an editor of THE STUDENT who was fond of going to chapel? If so, he must be of a late vintage, for THE STUDENT crowd used to hold forced attendance on religious exercises in peculiar detestation. Some years ago an editor, chafing under enforced righteousness, conceived the idea of keeping tab on the fac-

ulty; he got a little hook and attended religiously for a month—that is to say, twenty-six times, for four of the thirty days were Sundays—and published the record he had kept. It was a brilliant one, to put it mildly. Doctors Gorrell and Paschal and Professor Highsmith got off lightly with three or four absences apiece, but from that it ran up to "Charles E. Taylor, 23." Some of the professors were justly irritated, but most of them had become so inured to impudence of one sort and another that they took it with perfect good humor. It remained, however, for Dr. Taylor to file the only complaint with the editor, whom he met a few days later, and to whom he addressed a speech in substance as follows:

"Mr. Blank, you have done me an injustice. I notice that you have me marked up as absent from chapel twenty-three times during the past month. That is an error. Wait until you are in this condition, Mr. Blank"—with a Chesterfieldian flourish he swept his hat from a head as innocent of hair as a new-laid egg—"and you will realize what it means to me to sit under that gallery and have a cataract of cold air pour upon my crown for fifteen minutes every day. In marking me absent twenty-three times you have not made an error as to my record only, but prejudiced my reputation for good sense as well. I wish you to understand, sir, that during the past month I was absent from chapel twenty-six times."

The deafness that finally compelled Dr. Taylor to relinquish the presidency of Wake Forest College, and which, by the way, was the only sign of abatement of his natural forces that ever was apparent, was already upon him when he met a melancholy freshman one afternoon. It was early in September, and the time and the place and the figure of the man together told a tale that he who runs may read. His vacant stare, his dragging step, every languid line of his drooping body spelled Homesickness in great bill-board letters. The Doctor's tact was always as nimble as his sympathy was quick, so instead of humiliating the man by offering condolences, he stepped up beside him and began to chat in his inimitable style about various occurrences of the day. The newish first wondered, then admired, and then began to expand like a plant brought from a dark cellar into the sunlight.

They walked down Faculty Avenue together, the Doctor conversing with the same grave courtesy that he would have shown to a governor, and the freshman mumbling occasional replies, which the Doctor guessed at, for he knew the man was totally ignorant of his deafness.

All went well until they reached the Doctor's gate, just about sunset. There, as he turned in, Dr. Taylor courteously invited his companion to supper. It was a tactical error, for the newish instantly relapsed into his former forlorn state as his troubles recurred to him.

"Thank, you, Doctor, but I guess I'd better not," he murmured in a tone as low as it was melancholy. "I've been sick all day. Fact is, I thought I was going to die early this morning, but I finally pulled through."

"Well," said the Doctor, who had seen his lips move, but knew no more, "I am sorry you can't today; but I hope you will soon, sir. Good evening."

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:		PAGE
To Dr. Charles E. Taylor (verse).....	<i>W. B. Sinclair.</i>	547
When George Paid His Debts (story).....	<i>G. W. G.</i>	548
Principles of Confucianism (essay).....	<i>R. S. Britton.</i>	553
A Tribute (verse).....	<i>E. N. P.</i>	560
Trall Crosses Trall (story).....	<i>W. Russell Ferrell.</i>	561
Religion, the Master Passion of Man (essay),	<i>E. P. Whitley.</i>	573
The Development of English Prose.....	<i>C. C. Cashwell.</i>	578
DEPARTMENTS:		
Editor's Portfolio.....	<i>Carey Hunter, Jr.</i>	585
In and About College.....	<i>William Henley Deltrick.</i>	589
Society, Y. M. C. A., and Moot Court Notes..	<i>W. B. Sinclair.</i>	593
Athletic Notes	<i>George F. Rittenhouse.</i>	600
Alumni Notes	<i>George F. Rittenhouse.</i>	605
Exchange Department.....	<i>F. W. Carroll.</i>	609
Notes and Clippings.....	<i>Ignoto.</i>	612

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXV

April, 1916

No. 7

TO DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR

W. B. SINCLAIR

O venerable man of God,
Whose footsteps in His path have trod
Till duty ripen'd thy just heart
To live with God, no more to part;
Thy precepts do yet live again
Where thou hast touched the hearts of men.
A model man for age or youth;
Whose life was love, whose aim was truth;
And when God called thee home to rest,
To fill thy place among the blest,
Thou meekly gav'st thy life, thy all,
Obeying still His gentle call.
Thou art not dead, not e'en thy frame:
In memory it still walks; thy name
Shall ever live, thy goodness be
A guiding force eternally.

WHEN GEORGE PAID HIS DEBTS

BY G. W. G.

"How about paying me that five-spot you owe me?"

"I am awfully sorry, but I just can't do it now, John. I am hurting like the very Dickens."

"That is what you have been telling me for the last month, and I am getting tired of it. Let me tell you something: the fellows don't have a bit of sympathy for a guy that tries to be a sport and doesn't pay his debts," said John DeVoe, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

"I wonder how he expects me to pay him five dollars, when I don't have but seven dollars in the bank, and 'The Lady from Gay Paree' is to be at the Academy of Music tonight?" asked George Roberts of himself, as he saw John walk up and join a crowd of boys who were standing by talking of the basketball game that was to be played the next night. "I know what I'll do. There goes Bob Steel; I'll call him over here and ask him to lend me five, and then I'll go and tell John to take his blamed old money, if he wants to be so cheesy about it. Bob! come here a minute; I want to ask you something."

"Well, what is it, George?" inquired Bob. "Hurry up, I haven't but a minute to spare, for I have to go to a class."

"Bob, will you lend me five dollars? I owe John DeVoe five and he is getting so horsy about it that I want to pay him and tell him to shut up."

"I am going to be perfectly frank with you, George. I don't have a cent to lend to a fellow that doesn't pay his debts any better than you do. And I am going to tell you another thing: all the fellows are talking about you, and for your own good you had better stop sporting so much and pay some of your debts."

"I thought you were my friend, Bob, but I see that you are just like all the rest of the darned push about here; you are not willing to help a fellow out a bit." And with this George turned away and went to his room.

George was a Sophomore at Ridgewood College, and was counted one of the brightest men in the class. His main fault was that, failing to keep within the allowance he got from home, he was always trying to borrow from some one or other of the boys. This, coupled with the fact that he had to be dunned repeatedly for these borrowed sums, and that he was one of the most arrogant of men, caused him to be almost universally disliked by the students.

"I expect I had better think of some way to pay up some of my debts pretty soon," said George to himself, as he walked across the campus toward his room. "Oh, I know what I will do. Crestmont plays here tomorrow, and they didn't beat us but ten points on their floor, so we are bound to beat them here. I'll borrow some money and bet it on Ridgewood, and then I'll be able to pay up my debts." So, dismissing the matter from his mind, he dressed and caught a train to town, saw the show, and had a good time in general, with the result that the remaining seven dollars that stood to his credit at the bank were consumed.

Figuring up his debts the next day, George found that they amounted to almost fifty dollars. Nothing daunted, however, he set out to find some one who would lend him all or part of this amount. This proved to be a harder task than he had anticipated. Everywhere he was met by a firm, and in many cases none too polite, refusal. Apparently nobody had any money to lend him, and at last he returned to his room in despair.

However, his idea had taken such a hold on him that he had come to consider the danger of losing negligible, so he resolved on a dangerous expedient. "If no one else will lend it

to me I will get it at the bank," thought he. So he took two checks and, making one of them for fifty dollars on his local bank, mailed it to his home bank for deposit there. The other one he made on his home bank for fifty dollars, and got it cashed, and so confident was he of winning that even this flagrant bit of check-kiting did not cause him any uneasiness, although it was his first real transgression of the law.

Feeling very big with his fifty dollars in his pocket, George met the afternoon train that was to bring the Crestmont basketball team. As the train rolled into the station George saw the championship team, from the rival college, get off, and he singled out one of the fellows that he knew and went up and spoke to him.

"Do you fellows have anything that says you will beat us tonight?" he asked. "If you do, you don't have to go any farther to get it up."

"Sure," replied his friend. "I have one hundred dollars with me that the fellows sent along for me to put up, and I would like to get it all up as soon as possible."

"Well, I will take fifty of it," replied George, "and I think I can get the rest of it up for you." So the bet was made and the money put up.

* * * * *

Never in the history of Ridgewood College had there been such a pretty game played on the floor of the old gymnasium. The Crestmont team, flushed by an unbroken string of victories, proved more than a match for the Ridgewood delegation, and if it had not been for the fact that the latter were on their home floor they would have been heavily outpointed. As it was, if it had not been for the stellar work of Alex. Holding, their nonpareil forward, they would have been left far behind. However, when the final whistle blew the score stood 23 to 23, and the game was a tie.

By agreement between the two teams it was arranged that they play five minutes more. And the play started again.

With his heart in his mouth George stood in the balcony and held to the railing with both hands. All about him the boys wore talking about the beauties of the game, but he saw none of them. With visions of a felon's cell before him he was wondering where he was going to be able to get fifty dollars to cover the check that he knew would come in from his home bank in a few days. Standing, with his watch in his hand, he watched the seconds passing by that were to decide his fate, while below him the two teams were battling for the game, and for the honor of their respective schools. Unwittingly, too, they were battling for his honor and his liberty, and he stood above them, watching the game, as if he were in a trance.

Down the floor came the mighty Alex., and receiving the pass he made his shot, only to see it go wild as he was rushed outside by the opposing guard.

"Foul on Crestmont," called the referee. And Holding shot the goal.

Ridgewood's lead was short lived, however, for on the play from center the ball was passed twice and a Crestmont forward shot a field goal, making the score 25 to 24 in their favor.

Summoning all of his courage, George looked at his watch, and found that there was only a minute left to play. On the floor beneath him Crestmont's quint was gathered about its goal, precluding the possibility of a close shot. And in the midst of the scramble was the ball that they were trying to hold for the remaining seconds of play.

Suddenly, out from the scramble under the goal came the ball. Alex. Holding seized it, and with two men hanging on him he threw it over his head and it settled on the rim of the basket and spun around there. With but fifteen seconds to

play the direction it took would decide the game. It was more than George could stand and he shut his eyes, trying to blot out the scene below him.

After what seemed to him to be an interminable period he heard the sound of lusty yells from hundreds of throats, and, above it all the sound of the time-keeper's whistle, announcing the end of the game. The ball had fallen in, carrying with it victory for Ridgewood by the score of 26 to 25.

The college celebrated with its customary bonfire, and with the money in his pocket to meet his check and all his other debts, there was no more ardent celebrator than George Roberts.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CONFUCIANISM

R. S. BRITTON

The term "Confucianism" is apt to be misleading. It would suggest that the religion was originated by Confucius, as Mohammedanism was originated by Mohammed. On the contrary, however, Confucianism was existent long before the time of Confucius. Its beginnings are hidden in antiquity. In 500 B.C., when Confucius lived and taught, it had long since crystallized into definite form and had been the State religion of China for several centuries. Confucius himself was the chief expounder of this religion, its foremost apostle, and its literary champion. The name by which it is known is amply justified by the fact that Confucius is far the most notable figure in its history.

Confucius was primarily a reformer. He lived in a degenerate age. He attributed this general degradation of the Empire to the prevailing decay of religious interest and activity, and accordingly he set about to revive the ancient national religion and to restore it to its former place in the life of the people. In no way did he attempt to alter its tenets or to modify its teachings. His purpose was to restate it and to transmit it to posterity. Yet in its doctrines, as he propounded them, the impress of his own individuality is clearly stamped. China has not produced another character who could mould the moral principles which he taught and which he declared to be a part of the old religion which he sought to revive. Thus we must credit Confucius for first enunciating some portion of the principles of the religion, though we can never know exactly how much is due to him. The doctrines of Confucianism naturally fall into two parts: doctrines regarding spiritual life, and doctrines regarding human life and conduct. The latter is far the more

important part; for the Confucian creed is essentially ethical and pragmatic, in that its fundamental motive is to promote rectitude of human conduct and thus to secure harmony in all human relationships. Consequently the bulk of the teachings of Confucianism deals with practical morality. On the other hand, the existence of spiritual beings is fully recognized, but only vaguely conceived. No definite attributes are assigned to them. They are regarded as airy ghosts, inhabiting the earth and sky, everywhere, and having influence over human affairs. They are worshiped more in dread than in veneration.

Over this great horde of spirits a Supreme Spirit is believed to rule with absolute sway. There is no direct relation between him and individual human persons. Therefore there is no individual worship made to him. His dominion is rather over the nation as a whole, granting good fortune when the subjects are obedient and pleasing to him, and famine and disaster when they are rebellious or negligent. In order to invoke his good will the Emperor twice a year offers prayer and sacrifice in behalf of the people. These observances are held necessary to the life and prosperity of the nation, and hence are discharged with great pomp and ceremony.

Under this Supreme Spirit a multitude of inferior spirits is believed to exist. These are of two distinct classes: the good spirits, called *Shên*, and the evil spirits, called *Kwei*. They have direct control over the affairs of individual men, and hence they are worshiped by each person—to win favor with the *Shên* and thus to obtain blessings; to propitiate the *Kwei*, thus to avert misfortune. The two tribes are thought of as constantly struggling together, the one to bring good to man and the other to bring evil. Thus the *Shên* are the source of life, light, success and joy; the *Kwei* of death, darkness, disaster and grief.

Aside from these common spirits there is another class of spirits with whom the individual Confucianist has yet greater concern—the ancestral spirits. The future life of mortals is fully credited, but is regarded as a mystery never to be revealed to humankind. As Confucius put it: "While you do not understand life, how can you understand death?" In general, man is thought to embody a spiritual element which survives death. Again, in the words of Confucius: "All the living must die, and, dying, return to the ground; this is what is called the *Kwei*. The bones and flesh moulder away below, and become the earth of the fields. But the spirit issues forth, and is displayed on high in a condition of glorious brightness." This spirit, acquiring the tutelary powers of the *Shên*, becomes guardian over its living descendants, by whom it is worshiped, not only in continuation of the reverence for living parents which the laws of filial piety enjoin, but also in desire for the blessings which spirits can bestow upon mortals.

Ancestral worship is observed on occasions of all festivals and weddings, as a domestic rite. Wooden tablets represent the spirits of the departed. Each spirit is believed to come and occupy the tablet which bears its name, remaining there while the ceremony continues. Aside from these observances in the home, at a regular time each year all families gather at their respective burying-grounds, where they offer prayer and sacrifice before the ancestral tombs. This is the chief rite of the Confucian system of worship.

Such, in brief, are the Confucian doctrines of spiritual life and the Confucian manner of worship. It readily appears that the whole attitude towards spirit life is agnostic, and that service to the spirits is done in doubt and fear. Confucius said: "While you cannot serve men, how can you serve spirits?" And again: "The giving of one's self earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual things,

to keep aloof from them—that may be called wisdom.” These “duties due to men” relate to the pragmatic teachings of Confucianism, the ethical doctrines concerning human life. These constitute the more important part of the religion—for, as has been indicated, Confucianism is essentially a practical moral religion—and in consequence is the part most discussed and encouraged, and least adhered to.

The moral principles are based upon a broad conception of the Empire as a great family composed of numerous clans which in turn are composed of numerous families, whose constituent units are individual men. Man's nature is believed to be primarily pure—of the *Shên* quality. But contact with the *Kwei*—the evil propensities of the flesh—contaminates it and renders it susceptible to sin. Thus moral laws become necessary, to govern conduct and to uphold order and righteousness among men.

For an immediate basis upon which to build these moral precepts Confucianism asserts five fundamental relationships in society, between: prince and subject; father and son; husband and wife; elder brother and younger; friend and friend. The relation of prince and subject is analogous to that of father and son; for the Empire is considered as an enlarged, comprehensive family in which the various provinces are component parts, which are subdivided into clans and families. Thus the Emperor is the father of the whole people, and as such is to be held in high filial veneration. The ideal attitude of son to father is of reverence and implicit obedience; of father to son, guidance and instruction and control. The husband and wife are each to attend his and her peculiar duties—the husband his business and the wife her household affairs—in order to have peace and happiness. Between elder and younger brothers there is a distinction of rank, the elder, of course, being above the younger. Fidelity is laid down as the first rule between friend and friend.

The ideal of Confucianism rests in achieving and maintaining perfect harmony in all these social relationships. To that end the numberless moral laws are formulated, to govern the conduct of prince, subject, father, son, husband, wife, brothers and friends. To detail all of these would be the task of a lifetime. Let it suffice here to mention the five moral qualities—the Capital Virtues—which every person must have in order to fit his proper place in the perfect social order: benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and fidelity. Each of these virtues is represented in the Chinese written language by a single hieroglyphic. They are more completely and precisely translated by these phrases: universal charity, impartial justice, conformity to ceremonies and established usages, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity.

Over and above these general virtues is the supreme virtue—Filial Piety—which is classed alone, distinct and apart from common good qualities. Filial piety has to do with the second of the five social relations—that of father and son. This is the basic relationship of the whole social order, and it finds a close analogy in the first relation—that of prince and subject—in accordance with the Confucian conception of the Empire as a great family. There is a nice distinction between the man who practices the capital virtues and the man who discharges the duties of filial piety. It is difficult for us to appreciate this distinction, since our Christian religion affords no parallel differentiation. The man of the virtues is a good man, honest and trustworthy in business, peaceful in his domestic relations, faithful to his friends, obedient to his ruler, wise in counsel, just and pleasing in all things. The man of strict and active filial piety stands high above this ordinary good man; he is regarded with a deference akin to awe, as a holy one, since he lives in full accordance with the supreme rule of his religion. As Confucius

taught his disciples: "The services of love and reverence to parents when alive, and those of grief and sorrow when dead—these completely discharge the fundamental duty of living men." That is to say, filial piety is the first virtue; all others are subordinate. The ideal man—the impossible perfection—embodies in his character all these virtues, each in full measure; he is an immaculate spirit clothed in mortal flesh; a *Shên* bound in a *Kwei* body, but undefiled by contact with it.

One more important feature of Confucian moral doctrine remains to be mentioned—its ultimate rule of conduct. This was first enunciated by Confucius himself, and was drawn by him from the detailed precepts which early Chinese sages laid down for the control of individual conduct. Confucius uttered it upon an occasion when a disciple asked him if there were one word which, in itself, comprehended all the complex laws of conduct. He replied, "Is not *reciprocity* such a word?" The Chinese word which we have translated as *reciprocity* is represented by a combination of the two hieroglyphics which represent *heart* and *as*. *Heart* is taken to symbolize *my desires*, and *as* is expanded to the meaning of *according to*. Hence the word means *according to my desires*, and has no exact counterpart in the English. Confucius followed his rather obscure statement with an explicit expression of the rule: "What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others." This, he said, was an infallible rule by which to govern conduct. Much has been said by critics regarding the negative wording. A little reflection will serve to show that there is a radical difference in the force of this expression and that of the positive expression of the Golden Rule of our Bible. Confucius himself followed the positive rule in governing his own conduct—very clearly so. It is both strange and unfortunate that he expressed it as he did; for the impress of the negative idea is

discernible in Chinese character even today. The average moralist does not feel obligated to do active kindness, but only to refrain from unkindness. That is, he merely seeks not to do what he does not wish done to him, without seeking to do what he wishes done to him.

Such are the Confucian conceptions of human life and the Confucian code of ethics, all too inadequately set forth. Our general conclusion would be that Confucianism is essentially a pragmatic ethical religion, agnostic in attitude towards all life, and partially animistic towards the supernatural; whose primo motive is to establish an ideal society by inculcating virtue in man and thus harmonizing all human relationships.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR

BY E. N. P.

The time of our departure lies beyond all human ken;
We know transition waits on all—the hour we know not when.
Our spirits dwell in tenements of clay, most fragile cast,
That quake in every passing breath and fall before the blast.

Some knew him in the bloom of youth, in manhood's fruitful prime;
But we, in years when slower steps marked well the flight of time.
Through each successive stage of life persistent purpose ran,
And to the end its tenor kept to bless his fellow-man.

Ah! one by one our friends depart; for lost ones oft we sigh,
While moulder back to mother earth the forms we knew them by.
We're not bereft; the friends that pass, to realms celestial soar;
Not lost, though lost to human sight; not dead, but gone before.

In youth's fair morn how dense the throng of friends in life's bright
way!

How few remain! the greater part now rest beneath the clay.
But there, on high, in that blest world, unmarred by parting tear,
They shall renew their friendships sweet, so fondly cherished here.

TRAIL CROSSES TRAIL: A BAY STORY

W. RUSSELL FERRELL

The impulse was upon me; the wanderlust, that impelling fascination for the unknown that bade me link again my fate with those who wander the trails that bear no footprints.

My duffle bag under my arm, my commission as quartermaster on the tug *Fortuna* snug in my jacket, I made my way with light heart through the giant lumber piles down to the dock.

The *Fortuna* was a rakish vessel with the high prow and forward deck of an ocean-going tug. Her low stern seemed to dip under the weight of her huge iron bits and coiled hawser. Above her high rail the row of round eye-like ports was broken at intervals by a gaping door. The hawsers, davits, the circle of nested fire-buckets around the base of her stack, and the lifeboats were models of order. The whole appearance of the tug gave the impression of readiness, and even the shining brass eagle that spread its wings above the pilot-house seemed impatient to be off.

As I swing aboard the ropes uncoil from around the piles like writhing serpents in the skillful hands of the deckers. Quickly they vault over the widening space between the red hull and the barnacle-covered piling, their bare feet landing with a thud upon the deck. A gong sounded in the engine-room, there was a hiss of steam, and the *Fortuna* settled herself down to the contented hum and tremble of her engines.

It took but a short time to don my war clothes and to become, to all appearances, a permanent fixture on the tug. Experience had taught me the value of a warning, and as the steward had told me that the skipper was a bad one, I made haste to report to him, stopping only to take a brief squint into the engine-room and respond to the rather gruff "How are you?" of the chief engineer.

The *Fortuna* was swinging her tow in line, one of the most troublesome parts of the ship's routine. Backing, swinging, veering, she was nosing the seven long barges into single file abreast the Battery, as I clambered quickly up the steep companionway onto the upper deck, where I found the skipper leaning on the rail, a large man with broad shoulders.

"Well, skipper, here I am," I said.

He turned and for a brief moment scanned me with keen brown eyes that seemed out of place in a face so tanned and gaunt. They seemed, beyond the outward harshness, to be the eyes of a dreamer, and formed a marked contrast with the stubborn jaws, the thin lips and Roman nose that appeared like a red-coated sentry out of a thicket of brown whiskers.

"What ship were you on?"

"The *Chesapeake*, sir."

"Well," he snapped, "relieve the mate. We've been too long in this infernal port already," and, turning, he began lashing the deckhands with a tongue so harsh that I wondered no longer at the cook's warning, but entered the pilot-house and relieved the mate at the wheel.

Of that busy afternoon I remember little save that after much hard work and much cursing on the part of the skipper, nettled at the lack of harmony among his new crew, the *Fortuna's* hawser was finally made fast to the long line of laden barges. Often during the rush he would crane his head through the pilot-house door and yell orders down the speaking tube to the chief. In response to the vicious bells and jingles of the skipper the chief would give answer with equally vicious jerks on the throttle. There seemed to exist a code by which they transmitted unspoken words over that bellecorl. Finally I got the order: "Ring up, there. Ho! Slow! Faster! Faster. *Full steam ahead.*"

There was a tugging behind us as the great steel cable tightened; there was a mighty churning of green water and

the *Fortuna* strained like the good ship she was, and as the long line gathered momentum plowed her way slowly out of Norfolk harbor, leaving a long wake of white foam to stern.

My thoughts wandered to the crew that, save the skipper, had been recruited from the four corners of the maritime world. I tried to predict the outcome of the voyage, but was balked by the air of mystery pervading it all. Some sixth sense told me instinctively that we had, as it goes at sea, a Jonah aboard. There existed a tension experienced only by those who follow the sea. The omen of a gull with a broken wing had told me, and in fear I waited for the future to unfold.

The captain's look when he took the wheel did not quiet my mind.

"You take the second watch," growled he, "and no fool tricks, mind you."

"Yes, sir."

"Straight navigation only aboard this ship. I've trouble enough with a hellish crew in the engine-room."

"Yes, sir."

"Go to mess with your watch," boomed the skipper angrily; "are you anchored here?"

I went, and only too gladly, but not too quickly to hear him mutter under his breath, "Fool!"

Our spirits rose as our hunger lessened. The grub was of the best, and the talkative steward displayed, as he sailed around in his little domain, a jovial tact that, under a more imposing front than his soup-stained apron, would have passed muster in a drawing-room. When mess was over the inevitable tobacco appeared and this bond of fellowship was not long in showing itself on the satisfied faces around me. We joked each other under the light of the galley lantern that swung in the tobacco smoke like a beacon in a fog.

"Vell! I hope you vas satisfied mit der feed," broke in the steward as he grinned and showed his gold teeth.

"May as well be," commented the mate. "You've got us covered."

"You know," said the steward after a while, "der skipper an' der chief 'as dumb like clams at mess. Dey just sit an' I can see dem eye one the other."

"Humph!" grunted the mate, "they're just as much alike as twin ships."

"I'm lookin' for a squall. They have been keeping the speaking tube hot a-jawing at each other," asserted the deckhand.

"Yes," I added, "they certainly ought to be aboard different craft."

"Say," said the steward as he lowered his voice and leaned across the table, "mine brudder vas mit der captain on der last trip, an' he said to me, says he, 'Der skipper vasn't lone-some up der Bay.' I belief dot dere vas some one mit him, too, an' now dot he must be by himself he iss all like pepper, yet."

"Something is wrong, sure," assented Tony, the deckhand.

"And more'n that," puffed the mate, "if it was all over it wouldn't look so bad, but it is what *will* happen that makes *my* timbers shiver."

"Now der chief! he's thinkin' of der lady."

"What lady, steward?"

"Oh! Have you neffer seen dot picture he has hung in der engine-room mit his papers? We vas in Baltimore ven der chief says to me, 'Steward, you know what vill please der wimmens. You must help me buy someding.' Vell der chief bought 'em, an' most all his roll it took, too."

"Bought what?"

"Ach! Dot jewelry, vat he sent her. Two combs there vas; two big ones all overspread mit green jewels, an' when

he would come to mess on our last trip all dot he would say vas about der lady."

"Haw! haw!" roared the mate; "de lady? Haw! haw! You mean de woman, cookie."

"Vell, dot I do not know, an' vat one does not know cannot one hurt," retorted the steward, angrily. "Dondervetter! Iss dere a woman in *all* der squall clouds?"

We went to our bunks, but still the mystery remained to haunt me in my sleep.

The second day dawned in a fog and drizzling rain. We found ourselves steaming slowly ahead abreast the mouth of the Potomac River, while behind us only the foremost barge showed faintly in the mist. The captain and the chief met at mess, and merely glared in mutual distrust. The feelings of every man aboard were on edge, and the two big men wore theirs openly on their sleeves.

The dense grey fog wrapped the *Fortuna* and her tow like some huge wet blanket that narrowed our field of vision to hardly more than the distance to the forepeak. The mist hedged us in both mentally and physically. By barring the outside world our minds were forced to dwell on ourselves, and to think of himself for long is a seaman's worst enemy.

As the morning wore on toward noon a slight breeze sprang from the West, quickly dissipating the grey mists and giving us once more an uninterrupted view of our course. Across the rolling water to the left the city of Annapolis lay spread in the pale sunshine that came and went with the billowy clouds; now lighting the grey walls of the Naval Academy, now touching the dome of the capitol, as it trailed across the city. The skipper, with set features, was leaning on the wheel, his brow knitted in deep thought, while in the brown skin beneath his eyes dark lines told of his restrained anger. It flashed in his eye, it bristled in his bushy beard, until for a change I found recreation in peering at the battleships

anchored in the harbor. But nothing held my interest as did the captain's face. What was it that went on in his mind?

A deckhand scrambled hurriedly up the companionway, and stood breathless before the skipper. "The hawser's slipping, sir."

"What?" roared the skipper, awaking from his musings.

"The hawser, sir. It's slippin' off the stern bits."

It took but a moment for the skipper to ring down our speed, and soon the *Fortuna* was barely crawling.

"See to it that that cable is made tight, and be quick about it. You should have made it fast at first," sputtered the captain, as the decker disappeared.

"Take the wheel," said he, and he rushed aft the upper deck.

That I did, and five minutes later sent the chief a fierce signal at the skipper's order, "Ring up, there." Down the tube I ordered full steam ahead. I felt a thud that made every timber in the ship shiver. There was the usual preliminary hiss of steam, accompanied by a few half-hearted kicks of the propeller, and the engine stopped suddenly. Something about the clang and jerk of the engines that rose plainly through the tube made me tremble.

The skipper rushed in, gave another signal to proceed, but the *Fortuna* failed to respond. He was fairly blazing with rage. Up and down, up and down the narrow confine of the house he paced for a moment, muttering curses at the whole crew in general, and the chief engineer in particular.

"What in hell is the matter?" he yelled savagely down to the chief.

"Eccentric bearing cracked," came up the sullen answer. "This damned tub can't proceed with the tow dragging her down. You'll have to run 'er into Annapolis.

"What do you think yer doin' to her? Trying to sink my

ship from under me, eh?" stormed the skipper, his eyes fairly popping out of his head as he rolled them in his rage.

By one o'clock the barges had dropped anchor at the signal blast from the tug's siren, and we limped slowly into the harbor, with the crippled engine clanging and pounding. The repairs, it was found, would require the most of six hours hard work by the engine-room crew, so the rest of us were at liberty.

On the upper deck I sat smoking, with my attention divided between the group of men at work on the broken machinery aft and the maneuvers of the midshipmen in boat drill.

The skipper stepped ashore, but before he went he turned and made a smirking bow to the chief, who, begrimed with grease and furious at having his clear record splotched with a breakdown, was working rapidly.

With a mocking smile the skipper said: "Most Excellent Chief, since your own appreciated kindness has given me the opportunity for a stroll, I wish you a most enjoyable evening, and I fear your nerves are in sad need of this quiet rest."

"Oh! go to hell, will you?" snapped the irate chief.

With an effort the skipper carried through his bluff and flung cuttingly over his shoulder, "Very well, but when I arrive you will have the job of stoker," and he stalked away with the air of one who has just spiked the enemy's battery, but he did not hear the chief's reply: "And damn hot I'll make it for *you*."

About dusk, when the lights were beginning to flash out in the Academy across the water, the hammering in the engine-room had ceased. The noise on the shore had given place to the subdued evening sounds when I heard a knock at my cabin door.

"Come in," I said drowsily, turning over in my bunk, and Tony, the deckhand, entered.

"What is it, Tony, this time? Have you seen the skipper lately?"

"Yes; that's just it. I've seen too much of him."

"How's that?"

"Well, I went up street and the skipper found me talking ter a swell girl I found tendin' the bar up at the corner—"

"Yes?"

"And the old devil ordered me to the ship just because he liked her looks. Just wait! I've taken enough offen him. I'll fix him for treating *me* like a dog."

"What can *you* do?" I asked. "We can't afford to get fired before we get to Baltimore. Besides that, I think he'll find what he's looking for before then."

"Lord knows, I hope so. I wish this scow was at the bottom of the bay," answered the deckhand as he went out, a curious look on his face.

"Well," I said to myself, "here's another one leagued against him. If things turn out as they look, the skipper will play the devil getting out of this— what's that?" The door Tony had left open slammed to with a jar. A puff of smoke-laden breeze sailed through the open port. I rushed out on deck and was thrown against the skipper, who was jumping aboard.

"Look out, there!" cried he, excitedly. "Loose the lines. We have got to get out of this. There is a hellish squall coming up."

I looked about me. The smoke hung low, the wind was rising rapidly. Already the harbor was filled with choppy seas that rocked the *Fortuna* against the pier, and as she swung away with full steam on the white-caps were rushing in from the bay. Before we had picked up the line of barges a stygian darkness made it all but impossible. After an hour's struggle with a wet hawser, during which the crew hung to the rail with difficulty in the teeth of the rising gale, we were headed once more up the bay, and the *Fortuna*

bucked and battered her way staunchly against the tug of the tow and the surging seas, careening now and then from side to side as she pitched over crest after crest.

* * * * *

The second watch had nearly finished mess when Tony stepped into the glow of the galley lantern, dripping with rain. On the young lad's face was a look, half smile and half fear, as he advanced cautiously toward the galley table. In silence the little group watched him. He clutched a small bundle to him that bulged beneath his dripping oilskin. In suspense the steward paused at his dish-washing and leaned, plate in one hand and rag in the other, over the mate's shoulder. Out from under the coat Tony slowly pulled an irregular white bundle done up in a handkerchief, and placed it in the center of the bare table. We leaned forward, all eyes following every movement of the rough, clumsy fingers as he untied the knotted ends. In each mind was framed the question, "What?" Yet after all that had happened nothing could have been impossible. Had a baby elephant rolled out of that handkerchief, we would not have been more surprised, for, as the folds of the cloth fell aside, there lay spread out beneath the galley lantern—a woman's comb! In the mellow rays it flashed and sparkled, the green jewels catching and reflecting a pale greenish glow. In the teeth of this scintillating object there was caught the white folds of a bit of lace.

"Mein Gott!" cried the steward, hoarsely.

The mate, his eyes staring strangely, rose in his seat. His face twitched as he struggled to speak, but he only tugged at his collar and dropped back, muttering thickly, "Damn!"

"In heaven's name, Tony, where did you get that?" I finally managed to say.

"Yah! Ach! Tell me, tell me," eagerly cried the steward, dropping his plate with a crash.

Evidently alarmed at their amazement, the deckhand could not decide whether to tell, and looked anxiously around for a moment and finally blurted out: "I got him."

"Who? what?"

"I told you I'd get him for that trick—ha! ha!—an' I did."

"Cut the comedy, you fool, and out with it," I said, my anger at the delay getting the best of me. "Where did you get that comb?"

"I found it under der skipper's bunk."

"*The skipper!* the skipper!" we cried in unison.

"Yes, damn him!" retorted Tony, his eyes flashing. "Who wants it?"

"Want it? I wouldn't touch it."

"Nor I," said the mate quickly. "Some one will pay for this—"

Tony's eyes opened wide with fear. "Then it won't be *me*," he flung back as he disappeared out into the storm.

At four bells, or midnight, by the ship's clock the green gems still glistened beneath the light in the empty galley. When the mate joined me at the wheel his red flesh was livid, his bulky frame trembled unsteadily as he grasped the wheel. My own feelings I cannot describe. To say that I trembled would be putting it mildly. I fairly shook. The horror of some impending disaster was accentuated by the storm that raged outside. Something in the psychology of the moment made speech, even a whisper, impossible. It seemed that all the tricks and intricacies of fate had converged in a focus on that unlucky vessel.

"Mate, it will be every man for himself now—" and the mate's voice ended in a rattle. The suspense was too much for me. I could not restrain from action of some kind. I crept along the deck in the dark, finding my way down the steep companionway, and, grasping the rail, I groped, using it

as a guide and a support against the wind, until I was abreast the ice chest on the forward deck. I had hardly reached this position when I heard heavy footsteps coming forward. By crouching on hands and knees I could, with little movement, see down the starboard lights and also the port side. The footsteps grew louder. In an effort to dodge the skipper coming up the starboard deck I came near making my presence known to the chief coming up the port side. Was I to be discovered off duty and spying, at that? There I was with escape cut off on all sides unless I should leap into the sea. Terrified, I edged in between the chest and water cask and waited. I heard the port door of the galley open and then a second after the starboard door was flung wide, as I could tell by the shaft of light that shot out for a second, illuminating the cask behind which I huddled. The starboard door closed with a bang, and again, in almost total darkness, I raised up cautiously and peered in the port above me. I know no reason why the sight did not turn my black head grey. I shudder when I recall the faces of those two men as they simultaneously caught sight of the brilliant patch of green.

The skipper, his face black with rage, uttered an oath and sprang forward; his great bony fingers closed over the glittering comb as the chief's powerful grip clamped the tawny wrist to the table with a thud. The chief's face was livid, his eyes blazed, his nostrils quivered above his drawn lips. He was a madman, insane. I had seen the lust for blood in eyes before, but never as then.

"You hell hound!" shrieked the chief, above the gale. His free right arm flashed behind him and back again; this time the glitter of a steel blade showed for a moment above his head and then, swift as the stroke of a panther's paw, it crashed downward—into the globe of the swinging lantern, and all was dark. Above the din of breaking china and glass

and the terrific yells of the two demons grappling there in the dark there burst a sharp report, then another and another.

From nervous exhaustion I sank back against the chest, my head ached, and my face was damp with beads of perspiration. I was conscious that the engines were suddenly shut down, and a babel of excited voices surrounded me and that a lantern was thrust in my face.

"For God's sake, what's happened?" came from a dozen throats.

"All hell's turned loose ——— in there," I managed to utter, and then everything became black.

* * * * *

I became conscious that my back was wet; that the cold wind was blowing over me. Suddenly I remembered all and picked myself up from the rain-soaked deck and stood in the galley door.

There in the center of the crew lay two figures among the overturned stools and chaos of broken crockery. The skipper's gaunt frame was stretched face down among the litter. On his dead body were a dozen gashes from which the blood trickled over the bits of white china, and just beyond the tips of his clutching fingers lay a black revolver.

Just as I looked upon this awful scene the steward, kneeling, gently raised the head of his dying friend, whose life-blood ran in little rivulets from an ugly wound, tiny red streams that crossed trails with that of his enemy. Gasping, the dying man held up the comb, bloody and broken. "Take it to *her*, cookie boy," he said, "and tell her I'm gone—to—
Davie Jones' locker."

RELIGION, THE MASTER PASSION OF MAN

ENNIS P. WHITLEY.

In discussing religion as the master passion of man I shall not consider one religion, but all religions in which men have believed; and with the desire of showing that the tendency to worship is the one passion which is common to all men and all races, that it is the chief concern of the most barbarous primitive man and of the most civilized of the twentieth century, of the sinner and of the saint, of the poor and of the rich. I shall discuss it, also, with a view to the fact that religion has been the main factor in shaping the civil and moral codes of all men, that it has determined the standard of living of all races, and that it has caused the rise and decline of empires.

Religion has been defined by James Freeman Clark to be "the worship of invisible powers," while Dr. Taylor says that "it is the belief in spiritual things." But why has this innate, inborn tendency to worship the invisible always been characteristic of man, and why, even in the most primitive ages, has this been the chief concern of the race? No definite reason can be given for this, but possibly it can best be attributed to these facts. There are some things which man can do; others are evidently beyond his power. These last must be the work of a higher being; and the primitive man saw that he must depend on powers higher than himself. He could not make the sun rise or set, the summer come or go, the fruits ripen or the rain fall; yet without these events he could not live.

Carlyle says:

"From of old a thousand thoughts in his pilgrimages and wanderings came to his rude mind. What am I? What is this unfathomable thing in which I live? What is life? What is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do?"
The grim rocks of the mountain or the stern sandy solitudes

of the desert answered not. The great silent heaven above, with its millions of stars, gave no answer. Thus the primitive man came to the conclusion that there must be some unknown, invisible power—the creator of all things.

And there was yet another thing which made our early ancestors believe in an invisible God, and an unseen world. Man has always believed in an eternity. Thousands upon thousands of men lived and died; generation after generation were born, lived, loved, and expired. The wise, the ignorant, the vicious, the lovely, the good, and the criminal passed on in a never-ending procession into the darkness beyond, and no one ever came back to say where they had gone; no traveler returned from that bourne to throw light upon the condition of departed souls. But the human mind believed in eternity. This belief sprung up independently in all parts of the universe. From the civilized races of Egypt to the ignorant Negro on the Niger and the Esquimaux of Greenland there was a well developed belief concerning a future existence.

Thus, having seen the tendency in all men to worship, let us glance for a moment at the various forms which this tendency assumed in various parts of the earth.

Let us suppose ourselves, 1100 years before Christ, to be making a visit to Egypt. This is before the time of Homer, before the time of David. As we ascend the yellow river we see rising out of the plains, like mountains, great pyramids, we see colossal statues and magnificent buildings, we see the avenues crowded with processions with its priests and its monks. We ask the meaning of all this. We are told that Egypt is a land of religion, that every town has its temples, and every day its sacrifices and its prayers.

Let us now suppose ourselves transported to the continent of Asia into India. Here we find another race of people, speaking a different language, but we also find a vast priesthood, numerous temples, and numberless religious rites and ceremonies.

Once more we change the scene. It is now 670 before Christ. We are at Greece at the age that made Athens the center of the highest civilization of the world. It is at the Pan-Atheanic festival; all of Greece has gathered at the sacred hill of the Aeropagus to worship. The hill is covered with magnificent temples whose polished marble sides glitter in the sun. Greece also is a land of religion, and their beautiful nature-worship and stories of their deities are given us today as a heritage in a wealth of beautiful mythology.

We now visit the monarchy of Persia founded by Cyrus the Great. We find his subjects worshipping Zoroaster, the god of fire.

Come down still later; it is now the fifth century before Christ and we are in Arabia. This land is peopled mostly by wandering tribes; but a man has appeared among them with well defined religious convictions. We find that they worship God through Mahomet, and that the people of this land have been welded into a mighty army, who obey the dictates of the Koran, and are devout in their lives.

The aborigines of this country, our own North American Indians, were not without worship. They believed in the Great Spirit, whose habitation was a happy hunting ground where there was an abundance of game in the forests, and where the rivers were filled with fish. To this they thought they would go after death if they were good. They, likewise, believed that there was an Evil Spirit whose home was a barren place where there were no rivers in which to fish, and no forests in which to hunt. To this they said they would go if they were evil. Though nothing now remains of the red man save a remnant of their tribe, the mausoleum of the warrior and the page upon which his exploits are recorded, his religion still lives.

Thus all nations have believed and have worshiped.

Another universal fact about religions is that they have

all embodied the idea of prayer. Clark says, "The whole world is constantly at prayer. This uninterrupted worship is constantly going on around the globe. As the sun rises in the morning on the eastern shores of Asia it looks down upon the prayer of the Buddhists in Japan. As it goes westward it beholds the Chinese praying at the shrines of their ancestors, or in the pagodas of Pekin; it sees the monks in the Buddhist monasteries of Tartary in their early matins; it views the Mohammedans of Arabia as they turn their faces toward Mecca and pray. And as the line of coming day moves on into Europe it lights up the Christian churches of the East. Finally it crosses the Atlantic to find thousands of churches raised for prayer and praise by Christian America. It looks in turn upon the pagoda and the mosque, the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant meeting-house, upon the costly temples in New York and the camp-meeting in the western woods. Thus the whole world is a temple of the Deity in—

"A cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the wind and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky."

Besides prayer in all religion, the greatest inspirations of all ages have been furnished by religion. The highest and best works in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music have been born of a religious nature. The most sublime structures of all times have been temples to the unseen powers.

Some four thousand years ago the great Pyramids were erected in Egypt, and they are still the grandest architectural work accomplished by the genius of man. Through the centuries they have declared his faith in an invisible world. But these religions and the civilizations which they brought have been lost in the whirlpool of time. Many religions now stand

before us in majestic ruins; all of them have been good in that they have helped men to live a better life.

The history of the whole human race has been a supreme effort to grasp the idea of God. Or, as Lyman Abbott has expressed it, "It has been a quest for the Creator." But man's efforts in this direction were weak and often false, so God sent His Son into the world that the way might be made plain.

So what shall the future religion of the race be? The teachings of the Man of Galilee will be supreme; though He lived simply, yet by his life the world's history was changed. For, as Dr. Abbott has said, He never built a house, but to his memory have been erected more splendid edifices than to all other names. He wrote no books, but He inspired the best literature the world has ever known. He wrote no music or poetry, but He inspired more music and poetry than all other men. He wrought no specific reform, but wherever His cross has gone slavery and pestilence have been abolished and light and love have been enthroned.

Christianity teaches the love of God and the love of man, divino providence and human freedom, piety and morality, self-development but self-denial. As Clark has nobly said: "In accepting Christianity, science shall not give up any of its domain to faith, nor the reign of natural law be violated by a single rent in the vast web of universal order. No innocent pleasure, no natural joy of life, nothing beautiful in art, literature, music, society or the home shall be sacrificed to the Christian faith. But men will come to Jesus because they find in Him the mightiest influence to uplift their aspirations and cloanse their ideals."

And the time will come when the earth shall be as full of the knowledge of Him as the waters that cover the sea. For Christianity is the true religion, and religion is the master passion of man.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PROSE FROM ALFRED THE GREAT THROUGH ADDISON

C. C. CASHWELL.

Poetry usually treats of lofty subjects, appeals primarily to the emotions, and uses forms of expression not common to everyday experience; while prose treats of more ordinary subjects, and uses language of everyday experience. The most important forms of prose are description, narration, and exposition. Thus we see that poetry may be more beautiful, and appeal to the emotions more than prose, yet prose is best adapted for accurate descriptions. In description it is necessary to mention minor detail which is extremely difficult in poetry; the same may be said of narration and exposition. Prose, then, for the more practical purposes is by far of greater importance than poetry. Prose, too, is used by nearly all who can read and write, while poetry finds its place among a very few.

The earliest prose writers wrote almost exclusively in Latin. This was probably due to the fact that the Latin language was more universally known; then, too, all the scholars were supposed to know Latin. However, in the development of prose this custom ceased to be followed by the later writers.

Bede was the first great scholar. His productions were mostly restricted to the Latin language. His works, consisting of over forty in number, covered in a most admirable style the entire field of knowledge of his day. His most important work is the Ecclesiastical History of the English People.

Next came Alfred the Great (848-901), who might be called "The Father of English Prose." His primary object was educational, therefore he did not write for style. His most important work is unquestionably the Saxon Chronicle.

This is a record kept by the great Alfred himself, in which he recorded the important events of his day. The Chronicle was continued for nearly two centuries after Alfred's death. It is important for both its historical and literary value.

The Anglo-Saxon language never found its place in prose—in fact, the prose of that period was almost a failure. This was due, perhaps, to two reasons: First, the Anglo-Saxon never contained those words which give grace and beauty to a language; second, before it could find its place with other languages, the Norman Conquest introduced an entirely new language. From the coming of the Normans, French was the language for about three centuries. Yet the Saxons would not give up their language entirely. Consequently there was a blending of the two, which gives our language today that dual character, whose chief characteristics are strength, simplicity, and directness. The Norman-French language, which was mingled with the Latin, added that grace and beauty to our language which is so characteristic of it today.

For about two centuries or a little over prose showed no marked development. The next character that may be noticed in the development of prose is John Wycliff, whose influence was by far the greatest of the fourteenth century. He, too, has been given the title of "Father of English Prose." He was of a religious inclination. His influence as a preacher was widely felt. His one great work was the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate. Portions of the translation were spread throughout England, and for the first time in history a standard of pure English found its way into homes of the common people.

About the year 1356 there appeared in England an important work entitled the *Voyage and Travail* of Sir John Maundeville, written in the Midland dialect. There have been more copies of it printed, it is said, than any other book except the Bible. It depicted the character and culture of the

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age as no other book has done, and at the same time was a remarkable literary prose production, being the first to have a distinctly English literary style and flavor.

With the Revival of Learning we notice a marked tendency for the study of classical prose. It was more a period of preparation than production. Important discoveries were made, old theories were shattered. Printing was introduced by Caxton in 1476. There was a profound search for truth.

In More's *Utopia*, published in 1516, he portrays the social conditions of this period. It was different from anything yet produced. It at once set people to thinking of the unnecessary cruelty of the modern social conditions. We find here for the first time the three great words, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. The work was first written in Latin, but was soon translated. His object was probably to expose the social conditions of his country, and to suggest a method of improvement.

Caxton's printing press was the foundation for a universal national language to supersede the various dialects then spoken in England. Its influence on the literature that was soon to follow was marked. Its value was beyond calculation. It facilitated the distribution of literature, thereby increasing the demand.

Malory wrote much purer literature than any of his predecessors. Prose came to be regarded as having literary possibilities. Malory's best work is the *Morte d'Arthur*, a collection of the Arthurian romances, told in simple and vivid prose. A number of the stories, like *Tristrom* and *Isolde*, are purely pagan, yet they are treated in such a way as to preserve the spirit of mediæval Christianity. Shakespeare and his contemporaries turned to it for their material. It is remarkable for its simple yet beautiful style.

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament (1525) deserves mention. It fixed a standard of good English, and

brought that standard home to not only the scholars, but to the common people as well. He translated from the original Greek, and later parts of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. The Authorized Version for the English-speaking race, which appeared about a century later, was founded on Tyndale's translation.

In the Age of Elizabeth it seems that doubt was lost in other things, and instead of skeptical writers, and reading public as well, we find that the characteristics of this period were quite different. Probably the most characteristic feature of the age was the comparative religious tolerance, Catholics and Protestants held high and responsible places side by side. It was, too, an age of social contentment. New industries gave employment to thousands who heretofore had been idle. It was an age of unbounded enthusiasm, due to the many discoveries of vast and rich lands. It was a day of remarkable achievement. Thus there was given more room for the play of the imagination, consequently the period produced men whose parallels in English literature have never been equaled.

It was a day of romance and poetry, as is shown by the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, and others. The sentences used by the scholars were very long, due perhaps to their extensive study and use of Latin and Greek. Thus their works are highly ornamental, not simple, and not always natural.

The most prominent figure of this period in the development of prose was Francis Bacon. Bacon said, "I have taken all knowledge for my province." He set a pace which was advanced by his followers. He turned from books to men, from theory to fact, from philosophy to nature. He turned men's thoughts from the heavens above to the earth beneath.

Bacon's essays, perhaps, find a greater place in literature than any of his other works. No person can read any one of

his essays one time and grasp the full significance of the argument advanced by the great author. Quite often learned men have quoted from these famous essays. His sentences are usually simple and not too long. It was an age of endless circumlocution, yet he was direct in his statements, his sentences being packed with deep thought. His works and style mark a distinct advance in the development of English prose.

The King James version of the Bible was produced in 1611. It is the best translation ever made. It became the Authorized Version, and consequently was made an English book. It found its way into the homes of thousands, and has been the one book to remain there to this day. The Bible is unquestionably the greatest masterpiece of any literature. It is characterized by its many uncontradicted truths, told with the greatest simplicity, yet retaining that dignity, clearness, and profound earnestness that we find in no other book.

In Milton's prose there is, as Taine suggests, "an outpouring of splendor" which suggests the noblest poetry. Milton did nothing toward the development of prose, for the very reason that his works were too poetical; yet his writings, based on Latin and Greek, are eloquent, and are remarkable prose productions, for they depict the true character and desires of the people.

John Bunyan was the one real prose writer who really expressed the true Puritan spirit. He took for his model the greatest of books, the Bible, and read it intensely. Visions of hell and the demons swarmed in his brain. After years of struggle, chased between heaven and hell, he appeared a better man, even as Pilgrim when he came out of the horrible Valley of the Shadow. His works are remarkable for their simpleness, cleverness, and direct style. The most important work is *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1678; a religious book unequalled by any for its popularity except the Bible.

Among other of his productions may be mentioned, *The Holy War*, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, *The Life and Death of Mr. Bodman*. There are yet others that deserve mention, but those already mentioned will suffice to show the character of this matchless work. It may be well to mention here that Bunyan had to write for a wider public than his predecessors, for learning was being grafted into the public at large more than ever before, and the freedom of the press was soon a recognized right with English people (1688).

The best opportunity for the development of prose came with the Restoration period. Men's thoughts were turned from religion to pleasure. With the freedom of the press journalism sprang up; science became a study; devotion to politics in a measure absorbed the devotion to religion. Old ideas, forms, old standards had been cast aside; many of the old literary scholars were driven out of England, and on their return they insisted on French ideas, manners, and customs. The main characteristic of this period is the tendency to vulgar realism in the drama, a general formalism which came from following set rules, the development of a simple and more direct prose style, and the prevalence of the heroic couplet in poetry. All of which are exemplified by the work of one man, John Dryden.

Dryden is the greatest literary figure of the Restoration. In his prose he had a marked influence on our literature in shortening the sentences, and especially in writing naturally. He cares less for style than any before him, but takes pains to express his thoughts clearly and concisely. To him we owe that tendency to exactness of expression which prevails in our subsequent prose writings. He rapidly developed his critical ability, and soon became the foremost critic of his time. His best known criticisms are the preface to the fables, "Of

Heroic Plays," "Discourse on Satire," and especially the "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" (1668).

In the works of Joseph Addison (1672-1719) English prose is developed to almost the highest point ever attained. His works were of a critical and satirical nature, yet done with such deft delicacy that they deserve a commanding place in our literature. His works are remarkable for showing the growing perfection of the English language. Addison's style was familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious. The most enduring of Addison's works are his Essays, which appeared in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. In them he comes with a message of simplicity and refinement. His best essays are those introducing Sir Roger de Coverley. In these he portrays the character and manners of the country folks. In these papers prose reached perhaps its highest development. We even get an introduction to the modern novel.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

CAREY HUNTER, JR., Editor

Final Exasperations

The ordeal of final examinations is usually received by the student-body with slight uneasiness; this spring it will be undertaken with extraordinary chagrin. This is due to a change in the manner of presenting the examinations which may be deemed progressive, but which is certainly less comfortable than the old, familiar system.

The new method consists in the substitution of several one-hour quizzes for one three-hour examination. In five-hour and three-hour courses three quizzes will be given; in two-hour studies two quizzes will be required. It is the same system which has been in vogue at the fall term finals for three years, with doubtful results. Its application has always been the occasion of complaint from the students, and the proposed extension of the same methods to the ir retrievable finals of May is viewed with much concern.

Of course, theoretically, the thorough student, who has exhausted his subject from day to day, needs no additional cramming for finals. But, as a matter of fact, the type of thorough student mentioned above is not extant. Every one who is interested in the passing of his year's work studies in a most ascetic manner on the evenings preceding the supreme tests. This being true, fancy the predicament of the man who must sit down on a drenching hot May night and, stimulated by every available narcotic, revive his term's work in such kindred subjects as Mathematics, Greek, Biology, German, English and Astronomy. Picture his plight next morning when, fingers exhausted with constructing Trigonometric figures and brain replete with logarithms, he must transfer all his physical and mental energy to the translation of Homer. This radical transfer of attention must be effected in the space of five minutes, and must be followed, one hour later, by a complete abandonment of Greek idioms and an absorbed reproduction of the crayfish and the Mendelian laws. And so forth and so forth, until the student is too confused with haste and transition to set down what little he was able to pick up in the kaleidoscopic preparation of the night before.

Such is the routine to which the student must submit. Beyond question any form of examination is bad enough, but of the two available evils, we believe the lesser is the old system,

wherein an entire morning is devoted to the consideration of a single subject. As long as finals continue to be given, the principle upon which they are based—cramming—should be frankly recognized. The three-hour examination facilitates the reproduction of a vast amount of learning acquired in an incredibly short time; hence it is to be preferred.

**The Revelation
of Wake Forest**

The rapid return of spring and its sentimentality is a reminder of the approach of Commencement, an occasion which will provoke certain emotions in the Senior as long as he is possessed of a spinal cord and its attachments. Something in the event—the parting with old friends, the dissolution of accustomed habits and associations, or perhaps the very imposing spectacle of graduation—thrills the susceptible person with an intense appreciation of his college career which seems to arrive too late. It is just then that he ceases definitely to grumble about the flaws of his college, and catches a glimpse of its splendor. By this miracle he is transformed from an undergraduato into an alumnus, and thenceforth he is imbued with several portions of the alumni spirit.

Is it true that the new, unnatural conception of the college arrives too late? By no means. It is inevitable that, as long as we are in the midst of this imperfect, commonplace routine, we perceive all too plainly the absurdities and nuisances with which it is honeycombed; it is just as certain that, when we have escaped from the whole affair, we shall observe its ameliorating circumstances, its larger meaning, its unforgettable patches of glory. Both states of mind are eminently proper. We are expected equally to wince under the dentist's operation and to appreciate his services later; and it is obvious that a man who persisted throughout life in the critical attitude of the undergraduato would be as much of an ingrato

as the person who smiled through his four years here with the fond illusions of the alumnus would be a mollycoddle.

The exhilarating side of the matter is that, after all, it is the alumnus, and not the student, who sees the college career in its true perspective. In the apocalypse of Commencement the real Wake Forest stands revealed, its tedious regimen newly seen to be beneficent and ennobling, its contests and politics discerned to be Homeric strivings, its traditions and conventions converted into pleasant recollections, its well remembered characters become the creatures of a golden age, its institutional fabric a mirage to be dreamed over and fought for.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

A number of students have asked the members of THE STUDENT staff if the newly-born paper, *Old Gold and Black*, is not detrimental to THE STUDENT. The answer has always been "No," because it is our belief that we have become large enough for the two publications—the weekly and the monthly. It is true that the news is always old when it is printed in THE STUDENT, but there are places that THE STUDENT reaches where *Old Gold and Black* is and will be unknown. Hence, if you should read any lines below and remember to have seen them before, bear in mind that they are for those who are not yet acquainted with *Old Gold and Black* and are anxious for the news from "The Hill," even if it is old. Another word: the In and About Department is written as a record of college events and as a record is carefully filed and kept for future generations. No more careful file is kept of any of our college publications than that of THE STUDENT.

As is the custom, the Supreme Court class did nobly, every man standing the court examination successfully. John Gatlin, the president of the class of 1915, won the Clark Prize for Best Scholar. The following are the successful candidates: Messrs. Emmett Bellamy, Joseph Murphy, Beckwith, Pou, Grimsley, Ashcraft, Casteen, Cox, Clayton, Galoway, Hair, Gatling, Mott, McDuffie, Franks, Olive, Warren, J. B. Whitley, E. P. Whitley, Wright, Dickson, and Perry.

The inauguration on Thursday, February 3, of Dr. Charles Edward Brewer as president of Meredith College was largely attended by Wake Foresters. The inauguration was a notable

affair and was witnessed by students, alumnae, trustees, and friends of the college. The new president was greeted and congratulated by representatives of a number of educational institutions of the State and the Nation.

It was with great sorrow that Wake Forest and the State as a whole learned of the death of Judge Howard Alexander Foushee at his home in Durham. Judge Foushee was a graduate of Wake Forest, being greatly honored by his class.

The smoker given to the Supreme Court class Friday evening, February 4, was greatly enjoyed. The Law class presented two sections of bookcases to Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake.

The dates for Commencement have been changed so as to avoid a conflict with the Southern Baptist Convention, which meets this year at Asheville. On Sunday morning, May 15, the Baccalaureate Address will be given by the president of the college, and the Baccalaureate Sermon Sunday evening by Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Brookline, Mass. On Monday will occur, at 10 a. m., the Class Day Exercises; at 11:30 a. m. the Annual Address; at 3:30 p. m. the Alumni Address; and at 8 p. m. the meeting of a number of the most prominent alumni of the institution, with special addresses, followed by the Senior Class Reception. The Graduation Exercises and the presentation of medals complete the program on Tuesday, May 16.

The eighty-first anniversary of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies was observed on Friday, February 11. The regular program was carried out, namely, the debate between the representatives of the two societies in the afternoon and the delivery of two orations and the reception in the society halls in the evening. The question for debate was, "*Resolved, That the power of the Federal Government should be paramount to that of the States in the conservation of the forest and mineral resources in the United States.*"

The affirmative was upheld by I. L. Bennett and D. C. Hughes, while W. S. Burlison and P. S. Daniel defended the negative side. The judges, Hon. Bruce White, of Franklinton, Dr. W. K. Boyd of Trinity College, and President Charles E. Brewer of Meredith College, rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. The orators for the evening were Kylo M. Yates, whose subject was "The Characteristics of the Age," and Edward B. Cox, who spoke on "The United States: The Leader of Nations."

President Poteat went to Charlotte Saturday, February 19, where he delivered an address at the Y. M. C. A. building on "Evolution." On Sunday afternoon he spoke on "The Young Man of Nazareth."

Dr. Lake, of Virginia, father of Professor J. L. Lake, filled the local pulpit Sunday morning, February 13, in the absence of Rev. Baylus Cade. Dr. Lake delivered a much enjoyed sermon, the subject of which was "Patience."

Professor Highsmith went to Danville, Va., Sunday, February 13, where he filled the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in the morning and evening. Sunday afternoon he made an address at Roanoke Institute.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, dean of Wake Forest College and professor of Political Economy and History for the past eighteen years, was elected the president of Coker College, a woman's college located in Hartsville, S. C., Wednesday, February 23, at a meeting of the board of trustees. Dr. Sikes will assume his duties as president of Coker College about June 1. As dean, Dr. Sikes has been extremely popular and it is with much regret that the trustees, faculty and students see him leave, although happy that his ability has been recognized.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd has recently been elected a delegate to the Southern Educational Association, which will be held in New Orleans April 16-20.

The debaters to represent Wake Forest College in the Richmond-Wake Forest debate in April are, from the Euzelian Society, E. B. Cox and B. M. Boyd, with J. B. Rucker as alternate; from the Philomathesian Society, R. H. Taylor and I. L. Bennett, with J. B. Booe as alternate.

The Glee Club made its regular spring trip the first days in March. The itinerary was as follows: March 3, Clayton; March 4, Wilson; March 5-6, Rocky Mount; March 7, Tarboro; March 8, Elizabeth City; March 9, Edenton; March 10, Murfreesboro; March 11, Rich Square. The trip was a success from every standpoint.

Harry M. Laidler, Ph.D., of Columbia University, addressed the student body Tuesday, March 7, on "Socialism."

Mr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, spent Tuesday and Wednesday, March 7-8, in Wake Forest. While here he met with the Y. M. C. A. cabinet to discuss the annual conference at Blue Ridge, and also conducted chapel services one morning.

The commencement marshals have been elected as follows: Phi's: J. P. Humber, chief; V. Haynes and A. D. Odom. Eu's: John Bivens, chief; R. L. Litehfield and C. S. Black.

Dr. W. R. Cullom has accepted an invitation to deliver a number of addresses to the Sociological Congress, which meets at Fort Worth, Tex., this month.

On Monday night, March 13, Dr. E. W. Sikes made his farewell address as Dean to the students of Wake Forest College. His address was Horace Bushnell's "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," and was greatly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

Owing to the fact that the March number of *THE STUDENT* was a memorial issue, dedicated to Dr. Charles E. Taylor, there were no departments in that number, consequently several programs of the societies and Y. M. C. A. are not reported.

Y. M. C. A.

The campaign in the student body, conducted by Mr. G. D. Rowe, in enlisting men in the Mission Study work for the spring term of college, resulted in the organization of twelve Mission Study groups. The students who are taking this work are finding it very profitable, not only for the information concerning conditions in the various fields studied, but for the benefit of the preparation derived from this training for future activities.

At the regular meeting of the Association Monday evening, February 21, a number of short but interesting speeches were made by Messrs. E. P. Whitley, G. D. Rowe, G. S. Quillin, B. H. Harrell, W. B. Sinclair, G. W. Lassiter, J. M. Hayes, N. J. Sigmon, and R. K. Redwine.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, Dean of Wake Forest College, addressed the Association on February 28. The subject of this lecture was "North Carolina Baptist History." The leading thought in this speech was the life of Paul Palmer, as it affected Baptist history in the State.

On March 6 Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, an alumnus of Wake Forest, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on "Social Evils," using as his authority his own observations, experience, and research as a physician.

On March 13 the student body, with a large number of the citizens of the town, heard Dr. E. W. Sikes deliver his last address to the Y. M. C. A. as Dean of Wake Forest College. The subject of this address was Horace Bushnell's sermon, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God."

The editor here gives a summary of this address for the benefit of those who may chance to read it:

God has a definite plan for every human, girding him, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing which it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished.

Many persons never think of such a thing. What it means for them they do not know, and they scarcely conceive that it means anything.

The Scriptures show us that God has a particular care for every man, watching as attentively for the uses of his one talent as if he had given him ten.

Ends and uses are the regulative reasons of all existing things. They are composed of a system so perfect that the loss or displacement of any member would fatally derange the general order.

There is a definite end for every man's existence; an end for which he was intended; which he is privileged to become, ought to become; which God will assist him to become, and which he cannot miss save by his own fault.

Things all serve their uses and never break out of their places. Not so with us. We are able as free beings to refuse the place and duties that God appoints.

It follows that God will choose the best end or use possible. It is a part of His perfection to choose the best things.

The tallest saints of God will often be those who walk in the deepest obscurity and are even despised and overlooked by man.

How can we get hold of this life plan?

Not by studying singularity. Not by patterning after some one else. God has as many plans as men to fill them.

Not by complaining with our lot. Study the character of God. He is infinitely good. Consider your relation to Him as a creature. God has a written law and we have consciences. Be an observer of Providence. Go to God; if He has a plan for you He will reveal it.

All men living without God are adventurers out upon God's world.

Officers for the year 1916-'17 have been elected as follows: J. M. Hayes, President; R. T. Thompson, Vice-President;

B. H. Harrell, Secretary; W. B. Gladney, Corresponding Secretary; C. P. Herring, Treasurer.

Although the past year has not been what it might have been, we have had a successful year under the splendid administration of Mr. Roy C. Tatum, our retiring President. Mr. Tatum is a medical student. His clean life, his friendly association, and his warm, social "Hello," hold him in high esteem among his fellow students.

Another phase of the work worthy of mention here is the faithful service rendered by Mr. J. M. Hester, chairman of the program committee. It is to him that much of the credit is due for the many interesting programs that we have had.

Societies

The Wake Forest-Richmond debate is to come off on Easter Monday evening. The query is, "*Resolved*, That the United States should subsidize her merchant marine engaged in foreign trade."

We are hoping that Messrs. I. L. Bennett and E. B. Cox, with J. G. Bove, as alternate, will subsidize our merchant marine at Wake Forest on the above date, and that Messrs. R. H. Taylor and B. M. Boyd, with J. B. Rucker as alternate, on the same date, will successfully man a submarine at Richmond, and explode the Virginians' merchant marine policy.

Eu Society

FEBRUARY 16, 18, 19.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That the jury system of North Carolina should be reformed.

Section A. The debate was above the usual standard. Real interest and enthusiasm were afloat. Best speeches were by A. C. Payne, I. F. Blankenship.

Section B. The session gave way in favor of preliminary trial of the Euzolian candidates for the double debate with

Richmond College. The following men presented themselves: Cox, Boyd, Rucker, Eddings, Hughes, Newton, Reid, Martin, Redwine.

Section C. The session was suspended in honor of the Philomathesian preliminary.

FEBRUARY 23, 25, 26.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That no child under sixteen years of age should be allowed to work in cotton mills.

Section A. This was better than any previous debate of this section during the year. The speakers showed the effects of preparation in their first speeches, and many joined in rebuttal. Best speeches were by J. H. Barnes, P. L. Elliot, C. M. McCurry.

Section B. Several declamations were delivered. The debate was suspended on account of the basketball game.

Section C. The debate was about on a par. Best speeches were by H. A. Helms, C. E. Miller, W. M. Lovelace.

The reporter from the Euzelian Society has been away from College for two weeks and no work done in his absence is available.

Phi Society

FEBRUARY 16, 18, 19.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That the United States should permanently retain the Philippines.

Section 1. The debate was made optional, and only two men spoke, Odom and Paschal, W. H.

Section 3. No session on account of preliminary debate on Wake Forest-Richmond contest.

FEBRUARY 23, 25, 26.

This was the week for Freshmen and Sophomores to get off their spring declamations. A list of the names worthy of

mention here would be lengthy, as a large number from these classes did splendid work.

MARCH 1, 3, 4.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That military tactics should be taught in the public high schools.

Section 1. No report.

Section 2. Several men in this section showed good preparation. The best speeches were made by Banks, Stevens, C. H., Hollowell, Carroll.

Section 3. This section shows some good consistent work. The best speeches were made by Croom, Taylor, R. H., Shanks, Casey, Dawson, Snow.

MARCH 8, 10, 11.

QUERY: *Resolved*, That a three-fourths decision of a jury should be sufficient for a verdict in all jury trials.

Section 1. A few men are doing good work in this section, but too many are absent and failing to prepare. The best speeches were made by Odom, Collins, Downing.

Section 2. This section showed some good preparation and warm enthusiasm. A representative from each class starred. The best speeches were by Yates, K. M., Hayes, Banks, Hollowell, Hobbs.

Moot Court News

A "smoker" was given the Supreme Court class on Friday evening, February 4, 1916, in accordance with the annual custom. Inasmuch as Dr. N. Y. Gulley and Dr. E. W. Sikes, who were scheduled to speak, were unable to attend, Prof. E. W. Timberlake and Dr. "Tom" Jeffreys made the speeches of the evening. Professor Timberlake gave a very interesting and instructive talk on legal ethics and the law profession in general. After cigars had been distributed to all present, Dr. "Tom" announced his subject, "Skillery in

de Law," and proceeded in his unique manner to express his "rejuvenated appreciation at being able once mo' to express his filictation to de Supreme Co't class." He perforated his views to some considerable length in giving advice, and interspersed them occasionally with his noted Shakespearian brilliant, "Be sho', be sho', be sho' you is right, den go ahead." The assemblage demonstrated their appreciation of the venerable Doctor's address by frequent applause.

All the members of the Supreme Court class then paid their respects to Professor Timberlake and Dr. Gulley by making a few remarks relative to the splendid instruction received here.

On Friday evening, January 28, a civil case was tried. *Brown v. Telegraph Company*; negligence in transmitting message; \$5,000.

The plaintiff was ably represented by Messrs. Harrell, Trueblood, and Taylor, R. E. The defendant was represented by Mr. Pennell.

After the jury deliberated for some time they announced that they were unable to reach a verdict. Judge Timberlake then ordered a mistrial.

On Friday evening, February 18, a criminal case was tried, the defendant being charged with grand larceny. *State v. Barnes*.

The State was well represented by Solicitor Pennell, Vasey, and Taylor, R. E.

The defendant was represented by Messrs. Aranson, Bland, and Harrell.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty and the prisoner was ordered released.

On Friday evening a civil case was tried—*William Sales, Admr. of John Edinonds, v. S. A. L. Ry. Co.*; damages for wrongful death, \$10,000.

The plaintiff was ably represented by Messrs. Strole, Hines, and Jenkins. The attorneys for the defendant were Messrs. Ferree, Payne, and Odom.

The defendant moved a nonsuit by virtue of a defective bill of indictment. Motion overruled and plaintiff allowed to amend bill as to the place the homicide occurred; defendant excepted. When the plaintiff rested the defendant again moved a nonsuit because of the lack of sufficient evidence; motion overruled; defendant excepted.

The issues submitted to the jury were:

1. Was John Edmonds killed wrongfully by the agent of the S. A. L. Ry. Co. while acting within the scope of his authority? Answer: "Yes."
2. What damages, if any, is the defendant entitled to receive? Answer: "\$7,500."

On Friday evening, March 10, a criminal case was tried—*State v. Howard*; murder.

The State was represented by Solicitor Pennell, Arledge, and Turner, R. H.

The defendant was ably represented by Messrs. Aranson, Edwards, and Olive, B. R.

The defendant moved a nonsuit by virtue of insufficient proof; motion overruled; defendant excepted. After Downing, Judge presiding, had charged the jury, they retired, but were unable to reach a decision. A mistrial was ordered and the court adjourned.

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, *Editor*

Basketball

The 1916 basketball team had the most successful season in the history of the college, setting a record that has not been made in the State for years, and a record that no quint can more than expect to equal, for the Baptist aggregation went through the season, meeting every college five in the State, save one, without losing a single game in the State. Eighteen games were played in all, resulting in sixteen victories, with over half of the eighteen games staged on foreign floors. By establishing a perfect record in the State Wake Forest has the undisputed championship of North Carolina for 1916.

The Baptists in their eighteen games rolled up a huge score at the expense of their opponents—804 points representing the total score registered by the combined efforts of the team, while Wake Forest's opponents' total score in the eighteen games amounted to 382 points. Probably no team in the South can point to such a phenomenal record, taking into consideration that Wake Forest met strong and representative teams of three States, and over half of the games were played away from home, as is shown by the following record of the 1916 season:

THE 1916 RECORD.

January 13, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 56, Durham Y. M. C. A. 27; January 15, at Raleigh, Wake Forest 27, University of North Carolina 22; January 25, at Durham, Wake Forest 28, Trinity College 26; January 27, at Raleigh, Wake Forest 26, Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina 24; January 29, at Wake Forest, Wake

Forest 38, Elon College 18; February 1 and 2, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 48, Maryville College (Tennessee) 21, Wake Forest 33, Maryville College 14; February 3, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 34, A. and M. College 23; February 10, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 89, Guilford College 9; February 12, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 62, Church Hill Athletic Club (Richmond) 19; February 14, at Guilford, Wake Forest 56, Guilford College 15; February 15, at Salem, Va., Roanoke College 36, Wake Forest 18; February 16, at Blacksburg, Va., Virginia Polytechnic Institute 30, Wake Forest 28; February 17, at Lexington, Wake Forest 40, Virginia Military Institute 16; February 18, at Richmond, Wake Forest 71, Richmond Howitzers 22; February 19, at Richmond, Wake Forest 78, Church Hill Athletic Club 18; February 25, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 40, Trinity College 28; February 29, at Elon, Wake Forest 32, Elon College 14.

Wake Forest had a wonderful season and it is the first time in years that the State title has been definitely decided and placed beyond dispute. But the Baptists had an equally as wonderful team—well balanced, fast, and well coached, and it is the last factor that has contributed much to the successes of the team, for all Wake Forest men give the credit that is due to Coach Crozier.

As a basketball coach Crozier is without a peer in the South. It was Crozier who first introduced the game into North Carolina, when, in 1906, he organized the first team in the State. The past season marks the tenth year of his coaching at Wake Forest. During those ten years Wake Forest has always stood out prominently in the game, several times bringing the State title home, and always putting out a team that was in the running for the honors. Coach Crozier has turned out more championship teams than any other man in the State. He not only knows the game from beginning

to end, but he recognizes a player and has the ability to teach him. He has taken men green to the game on their arrival and turned them out stars at the end of their four years. "Shorty" Carrick, last year's All-Star center, had never played the game before he came under Coach Crozier's tutelage, and so it is with numerous other players that have seen service at Wake Forest.

The work of two members of the Baptist quint stood out prominently the past season. The players are Captain Holding and Hall, two of the best forwards that have ever operated together in the State, and both players have been picked as the two forwards on the All-State team.

Holding had one of the greatest seasons of his four years career on the team as a forward. He led the team in individual scoring, massing a total score that will hardly be surpassed by any forward in the South. In eighteen games he has shot 127 field goals and 60 foul goals, a total score of 314 points. He easily ranks as the best forward in the State.

Hall, as the other forward, participating in all the games except one, registered 119 goals from the field for a score of 238 points. He is also particularly valuable on the team for taking care of an offensive guard, and is one of the strongest defensive forwards in North Carolina. He is a speedy, aggressive player and one of the best when it comes to pocketing the ball for the two points. He captained the team last year and rounded out four seasons of service this year.

Franks made the pivot of the team, with Manager Yates alternating with him in several of the games and making his letter. Frank's floor work and jumping, with his defensive prowess and ability to bring the ball up the floor, contributed much to the showing made by the team.

Robley, Beam, and R. Holding bore the brunt of the defensive work. Robley played his first year on the team, putting up a steady consistent game. Hugh Beam, a forward on

the team in previous years, made the Baptists a great offensive guard. R. Holding alternated with Ream and played in nearly every game. His work was fully up to the standard of the other members of the team.

Dickson and Carlyle, forwards, and Feezor, center, constituted the rest of the squad.

Baseball

With the passing of the basketball season, baseball has come into its own, and the prospects for a winning combination this year are bright. Of last year's varsity back on the field are, Captain Holding, first base; Carlyle, second base; Whitley, second base; Moore, Huntley, Franks, Smith, of the 1913 team, pitchers; Ferree, outfield. These men, together with a wealth of new material, and a number of last year's first string men, give promise of developing into a strong team.

The schedule as announced by Manager Perry is as follows:

- March 24. Elon College at Wake Forest.
- March 29. University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
- March 30. Trinity College at Durham.
- March 31. Gullford College at High Point.
- April 1. Davidson College at Charlotte.
- April 3. Richmond College at Wake Forest.
- April 5. Rocky Mount (League) at Rocky Mount.
- April 6. University of North Carolina at Rocky Mount.
- April 8. Trinity College at Wake Forest.
- April 13. University of South Carolina at Columbia.
- April 14. University of South Carolina at Columbia.
- April 15. Elon College at Elon.
- April 18. University of North Carolina at Wake Forest.
- April 21. Gullford College at Wake Forest.
- April 24. Winston-Salem League at Winston-Salem.
- April 27. Davidson College at Wake Forest.

Track

About thirty-five men have answered the call for track candidates and have been practicing regularly the past month. The coaching this season is being done by L. A. Bird, a star track man and a member of the squad for the past three years.

Six letter men of last year's squad have reported, and McLendon, a monogram man from A. and M., is with the team this season. In addition to these veterans, a number of last year's first string men are out, and these, with a number of promising freshmen candidates, should enable the Baptists to put out a representative team this year.

Four meets with representatives to be sent to the State meet are announced by Manager Daniels as the track team's schedule for the present season.

The season opens on the home field April 14, with Trinity as the Baptists' first opponents. A return meet with Trinity in Durham is held March 18. Elon College is next met on their home field, April 20 and from Elon the squad journey to Richmond, Va., where Richmond College is engaged on their home field.

The schedule is as follows:

- April 14. Trinity College at Wake Forest.
- April 18. Trinity College at Durham.
- April 20. Elon College at Elon.
- April 22. Richmond College at Richmond, Va.
- April 29. State meet at Chapel Hill.



"SKY" POWELL, TRACK CAPTAIN

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'92. Rev. R. G. Kendrick, pastor of the Forest Avenue Baptist church, of Greensboro, for the past seven years, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Park View Baptist church, of Portsmouth, Va. Upon his graduation from Wake Forest Mr. Kendrick attended the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., from which he was graduated. In the period between his graduation from Wake Forest and entry into the Louisville Seminary, he was a member of the faculty of Elon College, as Professor of Latin. He is now a married man of forty-eight years, and has two daughters.

'96. Mr. Thomas H. Briggs is a member of the faculty of the Teachers' College in Columbia University.

'12. Rev. Powell Tucker has left Springfield, Ky., for Kershaw, S. C., where he has accepted a call to the pastorate of that city.

'11. J. B. Eller, now a student in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., writes: "Our Wake Forest men are still holding their own here. J. B. Turner and S. A. Ellis are candidates for the doctor's degree, and four, E. J. Rogers, C. R. Sorrell, L. L. Carpenter, and myself, are finishing the Th.M. work."

'13. Mr. E. M. Johnston has married Miss Tessie Link, of Buie's Creek, and is practicing law at Lumberton.

'12. Mr. H. T. Hunter now occupies the chair of English in The Woman's College, of Richmond, Va. He is first vice-president of the Baptist Organized Bible Class Convention of

Virginia, vice-president of the B. Y. P. U. Convention of Virginia, and is also on the Executive Committee of the Virginia Beach Encampment. Mr. Hunter was on the teaching force of the Encampment last summer.

'15. Mr. J. Roy Parker is editor of the *Hertford County Herald*, one of the largest weekly newspapers in Eastern North Carolina.

'15. Mr. C. E. Chambliss is on the staff of the *High Point Enterprise*, a daily paper at High Point.

'12. Rev. William J. Craig is pastor of the Baptist church of Morrill, Kansas.

'13. Rev. Ira E. Wishart is filling the pastorate of the Seminole Baptist church, Seminole, Oklahoma.

'11. Mr. David S. Kennedy received in June, 1915, the degree of Bachelor of Literature in Journalism from the School of Journalism in Columbia University. Before receiving that degree he accepted a position on the *Journal of Commerce*, of New York City. It is pleasant to learn from the Director of the School of Journalism that Mr. Kennedy is doing very creditable work on that great paper.

'09. Dr. Henry B. Ivey is associated in the practice of medicine with Dr. John M. Williams, at Disputanta, Va. Dr. Ivey is married and has one baby.

'97-'98. Rev. Caleb A. Ridley, D.D., pastor in Atlanta, Ga., has published, through the Hubbard & Bolton Company of that city, in attractive form, a brochure of poems, thirty-one pages. The first poem, "Jes' a-Livin' on Mem'ries," supplies the title.

'89. Dr. William Wallace Early, after a year at the University of Virginia, entered the University of Pennsylvania, from which he later received the M.D. degree. For a time he resided in Westfield, Mass. He is now in the consular service of the United States, at Leicester, England.

'86. Dr. Richard H. Whitehead, dean of the medical faculty of the University of Virginia, died of pneumonia at his home at that institution February 6.

Dr. Whitehead was a native of North Carolina, having been born in Salisbury on July 27, 1865, a son of Dr. Marcellus Whitehead, his mother being Virginia Coleman Whitehead. He was educated at Wake Forest College, receiving there the degree of A.B. in 1886. A year later he was graduated from the department of medicine at the University of Virginia. In 1910 the University of North Carolina conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. During the years of 1887-'89 he was demonstrator in the University of Virginia. Two years later he became dean of the medical department and professor of anatomy at the University of North Carolina, and remained so until 1905, when he succeeded Dr. William G. Christian as professor of anatomy and dean of the medical department of the University of Virginia. His work in these fields ended only with his life. He was the author of "Anatomy of the Brain" and a large number of contributions to medical publications on anatomy and pathology. He was a member of a large number of learned societies.

'89. Hon. Howard Alexander Foushee was called by death on the 29th of last January, in his forty-sixth year, at his home in Durham. His death came as a distinct shock to Wake Forest, and the entire State, throughout which he was known as one of its ablest lawyers. Judge Foushee graduated with his M.A. degree in 1889, as valedictorian of his class. He also won the Greek medal and his fellow-students honored him with a place on the editorial staff of *THE STUDENT*.

'14. Mr. Clingman W. Mitchell, Jr., was, during the fall, married to Miss Mary Elliott, of Mackeys, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are living at Aulander, where he is secretary and treasurer of the Bertie Cotton Oil Company.

'91. Commenting upon the recent election of Dr. E. W. Sikes to the presidency of Coker College, the *Greensboro Daily News*, in an editorial, says:

The feminist movement is going to be the undoing of Wake Forest College yet, if it don't look out. Hardly had Dr. Brewer been inaugurated president of Meredith College for Women when his suc-

cessor as dean of Wake Forest, Dr. E. W. Sikes, was elected president of Coker College for Women, at Hartsville, S. C. Our sympathy for Wake Forest in the Brewer case was somewhat modified by the reflection that Dr. Brewer was still to take an active part in the education of North Carolinians; but Dr. Sikes is lost to the State, as well as to the college.

It is a material loss, too, for Dr. Sikes has been more to North Carolina than merely the head of the department of history in one of her colleges. He is an academician who does not consider that his hands are so illy white that they would be soiled by handling the problems that come before the people of his section for settlement. Here and there in Wake County one still finds lingering echoes of the resounding campaign that Sikes, Josephus Daniels, and J. W. Bailey waged years ago against the children of this world. For once the hosts of light were wiser than they, for Sikes upset the dire predictions of the politically wise by winning in a walk.

And, on top of all that, he is a man of most engaging personality. Not a person of many words, and always soft spoken, he is yet adamant when he has made a decision—an admirable trait in a prospective college president. But the thing that is going to make him a success with the Coker girls is the thing that has made a friend for him out of practically every man who has matriculated at Wake Forest in 18 years, namely, the sheathing of his hard common sense in the velvet of unflinching courtesy. By the same token, these qualities make him the sort of man whom North Carolina can ill afford to lose, and make our congratulations to Coker and Dr. Sikes tinged with no little chagrin.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

It is difficult at times to know what exchanges to criticise. To avoid this difficulty this time we shall criticise a feature which is weak in practically all the college magazines—the poetry. Most of our exchanges have had a fever for adding departments which are not bad in themselves, but tend to detract from the literary merits in general. Fiction has also been given a lofty seat, not without some justice, but possibly with the sacrifice of a better form of material. Poetry is the highest form of literature and it is to be regretted that there is not more interest shown in it today. The college student says that he does not have time for poetic composition; but time ought to be taken for it. Many of our chief poets began writing while in school and produced their most famous works very early in life. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" when he was only seventeen. The young poet may have limitations and should not go beyond them, but at the same time he should go far enough for his poetic ability to be expressed.

There is an old adage that "poets are born and not made," which, like most old adages, is merely a half-truth. Of course native ability is not to be discounted, but if this native ability is not trained a genius will never be produced. Just so there must be inspiration to produce a poem, but the inspiration must be moulded into uniform lines with a uniform meter, and it will take a great deal of careful work to do this. Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" required a great part of his life for its composition. Fitzgerald spent years in translating the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" before he ever gave it its artistic perfection. Poe composed

much less poetry than many other American poets, but he took more pains with what he did compose. He is today the first American poet, and his poems are like refined gold.

We give these illustrations to encourage those who are to compose the poetry of our college magazines to take pains with it, and make it as nearly perfect in structure as possible.

The poems of our exchanges are too numerous for all to be mentioned, and so we are going to give the space to those which seem most deserving:

The Buff and Blue. "Prayer of the European Women" is very good in rhyme, rhythm, and subject-matter. This was written by one whose heart really feels the woes of those across the seas, and it makes it the best war poem we have seen this year in a college magazine.

The Carolinian. "Vivamus, Mea Lesbia, atque Amemus" is a dramatic poem whose scene is laid in a Roman household. The subject treated is love and death, as viewed by the Romans, both of which are very poetic. This little drama is much longer than the average poetic composition, and we consider it a marked success.

The Philomathean Monthly. "The Snow" is pleasing, but is snow actually the emblem of silence, peace, goodness, and purity? It would have been better if so much had not been claimed for the snow.

The Richmond College Messenger contains eight poems and verses, which make the largest collection found in any of our exchanges. There is not a really poor one among them, although some are only mediocre. "Verses" is a poem on the foam-crested billows of the mighty deep which always beat well to rhyme. "Thoughts of a Day Laborer" is the best one of these poems because the writer undertook to do more than the others. The man who has lost his place in the upper ranks

of society does not mind the work so much as the fact that there is naught but work.

The Tattler has three short poems, of which "Bubbles" is the best. The last stanza reminds us of the revolving cycles of nature:

"The stream takes its mighty leap—
The bubbles are dashed into spray;
New bubbles leap to their place,
And the stream sweeps on in its course."

The Acorn furnishes us the most impressive poem of all our exchanges for this season. It is a model, and we ask you to consider its depth in contrast with the shallowness so often found in college poems.

LIFE.

An aspen tree, with limbs that writhe and twist,
And leaves that quake like human things afraid—
Unceasing, in tempest or in calm,
Then, lightning-like, a crash, and all is said.

A fretful stream, enclosed by barren hills,
Complaining as it eddies to the main,
A drought—red sun and white and powdered dust—
But say no more, the dusty hills remain.

A human life, a lifted veil to show
The sunlight's gleam and night's intensity,
A little hour of joy, a mist of pain,
The curtain dropped, and then—*Eternity*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Senior (excitedly searching through the college directory, muttering impatiently): I'll swear!

Monsieur James (grandly strutting up with the appearance of a proud father): What's wrong, Old Top?

Senior: I find that the new arrival on the Hill is not listed under the "Hairs."

M. James: I did not know there were three Hairs in college.

Senior: Oh, yes! Try thinking once.

M. James: What is it?

Senior: YOUR MUSTACHE.



Now "Zony" Hobbs did lead the mobs

And win himself a rep.

Of course, they say he couldn't play,

But, then, he had the "pep."

F. W. S.



SOME GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY I.

Prof. Johns: "What was a peasant?"

"Newish" Burgess: "It was Martin Luther's opinion."

Prof. Johns: "What were some of the corruptions of the Catholic Church?"

Hamrick, L. W.: "The intermarriage of the priest."

Prof. Johns: "Which one of Henry VIII's wives outlived him?"

Owen, C. S.: "The last one."

Prof. Johns: "Mr. Burgess, I'll give you another trial. What was the Renaissance?"

"Newish" Burgess: "A kind of community."



How nice and nifty to be a "giftie,"

And all you hear believe it;

'Tis better, you see, the good gift to be

Than he who doth receive it.

F. W. SPEIGHT.



WHEN HARVEST MOON WAS "FULL."

Bill (speaking to Mr. Jacobs of The Vogue): "Is your name Mr. Vogue?"

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WICKED IS STRONG.

Senator Ward (showing Prof. Johns a clipping in *Old Gold and Black*): I see, professor, that you have begun smoking recently.

Prof. Johns: Yes! Ahem! That reminds me I must drop in here and get a new pipe.



"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES."

She looks sweetly into your eyes,
The female of the species;
She's the fairest thing beneath the skies,
The female of the species;
You get down on your knees to her,
And swear by Mars and Jupiter
That you would give your life for her,
The female of the species.

When married, she's an awful scold,
The female of the species;
She sends you down to bring up coal,
The female of the species;
You go out to your daily task,
You don't care how the hours pass—
Anything to shun that "lass,"
The female of the species.

She soon becomes a fright in town,
The female of the species;
She wears a dismal, hateful frown,
The female of the species;
She'll gladly write a warlike note,
Will throw a bomb or cut your throat—
Simply to get the right of vote,
The female of the species!

WOOD PRIVOTT.



Buckner, coming from behind, gently tapped Prof. McCutcheon on the shoulder, saying: "When did you come, old boy?"

Prof. Mc. (looking up surprisedly): "How's that?"

Buckner: "I beg your pardon, professor; I thought you were Newish Allen."



Whitehead wants to know the difference between a merchant marine and a submarine.

B. M. Boyd informed several Freshmen that Samson was the wisest man, thereby proving his knowledge of the literature of the Bible.



Giftie Bland wants to know if all the men whose names appear on the arch are buried beneath that "monument."



Prof. McCutcheon (after giving a thorough course in how to find information): What is the use of the World's Almanac?

"Newish" Morrison: The World's Almanac is useful in learning the changes and conditions of the elements.



Junior: "Say, Newish, you look sleepy."

Freshman: "I've been on History I."



"Dock" Strickland (at dinner): "I feel like a whale."

Feezor: "There's where your feelings and your appetite get together."



Prof. Highsmith: "Mr. Johnson, you may state either of the two theories."

Johnson, J. S.: "They both have me between the devil and the deep blue sea."



Owen, C. S. (on Physics Lab.): "These shot would be good to shoot a rabbit with."

Prof. Lake: "Oh! Na-na-na-na now, don't you talk about shooting a rabbit with my shot."



Newish Liles to his girl (anniversary): We'll go down and meet
41.

The Lass (inquiringly): Forty-one what?



Dr. Gulley (on Law 1): Mr. Vassey, what are the legal and orderly parts of a suit?

Newish Vassey: Coat, vest, and trousers.



Street Brewer (in Powers Drug Co., listening to machine charging fountain): Say, Dr. Bruce, does that thing back there run the movies?

"Newish" Bowers: "That lady has just finished a course in Keeley Institute."

"Newish" Speight (in surprise): "I didn't know Keeley was a co-ed."



Rev. Lonnie Ray Call (after looking over the list of Seniors exempt from examination on Psychology I): Say, Prof. Highsmith, you forgot that I was a Senior, didn't you?



P. Eaddy: Brother Merritt, how did it happen that you came right around and joined the Phi's?

"Sky" Merritt (impressively): I thought the Phi's needed me most.



Tobacco is a dirty weed.

I like it.

It can fulfill no human need—

I like it.

It makes you thin and long and lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean;

It's the derndest stuff I've ever seen—

I like it.

—Selected.



After all, I guess this old world of ours

Is pretty hard to beat.

You get a thorn with every rose,

But—ain't the roses sweet?

Fellows!

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:	PAGE
The Fairest Flower (verse).....	<i>R. S. B.</i> 619
America and Japan's Expansive Policy (essay), <i>G. W. Greene.</i>	620
The Captain of the Nautilus (story)....	<i>W. Russell Ferrell.</i> 630
Only a Dreamer (verse).....	<i>E. C. Denton.</i> 639
Subaltern Severn (story).....	<i>R. S. Britton.</i> 640
Memories (verse).....	<i>Ennis P. Whitley.</i> 644
Matthew Arnold: Pessimist or Prophet? (essay), <i>F. W. Carroll.</i>	646
His First Patient (story).....	<i>H. H. Hamilton.</i> 651
DEPARTMENTS:	
Editor's Portfolio.....	<i>William Henley Deitrick.</i> 657
In and About College.....	<i>Carey J. Hunter, Jr.</i> 659
Y. M. C. A., Society, and Moot Court News..	<i>W. B. Sinclair.</i> 661
Athletic Notes	<i>George F. Rittenhouse.</i> 666
Alumni Notes	<i>George F. Rittenhouse.</i> 671
Exchange Department	<i>F. W. Carroll.</i> 678
Notes and Clippings	<i>Ignoto.</i> 680

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXV

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No. 8

THE FAIREST FLOWER

BY R. S. B.

Now leaps the rosy god of May
On yonder orient hill,
Awaking birds to greet the day
With blithesome Springtime song,
And bidding flowers by wood and rill
To rise from sleep of Winter long;
Awaking too my grief anew
For her, the fairest flower of all,
Who blessed a Spring that seemed an hour,
Then wearied in too chill a Fall,
And fell asleep one Winter day;—
Nor wakes again with each bright flower
That blooms afresh in May.

AMERICA AND JAPAN'S EXPANSIVE POLICY

G. W. GREENE

For many years we have had in this country advocates of a policy of preparedness against the possibility of military aggression on the part of Japan. Before the Russo-Japanese war there were observers at Washington and elsewhere who foresaw the possibility of such a policy on the part of Japan and who were loud and insistent in their demands for adequate measures of preparation to guard against sudden attack at vulnerable points. Ever since the making of the treaty of Shimonoseki, which marked the entrance of Japan into world politics, the United States has had occasion to pursue a policy of prudent precaution. The firmness which the Japanese showed in the controversy over the California school question; their growing indignation over the suggestion of racial superiority contained in our Asiatic exclusion acts; finally their greatly embarrassed financial condition and their perception of the rich spoils that lie in America's unprotected wealth—all these things have combined to make American statesmen and military authorities shake their heads over the policy of pacific idealism which has been growing up in this country in response to the humanitarian catchwords and phrases of Bryanism.

The acquisition of the Philippines, the fortification of the Panama Canal, and President Wilson's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to anarchy in Mexico, all these things have furnished additional reasons for intelligent and concerted action in the direction of preparedness on the part of the American people. The Magdalena Bay incident has served to show that the Department of State is awake to situations involving the Monroe Doctrine, and that the American people are extremely sensitive along the same lines. But it

has also revealed an appallingly ignorant condition among the people of the defenselessness of our country. As has repeatedly been the case in history, the American people, as beneficiaries of a prosperous period of commercialism, are the victims of false and impossible doctrines of pacifism.

Notwithstanding all the evidence of recent history to the contrary, many American and English professors of pacifism believe in the protective virtue of treaties, and in the prevention of war among the nations by compulsory arbitration. President Wilson's recent correspondence with Germany concerning the rights of neutrals on the high seas would seem to prove that the believers in "The Great Illusion" in America are even more firmly established in their notions of the modern fraternal Utopia than are their brothers in the faith in England. Certain it is that there are people in this country who believe that Europe, temporarily insane, will soon fore-swear forever the "Anachronism of War" and embrace once for all the doctrine of peace as expounded by Henry Ford and Andrew Carnegie. They seem to regard it as a mere incident that the wealth of the world will by that time have fled the shores of Europe and have passed to America. Under this theory, the nations of the Old World are expected to accept this fact placidly and to proceed to a general agreement for universal disarmament and peace in perpetuity.

Many things have happened since the Magdalena Bay incident to bring the American people to a realization of their true position in the world of things as they are, and despite the influence of those who extol the philosophic temperament which is "too proud to fight," we have awakened to a knowledge of the necessity of adequate armament to protect ourselves and the wealth that is to be ours. The lesson of "England, the Unprepared," cannot be lost upon the sound common sense of the American people.

At the conclusion of the present war the United States and Japan will be relatively much stronger and richer than the

exhausted nations of Europe, and it is certain that both will be directly interested in the settlement that will be made in the peace treaties. Japan as an ally of the Quadruple Entente, and America as a mediator will have a voice in the international conference which will define the future boundaries of Europe and also many subsidiary questions. Among these will be the rights and interests of nations in China, for it is there that the stage for international disputes in the coming years is set. There are questions arising now which, if not met properly at this time, will furnish new *casus belli* in the years to come for the nations whose territories border on the "Middle Kingdom" of the Orient. The shadow of the Far Eastern problem has been darkly cast over the United States many times in the last few years, but much of the trouble has been due to ignorance, and to the desire for the sensational which has prompted such articles as "The Demon Nippon" and "A Japanese Invasion." These articles make interesting reading, but their total disregard for the truth is noticeable, even to the casual reader.

Japanese statecraft, no matter where it be displayed, points to a perfectly consistent policy, which has only to be rightly appreciated in order to remove all immediate danger of serious conflict between the Nippon and the Anglo-Saxon peoples from our minds. The Japanese, who would not hesitate for a moment to exclude Chinese or any other people from their shores, well know the economic conditions that make necessary the Asiatic exclusion acts of America, Canada, and Australia. They recognize the legitimate protective purpose of these acts, and the thing they object to is the implied superiority along moral and racial lines implied therein. They know that the Asiatic is excluded, not because he would contaminate, but because he would speedily devour the American laborer in open-labor competition. England, which professes to believe in free trade and unrestricted immigration, can hardly meet Japan on this question in the spirit of "frank and

full consultation" which is provided for in the text of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Frankness on this question would stultify either the home government or the government of the colonies. Likewise the United States with its professed belief in the right of every man to change his nationality and his domicile at will, is not in a position to discuss freely the political morality of this question with the Japanese. The Anglo-Saxon, who has seized for himself the choicest portions of the earth's surface, knows no law beyond the stern law of self-preservation, and conceal it as he may, he backs that law by force.

Even a cursory study of recent history in the Far East points clearly to one conclusion, namely: that Japanese statesmen are prepared to accept this policy of self-preservation on the part of the Occident if in return they are allowed to pursue a policy of self-preservation along such lines as they see fit; that is to say, if they are to be allowed to expand into the thinly peopled Chinese Provinces of Manchuria and Mongolia. Japan is not willing to accept the Monroe Doctrine and the Asiatic exclusion acts and at the same time acquiesce to the maintenance of the *status quo* in China.

It is true that in the Portsmouth treaty Japan pledged herself not to encroach upon the territorial integrity of China, but her diplomatic corps, trained according to European standards, is unexcelled in the gentle art of treaty-making and -breaking, and it has learned to a nicety the time and the place for "extra-textual interpretations." As far as China is concerned the terms of the Portsmouth treaty were never likely to be of any effect in Manchuria, even if Russia and Japan had remained there to mutually watch each other. Those who hoped and believed that China would be allowed to develop the resources of this fertile region without interference and for her own benefit, knew little of the necessity which forced Japan to fight Russia for Port Arthur, and it was this same necessity which led her, right after the con-

elusion of the Portsmouth conference, to come to terms with Russia for a division of the spoils which virtually insured the acquiescence of England and France. Upon the conclusion of this pact the Portsmouth treaty became a dead letter.

The results of this pact were many and important. Not only was China not permitted to extend her northern railways into Manchuria, not only did Russia and Japan separately and in collusion veto the construction by British and American capitalists of the Chin-chow-Aigun trunk-line; but they went further and denied to China the right to settle Mongolia by colonization of Chinese subjects and they established their usual trading and mining monopolies there. By the first of the year 1911, China's sovereignty throughout all the region north of the great wall was doomed. Mr. Secretary Knox made several futile attempts to prevent the inevitable, but they only served to draw Russia and Japan more closely together in the bonds of an extremely profitable pact. In 1910, Korea, whose independence had been solemnly guaranteed by Japan and all the powers, was "persuaded" to sign away her sovereignty and become an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The change in her condition caused by this act was so slight as to cause almost no comment from the press of the day.

Yet the matter was of importance. First, it proved again that the national independence of a defenseless people is not necessarily secure merely because the powers of the earth have seen fit to guarantee it. Secondly, it proved the Japanese to be past-masters at the art of using diplomatic fiction—by means of which nations and governments declare their purposes—for their own ends. Thirdly, the process used in "persuading" the Koreans at Seoul between 1905 and 1910 is now being used almost exactly at Peking and, if for no other reason, this should be enough to cause profound interest in Korea's political demise.

This statement of Japan's actions at Peking may surprise those who have not followed the course of events in the Far East since the taking of Kiaco-chau by the Anglo-Japanese forces in October, 1914, but it is none the less true. The demands that Japan has been making on China point to the rapid disappearance of China's sovereign rights in Manchuria and Mongolia, and also to the assertion of Japanese political and economic ascendancy throughout China. It is significant to note that the most peremptory of the demands that were made upon China at the time of the first draft protocol were made secretly and that the Chinese were forbidden to publish them. However they did leak into the press somehow or other and they called forth a protest from the Foreign Office in England against the violations of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which the Japanese were bound to recognize. However, their demands were not withdrawn, and they still stand in Peking as the sentiment of Tokio.

The "negotiations" forced upon China by the Japanese government arose out of the fact that after the fall of Kiaco-chau the Foreign Office at Peking ventured to ask for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops from the neutral territory of Shan-tung, beyond the leased borders of Tsing-tau. What could have been more natural than that China, a neutral country, should ask such a thing? Yet the Tokio press at once denounced it as ungrateful, and called upon the government to proceed at once with a high hand at Peking. Mr. Hioki, by his attitude at Peking, proclaimed the hard fact that the forces which had heretofore enabled the Chinese to evade the penalties of their parlous inefficiency were no longer available to protect them and that Japan would avail herself, to the utmost, of the opportunities created for her by the war in Europe.

Replying to questions in the House of Commons on March 11, 1915, Mr. Neil Primrose, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated: "His Majesty's Government has no

objection to the expansion of Japanese interests in China, provided that the expansion in no way inflicts injury upon British interests." It is possible that Japanese predominance, or even a Japanese protectorate in China, if established under commercial and fiscal guarantees broader than those given in Korea, might not be seriously prejudicial to British interests, that is, to British trade. In any case it could hardly aggravate the actual condition of affairs in Manchuria where British enterprise has persistently been hampered for the last ten years by the ubiquitous Japanese financiers and secret agents. But, be that as it may, the importance of Mr. Primrose's statement lies in the fact that it recognizes and accepts in advance the expansion of Japanese interests in China.

Because of her complete absorption in the European war and because of the rigid censorship which exists over newspapers in England, there is an appalling ignorance in that country about the situation in China. Therefore in view of the probability that the Far Eastern problem will have to be settled at a post-bellum international conference, it is evidently desirable that public opinion in England and America should be educated to a fairly accurate knowledge of the situation in the Orient. Since such a knowledge cannot in the very nature of the case be obtained through the censored British press then it must be gained, if at all, through the American press. This knowledge is not only essential to the amicable settlement of foreign affairs in China, but at the same time questions pertaining to trade routes in the Pacific will depend upon the settlement of China's standing with regard to Japan, England, and the United States.

In the formation of such a body of opinion, all the political ideas underlying the open-door conventions and the international guarantees for the territorial integrity of China must be regarded as obsolete since they have been abrogated by Russia and Japan with the tacit consent of all concerned. Also it must be conceded that China will have to have some

aid in forming herself into a nation capable of self-government, if she ever does so. Her people are not educated to the point of being competent governors, and, until they become so, there is practically no hope of their being able to establish any form of government that will put them upon a sound basis in international politics. The men and machinery are lacking for honest government, and deep as is our sympathy for the Chinese people, patient victims of misgovernment from time immemorial, we are nevertheless powerless to help them now unless we awake to the true danger of their situation and take some definite stand with regard to Japan's actions there.

However deeply we may sympathize with the Chinese we should not be too hasty in criticising the Japanese in the stand they have taken. In the first place it must be borne in mind that the Japanese differ widely from the other nations of the Orient. They are active, self-helping people, with strong martial instincts, and instead of accepting death from famine and pestilence placidly, as do their brothers in China and India, they ally themselves together to combat their common enemy and fight to the last ditch.

In the second place it must be remembered that Japan's need of a larger food supply and new markets for her manufacturers will, in time, necessarily cause her to follow the lead set by the Anglo-Saxon people, and will make her citizens migrate in large numbers to China, or anywhere else where they can find room and can get in. During the last thirty years Japan's population has increased sixty-eight per cent and her annual excess of births over deaths is over seven hundred thousand. A brief study of these figures will suffice to show that if she cannot find some way to grow, Japan is faced by starvation, and if, as Count Komura says, "Eastern Asia is the only safe field for Japanese emigration," then what could be more natural than that they should try with might and main to emigrate in that direction. It is true that the Japanese have in days gone by seemed to be desirous of

testing the strength of the Monroe Doctrine, but all these attempts have been mere political sidings and have been, for the most part, introduced for the purpose of distracting attention from their main issues.

For years the Japanese have recognized the fact that expansion is essential for their wellbeing, and they have been at work incessantly, trying to render any policy they may choose, safe and certain when the time for its introduction comes. Unlike Russia their motive has been self-preservation and not territorial aggrandizement, and much as we regret that they cannot pursue their policy of expansion into China without inflicting a grave injustice upon the defenseless Chinese, yet we, as Anglo-Saxons who have always seized what we wanted, regardless of the damage it might do others, cannot, on moral grounds, consistently gainsay them the same privilege. Since the ethics of the question cannot be brought into the discussion then it devolves upon us to decide as to the expediency of allowing Japan to gain control in China, and if the question of the expediency of the matter be decided against Japan, then the question of what means we can afford to use against her will be the burning issue before us.

The completeness with which Europe is bound up in the war precludes it from taking an active part in the affairs of the Orient, leaving the burden of the matter upon the United States. Omitting the question of whether China would be in better circumstances under a Japanese protectorate than in her present state of perpetual anarchy and rebellion, the issue before us takes the following form: If Japan obtains control of China will it seriously threaten the peace of the world, and will she be in a position to dominate the Orient to the practical exclusion of the rest of the world? The answer to this is not to be found at a cursory glance, but must of necessity be worked out with "fear and trembling" by the nations of the Aryan race.

Japan, one of the great nations of the world before the outbreak of the present European war, will be doubly great at the close of it, and if she is to be allowed to assume control or even a pronounced leadership in China, what can she not become with the countless millions of the men of Cathay at her back? There is probably no nation on the globe with a greater abundance of natural resources than China. If Japan is allowed to garner this rich harvest alone, and if she is allowed to impregnate the minds of the Chinese with her spirit of militarism, what will be the limit of her capacity to expand? With the immense riches and the numberless hosts of China at her back there is practically no limit to which she could not go.

This whole question is one which must be faced in this country, and it is highly essential that we face it now, and face it squarely. Our interests in the Orient are too vast for us to delay longer in establishing the relation of Japan's and our position there. The question must be solved, and that right soon. Locked in the throes of war Europe cannot be depended upon; the solution lies with us, the people of the United States.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE NAUTILUS

W. RUSSELL FERRELL

The light of evening was beginning to fail, and the water glistened in the golden rays of the sun, setting across the bay. A faint breeze trailed landward across the bluff on which I stood, and stirred in the trees around the large, beautiful home behind me, whose wide windows between the white colonnades flamed in the last red glow. Every human habitation gives its own characteristic impression. In this impression are mirrored the idiosyncrasies of its builder, and being very susceptible to impressions the one of this place struck me as being strange.

A good-natured laugh behind interrupted me, and I wheeled about, to see my host and college mate, Roland Jeffrey, approaching.

"One would think you are rooted there, Damon. What have you unearthed this time?" said he, smiling.

"What is that?" I asked, and turning, pointed out to a little boat peacefully riding off shore. In it sat the motionless figure of a man resting on the oars, and looking steadily over the gunwale.

"Oh! that is old Bahnson, a sailor. An accident has impaired his memory and every day he sits for hours out there in his little skiff resting on his oars. He has been here ever since I can remember. He was one of my father's crew, and was the only soul with him when he disappeared. Don't pay any attention to what he does; he is crazy," explained Roland apologetically, as he started back to the house.

"Wait a minute, Roland," I said, catching him by the sleeve. "Tell me about your father, won't you? You say he disappeared?"

"Now, now, old man," said the boy, accusingly. "I was hoping you would not let your inquisitive nature interfere

with our week-end out here. You know we must be going in to dinner."

"Just this once and not another question will I ask."

"Well!" he began, "there is not much to tell you, and I have ceased to think of it since father's death. I have lived in the city since then, but I keep things in readiness out here in case I decide upon an occasional visit. Something compels me to come back.

"You see, Damon, father was the only relative I have ever known, and him only the first seven years of my life. Mother died when I was born; I never saw her, and all of our relatives, if any are living, are in England. He was a sea captain and he owned the *Nautilus*. My earliest memories are connected with the coming and going of a vessel with tall masts and many white sails. I never saw him except when the *Nautilus* was in port, and on those eventful days my old negro mammy would carry me down to the wharf. I first remember him as a very large man, with kind, blue eyes, and a big black beard. I can hear his hearty laugh now as he jumped me up and down in his big arms.

"We were very poor then, but one day, when the *Nautilus* came sailing in, a stranger came and asked for my father. I remember little, save how afraid I was of the tall, dark-skinned foreigner, and his coal-black eyes and very white teeth, that always grinned under his long, black moustache and pointed beard. Father called him Ferdinand. They were closeted together a long time, and when they came out my father hurried to the ship, where they loaded the cargo. There were three big chests, iron-bound, and with many locks, that seemed very heavy, and old Bahnsen always stood by them. They sailed away, the stranger with them, but before he went my father patted me on the head and said he'd be gone a long time, where there were palms and orange groves, and if I would be good he would bring me a parrot. Then the *Nautilus* vanished over there between the capes.

"A long time passed. It must have been two years, but to my childish mind it seemed longer. Then one day mammy came running to me crying, 'De *Nawtlus* am come; de *Nawtlus* am come, honey.' It was a great day when father came back with a parrot and many presents for me. He held me on his knee and asked me many questions, till far into the night, but something was wrong. I remember asking him why he did not laugh any more, and why there was white in his black hair. He never told me.

"Tho *Nautilus* did not sail away again. All the sailors left but old Bahnson, who always went stumping about on his wooden leg with father. I do not know why he always took Bahnson along. Mammy was afraid of Bahnson. Sho called him 'de ol' Debble,' and refused to stay in tho house when he was there. Then father moved to this place that ho had built. It was at that time one of the finest places in all Virginia, and I was given everything that a child could wish. I never knew why.

"The life in the new home here was different. I missed my playmates and friends and the rambles that we had at the old home. Tho change in my father was a source of constant wonder to me, though he lavished on me all of his affections. I never really new him after this. He grew grey and reticent. His merry laughter was gone and his manner taciturn. Ho sold the *Nautilus*, and we were sitting here on the bluff, looking out to sea, he with his iron-grey head resting in his big, gnarled hands; I at his feet, when the old *Nautilus*, all her white sails swelling in the breeze swept out on her first trip under her new owners, never to be heard of again. I shall never forget his face as she glided past the dock there or how old Bahnson stumped about and shook his bony fist with curses at the crew.

"Long after the top peak had disappeared into the sea, long after tho streamer on the mainmast had faded into the skyline, he sat there with the grey-headed sailor by his side, peer-

ing at the grey spot between the capes, where, a while before, the *Nautilus* proudly spread her wings. Every day they watched, what for I know not. I had begun to be afraid of him, though he continually gave me presents and patted me on the shoulder, telling me to always be a good boy. Everything about the place seemed to be waiting, waiting. The house, even the lazy lapping waves along the shore seemed to be imbued with the spirit of the two figures that were constantly standing on the bluff.

"One morning I remember hearing my father laughing loudly out on the steps. It seemed so strange, so uncanny, that I ran out, to find him reading something written on a slip of yellow paper that someone had nailed to the door. It was the first time he had laughed since he had come home. It was unnatural, and the weird sound resounding through the silent colonnades struck terror to my childish heart."

Here Roland's lips quivered, and he looked away toward the sea to hide a pain that plainly showed on his face.

"Then the report came that, at dusk the evening before, a mysterious, black clipper ship had shot past our point and had dropped anchor in the harbor. Father and Bahnson hurriedly left their vigil on the bluff when the news came, and went off down the beach in the direction of the town. That night while he was away a squall burst on the bay, and he never came back.

"My God! Damon, the storm was awful. I cried all night for my father, but the morning revealed no sign of father or the strange ship. Both had vanished with the night. Only old Bahnson was found wandering on the shore, injured and out of his right mind. I have followed every clue during the years since then, but I have found no trace of my father," finished the boy, sadly.

"See, Damon; there comes the old sailor now," said Roland, after a pause.

I turned. There, pulling his skiff upon the sand was the old man. His oars over his shoulder, he stumped his way to the boat house on the end of the pier, and I noticed that his lips were always moving, as though talking, and that he continually passed his crooked fingers through his thin, white hair.

"Poor fellow," said my host, pityingly. "Old Bahnsen lives there alone in the back room of the boat house. He keeps it locked and no one has ever been in there. I have given orders that he shall not be molested."

"But why not ask him; maybe he knows *something*," I inquired, hopefully.

"No, there is no use," was the grave answer. "I've asked him a hundred times, but he remembers nothing. He is always trying to recollect something, and seems to have had something to tell me that he has forgotten. All that he says, when asked about the accident is, 'How should I know anything about the crew of the clipper ship?' The old fellow has lost his mind, and I fear his secret will never be known. I believe father was drowned in that storm years ago."

Roland proved an excellent host, and a delightful dinner banished all thought of the past. With the freedom of the usual college fellows on a spree we took possession of the luxuriously furnished rooms. It had become chilly, the curtains were drawn, and a rousing fire crackled in the grate. Care rests lightly on young hearts. We suited deed to word, and I must admit the wine and tobacco were excellent.

Under the influence of the warmth and wine we grew eloquent as the hours flitted by. I was occupied in changing the records on the victrola, while Roland, mounted on a chair, and with a raised glass was shouting toasts. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "Hic— Here's to the good ship *Nautilus*." Suddenly the shouting ceased, and looking up I saw him standing, arrested in the act of bringing the glass to his lips, motionless as a

statue carved of stone. On his face there was a look of mingled horror and expectancy.

"What is it, Roland?" I cried.

"Listen!"

Absorbed in our noisome revels we were unaware that a storm was rising. Now that our laughter and the raucous tones of the victrola had given place to silence, the patter of huge raindrops and the swish of wind became audible, but the hum of the wind was not all. Far out on the sea there was a low droning that was increasing rapidly. Pulling aside the curtains we were blinded by tongues of lightning that leaped out of the Stygian sky that rolled forth peal after peal of thunder. Through it all the low droning had become a rushing torrent of sound as that of a great cataract booming from some precipitous mountain height onto the rocks below, until it surpassed the shriek of the winds that rocked the house to its very foundations.

With dilated eyes we stood looking out. Suddenly there was a loud crackling everywhere in the atmosphere about us; one long dazing streak of livid flame illumined all. In that brief second we saw stretching across the bay and racing toward us a wall of white foam.

A moment later the clock struck, and simultaneously the whole earth seemed convulsed and we were thrown violently to the floor. The tidal wave had crashed with its millions of tons of water into the cliff.

* * * * *

That morning as we went down to the foot of the cliff the great masses of wreckage made walking difficult. Since the night before the two of us had exchanged hardly a dozen words, and each, wrapt in thought, clambered over the wreck of the wharf. The boat house had crumpled like paper under the impact of the tidal wave, and its timbers were strewn as far as the eye could see along the beach. The long piles were

snapped off like straws, and thrown together in a tangled mass, over which great clumps of dripping brown sea-weed had been flung. A huge part of the cliff had fallen, dragging with it twisted trunks of uprooted trees.

We searched all day, but no trace of old Bahnson was found. The old tar was swallowed by the sea he had followed so long. Toward evening, at the foot of the cliff, I noticed in a large heap of sea-weed and old barnacle-covered timber, beneath the wreckage, a tiny gleam of yellow metal. Thinking I had discovered the body of Bahnson I feverishly tore away the litter until the mound of sea weed was exposed. A chill went to my heart as its dank odor reached me, and my fingers sank into the clammy, jelly-like slime of the coral weed as I pulled it aside. It had become entangled around something. A thousand imaginations flashed through my mind as I beheld the headless vertebrae of a human being, its blackened and broken ribs half buried in the sand. Another tug on the wet mass revealed the discolored bones of an arm bound together by a few strands of hardened gristle, and bearing but two remaining fingers, on one of which I found the gleaming bit of metal; a once massive *gold signet ring*, the deeply engraved letter "F" all but obliterated by the wear of wave-tossed sand.

I was about to leave the ghastly spectacle, but hesitated and examining more closely saw imbedded in the breast bone a bit of rusty iron, to which was attached a broken piece of yellowed ivory that I recognized as the handle of a dirk. Upon this fragment of ivory I read the worn letters, "FERDINAND."

"Oh, Damon, come here, come here," came Roland's voice, far down the beach.

Kicking the bones quickly beneath the weed I hurried to my friend, thinking I would later give him a gruesome surprise. I found him bending over a seaman's chest.

"I've found poor Bahnson's chest," he said, "it must have

come ashore when the boat house went to pieces. The old fellow is gone now, so we will open it."

"Do you think you had better," I cautioned.

"Ho, ho," cried he, forcing a laugh. "Think I'm afraid?"

Saying this he prized off the lock with a piece of timber and threw back the lid. A pile of water-soaked garments and odds and ends was exposed.

"Wait! what is this?" cried Roland, snatching from under the clothing an old, exquisitely wrought jewelry case of engraved silver.

"How did this get there? The old fox! He must have stolen it."

"There is the key in the lock. Open it," I cried, excitedly, forgetting for the moment the horrible object beneath the sea-weed. As the tiny silver key clicked and the top was flung open by some hidden spring, a scrap of parchment fluttered to the sand. Never before had I seen such jewelry. The little case was half-full of it, rings, necklaces, pendants, and a rosary of jet, all of intricate foreign design and very old. While I was eagerly examining the contents Roland, who was still kneeling by the side of the chest, exclaimed, "My God! My God!! I wish I had died before this."

He had picked up the parchment and was reading the faded lines. Bending over his shoulder, this is what I read:

ABOARD THE NAUTILUS,

April 16, 1882.

I, growing old, find no peace from a torturing conscience. I hereby confess, to clear myself before my God, that I, while in the south seas, left Ferdinand, a Spaniard and my passenger, to die on a desert island, and confiscated his bulion. To banish the haunting vision of my crime, I am intrusting, to the care of the only other man who knows, these jewels save one gold signet ring engraved with the letter "F," which I shall wear till I shall have righted my wrong.

(Signed) CAPT. DOUGLAS JEFFERY.

Roland, apparently stunned by this unexpected revelation, said nothing more as we walked sadly back to the house, but

entering the library, he walked like one in a trance to a massive carved secretary, and out of one of its drawers took a piece of wrinkled yellow paper, which he handed me, saying, "That, Damon, is the paper I saw father read on the steps years ago. It is written in a foreign language. Tell me what it means," as he sank dejectedly into a chair.

Having studied many languages I immediately recognized the writing as pure Castilian Spanish, and read it to my horror. The following is a translation of what it contained, as nearly correct as memory will permit:

May the shadow of Marçon, the jeweler who fashioned the cursed ring of the house of Ferdinand, hound you, and remember well that—
Him thrown upon the mercy of the sea shall the sea cast up again—
I have returned to avenge; you shall not escape.

DON JUAN FERDINAND.

The tension was too great for the boy who sat watching me intently as I silently scanned the yellow paper. Seeing the look of horror on my face he broke down sobbing and buried his head in his hands. "Oh! father, father; why should I have known your crime?" he moaned.

Like a flash the picture of the hideous thing beneath the sea-weed passed vividly before me on the heels of the story my host had told. Braeing myself, I stepped before the burning grate and watched the yellow bit of paper blaze and crumble. I never told him, and the boy never knew how the sea explained the fate of his father, the Captain of the *Nautilus*.

ONLY A DREAMER

E. C. DENTON

As I think in retrospect
Of the things that might have been,
How that I by my neglect
Always fail the prize to win,
Sadness bitter stabs my heart,
Stabs it deeply like a dart,
As I think in retrospect.

While I sit and contemplate
What the Future has in store
Feelings I can not relate
Fill my heart and run it o'er;
Hope is there and purpose true—
Purpose something good to do,
While I sit and contemplate.

But the present I forget
Though its needs are more than one;
Then ere long must I regret
That the task is left undone.
If to dream I'd cease today,
Cease to waste the hours away—
But the present I forget.

SUBALTERN SEVERN

R. S. BRITTON

Early in the attack on Verdun the Germans directed one of their main advance lines towards Samogneux, where there is a good bridge crossing the Meuse into Ragneville. Along the edge of the near-by woods a large British force was entrenched, to oppose this advance. Here it was that Subaltern Severn fought for his queen and country.

They called him Seve'n-year, because he was young. They loved him, too, because he was young. They admired him, because he was keen and gritty, much above the ordinary. He was keen and gritty above the ordinary because he fought for his queen and country, not for his rations and pay.

Whenever he left the trenches to rest an hour—and that was seldom—he would retire to some sunny hillside, as far away from the noise of the camp as he could go, sit down and light his little black pipe, and dream of his queen and country. With closed eyes he would see a vision of the Devonshire hills, a green valley, a lazy stream, a lane with hedges on either side leading to a cottage that was all covered with ramblers. This was his country. This cottage was the palace of his queen.

A louder burst of artillery would chase the smile from his face and open his eyes. He would hurry back to the trenches, and fight harder than ever.

The old corporal was quick to detect and utilize this sort of excess patriotism; which explains his answer to his major:

“Av ye want th’ bloomin’ best chap wot’s in th’ regimint for ter blow thim trenches, sir, Oi say ut’s thot Lift’nint Seve’n, sir. ’E’s terribil lovin’ for a blue-eyes back ’ome, and such as is lovin’ so bad is most times th’ best workers, sir, as Oi needn’t be tellin’ ye.”

"All right. Take these orders to him, and keep your eyes on him."

"Yessir. That bhoy'll show 'em a gorgeosh blowin' up, sir."

The corporal's predictions were well made.

Severn led his squad of Tommies into two days of difficult, perilous, unremitting toil, himself working as hard as any two of them. They started an underground tunnel behind the shelter of a hillock which rose by the woods, and directed it across the two hundred yards that lay between them and the German trenches.

Utmost caution had to be taken to keep the enemy from detecting their plan. They cut the hole deep, to prevent a surface collapse which would mean immediate discovery. As it was, the damp ceiling of the mine caved in frequently, and threatened to break through from the top. Such breaks Severn himself shored up with whatever planks or brushwood he could secure.

They had not gone far before water began to ooze from the earth and fill the tunnel. A pump was manned, and kept going day and night to draw the water out as fast as it dripped in. But even then the tunnel floor was a stretch of deep mud, which made it especially hard for the men who passed the dirt from the diggers out to the head of the hole. To make it easier for them, Severn improvised a narrow track, made of split planks, on which he ran a little wooden car. The mud foundation of the track was very unstable, and often gave away under the heavy loads on the car. In spite of these occasional spills, the dirt was removed much more easily in this way than by the old system of passing baskets from hand to hand.

Severn left the scene of operations not once during the whole two days. He was always at the place where the greatest difficulty was met, encouraging his men and doing a man's full share of the work.

Towards noon on the second day they reckoned that they were almost under the Germans. Severn showed the diggers how to scrape the earth away without swinging their picks. There was danger of the digging being heard above. In a few hours the dull thud of footfalls overhead told them that they were directly beneath the main trench. Cutting from that spot as a center, they made small tunnels in five directions, radiating fan-wise. And they worked swiftly and silently into the darkness.

It was after sundown when all these branches were done. Severn dismissed his men, except a few to man the pump and his old faithful Tompkins, who was to help him lay the explosives. This was the most ticklish part of the whole work. Severn connected the wires in feverish haste, but with infinite care to each detail. Then he took all the smoky oil lamps out, and with only an electric torch he entered the mine for the last time, to lay the explosives. Tompkins brought the brass cases of trinitrotoluol, for Severn was too nervous to trust himself with them. They, together, set one ease at the end of each branch tunnel, and connected the wires. Then they slowly went back to the head, examining the wires at every step, to be doubly sure all were in perfect order.

The corporal was waiting for Severn at the mouth of the mine.

"Ish she done, me bhoy?" he asked as Severn stumbled out of the death-hole.

"What done?"

"Th' mine, for shure!"

"Yep, she's done, I guess."

"Th' major says as 'ow ter fire 'er ermegiately. But, wot's ailin' av ye? Ye be'aves yerse'f like dhrunk."

Severn tried to make a smile under the mud that caked his face. "I'm all right—just tired a bit." Saying which he sank down in a heap at the corporal's feet.

"Poor chap! Oi guess ye are tired. 'Aven't ate or slept er mite all th' time!"

The corporal lifted him gently and bore him a short distance back into the woods, where an orderly was connecting the wires of the mine to a set of dry batteries.

"'E'll 'ave her done in er minite, Seve'n-year, an' thin ye can fire yer mine."

The corporal laid Severn on the ground by a tree, where he rested a moment.

"Come on, me bhoy! She's all ready for jist wan tap av yer little finger!" He tried to speak encouragingly as he lifted Severn and led him to the switch.

"No, you fire it," Severn said weakly. "I want to see her go off."

Summoning all his strength, Severn stumbled through the dark woods to a spot whence he could see the explosion. "Let her go!" he called.

The corporal closed the switch. There was a deafening roar, a volcanic upheaval of dirt and stones, a blinding flash. Then the high-hurled fragments began to fall, crashing through the trees and spattering on the ground.

The corporal heard a faint groan nearby. He ran towards Severn. By the light of his torch he saw Severn turning on the ground, grasping the roots of a tree in his frantic death-grip. Blood was running from his left temple. A flying stone had lodged there.

* * * * *

The major's next report contained this sentence: "A mine was successfully discharged under the German trenches by Second Lieutenant Severn, who was accidentally killed by the explosion."

And that was all.

MEMORIES

ENNIS P. WHITLEY

[This bit of verse is dedicated to a dear friend, the story of whose life suggested it.]

I stand alone in fading light
And gaze upon the purple west,
While stars above beam in the night
To watch o'er Nature's sleep and rest.

The calm, sweet evening bids me dream
Those dreams that live, nor can they die:
For through my mind sad memories stream—
The memories of days gone by.

I think how oft we two have stood
In this same place—my Love and I,
And how we wandered in that wood,
Or climbed to see the evening sky.

Alas! then came that darkened night,
When angels bore my Love away;
They bore her to a Land of Light,
And waked her in Eternal Day.

But in my heavy lonesomeness
How often to this spot I flee,
To try to feel again the bliss
That her sweet presence brought to me.

And then, methinks, I see her eyes
That shone with light so pure—divine,
And mutely spoke of deeper ties
That bound her loving heart to mine.



ENNIS P. WHITLEY
En. Business Manager

Again I think I hear her call—
I strain my eyes o'er wood and crest,
And find 'tis but the leaves that fall,
Or bird that lulls its mate to rest.

Yet though he seems to mourn and pine,
That bird should sing with true delight;
His mate still sings for him,—but mine
Was stilled forever that dark night.

* * * * *

The hours of night approach the morn,
And I must cease this sad refrain.
Father, guide me till the Dawn
Wakes me to meet my Love again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: PESSIMIST OR PROPHET?

F. W. CARROLL

In mentioning Arnold's works I learn that many people regard him a pessimist and purposely avoid reading what he has written on this account. Such an estimate of him appears to me unjust, and so I am writing this essay with the hope that it may be a little help in giving Arnold his proper prestige, which is that of a prophet.

Before you are ready to criticise a man's views of life you should know something of his inheritance and environment, because these are the factors which largely determine what his views are going to be. Matthew inherited from "the great and good" Thomas Arnold a keen intellect coupled with a passionate desire to know and do what is good. His life was associated with the literary men of his day, which was the day of skepticism. It was during his prime that Darwin published his "Origin of Species" which was so bitterly opposed by the clergy and so fervently upheld by the scientists. Each faction has been compelled to make some concessions, and today we have the reign of "The New Peace." But before this reconciliation of the facts of science with the theories of religion took place, there was such a divergency of opinion as to make any thinking man say,

"Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be."

This questioning and searching after truth for his own sake now enables Arnold to speak to us with the voice of a prophet.

Ex-President Eliot says that Arnold's religious works are destined to be short-lived since he was out of his field when he wrote them, and so I will not bring them to bear upon this discussion. His other prose works are mostly critical, and so do not contain a great amount of material on this subject. His poetry is all that there is left for us to study, but that is enough.

"The Study of Poetry" contains a brief statement of what Arnold tried to do in his own poetry: "More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." Other poets have held the theory that art should vindicate itself from representing the unfortunate circumstances of life, and have given us in their poetry its beautiful side only.

"Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate."

Arnold held that "Genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul." Hence it becomes a criticism of life which interprets life and reveals it in its truth as well as in its beauty. The fact that he includes the note of sadness, which enters every human breast, does not make him a pessimist, but strengthens the assertion that he is a prophet.

Now let us compare some views of the world as expressed in Arnold's poetry with the world as we see it.

The first one of these views is that men grow weary.

"We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done."

"Thou art tired; best be still."

In the first place, these expressions are autobiographical. The time when Arnold sat down to indulge his literary propensities was generally late at night after he had done a hard day's work. In the second place, these expressions need no further justification than an observation of life. The slow step of the toiling masses shows conclusively that the disintegration of protoplasm has taken place to a marked degree.

The second one of these views is that modern life requires too fast living.

"Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, was rife."

"Whose even-balanced soul
Business could not make dull."

The pet expression of the modern city is "You'll have to hurry," and it might as well add "to an untimely grave." Arnold's expressions on this matter are prophetic rather than pessimistic.

The third one of these views is that nature is not the friend of man.

"Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood."

"Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends."

"Nature and man can never be fast friends."

A ship is wrecked on an island in the Frigid Zone. Nature refuses to raise the temperature one degree even though this one degree would keep all the crew and passengers from freezing to death. Durant Drake says, "The evolutionary process is cruel and merciless; multitudes perish for every one that survives." That Arnold has a correct view of nature may be proved both by observation and a study of other philosophers.

The fourth view is that we grow old and consequently live in an ever-narrowing world.

"Slowly within the walls of an ever-narrowing world
They drooped, they grew blind, they grew old."

"What is it to grow old?

'Tis not to have our life

Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow.

'Tis not to see the world

As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes.

It is to spend the long days

And never once feel that we were ever young."

"To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man."

That age gradually takes away physical pleasures and glories no thinking man will deny. The ideas of old men are sometimes regarded sage, and sometimes they are regarded out of date and as having lost practical application to life. Many great men have their minds to become affected in old age. Emerson became almost unable to remember names before he died. These old people are often neglected while living, to

have flowers heaped upon them when they are dead. This view of Arnold's is almost identical with that held by the man who was wisest in his day, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Nevertheless Arnold does have an optimistic refrain:

"How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!"

The fifth view is that the decadence of the race is taking place.

"What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear as Rebekah read?"

This is an interrogative expression in form, and I think it is in nature, too. Arnold used the expression, "the river of Time," which if taken logically would mean that it was purest at its beginning. But he himself said that as the river draws near the ocean it may strike

"Peace to the soul of the man on its breast."

A more correct statement of his view is that we go such a short distance upon the river that we are unable to note any marked change in it.

"But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed."

Our knowledge of the past and future is so limited that we are unable to tell whether the world is growing worse or better.

A sixth view is that Arnold's religious beliefs cannot be followed. As a matter of fact he believed all that we can absolutely know is true, and fervently hoped that the rest of the blessings promised by Christianity are true.

"The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides."

Compare this with Paul's

"Now we see through the glass darkly."

But Arnold had a clearer view of immortality.

"Then we shall know our friends."
 "And lay upon the breast of God."
 "Life in God and union there."
 "The rustle of the eternal reign of love."

Browning's

"Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake,"

does not surpass these hopes. Arnold's faith may be pretty well summed up in Shelley's confession, which expresses about all that any of us can say: "I have no fears and some hopes. When death removes the clay coverings the mystery will be revealed."

Arnold has many other sad notes which will liberate themselves from the criticism of being pessimistic when they are compared with life. For example:

"And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
 Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Is this hard to be believed when there have been twenty-five declarations of war made by the nations engaged in the present European struggle?

As is noted above, Arnold considered poetry a criticism of life with its gladness as well as with its sadness.

"Two young, fair lovers
 Stand, tranced in joy."
 "Such by these waters of romance
 'Twas sweet to lay."

"To see things in their beauty is to see things in their truth."

But it is unnecessary to prove Arnold an optimist in order to prove that he was not a pessimist. A man may take the medium ground, looking at things as they are, and this is what Arnold did. His much quoted expression, "Who saw life steadily and saw it whole," was as much uttered by his own life as it was by his lips.



FRED S. HUTCHINS
Assistant Business Manager

HIS FIRST PATIENT

H. H. HAMILTON

I.

"Come on, Ellen, and let's stop this old game. I am not interested in tennis now."

"You want to stop just because I won the last game. How silly! We must finish this game," replied Ellen.

Fred threw his racket across the court, and went over and sat down as he said, "That is not it. I am going away to study medicine tomorrow, and I have so much I want to talk to you about before I go."

"Well, haven't we been talking?"

"Yes; but we have talked enough about tennis. Now, haven't we?"

"Just as you say."

"That's a nice girl. Come and sit with me."

Fred, it is sunset and we haven't been here but just a minute. I must go home at once."

"Don't rush off like that."

"When are you going to write me?"

"Just as soon as I get to college."

"I'll answer at once. Be a good boy and study hard."

"Good-bye."

Next morning on the way to the depot Fred saw Modestine Blake, who said to him, "Fred, when are you coming home?"

"I don't know, Modestine. I don't think I will be home before next summer."

"I thought you would come to see me yesterday afternoon, but you didn't."

"I was too busy, Modestine."

"Yes. I heard about you and Ellen playing tennis all the afternoon. I heard, also, that you were going to get married some time."

"There is nothing more natural than for people to tell something that they don't know anything about."

"I am going to keep you all from marrying. I know how."

"I hear the train. I must be going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Write me some time, Fred."

II.

Two weeks after then Fred slammed his post office box together and started out at the door.

"No need to try to tear up your box just because you didn't get a letter," cried his room-mate.

"I wouldn't care if the whole blooming building was torn down. It's no good to me now."

"What's the trouble? Has your girl blessed you out, and then kicked you?"

"No. She hasn't done anything to me."

"Well, why do you look so mad?"

"It's this way, old lady: I told my best girl when I left home that I would write her as soon as I arrived here."

"Why don't you write?"

"I have written three times and she won't write one word."

"Ha! I see. She is a flirt. She hasn't any more time to fool away with you."

"I know she is not a flirt. She has been just as true to me as I could ask, for two years."

"How serious! You evidently had up some case. A typical flirt."

"I know she isn't. She has been as true as gold."

"True; yes, true. Why don't you write and ask your mother about her? She may be sick."

"I know she isn't sick. Mamma said she passed home last Tuesday going to the post office."

"She was going to mail a letter to some guy then. It's hard luck, old boy, but you will have to put up with it."

"You are very consoling. There is the bell. Haven't you got a class this period?"

Fred's room-mate said, "So long," and dashed across the campus to his class.

* * * * *

"Fred, it is only one week until commencement. How about going homo with me and spending the summer?"

"I would be glad to go, but I don't think my people would be willing to it."

"You don't want to go, anyway. You are crazy to see that little flirt."

"Why should I care to see her when she doesn't think enough of me to write? She has moved, anyway."

"Where has she gone?"

"She was living with her uncle and he died since I left. Mamma said she had gone somewhere in the West to live with her Uncle Tom, but she didn't know her post office."

"Cheer up! You'll marry her some time; then you will think all this is romantic."

"It's impossible. I'll never see her again."

III.

One day after Fred had gotten his sheepskin and hung out his shingle in a western village, he was sitting back in his office with all the dignity of a young doctor when he heard the sound of an approaching horse's hoofs. Suddenly some one tapped on his door with the butt end of a whip. Fred opened the door and found a veiled woman on a horse.

"Doctor, there has been a man thrown from a horse and almost killed out on K-Ranch. I want you to go just as quickly as you can."

"I will be ready in one minute," replied Fred, as he dashed for his horse.

Fred and the veiled woman rode at full speed until they reached the wounded man.

"I believe he is dead. He hasn't moved since I left him."

Fred jumped from his horse and began to examine his first patient. "No; he isn't near dead. He has one arm broken and his head bruised."

"Do you think he is going to live?"

"Of course he is going to get well."

"Oh! I do hope he will."

"Let's take him to the house before I dress his wounds."

They took the old man to the house and put him on the bed. Fred bound up his arm and then said, "Bring me some water to wash this blood off his face."

As soon as the blood was removed the woman tumbled over on the floor. Fred put her on the couch and loosened her clothes. When he removed the veil he exclaimed, "My God! It's Ellen."

She soon began to regain her color and raised up.

Fred turned back to his patient and did not let her know that he had recognized her.

In a short while Fred said, "I think he will get along very well now. I'll go home and come back in the morning."

"I wish you would stay with him all night. I am afraid he will get worse if I am left alone with him."

"It is not altogether necessary for me to go now. I'll stay part of the night anyway." Fred sat down and again seemed lost in his patient. Some time later Ellen said, "I don't believe uncle will ever get well."

"He is unconscious now, but he will soon be well," replied Fred. There was silence again for a good while. At last Fred said, "I know you, Ellen, and you know me. I want us to stop this foolishness. What made you treat me as you did?"

"How did I treat you?"

"You wouldn't answer my letters."

"How do you know I wouldn't? You never gave me a chance."

"Why Ellen! I wrote you three letters and you never wrote me a line."

"I wrote you one letter, but I did not hear from you."

"Honestly, Ellen, didn't you receive my letters?"

"No, Fred. Not one."

"Somebody stole them out of the post office. Three couldn't have been lost. Who was in the office just after I left home?"

"They couldn't have been misplaced there for Modestine Blako was in the office, and she is such a sweet girl."

"Sweet, indeed! She is the very one that took them. She told me on my way to the depot that she was going to keep us from marrying."

By this time Fred had walked over to where Ellen was standing. "We can forget all the past, can't we, Fred?"



WM. HENLEY DEITRICK
Eu. Editor-in-Chief

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

WM. HENLEY DEITRICK, Editor

Once More
It would seem meet that we refrain from criticizing in our last issue, but there is one habit practiced by a few students which should be blacklisted and put out of existence. As stated above, we hesitate to do so, but we believe it to be our duty even now to appeal to the higher sense of courtesy in the student-body as to the treatment of passengers, especially young ladies, on

the daily trains. Far be it from us to utter a protest against meeting trains,—that is one of our time-honored privileges, but when we meet them let's try to act more like college men and not in a manner which gives the old College a black eye with the traveling public. The thoughtless acts of a few reflect discredit on the student-body as a whole, so it is up to all of us to keep our good name from being impaired. Smiles from the fair damsels aboard the trains are highly welcomed, but why try to force them by throwing gravel at the window, or using other means no less polite!

Fiais And now our labors are ended. We do not say so joyfully, because it has been a pleasure and a rare opportunity to work with such men as the staff is composed of this year. There has been a spirit of hearty coöperation that is usually hard to find. It has been the aim of the editors to keep the standard of our magazine up to the high plane of former years, and we hope that we have succeeded.

And now, thanks are due to various ones. First, to our Faculty Editor, whose untiring efforts and wise suggestions have been no little help in making *THE STUDENT* of 1915-16 what it is. The Associate Editors have been of the best, and have aided greatly by contributing when material seemed to be so elusive. Our Business Manager deserves more credit than we have space to give him. The financial basis on which he leaves the magazine after an unusually expensive year is sufficient evidence of his managerial ability. To the contributors also we tender our thanks.

For our successors, we wish a most successful and pleasant year's work.



CAREY HUNTER, JR.
Phi. Editor-in-Chief

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

CAREY HUNTER, JR., Editor

It will be of interest to our local reading public that Mr. Needham Mangum's long-expected book, "— — — I have Known," is nearing conclusion. Mr. Mangum has put the best part of his life into its production, having chosen for his theme life as it exists in and around Wake Forest. The book is to consist largely of brief biographical sketches and reminiscences of various prominent persons among the faculty and alumni of the College, and will be written throughout in the picturesque style peculiar to the author.

Mr. Mangum is well known in the community as a loyal friend of old Wake Forest. It may be stated here that, according to rumor, his cherished philanthropic design, the erection of a house of refuge near his own country residence, is on the eve of accomplishment.

Mr. Charles A. Moseley, once editor of *THE STUDENT*, spent the week-end of April the eighth in Wake Forest as the guest of friends. He reports a complete recovery from the complications of gout and nervous depression which caused him to give up his college work last October. "I have been engaged," Mr. Moseley announced, "in preparing for publication a number of private addresses delivered from time to time in Wake Forest, notably, my little talk on the subject, "How to Keep Young Men at Home o' Nights!"

President W. L. Poteat delivered addresses at the county school commencements of Washington, Bertie, and Harnett counties, speaking at Plymouth on March 29, at Windsor on March 31, and at Lillington on April 7. On Sunday, April 16, he spoke at Henderson; on April 21 he delivered an address at Bay Leaf Academy.

Dean E. W. Sikes addressed the Library Club at Marion, S. C., on April 8. Returning, he spent Sunday at Coker College.

Prof. J. H. Highsmith addressed the Vance County Commencement of the colored schools on Friday, April 14.

Dr. W. R. Cullom delivered one of the principal addresses at the Baptist Student Missionary Convention at Fort Worth, Texas; he is a member-at-large of the executive committee of the Convention.

Dr. Carstarphen is to attend the Southern Sociological Congress at New Orleans on May 14, when he is to read a paper before that organization, "Public Schools in Relation to Public Health."

Professor Timberlake has been confined to his room for some time, the victim of nervous trouble. His many friends hope to see his speedy restoration to health. During his illness Dr. Gulley is conducting two of his law classes.

The Visiting Committee of the Board of Trustees was in Wake Forest early in April, observing the general needs of the College. The committee was composed of E. F. Aydlett, of Elizabeth City, President of the Board; F. P. Hobgood, of Oxford College, and R. A. MacFayden, of Scotland Neck.



W. B. SINCLAIR
Phi. Local Editor

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

W. B. SINCLAIR, Editor

Societies

Once more Wake Forest has cause to be proud of the achievement of one of her promising young sons, Mr. A. C. Reid, Eu., Davidson County, who won the prize of \$50 in gold in the Intercollegiate Peace Contest held in Durham, April 1. Mr. Reid's subject was "The Present Policy of the United States Towards Arbitration." This same distinction was won last year by Mr. E. Privette, Phi., Wilkes County.

The past year has been a successful one in Society work. It is true, unfortunately, that the greater part of the work has been done by comparatively few men, yet we have sufficient evidence to believe that Wake Forest has not yet seen her best days in the field of oratory and debate. We have an unbroken record in intercollegiate debating, save the loss of one series; and the high standard of thorough preparation and persistent effort practiced by Wake Forest men cannot but bring success.

In his address to the student-body a few days ago Governor Craig said, "You have produced the finest orators of any college in North Carolina."

Phi. Society

The leading feature of Society work since the last report was the intersection debate between the Wednesday night and the Friday night sections. Last fall, in the contest between the Wednesday night and the Saturday night sections, the former won, consequently it fell the lot of the Friday night section to debate the winner, which occurred March 31, with

the Friday night section winning the series. The query discussed was, *Resolved*, That the Legislature of North Carolina should enact a minimum wage law for the laboring classes.

Affirmative

Davis, J. B.
Goodson, W. C.
Herring, C. P.
Glenn, O. T.

Negative

Merritt, R. P.
Davis, H. J.
Williford, L. R.
Johnson, L. L.

The most strenuous preparation of the year is being made now. The remaining sessions of the Society will be given to the medal contests. The Freshmen and Sophomores each finish the work of the year in a debate, the entire year's work being considered together with the speeches made in these debates. The Junior and Senior classes each hold an oratorical contest.

Eu. Society

In place of the usual detailed report of each section, it may be well to offer a general summary of the year's work of the Society as a whole.

The outstanding feature is the excellence of the work done by Freshmen. We do not think that the fact that Freshmen have on several occasions won honorable mention over upperclassmen indicates any falling away on the part of the older men. Rather it leads us to believe that among the large number of Freshmen in the Society there are speakers of unusual talent and ambition. The department takes pleasure in congratulating the class as a whole for the creditable work of its members, and urges them to continue their energetic activity in the Society throughout their entire time in college.

In general, we feel satisfied that more interest and enthusiasm have been shown in the Society during this year than were last year. It is by no means fanciful to credit this improvement, at least in part, to the fact that all the sections have been meeting in the hall on different nights, instead of all meeting Friday night, in lecture rooms. Unquestionably

there is an atmosphere, a stimulus of environment, within the old Society Hall which fires in every speaker a new yearning and a higher aspiration.

In conclusion, the department is highly pleased to acknowledge the honor which the college representative won in the State Peace Oratorical Contest, and, in behalf of the Society, to register an expression of appreciation.

As THE STUDENT goes to press the regular sessions of Society are concluding for the year, and the following schedule of contests is opening:

The Freshman Debate, Friday, April 14. Query: *Resolved*, That the present bill of preparedness is essential to the future welfare of the United States.

The Sophomore Debate, Friday, April 28. Query: *Resolved*, That children under the age of sixteen should be prohibited by Federal legislation from working in the manufacturing industries of the United States.

The Euzelian Oratorical Contest (formerly the J. L. Allen Medal), Friday, April 28.

The Junior Oratorical Contest, Saturday, April 29.

The Senior Oratorical Contest, Friday, May 5.

In concluding his task, the Euzelian reporter wishes to thank the officers of the various sections who have so willingly assisted him in conducting this department.

R. S. BRITTON,
Eu. Reporter.

Moot Court News

On Friday, March 17, a divorce case was tried, *Breedlove v. Breedlove*. Messrs. Turner, R. H. Blackman, and Aronson appeared for the plaintiff. The attorneys for the defendant were Messrs. Cole, Lewis, and Hines.

Friday evening, March 24, an assault and battery case was tried before Judge W. C. Downing, Acting Recorder. Jury waived. *State v. McCord*—Assault and Battery. The state was ably represented by Solicitor Pennell, Bland and Harrell, H. B. The attorneys for the defendants were Messrs. Taylor,

R. E. Aronson and R. H. Turner. The court found both the plaintiff and defendant guilty of an affray and divided the cost between them, stating as his reason that it appeared from the evidence that both parties entered the fight willingly, and, as a parting injunction, he told them to go and sin no more.

On Friday evening, March 31, 1916, a civil case was tried—*Williams v. Laughton*—Malicious Prosecution. W. C. Downing, judge presiding. The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Odom, F. Lambert, and R. H. Turner. Messrs. Strole, Cole, and Payne represented the defendant. Counsel for the defendant moved a nonsuit because the plaintiff failed to prove the second element essential to the maintenance of a case of this kind, viz., proof of want of probable cause. His Honor, Judge Downing, concurred in the opinion of the attorneys for the defense and ruled a nonsuit. Defendant accepted and gave notice of appeal.

On Friday evening, April 14, 1916, a case was tried for a breach of the prohibition laws—*State v. Williams*. The attorneys for the prosecution were Messrs. Pennel, Hutchins, and Jenkins. The defendant was ably represented by Messrs. Cole and Edwards. After the jury deliberated for a short while they failed to reach a verdict, and the prisoner was released. W. C. Downing presiding.

Y. M. C. A.

The members of the new cabinet have already begun work and are demonstrating their ability to do things. If the present spirit of enthusiasm continues throughout next year it will be a new era in the history of the Wake Forest Y. M. C. A. The only requisite to make the Association a live issue and a part of college life is the coöperation of the student-body. With this coöperation the students can make the Association just what they wish it—even to the extent of a Y. M. C. A. building containing a swimming pool and all the modern equipment.

Fellows, you who are coming back next year, come with a determined resolution to ally yourself with the Association and give your time and interest toward making the organization a part of your college course.

On March 27 Prof. J. H. Highsmith, head of the Wake Forest School of Education and Philosophy, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on "Pragmatic Religion," showing that religion is not merely a matter of theory but a matter of doing things.

One of the best discourses heard in the Association this year was made on April 10 by Mr. C. R. Boone, of Raleigh. The keyword to Mr. Boone's address was "Watch." He is an example of a successful business man who believes in taking God into business.

The editor is glad to give space here to a song composed for the Y. M. C. A. by Mr. G. W. Lassiter, Chairman of the Music Committee during the past year.

Body, Mind, Spirit

(Y. M. C. A. SONG)

We stand for all that's good and true, a life that's strong and bold;
We try to fit the body—the temple of the soul—
A proper dwelling for the mind, that it may stronger grow,
And thus a stronger spirit have to overcome the foe.

Chorus:

Body, Mind, Spirit! This our watchword true!
Men of brain and stature, men who live to do;
Body, Mind, Spirit—that's Y. M. C. A.
"Men for Christ" the slogan: join our ranks today.

We try to train the minds of men that they may broader be,
And have a deeper concept of the things they cannot see;
And learn of God and Nature through the great minds that He sends,
Then get the helpful lesson—how to work and deal with men.

Though these are both essential, the Spirit is the goal,
For what has gained a man, with these, if he should lose his soul?
Then Body, Mind, and Spirit! triune for one are we,
We're in the fight for truth and right, through Christ to victory.

GEO. W. LASSITER.

ATHLETIC NOTES

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor

Baseball

The 1916 baseball season was inaugurated on the home field March 23, when Wake Forest administered a severe drubbing to the Liberty-Piedmont nine, the score at the end of seven innings of play reading 25 to 0. Two pitchers were pounded hard by the Baptists, who secured a total of twenty-three hits, and made a runaway affair of the game from the first inning.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>					R	H	E
Wake Forest	540	448	0—	25	23	1	
Liberty-Piedmont	000	000	0—	0	4	5	

Batteries: Fowler, Griffin, and Smith; Lewis, Franks, and Vassey.

Elon Holds Baptists to Close Score

Wake Forest found unexpected strength in Elon and barely succeeded in trimming the Christian nine on the home diamond by a 3 to 2 score in the second game of the season. The game was interesting throughout and was marked by the masterful work of Elon's pitcher, Bailey, who allowed only six hits. Until the seventh inning Elon was leading with two runs, but in that frame Wake Forest bunched four of her six hits and chased three runners across the plate.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>					R	H	E
Wake Forest	000	000	300—	3	6	3	
Elon	100	100	000—	2	7	2	

Batteries: Moore, Smith, and Vassey; Bailey and Duncan.

Carolina Humbled on Home Diamond

Wake Forest's most signal victory of the season was achieved on March 29, when the University of North Carolina was defeated on their home field in a memorable eleven-



GEORGE F. RITTENHOUSE
Eu. Associate Editor

inning game by the close score of 4 to 3. Franks was in the box for the Baptists, and, with the exception of the opening inning, pitched the greatest game of his baseball career. After allowing Carolina three runs in the first inning he tightened up and only yielded six scattered hits the remaining ten innings.

Irving Carlyle covered himself with glory when in the seventh inning, with the bases full, he hit safely to deep left and scored Herndon and Ferree with the tying runs, saving the game and paving the way for victory.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	000 010 200 01—	4	6	3
Carolina	300 000 000 00—	3	10	5

Batteries: Franks and Vassey; Currie and Angel.

Trinity Hands Baptists First Defeat

Wake Forest suffered her first defeat of the season at the hands of Trinity in Durham on March 30th, the Methodists winning by a 4 to 3 score. The two teams divided twelve hits and eight errors, but out of the seven runs made Wake Forest only drew three.

Trinity drove Smith from the box in the third inning, putting three runs across the plate. Lewis relieved Smith and held the heavy-hitting Methodists well in hand the remainder of the game. Captain Holding's batting was a redeeming feature of the contest. Out of four trips to the plate he hit safely three times, for exactly half of his team's hits. Carlyle played a brilliant game at shortstop, handling several difficult chances without the semblance of an error.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	020 000 100—	3	6	4
Trinity	013 000 000—	4	6	4

Batteries: Smith, Lewis, and Vassey; Mason, Earnhardt, and Flythe.

Wake Forest 17; Guilford 2

Guilford College was swamped by the Baptist nine in High Point on March 31, 17 to 2. The Wake Forest nine had on their batting clothes and clouted the offering of four pitchers for a total of fifteen hits. Moore, on the mound for Wake Forest, was in the best of form and only gave up five widely scattered hits.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	052 341 011—	17	15	1
Guilford	010 010 000—	2	5	5

Batteries: Moore and Vassey; Worth, Morris, Sink, and Futrell.

Davidson Wins from Wake Forest in Charlotte

In the first encounter of the season between the Presbyterians and Baptists, Davidson emerged victorious in an erratic game by a score of 7 to 4. Franks' offerings proved no puzzle to Davidson, and he was driven from the box in the third inning after seven runs had been scored. Ellis replaced him and pitched a clever game, his opponents never threatening to score.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	002 000 200—	4	6	4
Davidson	322 000 00x—	7	10	6

Batteries: Franks, Ellis, and Vassey; Hengeveld, and Alford.

Richmond College Defeated 3 to 2

In a well played game, featured by the excellent fielding of both teams and the all-around work of Carlyle, Wake Forest nosed out a 3 to 2 victory of Richmond College on the home field, April 3.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	002 010 00x—	3	4	2
Richmond College	002 000 000—	2	8	1

Batteries: Lewis and Vassey; Joliff and Blankinship.

Wake Forest Breaks Even in Rocky Mount

On April 5 the team left for a two days' play in Rocky Mount, losing to the Rocky Mount team, of the Virginia League, the first day, and winning from the University of North Carolina the next day. The league team had a narrow escape from defeat, getting the game by a 3 to 2 decision.

Wake Forest played the greatest defensive game of the year against Carolina, while Ellis allowed them but three clean hits.

Score by Innings:

	R	H	E
Wake Forest	210	000	00x-3 9 1
U. N. C.	000	000	000-0 4 1

Batteries: Ellis and Vassey; Cuthrell and Hart.

Desperate Rally Saves Wake Forest

In a return game played with Trinity on the home field, April 8, Wake Forest battled with the Methodists twelve innings to a tie score, darkness ending the game with the score 9 to 9. With apparent defeat staring them in the face, in the eighth inning, Trinity leading by a margin of 9 to 0, the Baptists rallied and sent six runners across the plate, and three more the following inning.

Score by Innings:

	R	H	E
Wake Forest	000	000	063 000-9 11 4
Trinity	030	303	000 000-9 12 5

Batteries: Lewis, Franks, and Vassey; Earnhardt, Mason, Lamb, Powell, and Flythe.

Wake Forest Divides with South Carolina

In a listless and long drawn out game, in which 18 runs, 32 hits, and 9 errors were registered, Wake Forest defeated the University of South Carolina in the first of a series of two games in Columbia, S. C., on April 13, by a score of 13 to 5. Vassey led the attack with three hits, while Harris and Carlyle proved the fielding sensations of the game.

Score by Innings:

	R	H	E
Wake Forest	000	421	060-13 16 1
U. S. C.	100	000	211-5 16 8

Batteries: Ellis and Vassey; Adams and Barksdale.

The Gamecocks evened up the series by winning from Wake Forest the next day in easy fashion, 6 to 2. Martin held the Baptists at his mercy the entire time, while his teammates bunched hits on Franks in the fourth inning and sewed the game up, although Franks recovered and pitched splendidly at the close.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	000 011 00—	2	5	5
U. S. C.	100 400 01—	6	9	3

Batteries: Franks and Vassey; Martin and Simril.

Elon Defeated 10 to 2

Wake Forest walked away with Elon on their home grounds in a game featured by the hitting of Vassey, who secured a triple, a double, and single, the final score reading 10 to 2. Wake Forest scored all of her runs in the fifth and seventh innings by bunching hits on Bailey.

<i>Score by Innings:</i>		R	H	E
Wake Forest	000 070 300—	10	10	4
Elon	001 000 010—	2	5	3

Batteries: Smith and Vassey; Bailey and Duncan.



W. W. HOLDING
Captain Baseball Team

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

GEO. F. RITTENHOUSE, Editor. E. W. SIKES, Alumni Editor

'94. "Few private citizens ever died in this town whose passing caused so great sorrow to the residents of the national capital as was occasioned when Tom Pence bid this life farewell, March 27th, the day before he would have been forty-three years of age. From the President in the White House to the gamin in the avenue, from the cabinet minister in his office to the waiter in the public dining room, from the Senator in the historic chamber on Capitol Hill to the page boy who attended his call, all were shocked by the end that was as unexpected as it was deplorable. It is not an exaggeration to say that, personally, Tom Pence was the most popular individual in Washington. In rarest degree he had the capacity for making friends. And what a lovable man he was!

"There was just one thing, and only one, that Tom Pence hated, and that a meanness. For a weakness he had the broadest and most catholic charity, and for all suffering he had not only the most abounding sympathy, but it excited in his bosom the swiftest and most plenteous benevolence. It was an open hand, servant of the most tender heart. His presence was good cheer. His smile was a delight forever. His voice was assurance of sincerity. His handshake was a bond of friendship. I never parted with him that I did not recall the injunction:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

"Though a man of affairs, an admirable executive, a writer of good, strong, plain, emphatic English, Tom Pence was yet a boy, with boyish ways, and he never outgrew that engaging youth, 'When thought was speech, and speech was truth.'

• • • • •

"It is easy to believe that Tom Pence was the pride of his class at Wake Forest in the Old North State. There is a tradition that he was manager of a baseball team in a rural league and that his club gained the pennant. We can easily believe it, for certainly he commanded the devoted love of his every companion, and each and all gave him the best of which they were capable.

"Josephus Daniels, himself a most lovable man, discovered Tom Pence, and all of us of the cloth must be forever grateful to the Secretary of the Navy for giving to our noble profession Tom Pence.

He was the city editor of Daniels' paper, and when I went to Raleigh and spent a few days some years ago, a total stranger, I made my way delightfully by letting it be known that I knew Tom Pence. That was sufficient in that grand old town to work your way into the good graces of all you met.

* * * *

"Tom Pence came to Washington in 1901, and very soon thereafter he was a conspicuous member of the Press Gallery. His reading was not extensive, but he made up for it by conference with public men. His was a bright mind and his perception was keen. High-minded to a degree, he instantly gained the confidence of all with whom he came in contact, and his admission to the inner circle soon followed. Besides representing the *Raleigh News and Observer*, he was connected with the Washington bureaus of more than one metropolitan newspaper, and his work was invariably a credit to him.

"In 1912 he had charge of a bureau established at the national capital to promote the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President by the Baltimore convention. For such work he discovered admirable adaptability. I was a daily visitor to the quarters, and he was good enough to give me his confidence. More than once I was struck by his sound judgment and lofty principles. He was a powerful factor in the convention, and the suggestions he made to the leaders of the Wilson forces were invariably acted upon and frequently proved invaluable.

* * * *

"After the victory he might have secured high place in the public service, for he was altogether capable and a born executive. So great was the service he rendered in the campaign after the nomination that the Democratic leaders insisted that he should remain at the head of the 'publicity bureau' of the party, and that there is a Democratic majority in both houses of the Sixty-fourth Congress is in a material measure due to his sound judgment and loyal efforts. Only a few weeks ago he was chosen secretary of the National Committee, but ere he had discharged any of the duties of the place he was stricken with the malady that proved fatal when he was in the prime of magnificent manhood. It is noticeable that the most intimate chum Tom Pence had in the Press Gallery was the late Jesse Carmichael. They were devoted to each other, though not at all in harmony in political faith. They toured Europe together, and upon their return Carmichael was stricken with pneumonia and after a long battle with the disease, he, too, succumbed, as his friend did, to the same disease three years later.

* * * *

"Tom Pence was an exceptionally handsome man: tall, symmetrical, healthy, and tastefully dressed, had a striking presence, and

commanded attention in every company. He was the favorite of older men; but to see Tom Pence as he was you had to find him with a company of youths, the baseball season, with bats in hand, on the way to play.

"'Hi, there!' he'd cheerily greet them, 'which of this squad is Ty Cobb? I understand he's among you. Show him to me. I must meet him.'

"In a moment he would have every fellow delighted with him.

"And why not? Tom Pence was born to make his fellows happy. It was his vocation, and diligently and thoroughly did he cultivate the field nature had made him husbandman over. I could not bear to view his remains. I wanted to have in my memory only the living Tom Pence.

"The void he left will never be filled."—*From Savoyard's Letter to the daily press, Washington, D. C.*

'82. The South lost one of its most useful citizens on March 31, when Charles A. Smith, former Governor of South Carolina, died in Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore after a protracted illness. He was a native of North Carolina and was graduated from Wake Forest in 1882.

Charles A. Smith was Governor of South Carolina from January 14 to January 19, 1915. He became Governor on the resignation of the incumbent, and served until the inauguration of Richard I. Manning. He was Lieutenant-Governor for nearly four years and was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the primary of 1914. He was an influential member of the lower house of the General Assembly before being elected Lieutenant-Governor. He is remembered for his unrelenting fight in the General Assembly in behalf of prohibition legislation.

Mr. Smith was active in the cause of education and devoted his means and talent to the work, serving as president of the board of trustees of Furman University, a member of the board of trustees of the Greenville Woman's College.

He was a member of the Baptist Church and for years was active in the work of the church, acting as president of the Baptist State Convention, vice-president of the Southern

Baptist Convention, and moderator of the Welsh Neck Baptist Association.

'90. Dr. John Ellington White has recently accepted the call to the presidency of Anderson College for Women. Wake Forest has occasion for pride in his election for he makes the third Wake Forest man at the head of Baptist Colleges in South Carolina, Dr. E. M. Poteat being president of Furman University, and Dr. E. W. Sikes president of Coker College.

The Commencement program for 1916 will be of unusual interest to the alumni. A special committee is preparing a program for the evening of May 15th, which will be given over entirely to the alumni. Dr. Archibald Cree, Class of 1898, of Atlanta, Ga., will deliver the Alumni Oration in the afternoon. That evening a number of prominent alumni will speak at a general reunion. Among those that have accepted the invitation to speak are: President T. J. Markham, of Elizabeth City; R. C. Dunn, of Enfield; Sanford Martin, of Winston-Salem; E. F. Aydlett, of Elizabeth City; Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh; John A. Oates, of Fayetteville; A. D. Ward, of New Bern; R. N. Simms, of Raleigh; B. F. Montague, of Raleigh; T. E. Holding, of Wake Forest. The topics that will be discussed are: "The Relation of the Alumni to their Alma Mater"; "Local Alumni Associations"; "A Million Dollars for Wake Forest"; "The Opportunities of the Alumni in Directing Students to Wake Forest College"; "The Relation of the College to the Denomination."

A feature of the approaching commencement will be the reunion of the classes of 1876, 1891, and 1906. The class rolls of the three years are as follows:

1876—Bachelor of Arts: John Thomas Bland, John Lewis Britt, John Bruce Powers. Bachelor of Philosophy: B. F. Montague.

1891—Master of Arts: R. G. Kendrick, J. H. Pridgen, E. W. Sikes, R. B. White. Bachelor of Letters: F. M. Royall. Bachelor of Science: B. W. Spilman. Bachelor of Arts: J. C. Beckwith, S. M. Brinson, R. L. Burns, W. M. Gilmore, B. K. Mason, W. Mitchell, W. A. Osborne, C. L. Haywood, W. O. Howard, J. I. Kendrick, J. L. Kesler, R. L. Paschal, H. A. Royster, C. B. Williams.

1906—Doctor of Laws: Charles Lee Smith. Master of Arts: R. D. Covington, C. D. Goode, J. D. Ives, W. M. Johnson, W. L. Vaughan, E. A. Turner, A. H. Olive. Bachelor of Arts: T. B. Ashcraft, O. W. Baynes, K. R. Curtis, E. B. Earnshaw, G. R. Edwards, Rufus Ford, Jr., B. P. Gentry, G. T. Goodwyn, S. O. Hamrick, B. T. Holding, Liston Jackson, Herbert Jenkins, E. B. Josey, R. L. Kendrick, L. A. Parker, W. D. Pace, H. M. Poteat, O. P. Richardson, R. L. Sigmon, H. L. Wiggs, G. J. Spence, W. L. Royal, C. R. Smith, V. O. Weathers, J. B. Weatherspoon, Earl Gore. Bachelor of Law: J. G. Anderson, W. A. Chisholm, M. L. Davis, Donald Gulley, M. F. Hatcher, A. K. Powers, J. M. Picot, J. I. Smith, J. H. Vernon, E. M. Hairfield.

Wake Forest men took a prominent part in the recent Baptist Student Missionary Convention, which convened in Fort Worth, Texas, from March 22 to 26. The following men appeared on the program: Rev. C. T. Ball, chairman of the convention, of the classes of 1888-'93, and B.A. in 1907; '93, S. J. Porter, of San Antonio, Texas; '91, B. W. Spilman, of Kinston; '84-'86, J. F. Love, of Richmond, Va.; '91, C. B. Williams, of Fort Worth, Texas; '04, W. W. Bonus, of Fort Worth, Texas; '06, J. B. Weatherspoon, of Fort Worth, Texas; '91, J. L. Kesler, of Waco, Texas; '98, Archibald C. Cree, of Atlanta, Ga.; '92, W. R. Cullom, of Wake Forest.

'05. Professor Alfred H. Olive, of the chair of Chemistry and Physics in Howard College, Birmingham, Ala., is the joint author with Dr. A. R. Bliss of a "Text-book of Physics and Chemistry for Nurses," published in February by J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia. In addition to his work in Howard College, Professor Olive is lecturing on Chemistry in the Hillman Training School for Nurses, Birmingham, Ala.

'77-'80. Professor Collier Cobb, of the department of Geology in the University of North Carolina, has revised and published a second edition of his "Pocket Edition of Common Rocks and Rock Minerals."

'09. Rev. J. McKee Adams, who was president of the Senior class in 1909, now pastor of the Lake Swamp and Ebenezer Churches, South Carolina, began last February the publication of a monthly journal, "The Progressive," devoted to the advancement of the Kingdom's interest in those communities.

'12. Henry B. Conrad has lately been appointed house officer in one of the most coveted services at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

'10. Will C. Duffy is instructor in Pathology in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

'10. Professor Arthur B. Ray, of the department of Chemistry of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., has worked out a new method of separating the elements of the rare earths, and developed a new earth serum that may be very valuable. He has been lately elected a member of the American Chemical Society. He has resigned his position at Cornell in order to accept a position as a chemist at the College of Agriculture of Texas.

'11. Revs. William G. Moore and Preston C. Stringfield, a graduate in 1908, are taking their degrees at Crozier Theo-

logical Seminary, Chester, Pa., this spring. Both have been chosen as commencement speakers.

'10. Rev. J. L. Jenkins has resigned his pastorate at Lumber Bridge and Parkton churches. He will enter upon a new pastorate at Latta, S. C., June 1.

'90. Dr. J. O. Atkinson, Editor of the *Christian Sun*, Elon College, is rapidly recovering from a nervous breakdown. He is on an extended vacation at Asheville.

'12. Rev. S. C. Hilliard has received a call to the pastorate of the Forest Avenue Baptist Church, Greensboro. He is now in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., and will take his Th.D. degree at the commencement of 1916.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FOUNTAIN W. CARROLL, Editor

In the former issues we have said what we think of the other magazines; now we are going to say what the other magazines think of us. This is not done for self-praise but to let the student-body know what others think of our magazine, that the students may assist in keeping it up to its proper standard.

Before laying down the pen we want to express our appreciation of the other magazines which have come to us during this college year. Our criticisms have been sincerely made in a friendly spirit and we hope that they have been received in the same manner.

The following paragraphs are taken from our exchanges:

Mississippi College Magazine:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is the best magazine that has come to our desk. It is free from the sentimental stuff that finds its way into so many of our college publications. Let our magazine be a mirror of college life. If the reflection is pleasing, well and good; if not, something needs to be done. The plan of publishing the debate is good. "Uncle Bob and the Watermelons" is a pretty little piece of narrative. "A Shakespearean Puzzle" is excellent. We need more such work in our magazines instead of so much that is light. The poems are good; the two humorous poems in "Notes and Clippings" especially deserve mention. The admonition to the fellows to support advertisers is a good idea. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is a magazine really worth while.

The Trinitonian:

Your magazine is an excellent one. It is very well arranged and is in good form. Your literary department is to be praised. In many college magazines entirely too much space is devoted to light fiction. In this one I find a good balance between fiction and other material. The oration, "The American College Student and Universal Peace," is a very timely subject and is forcefully and logically presented. "Emily" is an intensely interesting story. One of the



F. W. CARROLL
Phi, Associate Editor

best features is the prominence given to verse, and the good quality of it. "The Mountains" breathes a true spirit of love for these majestic and picturesque works of nature. "The Song" and "To His First Love" attest that in your school there is more than one able poet.

The Philomathian Monthly:

The verse "November Day," which is the first number in this magazine, makes us feel the frosty breath of the autumn wind. The speeches of the negative side of the debate on "Compulsory Arbitration" easily disclose to us why this side won. The stories, while very good, do not show any remarkable plots or unusual treatment of situations. The magazine is fairly well balanced. The departments show good work and the magazine deserves commendation.

The Limestone Star:

The November issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT comes to us on time. We have much praise for the college which gets to work and sends out its magazine in plenty of time to get it to its destination before the month has completely passed. The magazine is a very creditable one and we are glad to have it come to us.

The Chimes:

The November WAKE FOREST STUDENT is one of our best exchanges. It is interesting and well-balanced in story, essay, and poem. The debate on "Compulsory Arbitration" is well organized, and the essays admirable. The story, "The Dallas Drawl," is very good.

The Richmond College Messenger:

We are very much pleased with the production turned out by our sister college this month. It does credit to its publishers and contributors. It is lacking in poetry of a high order, but this deficiency is, in a measure, made up by the good qualities of its short stories and strong essays. Both essays and the three short stories are of such good quality that we will refrain from choosing the best, but speak a word of commendation for all. We will look forward to receiving another such magazine with pleasure, and the hope that its poetic deficiency will be made up in the future.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

Carroll: "Sinclair, where is the girl that you said you made love to in the swing last summer?"

Sinclair: "We fell out."



NO HIGHER.

Wife: "Everything is getting higher."

Husband: "Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me and my opinion of you and the neighbors' opinion of both of us."—*Selected.*



A LONG SHOT.

Ma: "You've been drinking. I smell it on your breath."

Pa: "Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hops."—*Harvard Lampoon.*



WHY.

"Why is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always so good-natured?"

"We have to be," answered Bob. "You see we can't either fight or run."



Chas. Riddick dropped lazily into the dental chair.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," said Dr. Squires to his assistant.

"Why?"

"How can I tell when he's under its influence?"



Prof.: "What three words are most commonly used by college students?"

Student: "I don't know."

Prof.: "Correct."—*Exchange.*



Waiter (at Fryor Club): "Mr. Hines, will you return thanks?"

Hines (calmly): "I haven't the material."



Newish T. R. Bowers wants to know why Newish Bonner didn't rent a "locket" at the gymnasium this spring.

THE GYM CLASS.

"In place, around the room, now run;
All keep in line and cut the fun.
Don't cut across but do this fair,
And keep one foot up in the air.

"Now form a line. Don't slip out doors;
From left to right count off in fours.
Fours quarter-wheel to left; don't shirk.
But march, and get you right for work.

"Head up, chest out, hands on the hips;
Newish, wipe that smile there off your lips,
And put your feet together there,
And hold your head well in the air.

"First exercise is quarter squat;
Next exercise, the Lord knows what.
Third exercise, raise on the toes,"
And so on down the line it goes.

"Next raise the leg, the toe extend.
Now, all together; and now begin—
One two, one two, and one spit-chew.
(Oh how the Piper Heidsieck flew.)

"Now touch the body to the floor,
And back again, while I count four;
Now hold yourself next time you rise
And take the breathing exercise.

"The first division take the horse,
An exercise we all endorse.
The second take the board and spring.
The third may take most anything.

"Now jump the horse and whirl the bar.
Just do it right and you're a star.
Now stop your work and form a row,
The class dismissed and you may go."

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT.

Newish Lester J. Dawkins to Newish Speight: "Old Feezor has gone off to make a commencement address, you ought to get off a good costume on him."

BY THE MOONLIGHT.

They walked along the lane one night,
 And down within each heart
 There lay a kindling spark of love—
 The work of Cupid's dart.

They stopped beside the old lane fence
 Beneath the glimm'ring moon;
 In this remote, romantic glen,
 The minutes passed too soon.

He, trembling, gazed into her eyes,
 His speech was stiff and stilted;
 He spoke hut once his bold "Wilt thou?"
 And thereupon she "wilted."

A moonbeam touched the lips of each,
 While they stood there in perfect bliss.
 Their glances met and then their arms,
 Then there occurred a triple kiss.

The start begun, his courage rose,
 He spoke with great enthusiasm;
 When she agreed with sweet ascent,
 He clasped her to his "boslasm."

W. B. S.



Prof. Johns (on History 1): "Mr. Griffin, what was the Missouri Compromise?"

Newish Griffin (after blundering several times): "Professor, I get that mixed up with the Monroe Doctrine."

Prof. Johns: "Don't you very often get goose and Griffin mixed up?"



Prof. McCutcheon: "Mr. Helms, when did the eighteenth century begin?"

Newish Helms: "When the seventeenth ended."