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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXVI

October, 1916

No. 1

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## A SOUTHERN AUTUMN

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

—  
E. T. EARNSHAW  
—

The grape is hanging ripe upon the vine,  
The scuppernong, the wildwood muscadine;  
The maple tree flames out in red and gold,  
Resplendent as the burning bush of old.

The bland-faced freedman in the ripened field  
Plucks from the boll the cotton's snowy yield,  
While like some heart's uninterrupted beat  
The cotton gin is throbbing through the heat.

The huntsman, with his setter and his gun,  
Fares forth to wander till the day is done,  
With eager longings as the moments pass  
To flush a covey from the sheltering grass.

The placid housewife at the pantry door  
With proper pride surveys the winter store,  
The work of careful hand and steady nerves—  
Translucent jellies, succulent preserves.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Forgetful of the years of heat and hate,  
Forgetful of their fathers' luckless fate,  
From out the schoolhouse door across the way  
The happy children frolic forth to play!

---

*Ere fifty years have passed of tranquil bliss  
God grant to Europe such a peace as this!*

---

## MORNING

---

P. D. Q.

---

Dawn stirs apace,  
Splashing drops of purple light  
Full in the face  
Of slumbrous Night.



## THE MOUNTAIN MAN

CHARLES A. MOSELEY

The mass of men who join to make a strong people or a strong nation cannot, by the very nature of things, be altogether or absolutely strong; dregs will always rest in the fairest cup. The valuable fact that is revealable in the beverage of the strong freeman, be it claret or canary, is the marked presence of organization; the dregs or lees of the cup will show a lack of organization, a negation of what is valuable. We wish to make a few honest observations on the Brushy Mountain Man, his home, his work, his school, his church, his sport, his traits, or a few observations on a mountain people living in the western part of North Carolina on the top of the Brushy Mountains or Brushies, a low spur of the Blue Ridge, a people which, seeing it and judging it as honestly as we can, goes to make up the dregs or the lees of the national cup.

The house or hut of the Brushy Mountain Man—not the man mountain of Gulliver's Travels—is generally located in an open hollow, narrow or broad, as the case may be. The mountain man thus locates his house for the following reasons: first, he needs to be near water; and, second, he needs to be sheltered during cold winter weather from the buffets of the great sleety winds that rage over the tops of the ridges. The house itself is usually made of logs or rough, undressed plank. Few of the houses are painted. The number of rooms is anywhere from one to three. A traveler approaching sees a small, weather-beaten cottage with a chimney of stones, perhaps a mass of fruit and berries drying on the roof; a spring with its gourd and jugs of milk under a

number of trees; sunning their toes in the yard, a host of ragged children; white bee-gums capped with rocks; a number of short-legged hens; a brooklet that brawls and sprawls over its stones. He sees this home-spot set in the midst of a few patches of rye, oats, corn, or potatoes, as the case may be, at the foot of or between hills covered with rows of dwarf limbertwig apple trees or perhaps a few peach trees. A nearer view reveals a lot of rubbish and filth in the yard, offensive to the eye. Both the exterior and the interior of the house smack of dirt and squalor. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule. Boxes, chairs, a table, and beds will be found in the hut. Too, a huge fireplace and cooking pots, sundry dresses of colored calico hanging on the walls; a campaign print of Theodore Roosevelt perhaps there, too; strings of corn, pepper, and dried beans hanging from the rafters; a shotgun upheld by pegs. Both sexes, guests as well as members of the family, undress and sleep in the same apartment. The diet of the mountain man is coarse but good: meat, vegetables, butter and milk, canned apples, peaches, and berries, with an occasional rabbit, squirrel, opossum, partridge, or robin.

The work of the Brushy Mountain Man is coarse and rough. Occasionally he goes west to work in a factory for a few years, but he always comes back. He ploughs his steer or mule with innumerable "haws" and "gees"; the woman hoes; he slings his sharp ax in the green timber during the cold seasons; he breaks "new-ground," stacks the brush and burns it, hauls wood and tanbark, and harvests his meager crop. During the fall a long line of wagons and wagoners, weighted with fruit—the hardy and ruddy limbertwig apple—leave the mountain, bound for the towns of Statesville, Charlotte, Concord, Winston-Salem, or Greensboro, the wagoners hoping to dispose of their baggage in a goodly manner.

The work and life of the Brushy Mountain Man are irregular to a noticeable degree. For this reason he is the dregs of the cup. Regular toil he will not brook. He loves to work when he pleases and leave off when he wishes. He is altogether too eager to get the work done as soon as possible; his mind is troubled very little as to the manner. Possibly this is due to the fact that few own their farms; most of the mountaineers are renters. He works to meet his daily needs; on rainy days he loafs. Aimless trips to town are made too often for his good. The mountain man never tries to fix up his place when it begins to go to seed. The hut slowly rots and tumbles about his head.

The school term of the Brushy Mountain Man is short: he believes a session of three or five months is enough. The pedagogues receive for their work from \$30 to \$40 a month. Compulsory education now prevails. The schooling of the mountain boy or girl, however, is used mainly for social purposes and practices, the grown-ups taking part in play with all the zeal and eagerness of the smallest tots. There are jealousies and quarrels innumerable in the schoolroom: the pedagogues have to be constantly on guard to keep peace; otherwise the whole neighborhood, like a hive of bees, would be humming about their ears. Daily, however, the Brushy Mountain school is wiping out illiteracy; most of the older mountaineers can neither write nor read.

The church of the Brushy Mountain Man is generally a good and respectable building. Sunday-school takes place every week; preaching one time a month. The life of the church drags a good deal except during the seasons of a "big meeting." A "big meeting" draws out the whole neighborhood, dressed in its best, as if to a bacchanalian revel. Much psalmody and much shouting take place. All the little humanities can be seen and heard that Carlyle would have laughed at. If the choir leader has on a drink or two,

all the better. One man described "shouting" in his own vernacular as resembling the "hollering of a gang of men and hounds jumping a rabbit."

The sport of the mountain man is hunting. The young men spend a good deal of time at this agreeable diversion. The mountaineers are expert shots. The rabbit, the squirrel, the opossum, the partridge are hunted. During cold winter weather the hunting of the cotton-tail is made easy: a number of mountaineers on some goodly morn following a fall of snow, left soft and white on the ground, set out with clubs and sticks to trace the paw marks of the pastoral cotton-tails to their nesting spots under bushes; to knock them on the pate meets all purposes.

The traits of the mountain man have been made familiar through the pages of a good many modern novels, though the picture has been greatly overdrawn. See, for example, the novels of Harold Bell Wright and John Fox. The mountain man is physically of two sorts: one sort is tall and angular, the other short and lean. The mountaineer is wild and rough in demeanor and carries the principle of freedom to a high pitch. Polite manners are not to be found: the traveler is more liable to be laughed or jeered at than welcomed. The most marked traits of the mountain man are the most marked traits of children, of a young race: innumerable petty quarrels, jealousies, and feuds. His dialect is pithy and poetic, and is so familiar that it needs no comment. He graces his talk with a kind of rough humor and poetry. Take, for example, such expressions as these, which hold a few grains of poetry: "as close as the bark of a tree"; "in less time than it takes to grin"; "well, Jake, you've got to eat as long as you stand up to the plough-handles"—spoken to an old fellow bearing a bag of meal on his back. The mountaineer is by nature and long practice lawless, but the

surveillance of a ring of revenue officers is slowly curtailing the operations of distilleries and making him respect the law, though he still drinks a good deal.

For the reason that his work shows a lack of regular effort and good sense, we have put the Brushy Mountain Man among the dregs of the National Cup—dregs which, no doubt, the blessed medicine of liberty will patiently sweeten and at least partially heal.

## THE LITERARY LIGHT THAT FAILED

WOODYARD KINDLING

The local atmosphere seemed to scintillate with a new and uncanny splendor upon the vision of Reginald Berrault. The exultation of a great victory over himself thrilled him so completely that the commonplace trappings of his dormitory room took on a strange dazzling luster. The very walls and ceiling joined in the ebullition of delight. For Reginald was a moral hero. The towering castle of his youthful dreams had suffered utter demolition, being blown unto the four winds by the impetus of the detonating dynamite of his virtuous will. His ideals had conquered his fervent but misdirected ambitions. In short, since his unbiased judgment had taught him that he was not a literary genius, he now had resolved to suppress his *magnus amor scribendi*, in order that he might desist henceforth from the sin of duping a credulous reading-public, who are wont to take ingenious artifice in huge doses, thinking to imbibe choice morsels of art.

Thus had Reginald Berrault determined to cease writing, at the behest of his moral monitor, although against his natural inclination. The sense of virtuous victory infused and surcharged him with lofty joy, so much so that it appeared even to overflow and to work its translating magic upon the environment. His dingy dormitory room began to assume the semblance of a luxurious studio, or library. The dusty bookshelves were transformed into golden-oak cases, neatly filled with leather-bound, gilt-edge volumes—volumes, volumes, volumes—how many there were! Reginald chortled in ecstatic content.

He filled his pipe slowly, delighting to observe the little

brown leaflets settle into the bowl of his old corn—corn-cob? Behold, a rich, deep red meerschaum! He lit the tobacco, and how mildly it pulled! Each draught was a sweet instillation of aromatic beatitude. Ah! thought Reginald, the glorious rewards of virtue!

Then the pleasing train of his reflections was interrupted by the entrance of the footman. Not that Reginald heard him, for his step was noiseless upon the heavy carpet; nor that he saw him, for he entered behind. Reginald perceived his approach intuitively, being aware, he knew not how, of a message coming. Accordingly, without moving, he spoke to the attending domestic:

"Yes, Pedro?"

"A committee, sir, awaits you below, sir."

"What sort of committee?"

"A committee from the faculty of the college, sir, wishing to see you, sir."

"Doggone them pesky mortals! They worry me. But show 'em up, Pedro."

"Yes, sir."

The committee entered shortly. Reginald turned his head to see them. Stately men they were, led by a tall, lanky, bald, keen-eyed, bearded old man. The faces of all bore a funereal aspect, betokening a mission of grave import.

"Good evening to you, sir, Mr. Berrault," they saluted in unison.

"How d'ye do? Have seats; I think there're enough chairs to go around. What can I do for you?"

The elderly bald-pated member arose and solemnly addressed him:

"As spokesman of this embassy, Mr. Berrault, I now undertake to unfold our mission to you."

"Let her flicker."

"The rumor has been brought to the faculty of this institution that, for moral considerations, you have resolved

to discontinue your literary activities. May I inquire if this rumor be credible?"

"It is. Go on."

"We understand, further, that your grounds for that resolution were that your literary creations did not bear the marks of artistic merit."

"You're right again. Go on."

"At the outset we wish you to know that this triumph of your moral principles, as a man of character, over your natural instincts, as a man of creative literary genius, has inspired all of us who enjoy the high privilege of your acquaintance with a vast augmentation of our already large respect, admiration, and esteem for you.

"It is our present mission, however, to suggest to you that you were hardly just to yourself in concluding that you were not capable of creating genuinely artistic writings—works of immortal longevity. An egregious humility of spirit, we surmise, impelled you to your erroneous conclusion. Permit us, therefore, to address to you our firm conviction that you are a man of genius; that unquestionably your literary work is, and will be recognized as, art of the first order, and that there can exist no moral consideration which might forbid the continuance of your late writings. In sequence, we beg to bear this our earnest supplication to you: that, in the name of the millions who should peruse your works with satisfaction and joy; in the name of all posterity, that arise in solemn injunction to you to do your duty; in the name of Art, who is your beacon-light to imperishable fame; we entreat you to reconsider your recent resolution, to reject it, and to resume your quondam literary activities."

The speaker sat down, gasping in a breathless frenzy which the ardor of his delivery had cast upon him. Reginald looked up, and inquired:

"Is that the dope?"

"That is our message to you, sir."



"Well, withdraw if you don't mind, for ten minutes—and be exact about the time. Come back then, and I'll give you my ultimatum."

The committee accordingly retired. Reginald sighed wearily, yet happily. "Those darn fools!" he thought; "Yet they're right about it, I guess. Still, I know good and well I ain't going back on my word—certainly not since it has given me such glorious and preponderant joy. No—never!"

With those noble reflections, and such a summary conclusion, he relighted his pipe and dozed until the allotted ten minutes should expire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Footsteps. Reginald tried to lift his eyes, expecting to see the committee reënter. But his eyes would not be lifted. A vigorous rap befell his head. A loud voice dispelled the serenity of his sanctimonium:

"Wake up, old lady!"

"Who are you?"

"Shut up and get up! You've been asleep all afternoon, and grinning all the time like an owl with a fish. And here's a surprise for you—that story you sent to the *Black Cat*. I told you they'd send it back as soon as they got it. Get up!"

And Reginald, having given vent to a profound grunt, got up.

## SONG

RUFUS BRENT

From the westward paling  
Come they ceaselessly—  
Visions passing radiant,  
Visions, Love, of thee.

Borne on restless night-winds,  
Caught across the sea,  
Melodies entrancing,  
Songs of Home and thee.

From the westward darkling  
Whispers float to me—  
Tender summons coming,  
Dearest Love, from thee.

\* \* \* \*

Borne on evening waters,  
Towards the sunset sea,  
Angel, Love, I hasten,  
Nearing Home and thee.

## UP TO DELPHI

DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

My little steamer rocked its way slowly out of the Piræus this morning at 9 o'clock. It is worth a journey to Greece just to see pass in review what I have seen today. As we cleared the harbor the Acropolis, with its temples glittering in the perfect sunlight, came into full view; then turning westward, we had Salamis with its stirring history on our right and Ægina far to the south on our left; a little past Salamis the Sacred Enclosure of Eleusis could be made out with a good glass; and at 12 we passed through the Corinth Canal. From the west end of the canal the vision is one of unequalled loveliness. The ruins of old Corinth and the towering Aero-Corinthos are on our left, with the great mountain ranges of Argolis and Arcadia beyond; soon on our right broad-backed Helicon breaks in cliffs down to the sea; and far, far to the northwest gleam the mighty snow-capped peaks of the Parnassus range. This last was the landmark to which the steamer held its way all the afternoon; and just as the sun was breaking its disk of gold on a jagged peak we steamed into the little harbor of Itea, with the huge Parnassus range towering above us, its snow fields rosy with the sunset.

The boats around the ship were few this afternoon, for a wonder, and my journey landward cost only a franc. But I had escaped Scylla only to fall into the jaws of Charybdis. The carriage sharks demanded just \$5 for the drive to Delphi. I wouldn't pay it! Why, it is only a drive of three hours, by the winding road, and only four miles as the crow flies. So I asked if there were no donkeys for hire? No; the donkeys are all up at Delphi. They must be ordered by telegraph from Athens—and get charged double price for

your trouble! Well, I would not be outdone, and round about the little village for a quarter of an hour I searched in vain. Here it is at last! A wee mouse of a pony. Yes; it is for hire. Pony and guide to Delphi, just \$1. Four dollars saved and a romantic ride up the old trail. Baedeker says it can be ridden in just the time it takes the carriages to make the longer route by the fine new road. And it is perfectly safe—and romantic!

As the shadows are falling, off we go for Delphi. The carriage road, broad and white, is followed for a mile, and then we strike off to the right through a fine grove of olive trees. Old Baedeker is a ninny for once. There's nothing romantic about this ride. It's as tame as a ride from Forestville to Wake Forest. But wait a wee, my little man. We are not at Delphi quite yet. Again and again our narrow trail crosses the great carriage road, and always growing steeper. The last glimmerings of daylight disappear. The trail grows to a mere thread of whiteness glimpsed in the darkness; the great mountains on either hand draw nearer and nearer together; trees were long ago left behind and great masses of rock loom right over me; the plucky little beast must pick his way up the slippery stones at a snail's pace, and suddenly I awake to the consciousness that I am getting more romance than I had bargained for. There are robbers in Greece still, we are told, and I have just \$50 in gold in a secret place of this very earthly temple, my body. Wild stories begin to rush into my imagination, and every yawning cave, opening its horrid jaws right in my face, holds a band of cut-throats. And my poor feet! They are dangling helpless off down there in space somewhere! This will never do. I am getting into what an Englishman would call a dead funk. So I remember my wife's opinion of my singing, and I sing long and loud. Oh, no robber will venture anear while I keep up that racket! And I sing again. I

can almost feel my guide grinning back there in the darkness. But he comes forward now and takes the guide rope out of my hand. It is a ticklish place we are passing, and the pony must be led. I must lean back in the saddle and fore-shorten a bit. Thank heaven we are past that danger at last! And the guide again drops behind, while the pony picks his way gingerly onward. Lights begin now to twinkle ahead of us. Well, I'm glad it's Delphi. But really I have not been at all scared! Indeed, now I think of it, I am sorry the journey is so soon over.

"This is Delphi, is it?" I ask my guide in a don't-care, off-handed tone.

"Delphi! This is Chryso. Delphi is a mile and a half further up."

But we are following the carriage road here, and all is well. Vain hopes! The pony scrambles up a steep bank and we are threading our way through the tortuous streets of a Greek country village. What it contains can be guessed only from the intolerable smells that envelope me like a cloud and penetrate to the inmost circle of my stomach. Fierce dogs rush out, and I draw up the outer bounds of my anatomy. But the village is left behind at last and we pass a little church, brilliantly lighted and sending forth the weird chanting of the priests. It is Holy Friday; and in all Greek churches there will be services until midnight. At the corner of the little church is a niche so arranged that its lamp casts a light up and down the lonely way. Blessed be the hand that made that niche! Far up the dark way I can look back and glimpse the faint glimmer and feel a strange sort of comfort. For now that the village is past, the way grows even wilder and steeper. Again and again the sturdy little pony must rest. Two men have joined us at the village, and I can hear them talking with the guide. Who knows but they are robbers and the guide is in league with them? And

again I sing! But blessed be the sight! The moon breaks over a ragged mountain-top and turns the wild treeless heights into mountains of silver. I am in fairy-land and my slender pathway grows into a dazzling spiral that mounts and mounts into enchanted regions. If the fabled princess should rise up before me, I am not sure that I would tell her that I am a married man.

But the guide comes forward. I must dismount here. The way is very steep and I dismount and cling to the side of the pack-saddle while men and horse scramble up the dizzy pathway. But this is our last hard climb. Lights begin to twinkle from above and Delphi is at hand, although there is yet half a mile of climbing. Here is the village street at last, and we pause before a humble lightless house. Is this the hotel? Yes, the guide says it is the hotel. Well, so may it be; but I had visions of better things. I pay the guide and pity him for the long return journey. A frouzy-headed old man takes my grip and we enter what seems a dining-room, but with beds along the wall. Well, everything is clean at least. And now comes the tug of war. I can speak no Greek; mine host, only Greek. I want no food; and this I make him understand; but I do want some hot water for my poor benumbed feet. I say it in English, I say it in French, I say it in Italian, I say it in Latin. Blessed thought! He knows "aqua." Perhaps he will bring me aqua vitæ. Not a bad substitute, but I want hot water! I take off my shoes and hold my feet in my hands, twisting my face into all sorts of grimaces. Ah, he understands! Off he goes and returns with a pair of cloth shippers! I now take the bowl down from the stand and setting it on the floor, go through the pantomime of dipping my feet into hot water, all the time puffing and hissing. At last! He brings a great foot-tin; his good wife brings a pitcher of boiling water and motions me to hold my feet over the tin while she

pours. I thank her in twenty different languages, but motion to pour the water first into the pan. And my poor old feet are at last exulting in water so hot that it makes my scalp tingle. Never mind; just so it doesn't take the skin off. And just now mine host brings me his visitors' book. Ah! I knew there had been some mistake. This is not the hotel, but the little Greck pension. But I look over the book after signing my name. There are some queer things here. Here is the name of a Boston doctor and, below, the names of nine New England old maids. Some wag has bracketed the bunch with the following sign: "Doctor A———— and his little harem."

But help is at hand. The director of the museum comes in. He has heard, late as it is, that a great chieftain and mighty man of valor has arrived in their midst. He has come to pay his respects. Blessed Samaritan! And he speaks German, and English, more difficult to understand than German. But the mystery of the hotel is cleared up. My hotel is half a mile further on. Well, I'll sleep here to-night, hit or miss. I withdrew my feet from the tub, get on my shoes, and am called to the door by mine host. And here I rub my eyes and ask myself if I am dreaming; for I behold an endless procession of men, women, and children walking solemnly along the little street, each bearing a lighted taper. In the midst four men carry an altar, covered with low lamps that give a weird light through their colored globes. All the time a droning chant-like singing is kept up by the throng. Ah, it is Holy Friday, and this is the midnight procession—not to the sacred shrine of Apollo, but to the little shrine of the Nazarene, there just by the Fountain of Castalia. Pagan just the same. But I beg now to be allowed to go to bed, lest some other wonder should befall. Had Phæbus Apollo walked in just then, I should not have been in the least surprised.

But I am alone at last. Four doors open into the room, and never a key. Well, I hang my pantaloons on a high hook in an obscure corner and tell my gold, as Brer Rabbit told ole Sis Goose, "fer ter roost high"; and putting my candle and matches near, slip down under the pile of blankets and know no more till 7 the next morning. I wake up and have not a little trouble convincing myself that it is not all a dream. Well, I am at Delphi anyway; and I roll out and slosh myself with cold water.

I go down to my hotel and find a good room and an excellent breakfast, and then I sally forth to explore. The museum is a wild chaos of shattered marbles, and contains nothing of permanent value. This is not surprising when we remember how many times the hand of the spoiler has been laid on Delphi and its shrines. The director is anxious to be my guide, but I get myself excused and go out to make my own discoveries. The Fountain of Castalia is, I know, right between these two peaks before me, and I turn aside from the broad highway. A little shrine of the Greek Church is here, fast by the oracle of Apollo; for the Greek Church, like the Catholic, has turned every holy place of the olden days into its own account. But it is repulsive to one's better feelings—this wresting of Paganism into Christianity, this turning of Apollo into Christ; of Aphrodite into the Madonna. The two peaks come together in a deep gorge, up which I turn. Here it is at last, the Sacred Fountain of the Muses. It is a basin some twenty feet long and some ten wide, hewn out of solid stone. Eight stone steps led, in the olden days, down to the water's edge; but now, alas! down to a bare slime-mottled bottom. The sacred waters have ceased to enter the inclosure, but follow the channel around the edge next to the cliff. I cross the bottom and look over the edge of the channel, which is some four feet deep. Of old, the waters entered the fountain through



holes made at regular intervals in the wall of the channel, but these are all choked up now and the sacred waters, flowing as merrily as ever, are led across the gorge to fill a large stone tank on the opposite side, which supplies the village with water.

I gather some flowers which have grown in wild profusion, and pick my way up the gorge. A wilder, more savage place would be hard to conceive of. The two peaks, themselves sheer masses of glittering limestone, unite here in a chasm which the water has worn and which earthquake and landslide have contorted into a chaos of jagged stones, yawning caverns, and overhanging cliffs. It is twilight here even at 10 in the morning. There is no water flowing down the deep-cut channel, but when one of these fierce storms to which Greece, like all treeless countries, is subject sweeps over these mighty hills, this whole gorge is a raging cataract. Fifteen minutes of climbing bring me to sheer walls before, to the right, and to the left. Well, I had just as well go back. Besides, it is cold down in here. I am all a-shiver. Am I scared? No; but the feeling of awesomeness, of awfulness, presses upon me, gathers about me, overwhelms me, stupefies me, and I go back with what haste I may into the clear sunlight. Well might the ancients regard this place with awful veneration.

I go back and explore the ruins of the Sacred Enclosure. I must get up a special lecture on this, with diagrams. The temple of Apollo is an utter ruin, of which only the foundations remain. The renowned Oracle cannot even be located. It seems to have been purposely and deliberately destroyed, perhaps by the priests themselves when the old order yielded place to the new.

The Oracle, we are told, was not in the body of the temple, but in a separate chamber. It is thought that a small enclosure on the south side of the temple area is the site of

the Oracle, but excavations, though carried thirty feet deep, have revealed nothing. Better so. The mystery—for certainly there was something mysterious about it all—has passed into the twilight of the gods.

The theater, similar in form to the Theater of Dionysius at Athens, is in excellent shape still, and the stadium could be used now with a little repair. But all else has passed away. The ruin of man was completed by earthquake, perhaps, and the village of Kastri grew up on the site of the temple. This had to be destroyed and a brand-new village built for the inhabitants before excavations were begun. Money has been poured out like water in unearthing the buried treasures of Greece, but the result has not always justified the outlay.

Twilight is falling as I leave the temple enclosure. The gorge above the fountain has grown in awfulness a hundred-fold, but I venture in once more. In these recesses lodged of old the fabled Python slain by the youthful Apollo. The cold air rushes out of the black abysses about me and makes my cheeks tingle with shapeless, overpowering horror; I am just ready to retreat in growing panic, when a huge black shape rises from amid the blackness before me and sends my heart into my mouth. I am ready to take to flight when the tinkle of wee bells reassures me and makes me break into hysterical laughter. I have disturbed some stray sheep who have taken refuge here for the night. But I delay not my going. The babbling of the waters of Castalia fills the glen with low sweet music, which says that men and gods may pass away, but Poesy and Nature are eternal.

The last rays of daylight are hovering over the shrine of Apollo as I glimpse it from below against the west. Nay; it is not the sunset; it is

The light that never was, on sea or land;  
The concentration and the poet's dream.

Alone in the great hotel, there is not a sound or a light far or near. I open my window and look out. The deep gorges of the Pleistos are there below, filled to overflowing with a twofold blackness. I go out into the hallway and open the back door. The towering cliff with its yawning stone sepulchers looms above me, and I close the door and put up the bar. This is Romance raised to  $n^{\text{th}}$  power, and I retreat to my room, where a dim tallow candle serves just to make darkness visible. It is stinging cold, too, and I take refuge under a pile of friendly blankets, to dream all night of dragons and haunted fountains, of gods and goddesses gathered once more in awful loveliness in their sacred abode at Delphi.

## OCTOBER

W. B. SINCLAIR

We greet thee, gentle one, whose visit now begun  
Brings back fond thoughts and memories  
Of bygone days and years, of olden joys and tears,  
While long lost visions fill our eyes.  
For Summer days are fled, our soft farewells are said;  
But deep within thy tender heart  
We know there burns a love that strangers know not of,  
When time decrees that we must part.  
Prophetic is thy breeze; thy touch upon the trees  
Shows forth grim Winter's fixt intent.  
But yet, forsooth, we know that rain, nor sleet, nor snow  
Can quite dispel thy calm content.  
With gold thy hills adorn, and all the flowers warn  
(That make the fields and woodlands gay)  
To lay themselves in sleep and all their fragrance keep  
Till Winter's days shall pass away.  
For soon will Spring wake up primrose and buttercup,  
And in them breathe her balmy breath;  
But thou, our sober friend, let not thy goodness end;  
Oh, live forever! know no death!

## THE ROMANCE OF JAY

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT

“Get up on your work, Rattler, you pop-eyed ole jar-head! you gimme more trouble than all my money.” Saying thus, Jay William Crawford, seventeen years old, pulled the large mule up close to the row of cotton which he was plowing. Jay was a dreamer, and tried to write poetry. Even now, as he plodded lazily behind the plow, he was composing verse to the lady of his heart, and it ran thus:

There is a mist twixt her and me  
Through which no human eye can see.  
Oh, would some power remove it!  
For I believe, I may infer,  
That she loves me as I love her!  
Oh, would 'twere so—and I could prove it!

Jay was unpardonably bashful. He had always loved the fairer sex, but he just didn't have the nerve to go with them. The girl whom he was loving at present was a fair, blue-eyed lass, nineteen or twenty years of age, who lived some twenty-five or thirty miles away. Jay had met her and written to her, but he had never been in her company longer than two or three minutes at the time. She had not answered his letters. He attributed that to various mysterious causes, and, despite these adversities, believed that she really loved him. However, he never could muster up courage enough to speak to her when she was near.

After the poetic spell had taken the wings of the evening, Jay began once more to meditate upon the fair queen of his heart and upon his love affair in general. “Why can't I,” he asked himself, “go around and have a good time with the girls like the other fellows? I ain't so ugly, an' I don't

think I'm as bad as some of the fellows. (Whoa! Whoa! I tell you. Come 'round that end there. Now, get up!) And they go with nice girls—and marry 'em, too, if they want 'em. There's that young Frank Barber, married just as pretty an' nice a girl as there is in this county, and he can't even walk without crutches, and can't walk good with 'em. Now, I know I love that girl of mine, May, jes' as good as a hound puppy loves cold pot-licker, and I'm an all right sort of fellow, too; at least, I think so. I reckon May's riding 'round in her big automobile now. We've got a Ford; but then, a Ford is only a flivver, you know."

As he walked along Jay shut his eyes, just for a second, and prayed, "O God, provide a way for me to win May! O God, help me, for I can't do it myself." Then he opened his eyes and went on his way rejoicing, heedless of the cotton that he had plowed up while his eyes were closed. Somehow, he felt as if a way would be provided. Then he began to suppose: "Just s'pose," he thought, "that May loves me, and that she was to drive down here one night—say, tonight—and I was to meet her out in the path there between the house and the road, and we'd meet sort o' romantically and tell each other how good we love each other, and she'd be come down after me and we'd get on her car and go away and get married! Wouldn't that be fine! But s'pose she was to meet pa' or somebody like that first." Then he prayed aloud: "O God, may it not be so! May no one know it that night but she and I."

When he came to the end of the row he was then plowing, Jay stopped the mule and gazed toward the house from where he was standing in the path close to the road. The white house, partly hid by elm trees, the red brick chimney, and the sunset skies beyond, helped to form an attractive setting. The beauty of the scenery, the love that was in his heart, and the poetry that was in his soul, were more than

Jay could stand; so he knelt right there behind the plow-handles and offered another prayer for his adorable May and for their approaching romantic meeting.

The more Jay meditated upon and s'posed about that romance the more convinced he became that she was coming for him—that very night. Little pulsations of excitement ran through his heart and terminated in his throat.

Jay really wanted to sit up until she came, or wait out in the lane to meet her; but he refused to let his suppositions carry him too far; so when nine o'clock came he went reluctantly to bed. However, before retiring he shaved off what stray fuzz he could discover on his face, and got his Sunday suit in readiness, should she come. She might know where his room was, and come and call him softly without disturbing any one else; for his room was downstairs on the end, and there was a door that opened out on a small porch which was built on the end of the house. It was easy, therefore, for him to go out of doors without disturbing any one.

By ten o'clock Jay had "s'posed" himself asleep. But he did not sleep soundly, for outside the very atmosphere was romantic, and no youth deeply in love can sleep soundly when such a fascinating atmosphere prevails.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was eleven o'clock. The moon was shedding her silvery rays in queenly splendor, and a tender breeze lent enchantment to the amorous June night. A light flashed around a curve half a mile away, and then a large automobile came purring down the road at a moderate speed. At the corner of the field, about a hundred yards from the gate, it stopped and then all was still. After a moment's hesitation a charming young woman stepped out of the car, and after modestly smoothing her dress with her hands, she walked down the road to the gate. At the gate she paused seemingly to gather courage to carry out what she had undertaken.

She opened the gate and walked slowly toward the house. The pleasant odor of the freshly dewed and growing cotton gave to the nocturnal atmosphere a tinge of youth and ambition. The whole visible world was one vast silhouette, the beauty of which no human art could rival. When the girl reached the spot where Jay had knelt behind the plowhandles, she paused again and looked upon the same scenery, save for the change of colors, that Jay had been attracted by that very afternoon. The moon was now shining. The atmosphere still contained that captivating touch of romance, and the lazy winds were still playing delicate and melodious love-tunes upon the foliage of the trees, here and there.

The young woman tilted her pretty chin a little, and, turning her lovely blue eyes toward the heavens, she seemed to offer a prayer for the youth she loved and to ask for divine guidance in his and her endeavor. Then she walked on toward the house. A few locks of her golden hair rested tenderly against her kissable cheek. Her dresses, with their harmonious colorings, blended splendidly with the moonlit fields, and as she walked she plucked a tender growing leaf here and there, and each leaf she plucked seemed to remind her of the fullness of her love.

The young woman approached the house noiselessly. Luckily she knew which room Jay occupied, so she walked lightly around to his window. She did not know whether to call him Jay or Mr. Crawford, but she finally decided that he would prefer her to call him Jay; so she called, in a soft, appealing voice, "Jay! Jay!"

At the first call Jay awoke and rose up in bed. Did she call him? Was it—could it be possible? His heart leaped to his throat. Every nerve in his body was tense. Again he heard his name. This time he was sure—sure that he had heard that sweet feminine voice before. He was convinced that she had come. As he sailed out of bed he unum-



bled excitedly, "O God, I thank thee!" Then he went to the window and peered outside. He could see her faintly, standing in the shadows of a tree. "I'm coming. Just wait; I'm coming as soon as I can get my clothes on," he answered her in a low and unsteady voice. "It's lucky (oh, gee!) that I shaved and put my Sunday duds out where I could get hold of 'em," he whispered to himself as he felt for his best clothes. He was excited and terribly confused, yet he managed to get into his clothes in some sort of way, and taking his collar and tie in his hand he eased out of the door. "I'm coming. Where are you?" He tried to say "dear," but it stuck in his mouth.

She stepped gracefully into the light. Her face was beautiful, her dress superb, and her voice was sweet and smooth. "Oh, Jay," she exclaimed softly, "I want to borrow a couple of gallons of gasoline, please. This is Mrs. Frank Barber, you know. I hate that I had to bother you, but our gasoline gave out just at the corner of the field, and dear old Frank is out there in the car waiting now."

## WHEN LOVERS QUARREL

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GENE.

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There stands a tree, a lonely tree,  
All rough and gnarly-hearted;  
And there a bench, an empty bench,  
Where late two lovers parted.

The secret they in silence hold  
Is hid from you and me;  
Nor tree nor bench has ever told,  
Nor will they tell, you see.

But I can guess, I must confess,  
That soon the time will be  
When those fond lovers will caress  
Again most tenderly.

For o'er the world in every land  
You find 'tis much the same:  
Wherever Cupid has a hand,  
The fusses help the game.

## THE WAR AND LITERATURE\*

CAREY J. HUNTER, JR.

*Class of '16.*

Among other arguments advanced in recent months by our fervid apostles of peace at any price, the statement is often heard that war is disastrous in its effect upon literature. It is pointed out that literary production is interrupted during the course of a war, that the national mind is distracted and deranged, that men of letters are often compelled to endanger their lives in military service. Our professional pacifiers, inspired by judicious sips of grape juice, then proceed to decry war as a reversion to barbarism, as the end of all the arts, as death to literature.

In spite of the widespread acceptance of this point of view, I am led to question its correctness, for it seems manifest that war, with all its hardships and sorrows, is a great source of stimulation to national literature. The unsheathed sword of Mars may strike terror to the heart of the tired business man, may harass and depress the laborer, may demolish the little world of the man of fashion; but before the gaze of the man of letters his mighty brand flashes with refulgent splendor. Frightful of visage the war-god may be, formidable in bulk and fearful in execution; but from out his eyes gleams the light of inspiration, and his breath is the breath of poetry.

War and literature are indeed closely related, for each is a strong manifestation of national spirit and highly developed national individuality. A great nation struggles to express itself, and whether it finds self-expression in the tempest of warfare or in the still, small voice of literature, the inspiring stimulus is much the same. Intensity of

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\*Mr. Hunter won the A. D. Ward Medal upon his delivery of this oration as his Senior address last commencement.

national consciousness is essential to the production of a great literature, and it is this same patriotic genius of a people which impels men to protect at all hazards a country's welfare, and battle to the death for a country's grandeur.

It is a mistake to suppose that literature is cosmopolitan in concern; no institution could be more national. It is true that the sciences, expressed in universally familiar formulas and figures, and concerned with principles which are monotonously similar in Petrograd and Stratford-on-Avon, may be said to exist in a lofty but chilly region above national landmarks and limitations; but literature, expressed in the indigenous medium of language and absorbed in the study of the temperament and soul of a nation—literature must live, flourish, decay and perish with the changing fortunes of its native land. After centuries had developed and diversified the English character, endowing it with strength and weaknesses and aspirations altogether unlike those which motivated the Frenchman or the Spaniard, and after centuries had enriched the English language with a wealth of idiom culled from English lullabies and prayers and curses and sermons, the age was ripe for Shakespeare, and when he came his chief glory was the English tongue, and all his characters, whether their costumes were Roman or Bohemian, bore the national impress of England. So it must ever be.

"The spirit of literature," says Henry Dwight Sedgwick, "finds its home in its native place. Literature must strike its roots into its native soil, and spread its branches to its native sunshine and its native breezes, or it will die. It is passionately patriotic, for it lives only in its native speech; . . . it would droop, decay, and become of no more moral comfort to men than mathematics, if it were to become cosmopolitan, or indifferent to national existence."

With this conception of literature drawing its breath of life from national spirit, flushing into brilliance with national

victory, and bleeding to death with national defeat, it may be understood that those nations which have erected powerful empires by heroic arms have ever been the creators of classic literature. Athens, in her brief hour of military glory, bred Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; Rome, become mighty through conquest, produced Vergil, Horace, Cicero, and entered upon her golden age of letters; England, in "that fair dawn" when English victories intoxicated the great Elizabethans, gave the world Shakespeare, Spenser, Hooker, and Bacon; France, strengthened into *le grand nation* in the reign of Louis XIV, bore her fine fruition in Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine. A noble harvest—sprung into flower from the dragon's teeth of warfare, watered with the blood of heroes, and ripened by the winds of national glory!

From such a spectacle let the pacifist turn to a contemplation of his ideal, China, the most pacific of nations, and let him search—in vain—for her contributions to the universal library.

But war is not only a keen stimulus to national literature; it has through all the ages been one of the inspiring motives, one of the dominant themes, upon which the masters have reared their edifices of song and story. Says James Lane Allen: "The three greatest motives in all human art have been religion, love, and war." Pluck the war-motive from world-literature, and you eliminate the noblest and best handed down from the past. We should lose the epics of Homer and the plays of the Greek dramatists, since these were based almost entirely on the story of Troy. We should be deprived of the "Æneid" of Vergil, for did not that masterpiece of Roman letters celebrate "arms and the man"? We should have to forego the "Song of Roland," "Beowulf," and the cycle of stories which the Middle Ages founded upon King Arthur and his Table Round. We should have to

cancel the plays of Shakespeare, the epic of Milton, countless ballads and songs, tales and romances—Scott, Cooper, Dumas, Hugo, Gogol—for throughout the literature which we prize, has run, like the *leit-motif* of a German opera, the recurrent theme of war.

Why is this true? Because literature seeks to portray the greatness of the human spirit, and the grim ordeal of war never fails to discover in humanity untold resources of heroism, fortitude, patriotism, patience, mercy, self-denial, and love.

Then, let us not be disheartened at the spectacle of a world engulfed in war. You have already heard that the present upheaval may endow Europe with a new civilization and a new national life. Let it be added that such a war may endow the world with a new literature. A renascent France may produce another Hugo; a reformed Germany may inspire a second Goethe; a rejuvenated England may find her reward in the Shakespeare of the twentieth century.

TO A GOOD EAR OF GRAIN IN THE SHUCK

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B. V. D.

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O blest be now the goodly ear  
That hangs in yellow mail!  
Let's bless it with a brag o' beer,  
And stow it free of hail.

Let's bless it, though a varlet's gain,  
Let's bless the golden show;  
Let's bless the white and scarlet grain,  
For blessings we do owe.

O blest be now the goodly ear  
That hangs in yellow mail!  
Let's bless it with a brag o' beer,  
And stow it free of hail.

## LIBRARY LORE

ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN

*Librarian.*

"We may sit in our library and yet be in all quarters of the earth. We may travel round the world with Captain Cook or Darwin, with Kingsley or Ruskin, who will show us much more, perhaps, than ever we should see for ourselves. The world itself has no limits for us; Humboldt and Herschel will carry us far away to the mysterious nebulae, far beyond the sun and even the stars; time has no more bounds than space; history stretches out behind us, and geology will carry us back for millions of years before the creation of man, even to the origin of the material universe itself. We are not limited even to one plane of thought. Aristotle and Plato will transport us into a sphere none the less delightful because it requires some training to appreciate it. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth. \* \* \* "

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Each fall, for eighty-two years, Wake Forest has rejoiced at the advent of the college students. The heart of the village warms and her pulses beat quicker as the mellow peal of the old bell sounds on the air. Everywhere there are glad reunions—at the railroad station, on street corners, friend greets friend. Even the ancient elms on the campus seem conscious of the influx of new life, and wave green banners of welcome. In this general chorus it is our privilege to join. Our library force takes this opportunity for inviting you, students of Wake Forest College, to "Heck Hall"—in other words, to the College Library. We earnestly desire to be of service to you, and hope that you will not hesitate to let us help you.

The reading-room will be open the larger part of every day (except Saturday and Sunday), and from 7 to 8:30 at night. Here you will find many of the leading metropolitan dailies, numerous State and county papers, and the best known



monthlies and weeklies of this and other countries. In the reading-room are kept, also, the standard reference books, and on certain designated shelves material for debaters in the literary societies.

The stockroom is not open to the student body. As yet the open-shelf system is not advisable. But by applying to the librarian any man may procure any book on the shelves.

Our staff of assistants for the year is as follows: Mr. D. E. Buckner will have charge of the periodicals in the reading-room. Mr. W. H. Paschal will be at the charging desk from 3:30 to 4:30 each afternoon. Mr. George Quillin will accession books and collect material for bibliographies. Mr. J. M. Hayes will copy catalogue cards. Mr. J. B. Rucker will have charge of the desk during the evening. Mr. H. E. Olive will be responsible for the care of the books in the stacks.

We have many plans for the session of 1916-17. For one thing, we hope to give some definite training in the use of reference books and of the card catalogue. Some writer has said: "If one could have something of library training before going to college, he could do the college course with perhaps one-third less effort, because of having learned to use books." A little later on it may be that we can issue a "Library Handbook" containing some helpful suggestions for our college men.

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May we urge every student to sign a library card? It will prove an interesting record of the books read during the year.

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In recent years there has been a decided change in methods of teaching in colleges. Professors no longer hold to one text-book, but refer their classes to many books. Hence the growing demand for reserve shelves in college libraries.

Some notable contributions to the summer issues of the magazines were: "War Letters of an American Woman," Outlook for August 2 and 9; "Lost City of the Andes," Century, July; "Kalaupapa, the Leper Settlement on Molo-kai," Scribner's, July; "Labor Forces of the Alaska Coast," Survey, July 1; "Crusaders of Today," Outlook, June 28; "Magic of Motion Study," World's Work, July.

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Within the last year, Lippincott's was changed to Mc-Bride's, and this in turn was taken over by Scribner's. Harper's Weekly has been consolidated with the Independent.

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Two books published during the summer months were, "Society and Prisons," by Thomas Mott Osborne; "What is Coming," by H. G. Wells.

# The Wake Forest Student

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No. 1

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

**Salutation** Hail! At this eleventh hour THE STUDENT wishes to bear to all a word of greeting. To the new men, we bid you a cordial welcome into our midst, and we congratulate you on your choice of Wake Forest as your college. We trust that you may find your new environment agreeable, and your initiation into collegiate life entirely pleasant. To the old men, it is good to see your faces again, wearing the coat of tan that bespeaks

a summer spent in pastoral peregrination as yokel or life-saver or lumberjack or propagator of Shannon or hawker of pots and pans, or what not. To all, a hearty welcome back to the campus.

And now we are gathered here, a goodly number, bent upon the serious business of self-enlargement and self-improvement. With initial formalities over, the distractions of class political campaigning past, and our courses chosen and well begun, let us go into our duties with zest and spirit, and write a record of high achievement on the page of 1916-17.

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**Invocation to the Muses** Impelled by motives baser, perhaps, than the ambition of following ancient custom, the editors beg to register at the outset the time-honored entreaty to the literati of the campus, to swell the editorial barns of THE STUDENT with their literary fruitage. The pages of this magazine are open to novelettes, short stories, sketches, essays, dramas, ballads, lyrics—in short, to all manner of writings (save only *vers libre*)—which will be impartially judged and selected, and published under true name, initials, or pseudonym, at the writer's choice. We especially wish for gentlemen who are of literary turn to employ the time and energy needful to producing contributions of genuine merit: essays on unhackneyed themes showing careful investigation and painstaking development; stories of emotional strength and balanced movements, and of original treatment if not of original plots; verse bearing the marks of studious construction, line by line, as well as of "inspiration." For we must not let THE STUDENT degenerate to a level of mediocrity. Her salvation rests with the contributors as much as with the editors. And to them we express our great desire that they may work with the staff to keep the literary department of the magazine well up to the high standard that it has long held.

**Of Interest to High Schools** Readers of the *Old Gold and Black* who also peruse these pages will pardon us for here reprinting the following news story and editorial, taken from the issue of that paper for September 16. The subject treated is of interest to many subscribers to THE STUDENT who may not see *Old Gold and Black*, and we publish the extracts in the hope they may be thus brought to the attention of such subscribers.

#### WAKE FOREST TO HOLD STATE HIGH SCHOOL DECLAIMERS' CONTEST

The Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, realizing the need of a feeder, are now preparing for a State High School Declaimers' Contest to be held here during next April, to which each accredited high school in the State is to send a representative to compete for a first prize, consisting of a \$50 scholarship in the college and a handsome gold medal bearing the emblems of both societies, and a second prize, in the form of a gold pin, which will also bear the society emblems.

This contest is expected to be the means of getting a number of the best speakers from the various high schools of the State to enter college here, and thus come into the literary societies. For a number of years the University, Elon, Catawba, Lenoir, and Trinity have been holding similar contests and in this manner gathering the good speakers from the graduating classes of the high schools. Wake Forest has been slow in realizing the need of such a contest, and it is due to the efforts of Mr. A. Clayton Reid that the present movement is on foot.

Accordingly, the following resolution was drawn up and passed by both societies:

Whereas, the various high schools throughout the State should be brought into closer touch with the work of the literary societies of Wake Forest College; and whereas, no arrangement has been made to promote such interests, be it

*Resolved*, That,

(1) The Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies, in cooperation with the College, hold an annual Declamation Contest at Wake Forest College.

(2) Each accredited secondary school in North Carolina shall be invited to send one representative to the above mentioned contest.

(3) The societies shall furnish entertainment for the contestants.

(4) The contest shall be held about April 1st, the exact date to be determined later.

(5) To the best speaker the College agrees to give a scholarship, said scholarship to be nontransferable and good only if used within three years from the date of contest.

(6) To the best speaker the literary societies agree to give a gold medal, bearing the emblems of both societies, and costing not more than \$12.50.

(7) As a second prize, the societies agree to give a pin, bearing the emblems of both societies, and costing not more than \$5.

The committee of arrangements, composed of J. H. Highsmith, chairman; A. C. Reid, Eu. secretary; P. S. Daniels, Phi. secretary; W. B. Gladney, Spurgeon Spurling, E. D. Banks, and P. D. Croom, is corresponding with the superintendents of the various high schools, urging them to send representatives to the contest. This committee is also corresponding with the other colleges that have similar contests, in order that the date set may not conflict with the dates of the other contests. A leaflet containing the above resolutions and other minor terms is being sent out in the hope that all schools may be prevailed upon to send declaimers here.

This contest should appeal to the entire State, as the prizes offered are by far more attractive than any given by the other colleges or the University of North Carolina. This, coupled with the fact that the representatives are to receive free entertainment while on the Hill, should bring a large number of students from all sections of the State, and should make this, the first contest, a great success.

R. R. M.

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**A New Enterprise**      Elsewhere in this issue appears an account of the State High School Declamation Contest which is to be conducted here annually under auspices of the Euzelian and Philonathesian Societies, the opening contest to be held next April. This is an enterprise that should abound in benefits both to the high schools that participate and to the College. The conduct of the adopted plan entails a preliminary contest in each school that sends a representative, for selecting the ablest declaimer, which in itself will be an occasion for forensic exercise, with an attractive reward as inducement to especial effort on the part of the candidates. For the College, the scheme means the gathering here on the campus each spring of a number of choice high school students, where they

can obtain a first-hand view of the College, its facilities and its work, and where they must catch the inevitable lure of the Wake Forest spirit. And not only upon these representatives will the attractions of our campus life act, but through them also upon their schoolfellows. All of which should be a potent factor in enlarging the number of our coming students.

This is indeed an enterprise of which we may be proud. And let us be reminded meanwhile that its successful outcome rests upon the support of the students in general as well as upon the work of the committee in charge. As for the gentlemen of that committee, under the leadership of Chairman Professor J. H. Highsmith and Secretaries A. C. Reid and P. S. Daniel, they are already in communication with all the high schools of the State regarding the project, and we may rely on them to do their utmost. It remains for the rest of us students to add our support by stimulating an interest in the propaganda at the preparatory schools from which we come, and to which some of us may go as teachers. All of us have acquaintances now in school at home whom we may persuade by an encouraging word to avail themselves of the opportunity which the contest offers. The editors cannot be too earnest in their plea to each student here to feel the individual responsibility, as a member of the College and of one of her societies, of lending his share of effort towards bringing the initial contest in April to a successful culmination.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

"Old man, we expected to see you back!"

"Freshman, you are of the right sort! Welcome to our body!"

A brief summary of the 1916 commencement exercises will not be amiss at this point. The date was changed from May 17-19 to May 14-16, to avoid a conflict with the Southern Baptist Convention which met in Asheville the week of the former date.

President Poteat opened the exercises on Sunday morning with the baccalaureate address. Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., of Brookline, Mass., preached the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday evening.

The class-day exercises were held on the campus on Monday morning at 10 o'clock:

President—J. G. Booe.

Prophet—D. H. Ives.

Orator—R. F. Hough.

Poet—A. L. Denton.

Historian—C. C. Olive.

Statistician—R. C. Tatum.

Testator—D. R. Perry.

At 11:30 o'clock Dr. Gifford delivered the annual literary address.

The annual alumni address was delivered by Rev. Archibald Cunningham Cree, Class of 1898, of Moultrie, Georgia. He spoke of America's position in regard to the war.

The alumni meeting was held in Memorial Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The following officers were elected



for the coming year: Hon. T. J. Markham, of Elizabeth City, president; Dr. M. L. Kesler, of Thomasville, orator; Prof. H. A. Jones, of Wake Forest, secretary and treasurer. The election of officers was followed by a number of spirited and enthusiastic talks by various members which we hope will serve to bring the alumni in closer touch with their alma mater.

Following the alumni meeting, the annual Senior reception was given in the Society halls and gymnasium.

On Tuesday morning medals were presented by President Poteat, as follows:

*Awarded by the Philomathesian Society:*

Senior Orator's Medal—K. M. Yates.

Junior Orator's Medal—J. M. Hester.

Sophomore Debater's Medal—E. D. Banks.

Freshman Improvement Medal—L. R. Williford.

John E. White Orator's Medal—R. H. Taylor.

*Awarded by the Euzelian Society:*

Senior Orator's Medal—B. C. Ingram.

Junior Orator's Medal—J. B. Rucker.

Sophomore Debater's Medal—R. R. Mallard.

Freshman Improvement Medal—F. C. Feezor.

J. L. Allen Orator's Medal—A. C. Reid.

*Open to the General Student Body:*

Hubert A. Royster Scholarship and Athletic Medal—  
W. A. Harris.

The Student Essay Medal—R. S. Britton.

The Student Fiction Medal—R. R. Mallard.

*Pins Awarded to Intercollegiate Debaters:*

Wake Forest-Richmond Debate—R. H. Taylor, B. M. Boyd, I. L. Bennett, E. B. Cox, J. B. Rucker, and J. G. Booe.

State Peace Contest Medal—A. C. Reid.

At 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning Mr. Carey J. Hunter, Jr., of Raleigh, was awarded the A. D. Ward Medal.

President Poteat conferred one hundred and ten degrees, the largest number in the history of the College.

Honorary degrees were conferred as follows:

Doctor of Letters—John Leslie Hall, of Williamsburg, Virginia.

Doctor of Music—Albert Mildenburg, of Raleigh, N. C.

Doctor of Divinity—M. L. Kesler, of Thomasville, N. C., and T. J. Taylor, of Warrenton, N. C.

The members of the faculty report anything but an idle summer.

President Poteat spent a very strenuous summer. After commencement he made several addresses at various commencements of other schools, concluding with an address at the Medical College of Virginia. The following engagements were then met: Baptist Seaside Assembly, Wrightsville, two addresses, June 27 and 28; Young Men's Christian Association, Blue Ridge, three weeks course on "Christian Origins" and "Religious Education," beginning July 7; Summer School for Social Workers, Blue Ridge, course on "Eugenics and Sex Education," beginning August 1; Central Association, Bay Leaf, address, August 31.

Prof. J. Henry Highsmith, after making several commencement addresses following the close of the Wake Forest commencement, taught in the Summer School of the State Normal College, June 15-July 27. He also conducted institutes at Salisbury, August 7, and Cary, August 21.

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat's publication, "Select Letters of Cicero," has arrived from the publishers, Heath & Co., of New York, and will be used as a text-book in his Latin classes this session. He spent the summer with his family at Marion, N. C., and filled musical engagements at Wrightsville Beach, Virginia Beach, and Greenville, S. C.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd delivered a course of six lectures on "Southern Literature" at the Summer School of the University of North Carolina. He has also delivered addresses on European experiences and observations at Clayton, Oxford, Rocky Mount, Davidson College, and Trinity College. He also spent the latter part of his vacation at his old home in Virginia.

Dr. Needham Y. Gulley, the new Dean of Wake Forest College, conducted the regular summer session of the Law School, with the largest enrollment in the history of the department.

Prof. Edgar W. Timberlake, of the Department of Law, spent the summer at Waynesville, recuperating from his illness during the spring term. In the absence of Professor Timberlake, Mr. John G. Mills, of Wake Forest, assisted Dr. Gulley in the Summer Law School.

Dr. E. Walter Sikes, who resigned the professorship of Political Science to accept the presidency of Coker College, Hartsville, S. C., entered upon his new duties June 1 and moved his family to Hartsville early in July.

Prof. Hubert A. Jones attended the summer session of Columbia University.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell taught classes in Spanish, French, and German during the summer.

Prof. James L. Lake spent the summer in Virginia. Since returning, he has moved his family into Dr. Sikes' residence on Faculty Avenue.

Dr. W. R. Cullom attended the Baptist Student Missionary Conference at Ridgecrest, June 6-13, teaching a class and delivering an address. He spent the remainder of the summer supplying as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Dunn.

Dr. Wilbur C. Smith resigned as professor of Anatomy to accept a position in the Department of Anatomy in Tulane University.

Dr. Roswell E. Flack resigned his position in the Medical Department to accept a position in Dr. Von Ruck's Tuberculosis Hospital in Asheville.

Associate Professor Roger P. McCutcheon was granted a year's leave of absence, and is now pursuing his studies in Harvard University.

Associate Professor C. D. Johns, who resigned his position in the History Department, has accepted the professorship of History in Richmond College.

Dr. George Alfred Aiken, who succeeds Dr. Smith as Professor of Anatomy, is a graduate of the University of Kansas. He has had several years experience in the hospital and is ably fitted for his work.

Dr. Eugene A. Case comes to us from the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. He is a graduate of the college and has held various positions, both there and in the hospitals of Philadelphia.

Dr. C. C. Pearson, who takes the chair of Political Science, is a graduate of both Richmond College and Yale University. He has, also, taught at Yale and Washington and Lee.

Mr. Elmer W. Sydnor, who takes the Associate Professorship of English and German, is an M.A. of Richmond College and Columbia University.

Mrs. Ethel T. Crittenden, the very efficient College Librarian, spent part of her vacation in Kingsport, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Walter D. Holliday, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, was married to Miss Salemma Bobbitt, of Forestville, on June 21.

The lecture committee of the College, of which Dr. W. R. Cullom is chairman, announces the following numbers which have already been secured: The Original Strollers Quartette; Morrow Brothers Quartette; Albert Edward Wiggam;

and Dr. William Lyon Phelps, Dean of the Department of English, Yale University, for six lectures in January. The committee considers itself fortunate in securing these engagements, and especially in securing Dr. Phelps, for he is a lecturer of international reputation.

Messrs. W. H. Deitrick ('16), L. A. Byrd ('16), R. C. Tatum ('16), K. M. Yates ('16), K. Casteen ('16), E. S. Thompson ('16), and B. M. Watkins ('15) have been on the Hill shaking hands with their friends. We are always glad to see the alumni drop in and show an interest in their alma mater.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Nowell report a pleasant and profitable vacation spent in their summer home at Ridgecrest.

Instructor W. T. Dotson taught classes in Mathematics at the College during the summer months.

A new course has been added to our already efficient and up-to-date Medical Department. This course includes a year's work in educational hygiene, and makes Wake Forest the pioneer college of the South in this particular study. It is due to the untiring efforts of Dr. W. T. Carstarphen that this course has been added to the curriculum of Wake Forest College, and the institution is thereby placed under great and lasting obligation to him for thus placing her at the forefront of hygienic study in Southern institutions of learning.

*Old Gold and Black*, our weekly college paper, appeared the first week of school, and as usual was spiey and very readable, giving the true and unvarnished facts of college life. We wish for our valued contemporary a very successful year and earnestly solicit the coöperation of both students and alumni in its continued success.

Among the young ladies of the town attending the various colleges this fall are these: At Meredith: Misses Minnie

Mills, Elizabeth Royall, Louise Holding, Lois Dickson, and Virginia Gorrell; at Oxford: Misses Mary, Minnie, and Bessie Holding; at Coker: Miss Gladys Sledd; at Littleton: Miss Mary Allen.

Miss Louise Lanncau, who spent the last year at Cornell University, has again assumed her duties as teacher in Meredith College.

Miss Teresa Dew, of Georgia, on her way to Meredith College, spent a few days with Miss Elizabeth Royall.

Miss Leah Graves is teaching at Creedmoor this session.

The teachers in the Wake Forest Public School for this session are Misses Edna Earle Harris, Alice Harris Highfill, Margaret Gulley, and Mr. Carl H. Ragland.

Rev. Clarence D. Graves, the new pastor and chaplain of the College, is impressing both citizens and students with his deep and abiding sermons, which are full of faith and love.

Miss Anna Gill is teaching in North Wilkesboro this fall.

Although the political pot is still boiling, the majority of the elections have been held, with the following results:

*Senior Class:*

- President, R. K. White.
- Vice-President, C. G. Best.
- Secretary, G. E. Eddins.
- Prophet, L. H. Hobgood.
- Poet, B. M. Boyd.
- Historian, J. S. Brewer.
- Testator, G. H. Eaddy.
- Orator, J. O. Tally.

*Junior Class:*

- President, C. M. McCurry.
- Vice-President, J. C. Pace, Jr.

Secretary, T. C. McKnight.  
Treasurer, J. C. Joyner.  
Prophet, W. Privott.  
Poet, W. V. Savage, Jr.  
Historian, C. F. Harris.

*Sophomore Class:*

President, R. W. Warren.  
Vice-President, W. Hobbs.  
Secretary, R. Liles.  
Treasurer, J. M. Edwards.  
Prophet, S. Hadley.  
Poet, F. W. Speight.  
Historian, R. G. Wallace.

*Law Class:*

President, E. C. James.  
Vice-President, W. E. Jordan.  
Secretary and Treasurer, C. E. Brewer.  
Poet, A. H. Casey.  
Clerk of Moot Court, J. G. Bowers.  
Solicitor of Moot Court, R. E. Taylor.  
Sheriff of Moot Court, A. C. Payne.

*Ministerial Class:*

President, J. M. Hester.  
Vice-President, E. C. Denton.  
Secretary, E. J. Trueblood.  
Treasurer, L. L. Johnson.  
Prophet, G. H. Eaddy.  
Poet, C. C. Burris.  
Historian, H. I. Hester.

*Athletic Association:*

President, F. S. Hutchins.  
Vice-President, W. T. Foreman.  
Secretary, D. E. Buckner.

It is with gratification and pleasure that the student body learns of the appointment of Dr. H. M. Poteat to the Faculty Athletic Committee. Dr. Poteat has always been a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of athletics. With Dr. Pasehal and Director Crozier as the other members of the committee, athletics is assured of efficient management.

On Monday, September 18th, the committee composed of Fred. S. Hutehins, chairman, Burgin Pennell, C. C. Jones, J. A. Ward, and J. D. Humber, which was appointed by Mr. White, president of the Senior Class, to recommend a Senate committee to the student body, made the following report:

Chairman, W. A. Harris.

Senior members: Tom Watson, Carroll Wall, Hubert Olive, L. W. Chappelle, W. B. Jones, C. W. Parker.

Junior members: C. C. Jones, Carey Harris.

Sophomore member: R. E. Taylor.

The student body unanimously adopted the committee's report.

This Senate committee will have charge of the conduct of Freshmen, and will regulate and do all in its power to suppress hazing. This committee is composed of representative members of the student body, and will fulfill the duties of their exalted position with fairness to all.

The enrollment has reached a grand total of 451, from eighty-five counties, nine States, and two foreign countries.

The student body of Wake Forest College possesses men of ability, and we expect you to rally around *THE STUDENT*, contributing to its columns and making this the very best year in the history of the publication. Will you fail us?



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

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WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

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## Literary Societies

On September 9th the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies met in their first sessions of the year. The outlook is one of the brightest in their history, for there are many prospective members who come to college with a reputation as good speakers, and it is understood that some time in the near future Society Halls are to be enlarged.

Friday, September 22d, is the date set for the admission of new members, and on that evening throngs of Freshmen are to be taken into the arms of "Father Phi." and "Mother Eu." and invited to give their zeal and support for the betterment of their newly adopted parents.

You new members, you can do nothing better than to take an active interest in the work, for, if we accept the word of many prominent alumni, society work plays one of the most important parts in our college career.

## Law Classes

The Law classes have started this year with a will, in spite of the absence of Professor Timberlake, whom we all miss greatly and to whom our heartiest sympathies are extended. That he may soon recover his health is the prayer breathed by all who come in contact with his winning personality and kindly ways. Our Dean, Doctor Gulley, has assumed part of Professor Timberlake's work and will conduct the first four classes until an assistant can be provided.

The Law Class election resulted in Mr. E. C. James' being chosen president, A. Aronson, associate justice, and A. D. Payne, sheriff.

At 7 o'clock Friday, September 8th, the voice of Sheriff Payne was heard, calling the lawyers to Moot Court. A robbery case, *State v. Davis*, was tried. Prosecuting attorneys were Pennell, J. B., and Taylor, R. E.; attorneys for defense, James, E. C., and Bowen, D. The case was hotly contested and resulted in the jury's disagreeing. His Honor, Justice Aronson, discharged the jury and placed the defendant under fifty-dollar bond for his appearance at next term of court.

#### Y. M. C. A.

At the time this issue goes to press the Y. M. C. A. announces that its initial meeting will be held on the evening of September 18th. It is the plan and intention of the officers to make the present year most effective in the way of bringing the students into closer organization. To each and every Freshman the committee extends a hearty welcome and is solicitous of their close affiliation with the organization. Their support, along with the support of the upper classmen, will determine the success or failure of the work to be done. Mr. J. M. Hayes, president, will be glad to give any information concerning the plans.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

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PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor    I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

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'02. Mr. Gilbert Thomas Stephenson, who took his B.A. degree at Wake Forest in 1902 and his M.A. in 1904, has contributed an interesting article to the Democratic Handbook of North Carolina, in which he makes an appeal to the young men of this time, who are just entering into politics.

'96. On September 9th, Hon. John H. Kerr, a member of the class of 1896, won over Judge Francis D. Winston of Bertie County in the primary for the Democratic nomination for judge in the Third District. He received a majority of the votes in all but one county. He has been solicitor in what is now the Third Judicial District for ten years. On the occasion of the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Wake Forest Law School he delivered an able address on "The Lawyer and His Public Responsibility."

'03. Mr. James Royall, a son of Dr. W. B. Royall, has received the Democratic nomination for State Senator from Grant County, New Mexico, and has also been acting as temporary chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county. In addition to his political interests, he has acquired a good law practice, all within the space of three years.

Mr. H. L. Koontz, of Greensboro, N. C., principal of the Asheboro Street School, was president of the Tar Heel Club at Columbia University this past summer. There was quite a number of Wake Forest men in attendance at the summer session there.

Mr. L. B. Olive is principal of the Dell School, Sampson County, North Carolina.

'16. Mr. E. P. Whitley, the efficient business manager of THE STUDENT last year, is now a traveling representative of the Southern Supply Company, with headquarters at Raleigh. His concern is one that does a large business in school supplies.

'12. Rev. J. Marcus Kester has accepted the call of the First Baptist Church of Wilson and is to begin his work there the first of October. The *Biblical Recorder* has the following to say of him: "To a strategic field goes a strong young man upon the threshold of what promises to be a highly useful career."

The many friends of Mr. Roland Pruette will be pleased to learn of the announcement of his marriage to Miss Hancock, of Oxford, N. C. Mr. Pruette is successfully located at Wadesboro, in the practice of the law. Miss Hancock is a member of an old and prominent North Carolina family.

'16. Mr. B. C. Ingram is teaching in Churchland High School, Davidson County, and is also doing some church work.

'15. Mr. G. H. Ferguson was one of the Wake Forest men who attended the Summer School at Columbia University. He is now located at Aulander, N. C., where he holds the position of superintendent of the graded schools.

'96. Mr. Thomas H. Briggs is a member of the faculty of the Teachers' College in Columbia University. The past year he has been engaged in research work. He has been extended an invitation to address the coming North Carolina Teachers' Assembly in December.

Mr. Frank Smethurst has been doing some excellent reportorial work for the *News and Observer*, descriptive of the life at Camp Glenn.

Mr. Paul E. Hubbell returned home this summer from Egypt, where he was engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work. He reports many interesting experiences.

'14. Another recent graduate engaged in journalism is Clive E. Chambliss. Commenting on his work the *Biblical Recorder* says: "Mr. C. E. Chambliss is on the staff of the *High Point Enterprise* and is doing good work. That he has rare journalistic ability was shown during his stay at Wake Forest, when he was a valued correspondent of the daily papers."

Mr. N. E. Wright, formerly principal at New London, is now connected with the Bunn High School, Franklin County.

Mr. L. T. Vaughn is enjoying a lucrative law practice at Nashville, N. C. For some time he was chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of his county and also solicitor of the recorder's court.

'92. Dr. Irving Hardesty, head of the Department of Anatomy at Tulane University, New Orleans, spent the summer visiting relatives in and around Clayton. One of the Mayo brothers, famous surgeons of Rochester, Minn., is quoted as saying a short time ago that he considered Dr. Hardesty one of the greatest anatomists in the world.

'07. Dr. J. B. Turner, B.A. Wake Forest '07, Th.D. Louisville Seminary, 1916, is pastor at Beaufort, S. C.

'14. Mr. M. D. Phillips attended the Summer Session of the University of Chicago. He is professor of mathematics in the Elizabeth City High School.

The following alumni attended the Summer School of Columbia University: W. R. Chambers, class of '13, principal at Biltmore; John Cheek, class of '12, principal at Liberty-Piedmont; M. H. Huggins, class of '13, principal at Clayton; A. B. Coombs, class of '12, principal at Bryson City; G. Ferguson, class of '15, principal at Aulander; H. A. Jones, class of '08, in the Department of Mathematics, Wake Forest College; W. G. Privette, class of '12, superintendent of Beaufort County schools.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

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I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

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## Football

The call for football candidates has been issued and answered by about thirty-five men, and after some light preliminary work the training season is well under way. It is impossible to predict the chances for a winning team at this stage, for the real practice that determines what is in a man has not begun. Although the material is not as abundant and experienced as in previous years, there is no reason for despondency. Several of last year's players have reported for practice and can be expected to fill their old places, while among the Freshmen there are some promising candidates.

There has been a change in the coaching department this year. Dr. W. C. Smith, who rendered us valuable service for two years, has been succeeded by that well known and popular athlete, "Mig" Billings. The rôle of coach is not a new one to him, as he had charge of the baseball team during the spring of 1916 and has managed semiprofessional teams, with all of which his success has been marked. He inspires his men with respect and confidence and instills into them that fighting spirit that has been characteristic of his past performances on the athletic field. His football experience and knowledge add to his competency for the position. Billings will be assisted by "Nasty" Howell, the old Davidson star and a man of known ability when it comes to tactics and strategy in line manœuvres. He will direct his attention principally to rounding the line into shape.

At present the indications point to a well-balanced line, though the absence of Bill Holding at end, Moore, Blackmon,

and Howell at tackle, and Carter at center will be felt, and the problem of filling their places will be difficult. Each of these men made a record that went far beyond the campus of Wake Forest. Remaining to fill the shoes of these players are McKnight, tackle; Olive, a guard and also a good tackle; Langston, a center; Jordan, end; and Shaw, tackle. It was good news to hear that speedy Will Harris was returning to Wake Forest, for at end he was always a source of danger to the opposing team. To fill the place made vacant by Bill Holding, the captor of the forward pass upon any and all occasions, Jordan will probably be selected. Hard luck in the way of injuries prevented him from making his "W" last year. Others showing up well at present for line positions are Coble, Blizzard, Tatum, and Shaw, all new men who have played high school football. The backfield will depend upon speed and the weight of Charlie Parker for its effectiveness. Fullback will be well taken care of by Captain Parker, while the halfbacks will probably be picked from Pace, Tichnor, and Watkins. Champion, of Raleigh High School fame, seems to have first call for quarterback, and should make us a good man.

With an even break of luck, the record of the coming fall should be a fair one, although the team will seriously miss the support of its past leaders, and in this respect will be handicapped to a certain degree.

Unfortunately, but unavoidably, the season opens against Carolina at Chapel Hill on September 30th, which means that the team must round into form in fast fashion in order to cope creditably with their opponents. This is the only game that will be played in the magnificent new stadium at Chapel Hill this fall. A. and M. will be met this year in Raleigh on Fair Week, and the game should prove an attraction. Mercer University will be played on Thanksgiving at Greensboro, instead of Davidson at Charlotte. As this is

written the schedule is not complete, but pending negotiations with two colleges may result in the addition of another game.

THE SCHEDULE:

September	30.	Carolina at Chapel Hill.
October	7.	Guilford at Wake Forest.
October	19.	A. and M. at Raleigh.
October	28.	Open.
November	4.	University of South Carolina at Columbia.
November	11.	V. P. I. at Blacksburg.
November	18.	Wofford at Wake Forest.
November	30.	Mercer University at Greensboro.

Track

While football with its raucous material is looming up, there is yet another branch of college athletics that deserves mention. For a number of years track at Wake Forest has been considered rather a minor function, and has been more the subject of criticism than of encouragement. Some one has truthfully said, "It's a long lane that has no turning." A few days ago a call for track candidates was issued, and from the appearance of those who answered it may be confidently predicted that 1917 will mark the epoch of that turning.

Of last year's team, "Bill" Harris, the star winner and one of the fastest men Wake Forest has ever owned, will be seen again on the 100-yard dash, both high and broad jumps, assisted on the high jump by Savage, who made an excellent showing last year, and on the broad jump by Herring, who won his letter in his first meet, and who is also very good in the shot-put and hammer-throw. Captain Jordan is with the



team for his third successive year, and, judging from his past experience, he will advance the State record on the quarter-mile next spring. Manager Warren, who was snatched from the team last year at a crucial hour by an attack of appendicitis, is back on the job and is expected to hold his own on the pole vault. Thompson, who has been with the team the past two years, assisted by McKaughan, a letter man of last year, will fill the absence of "Sky" Powell on the hurdles. Childress and Wharton may be counted on in the 2-mile, where two places were made vacant by McLendon and Shields, who failed to return. Manager Daniels of last year's team will be back on the mile, while Dowell and Haynes will take care of the half; and "Hank" Langston, who is now with the football squad, will handle the shot and hammer. Among last year's men who made marked strides of improvement are Britton, Blankenship, Smith, Paden, Blalock, Foreman, Tomlinson, Stephens, Russ, Smithson, Pasehal, Goodwin, Neal, Fleetwood, and Burris.

To these men, together with the new material, our appeal is: "*Fellows and Freshmen!* In time of peace prepare for war," so that next spring Track may experience a new birth and make its debut as a winning and leading factor in Wake Forest athletics.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

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We look forward with pleasure to the reappearance in our library of the publications of our sister colleges, and we invite all our friends to coöperate with us in a year of mutual helpfulness. The prime reason for the existence of an exchange department in college magazines is the fact that it helps attain the perfection for which every publication must strive. It affords this help not only by bringing about an exchange of ideas, but also by furnishing a medium through which beneficial criticisms may be transmitted from one magazine to another. Often one free from the great college zeal which must necessarily bias editors towards their own publications is able, because of his impersonal point of view, to perceive mistakes invisible to those who are nearer at hand. Thus the main function of the exchange department is to criticize, and not flatter. Our criticisms will all be made in the most friendly spirit, and will be clear, concise, and true expressions of our opinion. We will concern ourselves more with the demerits than the merits of our kindred magazines; but, realizing that one can easily speak too disparagingly of another's work, we will take pains to award praise whenever, in our opinion, praise is due.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

Professor Sydnor: Mr. Lyles, what are the three orders in German?

B. S. Lyles (after some confusion): Normal and abnormal!

✽

Modernized Apothegm: Young man, there is no jitney line to knowledge.

✽

A POULTRY LAY.

The yolk of the egg,  
I'm here to say,  
Is the poor hen's burden  
Day by day.

—Selected.

✽

New Definition: A teacher is a splinter in the board of education.

✽

Wanted to Know—Why, on Monday, September 11th, a newish asked Kelly White if he was running a cigar counter in his room.

✽

O FRESHMAN!

O Freshman, 'tis to thee,  
Sweet personality,  
To thee we yell.  
Newish, stay in your fold,  
At night be not too bold;  
Your blood may soon run cold—  
Scoot to your cell!

When off to school you start,  
Your knowledge you impart  
To all you see.  
From Wonderland you come,  
Where you have made things hum;  
Then you were going some,  
All gay and free.

We wish you well, old scout;  
 But listen: Do not shout  
 Or stroll at night.  
 Behind each bush and tree  
 Those bloody Sophs. you see;  
 So take this tip from me:  
 Stay out of sight.

WOOD PRIVOTT.

✽

Home-sick Newish: I know I'm going to get my articulation money back and go home; yes, I am!

✽

Lest we forget: (1) That "Hook" Parker, Dean of the School of Hoboes, rode the passenger train to Raleigh on Tuesday, September 12th (having bought a ticket).

(2) That Zony Hobbs, in the interest of his memorable campaign for vice-presidency of Sophomore Class, gave Newish Butler an El Toro.

✽

Dr. H. Poteat: Mr. Carroll, kindly tell Mr. Heafner what "anthropomorphic" means.

"Dean" Carroll: Doctor, he ought to know for himself.

✽

Wagg: Take your hat off, newish, for fear you'll bake your brains!

Wlitt: No danger; the newish protects his brains with rubber heels.

✽

THE TITLE OF THIS VERSE WAS CENSORED.

Downtown you walk to loaf and talk,  
 And maybe smoke a cig.,  
 And feel some glee, perhaps, to see  
 A newish dance a jig.

Quite hard you've worked and haven't shirked  
 A single class this week;  
 And so once more to the drug store  
 You go some rest to seek.

Alas! before you reach the door  
An agent captures you,  
And talking so you just don't know  
What in the world to do:

"I know, old guy, you want to buy  
A suit of clothes from me;  
Our special man now surely can  
Fit you up to a 'T.'

"We have the price, our goods are nice,  
Exactly what they'll wear.  
If they don't fit, don't pay a bit;  
Now tell me, ain't that fair?"

"You want to pay—well, I should say  
Some over twenty-five.  
Here is a piece that holds a crease  
And always looks alive."

The good Lord knows you want no clothes,  
But still they talk in haste;  
And ere you say you cannot pay,  
The tape is round your waist.

You do your best to make protest,  
But all to no avail,  
They fill you full of gas and bull,  
And rid you of your kale.

They talk and praise and prices raise  
And everything confuse;  
And sell you one ere they are done,  
With style (and price) they choose.

Then from the door ere you buy more  
You make a frantic dive;  
You get outside with unharmed hide,  
And glad to be alive.

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXVI

November, 1916

No. 2

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## AUTUMN MUSINGS

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BASIL BOYD

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When grain is drying in the shock  
And maples wave their scarlet crests,  
When fields are white in harvest frock  
And birds have flown their summer nests,  
When frost has painted every tree  
And hills are veiled in golden haze—  
Then musing Fancy seizes me  
And bids me think upon *my* harvest days.

When brown leaves rustle in the air  
And ripened nuts to limbs loose cling,  
When woodlands all are bleak and bare  
And only plaintive robins sing,  
When chilling breezes sweep the lea  
And hearths with glowing embers blaze—  
Then musing Fancy seizes me  
And bids me think upon *my* harvest days.



## THE WITCHCRAFT OF NEW ENGLAND

CLARENCE F. SPAUGH

The witchcraft of early New England grew out of the witchcraft of Europe. Europe, in turn, adopted hers from Greece and Rome, and Greece and Rome, again, drew theirs from Chaldea and Persia. In Chaldea and Persia, the earliest practice of witchcraft seems to have amounted to the making of a waxen effigy of the person whom it was desired to injure, which figure was placed near flames with the supposition that, simultaneously as the wax melted, the body of the victim represented wasted away. From this crude beginning, witchcraft developed into its later and more elaborate forms, with the absurdities and horrors of which we are all more or less familiar.

Between 1450 and 1650, the mania of witchcraft ran high in Europe. During the seventeenth century the mania spread into the American Colonies, working its greatest mischief in Massachusetts. In that State, at Salem, in 1692, transpired the worst scandals that witchcraft brought about in America.

As early as 1680 a number of clergymen around Boston had begun to investigate the history of witchcraft in New England. A short time later, Increase Mather, in a book called "Illustrious Providences," described the nature of witchcraft. His son, Cotton Mather, desiring to study the subject experimentally, began to gather data for a book on "The Wonders of the Invisible World," a discussion of the "nature, number, and operations of the devils."

The witchcraft delusions of 1692 centered about Salem Village, now in the township of Danvers, but then a part of Salem Township. Ten girls, aged from nine to seventeen, two of them house servants, met during the winter of 1691-92 in the home of Samuel Parris, pastor of Salem village church, and after learning palmistry and various "magic"

tricks from Reverend Parris's West Indian slave, Tituba, and being influenced doubtless by current talk about witches, they accused Tituba and two old women of bewitching them. The excitement spread rapidly, many more were accused, and within four months hundreds were arrested, many of whom were tried before commissioners of oyer and terminer; nineteen were hanged, and one was pressed to death in September for refusing to plead when he was accused. All these trials were conducted in accordance with the English law of the time. There had been an execution for witchcraft at Charlestown in 1648; there was a case in Boston in 1655; in 1680 a woman in Newbury was condemned to death for witchcraft, but was reprieved by Governor Simon Bradstreet. The reaction came suddenly in Salem, and in May, 1693, Governor William Phips ordered the release from prison of all then held on the charge of witchcraft.

When Governor Phips came to Boston, in May, 1692, the jails were filled with persons accused of witchcraft, and on account of the fact that no meeting of the court could be held at this time, commissioners were appointed. This commission consisted of the ablest men of the colony; none stood higher in social scale, none in the colony were better qualified for the work of the bench.

A newly elected General Court convened in Boston on June 8th. The judges, before they began their trials, in accordance with a time-honored custom, united with the Governor and Council in requesting the opinion of the ministers of the churches in and around Boston on the momentous question then pending. The answer was written by Cotton Mather. This remarkable man, born in Boston, February 12, 1663, was a son of Rev. Increase Mather and Maria (Cotton) Mather. We have little record of his childhood. He received his early training in the free school of Boston. At the age of twelve he was far enough advanced in Greek and Latin to enter Harvard, where he graduated at sixteen. He

received his second degree before he was nineteen. At fourteen he had begun a system of prayer and fasting, and later he made a Christian profession and connected himself with the Congregational Church. In May, 1684, he was ordained as colleague pastor with his father in the North Church at Boston. He has been called the most remarkable man of his age in many respects; his talents were of high order; he had an extraordinary memory; he acquired knowledge easily, and learned languages almost without effort. Throughout his life his maxim was "to do all the good he could to all."

All during his life he was subject to ecstasies and visions, and had a firm belief in good and bad angels. On the fly-leaf of his diary for 1685 is given a full account of the vision of an angel who appeared to him, "sent by the Lord Jesus Christ to bear a clear answer to the prayers of a certain youth," and "declared that the faith of this youth should be to find full expression for what in him is best, and certain great works he should do for the church of Christ in the revolutions that are now at hand." In the year of his ordination he had published "Memorable Providences," dealing with witchcraft. It has been believed that he urged the execution of those accused of witchcraft in order to win a leading position in the State; but there can be no doubt that he was a firm believer in the reality of witchcraft.

His answer to the request of the court was a calm, judicious paper. After acknowledging the success which God had given to "the sedulous and assiduous endeavors of the rulers to defeat the abominable witchcrafts," he prayed that "the discovery of those mysterious and mischievous wickednesses might be perfected." He continues:

"We judge that, in the prosecution of these and all such witchcrafts there is need of a very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity for things received only upon the devil's authority, there be a door opened for a long train of miserable consequences, and Satan get an advantage over us; for we should not be ignorant of his devices.

"As in complaints upon witchcraft there may be matters of inquiry which do not amount unto matters of presumption, and there may be matters of presumption which yet may not be matters of conviction, so it is necessary that all proceedings thereabout be managed with an exceeding tenderness toward those that may be complained of, especially if they have been persons formerly of an unblemished reputation.

"When the first inquiry is made into the circumstances of such as may lie under the just suspicions of witchcrafts, we should wish that there may be admitted as little as possible of such noise, company and openness as may too hastily expose them that are examined, and that there may be nothing used as a test for the trial of the suspected, the lawfulness whereof may be doubted by the people of God, but that the directions given by such judicious writers as Perkins and Barnard, may be observed.

"Presumptions whereupon persons may be committed, and much more, convictions whereupon persons may be condemned as guilty of witchcrafts, ought certainly to be more considerable than barely the accused persons being represented by a spectre unto the afflicted, inasmuch as it is an undoubted and notorious thing, that a demon may by God's permission appear, even to ill purposes, in the shape of an innocent, yea, and a virtuous man. Nor can we esteem alterations made in the sufferers, by a look or touch of the accused, to be an infallible evidence of guilt, but frequently liable to be abused by the devil's legerdemain.

"We know not whether some remarkable affronts given the devils, by our disbelieving these testimonies whose whole force and strength is from them alone, may not put a period unto the progress of the dreadful calamity begun upon us, in the accusations of so many persons, whereof some, we hope, are yet clear from the great transgression laid to their charge.

"Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government, the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the laws of God and the wholesome statutes of the English nation for the detection of witchcrafts."

Unfortunately, the judges did not heed the cautions given in this letter. They were more blinded than the ministers. As Barrett Wendell says, it was "an honest warning of a danger in spite of which the court had no moral right to hesitate in the performance of its official duty."

Then came the trial of Martha Carrier, who was indicted

for the bewitching of certain persons. As was the custom, she pleaded not guilty of the indictment. Bewitched persons were brought in to testify. A considerable number not only made the court sensible of the horrid witchcraft committed upon them, but deposed that it was Martha Carrier, or her shape, that grievously tormented them. While she was upon examination before the magistrates, poor people were in torture and expected to be stricken with death upon the very spot, but when she was bound they were immediately eased.

Before the trial began children of the accused woman had frankly and fully confessed, not only that they were witches, but that their mother had made them so. They told of the time, place, and occasion of their meetings, and gave an account of journeys, meetings and mischiefs in which they had joined.

Allin Toothtaker relates: "Richard, son of Martha Carrier, when in some differences we had, pulled me down by the hair of the head, and when I arose and attempted to strike him, I fell flat upon my back and had no power to move hand or foot, until I told Carrier that I yielded; and then I saw the shape of Martha Carrier go off my breast." He tells of another time when he and Carrier were again at variance, when he heard Martha clap her hands and say, "You shall get nothing by it," and declare that he would lose some of his cattle. Accordingly, in a few hours some of his cattle began to die strange deaths, with no natural causes apparent.

A woman named Foster, after admitting her share in witchcraft, told of having seen these Carriers at their meetings, and said that it was Martha Carrier who had persuaded her to be a witch. She confessed that the devil had carried them on a pole to a witch meeting; that the pole had broken and left her hanging about Martha Carrier's neck; that they had both fallen to the ground, and the wound she received was at that time not yet fully healed.

Another woman, named Lacy, testifying to her share in witchcraft, alleged that she and Martha Carrier were both present once at a witch meeting in Salem Village, and that therefore she knew Martha to be a witch and to have taken a diabolical sacrament; that Martha was the undoing of her and her children, by enticing them into the snare of the devil.

During the time of Martha Carrier's trial, one Susanna Sheldon, in open court, had her hands unaccountably tied together with a wheel-band, so fast that, without cutting, they could not be loosed. It was done by a spectre; and the sufferer affirmed it was the spectre of Martha Carrier. Little wonder then that this rampant hag was the person of whom the confessions of the witches, and of her own children among the rest, all agreed, that the devil had promised her that she should be queen of Hell.

The case of Margaret Rule, said to be the last to occur in Massachusetts, came in 1693. Cotton Mather says: "It was upon the Lord's day, the 10th of September, in the year 1693, that Margaret Rule, after some hours of previous disturbance in the public assembly, fell into odd fits, which caused her friends to carry her home, where her fits grew in a few hours into a figure that satisfied the spectators of their being preternatural." He says further that the young woman was assaulted by eight cruel spectres. "These spectres brought unto her a book and demanded of her that she should set her hand to it or touch it at least with her hand, as a sign of becoming a servant of the devil. Upon her refusal to do what they asked, they did not renew their proffers of the book unto her, but fell to tormenting her 'in a manner too hellish to be sufficiently described.'" These afflictions of Margaret Rule continued through six weeks. "At last," says Mather, "being as it were, tired with their ineffectual attempts to mortify her, they furiously said, 'Well, you shan't be the last.' And after a pause they added, 'Go, and the devil

go with you, we can do no more,' whereupon they flew out of the room, and she, returning perfectly to herself, most affectionately gave thanks to God for her deliverance,"

Cotton Mather's position has been very much misunderstood and misinterpreted. He and his father, Increase Mather, were conservative in all matters relating to the witchcraft prosecutions. Cotton Mather has been charged repeatedly with "getting up" the delusion at Salem Village, with being "the chief agent of the business," and helping on throughout. On the contrary, he was not present at a single trial, and was at only one execution.

That Cotton Mather believed in witchcraft, is not the question. We know he did in the strongest manner, and that he wrote extensively in support of the doctrine. Nor is there any doubt that he believed in the admission of spectral evidences. But the question is, how far would he go in the prosecutions and how much credence would he give to this evidence? It seems plain from certain portions of some of his letters and writings that, while he believed in the admission of the testimony, he did not believe in convicting persons on it alone.

Cotton Mather's plan for dealing with people supposed to be bewitched was to pray with them, not to prosecute those accused of being their tormentors. He seems to have been as successful with his remedy as the judges were with theirs. Cotton Mather appears to have had unbounded faith in his own knowledge and power; he believed himself divinely appointed, above all his brother ministers, to lead in the work of purifying the community, if not the world, and driving out the Evil One.

## BULL SHOWERS JUNIOR

R. R. M.

"I wish that train would come," remarked Jim Roney as he entered the little Seaboard Station and slammed the door behind him. He stepped up before the stove, warmed his hands and then turned his back to the diminutive, red-hot demon that was doing its utmost to warm the room. Here and there boys were lounging on a scat. They seemed to be perfectly listless, and the only sound that could be heard above the moaning of the wind outside was the click of the telegraph instrument in the agent's office.

"Yes," remarked someone, "I'll be glad when the boys get back, it's been pretty dull here this Christmas."

Jim turned himself before the stove, then glanced out the window hoping to see the train approaching; but it was not in sight.

"You're right," he said, "I'll never spend another Christmas here as long as I'm in college."

The door opened. The cold wind brought in the baggage-man's long, sonorous "r-a-i-l-r-o-a-d." The boys picked themselves up, buttoned up their coats and went out under the shed.

No. 12 was just rounding the curve as it blew for the station. It came on and the engine swept by with the usual whir and screeching of brakes. The conductor dropped his step in front of the car door and the students filed down.

One by one the car was emptied of its noisy occupants. Old students renewed bonds of friendship, while here and there new men, generally called "Gifties," could be seen standing in utter amazement. One big, dark eyed, dark haired, broad shouldered fellow appeared in the door, then quietly took his place among a group under the shed.



"Hurrah for Bull Showers!" came a chorus of voices.

The "Giftie" did not realize that the yell was meant for him, yet he did notice several furtive glances cast his way. One big burly fellow slapped him on the back and repeated the cry, but the "Giftie" gave him one astonished, dumb-founded look that was enough.

"Could you direct me to the College dormitory?" asked Frank Rodman, who was none other than the portly Giftie, of a spectator who stood near him.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "Go through the college arch and on up the walk until you come to the large building with the white columns, then the building directly behind it is the dormitory."

"Thank you."

With feelings not altogether pleasant Frank followed the man's directions. The large campus, thick with evergreens, the cold weather, and the general appearance of a strange place, all had their effects on the newcomer. Nevertheless, he appeared at the mess hall promptly for dinner, and was placed at the table by the side of Dallas Hawkins, a senior.

"I presume this is your first time at Lakewood," began Dallas to the Giftie.

"Yes," faltered Giftie, "I just came this morning."

Just then a big, dark featured, broad shouldered man came in the hall, and was greeted by no little applause. Such was a common thing for him, because Bull Showers was known and laughed at by every boy in college.

"What is it they call him?" inquired Giftie, of the upper-classman by him.

"Oh, he's Bull Showers. He is a great stump orator, noted for his ability to shoot hot air. And he runs that kind of stuff so often that the boys have just named him Bull Showers."

"It is fine to be a good speaker," continued the Giftie.

"But he's not a good speaker, that's the joke. He only

speaks to hear his head roar, and does so much of it that he has become a practical joke," replied Dallas.

"And," he began again, "he came in late just to be noticed. He loves notoriety, and has little enough sense not to know any better."

With this new revelation before him, the Giftie lapsed into reveries of the past and dreams of the future. He too had an oratorical gift he had expected to exercise in his new field, but he immediately resolved he would give it up, because such would be made fun of here. He had made a record in high school not to be ashamed of, but now one of his fair dreams must not be realized. He finished his dinner in silence and started toward the dormitory.

"Hello Bull! When did you get back?" inquired someone as he went out of the hall. He turned, looked rather puzzled and replied, "I believe you are mistaken in your man."

"Beg your pardon, I thought you were Bull Showers," explained the boy.

Still more dismayed by this very unpleasant experience of being confounded with the notorious Bull Showers, Frank made his way to his room. He closed the door and took his seat to think over the disagreeable situation. The activities of the day, the new environment, and his very close resemblance to the character who was now growing despicable to him, almost overcame him. After thinking over the matter for some time, he decided that by hard work and strict adherence to his duties he would make the fellows respect him and learn to distinguish him from his counterpart.

However, circumstances did not decree that his resolution should be carried out. Bull Showers Senior was a sophomore, and was so conceited that he thought every yell of "Bull" and every cry of "Hurrah for Showers," was an indication of his increasing popularity. The fact that the Newish and even the Gifties were bold enough to call him by this appellation only served to strengthen his conviction of his own popu-

larity. Accordingly, Frank Rodman was mistaken for Bull Showers so many times, and had been called by that name so long before the fellows learned the difference, that upon learning of their mistake the boys found it impossible to absolutely correct the error. To avoid confusion, however, it was thought wise to call Frank, Bull Showers Junior. This step did not serve the purpose. The fact remained, he was continually being taken for his counterpart. Laboring under this difficulty he plodded along with his work for another week or two.

One day as he was on his way to the Post Office, two Newish made the same mistake of confusing him with the original Bull Showers.

"Hello Bull! How's your Showers?" chimed the Newish as they dangled their feet from the rock wall surrounding the campus.

Angered by this, Bull Showers Junior proceeded to punish the offenders by force. Two giant strides brought him in reach of them, then two Newish were suspended at arm's length from his colossal form. The dull thud of bumping heads, the yelps, as of puppies, and the scurrying of feet, gave evidence of the scrap.

"Take this as a warning," came the victor's voice sternly, "the next time I won't let you off so easily." He had completely demolished the offenders.

Although soon over with, it did not leave his mind. The facts remained—he was daily being taken for that most contemptible of all characters, Bull Showers Senior, and then those who could distinguish between the two, called him Bull Junior. He reflected on the matter.

"Suppose I do make good," he thought to himself, "it will not change matters. They call me Bull Showers Junior because of physical resemblance, and I have no power to change my looks." Having thought through the matter in this way, there remained only one course of action.

"What's the matter, Giftie?" asked his friend Dallas, at the table that night, "Has your best girl gone back on you?"

"No, nothing," he returned, but finished his meal quietly, hardly tasting his food, and left the table.

On the campus he saw his mortal enemy approaching. Should he take the hasty step or should he continue to have his life tormented by the present existing circumstances? The thought of the Newish on the wall, and of the host of similar instances, brought him to action.

"Look here," he demanded, as he met his enemy, "this place isn't big enough for both of us."

"Well," contemptuously replied Bull, "are you thinking of enlarging it?"

"Not much," said Giftie, "but one of us has got to get off of it."

"Go ahead then. I'll try and not weep much when you leave," came the response.

This drove Giftie mad. He drew a match from his pocket and broke it in two. Holding the pieces in his hand, he said, "Draw, and if you get the long piece you remain here, and if I get it I shall stay, but one of us has got to get out."

"What's that?" said Bull, "you don't think you can make me leave here do you?"

"Now," began Giftie, "if you don't like this method of decision, I'll just beat your face in and leave of my own accord."

Something in the Giftie's voice and mood told Bull that drawing would be the proper course of action to take. Accordingly he drew with reluctance, but without further protest.

The night train saw Bull Showers Junior leave Lakewood, and the students never knew why he decided not to continue his course in college.

## A NATIONAL POLICY

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A. C. REID

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The eloquent Ingersoll once said: "A little while ago I stood at the grave of the old Napoleon. I gazed upon the sarcophagus where rest at last the ashes of that restless man; and I thought of all the orphans and widows he had made, of all the tears that had been shed for his glory, of the only woman that had ever loved him thrust from his heart by the ruthless hand of ambition. And I said that I had rather have been a poor French peasant and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great." Today this righteous indictment is crystallizing itself, slowly but surely, into the minds of the thinking citizens of America and, to some extent, of all nations.

Yet we are engaged in the greatest military struggle that the world has ever known—a catastrophe which is the logical result of a peace that shrouded a war demon. The world imagined there was peace because no sound of war was heard, but martial force prevailed, and the present crisis is only a change from the latent into the acute form of war. The time is yet far distant when war shall change its red mantle for the white tunic of peace. We cannot summon and command peace to prevail, for it is not a matter of engrossed resolution or fervent sentimental appeal. We must face the undeniable realities and endeavor to think clearly and act sanely concerning international affairs.

The time is not ripe for disarmament, nor should we indulge in the folly of an inadequate defense. In diplomacy, as in war, only the valiant and strong command respect and wield influence; and, pending an international agreement for disarmament, it is our plain and solemn duty to maintain a

status of efficient preparedness for the protection of our commerce, our coasts and our people. Preparedness does not necessarily mean a nation bristling with arms or inflamed by the false dreams of a militaristic destiny. This is conspicuously illustrated in the case of Switzerland. The Swiss are naturally a peace-loving people opposed to militarism, yet they have so prepared themselves that now no nation dares encroach upon their rights or invade their sacred precincts.

After the closing act of this great world tragedy, there will emerge a new sentiment respecting war, and a new international code will naturally follow. The peculiar position of the United States as a neutral among the nations has a significance which makes it her duty to properly fashion this new international code and place national and international ethics upon a higher and more secure plane.

We should not yet urge a movement for compulsory arbitration, for the more ambitious and radical the plan the less probable it is that the nations will adopt it. The most plausible step for the United States to take under present circumstances would be to effect plans for the establishment of an International Arbitration League after the close of the present war. Such a league should provide: First, that an adequate international code be formulated; second, that all international disputes be submitted to this league for settlement if possible before war is declared; and third, that all questions involving principle be submitted to a council of conciliation provided for by this league.

Such an arbitration league could not meet all possible contingencies, and would not prevent all future wars; but it would serve as a system of checks and balances against war, and would afford a stepping-stone toward the establishment of a World-State or some other equitable agency for enforcing peace. It is not without significance in this connection that forty-four of the principal nations of the world had, before the war, agreed in principle to such a league tribunal.

These nations still cling to this plan, and with the added compulsion of this war it is very probable that such a league can be established after the close of the present conflict.

Experience proves the adequacy and advisability of such an arbitration league. Since the year 1815, through the Hague Tribunal and other courts of arbitration, more than five hundred international disputes, some of which gravely threatened war, have been settled satisfactorily. No one will argue that a nation whose passion has been inflamed by some unfortunate incident and whose judgment is necessarily blinded is a safer and better judge of right and justice than an impartial tribunal which deliberately weighs a cause in the scales of equity. The "Christ of the Andes" and the settlement of the boundary disputes between the United States and Canada are examples of the justice and wisdom of arbitration.

In the endeavor to establish this arbitration league, the United States should in the meantime exert every influence to create a world-wide sentiment against war, a sentiment so strong that monarchs could not involve nations in war without the consent of the people. That hereditary trait in man which impels him to fight must be directed into proper and useful channels. Let the basis of heroism be shifted by disseminating the truth about war through the medium of Peace Societies, newspapers and magazines, and through proper scholastic instruction. Psychic force has already gained a prominent place. No nation dares assume the responsibility for the present war. The nations of the world will be prepared for arbitration as soon as they have been schooled in realizing the significance of international obligation, for it is reverence of law and justice which begets the spirit of peace.

The peace propaganda founded upon the horrors of war can produce but small results, for such an appeal never makes any profound or permanent impression. Only the most cow-

ardly can be scared into peace. The only appeal that ever produces conviction and commands resolution is the appeal to the moral sense of right and justice in the dealings of nation with nation. Therefore in creating a sentiment against war, the United States should exert her every institution in universally promoting the fundamental distinction between international right and wrong. Let there be taught in every land the truth that righteousness exalteth a nation, and that there is one law of righteousness for the nation and for the individual. And instead of fostering race prejudice, let there be an enlarged sympathy for all humanity, and withal a conception of God as an universal God.

And along with this broader conception of human justice let there be enrolled upon the canvas of the incoming future, not the clash of arms and the valor of heroes alone, but alongside the patriotism of war let there be painted the horrors of war and the beauties of Peace and Justice. Let men with keen imagination step upon the battlefield, smell the smoke of burning powder, the reek of charging horses, the breath of fresh, red, human blood; feel the warmth of that blood as they seek to staunch the wound in the breast of one of the world's bravest, some poor mother's son; hear the screams of shells, the boom and roar of the cannonade, the clash of onslaught, the shrieks of wounded, the moans of dying, the last gasp of a life that has reached its end; look upon the mangled forms of God-like men fallen in the midst of fullest life; let them come in the night after battle and gaze upon the ghastly faces upturned in the moonlight; go look upon the windrows of the dead, the awful harvest of Mars that impoverishes all and enriches none.

And with this let there be contrasted Peace and Justice, under whose guidance prosperity and industry may grow and expand, ships of commerce may plough the crested waves of every sea, every laborer may earn a living wage, and a moral sense of right may prevail mightily. At this most opportune



time let the United States forward a movement to invigorate the rising generations with these elemental principles of individual, national and international righteousness; for when this respect of universal law and justice prevails, then we may hope to hail the dawn of the day of peace, when

A common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

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### SONNET

J. N. DAVIS

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The mountains with their mantles of moonlight,  
The dusky trees arrayed against the sky,  
The constellations that bejewel night,  
Look down upon the world with kindly eye.  
Now aching hearts and wearied minds are still,  
While grief and labor pause the while to reap  
Repose: in shadowed pass, on palaced hill,  
The pauper, peasant, prince, all dream asleep.  
Dream on, O men, and dream of liberty,  
Reward of worth and triumph of the right,  
When pain and evil shall forever flee,  
And love undimmed shall shed her perfect light.  
Dream on, dream on! and, though your hopes be few,  
Increase your faith; the dream shall yet prove true.

## SAMUEL TITMUS, INSURRECTIONIST

P. A. H.

*Dramatis Personæ*

The King.	Samuel Titmus, a good drinker.
Page to the King.	Host of the Red Dragon.
Attendants.	Clink, a tapster.

*The scene discovers the taproom of the Red Dragon, an English wayside hostelry; Samuel Titmus seated before the fire, drinking; Clink, the tapster, drowsy.*

*Titmus:* Clink, O Clink! Art sleeping? Thou lazy tapster, I'll learn thee! [*Throws a decanter at Clink.*]

*Clink:* O my snout! Was that a hog'shead kissed it?

*Titmus:* Clink! Art thou sleeping, I say?

*Clink:* Yes, kind master Topsy, I am sleeping soundly.

*Titmus:* Thou liest, impudent. Here's reward—  
[*Throws another decanter.*]

*Clink:* Mercy, good master! I have done nothing.

*Titmus:* Well, then, do— [*Enter host.*]

*Host:* Peace, peace! The Red Dragon will never have more patrons if they get such uproar to sleep on.

*Titmus:* No, nor drinkers neither, if they have such a tapster to drink on.

*Host:* Ah, Master Titmus, I trust thou'rt well. What wilt thou have? [*Aside to Clink*] Fetch him ale, Clink, and quick. He is a good drinker.

*Titmus:* I will have sundry things. First, more ale. Then more sticks on the fire. Then no more of Clink the tapster.

*Host:* Thou'lt have all, good sir. But I pray thee, be not so quite loud, for the guests of Red Dragon would sleep.  
(*Aside*) Haste, Clink, for he is a good customer.

[*Clink sets out ale.*]

*Titmus:* But for this ale, mine host, thy hostelry were dryer than the sea. [*Drinks.*]

*Host:* The ale is good, sir. (*To Clink*) Make haste with sticks on the hearth! (*To Titmus*) Hast thou enough, sir?

*Titmus:* Yes, until I want more. Send the tapster away.

*Clink:* Clink goes. Clink wants no more hogshead kisses. [*Exit Clink.*]

*Titmus:* He is a marvelous sorry tapster; a tapster that taps not; and marvelous saucy.

*Host:* Wilt thou now to bed, good Master Titmus? 'Tis late.

*Titmus:* Good Master Titmus will not to bed. 'Tis early. Therefore 'tis not late. And good Titmus desires more ale. He is a gentleman.

*Host (aside):* Alas, he will drink till cockcrow. But he pays well. (*To Titmus*) Yes, good sir. Here is more drink. Have thy fill. [*Titmus drinks deeply.*]

*Titmus:* Mine host!

*Host:* Yes, Master Titmus, what wilt thou?

*Titmus:* Art thou here, mine sweet host?

*Host:* Indeed, sir, I am.

*Titmus:* Art thou hearing?

*Host:* Indeed, sir, yea verily.

*Titmus:* Then come closer. I will unfold a conspiracy, mine host, a profound conspiracy! Dost hear?

*Host:* I hear, I hear. (*Aside*) Poor drunken fool! But he pays.

*Titmus:* Hear well. But, art thou honorable?

*Host:* I trust so, good sir.

*Titmus:* Thou art honorable. There is no more honorable man in the kingdom, sir, save only good Master Samuel Titmus. Now give thine ear to me. Dost hear? The king, mine host,—dost hear?

*Host:* Yea, I hear. Go on. 'Tis late.

*Titmus:* 'Tis not late. Hear. The king is wont to travel the realm in disguise, it is so told me, the king, mine host, in disguise!

*Host:* I have heard such rumor. What concerns it?

*Titmus:* Ah, mine host, the shame of it, the shame? I weep wet tears to think on it. Dost hear?—the shame, mine host, the shame!

*Host:* Yes, I hear—the shame of it—I hear.

*Titmus:* Alack, alack, tho shamo of it! Thou dost hear?

*Host:* I hear, I know I hear. (*Aside*) When shall he be done?

*Titmus:* And, mine good, mine honorable host, the shame must not be! Must not be, I say! The king, his royal self, in the garb of a beggar, in the rags of a peasant! Bring me more ale, host. It must not be!

*Host:* Here is ale. What wilt thou do?

*Titmus:* I will drink.

*Host:* But for the king?

*Titmus:* Hear! 'Tis a monstrous shame. Therefore I will—art thou a man, mine sweet host?

*Host:* I trust so, sir.

*Titmus:* Indced, host, thou'rt a man. There is no finer in the realm, save only good Master Sam Titmus. Hear. We must murder the ragged, peasant, beggar king! Art thou here, host?

*Host:* Indeed, sir, I am. (*Aside*) My soul, my soul! This drunkard would befoul the Red Dragon with king-killing. Alas, I would ho wero not so good a customer, or I would put him out.

*Titmus:* Hear close, host. Thou'rt a good man, a brave man, a noble man. Thou'rt my friend. Shall we not upset the ragged throno, and become the king ourself? Ah, we shall! And thou, good, sweet, noble, honorable host, thou'lt be lord low chancellor.

*Host:* I beg you, good Titmus, speak softly. The guests may hear, and your life may pay. Cautiously, sir!

*Titmus:* Cautiously? Art afraid? I am a man, a soldier, a bloody soldier! Give me my trusty sword, and let the king come! *[Draws and brandishes his sword.]*

*Host:* Peace, peace! I pray you, good Titmus, put away that weapon and get to bed. The king, for aught I know, is the tinker that sleepeth in the loft above.

*Titmus:* Let the king come! I am ready! Are you here, host?

*Host:* Yes, yes, I am here. *[Titmus sheathes sword.]*

*Titmus:* Hear. Which of us shall do the notable deed? If you do, I cannot. If I do, you cannot. Which of us—I mean, kill the ragged king? *[Knocking heard.]*

*Host:* Peace, Titmus, now hold thy peace! Some one cometh. Let him not hear your treason. We may speak further at another time, and slaughter the king later.

*[Host opens the door. A peddler enters, muffled closely in a surtout.]*

Enter, friend, and warm thyself.

*Peddler:* Humble thanks, mine host.

*[Approaches hearth.]*

*Titmus:* He saith 'treason,' lest my treason, lest the treason of Sam Titmus be heard. Bah! Most worthy host! And he crieth 'treason'!

*Host (to peddler):* Heed him not; he is almost drunk. Put down thy merchandise and rest thyself. Thou art weary. Wilt have ale?

*Peddler:* Yes, host, ale and supper too, if thou canst muster some cold mutton or porridge.

*Host:* Readily, friend vender.

*[Exit host. Peddler seats himself near the hearth.]*

*Titmus:* Treason, treason! Mine host cries 'treason.' *(Turning towards the Peddler)* Who'rt thou?

*Peddler:* An humble peddler of wares, good sir.

*Titmus:* Hast thou seen the king of late?

*Peddler:* A strange question, sir. I, a poor peddler, how should I see the king?

*Titmus:* 'Tis well so, 'tis well. Thou'rt a noble peddler, and honorable. But dost thou know that of late the king hath oft usurped the right prerogatives of our race of peddlers and venders? That he hath traveled the realm in guise—O the ragged king!—of vender and peddler, and worse, of beggar and serf! The shame, the shame of it! And yet mine host saith 'treason.'

*Peddler:* Unto whom doth mine host impute treason? His majesty?

*Titmus:* His majesty? Thou ignoramus, to me—to Sir Samuel Titmus—to me!

[*Host reënters; spreads victuals upon the table.*]

*Host:* I would I might serve thee better, Sir Vender, but the hour—

*Peddler:* Mind thee not. 'Tis good to eat at all. (*To Titmus*) Wilt thou not sup with me?

*Titmus:* I thank thee, but I have supped a'ready, these five hours.

*Peddler:* Then breakfast with me, I pray.

*Titmus:* By my valor, I thank thee. I will take a sip of ale for fellowship.

*Host (aside to Peddler):* Mind him not, he hath overdrunk himself, and his tongue is loose.

*Peddler:* And host, drink with us, and pour thy best.

*Host:* I thank thee, sir.

[*They drink. Peddler eats vigorously.*]

*Titmus:* Ah, that ale is good. Thou'rt an honest fellow, my good Sir Vender.

*Peddler:* I thank thee well.

*Titmus:* Dost thou love the king? Thou'rt no honest fellow if thou dost.

*Host (aside to Titmus):* Hush, Titmus, bridle thy wet tongue!

*Peddler:* I love the royal person, good friend, no less than other peddlers, I trust, nor no more.

*Titmus:* 'Tis well. No good peddler loves the king. Thou'rt a good peddler.

*Host (to Titmus):* Hush, good Titmus, hush!

*Titmus:* Calm thyself, host. (*To Peddler*) Then thou hatest the king, because he rideth thy rightful trade, when he should ride the crown and wear the throne. Hark'ee—the king must——

*Host (to Titmus):* Come, come, make to bed. (*Aside*) O I would he were not so good a customer. (*To Titmus*) 'Tis time for gentlemen to bed.

*Titmus:* I'll slay thee for thy bed, bed, bed, before thou canst kill the king! [*Draws again.*]

*Host:* Murder, murder! [*Exit.*]

*Titmus:* A marvelous reprobate, marvelous! But, Sir Vender, thou'lt favor our righteous enterprise?

[*Sheaths sword.*]

*Peddler:* I'll favor all, I trust, that is right. What is thy enterprise?

*Titmus:* Well spoke! Indeed thou'rt a noble piece of flesh, or mud. The conspiracy, sir, is to kill, in short, to slay the king. [*Reënter host, cautiously.*]

*Host (aside to Peddler):* Prithee, pardon his treasonous speech. He hath drunk too deeply.

*Titmus:* Mine host!

*Host:* Yes, yes, yes, I am here. What wilt thou?

*Titmus:* Less beds and more ale. Let us drink fellowshiply. (*To Peddler*) Thou'lt asset us in this holy murder?

*Peddler:* When dost thou mean it to be?

*Titmus:* Soon, soon, very soon. And thou'lt be my prime sinister. No, no, good mine host is prime sinister. But

thou, good Sir Vender, thou'lt be lord chief high bumbum, an thou wilt.

*Host (aside)*: O the drunk fool! He will ruin the Red Dragon yet. But he pays well.

*Peddler (to Titmus)*: I thank thee well.

[*Coach wheels sound without.*]

*Host*: Titmus, good Titmus, quiet thee now. A coach comes. Surely 'tis the king himself now.

*Titmus*: Let the king come! [*Draws again.*]

*Host*: I beg thee, Titmus, put up the weapon! [*Knocking heard.*] Come now, put it up, and to bed! [*Knocking again.*]

*Titmus (to Peddler)*: Come, we'll kill the ragged king!

*Host*: O, I am undone!

[*Door is opened from without. Enter king's page and attendants.*]

*Page*: Good morrow, host. Hath a peddler come—but I see him here.

[*Approaches Peddler, bowing; they whisper.*]

*Titmus*: Alas, the king did not come. Alas! [*Sheaths.*]

*Host*: But the king's page. Like the king's by. Hush, Titmus.

*Peddler (to Page)*: At once! Is't so urgent?

*Page*: At once, your—

*Peddler*: Ah, but 'tis pain to quit this sweet company!

*Titmus (to Page)*: What, scoundrel, wouldst thou bear Sir Vender, mine ally, away from me?

[*Goes about to draw again.*]

*Page*: He is greatly called for, sir, at the court of the king.

*Peddler*: Rebel not, my Titmus, for thou shalt go, too. We'll straight to the court, where thou mayst see the king on thy holy bloody mission.

*Titmus*: 'Tis so, 'tis so. Let's away. Kill the raggedy king! Come, host, thou'lt go, too, and carry a flagon of ale.



*Peddler*: Is thy sword keen?

*Titmus*: Aye, indeed. See the glitter! [*Brandishes the blade.*] Ah, noble weapon, thou'lt soon bathe in ragged royal blood!

*Host (aside)*: O I am undone!

*Peddler*: And thy oath is good, Sir Titmus?

*Titmus*: Aye, a thousand goods!

*Peddler*: Here, then, is thy ragged king. [*Removes his peddler's guise, appearing king.*] Slay him!

*Page (doing reverence to king)*: Your royal majesty!

[*Titmus drops his sword.*]

*Host (aside)*: Praises be! For Titmus is stricken dumb! But alas, he is caught now!

*King*: Come, Titmus, let us haste to the court.

[*Titmus trembles.*]

*Titmus*: Your majesty, behold me, Sam Titmus, a marvelous liar, a most marvelous liar, your grace!

*King*: Well, come, I would have more acquaintance of thee. And good mine host, here is coin; the supper shall not be soon forgot.

(*To Attendants*): Let's away. Farewell, host.

[*Exeunt all save host, attendants dragging Titmus; whip hoof-beats, and coach-wheels sound.*]

*Host*: The king! And Titmus fetched away! A good riddance. But, alas! he was a good customer.

CURTAIN.

## BENVENUTO CELLINI

FRANCIS H. BALDY

The lack of originality in most individuals is a circumstance that is frequently deplored. Whenever we are fortunate enough to come upon a person so different from the ordinary type that it is said of him, "He is indeed a character," we are decidedly refreshed. If the character possesses true ability or genius in some field of endeavor, so much the better, but the element of originality alone is worth much.

Benvenuto Cellini was a character. The type he most closely resembles is, as Elbert Hubbard has said, that of "a literary and artistic Bad Man. Had he lived in Colorado in 1870, the Vigilance Committee, in all probability, would have used him to start a graveyard." But fortunately for him he lived in an age in which his great artistic talents afforded him a protection, if not a guaranty, against such an untimely end. "The man was a sort of human anachronism: he had in his heart all the beauty and passion of the Renaissance, and carried, too, the savagery and density of the Dark Ages. That his skill as a designer and artificer in the fine metals saved him from death again and again, there is no doubt. Princes, cardinals, popes, dukes, and priests protected him simply because he could serve them."

Cellini had an intense personality coupled with artistic genius. He was sincere and never doubted his own infallibility, although he did not hesitate to shout from the housetops the fallibilities in various popes, princes, and everybody else. He told the truth, or, at least, he thought he did, and his prevarications were for the most part merely sins of omission in regard to facts that he considered were no credit to anybody. "But his friendships were shallow. Those he respected most, for example, Michael Angelo and Raphael, treated him much as Prince Henry finally did Falstaff,

never allowing him to come within a half-mile of their person on penalty." "He was intimate with so many women that he apologized for not remembering them; he had no interest in his children"; and although he wrote several valuable treatises and produced a number of magnificent works of art, most of his plans and purposes were rather little, in the colloquial sense of the word. "A great busybody, he always knew what those about him were doing. If they were poor workmen he encouraged them in a friendly way; if they were beyond him and out of his class, like Michael Angelo, he was subservient; but if they were on his plane he hated them with a hatred that was passing speech." His jealousy was of three kinds: acute, virulent, and chronic. He was most sincerely and intensely superstitious. In the presence of popes and princes he was a courtier as long as he kept his temper under control. He removed those who were most annoying to him by whatever means were most convenient at the time. "When he went out and killed a man before breakfast he absolved himself by showing that the man richly deserved his fate. Whenever he had a little job of murder on hand he first worked himself into a torrent of righteous wrath. He posed as the injured one, the victim of deep-dyed conspiracies, and so went through life afraid of every one, and was one of whom all men are afraid. But he was so open, so simple, so candid, that we should laugh at his lapses, admire his high resolves, sigh at his follies, sympathize with his spasms of repentance, and smile a misty smile at one who was humorous without meaning to be, who was deeply religious but never pious, who was highly conscientious, undoubtedly artistic, and who blundered through life, always in a turmoil, hopelessly entangled in the web of fate, committing every crime, justifying himself in everything, and finally passing out peacefully, sincerely believing that he had lived a Christian life."

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence, in the year 1500. His father was a musician and maker of instruments. Of course, he wished for his son no better calling than the one to which he had given his own life, and it was with much reluctance that, seeing the boy's genius for working in fine metals would not be denied, he apprenticed Benvenuto at the age of fifteen to a goldsmith named Marcone. The work of the young apprentice soon attracted much favorable local comment. Unfortunately, his brother was attacked one day by a band of miscreants and was in danger of his life, when Benvenuto ran to his rescue. The brigands were on the point of taking flight when a party of gendarmes appeared and arrested all concerned. The rogues were duly tried and convicted. Benvenuto and his brother were banished for six months to Siena. At Siena, Benvenuto worked under Francesco Castoro, a goldsmith, and thence he removed to Bologna where he became a more accomplished flute player and made progress in the goldsmith's art. He visited Pisa, and twice revisited Florence, where he met the sculptor Torrigiani. Torrigiani boasted that once he had struck Michael Angelo a severe blow because he had ventured to disagree with him about some little matter. Now Cellini almost worshiped the "Master," as Michael Angelo was called, and the words of Torrigiani caused him to burn with rage. Had not sober council prevailed, Torrigiani would in all probability have received severer treatment than he had given Michael Angelo.

For many years Benvenuto had longed to go to Michael Angelo at Rome. So when he was nineteen years of age he decamped, and after several adventures reached his destination. Of course he did not reach Michael Angelo, for that great man was far too busy to be bothered with the society of a mere adventurous youth. Benvenuto's first work in Rome introduced him to the favorable notice of Pope Clement VII., who employed him more and more frequently to do expen-

sive works as the years passed. But he spent his time not only in work but also in the rioting and fighting that seemed to be necessary to his happiness. In 1527 came the great attack upon Rome by the Constable de Bourbon; and if we may believe his own account, Cellini shot the constable dead and also wounded the Prince of Orange. These exploits paved the way to a reconciliation with the Florentine magistrates, and shortly afterwards he returned to his native home. Here he assiduously devoted himself to the execution of medals, the most famous of which are "Hercules and the Nemean Lion," and "Atlas Supporting the Sphere."

From Florence, he went to the court of the Duke of Mantua, and thence again to Florence and to Rome, where he was employed not only in the working of jewelry, but also in the execution of dies for the papal mint. Here, in 1529, he avenged his brother's death by slaying the murderer, and shortly afterwards he had to flee to Naples to shelter himself from the consequences of an affray with a notary, Ser Benedetto, whom he wounded. Through the influence of several of the cardinals he obtained a pardon, and on the elevation of Paul III. to the papal throne he was reinstated in his former position of honor, notwithstanding yet another homicide which he perpetrated.

In all of Benvenuto's melees, or, at any rate, in most of them, there were mixed art and a woman. "In his migrations he swung between Florence, Pisa, Mantua, Rome, and clear to Franco when necessary. When he arrived in a town he would soon become a favorite with other skilled workers. Naturally he would be introduced to their feminine friends. These ladies were usually 'complaisant,' to use his own phrase. Soon he would be on very good terms with one or more of them; then would come jealousies; he would tire of the lady, or she of him more probably; then if she took up with a goldsmith, Benvenuto would hate the pair with a

beautiful hatred. He would be sure that they were plotting to undo him. He would listen to their remarks, lie in wait for them, watch their actions, quietly question their friends. Then suddenly some dark night he would spring upon them from behind a corner and cry: 'You are all dead folk!' And sometimes they were. Then Cellini would fly without leaving orders where to forward his mail. Getting into another principality, he was comparatively safe; the place he had left was glad to get rid of him, and the new princeling who had taken him up was pleased to secure his skill. Under the new environment, with all his troubles behind, he would begin a clean balance sheet, full of zest and animation." Many such frays are described in his autobiography.

As has been said, Benvenuto several times visited the court of Francis I. At the age of thirty-seven years, on returning to Rome after one of these visits, he was arrested on the charge of stealing gems, and was thrown into the Castle of St. Angelo. There is little doubt that the charge against him was trumped up by one of his many enemies in order to get rid of him at a time when he was doubtless rendering himself as disagreeable as possible. Had he shown proper humility, very likely the trouble would have blown over and he would shortly have been released. But he persisted in sending out threats from his place of imprisonment, and vowed dire vengeance on all who had a hand in his undoing. Therefore his enemies, who feared him more than they would a legion of ordinary assassins, contrived to greatly prolong his imprisonment, which then lasted for over two years. During that period he experienced many hallucinations, due probably to the great physical suffering he endured. His accounts of the angelic visions and supernatural protection he received mark him as one "who trod the borderland of sanity." Once he escaped from his prison, breaking his leg in the effort; but he was recaptured and brought back. His

experience in prison softened him very much. He "wrote poetry and recorded his thoughts on many things." It was in prison that he thought out the "Perseus and Medusa." Eventually, his accuser having died, he received his liberty. For the Cardinal of Ferrara, who was responsible in large measure for his release, he afterwards made a splendid cup, and manifested his gratitude in various other ways.

After this, for a while, he worked at the court of Francis I. at Fontainebleau and in Paris, "but believing the Duchesse d' Etampes to be set against him, and the intrigues of the king's favorites, whom he would not stoop to conciliate and could not venture to silence by the sword, as he had his enemies in Florence and Rome, led him, after about five years of laborious and sumptuous work and of continually recurring jealousies and violences, to retire in 1545 to Florence." His sojourn in France, however, had one notable effect upon him. He was at last convinced that the jealousy and fickleness which he met with in Italy was not confined to that locality alone. Thus he experienced for perhaps the first time a feeling of true patriotism.

Upon his return to Florence he employed his time for the most part in works of art, and as usual exasperated his temper with rivalries. Baccio Bandinelli, a sculptor of little worth, was at this period the particular object of Benvenuto's detestation. Up to this time he had been engaged almost wholly in working with the precious metals, but now he desired to be a sculptor as well as goldsmith. His rivals in this field of art received the same hatred and contempt that he had so freely poured upon earlier competitors. His greatest contest with Bandinelli was over the acquisition of a piece of marble, and his success hastened, it is said, the already rapidly approaching death of the inferior sculptor.

As to the works themselves which he produced during the course of his strenuous career, much could be said. Aside

from the quality of the works of his trade, his literary works are worthy of attention. It is to his autobiography, in fact, that he owes his present place in history. He was a mediocre man, but his autobiography rendered him immortal. It has been translated into English by Thomas Roscoe, J. A. Symons, and A. Macdonald. The Symons translation is, as a whole, the best of the three. "His autobiographical memoirs," declares Roscoe, "are a production of the utmost energy, directness, and racy animation, setting forth one of the most singular careers in the annals of fine art." Although Cellini was devoid of literary training, yet Goethe, in translating the Memoirs into German, said that he did so out of pure enjoyment, and incidentally to improve his literary style. In addition to his Memoirs he wrote treatises on the goldsmith's art, on sculpture, and on design. He also wrote some poetry, which was of little value.

"His works of decorative art, speaking broadly, are rather florid than chastened in style." In addition to the "Perseus" and medallions earlier referred to, the existing works of art executed by him are: the celebrated silver salt cellar of Francis I. at Vienna; a medallion of Clement VII. signed with the artist's name; a medal of Francis I. with his portrait, also signed; and a medal of Cardinal Pietro Bembo. "While employed at the papal mint during the papacy of Clement VII. and Paul III., Cellini executed the dies of several coins and medals." In 1535 he executed for Alessandro de Medici, first Duke of Florence, a forty soldi piece bearing on one side a bust of the duke. A number of authorities attribute to Cellini several plaques, "Jupiter Crushing the Giants," "Fight between Perseus and Phinnæus," "A Dog," and a number of others.

His important works which have perished include: an uncompleted chalice intended for Clement VII.; a gold cover for a prayer-book, designed as a gift from Pope Paul III. to



Charles V.; large silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, wrought for Francis I. while at Paris; a bust of Julius Cæsar; and a silver cup, earlier mentioned, for the Cardinal of Ferrara. A magnificent gold button appears to have been sacrificed by Pius VI., together with many other priceless works of art, in furnishing the indemnity of thirty million francs demanded by Napoleon at the conclusion of his campaign against the Papal States in 1797. Fortunately, however, there are in the print-room of the British Museum three water-color drawings of this splendid button.

His greatest work was the "Perseus," which is still standing in Florence. His description in his autobiography of the great difficulties which attended the casting of the statute gives us a true view of his indomitable courage and energy when once aroused. "Probably the history of no great work of art has ever been more painstakingly presented than the story of the making of this statute by Cellini."

Macdonald, in describing Cellini's last days, says, "He lived for three years after the publication of the Trattati, dying of pleurisy, February 13, 1571, at his home in Florence. He was buried with great pomp in the Church of the Annunziata. Many were the candles and lamps that were lighted. His fellow artists and the frati did him every honor. A friar pronounced a eulogy on his life and works; and the people crowded in to see the last of Benvenuto, who, in spite of his glory, had never been far removed from themselves."

# The Wake Forest Student

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NOVEMBER, 1916.

No. 2

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

### A Worthy Movement

For many years Wake Forest College has been hampered in her athletic activities by inadequate facilities. Friends and Alumni have hoped and believed that a day was coming when suitable facilities would be supplied. At last, Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, a loyal Alumnus, has made the first move. He, with Dr. Paschal and a few more loyal friends of the college, has already purchased a field of one hundred and sixty acres adjoining the campus. They now call upon the students and

Alumni to support this undertaking. The students have already responded nobly by contributing a considerable amount and are enthusiastic over the erection of a new stadium. It now remains for the Alumni to rally about their Alma Mater and see that this athletic dream is speedily made a reality.

Wake Forest stands without a peer throughout the State in its intellectual achievements. Why does it not rank as high in physical prowess? The answer is that its students have never had a chance. Forced to work upon a field far removed from the campus, and which is entirely too small even for class teams, the college's representatives have made remarkable progress. But now we are unable to see how they are to advance further or even hold their own within the confined limits of the present field.

When completed, the proposed stadium will be the equal of any in the State; our athletic teams will have every chance to successfully compete with other college teams of the State and South; and the general student body will be amply benefited by enlarged opportunities for exercise. The Alumni have never failed to come to our aid and we believe and know that they will support us in this enterprise.

### The Reading Room

We have noted, with pleasure, that more students are taking advantage of the opportunities offered by our reading room than heretofore. The papers and magazines seem to be growing in favor with our student body. This increased literary interest speaks well for the caliber of our students and is a vital asset in education.

The daily papers and periodicals have been carefully selected and are all very readable indeed. However, as in all large collections, certain publications stand out prominently above others. We believe that the men who frequent our

reading room want to spend their time to the best advantage. To do this, they should read the best of the mass, it being impossible to read the whole.

The *New York Times* is undoubtedly the best daily paper on the racks, and should be read by every student who wishes to keep abreast of present day affairs. The *Nation* and the *Literary Digest*, though wholly different in substance, are by far the two best weekly periodicals on the tables. If a student will read these three publications he will be amply repaid for his time and will be able to discuss all live questions of the day with intelligence. The value of the *Times* and the *Nation* lies in the editorials, which are superb. They are products of master minds and amply repay perusal.

We earnestly hope that these few scattered remarks will bring these publications to the notice of the students who wish to employ their reading time to best advantage.

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### Old Gold and Black

*Old Gold and Black* has appeared regularly each week since our present session began.

We have perused its columns with more than ordinary interest, and have been gratified to see many improvements. It has an able staff of editors who are giving, generously and enthusiastically of their time and energy without any pecuniary recompense. They are to be commended for their loyalty and patriotic college spirit. We might say that with practically no exception journalistic ability has been shown. Contributions, departments, and editorials have dealt indiscriminately with our college life. No encroachment, however, upon the activities of the *Student* has been observed. It has not supplanted our magazine but has filled a much needed gap in our college life.

In one respect, however, we have heard our contemporary severely criticised. The complaint seems to be that the ath-

letic articles do not breathe a true spirit of loyalty to our Alma Mater. As a whole we do not agree with this criticism, yet we can easily see why one or two articles have met with the disapproval of the student body. Such a headline as "Baptist Line Crumbles Before Tar Heel Attack" neither sounds nor looks well in our own college paper. We believe that the writer of these articles is a loyal supporter of our college spirit and has only been reporting the facts. However, cold facts do not always tend to create a spirit of enthusiasm. Articles in the papers and magazines connected with the institution should, we think, present the good qualities exhibited by our representatives instead of presenting the prowess of our opponents.

We believe that our contemporary wishes to foster and animate the college spirit as much as does our own publication. It has proved itself a staunch supporter of every phase of college life, and these articles are an exception rather than the rule.

Let us all stand by *Old Gold and Black* and help to make it the very best college weekly in the South. Fellow Students and Alumni, it deserves your support and hearty coöperation!

# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

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ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

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Inadequacy of field room has always been a circumstance deterrent to the success and larger usefulness of our college athletics. It is with no ordinary sense of gratification, therefore, that we see the approaching realization of our long hopes for enlarged and improved athletic grounds. The college has recently purchased 160 acres of land which extend from the west side of the campus beyond Richland Creek. This site is excellently suited for athletic purposes and affords ample space for a baseball and football field, a stadium, tennis courts, a cinder track, and golf links; and the creek supplies water enough for a large swimming pool.

An energetic campaign has been inaugurated to raise funds for leveling and surfacing the ground and erecting a stadium. The movement was launched a few weeks ago by Dr. Hubert A. Royster, of Raleigh, a distinguished alumnus who has ever been loyal to Wake Forest and her athletic enterprises. In an address before the student body he proposed the plan of first raising a wholesome sum among the students here, and then extending the campaign out among the alumni and friends of the college; and, on his own part, he pledged his active support both in promoting the campaign and in contributing to the fund. In accordance with his suggestions a Central Campaign Committee was organized with F. S. Hutchins, chairman *ex officio* as president of the Athletic Association, into which the following men were named: D. R. Perry, S. S. Meek, C. D. Moore, R. S. Britton, C. W. Parker, H. E. Olive, E. C. James, G. S. Quillin, P. S. Daniel, J. M. Hayes, W. T. Foreman, I. E. Carlyle, J. C.

Newton, W. H. Paschal, G. W. Shaw, C. H. Stephens, H. H. Hamilton, R. V. Moss, A. A. Aronson.

This committee at once set about to raise the \$2,500 which the students are expected to give. A meeting of the entire student body was held in Memorial Hall. Dean Gulley and Dr. Paschal discussed the athletic situation and prospects. Mr. Hutchins presented a proposition, which met unanimous approval, and called for contributions. Within less than thirty minutes cash payments or notes payable in eighteen months were made to the total of \$1,065; individual donations varying from \$5 to \$30. An address by Dr. Thomas Jeffreys concluded the meeting, in which he felicitated the "gen'men" on their glorious enterprise and admonished them to heed Shakespeare and "Be shore you'se right, an' go ahead!"

Since the meeting donations have continued to come in, and indications are that before this issue of the *STUDENT* leaves press the \$2,500 mark will be reached. We can not doubt that the alumni and friends of the college will share our great interest in preparing the new field for use and that they will add substantially to the sum which we are raising here. Before many months we expect to see work begun on the grounds, and in good time we hope to move our athletic activities into the more commodious quarters where limited space will no longer hamper us.

The program of expansion is not restricted to our athletics; for while our athletic organizations are looking towards a larger field, our Y. M. C. A., and our Literary Societies are also in prospect of soon having more adequate accommodations. The following letter, recently addressed to the Societies by President Poteat, explains the situation fully:

*To the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies, Wake Forest College.*

GENTLEMEN:—In the report which I had the honor to present to the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College in its annual session last May, the following passage occurs:

The equipment for the Literary Societies is grossly inadequate for so large a student body. On occasions which demand the full membership attendance it is impossible for all so much as to get into their respective halls, and many of those who do enter sit flat on the floor. The brilliant record of their representatives in intercollegiate debate and in public life is one of the chief distinctions of the college, and it can not be unwise for you to go to the full length of your resources in providing adequately for this work.

A new building for the Societies and the religious forces of the College is an urgent necessity. It would not only serve directly the needs of these important features of our enterprise, but also release valuable space for class-rooms. It is not impossible that the funds for such a social life building will be provided without any financial obligation on your part, if you will authorize it.

The Board of Trustees did authorize such a building. I beg now to lay before you formally the proposition upon which the College seeks your coöperation.

It is proposed to erect on the north side of the campus in a position corresponding to that of the church, a building which will provide adequately for all the voluntary activities of the student body, with especial reference to the Young Men's Christian Association and to the two Literary Societies. The amount of money needed for this building and its maintenance is \$80,000, of which amount \$65,000 will be used for construction, and \$15,000 as an endowment fund for maintenance and administration. The two Literary Societies are asked to furnish \$15,000 each, making an aggregate of \$30,000. It is hoped that the bulk of the fund, namely \$50,000, will be secured elsewhere. You are asked to turn into this fund the money which you have been accumulating by a wise foresight for several years past and to inaugurate



a campaign to secure the remainder of the proposed \$15,000 contribution by each of the Societies.

I have the honor, gentlemen, to be

Very respectfully yours,

W. L. POTEAT, *President.*

The committee from the Board of Trustees in charge of this matter is composed of the following: Mr. E. F. Aydlett, Chairman of the Board of Trustees; Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. Livingston Johnson, and Mr. Cary J. Hunter. Committees have been named from both Literary Societies, which are to confer with that committee in regard to the part that the Societies are to take in carrying out plans for the new building.

On Thursday evening, September 28, Honorable Thomas Walter Bickett, alumnus of the College, present Attorney-General of North Carolina and Democratic nominee for the governorship, spoke before an audience that filled Memorial Hall to its capacity. He barely mentioned his own campaign which is being conducted in the State, and turned his remarks almost wholly upon national political issues; and his address was a magnificent defense of Democratic principles and a masterly vindication of the policies of Woodrow Wilson, the chief apostle of Democracy. He paid high tribute to the character and diplomatic ability of President Wilson; answered criticisms against his Mexican policy; referred to the great prosperity prevailing in the United States; discussed at length the financial status of the nation, showing the improvements in the banking system due to the Federal Reserve Act; and explained the benefits of the Rural Credit Law. The audience, largely composed of students, heard Mr. Bickett with close attention, and applauded him frequently. Wake Forest College is indeed proud of this illus-

trious son, and she shares the honor that is now his in coming to the first place in State politics.

The first of the college Wilson-Bickett Clubs was organized here on Monday, October 9th. Dean Gulley presided over the meeting, and Mr. R. M. Gantt of Durham and Mr. J. M. Broughton, Jr., of Raleigh, were the chief speakers. The officers elected were: J. B. Rucker, president; J. C. Newton, vice-president; D. C. Hughes, secretary-treasurer.

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

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WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

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## Literary Societies

The Euzelian and Philomethesian Societies have now organized and planned their work for the year. Each has three sections which meet on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, with members distributed as evenly as possible.

Questions for debate are posted in the library two weeks ahead, in order that everyone may have ample time in which to prepare. There are reference books and periodicals in convenient places, making access easy, and thus giving every opportunity to learn as much as possible about the subjects.

Encouraging reports have come from both societies, indicating that the old men, and the new men, too, have entered whole-heartedly into the work. We hope that this enthusiasm will be kept up, so that our Alma Mater may not mar her enviable reputation for the making of orators.

As this issue goes to press, plans are already on foot to make Society Day the best and most enjoyable of festivities this year. The date has been changed from Friday, October 27th to Monday the 30th. Although arrangements have not yet been perfected, it is very probable that the debate will be held in the morning and the inter-class track meet in the afternoon. The program of the evening will consist of orations in Wingate Hall, and a banquet in the gymnasium, which will be decorated to suit the occasion.

In order that our boys may not be lonely, the girls of Oxford and Meredith Colleges have been invited, and an enjoyable day is anticipated by all.

## Y. M. C. A.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception was given to the student body on Monday, September 18, with President W. L. Poteat as chief speaker of the occasion. He gave three reasons for being an enthusiastic supporter of the Association: First, its interpretation of Christianity in bringing home to the heart the need of religious activity; second, it offers a splendid opportunity for good fellowship; third, the Y. M. C. A. is not incompatible with youthful spirit, since joy and happiness are Christian virtues. Following Dr. Poteat, Rev. Clarence Graves gave a short talk on the value of a Y. M. C. A. After this, refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned until the following Monday.

Dr. N. Y. Gulley delivered a very interesting and practical address before the Association on September 25th. He pointed out that all of us were put here with a great work before us, and that we should fit ourselves for this work physically, mentally, and spiritually.

At the next meeting Dr. Weston Bruner, of Atlanta, spoke on preparedness as concerning the kingdom of God, stating that the people of America are chosen of God and should lead in the redeeming of the world.

Dr. B. F. Sledd delivered an interesting address before the Y. M. C. A., on Monday evening, October 9th. He discussed the problems that young men of America will have to face after the European War.

## Moot Court

That Snipes was not guilty of criminal assault was the verdict rendered by the jury at Moot Court, which convened Friday evening, September 22, with Justice Aronson presiding. Both sides of the case, *State v. Snipes*, were ably defended by Taylor, Tarlton and Blanton for the State, and

by Pennell and Cole for the defense. Neither side withdrew an inch from its convictions, and every point was hotly contested.

On September 29, a civil case, *Jones v. Seaboard Railway*, was tried. Attorneys for plaintiff were James, Lambert and Arledge; for defendant, Odom, Burgess and Clark. Verdict of \$12,000 was awarded plaintiff, and the defendant's lawyers immediately gave notice of appeal.

Moot Court on October 6th had the honor of Judge Timberlake's presence. He presided over the court in which *State v. Smith*, a criminal case, was tried. Lawyers for defense, Arledge, Egerton, Davis, made every effort in behalf of their client, but the opposing attorneys, Wall, Blackman and Taylor, made points strong enough to convict him. His Honor suspended judgment upon Smith's payment of \$150 doctor's bill for his assault on Hale.

October 13 a civil case was tried. A gas jet in the Yarrow Hotel was out of order and asphyxiated Gooch, a salesman, who sued for damages. The sum of \$1,200 was awarded him. Lawyers for plaintiff were Cole, Hutchins, Payne; for defense, Pennell, Egerton, West.

The election of the Supreme Court class held on September 19 resulted in the following officers: President, J. B. Pennell; vice-president, C. V. Haynes; secretary-treasurer, J. P. Brassfield; chaplain, J. H. Bowen. At present there are twenty-six members in the class.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor    I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

'15. Mr. McKinley Pritchard, who has been practicing law in Asheville since his graduation, announces by card the removal of his Law Offices to the Law Building in College Street. He is prominently connected with politics, both national and State, as is evinced by his serving as a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, and from his correspondence with Marion Butler, published in *The Protectionist*.

'15. Mr. C. M. Adams is now located in Statesville with a good law practice. He is at present a candidate for the State Legislature on the Republican ticket.

'15. Mr. P. E. Downs is teaching Latin in Columbia College, Lake City, Florida.

'15. Mr. K. T. Raynor is superintendent of the high school at Windsor, N. C.

'12. Mr. H. B. Conrad received his M. D. degree from Johns Hopkins University in June of this year, and while there his work was of such an order that he was appointed assistant to Dr. Kelley in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. He intends to pursue his studies in connection with his work under this famous specialist.

'10. Mr. J. M. Broughton, Jr., is one of Raleigh's most promising young attorneys. As Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee for Wake County, he is waging a great fight for Democracy in the present campaign, making a special effort to interest and enroll all the young men of the county. After graduating at Wake Forest, Mr. Broughton was principal of the High School at Bunn, N. C., for two years; studied law at Wake Forest and received license to

practice in the summer of 1912; did further work in law at Harvard University the following year; was acting superintendent of schools of Wake County for one year; and has been a successful lawyer for three years. He is judge of the Recorder's Court at Zebulon, N. C.; is deacon in the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Raleigh; Superintendent of the Tabernacle Sunday School, one of the largest in the South; member of the executive committee of the Raleigh Y. M. C. A.; and a member of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce.

'07. Dr. J. B. Weatherspoon took the M. A. degree at Wake Forest in 1907 and the Th. D. degree at the Louisville Seminary in 1911, being an instructor in Greek during his four years there. He was the successful pastor of the Oxford Baptist Church for two years, and is now Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Theology at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas. He has done notable work in campaigning for the endowment of that institution. He delivered the annual address at the beginning of the present session.

'88. Hon. Claude Kitchen, perhaps Wake Forest's strongest man in public life, who, by virtue of his position as majority leader of the lower House of Congress, wields more influence in public affairs than any man in the United States except the President, is making a strong campaign for Wilson and his party.

'92. Hon. Bruce White of Franklinton, N. C., has been elected a member of the Law Faculty of Wake Forest College and on October 16th he assumed the duties of that position, becoming the third professor of that department. Mr. White returned to Wake Forest after his graduation for the purpose of studying law, receiving his license in 1896. He has been before the public eye in many capacities. He taught school for some time, and for about twelve years he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in Franklin County. In 1903

he was elected to the State Senate from his county and is at the present time serving another term as a member of that body. Probably his most notable work performed in the Legislature was the Quart Bottle Law, of which he was the author, and whose passage he secured.

'04. Mr. E. G. Roberts, of Asheville, N. C., who as a member of the Legislature for several terms made an excellent record, has announced his candidacy for Speaker of the House of Representatives. He is opposed by Mr. H. H. Page.

'00. Mr. G. E. Midyette has been appointed Solicitor for the Third District by Governor Craig, to fill out the unexpired term of Hon. John H. Kerr, who resigned upon his nomination as judge in that District.

'84. Mr. J. C. C. Dunford has accepted the position as Professor of Bible in the Anderson College at Anderson, S. C. It will be remembered that Dr. John E. White is the newly elected president of this institution. Mr. Dunford has had wide experience in educational work.

'74. Dr. A. C. Dixon is a well known member of that trio of Dixons who have won fame for themselves and for their Alma Mater. He has occupied pulpits of distinction and now holds one of the most important pastorates in the world, that of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church of London, England. In a recent letter to THE STUDENT he expresses the desire of making an appeal through its columns to Wake Forest men and Alumni in behalf of certain institutions in which he is interested. It is with pleasure that this space is extended him for that purpose.

"THE SPURGEON INSTITUTIONS IN LONDON."

"The Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, of which a graduate of Wake Forest College, A. C. Dixon, is pastor, is the center of a group of institutions. "The Stockwell Orphanage" has five hundred boys and girls under its care. Its 'Colportage Association' supports



forty-four Colporteurs who supply the destitute sections of Great Britain with good literature and give all their time to Christian work. Nine mission halls, connected with the Tabernacle, which minister to six or seven thousand people every week mostly among the very poor, need financial support.

"But the institution which should appeal most strongly to the friends of education is the Pastors' College, which has sent out more than eleven hundred preachers to the different parts of the earth, about fifty of whom are now in America. This College needs now about five thousand dollars, and, though there is need enough of course for money in America for educational work, the need just now in England, with the great war burdens upon the people, is extraordinarily great. Rev. A. C. Dixon appeals to his friends in North Carolina to send him a contribution for this work."

'85. Dr. A. T. Robertson, professor of New Testament Greek in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., lectured at Northfield, Mass., this past summer at what is considered to be the largest assembly in the world. It was founded by D. L. Moody, and has continued to increase in size and importance. Dr. Robertson's lectures will probably appear in book form and will be a notable addition to the other works that have come from his pen.

Rev. Oscar Haywood (1882-5), D. D., pastor of the Collegiate Baptist Church of New York City, has been elected president of the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Greater New York and vicinity. Upon assuming, October 9, the duties of the important position, he remarked that the New York Ministers' Conference was the pivot upon which the organized work of Baptists in that locality turned.



CHARLES W. PARKER, Football Captain

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## The Carolina Game

On September 30th, favored by ideal weather conditions, our football season was opened at Chapel Hill by a clash with the University of North Carolina. Employing a terrific drive and using disconcerting formations, Carolina sought to cross our goal line in the first five minutes of play, but the Wake Forest defense stiffened and it was only after thirteen minutes that they succeeded in doing so. The final score was Carolina 20, Wake Forest 0.

Failing to make any appreciable gains through the Carolina line, Wake Forest resorted to defensive play and as a result of inability to get off the punts without interference from the opposing line, Carolina was aided materially in scoring two of her touch downs. From a defensive standpoint both teams showed strength, and until "Hank" Langston and Charlie Parker were forced to retire from the game on account of injuries, the Wake Forest line held its own. On the offensive Wake Forest's weakness was apparent, being unable to make first down.

Parker at fullback, Harris at end, and Olive at guard made conspicuous plays and provided the features for Wake Forest. Folger, fullback for Carolina and their best ground gainer, avoided Will Harris at all stages of the game. Champion, playing quarterback for Wake Forest, did not fail to make his presence known during the activities of the afternoon and once intercepted a forward pass for a substantial gain.

Taking everything into consideration the record made was not disappointing, and with the knowledge acquired the coaches can supply the needed strength and fill in the weak spots.

### The Guilford Game

The second game of the football season was played with Guilford College on the local field October 7th, Wake Forest experiencing little difficulty in administering a defeat of 33 to 0. All 33 points were registered during the first half, scoring being done by the following: Champion, who had been shifted to halfback; Captain Parker, who negotiated a series of line plunges in fast fashion; and Croom, who made a spectacular dash of seventy-five yards. Shaw kicked three goals. The excessive heat and the insertion of several substitutes tended to put a damper on further scoring and the play of the second half produced no change in the score.

Dick Pace at quarterback displayed good judgment in the handling of the team and a better offensive was shown by the changed backfield. Blizzard, a new man at guard, played his position well, and so did Harris at end.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

The two issues which have appeared of the *Red and White* (A. & M. College) are praiseworthy for the simple, straightforward, and very pleasing style in which they are written. In the issue of September 28, the departments overlap a little, but this fault is corrected in the issue of October 12. In the first issue the articles on "The Intercollegiate Debating Team: Its Record and Future," and the "Reorganization of the Animal Husbandry Division" are worthy of special mention. We do not see the point in "The Song of the Senior."

The second issue of the *Red and White* is an improvement over the first, and is deserving of praise in almost every respect. The article on "The Federal Farm Loan Act" is excellent and merits careful perusal. We regret that there are not more contributions from students not on the staff. The news items are well written, and the verse is unusually good of its kind. We congratulate the *Red and White* on the admirable way it is carrying out its purpose as expressed in an editorial in the first issue.

The *Philomathean Monthly* (Bridgewater College) for October is, taking it as a whole, very good. The three essays are excellent, although they are necessarily superficial on account of their brevity. The plot of the short-story, however, is rather weak. The poem is only mediocre. The editorials are creditable, but we lament a tendency toward bombast. We should be glad to see this magazine enlarge, and approximate what we believe to be its possibilities.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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Newish Edwards, on first seeing the pipe organ in Memorial Hall:  
Gosh, ain't that a big radiator!

---

When ye editor asked Dr. Hubert Poteat for a little help on Latin syntax one Sunday the Doctor said: "It's all right to pull an ox out of the ditch on the Sabbath, but not an ass!"

Ye editor wants vengeance for the aforesaid slander, and hereby offers a valuable reward for the capture, dead or alive, of a good joke on Dr. Hubert Poteat.

---

Not even a vegetarian can afford to live on his laurels.—*Youth's Companion*.

---

### IN THE WOODS

There may be monsters in the woods  
Like wolves and bears, all furry,  
But one big monster is not there—  
And that's the monster Worry!

There are no phones and cars and trains  
To make men rush and hurry,  
Nor are there any fashion things  
To make the ladies worry.

The creatures do not eat such stuff  
As lobsters, sweets and curry,  
Which town folk eat and wonder why  
They have an inward worry.

In fact, among these woody shades  
Where squirrels and chipmunks scurry,  
You'll look a thousand years in vain  
To see a sign of worry.

The winds may blow, the rains may fall,  
The snow may fly a-flurry,  
But Nature always smiles and says—  
*Aw, what's the use to worry!*

BOHUNKUS.

Newish Turnley, talking medicine: Osteology? O yes, I studied that in civil government.

---

"Sharkie" Ray: You know that bonehead said Dr. Poteat wrote "Othello," and you know as well as I do that Homer wrote it, of course!

---

Professor: Mr. Trahey, you failed to come at the appointed time.  
Newish Trahey: Sorry, 'fessor, but I didn't get off Biography lab. soon enough.

---

This space is reserved for that joke you did not hand to the editors. Laugh.

---

"Bun" Rucker, after Dr. Pearson had dismissed the class on grounds of general ignorance: Doctor, I knew that question. Why didn't you ask me?

Dr. Pearson: I looked all around, Mr. Rucker, and asked all those who looked like they had a gleam of intelligence.

---

Zony Hobbs to a newish: Now look at me—I'm the most popular man in college. If you want to be popular like me, just stay in your hole this year like I did my newish year.

---

Young Lady: Do you dance, Mr. Olive?

"Jocko" Olive: Well I'm not strong on style, but I've sure got the old endurance!

---

Senor Garcia, after eating enough grapes to intoxicate a giraffe: I wish, I wish my stomach was big, was big enough—O I wish I had two stomachs!

---

Zack Mitchell: Why sure Claude Kitchin is a great man, because he is floor leader of the House.

Speight: Humph! Dr. Tom is floor leader around here, and he's no great man.

---

Newish Hadley, on being told that the river between here and Raleigh was called *Neuse*: You call pretty near everything around here *newish*, don't you?

---

The Arts may be sisters, but nobody wants to marry a family.—  
*Writer's Monthly.*

## SHOO-FLY AND JITNEY

The Jitney leaves at eight o'clock,  
The Shoo-Fly leaves at ten,  
And then you get to Raleigh, boys,  
There ain't no telling when.

The Shoo-Fly is old-fashioned too,  
The Jitney has the class,  
Because it looks so much more swell  
Than all the Fords you pass.

The Jitney charges fifty cents,  
The Shoo-Fly forty-five,  
You pay the Shoo-Fly when you start,  
The Jit. when you arrive.

The Shoo-Fly stops on center dead,  
The Jitney will not spark,  
And then you have to foot it in  
Through cold and mud and dark.

The Shoo-Fly stops at Johnson street,  
The Jitney anywhere,  
They both will eat your patience up  
Before they get you there.

The Shoo-Fly waits for Number Three,  
The Jitney blows a tire,  
And then you wish you were back home  
And sitting by the fire.

The Jitney does not run on time,  
The Shoo-Fly does not try,  
But never mind that little thing—  
You'll get there by and by!

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT.



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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVI

December, 1916

No. 3

## EVENSONG

J. N. DAVIS

The lake still lies,  
The marsh-hen cries,  
While from his native bog  
Croaks the deep-voiced frog.  
And now the chirp melancholy  
Of the garrulous katydid,  
Banishing all folly,  
Sends sadness instead.  
Darkness conquers evening light;  
The bat from his trysting tree  
Swiftly circles in his flight;  
And through the falling gloom of night  
There comes resounding back to me  
The shepherd boy calling softly over the lea,  
Calling, calling, over the lea,  
*Coo, sheepy; coo, sheepy, coo.*

## ALFRED NOYES

---

J. A. M'KAUGHAN

---

Of contemporary English poets, perhaps none stands higher in his vocation or has achieved a greater popularity than Mr. Alfred Noyes, who is characterized by many critics as the most considerable poet since Tennyson. Mr. Robert Bridges is of course well known, but more by virtue of his laureateship than the quality of his work; Kipling, once the idol of the English people, seems to have passed his highest level, as his power has been steadily declining in recent years; John Masefield, one of the younger generation of poets, is known and appreciated by only a limited number of readers; and the promising career of Rupert Brooke was unfortunately cut short by his untimely death in the present European conflict. Below these the majority of the writers of poetry are struggling along in the rut of mediocrity, occasionally rising above this plane by an exceptional bit of verse. On the other hand, Mr. Noyes has steadily risen with the publication of each successive volume of his poetry until he stands today among the foremost English men of letters.

As Mr. Noyes is only thirty-six years of age and still has his best days before him, more than a brief biographical sketch would be superfluous. He was born in 1880 in Staffordshire, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he gained a greater reputation as an athlete than a poet. In 1907 he married Miss Garnett Daniels of Washington, D. C., and lived in England until 1913, when he came to America, partly to lecture for world peace and partly to satisfy the desire of his wife that he broaden his experience by a visit to her homeland; for up to this time his travels had been very limited.

After his graduation he refused to accept any permanent

commercial position, and gave his entire time to the pursuit of his art; and the seriousness with which he has taken it is at once wise and modest. Just as a chemist punctually enters his laboratory to conduct his experiments, so Noyes has set aside certain hours wherein he may concentrate his attention on his work, since he does not believe in inspiration as the fountain of good poetry. Always he is described as a poet who lives by his pen, and it may be remarked that he is one of the very few poets who have contrived to live, and live well, out of poetry.

On his lecturing tour in America he has been everywhere favorably received and rightly regarded as a visitor of exceptional importance. In recognition of his ability, Princeton University offered him a visiting professorship, which he accepted; and he is now spending part of his time in his university work, and utilizing his leisure in delivering lectures in many of our principal cities.

Such are the dry facts of his life. I much prefer the statement of the critic who said, "The true facts, of course, are that Mr. Noyes was born—I have not the remotest idea when, nor has the poet himself—in the Forest of Wild Thyme; he was educated in Old Japan, which you will not see on the map, but of which you may catch stray hints on old blue plates and such like; his recreations are hunting in Sherwood with Robin Hood and sailing beyond the sunset in quest of Eldorado; and his postal address is 'Care of Oberon.'"

Mr. Noyes is one of those happy men who have made the simple discovery that fairyland is wide enough to embrace postmen, East End coffee-stalls, barrel-organs, smelting furnaces, and newspaper boys, as well as our childhood friends, Miss Muffet, Cock Robin, and Little Boy Blue. The "shades of prison house" have not closed upon him; and to him the world is still a fairy tale, "a delightful place in which to make ourselves supremely happy."

Let us delve a little deeper into *The Flower of Old Japan* and *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, two representative poems in which the imagination is given full play to recreate childhood days; for in them the poet has revived his youthful spirit, as did the old skeptic when he said:

"I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,  
And pray the simple prayers I learned at my mother's knee."

*The Flower of Old Japan* is typical of a number of poems, dealing with the fancies and emotions of childhood, that communicate to grown-ups the spirit of youth and bring a renewal of happy dreams. Old Japan, a delicately sketched, mythical fairyland, wholly the product of the poet's imagination, is nothing more nor less than sunny England. Mandarins, Bonzes, Jugglers, and Magicians are mingled in a delightful tale in which Ourselves take a certain ecstatic "joy in jumping time and space" in search of the Flower of Old Japan.

Ah! let us follow, follow far  
Beyond the purple seas;  
Beyond the rosy, foaming bar,  
The coral reef, the trees,  
The land of parrots, and the wild  
That rolls before the fearless child  
Its ancient mysteries:  
Onward and onward, if we can,  
To old Japan—to old Japan.

Ourselves, the voyagers in the poem, when the howling winds and beating rain kept us indoors to tell "tales of ghosts and buried gold," were

Searching quaint old story books  
Piled upon the furry mat,

and dreaming, until there came a tapping on the wall, and a tall, thin man stepped into the room and, waving his little red and green fan, began to tell us

Of a land  
Far across a fairy-sea,

and we saw that

Tucked in tiny palanquins,  
 Majestically swinging there,  
 Flowery-kirtled mandarins  
 Floated through the scented air.  
 Fat black Bonzes on the shore  
 Watched where, singing faint and far,  
 Boys in long blue garments bore  
 Roses in a golden jar.  
 While at carven dragon ships  
 Floating on that silent sea,  
 Squat-limbed gods with dreadful lips  
 Leered and smiled mysteriously.

And, as the tall thin man vanished through the wall, Ourselves followed his long pink robe floating behind him. On, on to Wonder-Wander town Ourselves sped; and passing through woods of monstrous flowers and through the valley where Jack and the giants still lived, came to the streets of Old Japan, where

Many a wild white pigeon roams  
 The purple cherry crops,  
 The mottled miles of pearly domes  
 And blue pagoda tops.

Ever followed by that grinning, silky-speaking, slant-eyed Creeping Sin, Ourselves, swung in palanquins, continued the journey to the Mystic City in search of the Flower of Old Japan. Even though the entrance to the city was guarded by a fat black bonze on either side and the wrought bronze gates were blazoned with blue sea-dragons, spitting forth flame, Ourselves entered in; overcame the trickery of Creeping Sin by the magical power of the tall thin man; passed by the Mystic Ruby and the Wisdom Looking-glass; and just as we were about to be devoured in a cave of wriggling, hissing snakes, the world of reality flashed back, and Ourselves were at home again to sing:

We sailed across the silver seas  
 And saw the sea-blue bowers,  
 We saw the purple cherry trees  
 And all the foreign flowers;  
 We traveled in a palanquin  
 Beyond the caravan,  
 And yet our hearts had never seen  
 The Flower of Old Japan.

The Flower above all other Flowers,  
 The Flower that never dies;  
 Before whose throne the scented hours  
 Offer their sacrifice;  
 The Flower that here on earth below  
 Reveals the heavenly plan;  
 But only little children know  
 The Flower of Old Japan.

Thus ended the quest for the flower (which is nothing  
 more than the white English daisy), and Ourselves,

While the firelight, red and clear,  
 Fluttered in the black-wet pane,

found that it was very good to hear

Howling wind and trotting rain;  
 For we found at last we knew  
 More than all our fancy planned.  
 All the fairy tales were true,  
 And home the heart of fairyland.

Another fairy tale in rhyme which Noyes himself prefers  
 is *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, in which is introduced all the  
 folklore of our childhood days. The theme of the story is  
 given in the opening stanzas of the prelude:

Hush! if you remember how we sailed to Old Japan,  
 Peterkin was with us then, our little brother Peterkin!  
 Now we've lost him, so they say; I think the tall thin man  
 Must have come and touched him with his curious twinkling fan  
 And taken him home again, our merry little Peterkin.

And because



Grown-ups cannot understand,  
 And Grown-ups never will,  
 How short's the way to fairyland  
 Across the purple hill:  
 And yet, at just a child's command  
 The world's an Eden still,

the two children began their search through fairyland, with its Angels, Mammoths, Fairies, and Dragons, for little lost Peterkin. While the church bells were ringing they passed beyond the rows of cottages and on through the church gate and came where

That foolish plate of brass  
 Said Peterkin was fast asleep  
 Beneath a cold and ugly heap  
 Of earth, and stones, and grass.

So inviting were the great cushions of wild thyme, the children remained a while to play; and presently, lulled to sleep by the peal of a distant bell, they began to dream of "that undiscovered land." They grew smaller and smaller until the blades of grass seemed like mighty trees, obscuring the sky, and each grain of sand a boulder; ants became witches, and insects swelled to dragons with fiery eyes and flaming breath. Terrified by their changed surroundings, the little seekers for lost Peterkin turned and fled—anywhere. And as they went on, their attention was arrested by a tollman, and they stopped to listen,

"Hark, who killed Cock Robin, then?"

they heard. And a tiny voice replied:

"I  
 Killed  
 Cock  
 Robin."

"I! And who are You, sir, pray?"

Growled a voice that froze our marrow:

"Who!" he heard the murderer say;

"Lord, sir, I'm the famous Sparrow,  
And this 'ere's my bow and arrow!

I

Killed  
Cock  
Robin!"

Oh, we couldn't bear to wait  
Even to hear the murderer's fate,  
Which we'd often wished to know,  
Sitting in the fireside glow,  
And with hot revengeful looks  
Searched for in the nursery books.

On through the wild forest they stole, past Aladdin's cavern, over hills of topaz and dewy lakes, under lilies that spread like a milky way overhead, by mammoths, "beasts no Nimrod ever knew," crocodiles and bears, and all the wonders of Never-never Land. Finally they walked into the parlor of the Hideous Hermit, known to us as Spider, but to them a monster with weird and wicked eye. Here again the poet recreates childhood tales and fancies. Said the Hideous Hermit to his little visitors:

"You remember Miss Muffet,  
Who sat on a tuffet,  
Partaking of curds and whey?  
Well, I am the spider  
Who sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

"That love was the purest  
And strongest and surest  
I'd felt since my first thread was spun.  
I know I'm a bogey,  
But she's an old fogey;  
So why in the world did she run?"

Rescued from the terrible Hermit by Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed, they continued their journey through Wonderland, ever called by the far faint cry of Peterkin. Beyond the Eternal City's farther gates they went, out into the Unknown, until they came to the Temple of the Smallest Flower. There their fairy guides whispered:

"Here our kingdom ends:  
 You must enter in alone,  
 But your souls will surely show  
 Whither Peterkin is gone."  
 So "Good-bye, good-bye," they said,  
 "Dear little searchers-for-the-dead."

Such is Noyes' fairyland. He is still young enough to see that the "world's but a fairy tale," the moon a "galleon tossed upon cloudy seas," and the stars lights of home. Still can he become a little child to whom the blades of grass are a jungle, the small creeping creatures mighty dragons, and the petals of the smallest flower the secret of the whole world. He has no sympathy for the men who toil

From morn till night,  
 With bleeding hands and blinded sight  
 For gold, more gold! They have betrayed  
 The trust that in their souls was laid;  
 Their fairy birthright have they sold  
 For little discs of mortal gold;  
 And now they cannot even see  
 The gold upon the greenwood tree,  
 The wealth of colored lights that pass  
 In soft gradations through the grass,  
 The riches of the love untold  
 That wakes the day from gray to gold.  
 For them the smallest Flower is furred,  
 Mute is the music of the world,  
 And unbelief has driven away  
 Beauty from the blossomed spray.

So varied in character are the ballads of Noyes, and so well is each done, that the selection of a few representative ones presents a rather difficult problem. It is perhaps to be noted here that the majority of the ballads deal with tales of the sea. This same statement could be applied to most of his works, for hardly is there a page which does not breathe the fascination which the rolling deep and shimmering waves hold for the poet. Indeed, it seems almost useless for him to tell us in the *Song of the Wooden-Legged Fiddler*:

I lived in a cottage adown in the West  
 When I was a boy, a boy;  
 For I knew no peace and I took no rest,  
 Though the roses nigh smothered my snug little nest;  
 For the smell of the sea  
 Was much rarer to me,  
 And the life of a sailor was all my joy.

Ay! Now that I'm old, I'm as bold as the best,  
 And the life of a sailor is all my joy;  
 Though I've swapped my leg  
 For a wooden peg  
 And my head is as bald as a new-laid egg,  
 And smell of the sea  
 Is like victuals to me,  
 And I think in my grave I'll be crying *Ahoy!*  
 For though my old carcass is ready to rest,  
 At heart an old sailor is always a boy.

As can be readily seen from the titles, *Black Bill's Honey-moon* and *Forty Singing Seamen*, two of the selections are ballads of ocean life, while the *Highwayman* is a tale of love and unselfish sacrifice. The lilts and cadences, humor and music, and fantasy that permeate every poem are nowhere seen to better advantage than in the ballads. Each is a fantastical tale with a musical swing that gives us wings as we read. I shall take up *Black Bill's Honeymoon*, one of the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, told by John Davis to the rollicking, fun-loving assembly that gathered nightly at that famous hostelry.

## CANTO I

A tale like mine they never shall tell,  
 Or a merrier ballad sing,  
 Till the man in the moon pipe up the tune  
 And the stars play Kiss-in-the-Ring!  
 Till Philip of Spain in England reign  
 And the stars play Kiss-in-the-Ring.

All in the gorgeous dawn of day  
 From gray old Plymouth Sound  
 Our galleon crashed through crimson spray  
 To sail the world around.

Cloud f' the Sun was her white-scrolled name—  
 There was never a lovelier lass  
 For sailing in state after pieces of eight  
 With her bombards all of brass.

But as over the Ocean-sea we swept,  
 We chanced on a strange new land  
 Where a valley of tall white lilies slept  
 With a forest on either hand,

. . . .

Hyrkania, land of honey and bees,  
 "We have found thee at last!" he said,  
 "Where the honeycomb swells in the hollow trees."  
 (Oh, the lily behind his head.)  
 And the captain he whispered: "This honey, one saith,  
 On my camphored cabin shelf  
 None may harvest on pain of death,  
 For the bee would eat it himself."

. . . .

But, marking how Bill looked bitter indeed,  
 For his sweet tooth hungered sore,  
 "Consider," he saith, "that the Sweet hath need  
 Of the Sour as the Sea the Shore!"

"Consider the claws of a bear," said Bill,  
 "That can rip off the flesh from your bones,  
 While his belly could cabin the skipper and still  
 Accommodate Timothy Jones!  
 Why, that's where a seaman who cares for his grog  
 Perspires how this world isn't square!  
 If there's cause for a cow, if there's use for a dog,  
 By Pope John, there's no sense in a Bear!"

I would face your Hyrcanian Bear, forsooth,  
 And look at his nose myself."

. . . .

Out of the galley and into the wood  
 He plunged through the last rich light.

## CANTO II

Dance, ye shadows; O'er the glade  
 Bill, the Bo'sun, undismayed,  
 Pigeon-toes with glistening blade;

Drake was never bolder.  
 Devil or Spaniard, what cares he  
 Whence your eerie music be?  
 Till—lo! against yon old oak tree  
 He leans his brawny shoulder.

Straight o'er a bough one leg he throws,  
 And up that oaken mainmast goes  
 With reckless red unlarded nose

And gooseberry eyes of wonder!  
 Till now as in a galloon's hold  
 Below he sees great cells of gold  
 Whence all the hollow trunk uprolled  
 A low melodious thunder.

And now he hangs with dangling feet  
 O'er that dark abyss of sweet,  
 Striving to reach such wild gold meat

As none could buy for money.  
 His left hand grips a swinging branch,  
 When—crack! Our Bo'sun, stout and stanch,  
 Falls like an Alpine avalanche  
 Feet first into the honey!

And now he struggles all in vain  
 To reach some little bough again;  
 But though he heaves with might and main,

The honey holds his ribs, sirs,  
 So tight, a barque might sooner try  
 To steer a cargo through the sky  
 Than Bill, thus honey-logged, to fly  
 By flopping of his jibs, sirs.

## CANTO III

A month went by. We were hoisting sail!  
 We had lost all hope of Bill;  
 Though laugh as you may at a seaman's tale,  
 He was fast in his honeycomb still.

. . . .

He knew our anchor was heaved from the mud;  
 He was growling it over again,  
 When a strange sound suddenly froze his blood  
 And curdled his big slow brain.

A marvelous sound, as of great steel claws  
 Gripping the bark of the tree,  
 Softly ascended! Like lightning ended  
 His honeycomb reverie!  
 The honeycomb quivered! The little leaves shivered!  
 Something was climbing the tree!

As the skipper descending the cabin stair,  
 Tail first, with a vast slow tread,  
 Solemnly, softly cometh this bear  
 Straight down o'er the Bo'sun's head.

Nearer—nearer—then all Bill's breath  
 Outbursts in one leap and yell!  
 And this Bear thinks, "Now I'm gripped from beneath  
 By a roaring devil from hell!"  
 And madly Bill clutches his brown bowlegs  
 And madly this Bear doth hale,  
 With his little red eyes fear-mad for the skies  
 And Bill's teeth fast in his tail!

Pull! Up! Up! Up! with a scuffle and scramble,  
 To that little blue ring of bliss,  
 This Bear doth go with our Bo'sun in tow  
 Stinging his tail, I wis  
 And this Bear thinks, "Many great Bees I've known,  
 But there never was Bee like this!"

And our chaplain he sniffs, as Bill finished his tale  
 (With the honey still scenting his hair!)  
 O'er a plate of salt beef and a mug of old ale:  
 "By Pope John, there's no sense in a Bear!"  
 And we laughed; but our Bo'sun he solemnly growls:  
 "Till the sails of yon heavens be furled,  
 It taketh—now, mark!—all the beasts in the ark,  
 Teeth and claws, too, to make a good world."

Of a similar character is *Forty Singing Seamen*, in which we find the same swinging melody and sparkling wit that characterize the ballad just read. In no other poem is there

found such effective mingling of rough humor and high romance and such a combination of Kiplingesque strength with Swinburne's smooth flowing rhythm. Noyes' love poems are not many in number, but the few that he has written are excellently done. It will be hard to find a ballad more striking in form or more touching than *The Highwayman*, a tender love story, written with a swing and melody that is characteristic of Noyes.

In speaking of the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, the London Times says that "This is the best work that Noyes has done so far." Noyes has undoubtedly found in the Mermaid Tavern, that famous gathering place of Elizabethan wits, a rich source of poetical inspiration. He has not in any way attempted to imitate Elizabethan verse; but his creation is the embodiment of his imagination of those illustrious men who lived in the spacious days of Elizabeth, when the very fumes of ale and tobacco breathed of romance. What the Elizabethan age was we cannot possibly know; but "what the Elizabethan age is now, for us, is another thing," and in opening up a window through which we may view those days, Mr. Noyes has revealed to us "a bright and busy scene wherein every sharp detail suggests unobserved complexities, and more is felt than observed."

All types of versification—lyrical, dramatic, and narrative—are represented in the nine numbers which comprise the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. From the first splendid song, which is one of the best in the whole collection, we are swept on with an exhilarating sense of pleasure.

Marchaunt Adventurers, chaunting at the windlass,

Early in the morning he slipped from Plymouth Sound,  
All for adventure in the great New Regions,

All for Eldorado to sail the world around!

Sing! The red of sunrise ripples round the bows again,

Marchaunt Adventurers, Oh, sing! we're outward bound.



All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,  
 All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found,  
 Marchaunt Adventurers!  
 Marchaunt Adventurers!  
 All for Eldorado and the new sky-line.  
 Marchaunt Adventurers, ah, whither are you bound?  
 All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

Immediately following this inspiring prelude, we have a ringing ballad of the last voyage and almost stoical death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, recited by Raleigh, who sent his voice "ringing across the smoke wreathed room," while sweet Will Shakespeare, Kit Marlow, Bricklayer Ben, and the rest of that goodly company, drank deep draughts of sack.

And dark and dark that night 'gan fall,  
 And high the muttering breakers swelled,  
 Till that strange fire which seamen call  
 "Castor and Pollux" we beheld—  
 An evil sign of peril and death  
 Burning pale on the high mainmast;  
 But calm with the might of Gennesaret  
 Our Admiral's voice went ringing past,  
 Clear through the thunders far and clear,  
 Mighty to counsel, clear to command,  
 Joyfully ringing, "We are as near  
 To Heaven, my lads, by sea as by land!"

Ever the more, ever the more  
 We heard the rising hurricane roar!  
 But he sailed on, sailed on before.

. . . .

And the light was out! Like a wind-blown spark,  
 All in a moment! And we—and we—  
 Prayed for his soul as he swept through the dark;  
 For he was Knight of the Ocean Sea.

Over our fleets for evermore  
 The winds 'ull triumph and the waves roar!  
 But he sails on, sails on before.

Passing over *The Coiner of Angels*, the second number, in which the Mermaid wits have great sport in baiting Richard

Bame, the most puritanical and "godliest hypocrite on earth," and *Black Bill's Honeymoon*, which has already been taken up in detail, we reach the high-water mark of the poet's creation, *The Sign of the Golden Shoe*, in which the tragic death of Kit Marlowe is told by Nash:

Come, come and see Kit Marlowe lying dead!  
 Draw back the sheet, ah! tenderly lay bare  
 The splendor of that Apollonian head;  
 The gloriolæ of his flame-colored hair;  
 The lean, athletic body, deftly planned  
 To carry that swift soul of fire and air.  
 What if his blood were hot? High over all  
 He heard, as in his song the world still hears,  
 Those angels on the heavenly burning wall,  
 Who chant the thunder-music of the spheres.  
 Yet, through the glory of his own young dream  
 Here did he meet that face, wet with strange tears,  
 Andromeda, with piteous face astream,  
 Hailing him, Perseus. In her treacherous eyes  
 As in dark pools the mirrored stars will gleam,  
 Here did he see his own eternal skies;  
 And here—she laughed, nor found the dream amiss;  
 But bade him pluck and eat—in Paradise.  
 Here did she behold him, broken up with bliss,  
 Here, like a supple snake around him coiled,  
 Here did she pluck his heart out with a kiss,  
 Here were the wings clipped and the glory soiled,  
 Here adders coupled in the pure white shrine,  
 Here was the wine spilt and the shew-bread spoiled.

Of the remaining tales in the collection, *The Burial of a Queen*, as told in a weird story by Timothy Scarlet, the sexton, is the best. The secret burial of Mary Stuart, followed on the next day by an official funeral which was only a farce, forms the theme of the story. It is not, however, the narrative part of the poem which claims our attention, but the lovely lyrics with which the story is interspersed. Only a few stanzas need be quoted to show Noyes' wonderful lyric gift.

They carried her down with singing,  
 With singing sweet and low;  
 Slowly round the curve they came,  
 Twenty torches dripping flame,  
 The heralds that were bringing her  
 The way we all must go.

. . . . .

Ah! stained and ever stainless,  
 Ah! white as her own hand,  
 White as the wonder of that brow  
 Crowned with colder lilies now,  
 White on the velvet darkness,  
 The lilies of her land!

The witch from over the water,  
 The fay from over the foam,  
 The bride that rode thro' Edinboro' town  
 With satin shoes and silken gown,  
 A Queen, a great king's daughter—  
 Thus they carried her home,

With torches and with 'scutcheons  
 Unhonored and unseen,  
 With the lilies of France in the wind astir,  
 And the Lion of Scotland over her,  
 Darkly in the dead of night,  
 They carried the Queen, the Queen.

At the end of the nine numbers, only the solitary, pathetic  
 figure of Jonson remains to chant:

Marlowe is gone, and Greene is in his grave,  
 And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!  
 Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;  
 Robin is dead and Marlowe in his grave.  
 Why should I stay to chant an idle stave,  
 And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?  
 For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,  
 And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave—  
 If there be none, the gods have done us wrong.  
 Ere long I hope to chant a better stave  
 In some great Mermaid Inn beyond the grave;  
 And quaff the best of earth that heaven can save,  
 Red wine like blood, deep love of friends and song.  
 I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave,  
 And hope to greet my golden lads ere long.

In the words of one English critic, "We have let this great work speak for itself as far as the limitations of space would permit, and no commentary can do much to heighten the sense of its power and beauty, of its rich and varied life, of its crowded action and poetic fire. Certainly we have no other poet now living whose work can measure up to these *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, and no age of English poetry so rich that it might not be proud to reckon this work among its greatest glories."

In writing *Drake*, his epic poem, Mr. Noyes came early to the parting of the ways, where he chose to attempt greater things, even though they might fail, than to live unnoticed among mediocre contemporaries. To say that an epic has been written by a poet only twenty-nine years old is "apt to raise a smile of incredulity," especially when we consider the fact that it was composed in less than two years time.

Nevertheless, the reader will recognize in *Drake* a "greatness of actual achievement," both in intent and content. It is only when brought into high company that it shows many shortcomings. Some one has said that the purpose of an epic "is to sum up in a narrative of necessary magnitude the entire contribution to human progress of a certain race or nation. It requires for its subject-matter a vast struggle—an immense social conflict between nations." There can be no doubt that *Drake* falls within this definition. In the tremendous issues at stake in the attack of the Armada on England, and the impending catastrophe, we have a struggle second to none, a struggle in which the destiny of nations was to be decided and the course of civilization determined. Though the handling of the subject-matter is defective and the blank verse "a magnificent failure," as one critic has described it, it is only in comparison with the greatest epics of all time that Noyes' work suffers; and, too, we could hardly expect one of his few years to come up to Homeric standards.

For one thing the poet is to be praised: he has given us a work that is interesting throughout. No one ever accused Milton's masterpiece of being interesting; and even his splendid blank verse becomes monotonous with much reading. But *Drake* is young, fresh, and strong. Everywhere are the big things of nature, air and clouds, dawn and night, and the sea, the spirit of which "broods over Drake as the spirit of Rome broods over the *Æneid*." By some it has rightly been called the "greatest single contribution to English literature since the death of Tennyson."

In view of the many opinions concerning the effect of war on literature, it is quite interesting to note that Noyes may be placed in the same category with other Englishmen of letters, in that very little work of importance has come from his pen since the European storm broke in 1914. Since, in the opinion of many competent judges, literature is one of the arts of peace, and requires quiet and meditation rather than turmoil and activity, it is probable that the stirring events of the past two years will find no adequate expression until the next decade. For this reason, what we know of the attitude of Noyes toward war must be found in his poems published some time after the Balkan disturbances of a few years past. Only a poem or two need be read to find that he is a pacifist, a believer in world peace and in the brotherhood of man. He is firmly convinced, and rightly so, that war is antagonistic to social progress; and his war poems breathe a spirit of indignation against the makers of war who compel earth's people to serve their own ends. To Noyes the belief of each nation in the right and justice of its cause and in its monopoly of divine aid, is one of the greatest tragedies of all armed conflicts. And so in his poems we find the most forceful plea for peace and for the application of the principles of right and justice to international disputes and "the strongest denunciation of bloodshed that has appeared in many and many a day."

In this review of Noyes' work it has, of course, been necessary to omit discussion of many of his well known poems, such as *Sherwood*, a complete drama in verse, *The Barrel-Organ*, one of his many masterly sketches of London life, and *Rank and File*, a swinging poem of marching humanity. But I hope to have given some adequate conception of this young but promising poet. Certainly he has shown us that fine poetry is not so rare today as some discouraged people would have us believe; that poetry is as much alive as it ever was; and that "the Muses walk the earth just as of old for those who have eyes to see them." The ease of his art, the freshness of his personality, and his ability to versify, have done much to establish his reputation and popularity. But coupled with these qualities, his surprisingly various nature and manifold productivity are evident. A London barrel-organ, highwaymen, pirates, newspaper boys, and war-songs follow in rapid succession. His subjects are drawn from every field, and he "runs the gamut of human emotions. He carries us through childhood's fancies, the joys of youth, love, romantic adventure, tragic incident, tavern life, enchanted islands, and vast surging oceans." Ballads and lullabies, songs, light lyric verses, sonnets, and blank verse are all written with an extraordinary skill that leads us to forecast a brilliant future for one so young. For though Mr. Noyes has won for himself a secure place in our literature, his greatest possibilities lie before him; and it is in him that the chief hope of English poetry is now centered.

## ON TO WINDVILLE

FRANCIS SPEIGHT

The young high school professor nervously fingered the almanac facsimile hymn-book, moved towards the front of the little chapel rostrum, and straightened himself up for an oratorical onslaught. "One more thing," he began, "that I want to call your attention to this morning, and that is the way you boys have of riding the log train over to Windville and up and down the track. I have continually warned you of this, and now, with the assistance of the trustees, I'm going to put a stop to it. Do you hear? What would you think of me if I were always riding around on the log cars? Now, the next ones caught riding on that train are going to be punished, and punished severely, too. Don't you forget that."

That afternoon, after the last recitation was over, Robert Peele, a tall healthy lad, and his chum, "Bear" Greene—so called because of his spherical dimensions—separated themselves from the rest of the students and sought the woods, where they might confidentially discuss the "railroad situation." Bear opened the conference:

"That was some stuff that 'fessor pulled off at chapel 'bout ridin' the log train, wasn't it?"

"You're right," returned Robert. "He thought he'd show his importance, I reckon. But, say, les go over to Windville on that train tonight. What d'yer say, eh?"

"Aw, I 'spect we better not. We might get caught up with, an' I don't want to have to lick that 'fessor."

"Shucks! You little chicken-livered Jane, you don't know what you're talkin' about. We won't get caught up with. Les go—what yer say? We'll have a whopper of a time, b'lieve me!"

"Well, I don't much care. I'll go if you say so. Fact is, since I commence thinkin' about it, I guess it would be pretty good fun."

"That's the pep! When had we better catch her?"

"'Bout sundown, of course; when she comes out with her last load, some time along then."

"Man knows, you've got the brain in the belfry! Won't we have a time? You know I'm the guy that put the motive in locomotive. Oh my! nuf said!"

About 5 o'clock that same afternoon the professor walked hastily into the little town garage. There was an expression of anxiety on his face. He spoke rapidly:

"Can any of you fellows carry me over to Windville to-night, or rent me a car? How about it?"

A greasy machinist crawled out from under a lame "John Henry." "I'm sorry, cap, but we ain't got nothin' here but what's got some kind er ailment," he explained.

"Well, can't you fix up something? I'm not choice."

Then in a desperate tone the professor played his last card. "I've got an engagement with a lady in Windville tonight, and I'm due there in two hours, and I can't get anything to go over on to save my blooming neck."

"Naw, sir; I'm mighty sorry, but there ain't nothin' in here that I kin yerk into roadin' shape in less'n four hour; but Tom Cherry down there's got a car, an' I 'spect he'd carry you."

"I've tried him. He's gone and won't be back till morning."

"Sorry I cain't 'commodate yer, sir; but hit's jes like it is, yer know."

The professor turned and left, biting off a vehement "dog-gone!"

Dusk was falling. It was the time of day when the little log train usually made its last trip to Windville. Chatting



in a low voice as they went, Robert and Bear were making their way across fields and through woods to the "station"—that is, the long hill where the slow speed of the log train was even more reduced by the upgrade. Occasionally a rabbit hopped saucily across the path and disappeared into the underbrush. In the hedges sparrows were twittering themselves to sleep. From a field near by came the songs, shouts, and loud laughter of negroes leaving their day's toil and turning homeward.

Through the dusk Robert and Bear saw a dim form stepping gingerly along in almost the same direction they were going. They grew suspicious. The form was getting closer to them. Suddenly they recognized the professor, and quickly concealed themselves in a patch of bushes.

"Wonder if he saw us?" gasped Bear in a whisper, his eyes bulging a little.

"I don't hardly think so," Robert replied, doubtfully.

"What you say to going back?" suggested the globular one, his conscience pricking him somewhat.

"No, sirree! Don't les do that," insisted the other, boldly, for the professor was passing out of sight. "You don't want that little sissy-wissy of a 'fessor to get the best of you like that, do you, eh? We ain't goin' on no peace party. The battle-cry is 'On to Windville!'"

"'Course I don't want that 'fessor to get the best of me!" retorted Bear, his courage returning. "I ain't goin' to let no man carry my corn to the mill!"

Robert strained his eyes towards the disappearing form of the professor. "I think I see him goin' back now. Maybe he ain't; but we'll go on down this way back around to the grade anyway. I'm glad it's in the woods, ain't you?"

Accordingly they left their place of concealment and hurried silently down to the railroad, going, however, to a different point to board the train, because of the uncertainty

of the professor's whereabouts. Already the rattle and puff of the narrow-gauge locomotive could be heard, coming across the fields. The boys saw the moon-rays glinting along the rails. The tortoise-like engine labored heavily, shaking over the uneven track, and the coughing and sneezing of the exhaust became slower and more strained.

When the engine passed the boys it was moving slowly, and the log-piled flats jolting along behind were easy to board. They separated a short distance so that both could catch the same car—the fifth one, which they had decided upon. Robert, who was to jump on first, stood beside the track and let his fingers touch the standards of each car as it passed. When the fifth came by he grasped the front standard and neatly swung himself upon the coupling. And Bear, with some difficulty, did likewise.

The train climbed the hill and regained normal speed, and the boys presumably had outwitted the professor. Bear, trying to catch his breath, began in a triumphant voice:

"Well, ole top, I say we did it, eh? Don't you? He'd be some hot if he knew it."

"'Fessors ain't all the folks in the world," returned Robert, giving vent to his feelings. "I ain't goin' to let none of 'em run the hog over me. I told you we could do it, didn't I?"

"Yep," agreed Bear.

"'Twould er been goodnight, sweetheart! if he had caught up with us. Folks are allus talkin' 'bout what they use to do and how they used to get away with the teacher, and then they allus end up by saying that boys don't do nothin' nowadays and ain't got no pep. But I guess we've showed 'em up Ananiascs, eh, kid?"

"Right, Bob, ole hoss!" giggled Bear. "And now we'll have sumpen to tell the kids about when we get old, too, won't we, though? Les get up on top of the logs—what yer say?"

"All right!"

They began to crawl up on the logs. A head appeared at the other end of the car, and quickly ducked down out of sight. The boys did not notice it, and climbed on up to the top of the pile of logs. The face appeared again, and this time a body followed. Suddenly the boys were aware of a man not two yards from them. The moon chose the moment to slip from behind a cloud-curtain and take a peep. Light—even moonlight—reveals many a thing. The man glanced uneasily, and tried to escape the boys' startled gaze. The boys' hearts ran up into their throats and their respective knees began to smite one another woefully. They were dumfounded. The professor!

It was all up now. They were caught. They were shorn of their glory. Now they would be forced to eat humble pie indeed. Their first impulse was to leap to the ground and flee, but the train was moving too fast.

The professor shifted his eyes nervously, and could find no tongue. Never had he been so humiliated—and by his own pupils, at that. His reputation was ruined forever, now that it would be known that he was beating a ride on the log train, and that, too, on the very day that he lectured the boys against that same crime.

Finally he mustered up a bit of courage, and spoke awkwardly: "Er—good—er—eve—ereevening, boys. Taking a ride, I—er—suppose?"

Bear waited for Robert to speak, and Robert waited for Bear. Bear made a burst at it, and only sputtered, grunted, and ehoked. Then Robert tried:

"Er—um—er—n—naw, s—sir, naw, yes—er—yesser. We thought—er—just, you know—er—we'd jus' run—er—. 'Fessor, we're mighty—er—sorry, an' we beg—er—your pardon, yesser!"

The professor began to revive. "I'm—er—sorry, too, that it, you know, that it's—it's—you know, like it is. I didn't

even think——. Well," he cleared his throat loudly, "well, if you fellows promise me not to say anything about this ever, I—and I mean, won't do it again, I'll let you off this time and won't say anything, either."

Robert grinned sheepishly. "No, sir; I'll never open my mouth about it; no, sir; you bet I won't!"

"If I tell I hope I'll die!"

The professor did not try to hide his relief. "Crawl over here where the wind isn't so bad and sit down and I'll tell you why I'm on here."

Bear pulled a paper sack out of his pocket and held it out to the professor. "'Fessor, have some candy!"

## THE GIFT OF THE DAY

E. J. TRUEBLOOD

Each morning man awakes to meet life's tasks anew,  
And strives some nobler deed than those bygone to do.  
Behind him frown the blunders of the past,  
Before him beckon laurel wreaths at last  
That crown endeavor.

Though countless errors blot the day now sped away,  
Still opportunities arise anew each day;  
Though man in weakness faltered, failed and fell,  
He yet becomes—whene'er he struggles well—  
Victor forever.

## THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT EGYPT

FRANCIS H. BALDY

Less is known of the religion of the ancient Egyptians than of any other aspect of their civilization. Scholars are in many instances reduced to mere hypotheses and a *posteriori* reconstructions. This will not appear strange if we reflect upon the poor quality of the evidence, which is distributed over a period of more than two thousand years, and upon the fact that the period of Egypt's religious growth existed before recorded history. However we are sufficiently informed to be able to realize the profound influence which Egypt's religion exerted on her history, which in turn shaped to a large degree almost all early civilization.

As in the religion of most other peoples, the worship of gods was the core about which all Egypt's religious beliefs centered. The various gods and goddesses may be divided into three groups: Egyptian gods proper, foreign divinities, and the deities and demons which occupied a minor place in the worship. The Egyptian gods proper are also generally divided into two groups: the tribal gods and the cosmic gods.

Of the two classes of Egyptian gods proper, the tribal deities were by far the more important. There were several reasons for this, but perhaps the most important was the loyalty of the people of that time to their particular tribe, rather than to the nation at large. Thus they felt far greater reverence for a god that was exclusively theirs and that of their near friends and relations than they did for a deity that was worshiped by the whole nation. Furthermore, when later in the history of Egypt this spirit of tribal individuality became lost in a steadily growing spirit of national oneness, the tribal gods, instead of declining in popularity of worship, became national divinities, and gained rather than

lost by the change. The myths, also, with which the religion of Egypt was strongly interwoven, spoke most frequently of the tribal gods, and so kept them uppermost in the minds of the people.

Another important reason for the greater popularity of the tribal gods was the fact that they were the judges of right and wrong, good and evil, and such, while the cosmic gods represented the forces of nature, such as the wind, water, and fire. Thus the cosmic gods dealt only indirectly with the affairs of men and took no direct interest in men's individual deeds. On the other hand, the tribal gods paid individual attention to the needs and wishes of their worshipers, and were brought into closer relationship with them. Therefore the people gave more of their worship to the tribal than to the cosmic gods, because they thought by so doing they would receive greater benefits.

Each god took the form of some animal, or else took up his abode in some fetish of wood or stone. The animals of the class in which the god manifested himself were considered sacred and were under protection of the law. No one was allowed to harm them under penalty of death. If the god manifested himself in a fetish, it also was considered sacred and handled with great care and reverence. About the time when the tribal gods became national divinities all the gods began to be represented as having human forms, although they generally retained their animal heads. It is in that form that they are most often represented in the drawings and paintings that have come down to the present day.

Another change followed close after the transformation of the tribal to national gods. The numberless myths brought the gods into relation with each other and imbued them with human passions and virtues. Thus the people began to think of each god as having a special personality and distinctive habits and traits of character. Thus the god that manifested himself in the wolf became *Ophois*, the god of war.

About this time also, contact with foreign lands began to bring in some new deities; for example, *Baal*, *Anat*, and *Resheph* from Syria. Many of these foreign divinities soon had followings that rivaled those of the ancient Egyptian gods. In addition to the foreign divinities, there were many deities of minor importance that were created by an extension of the principle that gave rise to the cosmic gods. For instance, day and night, the seasons, and such, were represented each by a god or goddess of its own; as were also most of the industries, such as reaping, spinning, planting, and others of like nature. In addition to these, there were a great many semidivine beings that had no other place than that of filling out the myths, such as the demons, who opened the gates at the approach of the setting sun. All of the minor deities possessed at best but a shadowy and doubtful existence.

Every god of any consequence had its special cult of worshippers, and its separate priesthood, ceremonies, and temples. The temples were in every case large and splendid, decorated with paintings, statues, and carvings, and finished throughout in the most magnificent manner. All temples of the same cult were built according to a common fashion which was specified by the priesthood. Attached to every temple were many priests and priestesses, whose duty it was to perform the religious rites and to instruct the people in the doctrines of the cult. Strict purity was required of every member of the priesthood, severe penalties being imposed upon any one who broke his religious vows. The wealth of the priesthood was enormous, for the order controlled large tracts of land, which were constantly made larger by grants from the king, who was himself at the head of the religion of the state. Extortion was practiced by the priesthood to such an extent that the masses of the people were kept in poverty for the greater portion of the time. This was one of the chief causes for the ultimate downfall of Egypt.



All the cults held the same general belief about the soul, which was supposed to partake of two characters called the *Ka* and the *Bai* respectively. It was believed that a portion of man's individuality needed food, drink, and the satisfaction of other physical needs, even after death. That portion was the *Ka*. It was supposed to bear the exact resemblance of the person to whom it belonged and to be born at the same time with him. It was to the *Ka* alone that the survivors of the dead man addressed their incantations and offerings. Far less is known by the scholars of modern times concerning the *Bai*. In fact, it is quite probable that the ancient Egyptians themselves had no very definite belief concerning it. Practically all that can be ascertained is that the *Bai* was supposed to take the form of some animal it preferred and hover around the tomb where the body was interred.

The Egyptian religion abounded in ceremonies of all kinds. Every day there was a stated ritual to be performed, and offerings to be made of food, ointment, and other things. After they had been offered to the gods, the greater part of the gifts passed into the hands of the priests. A small portion was given to the people, who deemed anything that had been offered to the gods immensely superior to ordinary commodities.

In case of death very elaborate ceremonies took place. The fame of the Egyptians as embalmers has come down through all the centuries because of their great skill in preserving the human body from decay. The intestines were removed and placed in four jars, where they were under the protection of the four sons of *Horus*, the man-headed *Mesti*, the ape-headed *Hapi*, the jackal *Duamutef*, and the falcon *Kebssenuf*. The corpse was treated with natron and asphalt, and wound in a great quantity of linen bandage. Many magical formulæ were repeated by the chief priest as each bandage was applied. A mask of linen and stucco was placed

on the face. Then the corpse was laid on its side as though sleeping, and placed in a coffin covered with gaily painted figures representing scenes and episodes in the dead man's life. If the man had been wealthy, this first coffin was generally placed inside a larger one, and the whole enclosed in a sarcophagus of wood or stone. The process of embalment often lasted as long as seventy days, for many superstitious and all important rites had to be observed.

No matter what the life of a man had been, he was entirely dependent on the ceremonies attending his burial for his well-being in the spirit world. Thus, if the ceremonies were not properly performed by his relatives, he was obliged to lead a miserable existence until the end of time. To increase his happiness in the lower world, great quantities of clothing, ointment, and utensils of all kinds were placed in the tomb, as he was supposed to be able to use them when dead in the same fashion as when living. Thus the wealth of a man was believed to help him even after death. Naturally this kind of belief in the course of time became unbearable to the poorer classes.

The history of Egypt's religion was one of progress and then of decline. For a long time there was a tendency toward a higher form of religion. The doctrines as taught by the priests became better suited for the uplifting of humanity. The transformation of tribal to national divinities tended to form the people of the various tribes into a single unit and to bring about a higher patriotism. At one time there was a near approach to monotheism. But towards the end of the period there was a general relapse into savagery, and a revival of all the early elements of barbarity.

The religion as a whole exercised a very unfortunate influence on Egypt's ancient history. By constantly enriching the upper classes at the expense of the poor it steadily undermined the very foundations of society. Furthermore, at no

time were the doctrines either stimulating or comforting; but, on the contrary, they inspired fear and dread in the mind of every believer. Hence it is very probable that had Egypt's religion been different, her history would have been of a very different nature, and she would have attained a more lasting place among great nations.

## DETERMINED BEFOREHAND

R. E. HURST

"Well?"

"Dixon has accepted your challenge, and will meet you at those two chestnut trees on Laurel Hill at three. And he says your father's dueling pistols can be used if you wish."

"Good! Then we have him at our mercy. I have fixed both pistols. I took most of the powder out of the cartridges, leaving just enough to explode them."

Lewis Graham, a well-knit, determined young man, sat in his library, nervously puffing at a cigar. His face was drawn, but his eyes sparkled when he was told that Dixon had accepted his challenge. Hugh Meredith, a life-long friend of Graham's, had carried the challenge to Frederick Dixon.

"Lewis," Meredith was saying, "somehow I wish that you had never challenged Dixon. Think what a stain it will be on your life to have killed a man. And suppose you should not kill him, and he finds out that the pistols were loaded with blank cartridges? Don't you think you had better give up the whole thing?"

"No, Hugh; I cannot. Dorothy Haines is the only girl I ever loved, and when she refused to marry me, I swore vengeance, and I will get it by killing the man she is to marry."

It was a stormy afternoon in July when the two men, accompanied by their seconds, met on Laurel Hill. The rain was blinding, lightning flashed, and the rumbling thunder suggested a distant play of artillery.

Dixon stood under a tall chestnut awaiting Graham's arrival. He glanced at Graham sharply as he approached, but the glance was not returned. The two men stood close to-

gether while the seconds arranged the details, but not a word was spoken. Graham's second presented the case of dueling pistols to Dixon, commanding him to choose his weapon. Dixon took out one of the pistols; Graham took the other. Then Dr. Parr, Dixon's second, gave the men their instructions: "Mr. Graham, you will take your position under that chestnut yonder; Mr. Dixon will remain where he is. I shall count three. On the third count you are at liberty to fire."

It seemed to Dixon that Graham took considerable time in covering the fifteen yards to the other tree. But Dixon did not know that Graham was taking time to exchange the dueling pistol for another weapon he carried under his coat. Upon reaching the tree he turned and signaled that he was ready.

It was difficult to hear in the driving rain, but the words of Dr. Parr came clearly to the ears of the two men standing under the chestnuts.

"One!" The guns were cocked. "Two!" The guns are raised to the level of the eye. But "Three" was never heard. Instead there was a flash of light, a sharp report, and a bullet spattered against the tree under which Graham stood. Graham lay prostrate upon the ground. Dixon and the seconds rushed to him. The doctor bent over him a moment, then looked up into the faces of the other two men and nodded his head.

"Dead as Julius Cæsar!"

## THE MOUNTAIN MAN AT HOME

IRA T. JOHNSTON

The alumnus, as he picks up his old college magazine, begins to wonder, as he gazes at the familiar covers, who now sits at the editorial desk, seeks ever elusive material, reads proof while the History professor lectures, and fits fine phrases into editorials for nobody to read. The reverie continues. Who are now the literati of the campus? Who now invoke the Sicilian muse and wonder where the sacred river runs? Is it like the old days still? At the pleading voice of the editor, do some "with forced fingers rude, shatter . . . leaves before the mellowing year?" Ah! Let us look inside. Yes, here are some of the old names. That's right, boys; the magazine must be supported; its covers must be comfortably filled each month. Care not for the contempt of the heathen hordes who stain their fingertips with nicotine rather than with good fountain-pen ink. The contempt of Sparta did not hinder Athens from becoming immortal.

And here, indeed, is a familiar name! Friend Carolus, still your potent pen you wield in a good cause. A flood of memories is aroused by your name. Once more we spout poetry at a helpless freshman, who dares not look bored. Once more we gaze at Powers' Drug Store amid the shifting lights and shadows, roam around Capitol Square, startling the squirrels with Shakesperean phrases, or with corrugated brows brood over plots O. Henry and Poe never dreamed of.

But let us bid the voice of Memory be still, and read the piece. 'Tis idle to wonder what subject now engrosses the attention of our versatile Carolus. Let us read the piece.

Here are some familiar terms. Mountains! Just beyond the window are mountains, all glorious and golden with the colors of autumn. The Brushies! We were reared in sight

of their blue summits and have learned to love their morning greeting. The Blue Ridge! It is just out there a little way, but the commotion does not disturb its majestic calm. Dregs! . . . drink! . . . lack of sense! . . . O Carolus, thou philosophical one, didst thou learn those terms by a summer in the hills? They are strange terms for the city-tired to use. Polite manners unknown! . . . laughed at . . . not welcomed! . . . Where was that winning smile of yours during the vacation days? Yours is not the tale that other stranger told, who, though neither angelic in appetite nor appearance, went back from the mountains after having been fed and warmed and made welcome in a dozen homes.

Let us go over to Jake's, though, and read him the piece. Neighbor Jake is a mountain man, and he will understand the piece . . .

Jake's house is a roomy and comfortable two-story structure, situated on a little hill. Perhaps Jake selected this spot because of the good drainage and the beauty of the location. He had his house painted last summer, because, as he said, "So many of the neighbors are havin' paint splashed all over their houses, I'd just as well get in the swim." (We will pardon Jake for his mixed metaphor, because he is a mountain man).

"Howdy," says Jake, as he caught sight of me; "come right in. There's two strangers who spent the night here, in the sitting-room, so we'll talk here on the porch. How's everything? . . . Yes, I've been quite busy for a few days. I went down to attend a meeting of the Wilkes County Fruit Growers' Association. On the way back I called on the county superintendent and discussed ways and means for improving our school. Ain't that man a wonder? Why, no wonder Wilkes leads the State in educational progress, rural libraries, and increase in local-tax districts. . . . What's that you've got there? A Blum's Almanac? No, it don't

look like it. Oh, you want to read me something, do you? I've been reading out to the old woman about the election, and she can't understand a bit of it. Woman suffrage, the deuce! . . . But go ahead and read it."

So I read Jake the piece, while he smoked his pipe and gazed meditatively at the golden and green and red bedecked hill in the distance. When I finished he blew out a cloud of smoke and whistled softly for a few minutes. I waited. . . . "Why, that feller must be powerful smart. I wish I had his flow of language. And he certainly must have troubled a heap. But it must have been George Sheets' house down there in the holler that he was describing. That don't sound like my house and John McNeill's and Bill Blenins' and— A friend of yours? . . . Carolus? . . . Couldn't have been that fruit-tree agent nor that feller that failed to get the school over at Piney Ridge last fall? . . . Oh, I wish I'd a had a chance at a college education. But I'm going to send Jim next fall. Guess I'll send him to Wake Forest. Everybody says that's a good school. . . . You say so, too? Well, Jim, maybe, can learn to write like that. I wish he could.

"Still, that don't sound like most speakers I've heard. Nothing at all about 'the purest Anglo-Saxon blood on the Continent,' and about 'the bravest and the most free people in the world.' But he ain't running for office, I guess. But it does me good to hear them speakers tell about Shelby and Cleveland and Sevier and the mountaineers winning the Revolutionary War at Kings Mountain, and about old Zeb Vance being a mountain man, and Judge Pritchard, and several more. I used to like to hear old Rom. Linney, 'the Bull of the Brushies,' make one of them big speeches; and Frank might have been Governor if he'd been in the other pew. . . .

"Well, of course, we ean't work regular on our farms up here; the weather won't permit. But I guess we live about



as easy if we do loaf a little once in a while. I'm usually doing some odd job when I can't get out to work. I don't loaf much; but when I want to loaf, I'm thankful I'm independent enough to do it. I wouldn't be tied down to a desk for anything. But I guess there's all kinds of work in the world, and somebody has to do it. . . .

"What's that about booze? I ain't seen any in a coon's age, though they say they do blockade a little down on Fishing Creek. The last liquor I saw was when Frank Black and me hauled them apples to Greensboro. He went in a hotel and got a pint of the porter. Say, that's some town! But lots of 'em would shut their doors in our faces, just like we was book agents, or something. Why, you know, up here we even let book agents come in, and keep 'em all night for a pocket dictionary.

"In the old days, preachers and everybody believed in liquor. But it's different now, and people certainly are down on it. I don't think any choir leader would let the people know he was tanked up on corn liquor in a protracted meeting. . . . Shouting? . . . Why, there's more religion in one of our churches than in lots of bigger ones. I like to see some good old sister shout, and it lifts me up nearer heaven myself. . . .

"By the way, the bird season is open now, and I'm going hunting tomorrow, before them down-in-the-countryites come up and kill 'em all. What? . . . Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I heard of George Sheets eating a robin one time. That's all. And when I took down that load of limbertwigs I was telling you about, some feller was eating a mighty small bird in that restaurant we was in. Might have been a robin; I don't know."

Jake got up and stretched his powerful form.

"Gee! I'm glad I'm not as fat as a drummer I saw down at North Wilkesboro the other day. . . . Read me the last of that piece again. . . .

"Drugs . . . Healing the drugs? Does that mean like Brame keeps in the drug store or what settles in the bottom of cups and things? I don't exactly understand that, but you see I never had much education. But I'm going to give Jim one. . . . Oh, I don't think we are like that. Let me tell you, I think we are just folks, like other folks. Of course, we ain't had as good chance as some. But we are waking up. Our homes are as good as them I saw in the country when I took down that load of limbertwigs. We live about as well. We've got as much sense as average folks anywhere. Our boys do as well at college, don't they? We've had our sheer of the big men of the State. . The Brushies and the big Blue Ridge up yander has shut us out from the rest of the country. But we've got a railroad, and we've voted bonds for good roads, and we've got longer schools by voting that local tax the county superintendent wanted us to, and we don't need many drugs to heal us. No, we're not drugs, either. Just folks, ha! ha! ha!"

Jake turned.

"Say, I mustn't forget my manners. I've got to show the strangers over the farm. Stay till after dinner. I'd like to show you my new bathroom. I've had running water put in. Susie'll play you a piece on the new piano after diuner, if you'll stay in. . . . Well, you must come over Thanksgiving. See that big turkey yonder in the coop? I'm going to slay him. And we might have a robin or two if you think you'd like to try one. . . . Good day, sir."

# LIBRARY LORE

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ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN, Librarian

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## A LIBRARY IN ACADIA

It was our third day in Nova Scotia. Out of doors fog clung like a gray shroud. No afternoon this for exploring old wharves along the water front or sauntering through country lanes.

Yet several hours must be passed before the pretty little Acadian maid (already christened Evangeline by one of our party) would call us to the supper table, there to whisper confidingly at one's elbow, "Will you take broiled mackerel or finnan haddie?"

Bored? In the land of Acadia? Never!

It was at this juncture that some one suggested a visit to the library. Trunks were ransacked for raincoats and sweaters, and a moment later we were in the open.

Fragrance of pinks and lilacs greeted us as we passed down the street. Lilacs, though the calendar said July! Despite the veil of fog, one was conscious of the charm of emerald lawns enclosed by hawthorn hedges, still delicately pink with bloom.

And thus, by imperceptible degrees, we drifted into Main Street. For, even as Jonesboro, Kentucky, or Smithtown, Virginia, Yarmouth boasts a Main Street.

Yet here one is conscious of a foreign atmosphere. At the corner where we enter the chief boulevard a huge placard informs us that we are before the headquarters of the Red Cross. Inside the windows heaps of socks and clothing of various sorts testify to the fact that Yarmouth women have not forgotten their soldier lads.

Suddenly one realizes that a tremendous undercurrent of

feeling—of passionate affection for king and country—is flowing beneath the calm exterior of this Northern folk.

The shop windows are full of appeals for recruits. On one placard an earnest young officer beckons with his finger, and as he looks men full in the eye he says, "Be sure your so-called reason is not a selfish excuse!"

Men in khaki saunter up and down, their swagger sticks clicking smartly on the pavement.

At last we reach our destination. No hint of Carnegie's millions in the form of brick and marble towers over us. Yet the weather-beaten building seems all the more in keeping with the quaint old seaport town.

We climb half a dozen steps, pausing to read certain very neatly written cards in the windows. Evidently the librarian knows her Shakespeare, and in her gentle way is calling men to the colors. We thrill as we read the martial passages from the plays, then pass within the doors.

A few inquiring eyes are lifted to our ours as we make our way past several tables covered with mazzazines. The covers of these periodicals betray their foreign character.

The librarian, far back in a dim corner, has spied us, and greets us cordially as we venture to inquire for the Norse Stone, which, our guide books tell us, was inscribed with runes by Norsemen who visited Nova Scotia in the eleventh or twelfth century.

The gentle-voiced lady at the desk explains that the famous relie was carried to the Paris Exposition and has never been returned. But she eagerly assures us that she has other things worth investigation, and hastens to bring out an antiquated volume.

Very quaint and amusing prove the manuscript letters of a gentleman of rank who lived in Yarmouth in years long past. We smile over his attempts at matchmaking and over his account of a "festival" of the olden time.

The books ranged round the walls bear tokens of much use. Fiction predominates here as elsewhere, but there is an admixture of weightier literature. Many old friends smile benignantly on us from the shelves, as if pleased to have us recognize them in this new environment.

The long moan of the fog horn sounds from the harbor; the good ship *Prince Albert* is leaving for Boston—it is six o'clock, and supper-time!

A vision of our Evangeline with the brown braids comes to us, and we imagine we hear her soft query, "Strawberries or rhubarb?"

We linger for a last glance about the quiet library, and as we realize what these volumes must have meant on many a long winter evening, we bless the man who invented printing.

A moment later and we have plunged out into the fog.

## EPIGRAM

GRUNTIUS

*(After the manner of the Latin poet Martial.)*

Aubrey, thinking to utter forth a sagely  
Apophthegm, thou declarest that even as man  
Cannot come into life with knowledge laden,  
So man cannot be born with ignorance burdened.  
Aubrey, but thou beliest thine own adage;  
For thou hast now already spent twice ten years  
Seeking knowledge, and (as thou sayst) hast gained much;  
Yet enough but to know no less than nothing.

# The Wake Forest Student

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No. 3

## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

The  
Sunday  
Paper

Again and again we come upon fresh verifications of the old adage, that every cloud has its silver lining. The present shortage of paper, with the attendant evil of increase in cost, is working one great benefit in reducing the bulk of the daily newspaper and especially of the overgrown Sunday edition.

Although it may be rarely that our views harmonize with those of a periodical like *The Catholic Citizen*, we heartily subscribe to its estimation of the Sunday newspaper, thus set to rhyme:

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,  
 Twenty-two pages of rot,  
 Forty-six pages of scandal vile,  
 Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—  
 Death, disease, and despair—  
 Lies and fakes and fakes and lies,  
 Stuck in most everywhere.

Thirty-four comic pages  
 Printed in reds, greens, and blues;  
 Thousands of items we don't care to read,  
 But only two columns of news.

Granting that this description is somewhat overdrawn, it yet remains that the average Sunday paper is largely a mere pile of riff-raff. The editors know this, and they know, too, that sensible subscribers know it. Still, they would continue to multiply the rubbish and vie one with another to inflict bigger heaps on the public. They devise political intrigues, imagine sensational social scandals, invent war episodes, and such "literary vacuum"; and on the basis of all this surcharge of emptiness, boast that they publish more "news" than their rivals.

We may rejoice that this grand abomination now encounters a potent corrective. Economic considerations force the publishers to curtail their output, and the reading public demands that the useless and objectionable padding be eliminated and the genuine news retained. And so, while we charge many evils to the rising price of print paper, we may put to its credit a large share in the good work of purging and refining the public press.

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**The Interclass Track Meet** THE STUDENT, ready at all times to welcome movements which add novelty to the routine of life at Wake Forest and help to strengthen the students either physically, mentally, or morally, takes



this opportunity to congratulate the promoters of the Society Day interclass track meet upon their capital success. The meet was all that could be expected, considering the heavy track and the number of amateurs taking part in the various events.

There are two things which that meet suggested to us. In the first place, the success of the meet was due to the efforts of persons who received neither pay nor thanks from the Athletic Association. Manager C. C. Warren and Captain W. E. Jordan deserve especial credit for arranging and conducting the event, because the Athletic Association did not coöperate and the faculty Athletic Committee observed a negative attitude toward the whole matter. Dr. Pearson voluntarily gave what coaching the men got, and should be thanked for his services.

Now, in the second place, there is something radically wrong with the athletic management if it is unable to see the need of a track coach at Wake Forest. We are positive that there would be as many men to derive benefit from track exercise as there are those who now take part in basketball, football, or baseball. When one disregards this, and says that we are not able to employ a track coach, he is, to say the least, inconsiderate of the welfare of the bulk of the students, or else feeble in certain parts. Yet, we hear that Wake Forest is not to have a track coach. THE STUDENT appeals to both students and alumni of the College: are you willing to stand idly by and let this essential part of our athletics drop from the catalogue of sports at Wake Forest?

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**Committee** Some time during the last session the high  
**On** chiefs of our synagogue met in grave council.  
**Public Safety** They came forth from the synodal closet with  
 a triumphal gleam of inspired achievement upon their bland  
 countenances, and announced the inauguration of a great  
 remedial organ, which they nominated The Committee on

Public Safety. The committee promised to put a quick end to our outrageous misuse of the English language, by pronouncing dread penal threats against those gross blunders of ill spelling and grammar wherewith we were so wont to blot our quiz pads and examination papers. With a salaam we greeted the new thing, and hailed it as the long-needed panacea for our besetting scriptorial disorders.

But alas and alas! The worthy Committee has found no errata at all in our work whereupon to lay the punitory lash. And now we face the sad possibility of having this benevolent organ to atrophy into a mere vestigial member of the body collegiate. But this must not be. And as a means of supplying the functional exercise needful to its continued health, we beg to submit this suggestion: That the Committee on Public Safety be authorized to extend its jurisdiction over the faculty, and to deal at once with those individuals who habitually torture us with "ain't" and "it don't" and "we hear tell of" and "all the far it can go" and "had took place" and "freezed" and "quizes" and such. We are satisfied that the Committee will find ample material in that region for the operation of its corrective measures, and it will avail there for the mending of the grammatical weaknesses of the College as much as it would among the student body; for the faculty belongs to the family, too. And, above all, the Committee will be saved yet to fulfill its mission among the students at some future day when the need may arise.

#### A Reply

The editors take pleasure in yielding space in this issue to Mr. I. T. Johnston for an article which he has written by way of reply to "The Mountain Man" which appeared in the October issue. Mr. Johnston is a recent graduate of the College, and he is well remembered for his excellent service as Euzelian editor-in-chief of THE STUDENT during his senior year. His home is in the Brushy Mountains.

In this connection we wish to add that we shall be glad to receive at any time articles discussing questions of dispute among us. There are many questions concerning matters of State interest, and innumerable mooted subjects of particular interest to *litterateurs*—as, for a case in point, opinions on the probable result of the war upon literature. The publication of a few arguments and counter-arguments on these topics would add immensely to the vitality of our magazine.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

Society Day was celebrated Monday, October 30th, by a very interesting and enlightening program. Many visitors, including a large part of the student body of Meredith College and the Senior Class of Oxford College, attended this third celebration of Society Day.

At 10:30 o'clock Monday morning the annual debate was held in Wingate Memorial Hall. The question discussed was, "*Resolved*, That the United States should annex Mexico." Messrs. E. V. Hudson and A. D. Odom ably represented the affirmative, while Messrs. C. P. Herring and L. S. Spurling successfully defended the negative. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the negative.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the interclass track meet was held. It was the first interclass meet ever held at the College, and was a success in every way. The Sophomore class ran up the highest number of points and won the meet, although the Freshman class was a close second, finishing only five points behind the winner. Two Freshmen, H. H. Duncan and L. S. Clark, won first and second places, respectively, as the highest individual point gainers.

At 8 o'clock in the evening Messrs. A. C. Reid, C. H. Stevens, G. E. Eddins, and J. B. Davis delivered orations which were both carefully prepared and well rendered. At the conclusion of these exercises the audience repaired to the gymnasium, where the third annual Berean banquet was enjoyed. The hall was tastefully decorated with pennants and evergreens. Toasts were given to the Meredith and Oxford girls, who, through one of their number, gracefully responded. Dr. C. E. Brewer, president of Meredith College and former dean of Wake Forest College, made a short ad-

dress which was enthusiastically applauded by all present. At a late hour the crowd dispersed, having spent a day of enlightenment as well as of entertainment.

Prof. H. A. Jones of the department of Mathematics is supplying in the Law department, on account of the continued illness of Prof. E. W. Timberlake.

Mr. Lee Parker ('16) spent a few days on the Hill the first of November. Mr. Parker has accepted a position with the American Tobacco Company, and will be located in China.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd delivered an address Friday, October 20th, at the Red Oak community fair, which was held near Rocky Mount at the Red Oak Farm-Life School.

Prof. J. H. Highsmith spoke twice at the Second Baptist Church of Durham on Sunday, October 15th.

President Poteat has been very busy for the last month meeting his engagements. He spoke at the Montgomery Association, October 19th; at the Buncombe County Public School Convention, October 20th; at the Y. M. C. A. in Asheville, October 21st; at Leesville, October 26th; at St. Paul, November 1st; at Chalybeate Springs, November 2d; and at Charleston, S. C., November 12th.

Dr. N. Y. Gulley made a business trip to Greenville, Tuesday, November 7th.

Dr. W. L. Poteat announces that Prof. R. P. McCutcheon has tendered his resignation as associate professor of English.

The Wilson-Bickett Club of the College celebrated "Woodrow Wilson Day," October 28th, with a torchlight parade, followed by an address by Hon. A. L. Brooks of Greensboro. After the address, Dr. Poteat read President Wilson's speech to the audience. This club has helped greatly to initiate the students of the College into the realm of politics.

The autumn issue of the college bulletin, which appeared the first of November, contains the address of President Po-

teat, delivered at the Greensboro Conservation Dinner on September 7th.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake, who has been at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, has returned very much improved in health.

The committee appointed by the board of trustees to raise the necessary amount for the erection of a Society and Y. M. C. A. building, met on Society Day and perfected plans for the campaign. They hope to be able to launch the campaign about the first of the year.

The Glee Club left Friday, November 24th, for its fall trip. The itinerary includes all the best cities of the central part of the State.

Mr. Morgan, representative of the International Young Men's Christian Association, was a visitor to Wake Forest about the 10th of November. He is soliciting funds for the Y. M. C. A. relief work, which is being carried on among the prisoners of the belligerent nations of Europe. The students gave Mr. Morgan a sympathetic hearing and later contributed liberally to this work.

The Wake Forest Baptist Church has purchased a magnificent pipe organ, which is to be installed by the 15th of March. The organ was purchased from Henry Pilcher & Sons of Louisville. Dr. Hubert Poteat, chairman of the music committee, announces that the organ will be one of the finest and largest in the country.

Dr. Shailer Matthews, dean of the divinity school of the University of Chicago, a noted lecturer, and one of the foremost men of America, delivered a series of lectures at the College on November 4th and 5th. He spoke from the following topics: "Christianity and Imperialism"; "Christianity and Nationalism"; "Christianity and Internationalism"; "Japan of Today"; and "The Call of Tomorrow." These lectures were very helpful indeed, and it was with deep regret that we bade Dr. Matthews farewell.

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

WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

## Literary Societies

The lesser activities of the month fade into oblivion beside one big event, the iridescent splendor of which shines forth above all others. It has come and long has been gone, but departing leaves behind it fond memories that neither time, age, work, nor pleasure can obliterate. Society Day, gala-day of the fall term, was a grand success. All the plans of the program committee were carried out to the minutest detail and the fondest expectations of any sane individual were realized, in that from morning till midnight entertainment could be found on every hand.

At 10 o'clock the "Shoo-Fly" pulled up to the station, and a few seconds later a sight fit to retrieve the vision of a blind man was presented to the attentive crowd of students who graced the occasion. With many a flash and twitter, twenty fair Seniors of Oxford College fluttered down to *terra firma* amid the cheering crowd of delighted boys, and soon happy couples might be seen, the lesser half lugging a suitcase and conducting the girl of his dreams to her temporary abode.

The debate staged for 10:30 a. m. was well attended, and both sides of the question, "*Resolved, That the United States should annex Mexico,*" were ably upheld. Messrs. E. V. Hudson and A. D. Odom made strong points and quoted prominent men on the affirmative; while L. S. Spurling and C. P. Herring waxed eloquent in showing the evils which would necessarily be the result of annexation, and the right of the Mexicans to maintain their own government, however

inefficient it may be. Dr. N. Y. Gulley, Dr. J. W. Nowell, and Prof. H. A. Jones, judges, decided in favor of the negative.

After the midday meal had been partaken of, there was a hush of expectancy in the outside air, but not in the rooms of the students, for here all was bustle consisting of the sound of flowing water, the scraping of razors, tying of ties, and cries of consternation at a broken shoe-string. Why all this noise and confusion? The special train bringing the Meredith girls from Raleigh would soon arrive, and at 3 o'clock once more there was a multitudinous gathering at the station, where at 3:20 the train rushed in. Barely five minutes before this, the campus walks which were devoid of human companionship, now smiled covertly to themselves as they felt the soft tread of little feet progressing to the administration building, where dressing quarters had been provided.

However, there was not much time to linger, for men were waiting at the new track field, eager to christen the new ground and to display their prowess in the interclass track meet. All classes were represented and enthusiasm ran high, both on the side lines and in the match, for each contestant coveted the prizes and admiring glances of the fair spectators. The Sophomore class emerged victors by a score of forty-eight, but were tightly pushed by their more humble but aspiring mates of the class of 1920.

At 8 o'clock in the evening Wingate Memorial Hall was packed to the utmost with the crowd which had come to hear the orations. Mr. A. C. Reid, first speaker, chose as his subject, "North Carolina's Greatest Liabilities"; C. H. Stevens spoke on "Divine Discontent"; G. E. Eddins, "Americanism and World Politics"; J. B. Davis, "The Anglo-Saxon Heritage—World Peace."

When the orations had ended the audience repaired to the gymnasium, where the Berean banquet was held. Every



effort had been put forth to make the hall attractive with pennants, ribbons, and evergreens, and in the center were two large tables made in the shape of an O and M, and bearing up a load of punch, salad, cream and cake.

The hour of 11 arrived all too soon, and it was with feelings of deep regret that the Meredith girls boarded their special train, while on the Hill tranquillity and solitude once more reigned supreme.

### Y. M. C. A.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on October 23d Dr. Carstarphen spoke of the tendency of young men of today to believe that opportunity is a thing of the past, but that despite such tendencies, men still have the chance to make good. He pointed out several large fields of present-day activities, and in closing urged every man to prepare himself fully for his life's work.

Prof. H. A. Jones on November 6th delivered a very practical address in which he spoke of the relation of sound physical development to mental and moral efficiency. He stated that religious development is necessary to the well-trained man, and that one of the best ways to obtain this is to affiliate closely with the Y. M. C. A.

### Moot Court

The Moot Court jury rendered a verdict of not guilty in the criminal case, State v. Bird, Friday night, October 20th. Bird was tried for burglary in the first degree, but attorneys for State, James, Taylor, and Blanton, were unable to convict him on account of the spirited defense of Arledge, Lambert, and Payne. However, the State appealed on grounds of error in his Honor's charge to the jury.

In court which convened Thursday, October 26th, J. L. Henderson brought suit against the telegraph company for

mental anguish caused on account of failure to deliver telegram to the doctor. Henderson's wife was taken sick and he telegraphed immediately, but the message was not delivered. He received \$5,000 damages.

A criminal case was tried on November 11th. Counsel on both sides waived right to argue the case, and Blue, the defendant, was freed of the charge.

---

## RAIN

WOOD PRIVOTT

---

Haze in the eastern heavens,  
Herald of approaching rain,  
Resuscitating Mother Earth,  
Eliminating drought and dearth,  
Giving herbage healthy birth—  
Refreshing rain!

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

'07. Mr. Eugene A. Turner was married to Miss Mary Effie Lee at the American Presbyterian Mission, Hangchow, China, on November 8th last. After graduation at Wake Forest in 1907, Mr. Turner did notable work as secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at the Georgia Tech. for three or four years, going from there to Hangchow, China, where he has since been engaged in the same sort of work. The students of Georgia Tech. have recently sent him quite a neat sum of money to aid him in his work.

'07. Mr. Thomas Herman Beverly and Miss Margaret Caid Lawson were united in marriage at Klomoth Falls, Oregon, on October 18th. Mr. Beverly was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at the University of Alabama before going to Portland, Oregon, where he has made a brilliant record as a lawyer.

'16. Mr. B. Ray Olive has formed a partnership to practice law with Mr. S. Brown Shepherd of Raleigh. Mr. Olive will have charge of the firm's office at Fuquay Springs, N. C.

'13. Dr. George T. Watkins has located in Durham for the practice of medicine.

Many prominent alumni will appear upon the program of the Teachers' Assembly, which meets in Raleigh on November 29th to December 1st. S. M. Brinson, New Bern, and M. B. Dry, Cary, are members of the Executive Committee. Dr. Thomas H. Briggs ('96) of Teachers' College, Columbia University, will deliver one of the principal addresses on some phase of secondary education. In addition to this speech, he will make one at the Wake Forest banquet to be held at the Hotel Giersch on Friday evening. Superintendent R. E. Sentelle of Lumberton will speak on "Rules and

Regulations for Teachers." The subject of Mr. J. E. Allen of Warrenton is "Oral English Practically Applied in the High School." Dr. W. L. Poteat is to appear on the program, and will speak on "The Relationship of the High School to the College." Dr. C. E. Brewer, of Raleigh, is a member of committee on organization of a Department of Higher Education. Hon. T. W. Bickett will also deliver an address.

'04. Hon. A. J. Bethca has been reelected Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina on the Democratic ticket. Prior to the election on November 7th, he was busily engaged in making speeches in the interest of Woodrow Wilson. He devoted his attention to northern States, particularly Maryland.

'11. Mr. Julius C. Smith married on October 26th, Miss Lila Keith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Keith, of Wilmington. Miss Keith is a graduate of Meredith College. Mr. Smith is a lawyer, located in High Point, and has been very successful in the practice of his profession.

'10. Wake Forest is ably represented in the field of journalism in Virginia, in the person of Mr. R. E. Walker, who is connected with the *Daily Index-Appeal*, Petersburg. Mr. Walker's work has gained wide recognition.

'09. Mr. Sanford Martin is at present editor-in-chief of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, and his work in connection with that paper has been a success. While in college he did work on *THE STUDENT* and was also intercollegiate debater.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## The A. & M. Game

On October 19th the annual football game between Wake Forest and the North Carolina Aggies was staged on Riddick Athletic Field in Raleigh, from which the West Raleigh aggregation emerged with the large end of a 6 to 0 score.

Before a throng of people made up of the students of both institutions and of a large number of visitors attending the State Fair, the two teams struggled for victory, and it was only after much effort that A. & M. succeeded in registering the single touchdown.

On the second play of the game, when Croom eluded the A. & M. line and dashed up the field for a 45-yard gain, Wake Forest hopes mounted high and the Aggies realized they had met their match. Both lines held at critical times, and Pace and McDougall were forced to punt frequently. Toward the latter part of the second quarter A. & M. advanced the ball within three yards of our goal line, but were held for downs, Pace punting out 30 yards. By a series of plunges A. & M. again brought the ball within striking distance and the imperturbable Van Brocklin carried it over for the only score of the game. Rice's attempt at goal failed.

Hubert Olive probably played the best game of his football career, outplaying the famous "Doc" Cook at every stage and tackling his opponents with deadly accuracy. Croom, Captain Parker, and Will Harris were great obstacles to the progress of the A. & M. machine, solving readily the delusive formations and fake plays of Coach Patterson's charges. The game was featured by the best of college spirit and there was a gratifying absence of any unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of either team.

### The University of South Carolina Game

Wake Forest met the University of South Carolina on their home field Saturday, November 4th, and defeated them by a score of 33 to 7, outplaying the Gamecocks in every department of the game and displaying an offensive and defensive that literally swept them off of their feet, Wake Forest marched up and down the field almost at will.

Varying his style of attack to suit the occasion, Dick Pace would hurl Captain Parker at the opposing line, and not once did this "small-sized dreadnaught" fail to tear off a substantial gain. Then he would call on Champion and Croom for end runs, and they would measure up to all expectations. Several forward passes were successfully attempted, one of them falling into the arms of Will Harris and resulting in a touchdown.

The outstanding feature of the game was a 90-yard dash through the whole Carolina eleven for a touchdown by the fleet-footed Will Harris. Receiving a kick-off on the 10-yard line and following his interference with rare judgment, Harris evaded the oncoming Gamecocks and reeled off the length of the entire field in ten seconds, accomplishing an unparalleled feat in the history of intercollegiate football at the University of South Carolina.

Carolina scored her touchdown by means of two well executed forward passes.

This game was our first victory won on foreign soil in the space of three years.

### The V. P. I. Game

Wake Forest did battle with the strong Virginia Tech. team on November 11th, at Blacksburg, Va., and suffered defeat by the score of 52 to 0.

V. P. I. has made a wonderful record this year, holding Yale to 19 points and defeating both North Carolina A. and

M. and University with ease; so it was with no hope of victory that Wake Forest entered the game, though with the determination to hold their heavier opponents to a low score. Several miscues aided V. P. I. in rolling up the points, and hence the score is not a true measure of the ability of our team.

On the offensive, Champion was a good ground gainer, while Olive and Harris played excellent defensive ball. Wake Forest was deprived of the services of Captain Parker early in the game, who was forced to retire on account of an injury; and he was soon followed by Will Harris.

The hospitality and treatment of the V. P. I. students was of the highest order.

### Interclass Track Meet

The new track, located just north of the gymnasium, was the scene of an interesting meet on Monday afternoon of Society Day. By much effort on the part of Manager Warren, everything was in readiness for the afternoon's activities and a large crowd of visitors viewed the initial performance between representatives of the different classes. Amid the cheers of the fair sex, the eager athletes exerted themselves. However, on account of the soft condition of the cinder path and the incorrect distances, no spectacular feats were performed, but a decided impetus was given to this form of athletics at Wake Forest.

The Sophomore class was the winner, with a total of 48 points to its credit. The Freshman class was a close second with 43 points. To this class belongs the distinction of having among its ranks both the first and second highest individual point winners.

The meet was a success from every standpoint, and track enthusiasts may expect greater things from Wake Forest in the future in this department, inasmuch as such work can now be conducted under more favorable conditions.

### Basket-ball Outlook

The football season is fast drawing to a close, and with its termination the world of sport turns its attention to basket-ball.

Every follower of college athletics is familiar with the wonderful record of our basket-ball team in 1916, when it won all games played with State institutions. And no man fails to give Mr. J. R. Crozier credit for this achievement and for all previous honors won by our quints since basket-ball was introduced in this State, for no small degree of the success of these teams may be traced to his coaching. Mr. Crozier is again back at his old position, but without the stars of his last year's team.

Of the material out for the team at present there are two men who can be counted upon to bear the burden of the work this year; they are Captain Bob Holding and Leo Franks. Around these two men the 1917 machine must be built.

The class games are bringing to light other available material. Hanby, a new man, seems to be fast on his feet and is a good goal shot. His development has been rapid and it appears that he is assured of one of the guard positions. The selection of forwards presents a problem. It looks at present as if Bill Dickson, Spaugh, and Neal are the most promising candidates for these positions. All of them, however, are handicapped by being light in weight.

It will be necessary more than ever to depend on speed and passing to win games, and the material now on the floor is suited to just such style of play. We cannot expect to have as strong a defensive and offensive team as we had in 1916, but we may count upon a team that will run away with the average college team and one that will hold its own against exceptionally strong teams.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

---

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

---

Failure to appear on time is one of the besetting sins of college magazines as a class. Of course, there are always good excuses for delay; but suppose the editors of noncollege magazines succumbed to obstacles and permitted tardiness, would the subscribers and advertisers submit to it? We should take great pains to afford to our subscribers and advertisers the prompt service that is rightfully theirs.

We also desire to call attention to the pernicious habit prevailing with a number of our exchanges of calling every contribution of verse a *poem*. Among the large number of metrical compositions appearing every month on our exchange table there are doubtless many immortal gems; but even so, we are obliged to recognize the fact that some of the verse is of such a quality that to apply to it the term *poetry* partakes of the nature of irony.

But now to a few "preachments" of a more particular nature. *The Davidson College Magazine* for November is excellent. We criticise more severely the mechanical make-up of the magazine than the subject-matter itself. The lack of an inside title page and table of contents is a noticeable fault. Neither do we like to see advertisements scattered through the departments. But we are delighted with the subject-matter itself. "Pictures of My Mother" is a very pleasing tribute. The essays are all thoughtful and even scholarly productions, worthy of careful attention. As to the fiction, it is of a high order, particularly the story entitled, "The Spy." It is one of the best, if not the best, short story we have seen in a college magazine this year. The verse also is of a high grade, and a little more of it would

have improved the magazine. The departments are uniformly good. We like the style in which the editorials are written.

Let us next take up the October issue of *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. The essay, "Antebellum Fun in Old Virginia," is the most valuable contribution. The verse is only mediocre. We wish that "The Cycle of Time" had been omitted. It is a worthless and ridiculous piece of bombast. The stories, however, are of a fair degree of excellence. The departments, too, are very good. There seems to have been a dearth of literary material, for the contributions are few.

*The Clemson Chronicle* for November is next to be considered. The opening contribution, "Dreams," is rough and displeasing in meter. The other two contributions of verse are also of poor quality. The essay, "John C. Calhoun and the War of Secession," is a good treatment of a subject that we may in this connection call trite, for it has been grievously overworked by the superficial essayist. "The Philosophy of Life" is only a collection of platitudes. The article on "The Six-Six Plan: A Reorganization of the Public School" is informing and possesses real value. The editorial is poor in style and substance. The other departments, however, are good. As a whole, this issue of *The Chronicle* is not a proper expression of the great college it represents.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks many other exchanges which have come. We regret that we do not have space to review them all.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

Dr. Pearson, on class: Who usually buys stocks in the Stock-Exchange?

Spaugh: Stock-raisers, I guess.

---

R. W. Warren, on lexicographical niceties: *Alumni* is a bunch of 'em, and just one is *aluminum*.

---

### HEARD ON SOCIETY DAY

Lady from Meredith: What class do you belong to, Mr. Rucker?

"Bun" Rucker: Can't you tell by my looks?

Lady: Why, you look like a prep.

---

Willie Gladney said the girl he took to the reception was so sweet that he called her *Revenge*. Ye editor's girl was so stubborn that she should be called *Fact*, we suppose.

---

Nance to the Lady Principal of Meredith: What class do you belong to, Miss Paschal?

---

### ODE TO THE LIVING GREEN\*

Too oft thou art unseen,  
O rolls of living green,  
Tho' much we look for thee!  
Whene'er thou dost appear,  
And to thee we draw near,  
'Tis but to see thee flee.

Not oft art thou possessed,  
O most essential pest  
At which man e'er did gasp!  
Fast hold on thee is such  
That it requires sly touch  
To keep thee in one's grasp.

---

\*A guest in the editorial parlors asked if *living green* meant *freshmen*. That is quite a plausible definition of the phrase. But in the present instance it stands for the almighty symbol of prosperity, after the familiar usage in Democratic terminology.—Edrons.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

There's no perplexity,  
 O lively verdancy,  
 So long as thou dost tarry!  
 But when we need thee most  
 Thou dost desert thy post,  
 And with thee good friends carry.

Too much on thee we lean,  
 O faithless living green,  
 To execute life's aim.  
 Too oft thou art abused,  
 In sundry ways misused  
 For luxury and fame.

We trust right much in thee,  
 O tempting currency,  
 Not knowing how thou art!  
 Great promises thou bringest;  
 Unfaithfully thou clingest;  
 Then swift thou dost depart.

How can we give thee rest,  
 O greenbacks, curst and blest,  
 In varying tones each hour!  
 The bliss thou bearest is nought  
 Compared to slick deeds wrought  
 By thine alluring power.

We long to gather thee in,  
 O undimmed piles of coin;  
 For thee we do contend!  
 But teach us what is right;  
 We'll strive with all our might  
 To properly expend.

By great names thou art known  
 In every land and zone,  
 In books, in signs, in word;  
 But with a judgment keen,  
 We'll call thee living green;  
 No better have we heard.

E. J. TRUEBLOOD.

Senate Committeeman: Mr. Edwards, have you ever been to college before?

Newish Edwards: Yes, sir; I went to Mars Hill five years!

---

Friends of Russell Ferrell, who is well remembered as a writer of fiction while here, will be glad to know that he has at length disposed of one of his short stories in the public press. He sold *When Trail Crosses Trail* to a weekly which does not pay for the fiction it buys.

---

The trend of progress is always upward: shoes are rising, but they can't keep up with the skirts! Which reminds us of this little verse, *An Autumn Query*:

The nights are getting longer;

I do not think that hurts,

Because it's time they oughter.

But how about the skirts?

---

Newish Bunch went into a basketball game, and came out Scattered.

---

Be it held in everlasting remembrance that Professor Sydnor said that if *the Hero* in *Much Ado About Nothing* were a lady, he would be *heroine*.

---

#### ECHOES FROM THE GLEE CLUB

Cary Herring says that Newish Dotson could sing all right, if he could blindfold his mouth.

---

Easom, singing with tender pathos: "In my dreams come again those chappy hildhood hours."

---

Newish Caldwell had to use a shoe-hook before he got his dress collar on.

---

Dr. Hubert Poteat, exasperated at the cacophonies of the Club: Gosh! I know I'm shortening my life ten years!

Manager R. W. Warren: "All right, Doc., let me sell you some life insurance.

## THE GLEE CLUB

Here's to the Wake Forest Glee Club,  
 The finest in the South;  
 If you would hear *some* singing,  
 Just let it spread its mouth.  
 We sing the sad, the glad, the gay—  
 Whatever you desire;  
 What more could any parson ask  
 Than hear the "City Choir?"

Our instruments of brass and gas  
 Are not inclined to drag,  
 And often for variety  
 We blow a little rag;  
 If your esthetic sense is shocked  
 Because you're growing old,  
 Just wait and hear your favorite—  
 "Gray hairs among the gold."

Hark well to Tally's tenor tune,  
 And Milton's mellow bass;  
 You're moved to hallelujah  
 If yours is music taste;  
 And if you like to shiver,  
 And feel it to the bone,  
 Just hear the Doctor ope the gates  
 To spread his baritone.

In fact, if you will listen  
 In a receptive mood,  
 We think that we can give you  
 Ambrosial phonic food.  
 The Club is here to please you,  
 Also the Stringed Band;  
 We hope we'll suit you better  
 Than any in the land.

GEO. W. LASSITER, *Class of '16.*

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXVI

January, 1917

No. 4

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## ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

—  
ROSCIUS  
—

Hush! hear the rain slow falling,  
Weeping for the year that's dying,  
And hear the wind-sprites sadly calling,  
Moaning for the year that's dying.

But hark to the chimes of the midnight bell!  
Hark how they peal away!  
Suddenly snapping the dismal spell  
And bidding mourners steal away;  
The rain-tears cease, the clouds grow thin,—  
Look! now a star gleams bright as day,  
Smiling to welcome the New Year in.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON

A. C. REID

Little more than a century ago a civilized nation without an aristocracy was a spectacle scarcely to be witnessed in the world. America was possibly the only country where such a democratic state of affairs prevailed, and here a process of evolution changed the semi-aristocratic social status of the early colonists to that of equality. The American colonists, having brought no dukes and barons with them to the rugged wilderness, and being in some way under a moral compulsion of setting up an imitation of the English life, ennobled in a kind of local fashion the richer Southern planters, especially those of Virginia and certain parts of North Carolina. These gentlemen were not without many qualifications for playing the agreeable part assigned to them. Cock-fighting and horse-racing, gambling and hunting, were delighted in; they had large landed estates and preserved the custom of entailing them in favor of the eldest sons; they were great genealogists, and steeped in family pride; they occupied capacious houses, and were noted for hospitality; they were generous, courageous, and high-spirited. The Revolutionary period proved that these men were little inferior to the greatest leaders of the world at that time.

Rather upon the outskirts than actually within the sacred limits of this charmed circle were the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Madisons, and the Henrys. The first Jefferson is supposed to have emigrated from Snowdon, in Wales. It can certainly be predicated of him that he was one of the earliest Virginian settlers, having arrived in Virginia before the Mayflower had brought the first cargo of Puritans to the New England coast. Records show that one of the first members of the Jefferson family was a member of the Vir-

ginia legislature of 1619, noted as the first legislative body ever convened on the Western Continent. They were virile and sturdy pioneers, finally making their way into the interior of the State and settling in what is now the county of Albemarle.

Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas, gave the family its first impetus on the road to worldly success. He was a man of superb physique, and of correspondingly vigorous intellect and enterprising temper; a skilled surveyor, fond of standard literature, and in politics a British Whig. In his county he was a justice of the peace, a vestryman, and was finally elected to the Colonial Legislature. In early life he became intimately associated with William Randolph of Tuckahoe. He "patented" in the wilderness a thousand acres of land adjoining the larger estate of Randolph; and further cemented the growing friendship of the Randolphs by marrying, in 1738, Jane, the daughter of Isham Randolph, a wealthy and conspicuous member of the family of that name. This infusion of patrician blood brought to the later Jefferson generation the distinction of being able to trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland. This close relation of the Randolphs and Jeffersons also had much to do with the future political activity and success of Thomas Jefferson.

It was in this extraordinary age and under such favorable circumstances that Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743, the third of ten children. As a boy he received the splendid training that naturally would be given in such a home. When Peter Jefferson died in 1757, on his deathbed he left an injunction that his son should complete his education at William and Mary College, a circumstance that Thomas always remembered with gratitude, saying that, if he had been left to choose between the education and the estate that his father had left him, he would have chosen the education. As a boy,

he was tall, awkward, raw-boned, freckled, and sandy-haired, with large feet and hands, thick wrists, and prominent cheek-bones and chin. His comrades described him as far from handsome: a fresh, healthy-looking chap, very erect, agile, and strong, with something of rusticity in his air and demeanor. He loved the sports of the neighborhood, and would attend parties, hunt, and race horses. He was by no means free of mischief, and some of his conduct was not flavored of the highly moral. The Jeffersons were a musical family; the girls sang the songs of the time, and Thomas, practising the violin assiduously from boyhood, became an excellent violinist.

Through the request of his father and by his own desire he entered William and Mary College in 1760, at the age of seventeen. He was now secure of every advantage possible to a young Virginian. The last request of his father seems to have had a marked influence on the young man, for, while at school, he applied himself so diligently to his duties that he was noted for industry and scholarship. If we may take his word for it, he habitually studied, during his second collegiate year, fifteen hours a day, and for his only exercise ran, at twilight, a mile out of the city and back again. He had inherited his father's taste for literature, his aptitude for mathematics, and his inclination to liberal politics. In college his preference was for mathematics, natural philosophy, and the classics. He appears to have read quite extensively, with sound selection and liberal taste. The broad culture of his later life proves the thoroughness of his college training.

After graduation, Jefferson entered upon the study of law under the guidance of the celebrated George Wythe. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-four; and being connected through his father with the yeomen of the back country, and through his mother with the wealthy planters of the eastern section, he had not long to wait for business.

His account books, which still exist, show that he had sixty-eight cases before the province court the first year, and a few years later, five hundred cases per annum exclusive of minor business. He was an accurate, painstaking, and laborious practitioner, and according to James Madison he spoke fluently and acquitted himself well. He practiced law for nearly eight years before the Revolutionary contest summoned him to other labors.

Jefferson's public life began in 1769, when he took his seat as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. From youth his mind was imbued with the most liberal political sentiments. On one of his seals, about this time, was engraved the motto, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." These liberal sentiments strengthened with public affairs and responsibilities.

On January 1, 1772, he married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a beautiful young widow, taking his bride to his home, Monticello, which was then being completed. Jefferson was now a fortunate man indeed, opulent in his circumstances, and happily married. He set about to make his mountain home one of the most beautiful seats in all Virginia. The grounds were splendidly arranged and filled with every kind of tree and shrub, both native and foreign, that could survive the Virginia climate. His great interest in agriculture never waned, and his farm was the most progressive and modern in that part of the State. His negroes were nourished, clothed, and treated as well as white servants could be. Every article was made on his farm, his negroes being cabinet-makers, carpenters, and masons. The young and old negroes spun the clothing for the rest. Jefferson encouraged his slaves by rewards and distinctions, and finally practically, though not altogether, gave them their freedom. In fine, his domestic concerns were managed with the same ability he evinced in the conduct of public affairs.

When the decisive year of 1774 opened, it found Thomas Jefferson a thriving and busy young farmer not known beyond Virginia; but when it closed, he was a person of note among the patriots of America, and was proscribed in England. Jefferson devised and arranged the first organized system of colonial resistance, which was the formation of committees of correspondence in the different provinces. Its adoption was strikingly beneficial. As the crisis of public affairs approached, not content with his constant labors as a member of the Virginia Legislature, he wrote and published "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," for the publication of which Lord Dunmore threatened to prosecute him on the charge of high treason, and dissolved the legislature that had sustained the same doctrines. When the conciliatory propositions of the British ministry were sent out in the year 1774, the committee of the legislature presented a reply from the pen of Jefferson, which has been considered a State paper of the highest order. In June, 1775, he took a seat as a delegate to the General Congress at Philadelphia. It was he who prepared the "Draught of Instructions" for the Virginia delegation to this Congress, and in which he advocated that Congress unite in a solemn address and petition to the King. "Can any one reason be assigned," he asked, "why a hundred and sixty thousand electors in the island of Great Britain should give law to four millions in America?" The draft was so radical on every point that it caused the author's name to be known over all America and England, and doubtless led to the agreement that the colonists should offer armed resistance to England. This boldness, his readiness in composition, his profound knowledge of British law, and his innate love of freedom and justice, gave him a solid standing in the Congress. And such being the case, no surprise can be evidenced that he, after Richard Henry Lee had moved that independence should be declared,

was appointed chairman of the committee to prepare a draught of the Declaration. And being chairman of the committee, he was naturally asked to write the document. The paper was written in a house on the corner of what are now Market and Seventh Streets, a small writing desk about three inches high, of Jefferson's contriving, which still exists, being used. After a few alterations, the document was adopted by Congress July 2, 1776. Later in the year he resigned his seat in Congress, and being elected to the first legislature under the new constitution of Virginia, he immediately set about enacting certain legislative reforms of great importance.

Jefferson considered these reforms founded on just and great principles of the social compact, and he afterwards referred to them as among the greatest work of his life. On October 11, 1776, he introduced a bill establishing courts of justice throughout the State of Virginia. Then followed bills forbidding the importation of slaves, destroying entails, and abolishing the rights of primogeniture, the overthrow of church establishment which had been introduced in imitation of the Church of England, and a bill providing for the establishment of a system of public schools. In 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia, and reelected the next year. At the expiration of his term the legislature passed a unanimous resolution expressive of their high opinion of his ability and integrity.

In 1783 he was again elected to Congress, and there prepared the beautiful address, made by Congress to Washington, on taking leave of public life. He was also the chairman of a committee appointed to form a plan for temporary government of the vast and then unsettled western territory. He introduced a clause forbidding the existence of slavery there after 1800. In 1774 he was sent as a minister plenipotentiary to France, in which country he remained until

1789. Upon his return to the United States, he occupied the office of secretary of state under Washington. While in the department of state, he laid down the great and approved maxims relative to our foreign intercourse, and which had as their purpose the policy of preserving peace, commerce and friendship with all nations, and entangling alliances with none. His report on a uniform system of currency, weights and measures is classed among the most enlightened views. In 1793 Jefferson resigned his office and retired to Monticello, that he might rest from the strenuous activities of public life.

But on the retirement of Washington from the presidency, Jefferson was selected by the Democratic party as their candidate for that office. Adams, however, was elected president, with Jefferson as vice president. Four years later he was elected president, after a campaign the result of which Congress was forced to decide. His administrations embrace a long and interesting period in the history of our country, when measures of lasting importance were carried through. The aggressions of the Tripolitans were promptly chastised; the Mississippi was opened for navigation by a treaty with Spain; Louisiana was purchased; measures were adopted for the speedy discharge of the public debt; the conspiracy of Burr was discovered; and the Embargo Act, aimed at the aggressions of England and France upon our commerce, was passed. Upon the expiration of his second term, Jefferson's political career, after forty years of active service, was brought to a close.

He had been engaged, almost without interruption, for forty years in the most arduous of public duties. From the time of his retirement until his death he resided at Monticello. He desired to get away from the world, and spend the last years of his life quietly at his country home, but the world recognized his ability and flocked to his door. His



home was the abode of hospitality, and the seat of dignified retirement. He forgot, as much as possible, the busy times of his political existence, and his mind, clear and penetrating, wandered with fresh activity and delight through all the regions of thought. Among the plans for the public welfare of his State, in which he was always interested, was the establishment of the University of Virginia. The legislature approved his plan, and appointed him rector. Until the time of his death, his most cherished hopes were for its success.

Mr. Jefferson died July 4, 1826, at the age of 83 years. His family and servants were gathered around his dying bed, and, after declaring himself gratified by their affectionate solicitude, and having distinctly articulated these words, "I resign myself to my God, and my child to my country," he expired without a groan. Thus passed away one of America's most liberal and benevolent citizens and one of her greatest statesmen.

As a mature man, Mr. Jefferson was, in person, six feet two inches in height, erect and well formed, though thin; his eyes were light, and full of intelligence; his hair, originally of a yellowish-red, was silvered with age; his complexion was fair, his forehead broad, and the whole face square and expressive of deep thinking; his countenance was remarkably intelligent, and open as day, its general expression full of good will and kindness; his address was cordial, confirming the good-will of his lips; his motions were flexible and easy, he was strong and agile. His manner was simple, but cheerful, unassuming, frank and kind; his language was remarkable for vivacity and correctness; and in his conversation, which was without apparent effort, he poured forth knowledge, the most various, from an exhaustless fountain, yet so modestly and engagingly that he seemed rather to seek than to impart information.

Jefferson's religious opinions, both during his life-time and

since his death, have given rise to much controversy. His opponents charged him with infidelity, while his friends as vigorously denied the charge. He went to church with tolerable regularity, spoke of Christ's moral teachings with the utmost reverence, but he refrained from speaking of Him as anything else than a human teacher, comparing him with Socrates and Epictetus. One cannot think of Jefferson as a firm believer in Christianity, he was rather a Unitarian. Yet there is something of the pure and reverential in his life and belief, as may be inferred from the following excerpts from his writings:

My religious convictions are the result of a life of inquiry and reflection, and very different from that anti-Christian system imputed to me by those who know nothing of my opinions. To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus himself. I am a Christian, in the only sense he wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to him every human excellence; and believing he never claimed any other. It behoves every man, who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions on it in the case of others.

No one sees with greater pleasure than myself the progress of reason in its advances toward rational Christianity. When we shall have done away with the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three; when we shall have knocked down the artificial scaffolding reared to mask from view the simple structure of Jesus; when, in short, we shall have unlearned everything that has been taught since his day, and got back to the pure and simple doctrines he inculcated, we shall then be truly and worthily his disciples; and my opinion is that if nothing had been added to what flowed purely from his lips, the whole world would have at this day been Christian. The religion-builders have so distorted and deformed the doctrines of Jesus, so muffled them in mysticisms, fancies, and falsehoods, have caricatured them into forms so monstrous and inconceivable, as to shock reasonable thinkers, to revolt them against the whole, and drive them rashly to pronounce its founder an impostor. Had there never been a commentator, there would never have been an infidel.

Jefferson lies buried in a small burying ground, near the road which winds around it and on up to Monticello. It has

a slight inclosure, and is surrounded by the native wood. Over his grave is erected a granite obelisk, eight feet high, and on a piece of marble, inserted in its southern face, are inscribed the three acts for which he thought he best deserved to be remembered by posterity. This inscription was found among his papers after his death, in his own handwriting, and it is in these words:

HERE LIES BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

AND

FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

## TO A PORTRAIT

W. B. SINCLAIR

A few short years thy face has been  
A welcome comrade to my heart;  
But like all dear ones whom we love,  
The time may come when we must part.

The choicest flower of the field  
Blooms sweetly through the passing day,  
And casts its fragrance on the air,—  
And then it slowly fades away.

The sweetest friend that man can gain  
In whom he may confide,  
May tarry with him but a day,  
Then vanish, as the tide.

Should fortune change, and should we part,  
Forever may thy face  
Remain concealed, till some true friend  
Reward thee with a place

Within a heart that's true as steel,  
(Where'er thy lot may be)  
And then thou wilt but fill the place  
That I would wish for thee.

## WHAT IS COMING

*Being a Vision of Ye Days of 2017.*

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J. A. M'KAUGHAN

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A dark gray limousine drew up in front of the administration building, and as the footman opened the door a thin, pale youth, dressed as only those of his class knew how to dress, stepped out. He walked into the office of the college examiner and asked to be enrolled for the B.A. degree in General Culture, which, according to the catalogue, required courses in Conceit, Snobbishness, Highbrowism, Pseudo-wisdom, Modern Thought, Feminism, Sex Problems, Futuristic Conceptions of Art and Music, and elective courses in kindred subjects.

"Can you spell, punctuate, and use correct English?" asked the examiner.

"No, I am not very proficient in that out-of-date stuff," replied the applicant, "but my slang vocabulary is large."

"Is your knowledge of Latin, Greek, or German extensive?"

"Not in the least."

"Have you ever attempted to improve your mind or increase your store of knowledge by reading History and other such antiquated junk?"

"Not guilty, sir."

"Would your scientific researches enable you to explain to me the difference between an atom and a molecule?"

"I have never taken the trouble to examine such insignificant objects," calmly replied the youth.

"What do you know about Mathematics?" inquired the Committee on Entrance.

"Nothing. You see, father makes the cash and pays the bills, and the chauffeur plots all the angles and curves he has to turn; hence I am not forced to do any calculating whatever."

"Can you explain a few economic terms; for example, value, national resources, and wealth?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, accompanied by a meaningless jingle of loose change.

"Do you know anything that would be of value to you in your work here?"

"H— No!"

"Well, then, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can name all the movie stars, pick out the best looking girl in a musical comedy chorus, write a dozen love letters every week, smoke as many cigarettes as the next man, and spend the Old Man's coin faster than he can supply it. I know the latest styles in shirts, shoes, clothes, and haberdashery. No less than twenty of the latest dance crazes twinkle at the tips of my toes. As a card shark I am equal to the best, and cribbing on examinations is a particular hobby of mine.

"That I understand the New Woman perfectly and can propose divinely is shown by the fact that I am now paying alimony to two former wives. Without further comment, I may say that my knowledge of all that is base, worthless, and frivolous is all that can be desired."

"Your application is accepted," said the examiner, handing him an entrance card. "Present this to the Bursar, pay your account, and you may attend classes at your own volition. No books need be bought, as we never like to overwork our pupils. Frequent the 'Chocolate Shop' as often as you desire, and be sure to attend the show every night. Flirt regularly with the ladies, especially those passing through on the trains; and tear up our roads with your joy riding."

Do not go near the gymnasium or athletic field, as you might lower your vitality and mental vigor by taking any exercise.

"If you will follow these instructions we will live up to our guarantee to make a bigger fool of you before you graduate two years hence than you are at present. Good day, sir!"

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## TWILIGHT

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E. J. TRUEBLOOD

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Twilight returns anon, day fades away,  
The sun descends in yonder west,  
No more we hear the uproar of the day;  
All life returns to tranquil rest.  
Ere darkness drear doth make the night complete,  
In solitude we often steal,  
And meditate on bygone hours replete  
With joys that even now seem real.

Lo, gloaming soon doth lay the day to rest  
And strives to draw the darkness nigh.  
'Tis then, indeed, our thoughts are at their best;  
From earth our souls are lifted high.  
Fond memory doth glow with greater zeal  
And present things give place to past.  
Alas, that night should interrupt our weal  
And from our minds sweet meditations east!

## THE NONSLAVEHOLDERS OF THE SOUTH

R. E. HURST

Before the Civil War there were in the South three distinct classes of people—the slaveholders, the slaves, and the non-slaveholders. The slaveholders composed one of the most shameful oligarchies of which we have any account in history. They constituted less than 6 per cent of the white population, yet they ruled the other 94 per cent. They held all the important offices, and, consequently, they made such laws as suited their own interests, and in the execution of the laws the courts were generally ready to favor the slaveholders. In the Census of 1850 we find that there were 6,184,477 white people in the fifteen slave States. Of this number only 347,525 were slaveholders. We find also that this relatively small number of men owned 3,200,364 slaves, which is an average of nine slaves to the individual. There is an impression existing today that slavery was usually associated with refinement of manners, a cultivated taste, and a luxurious style of living, but this was not generally true. In fact, the instances where such conditions existed are rare. Statistics show that more than one-half of the slaveholders lived in log-houses, which were built when they first entered the woods. Also we find that the houses contained very little furniture, most of them having not even the commonest conveniences. Books were very rare. Yet there were to be found on the premises several hundred dollars worth of elegant saddles and costly rifles. And perhaps a thousand dollars would be expended for jewelry and ornaments to adorn the person and dress of the daughter, but not five dollars appropriated for furniture or books. The food of the wealthy slaveholders was extremely simple, consisting chiefly of corn bread and



bacon. "Hog and hominy" was the expression used to describe the food of the Georgians, while corn bread with "pork fry" and coffee constituted the usual meal of the Texan.

The slaves constituted about one-third of the total population of the slave States. They were apparently happy and contented with their condition. When asked by a Northerner if they would like to be free, they would almost invariably reply that they did not want to be free, and that they had kind masters. This was very often the case—many of the slaves received excellent treatment—but generally such representations were false. They were compelled to deceive the Northerners in order to guarantee their own safety. They were afraid they would fall into worse hands, so preferred to be faithful to their present masters, rather than run the risk.

The third class, the nonslaveholders, constituted about 82 per cent of the whites and 55 per cent of the total population of the slave States. There were twenty nonslaveholders to one slaveholder, but only two nonslaveholders to one slave.

The three leading characteristics of the nonslaveholders were poverty, ignorance, and superstition. Many of them grew up to the age of maturity and passed through life without ever owning as much as five dollars at any one time. Mr. William Gregg, in an address before the South Carolina Institute in 1851, says, in speaking of the nonslaveholders:

Shall we pass unnoticed the thousands of poor, ignorant, degraded white people among us, who, in this land of plenty, live in comparative nakedness and starvation? Many a one is reared in proud South Carolina, from birth to manhood, who has never passed a month in which he has not, some part of the time, been stinted for meat. Many a mother is there who will tell you that her children are but scantily provided with bread, and much more scantily with meat; and, if they be clad with comfortable raiment, it is at the expense of these scanty allowances of food. These may be startling statements, but they are nevertheless true; and if not believed in Charleston, the members of our legislature who have traversed the State in electioneering campaigns can attest the truth.

It is quite impossible, however, to describe accurately the deplorable ignorance and squalid poverty of the nonslaveholders. The serfs of Russia had good reason to congratulate themselves that they were neither the slaves nor the nonslaveholders of the South. From all accounts the latter were about the most unhappily situated of any people of that time.

As to ignorance, thousands of the nonslaveholders died at an advanced age as ignorant of the common alphabet as if it had never been invented. Three-fourths of the adults could neither read nor write their own names. But the slaveholders were just about as ignorant. There were no libraries, and few families possessed more than one or two books. The preacher was usually the only man in the community who had a song book, the custom being for the preacher to read a line and let the congregation sing it in response.

All the nonslaveholders were more or less impressed with a belief in witches, ghosts, and supernatural things. But it was only natural for them to be superstitious, for they were wholly uneducated, and had no reason to doubt that ghosts and witches existed.

It was the almost utter lack of an education that had reduced them to their unenviable situation. In the whole South there was scarcely a publication devoted to their interest. They were completely under the domination of the oligarchy, and they would perhaps never have risen to their present position if the system of African slavery, which had entailed unutterable miseries on the superior race, had not been abolished.

The nonslaveholders were handicapped in three principal ways—socially, economically, and politically. As I have already intimated, the society of the nonslaveholders was the lowest among the whites. There were some among them who had once held slaves, but had, by some misfortune, lost them, and being unable to buy more, they were cut loose

from the society of the slaveholders, with whom they had associated on terms of equality. Instead of helping the poor whites in any way, the slaveholders oppressed them in every possible manner, without regard to their rights. If they wanted to drive a poor man out of the neighborhood they would buy the land on which his shanty stood, and then burn it. They had absolutely no regard for the law, if there was any, but did as they pleased with the property of the non-slaveholders who had in any way offended them.

Among the poor, ignorant, degraded, intemperate non-slaveholders the condition of the female was wretched beyond description. Especially was this the case in those families that had been owners of slaves. Women who had been brought up in luxury were to be seen working the fields to support a father who was too dissipated to make provision for his family.

The white slaveholders of the South had very little prejudice against color. They were accustomed to associate with the negro slaves as intimately, though not on the same terms of equality, as with each other. If a colored man owned slaves—and there were a few who did—he was treated as courteously and with as much respect wherever he traveled as any white slaveholder who may have chanced to be in his company. But the slaveholder would not associate with the non-slaveholder on any terms. Those among the slaveholders who had been friends of the non-slaveholders before they had lost their slaves avoided their society, and cared nothing about their welfare.

Economically, the non-slaveholding whites were at a very great disadvantage. In the first place, the wages paid the poor whites in the slave States were only about 50 per cent of the wages paid in the free States. In 1852 we find that in Lowell, Mass., labor was paid the fair compensation of 80 cents a day for men and \$2 a week for women, while in

Tennessee the average compensation for labor did not exceed 50 cents a day for men and \$1.25 a week for women.

Secondly, black slave labor, though far less valuable, was almost invariably better paid than free white labor. The reason was this: The fiat of the oligarchy had made it fashionable to "have slaves around," and there were many non-slaveholders, commonly known as "lickspittles," who, in order to retain on their premises a hired servant or slave, whom they falsely imagined secured to them not only the appearance of wealth, but also a position of high social standing in the community, kept themselves in a perpetual strait. From statistics gathered in North Carolina in 1856 we find that the slaves were better paid than the whites. Sober, energetic white men, between twenty and forty years of age, engaged in agricultural pursuits, received \$84 a year, including board only. Negro slaves, who performed little more than half the amount of labor, and who were exceedingly sluggish, awkward, and careless in all their movements, were hired out on adjoining farms at an average of about \$115 a year, and in addition received their board, clothing, and medical attendance. Free white men and slaves were employed by the North Carolina Railroad Company in the same year. The former received only \$12 a month for their services, while the masters of the latter received \$16 a month for every slave so employed.

The nonslaveholders were often taxed to support slavery. In the Wellsburg (Virginia) *Herald* of 1850, an independent paper, we find these words:

We are taxed to support slavery. The clean cash goes out of our own pockets into the pockets of the slaveholder, and this in many ways. I will allude to but two. If a slave, for crime, is put to death or transported, the owner is paid for him out of the public treasury, and under this law thousands are paid out every year. Again, a standing army is kept up in the city of Richmond for no other purpose than to be ready to quell insurrections among the

slaves; this is paid out of the public treasury annually. This standing army is called the public guard, but it is no less a standing army always kept up. We will quote from the acts of 1856 the expense of these two items to the State, on the 23d and 24th pages of the acts: "To the public guard at Richmond, \$24,000;" "to pay for slaves executed and transported, \$22,000." This, be it noticed, is only for one year, making near \$50,000 for these two objects in one year; but this is but a small item of our cash pocketed by the slaveholders.

The slaveholders, as I have said, held nearly all of the important offices, and they very often used their power to the injury of the nonslaveholding whites. They made laws calculated to bring the nonslaveholder under a system of vassalage little less onerous and debasing than that to which the negroes themselves were accustomed. Practically all the poor whites could do was to vote. Since all the power was in the hands of the wealthy slaveholders, and since the slaveholder held them in such contempt, how could they hope to obtain any important political office? There were, however, a few nonslaveholders in office, but they were generally appointed by some friend who held slaves. This was about the only way they could obtain an office, and unless this was done they had to be content to cultivate their little farms and live as best they could.

Nearly all the capital, enterprise, and intelligence of the South were employed in directing slave labor; and, as a consequence, the poor white people were wholly neglected, and suffered to while away an existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. It was an evil of vast magnitude, and something had to be done to educate them. The nonslaveholders had to be stimulated to mental action and taught to appreciate education. The introduction of manufactures was proposed as a means to accomplish this, as by this means the poor whites could be brought in contact with an intelligent class of employers who would inspire them

with self-respect by taking an interest in their work. However, very little was done in this line before the war broke out.

During the few years preceding the Civil War the non-slaveholders were gradually gaining in power—they were gradually rising above the state into which African slavery had thrust them. There was but one way for the oligarchy to perpetuate slavery, and that was by perpetuating ignorance among the non-slaveholding whites. This seemed to be impossible. "As well might the oligarchy have attempted to stay the flux and reflux of the tides as to attempt to stay the progress of Freedom in the South." Many voices in the South as well as in the North were raised in behalf of the poor non-slaveholding whites. The people of the North did not "hate the South, war on the South, nor seek to ruin the South." They seemed to love that section of the country and to wish to promote its interests by facilitating the abolition of slavery.

Freesoilers and abolitionists were the true friends of the South; slaveholders and slave-breeders were downright enemies of their own section. Than such men as Greeley, Seward, Sumner, Clay, and Birney the South had no truer friends—nor did slavery have more implacable foes. They fought for the non-slaveholders with their pens and with their speeches. But there were other staunch friends of the South. Professor Hedrick was dismissed by the trustees of the University of North Carolina for writing a letter in favor of Republican principles. (Cf. Helper, *Crisis of the South*.) And there are numerous other cases where the sympathizers and friends of the non-slaveholders were mistreated.

Several Southern papers proved themselves true friends of the South by supporting the interests of the non-slaveholders. Chief among these were the *St. Louis Democrat*, the *National Era*, published in Washington, D. C., the *Baltimore Clipper*, the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, and the *Wellsburg (Virginia) Herald*.

From 1855 to 1861 feeling ran high among the abolitionists. To illustrate this I shall give an extract from a letter written by a man in Eastern North Carolina in 1856, which is as follows :

In the papers which reached me last week I notice that our own State has been disgraced by a junta of pro-slavery hotspurs, who had the audacity to meet in Raleigh for the express purpose of concocting measures for a dissolution of the Union. It appears that the three leading spirits in this cabal were the present governors of three neighboring States—three treasonable disturbers of the public peace, who, under the circumstances, should in my opinion, have been shot dead upon the spot! I have each of their names noted in my memorandum, and I shall certainly die unsatisfied if I do not live to hear of their being thoroughly tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail by the non-slaveholding whites, against whose welfare their machinations have been chiefly leveled. Rely upon it, if they do not soon sneak away into their graves, a day of retributive justice will most assuredly overtake them.

In 1861 the conflict began which was to free not only the slaves, but the poor nonslaveholding whites. The election of Abraham Lincoln in November, 1860, was the signal for the rising of the South. The North at first took arms simply to maintain the Union; but the farsighted politicians, from the first, and soon the whole Nation, saw that the real issue was the continued existence or the total abolition of slavery.

The war was practically closed by the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House in 1865, but in 1862 slavery in the territories had been abolished by Congress; on the 22d of September, 1862, Lincoln had issued the preliminary emancipation proclamation, followed on January 1, 1863, by the emancipation of all slaves in the States in arms against the Union; and in December, 1865, a constitutional amendment was ratified abolishing and forever prohibiting slavery throughout the United States.

The war did remove the one great barrier to the progress of the nonslaveholder, but several years passed before he

entered the society of the former slaveholders; before he began to hold offices on equality with these gentlemen; before he asserted his rights and came into his own. Today we may well rejoice that we live in a free country, where all men have the same opportunities; where no class is held down by any system of slavery or any oligarchy; and where all may enjoy the advantages of education, of good labor wages, and of good social, economical, and political conditions.

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### STICK TO IT

E. F. CULLOM

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When you're feelin' sort o' pepless,  
And you're kind o' runnin' down,  
When there's nothin' seems to go right,  
And you always wear a frown,

When you're tired o' pluggin' at it,  
And your business won't go right,  
What's the use to look so worried,  
Why not cheer up and be bright?

Put on steam, you'll get there yet,  
Tell yourself you must,  
Go to work with all your might  
And win the race or bust!



## SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

C. P. HERRING

A study of the religious movements of Western Europe during the thirteenth century inevitably makes one feel that St. Francis of Assisi was the greatest religious leader of that age. His career is marked by two distinct periods. First, his boyhood days, which are characterized by a spirit of vanity and restlessness; and, second, the days of his mature manhood, which are characterized by his devotion to serving the Master. This change in the life of this great character came when he was something like twenty years of age. And it is the period that followed the change which we shall notice particularly. However, his life as a man of God may be better appreciated after noting briefly some things which concern the early years of the boy.

Francis was born either in 1181 or 1182; writers differ as to the year of his birth, and it may be that the exact date is not known at all. His father was Peter Bernardene, a rich and enthusiastic merchant of Assisi. So much interested was the old man in his business that he was often spoken of as being nothing more than a personification of the commercial spirit. The mother of Francis was Madonna Pica, a descendant of the great French family of Bourlement. She was much devoted to her son, and it may be said that to a great extent the success of the boy in later life was due to the training given him by his mother. And despite the fact that there was hardly any place more un-Christlike than Italy at the time of the child's birth, his mother predicted that some day her son would become a great prince and lead those who were groping in darkness and sin to see the light of truth and righteousness.

In youth, he found, by means of the love and wealth of his father and the love of his mother, a realization of his every desire. And, as is natural of all boys under similar circumstances, he became more and more a lover of worldly things, and extremely extravagant. But in spite of these things, noticeably enough, the boy never departed from the lesson which he had been taught, to be courteous and in all respects a gentleman.

The first evidence of the approaching change in the life of the boy is shown by one of his remarks while in jail with a number of other Assisians who had been overcome by the Perugians. The boy, who had been restless and proud, appeared perfectly happy there in jail. And when asked to explain why he was so gay in the face of such a dark future, he replied: "Future? I am content. Don't you know that I shall one day be acclaimed by the whole world? Does not that astonish you more than my good spirits here in this jail?" Soon after this the crisis came. He fell ill in 1205, and this illness marked the change. The boy, who had loved extravagance, who had been vain and who had given no thought to tomorrow for what it might have in store, had now come to be the man of God. Immediately he saw an opportunity for service among the poor, and set himself joyously and wholeheartedly to the work which he believed he was called to do. So filled was he with the spirit of doing good, and so complete was the change, that he went gladly and worked among lepers, a class he could not bear to look upon in his earlier days.

After he had gained a small band of followers he went, and with some difficulty, secured the consent of the Pope to carry on his work. The chapel of St. Mary became the headquarters of the little company, and from there through the surrounding country they worked, enduring every hardship, but always striving to imitate as best they could the simple life of Christ in poverty. In answer to a prayer for guidance in

the continuance of his work, he was directed to rebuild the church of St. Damian. Immediately the task was undertaken. The little band sold such things as they could in order that the work might be done. Stones were carried on their shoulders to patch places in the walls. And those who were passing, they asked to assist. Thus moved St. Francis before the people who had known him in the vanity and extravagance of his youth. It is not strange that they wondered and asked questions. Nor are we surprised when his answers to their questions show that his life is overflowing with love for God. His reply to their question as to whether or not he would marry a wife, is of a nature typical of all of his replies. In answer to this question he said: "I will marry a wife more noble and fairer than ever ye saw, and this spotless bride is the true religion of God."

Just at this time an attempt was made to defeat the plans of the enthusiast, but it was used by St. Francis as a means of gaining to a greater extent the confidence of the people. His father grew very angry at his actions, and thought to punish him by putting him in prison. But this was without the desired effect, for the young man was happy and clung to his convictions. Finally, the father ordered him to be brought before the bishop to answer for what he had been doing. And again satisfaction was not had, and the father in his wrath disinherited his son. Nevertheless, the man of God was not discouraged, but turned to his father and said: "Henceforth my dependence shall be upon our Father who art in Heaven." Thus by his determination to live as he believed he should live, and by his close imitation of the simple life of Christ, he won many followers.

It is not strange that this man has had a great influence, because nowhere in the study of his life do we find anything which can be counted to his discredit; but, instead, his character is brought to us as one of the most lovable and one of the

we have a long, hard pull ahead of us. Now is the time to put in your best work. Begin at once to make your New Year's resolutions fulfill themselves. Many of you have resolved to improve your opportunities while in college. What better way is there to do this than to write something for the STUDENT? We appreciate your help in the past, and will gladly consider any contributions you may tender us in the future. Any suggestion you may have toward the improvement of our magazine will be gratefully accepted. Without the hearty cooperation of all friends, readers, and contributors it would be impossible to edit and publish the magazine.

The staff wishes to extend to one and all the heartiest New Year's greetings.

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### **Intercollegiate Debates**

For many years Wake Forest has been pre-eminently successful in winning the majority of her intercollegiate debates. In fact, only one time in her entire debating career has she lost a series, and then only after the hardest fight. Colleges from our own State, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia have been vanquished, while in Texas, Baylor won the first, Wake Forest the second, and the third debate was canceled. This chain of victories has always been a source of pride to undergraduates, alumni, and friends of the College. Victory has always been uppermost in the mind of everyone when the time came to arrange a series of debates. Our debaters have never met more than two colleges in one year, and until recently never more than one in a single year. Debates were never scheduled except when we felt almost sure of winning. Only two or four men received the experience and training which resulted from participation in these debates. We dare say that many men of debating ability have spent four years at Wake Forest and have failed to represent the College in intercollegiate debate simply because there were two or three men of prestige and slightly more ability in their class.

The time has come for the debating system to be changed. Every student who can ably represent the College should be given a place on an intercollegiate debating team. The debates should be arranged with the view of developing and training as many students as possible in the art of public speaking, and not with the object of bestowing a singular honor upon any particular student or students. Of course, every student who desires a place on one of the debating teams should not be given a place, but as many debates should be arranged as there are students who are capable of representing the College.

The present Debate Council is to be congratulated for recognizing and initiating the broader and truer idea of the purpose of intercollegiate debates. The colleges which Wake Forest is to debate have been carefully and ably selected. Randolph-Macon of Virginia and Baylor of Texas have signed contracts which provide for debates early in April, while Colgate of New York has agreed to come to Wake Forest for a debate in March. Never before have we met a college north of the Mason and Dixon line, and only once have we gone as far southwest as Texas. These debates, embracing a distance of about two thousand miles and being colleges of creditable standing, enlarge the scope of our intellectual activities and give us a broader field in which to operate. Men competent to represent the College in this number of debates are here and will compose the teams which will ably uphold the prestige of our institution.

Let every student stand behind our efficient Debate Council so that we may acquit ourselves with credit in these mental conflicts.

**A  
Need  
Supplied**

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Since the memory of the present staff runneth not to the contrary, these pages have been replete with editorials asking, begging, and demanding that some kind of curtain or screen be placed on

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Dr. F. N. Seerley, professor of Psychology and Hygiene at the Training School for Y. M. C. A. workers of Springfield, Massachusetts, delivered an excellent address on "Sex Education and Hygiene." He was heard by a large and very attentive audience.

Among the delegates to the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, which convened in Elizabeth City, December 5-8, were the following members of the faculty: Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. W. R. Cullom, Dr. C. D. Graves, Bursar E. B. Earnshaw, and Professor J. H. Highsmith. Dr. Poteat delivered an address on "Contributions to Society by the Christian College."

The committees appointed by the literary societies to confer with the committee from the Board of Trustees concerning plans for raising funds for the proposed building to house the voluntary student activities, have made the following report:

The undersigned committee of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies begs to report the action of the joint committees of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies and the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College in session at the College, to wit:

1. It is recommended that the Euzelian and the Philomathesian Societies cooperate in the erection of a Young Men's Christian Association Building providing parlors, offices, and halls for accommodation of the Societies and other voluntary activities of the students of Wake Forest College.

2. It is recommended that the Societies turn over to such building committee as may be hereafter appointed by the Board of Trustees the fund which has been accumulating for building purposes up to the present time, and inaugurate a campaign each among its old and active members to bring the fund of each Society up to \$15,000,

the total amount so secured to be turned over to the building committee mentioned above.

3. It is understood that the action of each of the Societies is conditioned upon the acquiescence of the other Society.

Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, president of the Rochester Theological Seminary and president of the Northern Baptist Convention, recently made a brief visit to the College and delivered a forceful and striking address to the student body on the general theme of the factors that go to make a real man and a life worth while.

On December 2 the Glee Club and Orchestra returned from the usual fall season tour, concluding its fall season with the final concert of the tour. The following cities were included in the itinerary: Oxford, Burlington, Morganton, Statesville, Salisbury, Greensboro, Durham, and Creedmoor. The trip was a success from every standpoint. The concerts given were well up to the high standard which the Wake Forest Glee Club has always held, thanks to the efficient training of Dr. H. M. Poteat, the director; and the financial results were excellent, thanks to the able management of Mr. R. W. Warren.

Fall term tests were conducted from December 14 to 19 inclusive, and were given in the form of hour-quizzes. The evils of this system of examination seem to be recognized by both faculty and students, and indications promise that hereafter the same system that is used in the examinations at commencement will be employed for the Christmas examinations.

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

WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

## Literary Societies

For two weeks preceding the Christmas holidays, no society meetings have been held on account of final examinations; however, up to this time, work in both societies has been going on regularly, with orations and declamations staged for each session.

At present there is a movement on foot for an intersectional debate between the Wednesday and Friday night sections of the Philomathesian Society. Debaters have been chosen, but there is a controversy among them as to the time: most of them desire to wait until the middle of January. It has been decided that the winners in this contest will meet a team from the Saturday section early in the spring term.

We view with pleasure the interest shown in these intersectional debates, for they go far to develop speakers and to stimulate enthusiasm in this important part of our college work.

## Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has concluded its program for the year, and the last meeting, held on December 4th, was taken up with a general discussion of the work, after which special prayers were offered for the warring nations of Europe. Mr. R. L. Humber then made a few remarks on the question of attendance, since it was generally agreed that all of the student-body is not reached by the organization. Special plans were made to further the work after the holidays, and the meeting adjourned until the new year.



### Moot Court

Work in the Moot Court has not slackened, but every Saturday night the court has held sessions and argued cases interesting to the audience and beneficial to the future lawyers.

But no more sessions are to be held until January, for Friday, the 15th, will probably witness the law students departing for home, since most of the work in the Law departments will have been completed by that time.

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From the news columns of the *Baptist Courier* of Greenville, S. C., the *Biblical Recorder* prints half dozen items concerning some Wake Forest men now at work in South Carolina:

The Thomas Memorial Church, Bennettsville, Rev. A. C. Sherwood, pastor, has now a membership of 302 and gave last year \$5,009.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, president of Coker College, was in attendance upon the Pee Dee Association. He is certainly a genial, delightful gentleman. He told us that the enrollment of Coker was 278.

Recently Pastor Josiah Crudup, of Timmonsville, assisted Brother J. M. Adams in a meeting at Lake Swamp Church. As a result of the meeting twenty-one were received by baptism and others by letter. Brother Adams says, "There is no more simple and effective expositor of the gospel than Pastor Crudup."

The gifts of the First Baptist Church of McColl, Rev. J. A. McMillan, pastor, totaled, as reported to the Pee Dee Association, the good figure of \$14,181. Brother McMillan and his people at McColl are building a splendid new church, commodious in every way, splendidly arranged for taking care of the Sunday School and having a beautiful auditorium. When completed this will be one of the most beautiful church buildings in the State.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## Football

### THE WOFFORD GAME

On Friday, November 18th, Wake Forest defeated Wofford College by the score of 41 to 0, in what was virtually the last game of the football season.

The Wofford defense could not withstand the relentless charges of the Wake Forest backfield nor fathom the aerial attack employed with its usual success. Captain Parker and Ralph Champion had an active afternoon, the former maintaining his reputation as a ground gainer on line plunges, while the latter gave an exhibition of broken field running that baffled the opposing forwards. Will Harris handled several passes in neat style and startled the Wofford team by grabbing the ball on a fumble and crossing the goal line in the first minute of play. Not being content with this performance, he further increased the score by receiving a forward pass from Pace and dashing up the field for a touchdown.

The beginning of the second half saw many substitutions, and also the most serious accident of the season when Tom Foreman sustained a fracture of the leg in the first play. Wofford rallied in this period and enlivened the game by resorting to open field play, and after several successful forward passes a field goal was attempted by Osborne, which went wild.

### NO THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

The development of certain unforeseen circumstances made necessary the cancellation of the football game with Mercer University, which was to be played in Greensboro. Our foot-

ball relationship with Davidson as regards the Turkey Day game having terminated last year, it devolved upon the management at the last minute to secure a game for this day. After extensive effort Mercer University, of Macon, Ga., was selected for this game, but not until after much deliberation, on account of the great expense.

Heretofore Mercer has been represented by a strong team and her rank in the S. I. A. A. has been excellent, but the disqualification of several of her best men weakened the team to such an extent that it made a very poor record. The University of South Carolina defeated Mercer 47 to 0. The interest surrounding the Carolina-Virginia and A. and M.-W. and L. games was so intense this year that it was very probable that we would have suffered a heavy financial loss if the Mercer game had been played. Cancellation was deemed best, and an aching void was thus created in this year's schedule.

With the election of W. B. Gladney, of Ruston, Louisiana, as football manager for 1917, his first problem will be the arrangement of an able foe for the Thanksgiving Day game next year. He is a capable man, and we may rest assured that he will do everything possible toward getting a good game.

A. D. Pace, of Pensacola, Fla., is the choice as captain of next year's team. He has seen three years service on the team, first at halfback and this year at quarterback, which position he filled well. He is a hard, consistent worker, and can be counted upon at all stages of the game. The selection is an admirable one.

### Basketball

With the completion of the class games and the winning of the class championship by the Juniors, the stage is now set for the real basketball season, which will be ushered in January 26, when Trinity College will be met in Raleigh.

All available material is being pressed into service in order

to get the varsity men in shape for an early start. The long fall practice has been beneficial in getting the men into condition, familiarizing them with the old plays, and perfecting new ones. The outstanding men at this time for positions on the team are Bob Holding and Hanby, guards; Franks, center; Dickson and Spaugh, forwards.

The schedule will be announced in the February issue, and will probably include games with teams as far north as Baltimore.

### Track

We take pleasure in publishing here the following remarks from the management of the track team:

"We desire to thank the editors of the College papers and the local reporters of the State papers for the encouraging reports which they have published; but we regret that those reports cannot count as points for Wake Forest in the meets which the track team may enter in the spring. Regardless of the press encouragement, and the efforts made during the fall, the fact is that track has reached a pitifully low ebb.

"Unlike the colleges of the North, Wake Forest is forced to the disadvantage of having to deal with track in a subordinate place among other forms of athletics. However, setting that consideration aside, we have sufficient material to produce a team equal to any in the State. When we are challenged to contest and returned defeated by 60 or 80 points, it is evident that something is wrong. Two things are necessary for remedying the situation: more consistent training on the part of the candidates for the team, and more support from those who are interested in our athletics but who consider track as an inconsiderable form of athletics.

"No doubt the opening of the basketball season will now be of main interest. But, fellows, let's realize that a track team is important, and that a good track team cannot be developed in a day, and that we must therefore not neglect it

any longer. We are assured of the coöperation of the Faculty Athletic Committee, but neither the committee nor the track management can do anything without support. We must give the financial backing necessary to securing an efficient coach, and then we must work with the coach to the end of putting out a victorious team."



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

We have read with much interest the December number of the *University of North Carolina Magazine*. From cover to cover it is worthy of commendation. The arrangement of the contents is somewhat unique for a college magazine, as it has a department of editorial comment at the very front. We see no good reason to criticise, either adversely or favorably, this innovation. The two departments entitled "Sketches" and "Around the Well" are likewise peculiar to this magazine; they seem to us to fill a want long felt by many college publications, and it is with pleasure that we see their appearance.

The opening editorial, entitled "College Hospitality," is worthy of perusal by the students of many of our Southern colleges. The story, "A Man and a Maid—Et Fata Dominata," has a well constructed plot that is developed in a simple style that successfully expresses the pathos of the story. The second story of the issue is called "Before Others Do You," and tells in a realistic way how a skinflint was eventually skinned himself. The plot of this story is quite old, which fact detracts of course from its value. "A Twofold Victory" is a football story in which the struggle of a man between desire to remain in the good graces of his sweetheart and to do his duty to his team is vividly portrayed, with the result usual to stories of this nature, that by doing his duty he wins in both instances. In "The Hall-marks of Time" the author manifests considerable skill in achieving the effect of gloom and desolation necessary for his story.

The number contains only two essays, but both of them are worthy of praise. "The Passing of the 'Rah Rah' Boy" expresses a sentiment with which I am sure the majority of

readers will agree, and the diction of its author is excellent. "European Women After the War" is a thoughtful essay in which we wish the author had gone into more detail as to the factors which will tend to promote or restrict the industrial employment of women after the war. However, considering the length of the essay, the author has treated the subject well.

The verse in this issue is exceptionally good. We notice that the publication contains no jokes. The addition of a department of humor would lighten the magazine and render it more readable.

Next, let us consider the November issue of the *William and Mary Literary Magazine*. We would like to review the December issue, but for some reason we have not yet received a copy. The November number is of a high quality. Both pieces of verse are accurate in meter and contain bits of choice description. The leading essay, "Court Life in the Days of Elizabeth," is written in a very readable style and is interesting because it gives details of court life usually omitted by essayists on phases of the Elizabethan era. The story, "The Box of the Magician," is an excellent war-time story of a strange invention. In some respects it calls to mind the Craig Kennedy mystery stories. The character sketch of James Whitecomb Riley is a brief, well written discussion of the personality of the Hoosier poet. The essay entitled, "The One Poem Poets of the South," is a concise discussion of Southern poets who are famous in the main for some one piece of poetry. The subject is an interesting one, and we regret that the writer did not develop it in greater detail. The editorials are rather brief. The various departments are ably conducted.

The *Mercerian* is the next publication to which we turn our attention. We wonder why an October number was not issued. As we have not yet received the December number, we will consider the November issue. The two contributions of

verse are the best part of the magazine, and it is a pity that the issue contains no more. "To Lake Yojoa a la Mula" is an interesting account of what must have been a delightful trip. It contains bits of good description. The title of the story called "A Vision" is not very applicable, and the plot is weak. The two other stories are both good, particularly the one entitled "A Friend in Need." The department, "Books and Authors," which is a department seldom seen in college magazines, contains a good book review. The editorials are, for the most part, very good indeed, and the other departments are also well handled. As a whole, the issue is deficient in a number of respects. There is great need of a good essay or two, and a decided increase in all the contributions would be desirable. The practice of scattering advertisements through the departments is objectionable and detracts a great deal from the magazine.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a large number of exchanges during the past month.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

McCullers (sitting in the dress circle at the Academy of Music for the first time): Jock, hold my seat while I go out between halves.

---

Young Lady of Oxford College: Mr. Teague, do you dance?  
Teague of the Glee Club: No ma'am.  
Young Lady (after turning off the lights): Now will you dance?  
Teague *in transitu*: Nothing doing!

---

Foreman, only ten miles from Columbia, S. C., on a football trip:  
C'ntry, look at this water.

Big Coble seeing a small creek: Well I'll swan, how come the  
Neuse away down here?

---

### GET A TRANSFER.

If you are on the Gloomy Line,  
Get a transfer.

If you're inclined to fret and pine,  
Get a transfer.

Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom;  
Get on a Sunshine Train—there's room.  
Get a transfer.

If you are on the Worry Train,  
Get a transfer.

You must not stay there and complain;  
Get a transfer.

The Cheerful Cars are passing through  
And there is lots of room for you.  
Get a transfer.

If you are on the Grouchy Track,  
Get a transfer.

Just take a Happy Special back.  
Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope  
That lands you at the Station Hope.  
Get a transfer.

—BOOSTER in *Charlotte News*.

Young Lady of S——: Oh Carroll! Does the reference in *Old Gold and Black* mean that you are getting bald?

R. F. D.: Ah-h-h no! My barber says that I have an abundance of new growth.

---

Qullin: Bickett was elected by 50,000 majority.

Newish: Humph, that's nothing! We elected Gladney football manager by elimination.

---

Before the days of paints and powders,  
 What did girls do for their skin?  
 Why, they practiced no deception—  
 Had a loving soul within.

---

WOOD PRIVOTT.

Gladney: What is the hardest course in college?

Charles Kendrick: The toughest course in college is beefsteak morning, noon, and night.

---

Ben Wall: Dr. Gulley thinks more of me than he does of any other man in his classes.

Privott: Why?

Ben Wall: Well, he never fails to say something about his Brindle Bull, Ben.

---

R. W. Warren (after talking to young lady in Tyree's office): May I call on you?

Young Lady: Well I must say you are nearly as big a flirt as Professor Hubert Jones.

---

#### TO WRITE A POEM.

The first thing that's required,  
 And much desired,  
 Is, be a poet true.  
 Have rhythm in your talk,  
 And in your walk,  
 And every thing you do.  
 And wear long bushy hair;  
 Your trousers tear;  
 And very seldom shave.  
 And when you meet or pass  
 A pretty lass  
 About her beauty rave.

## THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Drink lots of "Demon Gin,"  
And scratch round in  
The ashes in the grate,  
Roll neath the kitchen sink;  
And sleep in ink,  
And curse your evil fate.

Sit up till three, or worse,  
Just writing verse,  
You know not what about.  
All the editors bore,  
Till they get sore  
And madly kick you out.

Some dark and dismal night  
If you must write  
But cannot get inspired.  
Then murder your pet cat,  
And see if that  
Will give the mood required.

And you must delve and dig,  
And use words big,  
No matter what they mean.  
And study like the Jews  
For words to use  
In writing up a scene.

Write in high sounding ways,  
And call each phrase,  
A terminology.  
And add a trifling word  
You never heard  
Of old mythology.

And when you've done each line,  
And think she's fine,  
Just shoot 'em to the Ed.  
He'll read it sorter slack,  
And hand 'em back,  
And calmly shake his head.

FRANCIS SPEIGHT.

# BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, FRED S. HUTCHINS, 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 advertisements, and patronize those who help you.

ACADEMY BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.

E. ALLEN, Wake Forest.

O. ALSTON, Wake Forest.

T. M. ARRINGTON & CO., Wake Forest.

ARROW JITNEY CO., Wake Forest.

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE, Atlanta, Ga.

BANK OF WAKE, Wake Forest.

C. R. BOONE, Raleigh.

J. C. BRANTLEY, Raleigh.

CITIZENS BANK, Wake Forest.

M. J. CARROLL, Raleigh.

CROSS & LINEHAN, Raleigh.

CARROLL LETTER WRITING AND ADVERTISING CO., Raleigh.

COTRELL & LEONARD, Albany, N. Y.

COLLEGE PRESSING CLUB, Wake Forest.

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Chester, Pa.

DICKSON BROS., Wake Forest.

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON PRINTING CO., Raleigh.

T. E. HOLDING & CO., Wake Forest.

C. J. HUNTER & BRO., Raleigh.

HUDSON-BELK CO., Raleigh.

HOPKINS TAILORING CO., Baltimore.

JACKSON & POWERS, Wake Forest.

H. MAHLER'S SONS, Raleigh.

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MODEL LAUNDRY CO., Durham.

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OFFICE STATIONERY CO., Raleigh.

J. L. O'QUINN, Raleigh.

POWERS DRUG CO., Wake Forest.

HERBERT ROSENTHAL, Raleigh.

RALEIGH FLORAL CO., Raleigh.

ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Rochester, N. Y.

STANDARD CLOTHING & SHOE CO., Wake Forest.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.

SIDDELL STUDIO, Raleigh.

SHU-FIXERY, Raleigh.

SUPERBA THEATER, Raleigh.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Louisville, Ky.

STAR PRINTING CO., Wake Forest.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF COLGATE UNIVERSITY, Hamilton, N. Y.

TUCKER BUILDING PHARMACY, Raleigh.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE VOGUE, Raleigh.

WAAS & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

YARBOROUGH HOTEL, RALEIGH.

YARBOROUGH BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.

TYREE STUDIO, Raleigh.

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 5

## SONG AT SUNSET

R. B.

Far the sun's last lustre streaming  
Floods the sea with molten gold,  
High the myriad night-lamps gleaming  
Mark where angels vigil hold.

Beacons from the shoreward gloaming,  
Cottage-lights above the bay,  
Shine to welcome sailors homing  
From their ventures far away.

Thither to their sheltered nesting  
Waterfowl wing silently,  
Where still coves secure their resting  
From the peril of the sea.

And, Love of mine, till dawn's rose-peeping,  
Rest thee calm and worldly-free;  
For God who keeps all nature's sleeping,  
He, too, keeps and shelters thee.

## THE GOLDEN AGE OF PERSIAN POETRY

DEAN S. PADEN

Primitive Persian literature is hardly more than a name. There are a few inscriptions carved in solid rock, over the interpretation of which scholars have scarcely ceased to quarrel. In these scattered remains we can recognize "sonorous and majestic hymns." Philology has established a kinship between them and the language of the cuneiform inscriptions left by Cyrus.

No royal Persian library, such as explorers discovered in Assyria, has been found by modern scholarship; for Persia, "the highway of the human race," has been trampled under foot too often by invading armies to retain much of her ancient literature. If any of that literature was spared by Alexander the Great, it has long since perished; and now, only the legends and stories remain—woven into the works of later writers. Even Persian history is legendary, and the existence of the so-called Pishdalian dynasty is a matter of uncertainty.

The blind poet, Rudaghi, or Rudaki, who lived in the ninth century, has been called the father of Persian poetry. Several other illustrious poets flourished contemporary with him, but Firdausi, who, according to Pizzi, was born in 940, may be said to be the first modern Persian poet. With him the Golden Age of Persian Poetry began, to come to a close only with the death of Jami in 1495.

There is in literature something similar to osmosis in physics. Just as two gases confined in adjoining tubes tend to mingle, so great poems go from one language to another. All the best works of Greece and Rome already exist in every modern tongue. Some literature we can read in the original, but with the more difficult languages, including the Persian,

most of us must depend on translations. Oriental poetry has one serious drawback, in that those who devote themselves to the languages are usually not poets, but men of affairs. A second drawback is that the spirit and the form of Oriental poetry are alien and opposed to the practical and direct mind of the Westerner. Persian words simple in themselves, when compounded form concepts and idioms far different. In speaking of a famine, the Persian would say, "So lean a year was it that the full moon of men's faces became a new moon." In mystic poems, wine means not wine, but the spirit, and every line has a gloss and a hidden meaning. Frequent puns further bury the thought.

In the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, "immortalized by Edward Fitzgerald," and in "Sohrab and Rostum," paraphrased by Sir Edward Arnold, we have the works of two Persian poets brought into literary English. As for the rest of Persian poetry, we must be content with such translations as we have. Some are literary gems, others are mere make-shifts.

During the golden age of Persian poetry many poets flourished and many types of poetry developed. As it is absolutely impossible for me to discuss or even mention all of the great poets of Persia, I have selected the five which stand above the others. Each of these poets represents one of the five great fields of Persian poetry.

The ones selected are: Firdausi, the Epic poet; Omar, the Philosopher; Sadi, the Moral Teacher; Hafiz, the Lyric poet; and Jami, the Mystic. I have called these poets by their poetic names, since it is thus the world knows them.

As Firdausi was the first great poet of the Golden Age, I shall begin with him, and then take each of the others in the order named above.

In speaking of Firdausi's great epic, the *Shah Nameh* (Book of the Kings), Richard J. H. Gottheil, of Columbia University, has this to say:

"The greatest of all Eastern epics is the work of a Persian. The *Shah Nameh* may take its place most worthily by the side of the Indian *Nala*, the Homeric *Iliad*, the German *Nibelungen*. Its plan is laid out on a scale worthy of its contents, and its execution is equally worthy of its planning."

With the *Shah Nameh*, neo-Persian literature begins its history. In this work, Firdausi ranks far above all the earlier poets and stands superior to his contemporaries. Here he sets up so high a standard that all who come after him must try to live up to it or else they sink into oblivion. Firdausi was neither the first nor the only one to collect the old epic materials of Persia. We know far more about the genesis of the *Shah-Nameh* than we know about the other great epics in the world's literature. Firdausi worked from written materials, but he produced no "mere written mosaic." Into all the epic he breathed a spirit of vividness and freshness; whether it be the love scenes of Zal and Rodhale, the exploits of Rustum, or the romance of Alexander the Great. A cheerful vigor runs through the whole work. Firdausi praises the pleasure of wine-drinking, and does not despise the comforts which money can procure. In his scenes of battle and in his descriptions he does not often wander into the delirium of extravagance. He is sober-minded and free from all fanaticism, leaning not too much to Zoroaster nor to Mohammed. And so the *Shah Nameh* remains the delight of the Persians even now "when the glories of the land have almost departed and Mahmud himself is all but forgotten of his people."

Innumerable manuscript copies of the *Shah Nameh* are still kept in Persia. They are wonderfully beautiful, being written on the finest of silky paper with the blackest of never-

fading ink, and powdered with gold or silver dust. The margins are richly illuminated and the many volumes are perfumed with sandalwood.

For thirty years Firdausi worked on the sixty thousand couplets of this epic, for which the monarch Mahmud had promised him payment in gold. Through the influence of the jealous prime minister at Mahmud's court, silver instead of gold was sent to Firdausi in payment for his work. When the elephant bearing the promised payment reached the poet, he was so enraged over the insult that he recklessly gave away the whole load of silver, giving a third to the slave who brought it. "The Sultan shall know," said he, "that I did not bestow the labor of thirty years on a work to be rewarded with dirhems." Firdausi found it advisable to leave the city.

After leaving the city, the white-haired old man became, like Dante, a wanderer. Too late the Sultan tried to make reparation. Learning that Firdausi was in Tus, he sent the long-delayed payment together with a wealth of princely gifts, but the royal retinue met the funeral of the great poet at the city gate.

Let us turn from the epic poet to the poet-philosopher. Recently the Western world has discovered in Omar Khayyam, the tent-maker, the philosopher, the mathematician, the free thinker, one of the greatest of the Persian poets. Although to Americans and to Europeans Omar is the most popular singer of Persia, in his own country he is scarcely known. It is said that an American woman, long resident in Paris, happened to know the Persian consul there, and showed him Sibleigh's French version of Fitzgerald. He had never heard of Omar Khayyam, but was delighted with the verses and grateful to have been introduced to such a fascinating author of his own country.

The stories of Omar's life are not founded on authentic

documents. This makes all the more remarkable the distinctness of his personality, especially when one realizes that he touched no new chord. His is the "old strain of pessimism, with gleams of satiric humor tempered with liberality." His comparative simplicity may in a measure explain his popularity. Few of the "far-fetched conceits" so common in Oriental poetry are found in his works. He is direct and therefore universal.

By some of his countrymen Omar was held in high esteem; by others he was regarded as a mystic. Reading the five hundred or so authentic quatrains, one asks, "Which is the real Omar? Is it he who sings of wine, and pleasure, and sensual enjoyment, or is it the stern preacher, who criticises all—high, low, priest, dervish, and mystic—even God Himself?" Possibly Omar was both. It may be he was the Ecclesiastes of Persia, weighed down by the great questions of life, death, and morality as was he whom people so wrongly call "the great skeptic of the Bible." The Weltschmerz was his; that same world-weariness is ours today; therefore Omar is of us beloved. He speaks thoughts which we sometimes believe but dare not express. We can easier quote one of his quatrains than formulate the same thought ourselves.

If at times Omar preaches *carpe diem*; if he paints the joys of revelry; still, as Fitzgerald says, "he bragged more than he drank." Underlying all his poetry is a substratum of a serious view of life, a love for the beauties of nature, and a sense of the real worth of certain things contrasted with the worthlessness of the Ego. Resignation to what is man's evident fate, and doing well the tasks that each day brings is Omar's answer. It was Job's—it was that of Ecclesiastes.

Omar seems to have been so many things—a Pantheistic Mystic, a true Moslem, and an exact scientist (for he reformed the Persian calendar). His many-sidedness gives him the advantage of appealing to many different classes. That Omar

was tainted by Sufism there can be little doubt; for many of his most daring flights must be regarded as results of this influence. The Sufis, in fact, claim Omar as one of them, although while he lived they feared his ridicule and hated his honesty which scorned to hide his doubts under their veil of mysticism.

By the side of Firdausi, the epic poet, and Omar, the philosopher, Sádi, the wise man, the moral teacher, well deserves a place. His countrymen are accustomed to refer to him simply as the Sheikh. He much preferred this title to that of "The Nightingale of a Thousand Songs" or "The Nightingale of the Groves of Shiraz." Few leaders and teachers have had the good fortune to live out their teachings in their lives as had Sádi, and that life was long indeed.

Most writers divide Sádi's life into three periods—study, travel, and seclusion. He was born at the Capital of Persia near the end of the twelfth century, and was educated in Bagdad. His was a religious temperament, and he is said to have made fourteen pilgrimages to Mecca. He was over sixty when he devoted himself to literature. Emerson, speaking of his varied career, says: "By turns a student, a water-carrier, a traveler, a soldier of fortune fighting against the Christians in the Crusades, a prisoner employed to dig trenches before Tripoli, and an honored poet in his protracted old age at home, his varied and severe experience took away all provincial tone, and gave him a facility of speaking to all conditions. But the commanding reason of his wider popularity is his deeper sense, which, in his treatment, expands the local forms and tints to a cosmopolitan breadth. Through his Persian dialect he speaks to all nations, and like Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Montaigne, is perpetually modern."

Of his twenty-four works, the *Gulistan* or Rose Garden, and the *Bustan* or Garden of Perfume, are best known. The

Gulistan is read from the middle of China to the extreme corners of Africa, being the basis of instruction in Moham-medan schools. It is a collection of short pithy stories, based on his own experience.

Sádi's other famous book, the *Bustan*, is also used as a text-book in military and civil examinations, and consists of ten chapters of didactic verse. Sádi's writings are expressed very simply. He took his lessons from the world. Indeed, in his zeal to experience all things personally, he at one time assumed the religion of the worshipers of Vishnu, a sect for which he really had no sympathy.

Taking Sádi's writings as a whole, one may say that cheerfulness and contentment was his creed. He says that he was never discontented but once in his life, when he grumbled because he had no shoes. But soon he met a man who had no feet. He ceased grumbling. The Mohammedans worshiped this dervish, wit, linguist, and teacher as a saint, even attributing miracles to him. He is by far the greatest moral teacher Persia has ever produced, being recognized as her greatest didactic poet and most popular writer.

Of all the Persian lyric poets, Hafiz, who flourished in the fourteenth century contemporary with Chaucer, has been declared by all to be the greatest. He is a man of melody. His poetry abounds in a wealth of charming imagery, and is especially attractive because of its delicate rhythms.

Much more than Omar and Sádi, Hafiz was a thorough Sufi. Shah Shuja said to him: "In one and the same song, you write of wine, of Sufism, and of the object of your affection."

His name, Hafiz, meaning memory, signified that he knew the Koran by heart. Little is known of his life except that it was one of self-imposed poverty which he regarded as necessary to genius. We do know that at one time he taught the



Koran in a college in Bagdad, and that here he read from his own verses, the fame of which drew great numbers of pupils. Hafiz was married, but his wife did not live long. Of her death he writes:

"Then said my heart, I will rest me in this city which is illuminated by her presence; already her feet were bent upon a longer journey and my poor heart knew it not."

The poems of Hafiz have been collected into a book called the *Divan*. This collection has been consulted just as if it were an oracle. Monarchs have traveled to the poet's tomb to read their fate in the beautiful volume which is kept there. The questioner with closed eyes opens the book, and the first couplet he sees is an answer to his question.

The principal themes of his odes are love, wine, and roses, but these all have another interpretation and a moral significance.

Fitzgerald says of Hafiz that he "Floats luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on wings of poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either."

The *Calcutta Review* says of him:

"Although not so learned as Sádi or so scientific as Jami, he is the most natural and least egotistical poet of Persia." Eastern critics say that he "may be condemned, but he cannot be compared."

Hafiz was not boasting when he said of himself, "O, Hafiz! the fame of thine enchanting witchery hath reached the boundaries of Egypt and China, and the extremities of Rumi."

With Jami, in whose genius was summed up all the best in his great predecessors, the glory of Persian poetry ends. This mystic, whose name means drinking-cup, was the last great classic poet of Persia. He was an ardent student of the Sufi doctrine, and the following prayer of his is characteristic of him: "O God! Dervish let me live and Dervish die, and

in the company of the Dervish do thou quicken me to life again."

It has been said that as a poet Jami "combined the moral tone of Sádi with the lofty aspiration of Rumi and the graceful ease of Hafiz with the deep pathos of Nizami." He says of himself: "As a Poet, I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my song, and the bride of Time adorned her ears and neck with the pearls of my verse, whose coming caravan the Persian Hafiz and Sádi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khoran and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World."

Jami's *Bird Parliament*, and *Sáláman and Absal* have been translated by Edward Fitzgerald who calls the latter "almost the best of the Persian poems I have ever read or heard about." But of all Jami's works, *Yusuf and Zulaikha*, remodeled from Firdausi, is by far the most famous, and is considered the finest poem in the Persian language.

*Yusuf and Zulaikha* is a much changed and greatly augmented version of the Bible account of the experiences of the Hebrew Joseph with Potiphar's wife in Egypt. To the Persians, Yusuf, Joseph, stands as an emblem of divine perfection, and Zulaikha, Potiphar's wife, shows how the human soul attains the love for the highest beauty and goodness only when it has suffered and been purified and regenerated. This is the deeper meaning of this mystical dramatic love poem.

To our Western minds, the poem is simply the narration of how an unprincipled woman like Zulaikha may pursue a good man for years, marry him almost against his will, and "make him wish himself in heaven the next day."

Soon after finishing his wonderful mystic poem Jami died, and with his death died Persia's Golden Age. The political downfall of Persia has effectually prevented the "coming of another spring and summer." Worthy poets have flourished and died, but the chief glory of the land of the Shah must rest in the past.

## SOMETHING WANTING

BOHOKEN

Not even heartless old editors are in the habit of turning their backs upon feminine youth and beauty. The impermeable Montjoy wheeled around in his revolving editorial throne and shifted his green eyeshade so that he might better see the rosy apparition. For a moment he quite forgot that she might be an aspiring poetess with a ream of rhyme to weary his eyes. When the idea did assail him, he reassured himself with the fact that she carried no manuscript in her dainty hands, and that her smiling spring-time face bore no haggard marks betokening association with the proverbial midnight oil. He relaxed his stern editorial visage and returned her witching smile by contorting his face delightedly.

"Good morning, madam. Be seated. Can I serve you?"

"How do you do? Aren't you the editor?"

"I am."

"Well, I want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"If I can, certainly."

"Well, you can, all right. You know Arthur thinks he can write poems, and it's about to ruin him. I've told him a million times that it's all bosh, but he only looks half mad and makes me feel bad."

"May I ask who is this Mr. Arthur?"

"He's Arthur Lorreau—Mr. Lorreau—you know. Don't you know him? He's so *awfully* good looking!"

"No, madam, I regret that I do not know the gentleman."

"You ought to know him—he sends you poems all the time."

"I am sorry, but—"

"Well, that doesn't matter so much anyway. Keep your eyes open and you'll see a poem from him soon enough. But

what I want you to do is this: tell him that he isn't any poet, that he isn't any sort of a poet, and can't ever hope to be a poet. Won't you, please? It'll save his life; on my soul it will."

"But, perhaps he has the spark of genius, perhaps he may yet be a poet of note." (Of all things for an editor to say!)

"Maybe so, but he'll surely die before he lives to be that great poet, because the poem fever is killing him, *killing* him, I tell you!"

"He must suffer severely. Can he sleep?"

"O I don't know, but he's bad-off enough. He got to taking his silly note-book around with him whenever he went out, and he wants to stop whenever I want to go, to write down some inspiration or something. Last night at the ball out at Chantry Place he forgot a dance with me. I got mad and looked for him to cuss him out. And you know—the poor fellow was out in the garden trying to scratch a poem on his cuff! He left his book at home because he had to. I made him."

"Mr. Lorreau appears to be a loyal devotee to the art. He is your brother, I believe?"

"Well, for the present, yes. I am Shirley L—Lorreau."

"Or hope to be?"

"You shouldn't be so personal. But if you must know, why then, he says he can't marry me till he does something famous—that means publish a poem or something like that—and I know he's going to die of joy if he does, and die of something else if he doesn't, and I *don't* want him to die before we marry, you know. I mean it, too."

"So you want me to persuade him that he cannot ever be a poet, do you?"

"That's it. Please do; I'll be so much obliged to you. Why, you'll save him, if you do. Have a heart."

"I shall do my best, Miss Lorreau."

"O how sweet of you! I knew you would!" And by way of full assurance of her gratitude she threw her arms around him and planted a big-hearted kiss on his flabby cheek.

"I'm counting on you now. Good-bye!" And she was gone.

"Well, I be hanged! She is a little queen if there ever was one. And she kissed me!" For the first time in many days the sordid editorial sanctum rang with laughter. Montjoy was so transported with delight that he closed his office two hours before the usual time and went out to walk, calling himself names for not asking her where she lived.

"And she kissed me," he repeated with relish. "She kissed me! By George, I'm glad I'm a bachelor! I always thought the hand of Providence held me back—or, rather, held Sarah back—when I made that crazy proposal. . . . And she kissed me! Of course I'll reform that fool Lorreau for her—I don't think!"

The next morning Montjoy had a plan of assault settled in his mind, thanks to three hours of deliberation in the park the afternoon before and an entire night of sleepless cogitation. He began by vehemently admonishing the subeditors to bring immediately to his desk any verse that might be submitted by one Arthur Lorreau. Only a few days had to pass before a verse came from his pen. "The Wing of Hope" was its title. Montjoy grinned from behind his ears, and wrote a note to Lorreau:

"DEAR SIR:—We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your poem entitled 'The Wing of Hope.' Do us the courtesy of calling at the editorial rooms as soon as may be convenient."

Then Montjoy, with evil and gladness in his heart, set about studying the verse as only an old and cunning editor can study verse. The conclusion of his investigation pleased him highly: Lorreau was an aristocrat, something of a prude, nothing of a poet; and was romantically deluded.

Lorreau appeared shortly. Montjoy welcomed him warmly, and began:

"I have been singularly impressed, Mr. Lorreau, with your tenacious devotion to poesy. Your prospects are splendid. If I may presume to make a personal inquiry, are you not wealthy?"

"My father has quite a little property."

"You do not have to work?"

"No."

"Your ambition is to become the poetic voice of your country?"

"Well, I hope so."

"Have you ever been in the slums of this city, or any city?"

"Indeed, no!" A frown of inborn repugnance clouded his soft white face, and he almost shuddered. Montjoy could scarcely contain his delight. He could read beneath lines of verse, but not beneath the lines of the human face.

"There is but one thing that remains—you must familiarize yourself with the poorer class of people, the masses. I do not mean that you must mingle with them; only see them, and know something of their habits. You need a balanced knowledge of both the upper and nether sides of humanity, in order to broaden your interpretation of life. Thus you can make the universal poetic appeal. All you need, Mr. Lorreau, is to know something first-hand of the common people. Frequent the slums. Leave the rest to your native literary talent—and to me."

"Thank you, sir," Lorreau said stiffly, and departed.

Montjoy rejoiced hugely. He closed his office earlier than was his custom, to stroll in the park and listen to the birds. The next day he wandered for an hour in the slum district, expecting to see Lorreau conversing with some old washerwoman, or passing out candy to delighted little ragamuffins; but in vain.

One sunny afternoon, in the full rich bloom of spring, he set out for his stroll in the park. From behind the cover of a big magnolia he heard a soft voice that made his heart pound on his old ribs. He approached cautiously, attentive.

"So you are perfectly happy?" This was a masculine voice, and Montjoy wondered.

"Perfectly happy, Arthur."

"And why? Because it is spring-time again, and the birds are carol—, no, singing?"

"No; because you have come to your senses and quit that poetry bosh." A little laugh interposed. "And are *you* perfectly happy?"

"Perfectly happy, Shirley."

"And why? Because it is spring, and all that?"

"No; because an old fool editor took the scales off my eyes."

"O I knew he would do it; the old dear!"

"Knew who would do what?"

"Why, the old fool editor, of course! I'll 'fess up and tell you, Arthur: I got him to fix you up, and paid him with a kiss!"

"You don't say!"

"Yes. He didn't look like he'd ever been kissed, or would ever be kissed again."

The conversation very probably went on; but Montjoy decamped, and heard no more.

## THE WINTER FIRE

RUFUS BRENT

When the winter fire burns brightly,  
Mocking the cold without the door,  
And the merry flame-sprites caper lightly  
On the ceiling and the floor;  
Then with jest and social song  
And mirthful stories told,  
Winter hours gayly smile along—  
Heedless to the outer wind and snow and cold.

When the winter fire burns dimly,  
Sombre-visaged, from the shadows start  
Nightly spectres, stirring grimly,  
Chilling mirth and gladness from each heart;  
Melancholy stillness grips the company,  
Save for half-subdued sighs and groans  
That arise from far, sad memory;—  
While across the great white waste without the bleak  
wind moans.



## SAM DAVIS

GEORGE H. EADY

Sam Davis was reared on a farm in a few miles of Smyrna, Tennessee. His parents were godly people, neither rich nor poor. Sam was a quiet Southern country boy. He spent his boyhood days on the farm, and was very fond of old Mother Nature.

Sam was attending school at Nashville when the Civil War broke out, and he had too much patriotic spirit to remain at school while his comrades were going out to battle for home and country. He enlisted as a private in the First Tennessee Infantry. He was given duties in General Bragg's Army, which required unflinching courage. Sam discharged these duties so well that he was chosen as a spy in a company of scouts by General B. F. Cheatham. This place was given him because he had established for himself a record for coolness, daring, and power of endurance. The commander of the scouts was Capt. H. B. Shaw. Their scene of action was in middle Tennessee, which was held by the Federals.

Captain Shaw posed as an itinerant doctor, bearing the name, "Dr. E. Coleman," among the Federals. His duty was exceedingly dangerous, and since he was a spy, it meant death if caught. But it has always been true that no man is disgraced if he dies bravely as a spy.

Sam Davis found his place to be of peculiar difficulty and danger. But he had learned two hard lessons: the one, to fear nothing and nobody but God; the other, to obey orders.

Captain Shaw's scouts were playing so much havoc among the Federals that General Dodge sent out the Kansas 7th Cavalry to run down and put an end to the harassing band.

Now, Captain Shaw had secured valuable papers to be

delivered to General Bragg. Knowing Sam's faithfulness and his devotion to duty, he summoned him and gave him his pass; then he ordered Sam to hasten with the papers and reports through the enemy's lines to his own general. Sam hid them in his saddle and shoes. He started off on his dangerous journey, but soon was overtaken and captured by the Kansas 7th Cavalry, and was hurried to Pulaski. Captain Shaw was also captured on the same day and held in the same town. After Sam's arrest, the papers were turned over to General Dodge. He had Sam come for examination twice, urging him to disclose the party who gave the documents to him, but his efforts were fruitless.

General Dodge did all he could do to save Sam. Failing to get the information, he had Sam tried, and he was sentenced to die on the gallows on Friday, November 27, between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. He was captured on November 19, 1863. There was just a week for Sam to live. Again and again Federal soldiers urged him to give them the information and thereby save his life. One of his visitors was Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry. The night before the day of his death he and Sam sang together, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand."

Marshal Armstrong was in charge of the prison and gallows. He became Davis' friend, and could scarcely perform the painful duty before him. All the Federals came to love Sam and tried to save him.

Friday came and everything was in readiness. The soldiers of the 16th Corps were marching to the gallows. Sam Davis was at the head of the procession, sitting on the rough coffin which his body was soon to occupy. Arriving at the gallows Sam dismounted and took his seat under a tree. He looked unflinching at the swinging noose. Presently Sam asked, "How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?"

"About fifteen minutes, Sam."

"What is the news from the front?"

He was told of General Bragg's battle and defeat. Sam Davis then said: "Thank you, captain, but I'm sorry to hear it." Then, with a quavering voice, he said:

"The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

This was too much for Armstrong. He broke down and said: "Sam, I would rather die myself than execute sentence upon you."

"Never mind, captain," was his gentle reply, "you are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

About this time Captain Chickasaw galloped up swiftly on his horse, and rushing up to Davis' side pleaded with him to give the information, which would remove his sentence. Here Sam arose to his feet and uttered his last answer:

"No, I cannot. *I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty.*"

A Federal officer long afterwards wrote of him: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose; around him were soldiers in line; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to a disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of the highest type, deliberately preferred death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable!"

Sam Davis mounted the gallows with a firm step, and died for a friend he would not betray.

A monument was recently unveiled in Capitol Park, Nashville, Tennessee, to the memory of Sam Davis. The following is the inscription upon this monument:

## SAM DAVIS

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes  
To stand before His face,  
O many a name unknown to fame  
Shall ring from that high place;  
Then out of a grave in the Southland,  
At the just God's call and beck,  
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes,  
With a rope about his neck;  
O Southland! bring your laurels,  
And add your wreath, O North!  
Let glory claim the hero's name  
And tell the world his worth.

---

## TWO WISHES

---

P. D. Q.

---

When morning heralds lightly run  
To kiss awake the sleeping skies,  
I envy, Love, the rising sun  
His chance to greet your waking eyes.

And when again in noontide proud  
The arch-sun glowers whitely down  
I envy then the little cloud  
That shades you from his sultry frown.

## GERMAN INWASHUN

(In two parts. PART ONE.)

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT

"Hi dar, Bre'r Abe! Whar is yer been?  
Ain't seed yer since de Lord knows when."

"Hi dar, Bre'r Mose! How does yer shine?  
Ez fer mysef, I'se pert an' fine.

I'se been er workin' like er pup;  
Dis mornin' when I fust got up,  
'Yer go ter town,' my wife, she said,  
'An' fetch we-all some meat an' bread.'  
So I hitched up de mule an' kyart  
An' made er sort er early start.

An' now I'se jes er gittin' back  
Ter dat good 'oman an' us shack."  
"Say, Abe, gimme a chaw uv weed,  
Yer knows yer'll help er man in need."

"Bre'r Mose, I ain't got nary chaw,  
'Cept dis here one what's in me jaw."  
"Now, Abe, yer jes well han' it down,  
I knows yer bought er plug in town."

"Well, take er bite er dis here 'shot,'  
But cut 'er light—hit's all I got."

"Tell yer de truff, since I was born,  
I never seed sich rowdy corn."

"Bre'r Abe, I'll tell yer fust an' last  
What makes my corn all grow so fast:

Hit's kase I puts under hit prayer—  
I puts ernuf an' some ter spare.

Yer knows, Bre'r Abe, I prays er heap,  
An' like I prays I specks ter reap.

In fac', Bre'r Abe, 'twixt yer an' I,

I ain't er bit erfraid ter die.  
 All dat I does is pray an' wait  
 Fer deff ter lead me ter de gate  
 Dat opens ter dat throne uv gold  
 'Bout which us is so of'en told.  
 I wish I could hear Gabr'el blow—  
 I'd shout fer joy an'way I'd go;  
 I'd fly away on angel wings,  
 An' play my harp uv golden strings,  
 An' as I wo' dat starry crown  
 I'd let dese words go floatin' down:  
 'Come all, come ebbrey livin' one,  
 Jes come an' see what Jesus done!  
 Bre'r Abe, I wish I'd die today,  
 An' angels come ter bear me 'way."

"I b'lieves yer, Mose, I shorely do,  
 No man has stronger faith dan you.  
 But, listen here, what does yer s'pose  
 I heard in town, Bre'r Deacon Mose?  
 Dem folks dat knowed erbout hit said  
 Hit's heap more worse dan bein' dead."

"I don't know, Abe, de Lordy me!  
 Tell me, do pray, what hit could be?"

"I'll tell yer, Mose, hit means right straight  
 We's gwine hab war in dis here state:  
 Germans wus folks yer ebber saw—  
 Dey's all de time er fightin' war,  
 An' now dey's come on dis heah side  
 An' says dey's gwine ter lick our hide.  
 De boat in which dey cross de sea  
 Swims on de bottom, dey tells me."

"Now look here, Abe, what yer done say?  
 How in de world dey cross dat way?"

"Dey calls de boat er sub-machine,  
 An' when hit runs hit cain't be seen.

Dey come way 'cross—hit beats de Jews—  
 An' landed down ter Newportnews.  
 Yer see, Bre'r Mose, dey plan ter make  
 Er big inwashun dat will rake  
 Dis heah country plum off der map  
 An' take us land an' all de crap.  
 Dey say dat dey has dogs an' sech  
 To run down men dat's hard ter ketch.  
 Hit's jes de truff—I'se tellin' facts—  
 Dey's ober here an' on our tracks."  
 "Dat'll do, Bre'r Abe; fer love uv Mike,  
 Yer makes me feel all cur'ous-like!  
 P'se been er sayin' all de time  
 Dat dis here state waz in hit's prime.  
 Things cain't go on like dey has been,—  
 Prosperity shore leads ter sin.  
 If things keeps on in dis here way  
 Hit won't be long 'fo' jedgment day.  
 All dese here lawyers arguin' law,  
 An' all dese nations fightin' war,  
 Am signs uv 'struction to dis land,—  
 Shore jedgment day am nigh at hand.  
 An' den de great consumin' fire  
 Will burn up ebbry base desire,  
 An' while de wicked begs fer sips  
 What fer ter cool dere parchin' lips,  
 I will, wid all my joys complete,  
 March up an' down de golden street,  
 An' P'se gwine live on honey an' milk,  
 An' dress in robes uv purple silk,  
 An' while I sits in angels' seats  
 Fair gals will wash my snowy feet!  
 Bre'r Abe, my joy will ebber be,—  
 I hopes yer will be dar wid me."  
 "I hopes so, too; I 'spect I will.

Bre'r Mose, yer faith gits stronger still.  
 But 'bout dis war—what's we gwine do?  
 Ez fer myself, I'se gittin' blue;  
 My crap's de best I'se ebber had,  
 An' now, Bre'r Mose, 'twould shore be bad  
 If soldiers come an' capture me  
 An' make de wife an' chilluns flee,  
 An' den destroy my growin' stuff.  
 Yer knows dem German folks am rough,—  
 Dey'll run yer down wid dog an' gun,  
 An' kill yer den jes fer de fun!"

"Brer Abe, all war am bad, I know,  
 An' dis here one partie'lar so.  
 I'se skekered uv war, I mus' confess,  
 Hit am er tur'ble deff I guess.  
 But, Abe, so fer ez dyin' goes,  
 Hit am indeed er sweet red rose,  
 Bekase hit smells so sweet an' nice,  
 Like Hoyt's cologne uv five-cent price.  
 In fac', Bre'r Abe, fer my own part,  
 I'se not so skeered fer war ter start;  
 I was er good-sized boy, yer see,  
 When men fought war an' sot us free."

"Bre'r Mose, I knows yer seed dat war,  
 An' 'twas de wust yer ebber saw;  
 But war am wuss dan in dem days,—  
 Dey kills 'em now so many ways.  
 Why, now dey kills er million men  
 To ebbery hundred dey killed den!"

"T'se heard dat, too; I ain't no dunce,  
 But dey cain't kill er man but once;  
 An' deff would fill me wid delight,  
 Aldough hit come by war tonight."

The darkies then reluctantly  
 Bade each the other loud "good-bye,"



And Abe his homeward path did plod,  
 While Moses turned again the sod  
 And worked the corn which Abe admired  
 And which Mose said his prayer acquired.

'The corn was in the silking stage,  
 Some ears were several weeks of age;  
 'Twas at the time when the raccoon  
 Steals out beneath the summer moon  
 And straightway towards the cornfield steers  
 To eat and waste the ripening ears.

That eve when Sol had hid his pate  
 And when Bob-White called to his mate,  
 Bre'r Mose stopped work and homeward walked,  
 And as he went, aloud he talked,  
 And as he talked he did admit  
 That he felt curious a bit;  
 He felt that some adventure soon—  
 Perhaps before the setting moon  
 Should give way to the rising sun—  
 Would take him ere his work was done.

That night Mose told to Lou, his wife  
 (While eating cabbage with his knife),  
 What Abe had told him "while ago"  
 About the war and "so and so."  
 Said Mose, "I tole Bre'r Abe dat I  
 Was ready any time to die,  
 An' dat you waz all ready, too.  
 Now, ain't yer, 'lasses candy Lou?"

"Why sho, my lobely angel Mose,  
 'Tain't while ter ax dat which yer knows.  
 When you is tuck from me away,  
 I wants ter die dat same-said day.  
 As fer yer little bit uv fear,  
 Les hope dar ain't no danger near."

(To be concluded.)

## VITAL INSTRUCTION

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A. C. REID

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North Carolina is a land rich beyond belief in climatic and material advantages, rich in her heritage of fame and effort unique among the people of America, rich in a citizenship endowed with purity and strength of character and a possibility for accomplishment. The last decade has been one of such unbounded progress by our people that North Carolina now leads the South in general industrial and commercial development.

Material wealth is generally thought of as the basis of prosperity, happiness and permanence; but our broad fields and wide-extended forests, our hillsides bestarred with vigorous industry and rivers wearing golden harness are not so essential to the welfare and progress of the State as are the lives, the mental and physical vigor of the men and women who compose its citizenship. We pride ourselves on our modern and efficient business methods, but in the business of disease prevention and vital conservation we are laggards, and, until recently, the fields of health activities in North Carolina lay fallow.

Nevertheless, whether viewed from an economic, educational or moral standpoint, preventable disease is the State's greatest liability and burden. A physically handicapped and inefficient people can never attain the highest degree of material and social progress. As a result of present health conditions, each year about 14,000 North Carolinians perish needlessly. Each day two hundred thousand of our people suffer from disease, which is an incalculable check and deficit on our prosperity. More than eighty per cent of our school children are physically defective, which, owing to the lessened mental and physical vitality of these children, causes an



proportion to the degree that the public conscience is educated to the point of personal and coöperative obligation and responsibility. But until public opinion is created, until the people are educated to desire health reforms, it will be useless to inaugurate extensive measures for vital preservation, for men will circumvent legislation or an attempted reform which they do not understand or appreciate. Along the Southern Railway we see the sign, "Railroad Crossing; Stop, Look, and Listen," while "Safety First" lessens the number of fatalities by the Seaboard Railway. It is not so much the significance of these words that imparts warning, but it is because the masses of the people have been educated to appreciate the danger of the railway. Likewise the entire citizenship of our commonwealth must be inspirited with a sense of personal and active responsibility for the preservation of the State's chief cornerstone.

The portals of the dawn in medical science are being thrown wide on their hinges, and there is already accumulated sufficient scientific knowledge to lengthen the average human life fifteen years, and reduce the ravage of disease to a minimum. That some diseases can be controlled, even eradicated, is a matter of scientific history. The problem, then, lies in the fact that a machinery must be found to incorporate this scientific knowledge effectively and permanently in the social structure.

The true instrument of a man's degradation is ignorance, while knowledge is the foundation of all progress. Universal instruction in North Carolina is largely dependent on the church and the system of public schools, because these state-wide institutions reach and exert a profound influence on the entire populace of the State. Our religious leaders and principals of public schools receive their instruction, directly or indirectly, from college-trained men and women. The burden of responsibility, therefore, for the promotion of vital instruc-

tion throughout the State rests primarily on the secondary schools and the colleges of the State, which institutions have failed to make adequate provision for teaching the fundamentals of health to the laymen. Wake Forest is the pioneer college of the South to inaugurate a practical course in Sanitary Science and Health Instruction. This course has as its aim not only the training of the student-body but, through the secondary schools, to touch indirectly the lives of hundreds and thousands throughout the State who are denied the privileges of college training. Every college should provide prescribed physiological courses that their graduates may speak authoritatively on vital questions and institute reforms in their respective districts.

On the action of such trained men and women depend community organization and progress and the general elevation of society. The minister should preach the conservation of life, the physician prevent rather than cure disease, the architect and engineer plan and construct scientifically arranged edifices. Every county should employ whole-time health officers, and medical inspection and treatment of school children should be provided. Science has proved the profound need of adequate labor regulation. It is a humanitarian spirit that moves our State to establish and maintain institutions for her dependents; but it would be infinitely more economical and humanitarian to enact and enforce eugenic legislation. These and other fundamental reforms are dependent on an educated laity; their neglect will be an irreparable check to the progress of the State.

editorials, and departments—everything from the beginning of the magazine in 1882 down to date. One section will index the contents by names of the contributors and editors, giving separately each contribution of each contributor, indicating its title and form, and stating the particular office of each editor, his society and his term of incumbency, and enumerating his editorials. The other section will index the contents by titles, covering all contributions and editorials, indicating the name of the author and the form of each. The index, when completed through the current volume, will contain probably six thousand cards. Hereafter it will be the duty of the editors to fill out cards covering the contents of each issue as the issue appears.

The chief value of this index, perhaps, lies in the convenience which it will afford in placing articles. Frequently requests come to the editors for copies of contributions or editorials that have appeared in former issues. Unless the approximate date of publication is known, the editors are quite at a loss to find the desired article. By means of the index, however, any writing that has ever appeared in the magazine may be readily found, if either the title or author's name be known. Besides this, of course, the index will serve all the purposes of a general means of reference.

One vexing difficulty met with in the work of compilation is that of discovering the identity of contributors who habitually employed pseudonyms. Assumed names were exceedingly popular in the earlier days of the *STUDENT*. Many of them are amusing, varying from modest "Capitalbum" to the presumptuous "Aeschylus." We shall appreciate the assistance of alumni in giving us the true names corresponding to pseudonyms, as they may recall them. We desire to have every contribution listed with the writer's true name.

There is much of interest to be found in the old issues of the *STUDENT*. A feature of the earlier volumes is a depart-

ment headed "Science Notes," edited by Prof. W. L. Poteat (then faculty member of the staff), and devoted to contemporary scientific investigations and discoveries. There was also a department, "Literary Gossip," in which we come upon such remarks as, "Mr. Ruskin will soon finish his autobiography"; "Oliver Wendell Holmes is to open *The New Portfolio* in *The Atlantic*"; "Lord Tennyson is to have a new drama out soon." Other departments which have been abandoned were "Our Book Table," "Periodicals," "Current Topics," "Educational," "Worth Repeating," and "Scraps." Decidedly more attention was given to the editorial departments in the old days than now. Of the literary contributions printed in the magazine the bulk was nonfiction. Stories and verse were scarce.

It is of interest that the magazine was begun by the Euzelian Society. The first number appeared in January, 1882. The members of the first editorial staff were: Prof. W. L. Poteat, alumni editor; W. H. Osborne, senior editor; C. A. Smith, junior editor; Thomas Dixon, corresponding editor. In April G. C. Briggs was added as business editor. In May the Philomathesian Society joined with the Euzelian in the publication of the magazine, electing E. E. Hilliard as senior editor, and D. W. Herring and E. G. Beckwith as associate editors.

But we are wandering afar from our topic, the index. We wish, in conclusion, to express our thanks to the societies for generously appropriating a sum sufficient for purchasing the necessary cards and filing cabinet. The utility of the index, we believe, will well repay the expense and labor of compiling it. The work of compilation has been in progress since last November. It is going on steadily, although necessarily slowly. We hope to have it done by commencement, certainly soon afterwards.

**Felici-  
tations**

We take pleasure in congratulating Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat upon the publication of the "Selected Letters of Cicero," edited by him and published by D. C. Heath & Co. The text-book is an admirable piece of work. As the preface indicates, it is compiled expressly "to meet the needs of the Freshman who, when he enters college, is suffering from indifferent teaching." That there has been a manifest need for such a text, especially in the South, is certain. We offer Dr. Poteat hearty felicitations upon his distinction of being the first to attempt to meet this need, and upon the success which he has made of the attempt.

The introduction to the text is made brief and terse, for the common sense reason that the average student never reads the customary prolix introduction. It is divided into three parts: Chronology of Cicero's Life; the Letters; Letter Writing in Rome. The Letters, seventy-two in number, are based on the Teubner text, and are chosen with the aim of affording a uniform view of Cicero's poly lateral character. Incidentally, they do not tally with any of our familiar handy translations of Cicero's select letters. The notes are excellently done. The annotations are pertinent, clear, readable; the explanations of difficult syntax are full, elementary enough to meet the express need, and delightfully free from that ultra-technicality that plagues so many Latin notes. The whole volume is neatly put up, with plain, substantial binding, good paper, and large, clear print.



# IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Sikes and son, Walter Wingate, were visitors to the Hill January 10 and 12. Dr. Sikes, former Dean of the College and at present president of Coker College, S. C., was given a welcome by about two hundred students, who yelled themselves hoarse upon the appearance of our former dean. This reception attested only in a small way the high esteem and regard his former students hold for Dr. Sikes.

Prof. R. P. McCutcheon, former Associate Professor of English, was a visitor to the Hill Thursday and Friday of registration week.

Various members of the faculty spent the holidays visiting: Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Nowell were in Raleigh with Mrs. Nowell's mother. Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Aiken were in Richmond, Va., for a few days. Dr. C. C. Pearson visited several cities in Virginia. Prof. J. L. Lake spent some time with his parents at Upperville, Va. Associate Professor E. W. Sydnor sojourned in Petersburg and Richmond, Va.

Dr. W. L. Potent on December 24 delivered an address on "Christianity and Social Order" at Apex.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake is rapidly regaining his health at Hodges Hospital, Richmond, Va.

Mr. C. A. Farrell, B.A. '13, who conducts a studio at Winston-Salem, visited the Hill the first week in January.

Rev. W. V. Savage, of Churchland, Va., visited his sons in school here early in January.

Dr. James W. Lynch, of Athens, Ga., former pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist church, preached at the morning service, January 14.

Mr. A. T. Ferree, B.A. '08, who is practicing law at Ashboro, was a visitor here the second week in January.

Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Lake, of Upperville, Va., are visiting their son, Prof. J. L. Lake.

Mr. L. T. Stallings, Jr., was a visitor to the Hill during the holidays. He is doing very efficient work on the reportorial staff of the *Atlanta Journal*.

Many members of the faculty and student-body attended the inauguration in Raleigh on January 11. Wake Forest was especially interested in the exercises because again a Wake Forest man assumed the duties and honor of chief executive of our State. We feel that Governor Bickett will steer the affairs of State for four years with honor and credit, and add another star to the crown of his Alma Mater.

The law students who expect to stand the Supreme Court examination, February 5th, for State license to practice law are hard at work. We are sure that this class will pass its full quota of men and uphold the brilliant record of our law school.

Mr. C. D. Gregory, B.A. '16, is now teaching mathematics in the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, having been elected to this position by the Board of Commissioners of Baltimore, Md.

Dr. F. J. White, president of the Shanghai Baptist College and Seminary of Shanghai, China, was a visitor here the middle of December. Dr. White spoke in chapel and also at the morning service on Sunday. He explained the nature of the college work in Shanghai, the early struggles and gradual evolution of ideas. The students heard Dr. White gladly and feel that the ultimate success of his work is assured.

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

WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

## Literary Societies

Neither of the societies has yet settled down to consistent work, since it is hardly possible for students to get their regular college classes arranged before two weeks of the term have passed. However, now that everything is becoming settled, every section will begin to hold regular meetings and discuss the questions provided by the program committee.

Most of the interest this year seems to be centered in debates with other colleges, and in order to stimulate work, the Philomathesian Society will hold an inter-sectional debate, which has long been looked forward to. Now the plans are to materialize on January 19, for on that date a team composed of C. E. Brewer, A. D. Odom, D. E. Deaton, and H. D. Locherman, from the Wednesday section will meet G. H. Eaddy, O. T. Glenn, R. C. Brown, and S. E. Ayres, of the Friday section, on the question, "Resolved, That the United States Should Subsidize Its Merchant Marine."

On January 26 and 27 preliminaries on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a System of Universal Military Service," will be held in order to select representatives for the debates scheduled this spring with Colgate, Randolph-Macon, and Baylor.

## Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. once more issues a cordial invitation to all the students in college, asking them to affiliate themselves

with the organization and give their hearty coöperation and support in the great work which is being carried on. The best program possible will be arranged each Monday night, making the hour both pleasant and profitable, and visitors are welcomed.

One of the finest works being done is the assistance rendered in the moonlight schools. During the past sessions several members have offered their aid, and have performed invaluable services to the mill people whose only hope of an education lies in gleaning a few fundamental principles after their day's work is done.

### Moot Court

Almost all of the speakers in the Moot Court come from the Supreme Court class, and since the members of this class are now busy preparing for the State examination on February 5, no court has been held up to the present time. However, it is very probable that two or three sessions will be held before February, and after that time the regular schedule will be followed.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor    I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

'90. Thomas Walter Bickett, another Wake Forest Governor, elected by the largest majority ever given a candidate in this State, was inaugurated January 11, and entered upon what promises to be an important administration. His inaugural address was most remarkable in its delivery, its logic, its broad grasp of the resources and needs of this Commonwealth, and in the Utopian progressiveness of its recommendations. From a college education, acquired by the sweat of his brow, on to the school-room, the lawyer's office, the Legislature, the office of Attorney General, he has climbed, step by step, to the proud distinction of the State's first citizen.

'09. Santford Martin has been appointed private secretary to Governor Bickett. Judging from the general comment of the press, his selection meets with approval. As the brilliant editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, Mr. Martin was one of the first to "boost" Mr. Bickett for Governor, and was a powerful factor in the campaign. *Charity and Children* has this to say of him: "Editor Martin ranks among the foremost newspaper men in the North Carolina Press Association. He writes well, and he speaks quite as well as he writes." While a student in college Mr. Martin made a remarkable record both as a student and as a debater, having won the Freshman debater's medal and the A. D. Ward medal for the best oration at Commencement of his senior year, besides representing the college in two inter-collegiate debates. After leaving college he was principal of the Bunn High School in Franklin County for two years, going from that position to the editor's chair of the *Winston Journal*.

'08. J. Foy Justice is a member of the State Senate, repre-

sending the counties of Henderson, Burke, and Cleveland. Mr. Justice taught school in Charlotte for two years after his graduation, returning to Wake Forest in 1911 to study law. Since 1911 he has been a successful practitioner in Hendersonville.

'11. J. A. McLeod, a prominent attorney of Lillington, is representing Harnett County in the State Senate.

'07. J. W. Bunn is State Senator from Wake County. After graduating from Wake Forest Mr. Bunn formed a partnership to practice law in Raleigh with the late J. N. Holding. He is now practicing alone and has built up a lucrative practice.

Hon. J. W. Bailey is an alumnus much in the public eye. He was recently offered a judgeship but declined to accept. Commenting upon this, the *Biblical Recorder* says: "Hon. Josiah William Bailey, United States Collector of Internal Revenue for the Eastern District of North Carolina and junior member of the well known Raleigh law firm of Jones & Bailey, was last week tendered the judgeship of the Seventh District, lately vacated by the resignation of Judge Chas. M. Cooke. Mr. Bailey richly deserved the high honor involved in Governor Craig's appointment, but felt impelled to decline because private business required his attention in Raleigh."

'07. Mr. S. F. Wilson is a graduate of Wake Forest who is making a reputation for himself in his adopted State of Oregon. He is mentioned by the *Evening Telegram* in a special article as one of the prominent men of Portland. A few statements are taken from this write-up: "Although Mr. Wilson is still in his early thirties, he has done big things in eastern Oregon, and is rapidly making the same sort of reputation in Portland. As a preparation for practical work, he attached several letters to his name, by graduating from the Yancey Collegiate Institute, in 1900, then from Wake Forest College in 1907. The same year he was admitted to the

North Carolina bar. He came to Oregon immediately afterward and formed a law partnership with Will Peterson at Pendleton. In 1910 he was elected president of the First National Bank of Athena. In 1914 he was elected vice-president and general manager of the Bankers Mortgage Corporation. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Progressive Business Men's Club, Al Kader Temple of the Mystic Shrine, and of the University Club."

Prof. Carlyle Campbell, of Buies Creek Academy, has written a very practical pamphlet on "Some Suggestions in English Composition." It is being used as a text-book in the English courses of that institution.

'16. Rev. J. H. Barnes, of Raleigh, has accepted the call of the Leesville and Mt. Hermon churches, and is soon to begin his work with them.

Mr. T. E. Holding, cashier of the Bank of Wake, is now a member of the House of Representatives from the county of Wake. He was an active member of the Bickett Inauguration Committee. He is in much demand in this and nearby communities as a speaker on religious occasions.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## Basket-ball

### THE SCHEDULE FOR 1917

- January 12: Durham Y. M. C. A.  
January 17: Trinity College at Raleigh.  
January 23: Eastern College, here.  
January 25: Guilford College, here.  
January 30: Stetson University, here.  
February 5: Davidson College, here.  
February 10: A. and M. College, pending.  
February 15: V. P. I., here.  
February 17: Elon College, here.  
February 19: Guilford College, Guilford.  
February 20: U. of Va., Charlottesville.  
February 21: Lynchburg, Y. M. C. A., Lynchburg.

### DURHAM Y. M. C. A. GAME

The present basketball season was opened on January 12 in a hard-fought game against the Y. M. C. A. team from Durham. Presenting an array of experienced players, adept at all departments of the game, the visiting team put up a good article of the indoor sport. They could handle the ball well in passing and in their long shots at the goal. At the end of the first half neither team could claim an advantage. Anderson, an old Trinity star, was very much in evidence in every play, and his offensive work was a big factor in the showing made by the Durham quint.

The second half brought victory to Wake Forest and a better type of play than that of the first period. When Leo



Franks began to unlimber and display his usual bursts of speed the winning of the game was made a certainty. The team was denied the services of Captain Holding, on account of an indisposition, until the last few minutes of play, but upon his entrance his presence was known to all. The team worked in more unison and showed an improved offensive. Sowers and Hanby, both guards, played a good defensive game in this, their first appearance upon the floor.

### Thanksgiving Day Football Game

It might be of interest to the followers of the gridiron sport to know that Manager Gladney has completed arrangements for a football game to be played with Hampden-Sidney, in Norfolk, on Thanksgiving Day, 1917. This should prove a highly satisfactory arrangement, for in Hampden-Sidney we have a worthy foe, and the place is almost ideal. Norfolk, always a good supporter of football in the past, may be counted upon to provide a good crowd of spectators, and as Hampden-Sidney is popular in the collegiate athletics of Virginia, the game should find a warm reception in that city. Dr. Paschal has promised the students a good coach for next year to succeed "Mig" Billings, who will continue his medical studies in a Northern institution, so the prospects for a good season, as viewed from the Wake Forest standpoint, are encouraging.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

The December issue of *The Trinity Archive* is capable of improvement in a number of ways; however it is very creditable in several respects. The lack of an essay of some length and substance is the most serious need. The issue could hardly be called frivolous, but it is certainly in need of a little more heavy material. The leading story, entitled, "Her First Offense," is a highly improbable love story which nevertheless holds the reader's interest. The dialogues are stilted and unnatural but the plot itself is very well worked out. We wonder how a bachelor of thirty-five years experience in love affairs could be fooled by such simple artifices as the lady uses to entrap him.

The next contribution is entitled "An Apology for Bachelors," and the case of the bachelors is strongly presented with commendable frankness and with great plainness of speech. Doubtless all "women-haters," if there be any such, will read this essay with much glee. However, we would be glad to see an essay of a similar kind championing the cause of the women, as the case for the bachelors was presented in such a one-sided way that the women fail of their due.

There are a number of other contributions in the literary department, including a short and interesting essay entitled "A Plattsburg in Internationalism," giving the writer's impression of a gathering of representatives of American college polity clubs; "Vice Versa," a short story, somewhat crude in style and rather gruesome; some contributions of verse that are of a high degree of excellence for the most part; and some other contributions of minor importance. The departments are handled in a very creditable fashion indeed. The edi-

torials are excellent and are perhaps the best part of the magazine. The Alumni Department contains an excellent story entitled "The Compromise," which shows the value and necessity of work for work's sake.

*The State Normal Magazine* for December is a strictly Christmas issue. Every contribution has to do with some phase of Christmas, and the editorials deal with the same subject. The most striking thing about the issue is the brevity of every selection including the editorials. There is great need of an essay of some weight. The longest contribution is a story entitled "His New Christmas," which is told in an interesting way although the plot is transparent.

The opening prose contribution is an excellent sketch of Christmas Eve entitled "Behind the Christmas Carols." "Susan Almira's Scheme" is a simple story that reminds us of a chapter in "The Bird's Christmas Carol." A particularly happy addition to a Christmas number is the page entitled "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them." It is composed of bits of verse that are for the most part excellent expressions of childish thoughts. "Love Gifts," is a short essay on the writer's idea of what constitutes the proper Christmas spirit. This is followed by a short essay entitled "Christmas," giving some account of the origin of Christmas and some of the customs that one associates with Christmas. We suggest that the title of the essay is rather too broad. "Little Katrina's Christmas" is a very fine short story possessing real pathos, and showing one small phase of the sorrow war has occasioned in Europe.

There are several contributions of verse which deserve special praise. The editorials are brief generalizations and of little value. The various departments are represented in a creditable way.

As a whole the issue is praiseworthy on account of the uniform high quality of the material. It is too light on account

of the brevity and consequent superficiality of the contributions, but otherwise the issue is very commendable.

We have received a large number of other exchanges which we acknowledge with thanks, and hope to review in the near future.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

Newish wisdom displayed on Latin I: The Roman year had 355 days, so the consuls had ten days to rest.

---

"Please, mum," said the tramp who had knocked at the door, "would ye do a bit of sewing for me?"

"I guess so," said the lady, kindly. "What sewing do you want me to do for you?"

"I have a button here," said the tramp, "and I'll be very much obliged if you will sew a pair of pants on it."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

---

Ye editor had the honor of receiving two contributions to the magazine, accompanied by the following epistolary masterpiece. The signature is omitted for the sake of delicacy.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:—The poetic muse has at last struck Wake Forest. Wake up ye little stars and be glad! I am enclosing for your consideration what I consider to be two of the greatest productions that have ever come from any American pen. Of course, you may be a bonehead and not look at it in that way, but I rather expect that you will experience great difficulty in deciding which of these two productions shall grace the next issue of our college magazine. If you find it hard to decide, then use neither for fear of hurting the feelings of the other.

May God bless you in your tremendous undertaking of looking over such stuff as I am tonight sending you.

---

### MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail  
And looking deathly pale;  
Did she see a whale?  
Not at all.

She was papa's only daughter,  
Throwing bread upon the water  
In a way she hadn't oughter—  
That was all.

"Squshy" Mallard: Did you see how that girl smiled when she saw me?"

"Hardboy" Blankenship: "That's nothing. I laughed the first time I saw you!"

---

#### HEARD IN THE KITCHEN

Rolling Pin: But where are we going to get all the money?

Potato Masher: Let's go see Mr. Yeast Cake, he can raise the dough.—*Selected.*

---

#### A JOB FOR A VERSATILE MAN

WANTED, for a sober family, a man of light weight who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at the table, join in household prayer, look after horses, and read a chapter in the Bible. He must rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands, and if he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage, so much the better. Wages, 15 guineas a year.—Advertisement in *Lady's Magazine*, 1789.

---

Brakeman on a Seaboard train, to Lester P. Martin: Better keep your head inside the window.

Martin: I guess I can look out if I want to.

Brakeman: All right, but if you damage any of the ironwork on the bridges you'll have to pay for it.

---

You can take a horse to water,  
 But you cannot make him drink;  
 You can take an ass to knowledge,  
 But you cannot make him think.

—*The Collegian.*

---

Make your first money; then make your money last.—Stephen Girard.

Mrs. Mullins: What's the matter, Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. Jones: Why, this young varmint 'as swallowed a cartridge, and I can't wallop 'im for fear it goes off.—*London Answers.*

---

Newcomer (at resort): Is this a restful place?

Native: Well, it used to be until folks began comin' here for a rest.—*Boston Transcript.*

## MORE VERS LIBRE

How I wish,  
 Rita,  
 I were a microscopic organism,  
 Sitting on your eyelash  
 And laughing at my brothers  
 Drowning in your  
 Tears!

—Selected.

The editor happened upon the following outline, or synopsis, or plot, or whatever it is, written by a twelve-year-old. It is reprinted literatim. We wonder if any of the literary masterpieces germinated in a similar form?

*Dramatis Personae*

- Mr. Jacob Culler, Virginia tobacco planter.  
 Mrs. Alice Culler, wife of Jacob Culler.  
 Miss Ruth Culler, daughter of J. and A. Culler.  
 Mr. Henry Culler, son of J. and A. Culler.  
 Mr. Nathaniel West Brent, prosperous orphan seaman.  
 Mr. Louis Domby, rascally tobacco planter.  
 Mr. Pipp, Domby's devilish overseer.  
 Mammy Jenny, Ruth's childhood nurse and maid.

SCENE 1. Southern Mansion on Wooded Hillside overlooking Stream.

TIME: The War of 1812.  
 On Verandah Ruth and West.  
 Talking.

Newspaper arrives stating declaration of war between U. S. and G. B.

West leaves to arm his ship as volunteer.

Domby and Mr. Culler arrive.

Domby expresses contempt at West's action and swears he will get killed (secretly hoping so).

He proposes to Ruth and is refused.

Goes home in rage, eats supper cursing, gets drunk and orders Pipp to beat a slave.

West cruises, meets Britisher, both ships go down together after fierce engagement.

West with five of crew reach shore after adventurous sail in life-boat.

West returns secretly to Mrs. C. and Ruth, all his fortune lost in ship, and sets out to serve in ship.

Domby hears of wreck, rejoices, proposes to Ruth; father not willing, she refuses, slight contention, Ruth faints and Domby leaves in rage.

West serves till war is over, meets moody young man on ship, dismissed with poor pay but honor; both settle down to humble farming in North.

Work together and talk freely over past, discover silver on farm and "moody young man" confesses he is runaway son of Culler.

Secure and divide fortune and return, surprising Culler family and maddening Domby.

Happy reunion.

Domby taken to law by neighbor, sells estate for bail and goes abroad.

West buys Domby's estate at auction, which is remodeled by Ruth. Ruth and West marry and live long and happily.

---

#### BORE

Bore, bore, bore,  
 And then go bore some more.  
 From the time when first you see the sun,  
 Until the time when day is done,  
 You've got to sit and bore.  
 Don't bore the other fellow,  
 But bore on your books, you fool.  
 It's the only way to get there,  
 If you hope to finish school.

E. F. CULLOM.

---

A man gave his Irish gardener a new valise for a present. Tim stared at it for a moment, and then asked, "What am I to do with that?" "Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered his employer. "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said Tim. "And phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"—*Selected.*

---

Francis Baldy, on first seeing a cow chewing the cud: I wonder if he is chewing Wrigley's or Beech-Nut?

---

#### WHAT THE MUSIC DID

Following the musical program Mrs. Brown read an article on "Personal Devils." Seventeen were present.—*The Boone (Iowa) News-Republican.*



Trueblood, to Dr. H. M. Poteat: Is Beethoven still composing?  
Dr. Poteat: No,—he's decomposing.

---

"Big Stiff" Mallard, searching the dining room for a toothpick:  
Here I am paying for board, and I can't even get a splinter!

---

Dentist, pumping air into Jake Sowers's tooth: Does that air hurt?  
Jake: That-air what?

---

Dr. Gorrell, on French O: What is a partitive noun?  
Newish: A noun of emotion.

---

Over the garden-fence the conversation had suddenly turned acrimonious.

"An' if yore boy, 'Erbert, ties any more cans to our pore dog's tail," was Mrs. Moggins's stern ultimatum, "'e'll 'ear about it, that's all. Oh, an' per'aps you've done wiv that saucepan wot you borrowed last Monday."

"'Erbert," asked Mrs. Grubb shrilly, "wot 'ave you bin doin' to Mrs. Moggins's' dog?"

"Nothin', ma!" replied the small boy, unblushingly.

"There!" said the mother triumphantly.

"An' you returned 'er saucepan yesterday, didn't you' dearie?"

"Sent it back by 'er dog!" said 'Erbert calmly.

—Chicago News.

A. H. COBLE, Manager

*The Tyree Studio*  
*Raleigh, North Carolina*

Official Photographer to  
The Howler

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVI

March, 1917

No. 6

## TO YOU

—  
R. B.  
—

I saw you smile,  
And in your smile there shone the light  
Of a thousand stars,  
That still shines in my heart's un waking night.

I heard you sing,  
And all earth's prayer, all heaven's praise,  
Rang in my soul,  
And shall ring there through all my days.

I clasped your hand,  
And held it close—but for a moment; yet,  
The touch of an angel hand,  
Can mortal ever, ever forget?

I said farewell;  
Your eyes spoke parting benediction, clear, unheard;  
For you would not profane  
The sacred leaving-hour with earthy word.

## DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEGRO SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

J. A. M'KAUGHAN, JR.

To understand the Negro's present economic condition it is necessary, first, to understand his condition in Africa, his native home, and his position in America before his emancipation; and, second, to trace his development since the Civil War in relation to the political, educational, and religious factors concerned in his progress. John E. White says: "It has been a peculiar pilgrimage, the strangest in the annals of history. It can scarcely be reckoned a pilgrimage as we are used to speak of other great movements outward and upward. Stage by stage, from tribal slavery in Africa, to commercial bondage in the slave ships, to the feudal serfdom of the South, and then to sudden emancipation, and then to a dazzling citizenship in the republic, the Negro came, always thrust on by forces which he did not originate and over which he had no control."

As a savage, the condition of the Negro was hopeless. He had none of the assets or benefits of civilization. There was no government or form of justice; there was no organized work; home life with its attendant benefits was not to be found; and slavery, superstition, and ignorance were prevalent. The unenlightened savage dwelt behind a veil, the shadow of which was partly lifted by his transportation to the western world.

However, his condition here, especially in the South, was far from ideal; for the day that makes a man a slave robs him of half his value. Of course, he made some progress, but little beyond gaining a knowledge of the English language, methods of farming, and several forms of skilled and manual labor. Along educational and social lines he was at a stand-

still for many years. Lack of schools and teachers placed the burden of training on the home, where, handicapped in many ways, it was but imperfectly effected. His religious nature, which ordinarily would have expressed itself, was placed at a disadvantage on account of the absence of church life and his absolute dependence on his master for all necessities.

Yet, with these disadvantages, the Negro had taken a long step upward during the first two hundred years of his servitude. From heathenism to Christianity, from savagery to civilization, is no mean accomplishment. But it cannot compare with the remarkable advance made since his freedom was gained. We now turn to the factors in his economic development.

The political status of the Negro has determined to a large extent his progress. The thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States granted him freedom, while the fourteenth recognized him as a citizen and placed his vote in the hands of the several States. The Negro has accordingly voted at some time in every State in the Union. However, his unwise use of power at the polls has injured him in many ways. The educational and property qualifications for voting have been raised to such a high standard that his political power is very limited. He is voiceless in public councils and in judicial proceedings. The laws are made, the taxes are levied, and the government is administered by men who have little or no interest in him. Influential Northern Negroes, property-holders, and educators and reformers have some rights, but, as a race, the Negro is politically powerless.

Turning from the political status of the Negro to his educational development, we have many reasons for being encouraged, for the present condition of prosperity can be attributed to a remarkable growth in all branches of education.

In the years immediately following the war, the chaotic time forbade at first any attempt at a betterment of conditions in education. A lack of leadership and financial strength, a deficiency which totally unprepared the Negro for the new responsibilities thrust upon him, together with a lack of control of the race in reference to the future, seriously impaired any direct attempts toward educational improvement. Although "Army Schools," opened for the benefit of Negro refugees even before the close of the war, had in 1866 an enrollment of 90,589, the reports of education for 1867 were far from encouraging. Higher education was entirely neglected; there were only thirty-five industrial schools; the number of colored teachers was 699; and only eight per cent of the colored population could read and write. In 1878 some progress had been made. Higher education, with an appropriation of \$65,000 and an enrollment of 8,542 students, and the public school system, with an appropriation of \$11,760,251 and an enrollment of 738,164 scholars, were advancing rapidly. Such is the report for the first ten years of freedom.

The progress of the past twenty-five years has been phenomenal. Here we quote from Monroe N. Work, the editor of the Negro Year Book. "In 1912-13 there were 1,700,000 Negro children enrolled in the public schools of the South and over 100,000 in the normal schools and colleges. The 699 colored teachers of 1867 had increased to over 34,000, of whom 3,000 are teachers in industrial schools and colleges. . . . In 1913 there were in the South fifty colleges, thirteen institutions for the education of Negro women, twenty-six theological schools, three schools of law, five of medicine, two of dentistry, four of pharmacy, seventeen State agricultural and mechanical colleges, and over four hundred normal and industrial schools. . . . The value of property now owned by institutions for higher training is over



\$17,000,000. In 1912 over \$4,400,000 were expended for the higher and industrial training of the Negro and \$8,600,000 in their public schools."

Has such an extension in education a parallel in the annals of any other race? In giving our opinion we must bear in mind that much of this progress can be ascribed to the help extended by the white race, especially by the Christian churches. But with constant hindrances impeding him and race prejudice closing many inviting paths, the Negro is to be given just credit for his achievements in this, the very cornerstone of his present status.

Even granting to education such an important place, we must yet accede to the opinion that "There is no phase in the Negro's progress more striking and remarkable than that of his religious development." And we might add that there is no more dominant phase for, as education was the cornerstone, so religion was the very foundation upon which his progress has been built.

The magnitude of the task devolved upon the owners of slaves in civilizing, training, and evangelizing them is hardly conceivable, though the religious nature of the Negro rendered the change comparatively easy. His emotionalism, ignorance, nonresistance, and simplicity offered no opposition to the teachings explained to him. His inherent religious tendencies are typified in the following: "The slave had found in Christianity, often in rude, half barbaric forms, a consolation, a refuge, a tenderness and hope to which we can scarcely do justice. Perhaps its most eloquent expression to our imagination is the wonderful, old-time melodies as they have been made familiar by the singers of the Negro colleges. Their words are mystic, scriptural, grotesque; the melodies have a pathos, a charm, a moving power, born out of the heart's depth through centuries of sorrow dimly lighted by glimmerings of divine love and hope. The typical African

temperament, the tragedy of bondage, the tenderness and triumph of religion find voice in those psalms."

We find that in 1860 over half of the 4,000,000 Negroes in the South either were enrolled in the church or were under direct Christian influence. Now the total number of communicants is 4,300,000 and the value of church property is \$70,000,000, or one-tenth of the total wealth of the race. The importance of the church socially to these members, and, in fact, to all colored people, can easily be seen. It has changed the Negro from a savage to a Christian, has been the means through which the moral uplift of the race has been effected, and has acted as a center of social life in providing entertainment for its members when there was no other place of amusement. Above all, it has instilled into the colored race a desire for education and a better condition of life.

So, hampered by political restrictions, taking advantage of whatever educational opportunities have presented themselves, and fired with a religion that has been the foundation of his success, the Negro has toiled upward during the past fifty years and has greatly prospered economically and industrially.

This fact is sometimes hard to believe when we look at the dark side of Negro life; for there is a dark side which is usually set up as the standard for the whole race. And in looking at this side, especially at the Negro farmer, we must admit that the view is not promising. The Negro farmer lives either as an isolated tenant or on the plantation of some large landowner. Besides being inefficient, he is held down by the system of land tenure and the one crop method which now prevails throughout almost the whole South.

Turning to the Negro artisan, we find a somewhat different condition. Though the Negro was a skilled laborer at the close of the war, there were many difficulties for him to face. He could not always find a white man who would act as his

bondsman in a contract, and it was not always easy for him to secure work. He also lacked the technical skill that would enable him to handle mechanical devices more complicated than those used on the farm. Then, last of all, was his conception of the degrading influence of work. So he soon lost his boasted prestige as a skilled workman.

Conditions in our cities and even in the largest of our towns are anything but Utopian. Migration to the cities has caused congestion, the direct result of which is shown by the wretched life the Negro leads. Vice and disease, unsanitary yards, alleys and streets, and bad health conditions "claim their retribution in infant mortality and in general debility throughout the homes of all, even the more cultured and more highly privileged." Rental of homes which, on account of segregation, are usually situated on alleys and side streets, results in a lack of adequate space for family living. The kitchen is dining-room, bedroom, and work-room. Articles of furniture are beds, tables, stoves, and a few chairs. What is a home without brooms, towels, napkins, needles, thimbles, sewing machine, and implements to prepare, cook, and serve food? In hundreds of Negro homes in the South these and other accessories of civilization, such as tablecloths, pictures, and rugs, are not to be found. The disadvantages of such living to both children and adults are manifold. There is a great need for play-grounds, libraries, parks, and other agencies of social life, for, in the absence of these things, immorality and crime exert a harmful influence.

This, however, is the dark side of Negro life. There is a brighter side.

In the first place, the Negroes are coming to own the lands they till. Of the two and a third million Negro farmers in the United States, 890,140 own or rent farms which have an area of 20,000,000 acres or 31,000 square miles, and which are valued at \$492,898,218. In acquiring this land the

Negro advanced from a share-tenant to a renter, thence to part owner, and finally to full owner. This ownership results in better farming methods, because the Negro is using more intelligence than formerly in cultivating his fields. By building up land, diversifying products, and rotating crops steady improvement is being made. The farmer's institutes of Hampton and Tuskegee Industrial Schools, the demonstration trains of the South, and the public schools have aided materially in bringing about this progress, the significance of which can hardly be estimated.

Then, against heavy odds, the Negro artisan is holding his own. The following table indicates the increase in Negroes employed in the main occupations from 1890-1900:

	1890	1900
Agricultural pursuits .....	1,984,310	2,143,176
Professional services .....	33,994	47,324
Domestic and personal services.....	956,754	1,324,160
Trade and transportation.....	145,177	209,154
Manufacturing and mechanical pursuits....	208,374	275,149

This progress is all the more remarkable when we consider that he has been hampered by trade unions, particularly in the North. High requirements for membership, short-term employment, unfavorable discrimination, and competition with the whites have been ruinous. Wages which are lower than those paid white men engaged in the same occupations have forced him to seek less skilled classes of labor, and had it not been for the good influence exerted by Southern labor unions the step forward would have been much less. So while the Negro is losing his monopoly on certain pursuits to a small degree he is entering others, and thus keeping pace with his progress along other lines.

In 1910 the National Negro Business League had delegates representing forty-one trades and professions; there were in the United States fifty-six banks owned and operated by Negroes, and, in North Carolina, one industrial insurance

company paid out to its policy-holders over \$14,000. Census reports show that there are over 500,000 Negroes in professions and 30,000 engaged in business of various sorts. We find teachers, lawyers, preachers, doctors, dentists, editors, and business men playing an important part in Negro life today. In 1863 it was not in the imagination of the most optimistic that, within fifty years, Negroes would be making good in the field of finance, be receiving ratings in the financial world, or be successful operators of banks. But such is the case.

In professional services as teachers, nurses, and settlement workers; in domestic service as laundresses, cooks, and waiters; and in manufacturing pursuits as dressmakers and seamstresses, the Negro woman is economically efficient, as 33 per cent of the Negro women in the United States are engaged in gainful occupations.

Thus pictured, the bright side of Negro life far outweighs the shiftlessness and illiteracy of the unrepresentative class which constitutes a minority of the race. A glance at the effects of this prosperity will show that they are far reaching.

As education has advanced, and as the educational and property qualifications for voting have been met, the political condition of the Negro has improved. Crime, heretofore fostered by lack of training, poverty, and drink, is showing a marked decrease. This statement of Booker T. Washington is significant. "From both a moral and religious point of view, what measure of education the Negro has received has been repaid. . . . Not a single graduate of Hampton or Tuskegee Institutes can be found today in any jail or State penitentiary. . . . The records of the South show that 90 per cent of the colored people in prison are without a knowledge of the trades, and 61 per cent are illiterate."

Negro schools, churches, and homes reflect the welfare of

the race. Church buildings have been improved, and schools provide real social training for the pupils. But nowhere is the economic development revealed more than in the character of Negro homes. The homes of a people, always and everywhere, show what those people are. Judging by this standard, we would concede to the Negro a comparatively high standing. The 372,124 homes owned by Negroes provide a wholesome family atmosphere and home and moral training to be supplanted by no other means. All of these deep and silent influences are working for the upbuilding of the Negro people of this country.

Such unexampled progress leads us to agree that, "Looking back through the American history of the Negro and considering the vicissitudes of their life, the hardships some of them have endured, their faithfulness in captivity, their peacefulness for two hundred years, their evolution from complete ignorance, their rapid adoption of the white man's methods, and their amiable life as a people, the fair-minded and unprejudiced student must accord them a high place among the working populations of the earth."

## HER FATHER'S SON

BENWIDDIE

Theodore King was a privileged freshman at the home of Professor Finley. He dropped in whenever he pleased to chat with the professor's daughter, Mabel, except, of course, when Alfred Smith was there.

"Hello, Teddy," Mabel greeted him as he came up to the garden gate. "Come in."

"Thanks."

"You look serious this afternoon," she said, scarcely taking her eyes from the violets she was picking. "What's on your mind?"

"Something serious."

"Tell me about it."

"Now, listen. I don't want you to go with Chink Smith to the junior ball tonight. Won't you please don't?"

Mabel smiled. "How do you know I have a date to go with him?"

"Why, just on general principles. Of course you have. I know it's none of my business, but please don't go with him all the same."

"Why not, Teddy?"

"Well, you know they all call him Chink—"

"Yes, because he used to live in China. He is not a Chinaman."

"Worse than that—he's a half Chinaman!"

"Don't say that, Teddy, you know it isn't so."

"Please don't get mad, Ma—, Miss Finley, please. I'm not trying to mess things up just because I don't like Chink. He's a nice fellow, a bright chap, a junior, too; he talks just like a book, and all that, and I know, because I room near where he does and see a lot of him. And I know I'm a fresh-

man, too. But he is half Chinese, and you've got no business going with him!"

Mabel laughed. "Don't be foolish, Teddy. Alfred Smith is not Chinese at all, even if he was born over there. You can tell he's all American by looking at him."

"But he is half Chinaman, and I don't want you to go with him any more. Anybody in school will tell you that he is part Chinese, and they are all talking about it—about you going with him so much."

"Don't you worry what they say. He says he is an American citizen, and he is a perfectly nice gentleman, and I believe him. I will be with him at the junior ball tonight, too. Run along, now, Teddy, I must take these flowers in. Come again when you're in a better mood. Good-bye!" And she ran indoors before he could speak.

At the ball that evening Mabel, being a girl, could not keep Teddy's admonitions out of her mind. Again and again she told herself that his outburst was due to his jealousy, for she knew that the freshman adored her. Yet, even while accusing herself for foolish doubts, she studied Smith's face closely, and wondered. His features were strongly Anglo-Saxon, and he was tall and manly; which reassured her. Yet there were his coal-black eyes and hair; but did not many Americans have dark eyes and hair? Suddenly she noticed a familiar resemblance in his appearance, which entirely dispelled her doubts. She laughed triumphantly.

"What amuses you?" Smith inquired.

"It's so funny, I never noticed it before! You know, you look very much like father."

"Why, thank you! Your father is a splendid professor. I am happy that I have the privilege of studying under him, and I am proud of the honor of resembling him, if indeed I do."

"Certainly you do. I wonder why I never saw it before?"



"Perhaps it is only—what do you call it?—optical illusion?"

"Never! Maybe there is something in the Chinese air that made you and father look alike. You know he lived out there a few years, a long time ago."

"Yes; sometimes in his lectures on foreign economics he refers to experiences he had when he was consul in Shanghai."

"And you lived in Shanghai, too; didn't you? That's strange, isn't it?"

"It is a remarkable coincidence."

"Did you know him when he was over there?"

"Why, no," Smith laughed. "I was hardly old enough then, you see, to know people. He retired from the consulship more than twenty years ago."

"Of course he did! I beg your pardon for trying to make you so old. What was I thinking about anyway?"

"No offense at all."

"Well, I guess your father knew him."

"Perhaps so."

"Why don't you ever tell me about your father and mother, Alfred, and about your home in Shanghai? You never have told me a word about them."

"Haven't I? Well, really, you know, I don't remember much about China, I was so young when I came to the States."

"I thought you just came over three years ago, to come to the university."

"No, not exactly. I had been here a few years already—came across when I was, well, just a boy, you know."

"Well, tell me something about your folks, anyway. They both went to China from America, didn't they?"

"Please do not ask me, Mabel, because—O well, some recollections are not pleasant."

"Excuse me, I didn't mean to be rude. I'm sorry it's like that. But, Alfred, you will tell me whether your father and mother are living, won't you? I want to know."

"Certainly. My mother is living, but the last letter I had said that she was slightly ill. And my father—I never saw him. You understand, Mabel."

"I understand. I am so sorry. I can hardly imagine what it means to have one's father die before one is old enough to even know him. Thank you for telling me. And I hope your mother is well by now, and you'll have better news soon. Tell me about her all the time, won't you, please? And give her my love the next time you write, too."

"Thank you. Let's talk about something else now, and dance again."

"All right."

After the ball, as they were walking across the campus towards her home, Smith was strangely silent. He did not speak until he was leaving her, then very slowly said, "Good-night, Mabel."

"What's the matter, Alfred? Tell me, have I offended you tonight?"

"No, indeed; do not think that, please."

"Well, please do tell me. I know something is troubling you. Let me sympathize with you."

"Do you believe in prescience?"

"No. What is it?"

"Knowing about anything before it happens. I did not tell you exactly the truth just now. My mother was quite ill when the last letter was written—not just slightly ill—and I feel that she is not living now. She is not strong, and she is forty-six years old, and that is very old for—for a woman in China, you know."

"I am so sorry, Alfred. Thank you for telling me. We will wish and pray together for her to get well, and she will."

"Thank you so much, Mabel. Good-night."

"Good-night, Alfred."

Mabel went in the library. Her father, coming from his study to get a book, found her there, weeping passionately.

"What is the trouble, daughter?"

"Nothing," she replied, trying to hide the tear-stains.

"Yes there is. What is it?"

"I think I hurt somebody's feelings tonight at the ball."

"Whose?"

"Alfred Smith—the boy I was with."

"Alfred Smith! Were you with that fellow?"

"Yes, father."

"Do you know who he is? He is a Eurasian, from Shanghai. His mother is a mandarin lady, with only mandarin morals, I understand, and his father an American or European, identity unknown. You must never speak to him again, Mabel."

"All right, father."

"Does your mother know that you have been associating with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am surprised. You must not speak to him again. I will tell him to pay you no more attentions."

"All right, father. Good-night." And she fled to her room and cried her heart out.

Mabel was put to no pains to carry out her father's order, for Smith did not call again after that evening. She saw him only twice during the next week, on the campus and at a distance, and one time he went out of his way, apparently to avoid meeting her. But in spite of this, and in spite of her father's declaration, Mabel did not lose her faith in Smith. The simple confidence of a guileless girl in a true gentleman is not readily broken. Try as she might, however, Mabel could not conceal the trouble in her heart. Teddy observed her despondent mood.

"What's wrong with you, anyway?" he asked her one day.

"Are you pining away just because Chink don't come around any more?"

"No, nothing is wrong with me, Teddy," she answered doubtfully. "But what is wrong with him—do you know? He seems so quiet and sad all the time."

"What's wrong with him? Why he's sore because you cut him, of course. What else could it be? He says he got bad news from home a week or two ago, and he really did get a special delivery letter from China one morning, and stayed in his room all day. But that was just make-believe, to keep anybody from thinking that he was sore at you."

Mabel said nothing, and Teddy became so worried that he resolved to do something at once to remedy matters. He went to Smith's room.

"Come in, Mr. King," said Smith as he entered. "Have a seat."

"O don't call me Mr. King, Ch— Mr. Smith! It sounds so funny. I'm just Teddy."

"All right, Teddy," Smith returned, forcing an empty smile. "How are you this afternoon?"

"I'm all wrong." He began tearing a blotter into bits. "I want to know what you've done to Miss Finley to make her so blooming mopey and weeping-willow-like these days. She's as blue as indigo all the time, and I know it's on your account, even if she does say it's not."

"I have done nothing at all to Miss Finley."

"Sure you haven't?"

"I am sure."

"Well, look here, Chink," Teddy resumed nervously, "won't you go over and see Miss Finley and try to fix things up? She's just about sick now, and if somebody—I mean you—don't do something pretty quick, she'll die. She'll die, I tell you."

"Does Miss Finley wish an interview with me?"

"Yes," Teddy lied without hesitation.

"I shall see her tomorrow, then."

"Will you really? All right. Don't forget. Good-bye."

Smith locked the door behind Teddy. He took from a padlocked letter-box a letter, written in Chinese characters, which was already thumb-marked and worn with many readings, and sadly read it through again.

Early next morning Smith called at Dr. Finley's residence. The professor met him at the door.

"Good morning. My daughter cannot see you. Can I do anything for you?"

"Good morning, Dr. Finley. Do you know who you are?"

"What?" The professor frowned, and shrank from Smith's intense gaze. "I am afraid I do not understand your question."

"Do you know who you are—what you are?"

"Yes, I do. Explain yourself."

"You are my father."

"What, what do you say?"

"You are my father."

"What slander is this you are trying to play off on me?"

"No slander at all. . . . Please be quiet a moment.

I never knew until a few days ago who my father was—who you were. My mother was a mandarin lady of Shanghai, very beautiful. I recently heard of her death. Let me read one sentence from the letter: 'Your mother requested just before she died that you be told that your father was an American consul in Shanghai, named Finley, who retired just after—'

"You lie! You are nothing but a disreputable Eurasian—"

"Yes, an illegitimate Eurasian, thanks to the folly of your younger days. . . . Be quiet! Mabel and your wife must not know a word of this, God pity them! . . . No, do not ask me to compromise, or anything. For Mabel's sake I shall leave and say nothing. Were it not for her, I should

paint you with blackest midnight, before the world! Be good to her—your daughter and my sister—be good to her, if you can be good to any one. I am going, and I do not think you will ever be worried with me again. Tell Mabel that ill news from home calls me away.”

Smith turned and slowly walked towards the depot.

Mabel suffered from long and heavy dejection, which took away forever her gayety and spring-like charm. Rumor had it that Alfred Smith, the morbid Eurasian, had outraged her and fled to escape punishment. But this whispered suspicion cast no discredit upon Dr. Finley, who remained the esteemed professor of foreign economics, well remembered as honored ex-consul from the United States to Shanghai.

## IGNIS FATUUS

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T. M. UZZLE

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O Will o' the Wisp, thou transient gleam  
Of nothingness, whose fitful beam  
    Of spectral light lures from his way  
    The lone late traveler at close of day,—  
Tell me whose soul is it, I pray,  
That flickers in thy mystic ray?  
    Why canst thou never rest, who in one place  
    Abidest never long, but out in space  
Art ever moving on? Now far, now near,  
Thou sparklest for a moment, bright and clear,  
    Only in blackest night to disappear,—  
    Then shinest forth again, my sight to sear.

## THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF LANGUAGE

CHARLES MOSELEY

One who studies language in connection with the operations of the mind will perceive that the basic principle of its formation is a principle of alliteration, of rhyme, of repetition, of harmony to the ear. The first distinctive trait of language in regard to the operations of the mind is the alliteration and rhyme of poetry. We will take an example of rhyme. Bees, sees, gees, lees. The repetition in this case is a repetition to both ear and eye of the sound "ees" and the letters "ees." Too, the ear may demand a harmony or repetition of sound even though the letters of the words are different. For example: Sees, seize, seas. Both Latin and Greek are shot through with this idea of repetition. Note the similar endings of nouns and verbs in Latin:

The Noun			The Verb	
Singular			Singular	
Agricola	Porta	Amo		Oro
ae	ae	as		as
ae	ae	at		at
am	am			
a	a			
a	a			
Plural			Plural	
Agricolae	Portae	Amamus		Oramus
arum	arum	atis		atis
is	is	ant		ant
as	as			
ae	ae			
is	is			

The same idea of repetition runs through the Greek. In modern prose the repetition is not so apparent as in poetry, but none the less the whole texture of our language is permeated with the idea of a repetition of sounds and letters. All this goes to prove that the basic principle underlying the



formation of language is a principle of repetition, and it really seems to me as if the whole mind, in order to attain to a higher state of consciousness, attempts to repeat itself just as an oak grows, viz., by adding a new ring of wood exactly similar in substance to the other rings or units of wood.

If, then, the formation of the language is characterized by a repetition of sounds and letters, it is necessary that we have a repetition that will exhaust the resources of the language. Let us take two letters or the monosyllable "ot" through the alphabet and see how far it exhausts the resources of the alphabet: aot, bot, "cot," "dot," eot, fot, "got," "hot," iot, "jot," kot, "lot," mot, "not," oot, "pot," qot, "rot," "sot," "tot," uot, vot, wot, xot, yot, zot. In this case the meaningless words or combinations of letters, aot, eot, fot, iot, kot, mot, oot, qot, uot, vot, wot, xot, yot, zot, exhibiting the idea of repetition, are in a state of dormaney. Let us take another monosyllable, "at," through: Aat, "bat," "cat," dat, "eat," "fat," gat, "hat," iat, jat, kat, lat, "mat," nat, oat, "pat," qat, "rat," "sat," "tat," "vat," wat, xat, yat, zat. In this case the meaningless words or combinations of letters, aat, dat, gat, iat, jat, kat, lat, nat, oat, qat, uat, wat, xat, yat, zat, exhibiting the idea of repetition, are in a state of dormancy. All this goes to prove that the idea of repetition in the language has not been completed or perfected in the experiences of the mind.

So far our language has been developed empirically through the experiences of the senses, *i. e.*, words or precepts have formed the stepping-stones to reason; but we see no cause why reason itself, after perceiving its idea, should not create a new world of experience a priori for the dormant resources of the mind or the dormant resources of the language. The mind, to use a homely comparison, would add new units of thought just as the oak adds new units of wood.

Whether or not this is possible, we do not know; but it seems natural and reasonable enough. Such a synthesis, moreover, would make man more and more intellectually the master and dominator of his environment.

## GERMAN INWASHUN

FRANCIS W. SPEIGHT

(Concluded from February issue.)

It was at nine o'clock that night,  
The half-moon shed a dim gray light,  
When Uncle Mese and good Aunt Lou  
Knelt down to pray as some folks do.  
Just then some dogs were heard to bark,  
And followed distant cries of "Hark!"  
The lusty beam of a gun was heard,  
And then a second and a third,  
Each following hard upon the last.  
A deadly atmosphere they cast  
Upon the fields and silent wood  
Throughout the little neighborhood.  
Now when they heard, both Mose and Lou,  
The sound of dogs and shooting, too,  
They suddenly did cease to pray,  
And Lou in trembling voice did say,  
    "New, look heah, Mose, what could dis be  
Dat at dis time 'sturbs you an' me?  
Reckon hit's answer to us each  
Fo' dat which we did jes beseech?"  
    "T'll toll yer, Leu, an' dis fer sho,  
I'se neber heard sich dawgs befo'!  
I'se tellin' yo' de gospel truff—  
I'se sorter 'feared fo' dis heah roof.  
I has er feelin' in me craw  
Dat hit's dem Germans fightin' war,  
An' hit sound lak dey's on me track  
Whar from de field I come on back.  
I know what am de scand'lous plan—

Hit's ter kill me, a 'ligious man,  
 An' p'raps kill yo', my honey wife,  
 Or make yo' slave fer all yer life.  
 Dat am dem Germans, dout a doubt,  
 What Abe was tellin' me erbout.  
 If we's gwine die 'fo' break uv day,  
 I ruther 'twas er natchel way.  
 'Tis tur'ble ter be shot right dead  
 Or hab er man chop off yo' head.  
 Indeed now, Lou, think what we'll miss,  
 An' when we's killed we runs er ris'.  
 Ob course we both am 'pared ter go,—  
 But den hit am er ris', yo' know.  
 An' dar ergin yo' see we mought  
 Git shot but not killed right plum out,—  
 Den we would hab ter suffer lot  
 An' die an' lose all dat we got.  
 O I'm is all turrible skeered—  
 Hit's gwine on now jes as I feared!"

"O Mose, I'se shakin' lak I'll die,  
 I feels jes lak I'm gwine ter cry.  
 I'se skeered ter move to anywhar!  
 Mose, peep outen dat windo' dar  
 An' see whar dem all am! Dat's right,—  
 Now I'se gwine blow out dis heah light."

"Good Lord! Good Lord, save me, save me:  
 Hit am er turrible sight I see!  
 Dey's gettin' nigh an' runnin' fast,—  
 O Lou, I see we's lived our last!  
 Hit's wuse dan 'twas in Noah's flood,—  
 Seems lak de moon is drippin' blood.  
 'Way back off yonder in de west  
 De cyclone's stirrin' of his nest.  
 De zigzag lightnin' 'gins ter lick

Hits forked tongue in flashes quick  
 Agin de side uv mountain peaks!  
 I'se gettin' weaker ez I speaks,  
 Fer rollin' by me now I see  
 Great balls uv dead humanity!"

"Git down dar, Mose, lak I done said,  
 Fuss thing yo' know yo' will be dead.  
 Now, look er heah, what shall we do?  
 O what will come uv Mose an' Lou?  
 What'll Cousin 'Kinley Washington's  
 Wife's uncle's daughter's youngest sons,  
 An' all de wifes an' ehilluns say  
 When dey finds out we died dis way?  
 O sabe me, Mose, I'se skeered ter deff—  
 I wants er plaece ter hide meseff!  
 My heart am gwine ter palpitate,  
 O Mose, les run! Now don' yer wait,  
 Les butt right out uv dis heah do'  
 An' run ez fast ez we kin go!"

"O Lou, yer knows we cain't do dat,  
 Why, yo' cain't run—yo' am too fat.  
 An' 'size, by time we struck de groun'  
 Dem Germans folks 'ould shoot us down.  
 We mought ez well hide heah an' stay—  
 Dey's gwine ter kill us any way!  
 Now come, les fetch under dis bed—  
 Hole on!—I'll go under ahead,  
 'Oman should never take de lead,  
 Fo' man is bolder sho indeed."

Then Mose and Lou with pop-eyes white,  
 Both trembling and half mad with fright,  
 With heads and hands and feet and all,  
 Beneath the bed did slide and crawl.  
 Outside they heard the boisterous rush

Of men and dogs through field and brush;  
 Up to the cabin came the raid,  
 And at the door the loud dogs bayed.

Then Mose and Lou, with more affright,  
 Besought and prayed with all their might.  
 "O Lord," prayed Mose, "yo' knows, yo' knows,  
 Dat I'se yo' humble sarvant Mose,  
 An' now we's in er squeezin' strain,  
 We's facin' deff an' scand'lous pain,  
 Us face am p'inted toward de floo'  
 An' signs uv deff am all below!  
 Desc Germans heah come 'cross de sea  
 An' now's gwine kill po' Lou an' me!  
 O Lord, dou who do ebber send  
 De clouds an' rain an' roarin' wind,  
 Dou who did send us dis heah deff,  
 Alone can take hit 'way yo'seff!  
 I prayed wid faith dat deff would come,  
 An' now hit's come an' struck me dumb.  
 An' now wid dat same faith I pray  
 Dat dis heah deff be tuck erway.  
 O Lord, I don' at dis time care  
 To move big mountains wid my prayer,  
 I wants dis deff dat dou did send  
 Not for ter bring me ter de end.  
 O Lord, I gits my dates confused,  
 I hopes I'se done an' been excused  
 Fer takin' Missus Jones's hen,—  
 She won't no good, she was so thin,  
 And fer swipin' dat kin'lin' wood—  
 Hit nebber did do me no good,  
 An' fer cussin' Brer F'ed'rick once,—  
 Brer F'ed'rick was er unlarned dunce,  
 He called me ebbery common name

Uv which he thought I'd be ershame',  
 An' I done drunk too much in haste,  
 So I cussed him ter suit my taste,  
 I was not 'sponsible, yo' knows,  
 So fer as cussin' F'ed'rick goes.  
 Fergive me now, I ax once mo',  
 Fer all dese things I'so done befo'.  
 Deso Germans kickin' on de do'—  
 O Lord, I ax yo' not to wait,  
 Fer if yer does, hit'll be too late!  
 O Lord, O Lord, I begs ergin—  
 Savo me, O Lord, save me!—Amen."

"I'm skeered, I'm is, de gracious knows,  
 I'se cryin' slam out loud now, Moso!"

"I'se weepin', too, I mus' confess,  
 Don' pester me wid yo' distress.  
 I'se got my head flat on do flo',—  
 Dem debbles gwino break in dat do'—  
 I heered one say, widout a doubt,  
 'Now come on, drag dat willian out,  
 I wants ter see dat scoundrel die,  
 I wants ter skin him low an' high!  
 I heah dem kickin' on do do',  
 An' now dey's gwino git in heah, sho'!  
 Lou, don't yo' heah dat olo do' break?  
 I'm is gwino run fer dear lifo's sake,—  
 My breeches's off—I'll be doggone!  
 But I ain't timo ter put 'em on."

Thus scared clean out of all his wit  
 His place beneath the bed Mose quit,  
 And with no trousers on at all  
 Out through the window did ho crawl;  
 And as around the house ho ran  
 Ho butted with a big armed man.

The stunning force of the hard blow  
 Flat on the ground did Moses throw,  
 And then a gun fired sharp and loud,  
 And all to Mose was one dark cloud.  
 "O Lord," he cried, "dis am de end,  
 Hit's deff ter me dat dou done send!  
 Hab mercy now,—I nigh 'bout feel  
 Dem Germans stick my heart wid steel:  
 O take me up into de skies,  
 Fer now I knows I sholy dies!

. . . . .

"I'se glad I'll hab ter die no mo',  
 But 'tain't so bad ter die, yer know.  
 I'm is so glad I died, I did,  
 Fer now hit am all ober wid,  
 An' now I'll hab no woe an' pain,  
 An' no hard times uv sleet an' rain.  
 I wonder what's become uv Lou?  
 I wish she was heah wid me, too."

"What's all dat air yo'se talkin', Mose,  
 Ain't I right heah—what does yo' 'spose?  
 From what yo' jes dat minit said  
 Yo' mus' 'a' thought dat yo' was dead."

"Ef I ain't dead, er none er dat,  
 Please tell me, den, whar I'm is at?"

"You'se in yo' own ole house an' bed,  
 An' why ob course yo' ain't am dead!  
 When yo' clumb out de windo' space,  
 An' 'gan ter hit er lightnin' pace,  
 Yo' butted wid er man, an' dat  
 Threwed yo' down on de ground right flat,  
 An' yo'—jes 'cause er gun was shot—  
 Den fainted down right on de spot."



I did my best ter follow yo'—  
I was too big ter git through, dough.  
An' den dat man an' some mo' men  
Picked yo' right up an' brought yo' in  
An' lay yo' on dis bed deyseff,  
An' dey am jes dis minit leff.  
Dem men was huntin' fer er coon  
Out in de light uv de new moon,  
An' we thought dey was huntin' us  
Jes kazo dey kep' er great big fuss.  
Dat coon, under dis house hit ran,  
An' after hit de dawgs an' man,  
Dey treed hit, sho' ez yo' was bo'n,  
In dat ole sider jar ob stone  
Dat has er long an' slinder neck,—  
Hit's been 'neath heah a year, I 'spec'.  
"An' so, yo' says I ain't dead den?  
I wish de Lord I had er been!  
I'd be walkin' de golden street  
An' listenin' ter de music sweet,  
I would be sweetly restin' dare,—  
I wish I had been dead fer fair!  
Seems lak a man cain't die no way,  
Don't care how hard he beg an' pray."

(The End)

## NORTH CAROLINA AND THE SHORT BALLOT

C. P. HERRING

A shorter ballot in North Carolina was recently pointed out by Governor Bickett as one of the needs of the State. That there is such a need seems evident, even in the face of the fact that the present system has been more successful here than in many States. Government has grown more complex, and the management of public affairs more and more intricate, until our voters are faced with a duty so complicated that they are unable to meet its requirements. The burden is that of selecting all of the officials of our government in an intelligent manner at the polls. And, too, the possibility of intelligent voting has been made more remote by the taking on of new activities by the State. This increase in complexity under the long ballot system has in turn been conducive of inefficiency. Something then must be done, and since it is not probable that government will become any less complex, the change must be in the means of administering it. Inevitably, we must have a system which will provide for a more comprehensive application of intelligence. And if this can be secured by electing two or three State officers instead of dozens, the task of the voter will not only be made easier, but the will of the people will dominate the governmental halls.

I shall not attempt to name specifically just those officers who should be elected and those who should be left to appointment. That is a task to be worked out by an investigating committee. But a safe general principle to work on is that which was some time ago endorsed by the Secretary of the Short Ballot League, namely, that those officers who are policy-determining should be elected; all others we would have appointed by these.

Immediately we see an advantage to be gained. Such an arrangement would tend to destroy that retarding inconsistency which is found between the officers of higher and lower rank. It is essential to good government that there be no deadlocks and wire-pulling between the respective departments. In fact, the necessity for harmony between the higher and lower branches of the government of a commonwealth is one of the things which called political parties into existence. Now there can be no question that the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, for instance, know better who will work in harmony with them than the average citizen. Consequently, acquiescence in the policy of the major officers would be a factor considered before appointment be made. The conclusion inevitably follows that if harmonious government is worth while, then the Short Ballot system, which is its creator, is well worthy of our most careful consideration.

Now, coming closer to the voter himself, let us notice the advantages which he would gain. In the first place, it makes possible intelligent and discriminate voting. There is not such a multitude of names on the ballot, and one may acquaint himself reasonably well with the qualifications of each candidate. Under the present system practically every one does some blind voting, and a few vote blindly almost altogether. President Wilson once said that in casting a ballot containing thirty names he did not know the qualifications of half the number. Also, Dr. Eliot says that the task of discriminating among candidates is so great that the liberty of choice becomes worthless. Is it not sheer nonsense, then, to expect the average citizen of North Carolina to vote intelligently under the elective system if specialists in government like President Wilson and Dr. Eliot are unable to do so? Such voting as is done at present injures every citizen. Men are put in office sometimes simply because their names begin with "A" and are therefore at the top of the ballot instead

of the bottom. Can we make the progress we should under such a drawback? If not, what is to be done? It is impossible to educate the citizenship of the State to such a degree that the evil will be eradicated. So we come again to the only alternative, which is the supplanting of a complicated system with one more simple and, therefore, more efficient.

Aside from the spirit of harmony which this system would breathe into our State government, and the alleviation of blind voting to which the elective system has given birth, it would further the success of our attempts to get rid of that old and justly abused curse of bossism and machine rule. The multiplicity of offices that have to be filled by the voters at the polls have made necessary and indispensable extra-legal organizations. The voter finds his time too limited to carefully consider the qualifications of every candidate; so he throws the whole thing up as a hopeless undertaking and depends more or less entirely upon such organizations to choose his ticket. To be sure the voter has an interest in the welfare of his government, but to know precisely his candidates when they are so numerous, he must neglect his business. This he cannot afford to do; hence his concession to the demands of the system, and the consequent voting of a ticket made up by professionals. What can we expect then except powerful machines and bosses as a result of such opportunity for their advancement?

Naturally men take advantage of the authority entrusted to them. Hence these political bosses by virtue of their opportunity make the nominations. I grant you that this is nominally the work of the people, but in reality they only select their choice from among the number submitted by some irresponsible machine. Every name on the ballot is satisfactory to the organization making it up, but it may be that none of them are satisfactory to the voter. After all, then, the choice is not made by the people, and consequently

their interests are not represented. What are you going to do in such cases? The present system forces you to stand by and see your interests go unrepresented; but under the proposed system there is a remedy. The elected officials could discharge the offender and put in his place one who would respond to the will of his constituency.

Thus this weakness resulting from popular elections would be removed by the Short Ballot system. Under it the people would choose the policy-determining officers, and it would be their right and duty to hold such officials responsible for appointments. The major officers would be our superintendents, and if they failed to keep the machinery of the government in the best working condition we would have the privilege and opportunity at the next election to put in better men. Our control would be increased in proportion to the decrease in the number of elective officials.

Today the importance of efficient government is more generally recognized, possibly, than at any previous time in the history of our government. The loss through inefficiency is greater than that through corruption. And corruption at the polls and in the elective machinery generally is the mother of a vast amount of inefficiency. This is explained by the fact that men get into office not on account of their merit, but on account of their ability to manipulate political machines. The lower officers, who are more apt to be of this class, ought to be appointed by those higher up, so that they would become responsible to them just as the higher officers are responsible to the people. Such an arrangement would make possible the establishment of the merit system, which would be upheld by the major officers, because it would strengthen and enlarge the success of their administration. A good administration would in turn, by virtue of its efficiency, satisfy the constituency and at the same time gain support for the head of that administration.

Sooner or later it is going to be found necessary to centralize executive responsibility, and in our State government to follow the analogy of the Federal government, for, says Woodrow Wilson, "Efficiency depends largely upon organization. There must be a definite head whom we can observe and control, and an organization which acts with system, intelligence and energy." Such an organization in our State government would stabilize responsibility in such a way that the people could punish any misuse of authority.

We may liken popular elections to a spring loaded beyond its capacity. And if we would avoid a catastrophe, such elements of the system as tend to confuse the people and make it difficult to distinguish between a good and a bad public servant, must be removed. What North Carolina needs as a substitute for this cumbersome, inefficient, and irresponsible system is the short ballot. It is economical, scientific, and democratic. With it we could have intelligent voting and capable officials. Without it we can never hope to have an efficient, responsible, and really democratic government.

## THE PILFERED PILOT

W. B. GLADNEY

Dan Burton and Clifford Harrell, students at the University, were standing on the porch of the main building of Huddleston Female College, while the rain was pouring down in torrents outdoors.

"Yonder comes a street car at last," joyfully exclaimed Cliff. "Come, Dan, let's go."

"Wait just a minute until I finish this short article about the football game played yesterday," begged Dan, who had picked up a copy of the *Huddleston Pilot*, which he had found on the porch.

"Oh, come on, Dan! We have got to catch this car," Cliff begged, as he buttoned his overcoat around him in readiness to dash through the downpour of rain to the place where the car was to stop.

"Go ahead. I'm coming," replied Dan, continuing to read the paper as he held it with one hand and buttoned his overcoat with the other.

"I can't wait a moment longer."

As he said this Cliff rushed through the rain to the street and hailed the car. Dan looked up. The car was already at a standstill, and Cliff was boarding it.

"Hey, there! Wait a second!" Dan exclaimed as he dashed toward the car, thoughtlessly putting the newspaper in his pocket.

Dan got on the car safely after a hard run. When Cliff noticed that Dan had a newspaper in his overcoat pocket he asked anxiously:

"Isn't that President Hudson's newspaper you have in your overcoat pocket? Why didn't you leave it where you found it?"

"Confound it!" ejaculated Dan, "I'm a bird of a fellow! President Hudson will never again let me come to the college to see Grace if he finds out that I stole his *Pilot*. I'll get off at the next corner and return the paper."

"What? Go back in such a rain as this? No, you won't do that. Some one might see you, and then you would be in a bad situation sure enough. Just let the matter drop until we come back tonight to get the girls to escort them to hear Geraldine Farrar. It will be dark then, and we can put the paper back without being seen. No one will miss it, perhaps, in the meantime."

"All right," acquiesced Dan, not without some hesitation.

Three hours later Dan and Cliff walked up to the entrance to the reception room of Huddleston College. Grace Bonner and Lois Russell rushed forward to meet them, exclaiming in one breath as they did so:

"Let's hurry, Cliff, you and Dan. We are already behind the others, and if we don't hurry we shall miss the first part of the concert."

"Yes," agreed the boys, "yonder is a street car now. If we don't run we shall not catch it."

All four ran at top speed toward the street car and arrived just in time to catch it. When they had been comfortably seated Grace noticed the newspaper in Dan's pocket and told him excitedly:

"There, you have President Hudson's paper in your pocket and he and I have just had a terrible fuss about it. He said that some one took his paper off of the porch this afternoon, and that you were the guilty party. I told him that I was sure that you would not take any one else's newspaper. He said that if he did find out for sure that you took it he would never again let you step inside Huddleston College."

"Please pardon me, Grace, for carrying away the paper. I was so very thoughtless. I really didn't mean to steal it"



"Of course you didn't, but how are we to prove it to President Hudson? What are we to do? We shall both be in an embarrassing situation if he finds out you took the paper. What do you think we can do, Dan?" Grace was alarmed.

"We can put it back tonight when we return from the concert. Cliff and I intended replacing it when we came for you a moment ago, but you girls were so anxious not to be late that you made us for get it."

"Then don't forget to put that *Pilot* back tonight after the concert," Grace requested.

Geraldine Farrar had just evoked applause from a large audience by her singing of "Annie Laurie." Lively conversation was being carried on all over the auditorium. Lois turned to Cliff and hastily said:

"Look, Cliff, there is Dan, looking as innocent as a lamb, sitting there next to the aisle with that newspaper sticking out of his pocket, and over yonder is old President Hudson with his eyes turned this way. President Hudson sees that paper just as surely as my name is Lois. What can we do, Cliff?"

"Dan is surely gone now. I wish I knew of some way in which to save him," Cliff replied.

"Oh, please hurry, Cliff, and think of something to do. We just can't let Dan get caught up with," pleaded Lois as she pressed Cliff's arm in her excitement.

Under such pressure as Lois exerted on him, Cliff readily found a solution to the problem.

He then proceeded to break the rules of polite society. He whispered in company—whispered his plan to Lois. She could hardly keep from laughing as she thought of the fun Cliff's plan would bring about.

"We must not let them know," Cliff ended by saying. "It will be a good joke on Dan."

When the intermission came Cliff turned to the two girls

and asked to be excused to take a smoke. Both of the girls were surprised at his request, for they knew he didn't smoke, but of course they excused him.

In fifteen minutes Cliff was back in his seat beside Lois. "How did you enjoy your smoke," inquired Grace. "Very much indeed," answered Cliff as he nudged Lois with his elbow.

"I hope every smoke you take doesn't make you as breathless and excited as that one did. Maybe that one was your first smoke," teased Lois. "I suppose that that is nicotine on your feet," she added as she pointed to the mud on Cliff's right shoe.

Geraldine Farrar had begun another song, however, and Cliff did not retort to Lois' sarcasm.

As soon as Cliff and Dan, along with Grace and Lois, stopped out of the street car at Huddleston College that night Dan found trouble. President Hudson, who had apparently been awaiting Dan's arrival, approached Dan and addressed him in a very angry tone.

"Oh yes, you young rascal, you thought you would pilfer my paper and never be detected. I have caught you with the goods, however, for there you have it in your overcoat pocket." As he said this President Hudson pulled the copy of the *Huddleston Pilot* out of Dan's pocket.

"But, President Hudson," stammered Dan, "I-er-really-er, didn't—"

"Oh, yes you did. Don't deny it," the old man continued. "Miss Bonner, I forbid you to go out with this man any more. It will do no good to ask for permission, I shall not grant it."

"I tried-er-to tell you-er-once, President Hudson," Dan managed to say, "that—"

"Wait a minute, Dan. Let me talk to President Hudson," Cliff interrupted. "You are too angry to talk to him." Then turning to President Hudson, Cliff continued, "I'm totally

astounded at your conduct, President Hudson. The idea of your accusing my friend of taking your paper just because he happens to have one in his pocket is entirely absurd. Couldn't he have bought one uptown?"

"Of course he *could*, but he *didn't*. He got that paper here."

"Are you sure of that? Perhaps the wind blew your *Pilot* off the porch." Cliff was apparently very angry but really he could hardly restrain a laugh.

"Yes, let's see if we can find it," suggested Lois as she asked Cliff for his searchlight.

By this time they had reached the porch where Dan had picked up the paper. A thorough search for the paper began. It is doubtful if they would ever have found the missing article if Cliff had not told them to look under the steps. When the light was thrown under the steps, however, there was the *Huddleston Pilot*, where the wind had apparently blown it. Dan and Grace were so dumfounded that speech was an impossibility with them, but Cliff was more fluent.

"President Hudson, you certainly owe Grace and Dan an apology, and I'm sure you will not hesitate to give it at once."

"Yes, I must ask you to pardon my haste to jump at conclusions," the old man humbly replied, "I made a mistake. To make up for my error I hereby give you two gentlemen permission to escort these young ladies out whenever you wish, although it is against the college rules for a girl to have more than two dates every week. I must leave you now. Good-night to all of you."

.....

It was not a very long time before Dan and Grace learned how Cliff slipped out of the auditorium during the intermission, bought a newspaper and put it under the steps at Huddleston College, and to this day Lois teases Dan by asking him about the pilfered *Pilot*.

## IN SOMNO

W. B. SINCLAIR

Not a sound could be heard  
Save the song of a bird  
And the lull of a rippling stream;  
There hopped, skipped, and ran  
Blithe nymphs chased by Pan,  
And Morpheus fashioned my dream.

In a calm shady nook  
By the murmuring brook  
I sat 'neath the shade of a tree;  
The sound that I heard—  
The song of the bird,  
Was answered from over the lea.

The winds whispered love,  
The leaves moved above,  
Where Cupid stalked ready and armed;  
Forgetting his sweet  
The bee stopped to greet  
The fair one by whom he was charmed.

While here 'neath the shade  
There came a fair maid  
Who added a joy to my dream;  
She laughed in my face,  
And then with fleet grace  
She flitted and sank in the stream.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

**A  
Commendable  
Enterprise**

Every student who has entered Wake Forest College with the idea of specializing in the work of a certain department has felt a keen disappointment in not being able to extend his work further than the classroom. Individually the students have always been able to do research work, but the lack of free discussion and personal touch with students of similar aim has been the one great drawback of our otherwise efficient departments. The trustees and faculty have apparently discouraged the organization of any small body or bodies of students, who

might wish to coöperate for this purpose, in their endeavor to preserve the literary societies, and therefore have kept down the good as well as the bad. But students organized for this worthy purpose need not hold secret meetings, for they can perform their work more efficiently and profitably by having all meetings free and open and welcoming visitors from time to time. Such organizations we have no doubt will be encouraged by both trustees and faculty.

Following the idea mentioned above, twelve students of the Political Science Department have organized a club. The object of the club is to discuss freely the live questions of the day, especially those concerning political science, and to do extensive research work upon both past and present subjects covered by this particular department. They will welcome visitors from time to time, and hope to secure at least one speaker of note annually to address, under the auspices of the club, the entire student body. The only restriction is that members of this club shall be students of high scholarship and shall reveal an intense interest in this phase of their college work. The club will be in direct touch with the Political Science department, the dean of the department being a member of the organization.

We feel that this organization will mean much, not only to the Political Science department, but to the entire college. Almost every standard college in the United States has such a club and to be a member is a rare distinction. We hope and believe that this club will become a vital part of our college activities, for it is based upon firm and lasting principles.

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**Class  
Reunion**

We are very glad indeed to be able to yield part of our May issue to the Class of 1907. This class is to have a reunion at the coming commencement, and it is only fitting that a good portion of

the last issue of our magazine should be dedicated to these faithful alumni. Certain members of this class will submit the material and it will be a pleasure to the editorial staff to be thus granted the privilege of helping to renew the associations of bygone days.

These class reunions form one of the most interesting and important parts of our annual commencement. Such reunions are second only in importance to the graduation. They span the years and alumni feel and talk again as undergraduates. Joys and hardships of former days are remembered until the graduate feels closer and more interested in his classmates and in the future of the institution where he spent four of the best years of his life. This mingling and chatting give the alumnus a greater stimulus and perseverance to face the future game of life. Its wholesome effect on each individual member can hardly be overestimated.

The value of these reunions to the future of the college cannot be comprehended. No college can live without the loyal support of its alumni. They must be relied upon to uphold the good name of their alma mater, to add new laurels to its already crowded wreath, and to enlarge the scope of its usefulness and influence. These reunions serve to bind the sons of the college closer to their alma mater and thereby strengthen her materially for future struggles.

The alumni of Wake Forest are as loyal as any in the world, and never fail to speak a good word and perform an opportune act for her welfare. The Class of 1907, though comparatively young, has already made itself felt for good in the world. Among its members are numbered many prominent and useful citizens. We predict for them a happy and successful reunion at the commencement of 1917.

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

Dr. William Lyon Phelps, of the Lampson chair of English, Yale University, visited the College from Wednesday, February 7th, through Saturday, the 10th, under auspices of the College Lecture Committee. His seven addresses were highly delightful, and were heard by large audiences. On Wednesday evening he spoke in the church, at the regular weekly prayer-meeting service, on "Christian Belief." He lectured twice daily in Memorial Hall for the following three days. The three morning lectures constituted a series on Robert Browning, with the following topics: "Robert Browning—the Man"; "Browning's Interpretation of Music"; "Browning's Attitude Toward Christianity." Dr. Phelps has made a special study of Browning, and to his rich store of information on the life, character, and work of that great urban poet, he added the charm of his native manner, the force of his robust personality, and contagion of his understanding and appreciation of poetry.

In his lecture Thursday evening, on "The Contemporary Novel," Dr. Phelps first briefly discussed the novel as we have it today, showing how it happens to be the most prominent form in modern literature. Then he took up in turn the novels of Germany, America, Russia, France, and England. American novelists of whom he made mention were James Lane Allen, Henry Harrison, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Ann Sedgewick, Charles Stewart, and Rupert Hughes. Thomas Hardy, the "siderial novelist" of England, he said, was the chief living novelist of the world.

The lecture on Friday evening dealt with "The Contemporary Drama." As with the novel, Dr. Phelps discussed the



drama of the several literature-producing nations. He showed the purging effect that the popular "movies" have worked on the speaking stage. He referred at length to the vast superiority of the German and French drama over the English and American, offering as the remedy for our inferior drama the organization of good stock companies in all of our cities. On the whole the condition of the drama, he said, was hopeful, in spite of much opinion expressed to the contrary; for the facts are, he said, that more and better English dramas have been produced in the last twenty-five years than in any preceding period of twenty-five years, excepting only the Elizabethan period.

The final lecture, on Saturday evening, was an informal and most entertaining account of "A Literary Pilgrimage in England." Dr. Phelps took his hearers to see all the more important points of literary interest in England, describing them in a way totally unlike the stereotyped style of the boring travel-lecturer. To his vivid description and his running comment on the literary associations of the places visited, he added his own emotional response to the environment, with a human touch that made the experiences real to his hearers. He concluded the lecture with very interesting accounts of meetings and conversations with prominent English men of letters, referring especially to J. M. Barry and Thomas Hardy. It was with general regret that the College and community saw the series of lectures come to a close.

Within the space of one week, Dr. W. L. Poteat was honored with two presidencies. On January 15th he was elected president of the Anti-Saloon League of North Carolina, at the convention of that organization then in session in Raleigh. On January 12th he was formally installed as president of the North Carolina Society for Mental Hygiene. We take this opportunity to congratulate Dr. Poteat upon the high honors thus conferred upon him.

Dr. Alexander Johnson, of Philadelphia, Pa., the Field Secretary of the National Committee on Provision for the Feeble-Minded, visited the College recently. He spoke at the regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society on "Care of the Feeble-Minded," and lectured again to the students at the chapel hour.

Dr. R. E. Chambers, of the Baptist Publishing House, Canton, China, visited the College on February 11th and 12th. He delivered two forceful addresses on the foreign missionary movement, particularly in China, urging the need of educated Christian men and women to advance the work.

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

WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

## Literary Societies

On Saturday night, January 27th, the preliminary to select speakers for the three intercollegiate debates was held, with the result that B. M. Boyd, M. C. Robinson, and C. P. Herring were selected to represent Wake Forest in the first debate to be held with Colgate University. This debate will take place at Wake Forest on March 9th, on the question, "*Resolved*, that the United States should adopt a system of universal military service," and since it is the first three-man debate in which Wake Forest has ever participated, the result is awaited with unusual interest.

For the Baylor debate, which is to be held in Waco, Texas, on April 2d, J. B. Edwards and E. D. Banks, with I. E. Carlyle alternate, were selected to uphold the affirmative side of the question, "*Resolved* that the United States Government should own and control railroads in her territory."

On Easter Monday, in Raleigh, Wake Forest will meet Randolph-Macon for the first time. Our representatives, H. E. Olive, A. C. Reid, and W. B. Gladney, alternate, will defend the negative side of the question, "*Resolved*, that the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to prohibit manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors."

## Y. M. C. A.

Two of the most interesting talks heard at the Y. M. C. A. this year were delivered on January 29th and February 5th. On the former date Rev. C. D. Graves spoke on the Honor

System, discussing its importance and merit. In the beginning he explained the full meaning of the system and said that the task of preventing cheating on examinations is not easy, but one that needs the coöperation of every student in college. He also stated that a man's honesty is one of the most important elements of his character, and that if one is lacking in it, so strong a sentiment against dishonesty should be in evidence that he would be both ashamed and afraid to commit a dishonest act.

Dr. J. W. Nowell, on February 5th, brought out several truths as presented by the Scripture story of Gideon and the Ammonites. He spoke of the need of leaders in every department of human activities, and suggested several ways of becoming leaders.

#### Moot Court

Wake Forest sent thirty-six men before the North Carolina Supreme Court on February 5th, and of this number twenty-nine passed the examination. There were eighty-one applicants from all parts of the State and fifty-five were successful, this giving Wake Forest over one-half of the number. Below follows a list of the latest licensed attorneys: Roon Arledge, Fred Lambert, J. D. Canady, F. E. West, A. J. Blanton, J. T. Pritchett, S. S. Norman, G. W. Tomlinson, R. R. Fisher, R. P. Holding, J. A. Stevens, Jr., R. H. Taylor, R. E. Taylor, R. R. Wall, W. T. Foreman, B. M. Watkins, B. M. Boyd, J. B. Pennell, D. P. McDuffie, T. M. Jenkins, J. O. Tally, Nathan Cole, M. W. Egerton, A. A. Tarlton, F. S. Hutchins, H. S. Fenner, W. T. Kidd, F. H. Woodard, E. C. James.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor    I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

'16. Mr. A. C. Lovelace is professor of English in Coker College, South Carolina. His genial disposition seems to have won for him many friends.

'95. A recent edition of the *News and Observer* carries a copy of the set of resolutions adopted by the Bar of Robeson County with respect to the services of Judge John H. Kerr on the Superior Court bench, in which it is said: "That we desire to express our unanimous opinion that his Honor, J. H. Kerr, has begun his career as judge auspiciously, and that at this, his first term of court, he has shown a fine judicial temperament, much patience in the hearing of cases, and has evinced a controlling desire to give every litigant a fair trial and a just determination of his rights."

'91. Professor R. L. Paschal is principal of the Fort Worth High School, Texas. He has some original ideas about business instruction that he is seeking to put into operation.

A most successful alumni banquet was held at Meredith College on the night of January 25th. Numerous speeches were made by distinguished alumni, and the occasion was a memorable one. Mr. R. M. Simms, of Raleigh, served as toastmaster of the evening. Dr. Charles Lee Smith was the first speaker, and he discussed the topic "Wake Forest in Business." Prof. M. B. Dry, principal of the Cary High School, gave some interesting facts concerning Wake Forest alumni as educational leaders. Dr. B. F. Slodd, professor of English at Wake Forest, mentioned some of the pressing needs of the institution. Dr. W. T. Carstarphen discussed the topic of "Wake Forest in Medicine." "Athletics at

Wake Forest" was the subject of Mr. Carey J. Hunter and Dr. Hubert A. Royster. Governor Bickett followed with the subject, "Wake Forest in Civil Life." Other short talks were made by several of the alumni present. The following officers were elected for the Wake County Association: Mr. V. O. Parker, president; Rev. C. D. Graves, vice-president; Mr. D. R. Jackson, secretary-treasurer.

Mr. C. J. Thompson, circulating manager of the *Biblical Recorder*, is engaged in waging a vigorous campaign in behalf of that worthy paper.

The *News and Observer* has this to say of Mr. John Oates, of Fayetteville: "Senator Oates is one of the most eloquent and graceful speakers in the Senate, and is one of the ablest members of the Senate."

'16. Mr. Ross Taylor is principal of the high school at Lumberton, N. C. He is fortunate in that the citizens of that progressive town have provided a modern building, into which the school recently moved.

'15. Mr. L. P. Brassfield and Mr. R. W. Winston, a graduate of Carolina, have formed a partnership for the practice of law in Raleigh. Mr. Brassfield has rapidly built up a good practice, and much success is predicted for this firm.

'09. Mr. C. J. Jackson is engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work in Tennessee, and is State Secretary. He seems to be accomplishing much good in this field.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

J. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## The Trinity Game

The Trinity quint, by a score of 37 to 20, was returned the victor over Wake Forest in Raleigh on January 15th, in the only scheduled game to be played between these two teams. This game had an important bearing on the determination of the State championship, so the Methodists came prepared to win it if possible. Three hundred Trinity students were present to cheer their team.

For Trinity, the passing and floor work of Ferrell was especially clever, and the frequency with which he would start an offensive move toward his goal that would culminate in the pocketing of the ball by the big center, Groome, counted heavily in the victory of his team. Captain Martin played a very good offensive and defensive game. Wake Forest displayed no true form at any stage of the game, and it was only the brilliant individual work of Captain Holding, aided by the close guarding of Hanby, that prevented the amassing of a larger score by Trinity.

## The Eastern Game

In a very one-sided game Wake Forest defeated Eastern College, of Virginia, 33 to 6 on the home floor, January 25th, allowing the visitors only one field goal. The players at times lapsed into a lethargy that precluded any spectacular work, and the game was enlivened by only occasional bursts of speed.

Hanby and Sowers kept their men well covered throughout the game. Captain Holding and Neal were effective with

their shots when the ball was worked up the floor to within shooting distance of the goal. Dolan played the most consistently for the visitors.

### The Guilford Game

In an exciting finish that was a race with time, Wake Forest barely succeeded in securing the large end of an 18 to 17 score from Guilford in a game that was played on the home court. The local team was clearly outclassed the first half as a result of the fast passing and floor work of the visitors and of the clever execution of plays from the center.

The second half opened with the score standing 15 to 5 in Guilford's favor. Showing a complete reversal of form in all departments, Wake Forest entered this period with the determination to win, and in the last five minutes of play overcame a 10-point lead that gave her victory as the whistle was blowing. Captain Holding and Leo Franks set a furious pace, which, together with the impenetrable defense put up by Hanby and Thompson, swept the Guilford team off its feet. Not a single field goal was registered by Guilford in the second period, and she was compelled to resort to defensive play in the hope of holding off defeat until the expiration of time. In Massey the visitors presented a veritable demon at guarding who proved to be the star of the game.

### The Stetson Game

A defeat of 25 to 15, administered at Wake Forest, was the climax to an extended road trip of the team from Stetson University, of Florida. There were no fumbles or erratic passes to mar the game, and both teams worked with machine-like regularity. The goal shooting of the Wake Forest forwards was more accurate than in former games, and several difficult shots were made, while the guards were active in



breaking up the short passes of the Stetson quint. The guarding of Thompson was very annoying to the opposing forwards.

### The Davidson Game

For the first time in four years an invading team proved too strong for Wake Forest on the home floor when, on February 5th, the local quint was unable to stem the tide of defeat at the hands of the Davidson team. The score was 26 to 19. The visitors presented the best array of material seen this year, and put up a superior exhibition of the indoor sport.

Childs and King were an unusually fast combination of forwards. Hengeveld, at center, contributed materially to the victory of his team with his consistent floor work and his timely shots. For Wako Forest, Holding and Thompson were probably the most energetic in resisting the brilliant offensive of the Davidson team. In the second half Wako Forest opened up with intermittent spurts that would give a temporary advantage, only to lose it a few minutes later before the onslaught of Davidson.

### The A. and M. Game

A special train carried two hundred students to Raleigh on February 10th, to cheer the team in its clash with A. & M. An immenso throng of spectators was held in suspense as a struggle between two ancient rivals was staged in the auditorium. The first half closed with the Aggies leading by a 17 to 11 score, and apparently with no obstacle in the way of an easy win, for they had run up a safe margin in the first few minutes of play, aided by excessive fouling on the part of Wake Forest.

The second half produced a better stylo of play, and the Baptists uncovered an attack that soon gave them the lead at 23 to 22, with every indication that the tide was turning in

their favor. Leo Franks was going like a house on fire and getting the tip-off almost every toss-up, while Captain Holding and Bob Thompson were breaking up every move the Aggies made. It was at this juncture that Umpire Martin conceived the notion that Wake Forest was playing unnecessarily rough; consequently fouls were repeatedly called, and just as regularly as called they would be pocketed by Temple. With one minute to play the score stood 29 to 26 in Wake Forest's favor, but a goal and two fouls told the story—A. & M. won, 30 to 29.

Leo Franks deserves much credit for the better showing made the second half, though the whole team came back with a new spirit. For A. & M., Temple, Cline, and Lewis played the most consistent game.

### Track

#### THE SCHEDULE FOR 1917.

March 24—A. & M., here.

April 2—Trinity at Durham.

April 9—A. & M., at Raleigh.

April 12—Elon College, at Elon.

April 14—University of Virginia (pending).

April 24—Elon, here.

April 28—State Meet, at Chapel Hill.

This excellent schedule is significant, and leads us to believe that larger things are to be attempted at Wake Forest in this phase of athletics, heretofore neglected to a certain extent. A further recognition has been given it by making provision for an adequate track, and now track work is not so seriously handicapped as formerly. With the advent of spring the course will be placed in better condition, and it is hoped that a large number of men will take advantage of this opportunity to prepare themselves to represent the College in the meets.

The outlook for a strong track team is encouraging, judg-



ROBERT HOLDING, Basketball Captain

ing by the number of experienced men who are expected to try for positions. Practically all of last year's team have returned this year, and in the freshman class are many capable candidates. Coach Jordan says the prospects for a winning team are exceptionally bright. The more promising new men are Burnette, Duncan, Clarke, Tichnor, Harrington, Bunn, and "Germany" Jackson.

In addition to the above meets it is understood that there is a possibility of Wake Forest participating in the South Atlantic Intercollegiate meet to be held in Richmond. Of course this will be determined by the record made against the other colleges.

### Baseball

It is somewhat early to give any views on the baseball season; nevertheless, it is a question of interest to all.

It will be remembered with what success "Mig" Billings coached the team last year, and it is of interest to note that he will hold that position again this season. With none too capable material he developed a team whose most signal achievement was the taking of three straight games from the University of North Carolina. On paper the prospects for a winning team have not looked better since the memorable year of 1913.

Ellis and Franks, pitchers; Carlyle, Leggett, and Ridge, infielders; Herndon, Harris, and Morrison, outfielders; and Vassey, catcher, are the men of last year's aggregation who are at present on the "Hill." In the freshman class are three men of known ability who can be counted upon to fill any vacancies; they are Duncan and Cox, infielders, and Austin, a pitcher.

It has been announced that the big Easter Monday game will again be played in Raleigh with our ancient and honorable rival of West Raleigh. We sincerely hope that more friendly relations can be established between the two institutions in preparation for this game.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

Experience has taught us that with every issue of the *Richmond College Messenger* we may expect a publication of rare merit. The February number well maintains the high standard which this magazine has set for itself. The attractive cover and well arranged material create at once a favorable impression in the mind of the reader. Of all the contributions, none is more worthy of praise than the opening one, which is entitled "Be Thou With Us," and which we consider among the best war verses appearing in a college magazine this year. The story entitled "The Milky Way" is very good, the principal characters being well drawn. However, we believe that the simple plot is developed with undue prolixity. The leading essay of the issue is entitled "The Atheism of Tom Paine." This is an interesting and able defense of Tom Paine and particularly of his book, "The Age of Reason." The writer of the essay attempts to prove by quotations from Paine's works that he was a theist and not an atheist, and to set forth some of the reasons prompting Paine's disbelief in the Scriptures. The verse entitled "The Processional" is worthy of mention. "Preparedness" is a sanely conservative plea for reasonable preparedness against war as opposed to total disarmament. Most of the other contributions are of a uniformly high quality, and the magazine is to be congratulated upon the abundance of creditable material. The various departments are handled in the able style usual to this magazine.

The next magazine to which we turn our attention is the February issue of the *Acorn*, of Meredith College. Short stories constitute the greater part of the contributions. Of

these perhaps the cleverest is entitled "Sight Unto the Blind." Of the stories as a whole it may be said that they are for the most part well told, but the plots are almost without exception weak and, in some instances, are rather old. The only essay of the issue is entitled "Browning's Portraits of Husbands and Wives." It is a very good discussion of an interesting phase of Browning's poetry, and is the most valuable contribution to the issue. The two sketches entitled "Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New," and "A Second Saturday Scene" are finely drawn and worthy of special mention. The total absence of verse detracts somewhat from the issue as a whole. The departments are numerous, but are all handled rather too briefly.

In the January number of the *Carolinian*, of the University of South Carolina, we notice that the editors have reproduced some excellent verses written by Robert E. Gonzales while at college. We are unable to understand why the contributions entitled "Joachim Bull" and "A Letter" should have been given a place in the publication, for they seem to us to contain little that is of value, humorous, or otherwise. The essay, "Stonewall Jackson," shows careful study on the part of the author. It is written in an adequate style, and the essay is excellent as to form and subject matter. With the exception of the poems by Gonzales, it is the only contribution of any value whatsoever. All the departments are capable of improvement. As a whole the issue is deficient in some vital respects. The greatest fault is in the scarcity and poor quality of the contributions.

In the January issue of the *Bashaba* (Coker College) the attractive cover is the first thing to come to our attention. We notice that the table of contents is arranged alphabetically instead of according to position. We suggest that it would be helpful to print the authors' names in the table of contents. The first contribution is a metrical, free translation

of Horace's Thirteenth Ode of the third book. It is of a high degree of excellence. "Preparedness Against Disease" is a very well written essay on the elementary laws of hygiene; it presumes, however, astounding ignorance on the part of the reader. The story, "The Cause Thereof," is poorly constructed in that it does not explain the cause of the long separation of Ruth Kaper and Walter Stone. Aside from the opening bit of verse, the two most valuable contributions are entitled "The Value of a Classical Education" and "Mrs. Allen." The former is an excellent essay defending the classics as necessary cultural studies, and those of us who are fond of the ancient literatures peruse it with great glee. The latter is a charming character sketch, keenly analytical, and demonstrating a fine choice of words on the part of the authoress. "Leap Year Peg" is the leading short story, and for the most part is very good, although we find it difficult to believe that a man would attach so much importance to a leap-year letter. There are a number of other contributions, for the most part of little value. One is of such poor quality that the issue would have been improved by its omission. The brevity of the departments detracts from their excellence. The attractiveness of the magazine would be much enhanced were the contributions begun each on a separate page, instead of commencing a new subject directly under the ending of the preceding one.

We acknowledge with thanks many other exchanges, and only limited space forbids a review of them.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

---

Newish Gwynn to Big Coble: I want to write a letter—lend me some millinery.

---

The Mother: Do you think he has matrimonial intentions, dear?

The Maid: I certainly do, mother. He tried to convince me last night that I appeared to better advantage in that \$12 hat than in the \$50 one.—Howard Crimson.

---

"Oh, come! come!" we sneered. "Did you ever actually know any person who was buried alive?"

"Well," replied the venerable Missourian, "I once had a second cousin who was elected lieutenant-governor."—Howard Crimson.

---

Mary: You girls quarreling again? Why don't you kiss and make up?

Jane: That's the trouble. If we kiss we won't have any "make-up."

---

As I strolled in the garden with Polly,

It seemed that the place, and the time,  
And the chance for stealing just one kiss,  
If ever, were sublime.

But still I waited a moment,

For I feared the result I might rue;  
Till she murmured, "You might as well try it;  
You'll be sorry, which ever you do."

—Red and White.

---

They sat on the steps at midnight,

But her love was not to his taste.

His reach was 36 inches,

While her's was a "46" waist.

—Yale Record.



"Why," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," says another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—*C. and C.*

---

"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

"Marriage," declared the bright student.—*Dallas News.*

---

#### ANNIVERSARY SONG

My darling girl, your pearly skin and kindly eyes, to me  
Seem far from mortal,—far too good, that they may always be:  
You are in truth a blessing, sent straight from God above,  
To comfort and to cheer me—to give me love for love.

O, Lily Maid, that I may live to call you my own,  
With either cot or mansion for our beloved home,  
Has been my constant hope and always 'tis my prayer:  
For would not all be happiness if you were with me there?

My Sweet, you know I love you with all a lover's heart—  
Would love to never leave you, for sure 'tis hard to part;  
I'd love to be beside you—to see you and be seen  
As I never cease to see you in the golden land of dreams.

Last night I dreamed your lucid eyes looked full into my face,  
And that your little hand in mine had found a resting place—  
O, Dearest One, whose ruby lips are sweeter than the dew,  
Just flee a moment to my arms and make that dream come true.  
—*Bumps.*

---

The following sentence is taken from the composition of a school-boy: "Vesuvius was a city of two thousand inhabitants who were all destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican."—*C and C.*

---

With milk going up and gasoline coming down, the signs of the times point unerringly to more automobiles and fewer babies.  
—*Howard Crimson.*

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor; "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."—*C. and C.*

---

First Student: Do you think my voice would fill this big hall?

Second Student: No, it would probably empty it."—*Exchange.*

---

A kiss, says the bachelor, is like a rarebit or Swiss cheese sandwich—something which one often enjoys at night—and always regrets in the morning.—*Exchange.*

---

#### NEWISH ON THE CAMPUS.

Now bold! Now bold! Am I not bold  
To be so late er strolling?

I'm swift! I'm swift! It is my gift,  
Forsooth it is consoling.

Prithee! Prithee! What do I see  
Through yonder shadow creeping?

Oh fie; Oh fie! Now must I fly,  
My heart with fear is leaping.

Alac! Alac! My pace does slack,  
The sweat from me is dripping.

I'm caught! I'm caught. I've run for naught,  
I hear my coat-tail ripping.

Too late; Too late! pernicious fate,  
I feel the dirty blacking.

I cry! I cry! Sweet wool good-bye,  
I hear the scissors whacking.

Alas! Alas! There in the glass,  
What demon am I seeing?

Forsooth! Forsooth! to tell the truth,  
It is a dusky being.

A. H. COBLE, Manager

*The Tyree Studio*  
*Raleigh, North Carolina*

Official Photographer to  
The Howler

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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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Vol. XXXVI

April, 1917

No. 7

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## THE WAYSIDE SPRING

J. N. DAVIS

'Tis where the dusty road turns sharp,  
Nestled between two poplar trees,  
Deep sunk in a cool hollow lies  
The wayside spring in crystal peace.

·Ringed by dark-green, bristling ferns  
And velvet mosses hid from day,  
And 'cross its calm, unruffled face  
Fly shadow forms, grotesque and gray.

From it the tiniest of brooks  
Races, gurgles, splashes, bubbles,  
Now chiming sweet among the rocks  
Or laughing at opposing pebbles.

For aye it runs, for aye it runs!  
What cares it for yea or nay?  
A thousand springs, a thousand suns,  
On to the land of far-away.

A thousand springs, a thousand suns,  
Babbling for aye of Heaven's love  
In a melodious, cryptic hymn  
To the high God who sits above.

How many ages past or dead  
Has stood this fountain of good cheer?  
Mayhap roved here the firstborn sons  
Of Mother Earth, to her most near.

Mayhap fled here the wounded deer  
To cool his sides from galling pain,  
And, when red hunter snapped a twig,  
Affrighted, turned and fled again.

And its clear flood was stained with red  
From some boy soldier's bloody fee  
When earth was shaken by the tread  
Of Sherman marching to the sea.

And now when tawny forest son  
Pursues no more the wounded deer,  
And foeman stoops to lay a wreath  
Of withered bays on foeman's bier,

Unchanged it lies in crystal peace,  
And cool and clear and placid still,  
Seeming to whisper, soft and low,  
*Drink deep, and welcome, all who will;*

Old men and young, toiler and chief,  
Rich man and ploughman from the hill,  
Barefoot negroes from cotton fields—  
*Drink deep, and welcome, all who will.*

'Tis pleasant full to linger here  
When the hot sun beats angrily down,  
And beautiful to linger here  
When the far West is turning brown.

When the far West is turning brown,  
And every separate leaf is still,  
And wood and dale alone resound  
To the all-grieving whippoorwill.

Pause here a while and feel the power  
Of Beauty in her perfect whole,  
And let the love of her fair hour  
Steal welcome into thy rapt soul.

Until thy soul is hushed with awe,  
Until thy heart of hearts shall sing,  
And drink deep draughts more potent far  
Than those from thy Pierian spring.



## THE CARLYLE OF "SARTOR RESARTUS"

C. A. MOSELEY

The modern mind meets its message flamingly and with a wild, rough, prophetic ring in the prose of Thomas Carlyle, the Scottish essayist: one of those great men of letters who have owed their intellectual vassalage to an eager and earnest search for moral and intellectual truth. Carlyle, the Scot, was a man physically and intellectually capable of cutting down the toughest oaks; a man with a soft heart and a hard head; a part of the wild, rough beast in his nature, too, that allowed him to wallow shamefully bedded in doleful bogs; but victorious in the end over that, Carlyle raised that soft heart and hard head over the harshest of encumbrances thick as bees up to the "eternal blue of ether" where arose the heroic ideas and acts that (so Carlyle believes) man owes God: where he could eat wind or eat roses.

Carlyle tells us in *Sartor Resartus* that he is a man that has "got eye" on the truth. Eagerly and earnestly he communes with the wild, rough, and eager soul of Nature on his lonely farm there at Craigenputtock, till at length that "wild Annandale voice" rings out and talks boldly to the whole rough and blossomy universe. "Shaggy, unkempt, like a John the Baptist living on locusts and wild honey"—such he considered himself to be. It is with Carlyle as prophet that we have got to deal.

Moreover, Thomas Carlyle was especially the prophet of the God of Nature. And are not all real prophets such? The wild, rough, and eager soul of Nature, with all its roughness and unkemptness and with all its tenderness and beauty, rose so forcefully in the heart and mind of this rude Scotchman that he was compelled to utter himself in "rather earnest

talk." So all great truths have come into the world. Nature rose in the heart and mind of some rough ploughman, walking there in true humility behind his plough, and made him a prophet of the universe. Nature, as we said above, rose in the heart and mind of Thomas Carlyle with no uncommon energy. He knew fully the dark and silver sides of man's existence; his life had not been lived in daisied braes dotted with bees. The mournful element of black, too, was constantly around him, enveloping him—wide as the world. The oaks and rills, the flower-dotted dells, the sunny spots of greenery had not been his, but only Nature's rougher side. He talks eagerly, earnestly, musically, harshly, and tenderly. These two moods of Nature distinguish his prose—the rough or tender outlook.

Now, setting aside a discussion of the clothes philosophy, what was this truth that Carlyle "got eye" on and tells us prophetically in the antobiographical parts of *Sartor Resartus*? The whole intellectual yearning of Thomas Carlyle was to believe in the universe, and he finally got hold of belief. It was necessary, however, that he join grimmiest battle with the fearful tempter in dole and wail in the tangled jungles of unbelief before he heroically saw a "new heaven and a new earth." Carlyle came of hard-working, God-fearing Scottish peasant ancestry; was reared under a safe but somewhat harsh and strict discipline, and early had the deepest convictions of the reality of an eternal God of the universe drilled into his mind. He was intended for the ministry. And his mother looked forward to one day seeing "her own bairn wag his head in a pulpit." But Carlyle seemed constitutionally incapable of accepting established dogma and formula. The dogmatic religion, the dogmatic education then in spiritual enrency at the University of Edinburgh were in no wise congenial to a nature eagerly and

impatiently searching for new transcendental truth. Immediately on leaving the shelter of the University, first as a teacher at Annan and Kirkealdy, then as a tutor at the University and writer for the magazines, Carlyle was enshrouded and befogged in an atmosphere of spiritual and intellectual unbelief. He lived daily in a continual pining fear of the Universe. Yet throughout it all he still eagerly looked for truth and kept shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, only to receive no answer but an echo. Also, he was embittered by bad health. "A rat was gnawing at the pit of his stomach."

It was while in this state that Carlyle experienced what he calls his conversion. The universe had seemed to him "void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility; it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death!" Yet he finally rose above his chains. "Wherefore forever dost thou pip and whimper and go on cowering and trembling? Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it may be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outeast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it! And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed. Not Fear or whining Sorrow was in it, but Indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance." He says elsewhere that he had "won an immense victory," he had escaped from the "foul mud gods" and "soared into the eternal blue of ether where he had for the spiritual part ever since lived." The Everlasting No that had tormented Carlyle was here conquered forever; he now felt himself to be spiritually free and independent.

Such was Carlyle's "conversion." Now, what is its significance to mankind generally? If we are not mistaken, it consists in this: that Carlyle in conquering the Everlasting No has recorded for mankind the eternal principle of spiritual and intellectual independence. Even in the face of spiritual unsubstantiality he declares himself to be free and independent; of spiritual substantiality he was soon to see. Fair glimpses of the reality of an infinite God of Nature beautifully interweaving the whole tissue of existence open to him and teach him that to walk and work in the love of such a substantiality is the Everlasting Yea of man's existence. Though independent of the whole universe, he yet finds in it a beautiful substantiality, and is willing to love it, walk and work with it. This is Truth that Carlyle "got eye" on—and was free; that rose so powerfully in his heart and mind.

Moreover, such a spirit of heroic, intellectual, and spiritual independence has always characterized the historical annals of the Anglo-Saxon man sprung from the ash-tree Ygdrasyl since the bold and stormy era when the fair-haired and red-bearded Norse kings cut the cold seas of the North, sailing in their swans of the foam or proud ocean-stallions; and in this respect Thomas Carlyle is the representative man of his race, fit in many senses to be its teacher and prophet. Whether the Anglo-Saxon digs doggedly in a ditch or sports with his slender Love or the "tangles of Neaera's hair" or holds the rod of Authority, he has always determined to work stoically, heroically, and independently here on this dim spot which men call earth before his grave was dug; and he has never yet been beaten forever or eowed into a tame submission by the machinery of tyranny. Glance at the heroic acts of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon man which historians have now made real: rugged Martin Luther talking boldly at the Diet of Worms in that earnest, uncouth dialect; Oliver Cromwell marshaling the forces of the Commons against the King; our

stern and harshly Puritanical Fathers setting sail on the high seas from Delft Haven with bagged mainsail; and especially, according to Emerson, the conduct of the company of rough and independent ploughmen who, on that memorable spot at Concord, shot their bullets around the universe.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Such has been the characteristic attitude of the Anglo-Saxon man, and such is the characteristic intellectual and spiritual attitude of Thomas Carlyle to the universe: he is essentially, we repeat, the one man of letters most fitted to interpret the Anglo-Saxon spirit.

A short account of Thomas Carlyle's whole spiritual search for moral and intellectual truth now lies before the reader, for him to judge of. Whether or not Carlyle has made rough ways smooth for the generality of mankind may remain a debatable matter; it is a question for time to decide. Of this much, however, we are sure: that his attitude was a wise one. We have seen in the brief compass of this essay that the eager and earnest spirit of Carlyle, when as a young man looking dreamily and fearfully out on the wide stretches of infinity and contemplating in his wild, earnest way the eternal destinies of man, had halted in bogs of despondency; but he soon arose free and independent, having banished the base phantoms of fear; finding, too, in the kind bosom of Nature spiritual reality and solidarity. The rough scenes of Scottish life not seen by him in any Arcadian allusion are still lively to him, and he determines to work here heroically, directing his physical and intellectual energy in a wise con-

formity with the intellectual and spiritual beauty of Nature. This is the eternal truth that Carlyle "got eye" on.

A great teacher as well as man of letters, perhaps one of the greatest men the world has seen or can see, has once more walked the common ways of life to call our attention to that real world where the ether is eternally blue. He stood in a world given up entirely to the practicalities and materialities of life, on his high watch-tower, alone with the stars as the eternal prophet of the beauty of the Everlasting Yea, of man's whole spiritual existence: to tell the world what o'clock it really was.

## JUST MONKEYING AROUND

FRANCIS SPEIGHT

"Monkeys! Monkeys! Who, me? The very idea! No, I'm not descended from monkeys. My noble ancestors would turn over in their very graves if I acknowledged such a falsehood." This was the final sequence of a lecture on evolution, nor did I care to worry over the subject more. It was late, and I wanted to go to sleep and dream. Yes, I wanted to dream a nice romantic dream. So I pulled the cover over my head and, beginning at a hundred, counted backward as far as twenty-seven.

I don't remember going to sleep, nor did I realize at the time that this was only a dream. I was at home, and was entering the house, when I noted under the steps an apparently very ordinary walking-cane with a white card tied to it. I reached under the steps and pulled it out. The card was covered on both sides with almost illegible script. But, thanks to my practice in reading bad handwriting, I was able to make out part of it, which I found to be information concerning certain magic powers of the cane and how they could be used successfully. The directions said that if the possessor of the stick would wish himself in any definite form and at the same time touch the back of his head with the cane he could be used successfully. The directions said, that if the possessor could change himself back to his former shape. I managed to read another part of the writing which informed me that by touching a skull with this specific stick I could restore to life in its former likeness the being of which the skull was once a part. But this could be performed on one skull only and then the stick would lose this particular magical power.

I was overjoyed at finding such a wand, and immediately conceived the idea of turning myself into an amœba. But just as I was in the act of tapping myself back of the head with the cane I happened to recall a biological fact. "Well, I'll declare!" I ejaculated, grinning, "if I turn myself into an amœba I'll never be able to turn myself back, for an amœba hasn't any definite head. Therefore, it would be a case of once an amœba always an amœba." Hence I dismissed the idea of paying a visit to this distant relative, and for the same reason I refrained from turning myself into a flying machine.

Eventually I became afraid to transform myself into any form, lest I should be compelled to retain it during all the rest of my life. But I wanted to use my magic cane in some way; so I resolved to go immediately to a graveyard and find a skull to bring back to life. Then I remembered one which had been thrown about in a near-by graveyard for years. Often I had wondered concerning its history, and imagined that it belonged to some ancient beauty. Yes, I was thoroughly convinced that it was the skull of some dainty little lass who, in the bloom of youth, had been the victim of an untimely death.

I hurried to the graveyard. "Yes," I assured myself, "I will, I will bring her back to existence and keep her and— and—er—love her. Yes, I will." It was no difficult task to find the skull. I carried it home and put it in a room close to the door, having provided ample clothing from my sister's wardrobe. I almost closed the door and, turning my head, I touched the skull with my magic wand. Then, without looking, I quickly slammed and bolted the door and went out of the house.

In about half an hour I returned and nervously approached the room in which rested my—could I say it?—my lady. I knocked on the door lightly at first, and then harder. Hark!



I heard a noise inside. My heart leaped to my throat. The noise ceased and I knocked again. But no gentle voice bade me enter. I retired for a few minutes and then repeated the same process. I heard again the noise of some one moving about, and again it soon ceased. I continued to knock until I became so impatient that I unbolted the door and peeped in. Alas! the skull was not there, but I saw no one. How disappointed I was! But what had I heard? Half afraid and half bold, I entered the room and peered suspiciously about. Things were not as I had left them. The clothes were torn and scattered about the room. What did it all mean? Just then I heard that same noise almost above me. A peculiar sensation ran through me. My hair stood on end. I cast my eye in the direction from which the noise came, and there on top of the wardrobe she sat, looking down on me with her questioning clear eyes—the largest monkey I ever beheld!

Upon seeing the monkey, I retreated to the door. But she sprang from her perch and blocked my way. However, I soon discovered that she did not want to attack me, but wanted to make friends. When I left the room she followed, and after that everywhere I went she went, too. In fact, she became so provoking that I tried every way I could to rid myself of her. But she, with her sad eyes and overbearing manners, was ever with me.

She got on my nerves so bad that I repented a thousand times for ever bringing her back to existence. I tried to change her once again into dust with my magic cane, but I could find no directions for doing it. Finally, in a fit of despair, I got down on my knees in front of her and yelled at the top of my voice right in her face, "Go back! Go back! I don't care where you go, but go back, for the love of Mutt!"

This frightened her. She ran off about twenty-five yards and then, turning around, sat down and gazed sadly and haggardly back at me. My heart was touched. I almost wished

I had not scolded her. Then I turned my head and contrasted that which I had obtained with that I had wished for. But when I looked back the creature was at my feet, gazing up at me as only she could. In response to a first impulse I half-heartedly kicked her over and made a dash for a near-by forest. I looked back and the thing was at my heels. Even more faithful was she than Mary's little lamb.

As I half ran, half flew, through the woods, over bushes and briars with Miss Monkey at my heels, I suddenly remembered an old forsaken well around which stood several majestic oaks with their branches overhanging the well. Another idea struck me. I would try to make the provoking thing fall in the well and drown itself. That would be better than having to kill her. I told myself "Whoa!" and came down to a walk, then I turned my course to the right and soon arrived at the well.

I looked down at Miss Monkey and Miss Monkey looked up at me. Restimulated by this, I started up on one side of a tree and she started up on the other. However, she dropped back to the ground and came up on the same side I did. I walked out on a limb until I was directly over the well and then she came and sat down beside me. This was exactly what I wished. So I got up and crept back to the body of the tree and walked out on another limb on the opposite side of the well. I hoped that she would attempt to jump across to the limb on which I sat and would miss her hold and fall headlong into the well. Then I would let her drown and would not feel so much responsibility. She jumped across, but landed safely on my limb. Immediately I transferred myself to the other, which was a trifle higher than the one she was now on. But when the poor sad-eyed creature attempted again to jump to me she missed her calculations and fell headlong into the well.

Did she scream? If she did, I did not hear her; for I

stopped both ears. But I could not help looking down into that dismal well just once. And as I beheld my faithful follower struggling for life, strangling, sinking, sinking once more in the agonies of death, pity and compassion seized me. I realized what I had done. I had awakened her from eternal sleep merely to punish her and thrust her back again. Lodging my magic cane in a fork of the limb, instantly I jumped to the ground, seized a near-by pole and stuck it down in the well to her. Miss Monkey seized it and clung on for dear life's sake as I hauled her up. As I landed her safely she glanced up at me—one of the saddest of those sad glances. My heart was troubled even more deeply than ever. I wished that I was a monkey so that I might feel as she felt and sympathize with her as only a monkey could. Just as I was wishing this, something struck me back of the head and then splashed in the water below. The blow did not hurt me much, but I was chagrined to think that my magic cane had fallen into the well. I looked down and caught a glimpse of something black on the ground beside me. I took it to be a snake, and jumped back, horrified. But when I jumped it jumped, too. Then I realized what a predicament I was in. I had been changed into a monkey, and that which I had supposed to be a snake was nothing but my own tail.

I tried some way to regain my stick, but to no avail. So finally, discouraged and full of despair, I started home. I left Miss Monkey sitting in the fork of an ancient oak, drying her only robe in the sunshine. She made no attempt to follow, but merely let her pathetic gaze rest on me until I was out of sight.

I said that I had started home. But did I have a home? Would my own folks recognize me? Would they understand? No! Would they not kill me or sell me to the "zoo"? Undoubtedly, yes. I stopped and began to ponder, and then sat

down and wept, and as I wept my desire for human association left me, and when those desires were gone I sobered. I looked all about and found that the wood which had hitherto seemed a place to be feared now appeared inviting. I longed to make the forest my home. What did I care for houses? What did I care for the luxuries of the human race? I had been entirely revolutionized. I began to realize that I was almost happy. The woods appeared to be my proper environment, and as a method of adjusting myself to it, I played in the trees for a while.

One thing I lacked yet, and this I would soon realize. There was still a place in my heart for love. I had left a little monkey back there a little way, sitting in the fork of a tree, thinking, dreaming, wishing—there was no telling what. I waited a few minutes to see if she was coming to me, and when she failed to appear, I began to fear that she had gone off in a different direction and that I would never be able to find her. One thing I knew, and that was that I was going back to look for her. I was going to find her if it was possible. As I neared the site of the well again I peered anxiously, nervously, through the entanglement of limbs, trying to catch a glimpse of her. Just the sight of that dear little monkey would fill my heart with joy and almost complete my happiness. The nearer I approached the more uneasy I became. At last, when almost under the tree, I recognized her sitting in the same place, in the same position, with the same sad, dejected expression on her face. She did not so much as glance at me, but continued to gaze at "airy nothingness." Was ever monkey more beautiful than she, sitting in the radiant sunlight in her newly washed and dried robe? Surely I, monkey as I was, could not have wished for a more beautiful spectacle.

For a moment I stood and watched her. And then scamp-

ering up the tree, I sat down by her side and gazed in the same direction as she. But I could not help cutting my eyes around at her every now and then. Once I felt her slip a little closer to me, and when I looked around again I caught her eye. No longer were they sad. No longer did she have that dejected expression on her face. Her eyes sparkled and she appeared to me even more beautiful and lovable than ever. She leaned forward just a little and I took her pretty cocoanut-like cheeks between my hands and tenderly kissed her.

ALBEMARLE'S LEADERSHIP IN COLONIAL  
AFFAIRS—  
E. J. TRUEBLOOD  
—

The American student often views the past accomplishments of other nations with such intense interest that he fails to give sufficient consideration to the historical achievements of his own nation. Of course, it is altogether fitting, and even necessary, for him to know the history of other nations; but a thorough understanding of American history is even more indispensable. Likewise, the average North Carolinian seems inclined to attach an overwhelming significance to the daring exploits of men of other states and nations, and to utterly disregard the marvelous accomplishments of his native State.

Be that as it may, the record of North Carolina, when viewed from the standpoints of interest and importance, is second to none. During the American Revolution, and the two centuries preceding it, many stirring incidents occurred within the borders of our State. And even since the Revolution "The Old North State" has distinguished itself in many ways, and has continued to manifest the deepest interest in both sectional and national affairs. Numerous relics of the colonial period have survived the ravages of time, and are now on exhibition in Raleigh, North Carolina. These relics alone attest the fact that our State has a history which abounds with wonderful deeds, and surely they are only a feeble representation of the scenes and incidents with which they were associated.

No section of the State can claim for itself a greater influence in the early life and development of North Carolina than

that section which surrounds the Albemarle Sound, and particularly those counties which lie just to the north. These counties, which today are known as Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck, comprised only one county in colonial days, and this county was called Albemarle. Since Albemarle lay just south of Virginia, and since it adjoined the Atlantic Ocean, we do not wonder that the early colonists first settled there. We do not possess an unbroken record of the events which occurred there during the early history of our State, but we do know about many interesting incidents that took place, and, beginning with the year 1661, we have a connected history that is fairly authentic. Albemarle claims precedence over other sections of the State in at least seven particulars, a brief statement of which follows immediately.

On Roanoke Island the first child was born to English-speaking parents within the borders of the United States. Roanoke Island is twelve miles long and about four miles broad, and lies to the southeast of the Albemarle Sound, just across from Currituck County. All those who are at all familiar with the history of North Carolina know the story of "The Lost Colony." In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh of England sent his third expedition to America, with John White as governor. Arriving at Roanoke on July 22, the colonists established a settlement. Governor White had, among the colonists, a daughter named Eleanor, wife of Ananias Dare, one of his assistants. On August 18 a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dare, who was named Virginia Dare, in honor of the land of her birth. A few weeks later Governor White returned to England to procure provisions and implements for the colonists. Instead of making a speedy return, he delayed a long time for the purpose of fighting the Spanish fleet. Finally, after three years, when he

did come back to Roanoke, he found the settlement desolate. No trace of the colonists was left except the word "CROATAN," carved upon a tree. What the fate of little Virginia Dare and the other colonists was we have never been able to determine, although there was an old Indian legend to the effect that she finally became the wife of an Indian chief, who treated her with remarkable courtesy and gentility.

In the present county of Perquimans the first recorded deed for the purchase of land in North Carolina was given. This deed was granted by Kileokonen, King of the Yeopims, to George Durant, the pioneer settler in this part of the country. Durant was originally a Virginian planter, and had been attracted to Albemarle by the very favorable reports of certain friendly Indians. The deed is now in the old courthouse in Hertford, North Carolina. It bears the date of March 1, 1661, and its form strikingly resembles that of present-day deeds. It stipulates the boundaries of the land sold to Durant, and contains an acknowledgment by Kileokonen that "a valuable consideration" was received for the property. It is a matter of pride to North Carolinians that our first settler manifested such honesty and justice toward the red man.

At the present site of Hall's Creek, in the county of Pasquotank, the first assembly of colonists ever gathered together in North Carolina convened. It was held on February 6, 1665, and the sturdy colonists styled it as the "Grand Assembly of Albemarle." We have no exact record of the names of those present, but it is extremely probable that a majority of the most prominent settlers attended this convention. The assembly met for the purpose of drawing up a set of laws for Albemarle, and to consider other important matters. Perhaps the most important work accomplished was the framing of a petition to the Lords Proprietors, requesting that the settlers in Albemarle be permitted to hold their lands



on the same terms as the people of Virginia. The Lords granted their request, and issued to them a paper known to this day as the Deed of Grant, by which the settlers of Albemarle and Virginia were placed on terms of equality.

At Enfield Farm, in the present county of Pasquotank, the first resistance to British aggression in the United States occurred. Enfield Farm has remained practically unchanged since colonial days, and lies on the western bank of the Pasquotank River, about two miles from Elizabeth City, North Carolina. In December, 1677, Governor Miller, who had been appointed to enforce the stringent trade laws enacted by Cromwell's Parliament, accused Captain Zachary Gilliam of violating these laws. Gilliam was a shrewd New England shipmaster, who had brought provisions and ammunition to the Albemarle planters, and who had anchored his ship at the landing just off Enfield Farm. Miller claimed that Gilliam had contraband goods on board, and that he had evaded the export tax on tobacco the last time he left Albemarle. Gilliam denied the charges, but, notwithstanding, Miller, after having withdrawn for a few hours, returned with several government officials and attempted to arrest Gilliam. A band of insurgents, with John Culpepper as leader, turned the tables on the officials, arrested two, and imprisoned Miller for a period of more than two years. Here, in 1677, the stern colonists first manifested that patriotism and positive dislike of British oppression which characterized the people of North Carolina during the Revolution.

On the banks of Symons Creek, between the two ancient settlements of Nixonton and Newbegun Creek, in the present county of Pasquotank, the first house of worship was built in North Carolina. This was a Quaker meeting-house, and was erected in 1706. The little church was doubtlessly rough and crude, and the people who gathered there were probably

plain and unassuming in their manner, but the establishment of this place of worship marked the beginning of the public religious life of the State, and from this feeble commencement a network of churches, owned and controlled by various denominations, has sprung up throughout the State.

In the waters of the Albemarle Sound and its tributaries Edward Teach, *alias* Blackbeard, the notorious sea-pirate, and the first of whom we have any definite knowledge, carried on his operations. It seems that Teach was the chief of a band of pirates who committed their infamous practices along the coasts of North Carolina during the latter part of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Teach had a fleet of armed vessels, the largest of which was called "Queen Anne's Revenge." This formidable craft carried a crew of one hundred men and forty cannon. The pirate had many haunts, or hiding-places, the most important of which was located on the Pasquotank River, two and one-half miles below the present site of Elizabeth City, North Carolina. This quaint old building still stands, and is known as "The Old Brick House." It is suggestive of past crimes, for a mantel on one side communicates by a secret door with the large basement room below, and there is an old story to the effect that a secret passage led from this room to the river. Even today there are several ineffaceable stains upon the floor in the room above, which resemble blood. After Teach had terrorized the people of Albemarle for many years, his pillaging became unbearable. Because of certain inexplicable reasons, Governor Eden of Albemarle made no attempts to arrest Teach, even though he was often besought to do so. Consequently the settlers called upon Governor Spotswood of Virginia to rid them of this sea-rover. Spotswood sent Lieutenant Maynard to search for Teach, and after much

peregrination and trouble, Maynard captured and beheaded him, in 1718.

At Edenton, in the present county of Chowan, the first public protest on the part of American women was made against British tyranny. At the home of Mrs. Elizabeth King, on October 25, 1774, the famous Edenton Tea Party was held. The Edenton women gathered together for the purpose of making objections to the tax on tea, lately levied by England, and to endorse the work of the first people's convention which had met in New Bern in August, 1774. Before departing from Mrs. King's, the women drew up solemn resolutions, declaring that they would drink no more tea until the tax was removed, and that they would give their encouragement and undivided support to the men in their struggle.

Such, in brief, is an account of the most important events that occurred in Albemarle from 1587 to 1774. All of these incidents, except the story of "The Lost Colony," are described in Miss Catherine Albertson's book, "In Ancient Albemarle," where, together with other interesting information, they are discussed at length. Of Albemarle's part in the Revolutionary War, in the establishment and development of the Republic, and in the Civil War, it is not possible to write here. Suffice it to say that she has always contributed in a whole-hearted fashion to the social and economic welfare of the United States, and has never failed to cooperate in any forward movement within her scope and influence.

There are other sections of North Carolina that can boast of an early history quite as interesting and important as that of Albemarle. It would require many volumes to contain a record of all the valiant deeds, both written and unwritten, that have occurred in North Carolina. Should we not, indeed, be proud of our native State, which has wrought so

nobly in the past, and which has ever shown marked leadership in guiding the destiny of our nation? And when we are in a patriotic or romantic frame of mind, should we not turn to the history of North Carolina and seek to learn more of the facts and legends connected with our great commonwealth, which has well been called "the land of story and of song"?

## THE BINDER

J. N. DAVIS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EUROPA	}	Spirits of the Continents.
ASIA		
COLUMBIA		

FIGURE OF THE PAST.  
 FIGURE OF THE FUTURE.  
 THE BINDER.  
 A HERALD.  
 CHORUS OF THE EARTH-BORN.  
 CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS OF THE AIR.

SCENE: *At the foot of the Caucasus; a dim half-light pervading the Earth.*

## CHORUS OF THE EARTH-BORN

God of our fathers, to whom shall we turn,  
 To whom shall we bow, to whom shall we pray?  
 For the keen winds that smite and the fierce winds that burn  
 Have come and taken our flowers away.  
 And the nightingale is still, and the red roses sigh  
 For the kisses of the South, that they may not die;  
 To the Earth, their mother, they whisper that they yearn  
 The golden dawn of the endless day.

Hear our prayers, O God! On Thy awful throne,  
 Hear our groans and our supplicating cries;

For we stand as the wreck of a world alone,  
 Imprisoned by the walls of the pitiless skies.  
 See our hands, O God, raised to Thee for aid,  
 As helpless children weary and afraid,  
 For the rudderless world, of the dim unknown  
 Where hydra-headed monsters and Titans arise.

(*Enter EUROPA.*)

EUROPA: Ye gray swallows that fly with the west wind,  
 And skim with strong pinions the northern sea,  
 Oh, swift and fearless, that see and know  
 The woes and griefs of the mothers of men—  
 Have ye seen on the briny strand of some  
 Warm southern sea, or where the northern lights  
 Glean on fairy palaces of ice—  
 Have ye seen in any land, any clime,  
 A heart bereft as mine?  
 Oh, where are they, my fair sons, my heart's joy!  
 The fairest that ever proud mother saw  
 Grow from youth's grace into noble manhood,  
 Feeling in heart a joy, that was half pain,  
 For the chubby smiling infant she knew  
 Would know the peace of baby heart no more.  
 Alone, alone, all alone! alone with death!  
 Beaten and smitten by a ruthless hand;  
 Alone, alone, all alone! forsaken to woe,  
 And my cankering heart and blasted joy.  
 O God! where are my sons, where are my sons?  
 Weep for me, O Israel, and weep for me,  
 Ye mothers of deathless Ilium;  
 For your griefs, your sorrows, though manifold,  
 Are not so deep as mine. And weep for me,  
 Ye that have wept, and know the balm of tears.  
 Ah! my heart is heavy with weight of tears,  
 But my eyes are dry.

(*Enter ASIA.*)

ASIA: Europa, my sister, you sit and weep  
 Your sad, wasted fields and slaughtered sons.  
 Arise, my sister, arise and reap  
 The harvest you sowed; for swift time runs  
 Its course into that eternal deep  
 Where the present is a foul and mingled sea,  
 Where the past is dead, and the future asleep,  
 Not to be wakened by you or me.

Europa, my sister, the harvest sowed  
 Is wide and fruitful and great to see;  
 'Tis hate and horror and the heavy load  
 Of chains and slavery you placed on me,  
 When your ruthless hand had seized and bowed  
 My children's heads beneath the hateful yoke,  
 And with mad armies and bloodshed showed  
 How Christ was followed and Buddha forsook.

Europa, my sister, why wept you not  
 When freedom was torn from my nerveless hand;  
 When you gave me servitude for my lot,  
 Strange feet and strange faces on my land?  
 I mourn Nimrod and Babylon that stand  
 Quiet ruins where Tigris runs to sea;  
 Mighty Tídol sleeps there with all his band,  
 At peace at last: ask these to weep for thee.

(*Enter COLUMBIA.*)

COLUMBIA: I sit enthroned between two seas,  
 A queen amid my thousand isles,  
 Welcoming with open arms

The sifted dregs of nations ;  
 Throwing wide my doors  
 To Blackhand, Blackman, Black hearts, and Fenians ;  
 Sending out my ships with cargoes,  
 Counting my argosies of soils,  
 Building my castles,  
 Getting, gaining, buying, and spending—  
 Making drunk the wise  
 And persuading the foolish.  
 Yet I am like a dragon sleeping  
 In the inmost depths of a cavern,  
 Guarding my hoard of treasures.  
 While I sleep the spoiler despoils me,  
 And the cur and the hound steal from me—  
 But tremble when I awake.

*(A trumpet sounds ; enter a Herald on the heights,  
 who beckons them on and leads them to a place  
 in the mountains.)*

HERALD: Look neither to the right nor the left,  
 But follow me.

*(They come to two figures lying on the ground.)*

These are the Past and Future.  
 One is dead and the other sleeping.  
 Let them lie ; let the dead lie asleep,  
 And the sleeper lie as one dead.  
 The Past he is dead ; let his grave  
 Be digged in eternity's depths.  
 But the Future no man can waken,  
 Save he that is born with drawn sword ;  
 For 'tis written that your proud cities  
 Shall be burned with a fire consuming,



Your armies smitten in the valleys,  
 Your mighty hurled from their high places,  
 And the land, the pleasant land, change  
 To a sore, loathsome and festering.

*(They come to one asleep, a drawn sword in hand  
 and a night-black horse standing beside him.)*

Here lies the Master of masters,  
 Holder of keys to the gate of Time,  
 World-Shaker and World-Besieger,  
 His names are Cain and The Binder.  
 With his sword will he smite your cities,  
 The heels of his steed will crush you.  
 Fall on your faces before him,  
 And bow to him in the streets!  
 For soon he awakes as a king  
 With sword-blade and garment of fire;  
 For the ways of gods are uncertain,  
     As one are slayer and slain;  
 And on—till the undrawn curtain  
 Of mystery be torn in twain.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF THE AIR

*(Singing from above)*

A while for living and sinning  
     'Twixt the grave and the new-born bloom;  
 They struggle a century for winning  
     A million years sleep in the tomb.  
 A while for hunger and sating,  
     A while for laughter and tears—  
 In line the earth-born stand waiting  
     The food of the years.

## SEMICHORUS OF SPIRITS

Then feed them loving and lusting,  
And feed them gladness and woe;  
Then feed them with doubting and trusting  
In the years that tarry and go.  
Then feed them with joy uncertain,  
And the fruit of yesteryear's pain,  
And on—till the undrawn curtain  
Of mystery be torn in twain.

## THE ROMAN PROVINCIAL SYSTEM

FRANCIS H. BALDY

The success of the Romans in extending their power over far-distant peoples of diverse customs was responsible perhaps to a greater degree than any of their other attainments in establishing their momentous place in world history. This success was the direct result of an elaborate provincial system so well constructed as to withstand the very trying conditions which worked against it. Like every other institution, the Roman provincial system had to undergo a process of development, with periods of advancement and depression, growing out of the factors which influenced the history of the nation as a whole. Of the development and operation of this system it is the purpose of this paper to treat.

The meaning of the term *provincia* underwent a process of change during the course of Roman history. Unfortunately, the etymology of the word is doubtful, for although many derivations have been suggested, no one of them is certain. However, for all practical purposes, it is sufficient to know that *provincia* at first was a broad term used to denote the sphere of action of any magistrate who possessed the power of command, of which power, a military function of some kind was a usual although not a necessary accompaniment.

After B. C. 241, when Rome began to assume the direct administration of regions overseas, the term was applied to and came to be limited to a magistrate's exercise of his authority in such regions, Italy not included, and with a geographical limitation of his sphere of control. From that time it came more and more to denote the actual territory where such a sphere of control prevailed exclusive of all other authority.

It may be said, however, that in cases where a *provincia* did not adjoin some other *provincia* or state with which Rome could enter on diplomatic relations, a strict delimitation of frontiers is sometimes not found.

Beginning with the time of Gaius Gracchus, the theory began to be accepted that "provincial" land was in reality the property of the Roman people, and that the inhabitants had a right only to the usufruct. For the privilege of tilling the land payment to the Government was required. Hence the idea of taxation began to be inevitably associated with that of *provincia*. All land outside Italy which was not taxed was "free," and, not belonging to the "province," it and its inhabitants were not subject to the control of the Roman magistrate. As a matter of fact, however, "free" districts within the provincial boundaries tended to become subject to the governor's control by direct or indirect means, by legitimate or illegitimate interference.

It will be seen from the above that the assessment of a tract of land for taxation could constitute it a province before its system of government was arranged.

So, in the last two centuries B. C. a province may be defined, according to Henderson, as "A territory outside of Italy, owned by the Roman people, governed directly by a Roman magistrate, with defined geographical limits, subject to Roman taxation."

At length, by the third century A. D., all inhabitants of the Roman Empire became citizens, and the later republican idea that the chief privilege of citizenship was immunity from direct taxation had to give place to the more modern idea that the citizen is the one who exists to be taxed. Italy for a time preserved as a local privilege her old exemption from some forms of taxation, but eventually this privilege was taken away. *Provincia* then acquired its last meaning, namely,

that of a "clearly defined administrative district of the Roman Empire." Thus, of the 120 provinces into which the empire was divided by Diocletian, Italy contributed twelve.

Having come to understand what is meant by a province, let us see the motives which prompted Rome's provincial policy. These were three in number, and have been termed: "(1) Defense, the desire for security, or the military motive; (2) Conquest, the desire for aggrandizement, or the imperial motive; (3) Profit, the desire for gain, or the commercial motive."

Self-defense was almost the sole motive of the earliest period of Rome's provincial policy. The desire for security against Carthage led to the annexation of Sicily in 241 B. C., Sardinia and Corsica in 231 B. C., and the two Spains in 197 B. C. The same motive of self-preservation prompted, during the years 197-146 B. C., a policy exactly opposite to that just noted. During this period Roman armies won great and notable victories east of the Adriatic, but as a part of a well considered policy the Senate allowed Rome's allies to reap all the material advantages accruing from their joint victories. The cause of this apparently generous policy may be found in the belief of the Senate that additional provincial territory would be a source of great expense and anxiety, and that peace could better be maintained in the East by the promotion and maintenance of a balance of power among the many rival states of that quarter of the world.

But by the middle of the century this long and patiently tried policy had showed itself incapable of protecting Rome against perpetual alarms. This failure of the earlier diplomacy partly coincided in time with and was partly the result of a tremendous increase of wealth which demanded larger spheres of activity and greater opportunities of increase. It

was at this time that the Roman middle-class merchant and the financial joint-stock company, in which the majority of citizens had some interest, made their appearance in politics. Their demands, together with the critical diplomatic situation resulting from the earlier policy, brought about a second reversal of provincial policy that was even more abrupt than the first.

As a result of this change of policy the Roman Republic annexed between the period 146 B. C.-58 B. C. some fifteen provinces, the most noteworthy of which were Africa, Asia, Achæa, Illyricum, Macedonia, Gallia Narbonensis, Gallia Cisalpina, Bythynia, Cyreno, Crete, Syria, and Cilicia. Four of these annexations took place in the year 146 B. C. In that year Africa was annexed when Carthage was razed to the ground, Achæa when Corinth was destroyed, and, in addition to these, Illyricum and Macedonia. Asia, the richest province of them all, was annexed in 133 B. C. Gallia Narbonensis was acquired in 120 B. C. as a means of gaining control of the Massiliot trade. Gallia Cisalpina was created by Sulla merely for the purpose of rearranging the administrative system in Italy, and lasted as a province for scarcely forty years. The remainder of the provinces mentioned earlier in this paragraph were added by Lucullus and Pompey.

The problem as to the government of this territory gave rise to the Civil War that destroyed the Republic and established the Principate of Augustus. In the period between the overthrow of the Republic and the erection of the Empire, Julius Cæsar added Gaul, later made by Augustus into three provinces, and to these Tiberius added Upper and Lower Germany, then two military districts. It will be seen that the Republic gave to Rome her eastern frontier on the Euphrates

and her southern frontier towards the Sahara; part of her western frontier on the Atlantic was secured by Cæsar.

Rome's northern boundary was fixed when Augustus added, between 30 B. C. and 10 A. D., the ten provinces of Egypt; Lusitania, arising out of a readjustment of the Spanish provinces; Cyprus, which was reannexed after temporary independence; Galatia, Pamphylia, Raetia, Noricum, "Alpes Maritimæ," Moesia, and finally Pannonia. Augustus was prompted to this process of empire building by sagacious motives of military necessity, security, and defense. The natural boundaries of the Empire had been pointed out by the merchants and pioneers, and Augustus, the soldier-statesman, brought about the accomplishment of the enterprise.

As was natural, a period of assimilation followed the acquisition of so much new territory. Beginning with the death of Augustus, this period is generally considered to have existed from 14-106 A. D. Augustus, realizing the necessity that existed, recommended to his successors the famous *consilium coercendi intra terminos imperii* (Tacitus, Ann. I-11). The Julio-Claudian and Flavian princes for the most part followed Augustus' advice. Their policy was mainly one of organization and government, and under them the great system of frontier defense was perfected into a whole.

Under Trajan love of conquest reasserted itself. The provinces of Dacia, Armenia Major, Assyria, and Mesopotamia were added under his reign. Hadrian surrendered all but the first. Marcus Aurelius, however, reclaimed Mesopotamia. Under Diocletian the entire provincial system was reorganized, and the empire, including Italy, was divided into 120 administrative provincial districts.

Of the Roman provincial policy as a whole, it may be said that it was so frankly selfish as to forestall the charge of hypocrisy. Usual motives for annexation are conspicuously

absent from Roman history. But under the emperors the success of the policy was remarkable, and highly beneficial both to the ruled and the rulers. It is in the use that the Empire made of its power that we find its justification.

It is interesting to note just here that no Roman writer of prose seemed to be at all conscious or proud of Rome's imperial mission. The good of the governed seemed to the writers to be a very secondary consideration. As a modern scholar has expressed it, "To them, distress or disaster in the provinces is but one stick more with which to belabor an unlucky emperor. To them, peace is but one sign more of his indolence or cowardice. . . . Alike for good as for evil, Roman literature is cautiously silent concerning the Roman provincial system."

After annexation, it was necessary that a province should be organized. For this purpose, under the Republic, a special commission of ten men was in most instances sent out by the Senate to the new province. This commission made a report to the Senate, and it was mainly upon this report that the law for the province was formulated. All the provincial laws which are now known bear the name of the general who by his victories secured the new territory. The provincial law undertook "(1) to divide the province into judicial and administrative districts; (2) to define and regulate the status and privileges of its component parts; (3) to establish the principles and methods of taxation applicable within it; (4) to lay down rules for the conduct of trials and administration of justice, with special reference to the extent and procedure of local jurisdiction; (5) to supervise, and, if need be, create or amend the system of local government in the urban or rural districts which strictly belonged to the province." The original law could be amended by an edict of the magistrate or by



Roman law. In several cases, however, the original law remained in full force for a remarkably long time.

It will be seen that the magistrate possessed great discretionary powers, and in order to explain his proposed method of administration, each newly appointed governor, before his arrival in the province, issued an edict, dealing for the most part with financial and legal questions. As time passed the edicts tended to become more and more traditional in character, and the system attained an increasing uniformity of administration. Indeed, it is probable that by the second century A. D. there had come into existence a general *edictum provinciale* applicable to all the provinces. Roman law by this system was widely diffused throughout the Roman world, and its influence affected, with hardly an exception, every known nation.

Under the Empire the old provincial law of the Republic was probably supplanted by imperial instructions to the first governor of each new province. The governor administered the province as the *legatus* of the emperor, to whom all new provinces were assigned.

Under Augustus, in 27 B. C., the provinces were divided into two main classes known as the public provinces and the imperial provinces. The public provinces were governed as formerly by ex-consuls and ex-prætors appointed by lot; but the imperial provinces were governed by *legati*, chosen by the emperor from among the ex-consuls and ex-prætors, and who were responsible to the emperor alone. This division was not permanent, as the emperor sometimes exercised his power of transferring a province from one class to the other. Thus, as a remedy for some distress in a province it might be transferred from one system of government to the other, in the hope that the new system would in its particular case tend to greater efficiency and economy.

In addition to these two main classes of provinces, there was a smaller class of minor or *procuratorial* provinces, which were not of sufficient importance to be governed by *legati*, and to whom were sent as governors procurators or prefects, who were directly under the control of the emperor.

Egypt furnishes a striking exception to the above system, as it had a plan of government of its own, and was administered as imperial private property.

For purposes of administration the larger provinces were subdivided into various districts, frequently called *dioceses* and judicial *conuentus*. These two divisions were not identical, for they differed somewhat in details of magisterial administration. The governor-general kept in touch with the various districts by regular visits to each. Wherever possible, a town was made the center of the district, from which the governor or his subordinates might exert their authority. But there was no hard and fast system of division, as it was the policy of the Romans to adapt regulations to provinces rather than provinces to regulations.

As has been said earlier in this paper, free towns and client kingdoms existed within the provincial bounds, but these were absorbed by one means or another. This policy of consolidation was vigorously pursued by the Flavian emperors in particular.

The general condition of the provinces was perhaps as evil under the Republic as it was satisfactory under the Empire. The opportunities for extortion on the part of the governor were almost unlimited, and as there was no adverse public sentiment to restrain him, he did not hesitate to fraudulently enrich himself. The long series of laws to punish extortion seemed incapable of enforcement, and evasion was comparatively easy.

Varied as were the methods of provincial government

adopted by the Roman Empire, they never granted the right of self-government. The nearest approach to it was the great system of "Provineial Councils." By this system, in which Egypt, however, had no part, the great majority of the provinces had at least one and sometimes more than one council composed of representatives from every part of the province, holding annual meetings at some one of the chief provincial towns. But this council was never possessed of any real legislative or executive power. Its primary function was to celebrate the worship of the emperor and arrange for games in his honor. Having performed these duties, it had also the right of deliberating on local provincial affairs, bestowing provincial honors, making representations to the governor or the emperor in the name of the province, and of prosecuting a governor at Rome. This last was a most important privilege. Most of the trials for maladministration under the Empire are the result of the accusations of the council, and in the majority of cases the prosecution was successful.

The result of this sagacious and efficient policy brought about an almost immediate increase of prosperity in most of the provinces. Asia, Africa, and Syria were especially fortunate in this respect. Greece alone, of all the provinces, seemed incapable of response to this enlightened régime, and her deterioration went rapidly forward in spite of liberal imperial patronage. But except for Greece, the increase in general prosperity was immediate and substantial.

It was by the success of their provincial policy that the Romans discovered themselves to be not only a warlike people, but capable administrators. Their success in holding under their sway the widely diverse peoples of whom their provinces consisted is so great as to surpass even their deeds in war.

## UNDER THE CRUST

BOHOKEN

We were three days voyage from Gibraltar, bound for New York. The sea was calm, and on the after end of the promenade deck, around the smoking-room, protected from the chill sea breeze by canvas awnings, a gay ball was in progress. It was perhaps midnight when Brent and I strolled into the improvised dance-hall. We had been watching the long silver moonpath over the water, and talking of a strange tragedy we had seen staked in Florence. As Brent remarked, "You may talk about going to the theaters to see your classic tragedies—all good enough—but just here, in the midst of all this gay glamor, underneath the thin crust of this superficial hilarity, we can see the real thing—the true human tragedy."

Inside the canvas-walled ballroom was a scene quite different from the tranquil moonlit night without: a twitching noise of rag-time, dazzling arc-lights, a swaying mass of gaily attired dancers, retarded in their movements by the congestion of the scanty deck space. We soon wearied of this close-packed place, and entered the smoking-room. We ordered our customary drinks—ginger-ale and lemonade—and lit our pipes. The bartenders were busily mixing and serving drinks to a loud crowd of men and women who came in to rest from their dancing.

Brent and I sat and watched. Soon Brent nudged my elbow and nodded towards a near-by table; he always caught a center of interest in any scene. It was a table for two. Seated were a dapper, sallow-faced man and a painted and bejeweled girl, and standing beside the table was a second man. Their conversation was free-flowing. I had already

noticed the sallow-faced fellow, and had marked him as a morbid, reticent individual. I was surprised to see him consorting with the merry-making crowd and talking so loudly. The explanation was clear—in the empty bottles before him. And he was gripping guardedly the hilt of a dainty, a shining stiletto.

"Come on, Van Ness; let's see that knife," the man standing was saying.

"No—no. You can look at it, but I can't let it out of my hand."

All three laughed, because laughter was the order, I suppose.

"Why is that? Some heirloom, or a pledge of love, or what?"

"No—no—no, not that—more than that. Ha, ha!" He laughed strangely, holding the stiletto more closely. The other man laughed also, and the girl frowned impatiently.

"Come on, man; tell us what it is, then, if it is more than anything I can name."

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing."

The girl spoke: "You can't fool me, crazy. Tell us what it is."

"Well, if you must know, I'll tell you. It's my security on life."

"Ah!" interrupted the standing man; "I thought, I thought! That glittering—what will I call it—that glittering poniard has a history. A pledge to the glittering poniard, with a history!"

They laughed again, and drank a deep pledge.

"Go on, now," said the girl as Van Ness hesitated. "You are chary as the deuce about that knife, or dagger or poniard or whatever it is."

"Well, I said it was my security on life. I was loafing

around in Tangier last winter, and there was a veritable queen of the Orient I found there. By George! what a beauty she was! And of course I fell in love with her, as you would say. But she had a father, and—and you know how awkwardly in the way these fathers always are. And what's more, this particular father was some sort of old Oriental—I don't know exactly what nationality—with that quiet sort of vengeance-look, I-mean-what-I-say kind, you know. He told me plainly enough to leave the daughter alone. But I couldn't help loving her. By George! but she was a queen to look at! And I loved her, well, too—too actively, one might say, and the old man swore mortal vengeance on me. And," his unnatural animation chilled slightly, "and, you know, I have a funny respect, or reverence, you might say, for that kind of Oriental I-swear-I'll-kill-you vow."

He had returned the stiletto to a sheath inside his coat, and was holding his hand over it.

"You can't dope me that way," the girl put in sarcastically.

"That doesn't say a thing about the dagger."

"Oh, I forgot that altogether. Ha, ha, ha! The stiletto—or bodkin, or scimitar, or whatever you called it—it belonged to the girl. I had given it to her as pledge to her of her absolute life-and-death power over me—a quaint old Moroccan lovers' custom. And the old man included it as a sort of article in his oath to kill me that he would kill me with that particular knife. So—ha, ha!—I just spirited it away from him, so he can't kill me with it. Ha, ha, ha!"

They laughed again. "A peach of a story! We'll have to drink to the health of that broadsword again. Here's to the life-love-Morocco-dagger-pledge. Long and happily may it live!"

Van Ness joined in the fun, and took his hand from his coat to refill the empty tumblers. The girl, with a mocking

laugh and a quick "I'll see if you can keep it hid!" deftly drew the stiletto from his pocket and whirled around the small space between the tables in an inipromptu pirouette, twirling the shining blade above her rouge-streaked face. The revelers in the room looked up in amazement, watched, and applauded uproariously. Van Ness paled to sheet-white, fell limp a moment, then caught himself up, tense, bursting with rage. The girl wheeled on her toes perhaps a minute—she must have been a chorus girl—then came to a stop before Van Ness and dropped him a deep stage curtsy, smiling archly. Some one held Van Ness to keep him from springing at the girl. What followed I do not know, except that an uncanny silence fell over the smoking room and even the bartenders paused bewildered; for Brent, who, as I have said, always caught the point of chief interest, whether it was the center of attention or not—Brent nudged me again and nodded towards a door. There I saw a small round face, distorted with rage, with two flame-like eyes bent hard on Van Ness. The man was standing in the door, rigid, clutching the panel. He was short—almost stunted—and wore evening dress. His face was a puzzle—skin dark almost to an Indian bronze, a flat Mongolian nose, and under the nose a very un-Mongolian and un-Indian goatee. As I watched, within a half-dozen seconds perhaps, the face relaxed into a stolid, expressionless gaze, the eyes still turned on Van Ness. But for the incongruous goatee I should have likened the face to a mud image of Buddha.

This was the impression of only a moment's look at the man standing in the door. I returned my attention to Van Ness. The girl was gone, just then passing through another door, stepping stiffly, with the gaze of the room fixed upon her. Van Ness stared at her until she disappeared, and fell back loosely in his chair, dropping his head on his shirt-

bosom, and clinching the stiletto in a hand that rested on the table. His companion tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the matter, fool! Nothing's happened. What do you want to look like dead for, just because—"

"Oh, shut up, I tell you!" Van Ness replied, without raising his head. The other laughed.

"No use to get huffy." And, laughing again, he started out, explaining, "The fool's drunk—that's his way. Leave him alone and he'll be all right in the morning." He walked away, and we did not see him before the next day.

Brent again nudged me. The man that was standing in the door had entered and was seated alone at a table in a far corner of the smoking-room, dealing out a pack of cards. He was facing Van Ness as he sat, but seemed now thoroughly engrossed in his solitaire, apparently forgetting the incident of the stiletto, as the rest of the merry-makers had. The loud talking was resumed, with unbridled laughter and clinking of glasses.

Van Ness replaced the stiletto in its sheath inside his jacket. He raised a blank, white face, and called for whiskey. Silent he sat and drank, heedless of occasional inquisitive glances pointed at him and half-whispered comments about his behavior. Across the room sat the dark, goateed man, facing towards Van Ness, and playing his endless game of solitaire.

"Who is he?" I asked Brent.

"Don't know."

"What is his nationality, or race?"

"I was just wondering. I can't make him out. He is entirely out of harmony; must be some unholy Oriental admixture."

"Well, I thought something was going to happen, but I



guess I am disappointed. Let's go and crawl in the bunk. It's almost sun-up.

"Disappointed, you say? Something has happened! Just keep your eyes open."

I could do nothing but wait. I called for a long-lasting stogie and more ginger-ale, and composed myself for an indefinite vigil. The smoking-room began to empty. The dance was over, all the women were gone. One by one the men gathered in little groups at the tables, smoking, drinking, playing poker—one by one they yawned, swallowed a final glass, and left on unsteady feet.

It was after four o'clock. All were gone except Van Ness, the nameless man playing solitaire, and Brent and me. The bartenders, tired with the night's excessive work, were carelessly collecting bottles and glasses from the tables. Deckhands were already sweeping the floor. One of the bartenders stopped a second beside Van Ness, who hung limp in his chair, in a dead stupor. He spoke to him, tapped him on the shoulder, cursed him, and called to the wine-clerk. The wine-clerk rang for a cabin-boy to take Van Ness to his cabin. The boy came, looked at Van Ness, and went for another boy. The two lifted the flaccid body and started towards a door, swearing at their ungrateful task, declaring in more profane language that they could not take him to his cabin when they did not know what number it was.

The solitaire-player looked up, yawned, rose, and came over to the cabin-boys, and motioned for them to follow him. "His cabin is near mine—I will show you," he said, speaking with a strange foreign accent. And he loosened the stiletto that Van Ness clutched as in a death grip, and went out carrying it in his own hand.

. . . . .

It was eleven o'clock when Brent and I got to the breakfast table. There was a subdued hum of excitement all over the dining saloon. "What's happened?" I asked a table-mate.

"Seems that somebody committed suicide last night; a man named Van Ness, I believe. Seems that he was terribly drunk last night and got into a mix-up in the smoking-room. I don't know; I wasn't there. Killed himself with a fine little Moroccan dagger, they say; stuck it right in his heart. I'd like to have that dagger—an interesting souvenir to show the people at home."

Brent nudged me, and nodded towards the nameless, goat-teed solitaire-player, who was seated at the next table, calmly eating a hearty breakfast; his Buddha-like face showing nothing at all out of the ordinary.

## AN EVENING SHOWER

W. B. SINCLAIR

How soothing sounds that falling rain  
That folds my weary eyes in sleep,  
While fairies dance and vigils keep  
Their music on my windowpane.  
Upon the house-top, too, they dance  
Their pit-a-pat with jollity;  
And spirits hover over me,  
While near my couch the blythe nymphs prance.

When music's done, musicians gone,  
And Nox unseated from her throne,  
Aurora comes with silent steps  
And gently places on my lips  
Her parting kiss; and bids me rise  
And see again with rested eyes,  
Old Sol, the king, whose great flashlight  
He turns upon the fleeing night.

Now every raindrop on the green  
And verdant earth reflects its sheen.  
The whole world breathes a fresh, sweet breath,  
And Venus weaves a garland wreath  
For Terra's brow, whose face aglow  
Reveals such joy as fairies know.

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

The  
Senior  
Thesis

We hear with amazement the talk of revoking the standard rule of having each candidate for a degree submit a thesis. We have heard only one argument set out in favor of this plan of abolishing the senior thesis—that is, that the senior theses are usually of a mediocre order, and that the seniors gain little from writing them.

O shades of plausibility!

Now, this statement, offered as a reason for discontinuing

the senior thesis, is absolutely true. The senior theses have, in general, been sorry things. The only requirement uniformly enforced is that of length—all theses have to come to the minimum of three thousand words. Other requisites are industriously disregarded. The subjects of theses are chosen by the seniors themselves, not assigned by professors. We do not know of a single case in which the subject was reported in writing to the president "on the first Wednesday in October." Use of good grammar and correct spelling in the theses has not been compelled; last spring a thesis was submitted containing fifty-seven misspelled words. The chief requisite of all—not less binding because it is not specified in so many words—that the thesis be written by the candidate himself, has not been kept. So common is it for seniors to have others to write their theses that a standard charge of five dollars has become established for that service.

Clearly, the senior thesis, as we now have it at Wake Forest, is little more than a name and a form. The explanation is just as clear as the fact. The average senior—the average student, for that—will not go to any pains to do his task more thoroughly than he is obliged to. He is not concerned about coming up to requirements unless he must do so in order to get his degree. The professors have not enforced standard requirements for the writing of the theses, and the seniors have not tried to measure up to them.

So we are told that the senior thesis is a futile institution, and that for this reason the senior thesis will not be required hereafter of candidates for degrees. No one seems to have thought of the expedient of enforcing the regulations regarding the theses, and having better theses merely by demanding better theses. Yet this is the only course open, unless we wish to compromise the standing of the College. For the practice of generations has affirmed that the writing of a good thesis is

requisite to deserving an academic degree, no matter how often it has not been requisite to taking a degree; just so much as passing English I or History I. Let us, then, in the name of the honor of the College, retain the senior thesis, and have the regulations regarding the writing of the theses consistently enforced, so that the thesis will stand for more than a mere ceremony. If the thesis is abolished, just one more step will be taken towards making Wake Forest College a standard Class-A high school.

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**Intellectual  
Parasitism**

There is a gross lack of independent thinking among college students. In our experience as editors we often hear men say that they have good subjects on which they would be glad to write something for the magazine, but they "can't find any material on that subject—that's the trouble." Again, we constantly hear men who are preparing to speak in the Societies ask for articles "with points on the question," which they will read and borrow, and perhaps copy verbatim into their speeches. The ease is still more distressing when questions of moral right and wrong arise, as they will arise in every student body. The few thinking students will form their opinions, and the rest will promptly take sides, like calves falling in behind the bell-cow. There will be one leader who has the largest number of satellites, and his opinions—be they good or bad—will rule the sentiment of the majority.

The significance of this is that a great many students either utterly lack independent rational ability or else have so little confidence in such rational ability as they may have that they will not trust it outside their own minds. The result of this lack is intellectual parasitism, we may call it—a sucking of thoughts and ideas from others—and, eventually, a

slavery to the opinions of thinking people. The mental parasite loses the power of independent judgment, loses the strength of conviction because he has no convictions of his own, and he falls helpless in the face of problems of his own which he must solve for himself.

The man who outstrips his competitors in life is he who can out-think his competitors, who forms better judgments than others, and arrives at trustworthy opinions sooner than others. The first object in writing and speaking, as the college man writes and speaks, should be the development of this very power of thinking—of readily formulating sound independent judgments. He must learn to distinguish between opinion and mere belief. He must learn to view a problem in all its aspects, to determine the relative weight of each significant factor, to balance all, to finish with a definite conclusion, and feel entire confidence in his conclusion. The student who is trying to prepare himself for handling the practical problems of business life will do well to spare the time spent in running down so many "points" that others have thought out, and in rounding up so much "material" from which to borrow ideas, and turn his own mind to the problem in hand. If by practice he develops one ounce of the ability of stable independent thinking, he will acquire more of real worth than is in a ton of pirated thought.

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**Departments  
of the  
"Student"**

The College now has what it has long needed—a weekly newspaper, edited by the students in journalism, and devoted to dispensing College and alumni news. *Old Gold and Black* has its place as a permanent fixture in the College, and it will serve sufficiently as bearer of the news that concerns students and alumni. The four news departments of **THE STUDENT**—

"In and About College," "Wake Forest Alumni," "Athletic Notes," and "Society, Y. M. C. A., and Moot Court Notes"—no longer have any excuse for existence. The time has come for discontinuing them.

Only two objections have been raised against discontinuing these four departments: first, that they afford a record of College affairs, to go on file, and, second, that they reach many alumni who do not see *Old Gold and Black*. These objections are readily answered. In the first place, *Old Gold and Black* is kept on file just as *THE STUDENT* is, and will serve to supply inquisitive posterity with a fuller account of the news of the College than the departments of *THE STUDENT* can. Secondly, in point of fact, *Old Gold and Black* already has a larger circulation among the alumni of the College than *THE STUDENT* has. The objections, then, are groundless.

If these four news departments are discontinued, *THE STUDENT* will have additional space for literary contributions, and will become more nearly what it is intended to be—purely a literary magazine, with only three editorial departments, which are fitting in a college literary magazine: "The Editor's Portfolio," "Exchange Department," and "Notes and Clippings." The four news departments are mere dead-weights on the magazine. The copy goes to press two weeks before mailing date, so the news in the departments must be from two to six weeks old. The time and energy of the associate editors now spent in compiling these useless departments might be turned to more profitable tasks. In short, there is no reason for retaining these news departments, while there is every reason for discontinuing them. We hope that the Societies will not be dilatory in taking the formal action necessary to making this change.



## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

The crowning event of the month of March was the intercollegiate debate with Colgate University of New York State, upon the question of Universal Military Service. The debate was held in Wingate Memorial Hall on Friday evening, March 9th, and was won by Colgate University, upholding the affirmative, by a two-to-one decision of the following judges: Judge H. G. Connor, Judge J. Crawford Biggs, and Dr. J. Y. Joyner.

Wake Forest was ably represented and maintained her enviable record in the college forensic world. The quality of argument and ease of delivery easily distinguished the Wake Forest debaters. They presented all available arguments for our present system of voluntary military service with logic and force. The superior system and unlimited resources of the Northerners account mainly for the loss of the debate.

The Colgate men were well trained and knew the question down to the remotest supposition. They were quick to seize upon a faulty argument and very effective in rebutting the seemingly impregnable points of the opposition. We believe they deserved to win, and accept the defeat in the spirit that they were opponents worthy of their victory. The object now is to arrange for another debate with them next year, when we hope to atone for the recent defeat.

The Declaimers' contest which was held in Wingate Memorial Hall Thursday evening and Friday afternoon, March 8th and 9th, between fifty-two representatives of high schools in North Carolina, was a success from every standpoint. The

visitors were well entertained and, we hope, left us with a feeling of regret.

Mr. Aubrey Wiggins of East Durham High School won the first prize, valued at \$62.50, and Mr. Martin Luther of White Oak High School was awarded the second prize. These young men showed marked ability, and we hope they will one and all decide to prepare, for their battle with the world, at Wake Forest College.

Though the ravages of war engulf the world, our peace advocates still compel us to notice their pleadings for an international brotherhood. On March 5th, fourteen of our students contested for the honor and responsibility of representing the College in the State Peace Contest to be held at Greensboro in the near future. The orations were excellent, reflecting credit upon the speakers and upon the College.

Mr. J. M. Hester was selected as the College's representative, with Mr. J. B. Rucker as alternate, and we feel sure that they will ably represent the College.

Dr. W. L. Poteat visited Sumter, S. C., on Sunday, March 11th, speaking to the Young Men's Christian Association in the evening. From 12th to 17th of March, Dr. Poteat attended the Laymen's Missionary Movement Convention in Atlanta, Ga., addressing that body on Wednesday on "The Peril of Our Prosperity." On Sunday, 18th, he spoke in Lexington, N. C.

Dr. McNeill Poteat of New York City addressed the Young Men's Christian Association on March 29th.

Rev. Joseph T. Watts of Richmond, Va., conducted a series of revival meetings in the Baptist Church the latter part of February. These meetings were well attended and resulted in many conversions and a general spiritual uplifting of the

entire College and community. Mr. Watts made many friends while in our midst who hope for him continued success in his chosen work.

Prof. Bruce White of the School of Law has purchased a home in Wake Forest and will soon move here from Franklinton. The entire College and community take pleasure in welcoming the family of Professor White to their new home.

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

WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

## Literary Societies

On Friday, February 16th, the two societies observed their eighty-second anniversary with a program which furnished variety and interest throughout the day. It seemed that the time was propitious, for the weather was ideal for that season of the year, enabling both students and visitors to enjoy the occasion to the fullest degree. Besides several of the alumni and friends of the College, many young ladies from Meredith, St. Mary's, Peace, Oxford, and Coker colleges were present to grace the occasion. All College functions were suspended for the day and every one gave himself up to a period of rest and enjoyment.

By three o'clock in the afternoon a goodly audience had assembled in Wingate Memorial Hall to hear the debate, "*Resolved*, That the Federal Government should own and operate railroads engaged in interstate commerce—constitutionality waived." J. M. Hayes and G. S. Quillin upheld the affirmative, and J. C. Newton and R. L. Humber the negative side of the question. The debate, as usual, was spirited, and neither side appeared to have the advantage, but the judges, President C. E. Brewer of Meredith College and Drs. N. Y. Gulley and C. D. Graves of the Wake Forest faculty, decided in favor of the negative.

At seven-thirty o'clock in the evening Wingate Hall was filled to overflowing; all had come to hear the orations by a representative from each society. J. B. Rucker, the Euzelian

orator, chose as his theme, "The New Democracy and Leadership," while J. M. Hester, representing the Philomatheans, spoke on "Israel's Contribution to Human Advancement."

After the orations were over, an informal reception was given in the society halls, and so ended the day, perhaps the most enjoyable of the College year.

Wake Forest need no longer be afraid of not being in close touch with the high schools of the State, for the High School Declamation Contest held here did much to strengthen the bond between the College and the secondary schools. Fifty-three representatives from the various schools assembled at two-thirty o'clock on March 9th in order to compete for the prize. Aubrey Wiggins of Durham took first, and Martin Luther of White Oak second place in the contest. Everything possible was done to give the visitors a good time, and when they departed they gave many expressions of good-will, and hopes that at some time in the near future they might win a place on the Wake Forest list of orators.

At seven-thirty in the evening of March 9th the debate with Colgate University of New York was staged, and since it was the first three-man debate Wake Forest has ever participated in, the event aroused the greatest interest. Colgate chose the affirmative side of the question, "*Resolved, That the United States should adopt a system of universal military service.*" The Colgate representatives, Davidson, Strough, and Allen, made a strong team, while Wake Forest presented worthy adversaries in the persons of Boyd, Herring, and Robinson, and the two-to-one vote of the judges, Dr. J. Y. Joyner, Judge J. C. Biggs, and Judge H. G. Connor, indicates how hotly the question was debated.

### Y. M. C. A.

There have been no special speakers during the past month, but on each Monday evening the Association has met, discussing its needs and holding prayer service. During the meeting held in the latter part of February, prayer-meetings were held each night in order to further the work.

### Moot Court

Moot Court convened for the first time in the spring term on Friday, February 23d, and tried a criminal case, *State v. Matthews*, who was charged with breaking into a house and stealing jewelry.

Attorneys for the State were Haynes, Wharton, and Beachboard; for defense, Jordan, Harris, Hamlin. The jury could not agree on a verdict. Attorney R. H. Taylor presided.

*Zimmerman v. Davis* was the case tried in Moot Court Friday night, March 2d. Zimmerman sued Davis for \$25,000 damages for alienating his wife's affections, and the jury gave verdict of \$15,000.

Holding, Payne, and Carroway represented the plaintiff; Haynes and Cannady were counsel for defense. Attorney Edgerton presided.

## WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor    I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

'77. On February 27th Dr. Edgar Estes Folk, of Nashville, Tenn., ended a useful life and passed to his reward. Dr. Folk was the valedictorian of a class whose members have since distinguished themselves. After completing the course at Wake Forest and receiving the M.A. degree, he attended the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1882. He preached for six years and then entered upon a useful service for his denomination as editor of the *Baptist Reflector*, the organ of the Baptists of Tennessee. He was entrusted with other positions of distinction and filled each worthily. For a number of years he was president of the Sunday School Board at Nashville; president of the Anti-Saloon League of Tennessee from 1899 to 1911; president of the Tennessee Baptist Convention from 1912 to 1914; and was president of the Southern Baptist Press Association. In addition to his journalistic work, he found time to write several volumes: "The Mormon Monster," "Plan of Salvation," "Baptist Principles," "Southern Pilgrims in Eastern Lands."

The *Biblical Recorder* speaks of him in the following terms:

"Reviewing the life and work of Dr. Folk, we would say that he was one of the sanest, soundest, strongest, and most symmetrical of Southern Baptists. He was gifted and able as speaker, as journalist, as author, as pastor, as denominational worker, as leader in civic reform. Better than all, because all-inclusive, he was a devout and humble Christian who sincerely loved the Lord and served him with singleness of soul. He will be missed by those who loved him and by the people for whom he labored."

'78. Hon. J. Y. Hamrick of Cleveland County, another well known alumnus, was claimed by death at his home at Boiling Springs on March 8th. He was active in the political affairs of his county and State, serving in both the House and Senate of the General Assembly, and as Commissioner of Labor and Printing under Governor Russell from 1898 to 1900. He was a very influential member of the Republican Party. He was interested in the educational and religious conditions of his section, and rendered a valuable service in connection with locating the Boiling Springs High School, of which he was always an ardent supporter. He was a man of more than average intelligence and power. The *Cleveland Star* has the following to say of him:

"Mr. Hamrick was one of the best informed men in the county, carried a big heart in his breast, and had much to do with the development of the section around Boiling Springs. He was a man of strong intellect, broad vision, abundant native ability, and power as a speaker."

As editor of the *Shelby Aurora* he did much toward influencing the thought of the county, and was a leader in all efforts for civic reform and improvement.

'89-'90. Dr. Sidney C. Tapp of Kansas City, Missouri, has recently published a new book on "The Duality of the Bible." Dr. Tapp was formerly a practicing lawyer, but has now retired to literary and philosophical work, and devotes much time to lecturing. He is the author of several books, the best known of which are "The Truth About the Bible" and "Why Jesus Was a Man and Not a Woman." The *Kansas City Post*, commenting on this last book, says:

"The basis of the theory underlying Dr. Tapp's books is that sex being the fundamental principle of organic existence, the sex impulse is the parent of other impulses. While the thought is old, the manner in which the author has presented it is so unusual as to create interest. He has made a thorough study of this idea as contained in the Bible."



'08. Rev. Lee M. White has entered upon the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Shelby after a successful work in Monroe. Mr. White further prepared himself for his work, after graduating at Wake Forest, by attending Cornell University and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

'14. Mr. Thomas C. Britton, Jr., of Shanghai, China, was married to Miss Ruth Yeager of Louisville, Kentucky, on Tuesday, March 27th. The wedding took place in Louisville. Mr. Britton was born and raised in China, where his father, Rev. T. C. Britton (M.A., class of '86), has been located under the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board for about thirty years. After his graduation in the class of '14, Mr. Britton returned to China. During the session of 1914-'15 he occupied the position of professor of English in the Shanghai Baptist College. He then became connected with the China Realty Company, the largest real estate firm in China. He has since been made first assistant manager of the company. He left with his bride for China immediately after the wedding, and will resume his business in Shanghai. THE STUDENT staff was represented at the wedding by R. S. Britton, editor-in-chief.

'14. Mr. W. R. Chambers is principal of the high school at Biltmore, North Carolina, one of the most important schools in Buncombe County. He has taken advanced work at Columbia University since graduating at Wake Forest.

'14. Mr. A. O. Dickens is second lieutenant in one of the North Carolina regiments now on the border. He was president of the class of '14, and was also one of the anniversary debaters the year of his graduation. He was practicing law in Louisburg when the National Guard was called to duty.

'15. Mr. O. R. Gay has just returned from the Mexican border, where he was engaged in the Y. M. C. A. work

among the soldiers. At the time he entered this work he was a student in the University of Chicago, doing advanced study in the New Testament. He expects to complete his course at that institution before taking up the Y. M. C. A. work.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## The V. P. I. Games

The aggressive quint of the Virginia Techs was defeated in a hotly contested fray on the local floor on February 15th by a score of 26 to 24. The game was witnessed by a large crowd of fair visitors in attendance upon the annual celebration of the Anniversary.

Wake Forest assumed the offensive at the beginning and during the first half had the situation well in hand, the score standing at the close of this period 16 to 6 in her favor. However in the second half it was with difficulty that the home quint could muster sufficient strength to check a spirited rally of the visiting team. Bill Dickson was very effective with his goal-shooting and led in the scoring with five field goals, while Leo Franks and Bob Holding pushed him closely for first honors, and each member of the team contributed to the interest of the exhibition with fast passing. For the Techs, the guarding of G. Cocke distinguished him as their particular star, and was the best seen this year.

The Virginians evened up for this defeat by winning from Wake Forest by a much larger margin at Blacksburg a week later. The score was 31 to 12. The game was no walkover, as the score would seem to indicate, but was hard-fought throughout.

The Techs started the game with a furious pace, which was held to the last minute of play, and before which the Baptists' defense crumbled. The work of Captain Holding was the redeeming feature for Wake Forest, while Logan, Wrenn, and Cocke played a strong game for V. P. I.

### Elon Games

Wake Forest experienced no great difficulty in winning from Elon on the home floor, February 17th, by a score of 32 to 20. The passing of the visitors was clever and worthy of comment, though they were unable to advance the ball consistently to within shooting distance of the goal. Neither team could claim an advantage in the first half, and it ended with the score standing 16 to 14 in favor of Wake Forest.

The local quint struck its stride in the second half, and, aided by the spectacular goal shooting of Bill Dickson, gradually forged ahead of the visitors, never to have its lead threatened. For Elon, the floor work of Seawell and the shooting of Sorrell from the foul line were of a high order.

Wake Forest met Elon on her own floor on the following Monday and gained a second victory, winning a hard-fought game by a margin of one point. Accurate goal-shooting by Captain Holding placed the Baptists well in the lead in the first half. The Elon quint, however, staged an unexpected rally in the second period, and succeeded in overcoming the lead of Wake Forest to such an extent that the result was in doubt during the last few minutes of play. The ball was being advanced up the floor with startling rapidity by the Elon team, and goals were made in quick succession. The expiration of time put a check to this rally, but not until Bob Holding had pocketed the ball with a beautiful shot just thirty seconds before the whistle blew. The final score was 23 to 22 in favor of Wake Forest.

### The University of Virginia Game

The next day the team invaded Virginia and encountered the University at Charlottesville, only to be overwhelmed by a score of 38 to 13. The team was sadly lacking in all de-

partments of the game and displayed no true form until toward the last few minutes of play.

The Virginians handled the ball accurately and swiftly and passed almost at will around their opponents, who were a little slow on the defense. Wake Forest took on new life in the second half and managed to hold the score at 13 to 8. White and Ingle contributed substantially to the points amassed by Virginia, while Holding and Thompson played best for Wake Forest.

### The Lynchburg Y. M. C. A.

Substitutions were made for the 'varsity men in the first half of this game in order to give the men a much needed rest, in preparation for the V. P. I. game the following day. It was found necessary to send them into the game the second half to check the fast Lynchburg team and to turn defeat into victory if possible. Captain Holding and Franks worked valiantly, but were unable to overcome the large lead secured by their opponents. The work of Johnson, the former Carolina star, stood out prominently.

### The A. and M. Game

The season was brought to a close on March 3d, on the local court, when A. and M. was defeated by a score of 30 to 24. The Techs presented a team that had been strong in the running for championship honors, having lost only one game in the State this year, and in defeating them Wake Forest gave its best exhibition of the year.

The credit for this victory should be given to Leo Franks, whose speed and goal-shooting were the most prominent points of the game. His superior jumping at center made possible the execution of the plays, and gave Wake Forest a decided

advantage. He led in the number of points scored and figured in every move his team-mates made.

The goal-shooting of Ripple, who replaced Ducey at center, was remarkable, while Lewis guarded well at all stages.

### The Record

January 12, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 36, Durham Y. M. C. A. 25; January 12, at Raleigh, Wake Forest 20, Trinity 37; January 23, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 33, Eastern 6; January 25, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 18, Guilford 17; January 30, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 25, Stetson University 17; February 5, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 19, Davidson 26; February 10, at Raleigh, Wake Forest 29, A. and M. 30; February 15, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 26, V. P. I. 24; February 17, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 32, Elon 20; February 19, at Elon, Elon 22, Wake Forest 23; February 20, at Charlottesville, University of Virginia 38, Wake Forest 13; February 21, at Lynchburg, Lynchburg "Y" 26, Wake Forest 19; February 22, at Blacksburg, V. P. I. 31, Wake Forest 12; March 3, at Wake Forest, Wake Forest 30, A. and M. 24.

It will be seen that Wake Forest won eight and lost six of the fourteen scheduled games; not a bad record, after all, when it is taken into consideration that at the beginning of the season the team had the services of only two experienced players, and in addition to the fact that the team was light in weight, it was also handicapped by being deprived of one of its most valuable players in six of the games. The fact still remains that Coach Crozier continues to develop winning teams, whether the odds be favorable or otherwise, and next year when the curtain rings upon the basket-ball season there will be no cause for disappointment.

Mr. R. V. Moss of Wilson was recently elected basket-ball

manager for 1918. He is popular among the students, and has the ability to make the team an efficient manager.

### Baseball

#### THE SCHEDULE FOR 1917

- March 24: Bingham, here.  
 March 30: Liberty-Piedmont, here.  
 April 2: University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.  
 April 5: Richmond College, here.  
 April 7: Guilford, at Greensboro.  
 April 9: (Easter) A. and M., at Raleigh.  
 April 10: Durham League, at Durham.  
 April 11: Davidson, at Charlotte.  
 April 12: Elon, at Elon.  
 April 18: A. and M., at Wake Forest.  
 April 23: A. and M., at Raleigh.  
 April 24: Elon, at Wake Forest.  
 April 25: V. P. I., at Wake Forest.  
 April 27: Guilford, at Wake Forest.

The preliminary training season is now well under way, and soon a process of elimination will have been finished in order to reduce the large squad down to working proportions, and then the selected few will be put through a final ordeal in the Bingham and Liberty-Piedmont games, and the season will be on.

The outlook for a winning team is bright, and Coach Billings has every reason to feel optimistic. If the inquiry is concerning the hitting ability of the team, the answer is found in Vassey, Ellis, Harris, Herndon, and in two freshmen of promise, Duncan and Cox. There will be a dependable pitching staff composed of Franks, Ellis, Austin, McBane, Tatum, and Liles. The infield will be fast and the

outfield swift. The result of this team's efforts on any diamond should never be in doubt.

### Coach for Track Team

Mr. Crozier has been induced to take charge of this department of athletics and is now busily engaged in rounding into shape a strong team to represent Wake Forest in several meets with other colleges. With an increased interest and enthusiasm in track work, there is a wealth of material to which he may devote his attention, and there is no doubt that Wake Forest will have the best track team in its history.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

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FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

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The first magazine to which we turn our attention this month is the December issue of *The Furman Echo*. It is a fairly creditable issue, although not the best of which the institution is capable. All of the verse is about on a par, neither very good nor very bad. It is free from noticeable errors in meter and such, but is not remarkable for beauty of language or thought. The fiction occupies the most important place in the magazine, both as to quantity and quality. All of the stories are written in a clear and simple style, the dialogues are for the most part lifelike, and the errors in dialect with which most college magazines teem are avoided by the simple expedient of making very little use of any form of expression except plain, simple English. The weakest point of the issue lies in the essays, which are very brief and rather shallow and commonplace. Each of them is written in a somewhat crude style, due very probably to carelessness. In the essay entitled "Party Feeling of the Present Age" we presume the author intended to say "Spoils System" instead of "Sports System." The departments are all ably handled. The magazine is rather poorly printed, as we notice a number of typographical errors, blurs, and such.

Of all the magazines that come to us from women's colleges, none stands higher in our esteem than *The Concept* of Converse College. The February issue afforded us quite a bit of most interesting reading. With but one exception, the verse of the issue is of a very high quality for a college publication. The leading story, "Brer Fox and The White Geese" is excellent. It is written in imitation of the Uncle

Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris, and the attempt is most successful. Uncle Remus and the Little Boy are admirably depicted, and the authoress was particularly successful in her use of the negro dialect. But, in fact, all the fiction is excellent, the plots are good, and the style adequate. We regret to make any adverse criticism of this admirable issue, but nevertheless suggest that it would be well to devote a little more space to essays. In the February issue there is only one essay. It is written in an excellent style, and is an account of some plays given by the Converse Dramatic Club. One or two more good essays on some non-local subject would greatly enhance the value of the magazine. The material is well arranged and, as we have said, admirably selected. The departments are all well handled.

*The University of Oklahoma Magazine* is unique among our exchanges. The December number is a representative issue. It seems to reflect the modern, progressive spirit that must pervade the institution. It is full of illustrations, which thing in itself distinguishes it from the average college publication. Most of the articles are remarkably well written, and abound for the most part in genuine wit, although they do not surrender the main essential of solidarity. The fiction, for the most part, is quite good, and bears the peculiar stamp of the institution. The essay entitled "The Harvard Spirit in English" is perhaps the most valuable contribution of the issue, although the oration, "Lay the Ax to the Root of the Evil," is an excellent piece of work. The editorials are ably written. We notice with pleasure that the time-honored custom of dividing the magazine into "departments" is not adopted by this publication. The weak point in the issue is the absence of verse. There is only one metrical composition, and this is not up to the standard of the magazine. But there are few college publications we

enjoy reading more than *The University of Oklahoma Magazine*.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt this month of the following college publications: *The Chimes*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Trinity Archive*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Furman Echo*, *State Normal Magazine*, *University of Oklahoma Magazine*, *Winthrop Journal*, *The Bashaba*, *The Carolinian*, *Limestone Star*, *The Lenoirian*, *The Acorn*, *Philomathesian Monthly*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *Mississippi Collegian*, *Springfield Student*, *Red and White*, *Cardinal and Cream*, *Skull and Bones*, *The Guilfordian*, *The Collegian*.

## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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### THE LAZY PESSIMIST

I cannot study and cannot learn;  
Time I waste and money I burn.  
I care not for the rocks and mines:  
I write my French between the lines.  
Latin I hate, and also Greek,  
I read my German once a week.  
Bugs are better, I've confessed;  
But still the lab. I hold a pest.  
History's old, Bible's a snap;  
For neither one I'd give a rap.  
I've got a spite 'gainst English, too.  
It calls for more'n I want to do.  
I've got no time to waste on law,  
And Physics lab. I abhor.  
I'm tired of learning how to teach,  
And never did desire to preach.  
I'm tired of Gym. and tired of Track,  
And playing Football hurts my back.  
Against each form of higher Math.  
I harbor secret hate and wrath.  
I'd like to take each Sine and Tan.  
And scrape up all the rest I can  
And throw it with serenity  
Ten miles beyond infinity.

Sp8.

---

"When a young girl is just introduced to a young man she says:  
'Mother, mother, who is he?'"

"When at twenty-five she is introduced to a man she says:  
'Mother, mother, what is he?'"

"At thirty-five she says: 'Oh mother, mother, where is he?'"—  
*Billy Sunday.*

---

He sipped nectar from her lips,  
As under the moon they sat,  
Wondering if ever a man before  
Had drunk from a mug like that.

—*H. S. Magazine.*

## A FEW EPITAPHS

Against a car leáned Jeremiah—  
How'd he know the thing'd back-fire?

No more from here will Mary budge;  
She bit dynamite and thought 'twas fudge.

A few more flowers for poor Arry bring;  
At a German ball he yelled, "God Save the King!"

Beneath this mound is this guy hid;  
He didn't see the auto skid.

We're sorry Uncle Jake is dead,  
But what can you do with a folding-bed?

Harold wears a halo now;  
He thought the beast was only a cow!

*Autograph.*

## AN ELEGY

Who'd deny that hash is wholesome,  
Splashing hot against the dish?  
Who'd refuse the bleating "William,"  
Or turn their noses up at fish?  
If these dainties were abandoned,  
Eating then would be a sham;  
College life would lose its flavor—  
It wouldn't then be worth a—hurrah.

*—Collegian.*

With courage bold the laddie said,  
"Oh, may I have a kiss?"  
"I do not know,"—she hung her head—  
"But—'Ignorance is bliss.'"

*—Concept.*

Grad—This university certainly takes an interest in a fellow,  
doesn't it?

Tad—How's that?

Grad—Well, I read that they will be very glad to hear of the death  
of any of their alumni.—*Ex.*

## APPLIED MATHEMATICS

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,  
 "You must set this matter right;  
 What time did that boy leave the house  
 Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,  
 And his love for it is great;  
 He took his leave and went away  
 Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eye,  
 And her dimples deeper grew;  
 "'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
 For a quarter of eight is two."

—Coker Bashaba.

---

As I listen to your voice,  
 What is that I hear—  
 Softest notes of tenderness,  
 That woman e'er can bear.

As I look into your eyes,  
 What is it there I see—  
 The deepest love, the truest love,  
 That ever was or shall be.

As I take you in my arms,  
 Oh, happy lot is mine,  
 For yours, it is a nymph-like form,  
 A fairy form divine.

As I kiss you on the lips,  
 My soul toward heaven flies;  
 I seem to drink of the limpid stream  
 That flows in Paradise.

---

There was an old maid in Peru  
 Who thirty-one languages knew;  
 With one pair of lungs  
 She worked thirty-two tongues;  
 I don't wonder she's single, do you?

—Howard Crimson.

## THE STUDENT'S PERPLEXITY

Where shall he start, where stop, and when, and how?  
 He can't do all, but he must do much just now.  
 Which course shall he think should really be the first,  
 And which the great, the best, the last, the worst?

He has been told ofttimes that he must believe  
 That unless he learns much Latin he will grieve,  
 And will fail to rise in this right learnèd world  
 Lest in his mind "sapientia" lies curled.

Has he not heard it said one time, or more,  
 That he must study Greek o'er and o'er,  
 And that he'll surely be an ignoramus  
 Unless he gets "sophia" to be famous?

Does he not hear the harshest condemnation  
 Passed on the man who is at variation  
 With English, hist'ry, and geography,  
 And stars, and gods, and then mythology?

Does some one claim that all the theories rare  
 And the great policy of "laissez faire"  
 And also rents, and interest, and wages,  
 Comprise the greatest wisdom of all ages?

Was it once said by a great mathematician  
 That wisdom is assured on this condition:  
 That all things else be made subordinate  
 To angles, x's, trig, and six, seven, eight?

Does not the scientist state that things worth knowing  
 Are those that deal with species, and their growing,  
 And some ideas of chemicals and stones,  
 And certain laws of "Bugs," Physics, and "Bones"?

Has it been whispered by another sage  
 That with dynamic one should often rage;  
 That rule and order are the "summum bonum"  
 When supplemented with the "spizerinktum"?

Still one more comes to make the final plea  
 Concerning what real knowledge sure must be.  
 He claims it's law, and that he's always felt  
 That at its mighty altar all things melt.

Without the least corroboration  
In this vast conglomeration,  
'Tis not easy to determine  
Where to properly begin.

Though the proof seems contradictory,  
Yet 'tis all quite satisfactory.  
So the student gets assurance  
That he'll need the old endurance.

Since it's sworn by all the Fates  
That each course predominates,  
It matters not with which he vies,  
If it's mastered, he'll be wise.

—E. J. Trueblood.

—

"My goodness! look at that guy eating pie with his knife!"

"Should he use his fingers?"

"No, but he's holding his knife in the wrong hand."—*Howard  
Crimson.*



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# WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVI

May, 1917

No. 8

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## SQUIB

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S. F. WILSON, '07

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I saw a child at play on the shore.  
He built a boat of withered leaves and  
Smiled proudly as he watched it sail out to sea.  
Simple child! Simple game!

I saw a man at work on the shore.  
He built a boat of silver and gold,  
And tried to sail it across the sea of his Desire.  
Simple man! FOOLISH GAME!

## 1907 AND CLASS REUNIONS

W. H. VANN, '07

Ten years ago there stepped forth from old Wingate Memorial Hall, on a bright May morning, fifty-four young men, each the proud possessor of a Wake Forest diploma. It was at that time the largest class which the institution had ever graduated. Of these fifty-four, twelve had previously received a Wake Forest degree; only forty-two, therefore, could properly be called members of the Class of 1907.

It is fitting that on the eve of our first class reunion, which is to take place at the coming commencement, we take some account of the record of its members in their ten years out in the world. Three members of the class had their careers cut short by death: B. S. Bazemore, C. T. Bell, and T. N. Hayes. We pause to pay this slight token to the memory of our college lives together, feeling that it was not for naught that they have been among us. Three other men—J. B. Bridges, J. C. Jones, and C. C. McSwain—the college authorities are unable to locate just now. If these lines are brought to their attention, will they not let us know of their present whereabouts and occupation?

The remaining thirty-six have exercised their talents in many lines of activity. "The law and the gospel" have together claimed most of them; eight are practicing law, and the same number are engaged in the Christian ministry. The next highest number, seven, are teaching or doing some form of educational work. Five are in business; medicine, journalism and farming claim two each; while two are missionaries in China.

Three men since leaving Wake Forest have done a year or more of work in one of the larger universities, while six have attended the seminary at Louisville. Just half the class, twenty-one, are still residents of North Carolina. The others

are "dispersed and wandered" into six other States and one foreign land.

The class is not without representatives who have attained more or less distinction. Three have been honored by their fellow-citizens with one or more terms in the State Legislature. More than one has done notable service as a pastor, and two have given their lives to service in the foreign field. Two have held college professorships. One is an important factor in the work of the Orphanage at Thomasville; another was the special correspondent of a leading paper during the service of the State Guard on the border; a third has been prominent in Masonic circles in the State; and many others, good men and true, have served in various capacities and upheld the name and fame of old Wake Forest.

It will be our privilege, we trust, to meet and greet many of these men again; to stroll with them beneath the old oaks on the campus; to share with them the hospitality of the college authorities in the splendid new dormitory, which in our day was merely a remote possibility; to talk over "the old days"—even ten years out of college makes us feel tremendously ancient—and to live over again the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs of our college days. It will be good to be there. But the reunion should be more than simply a social occasion, and it may be well to consider what we can do to contribute to the success not only of our own but of other class reunions.

In the first place, there should be a permanent class organization effected. This is in line with the policy of other institutions, and with a proposal recently made by Dr. Poteat to this year's graduating class. By the naming of a permanent secretary, who shall work in connection with the general Alumni Association, we shall be able to keep in closer touch with each other and with the College, and bring the institution and its graduates into a more intimate, practical, and mutually profitable relationship.

Another suggestion, which comes from Dr. Paschal, is that each class make a special gift to be applied on the payment for the new athletic field. Certainly we should make some substantial recognition of what the college has meant to us. For just what object this should be given is a matter to be decided later, after deliberation and consultation with the College authorities; but let us decide now to give something.

And lastly, the reunion should mean for each member of the class—for whether we can be present or not, the significance of this anniversary will be the same—a resolve to renew his allegiance to Wake Forest.

"Here and here hath England helped me;  
How can I help England, say?"

wrote Robert Browning. In many ways, which it would be difficult to enumerate, Wake Forest has helped us; how can we help Wake Forest? Let each man take thought with himself what he can do best to aid the old College. Let us come in the spirit of good fellowship, but also in the spirit of service, if need be, of sacrifice. Let us do all in our power to strengthen and uphold the hands of those who have done so much for our State and our country.

## ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1907

J. E. Allen, teacher.....	Warrenton, N. C.
Chas. T. Bell, deceased.	
B. S. Bazemore, deceased.	
T. H. Beverly, lawyer.....	Portland, Oregon
J. B. Bridges (occupation and address unknown).	
G. V. Brown, teacher (address unknown).	
D. C. Brummitt, lawyer.....	Oxford, N. C.
T. B. Caldwell, business.....	Wilmington, N. C.
S. B. Conley, minister.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
J. W. Bunn, lawyer.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Edwin Cooke, teacher.....	Louisburg, N. C.
R. H. Ferrell, lawyer.....	Albany, Ga.
A. L. Fletcher, journalist.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Jesse Gardner, farmer.....	Macon, N. C.
J. R. Greene, minister.....	Jacksonville, N. C.
F. B. Hamrick, teacher.....	Thomasville, N. C.
T. N. Hayes, deceased.	
J. B. Higgs, missionary.....	Shanghai, China
S. J. Husketh, teacher.....	Durham, N. C.
W. O. Johnson, minister.....	Greensboro, N. C.
J. C. Jones (occupation and address unknown).	
A. V. Joyner, minister.....	Waynesville, N. C.
Woodie Lennon, lawyer.....	Lumberton, N. C.
C. A. Leonard, missionary.....	Laichowfu, China
C. B. McBrayer, lawyer.....	Shelby, N. C.
J. R. McLendon, lawyer.....	Rockingham, N. C.
C. C. McSwain (occupation and address unknown).	
O. R. Mangum, minister.....	Paris, Ky.
A. H. Nanney, minister.....	Pitkin, La.
R. B. Pearson, teacher (address unknown).	
L. M. Powell, business.....	Savannah, Ga.
O. J. Sikes, lawyer.....	Albemarle, N. C.
R. L. Sigmon, lawyer (address unknown).	
W. E. Speas, teacher.....	Clemson College, S. C.
C. B. Taylor, journalist.....	Dunn, N. C.
J. B. Turner, minister.....	Beaufort, S. C.
W. H. Vann, teacher.....	New York City
W. H. Weatherspoon, lawyer.....	Laurinburg, N. C.
J. W. Whitley, Jr., minister.....	Wakefield, N. C.
S. F. Wilson, lawyer.....	Portland, Oregon
E. L. Morgan, physician.....	Waynesville, N. C.
J. W. Vernon, physician.....	Morganton, N. C.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, CLASS 1907

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—These are a few sketches which have been kindly submitted by members of the class for this issue. We regret that lack of time prevented more sketches being submitted.]

On leaving Wake Forest in June, 1907, I went back to Clyde, N. C., and accepted the pastorate of Clyde and Rock Spring Baptist churches, and also taught mathematics in Haywood Institute, where I had completed my preparation for Wake Forest College. After a stay of sixteen months here I entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., where I studied for two years. I left the Seminary in 1910 and became pastor of the Hillsboro Baptist church, Hillsboro, N. C. Here I spent five very pleasant years with the people of Orange County. There are no better people in North Carolina than are in Orange County, and the memory of our work together there will always be pleasant.

I left Hillsboro December 30, 1915, and became pastor of the Jacksonville Baptist church, Jacksonville, N. C., where I am located at present.

March 2, 1915, I married Miss Elizabeth Evelyn Andrews, of Chapel Hill, N. C. One year ago God greatly increased our happiness and enriched our lives by the gracious gift of a baby girl. She is getting ready for Meredith College and the W. M. U. Training School.

The four years we spent together at Wake Forest were indeed happy, hopeful years. At first they seemed long, but they were gone all too soon. I often long for a stroll with the boys again over the campus or through the country—those times when we opened our hearts to each other and talked over our plans together. Some of the best things we got at Wake Forest were not gleaned from books but from contact with the men of the faculty and with the strongest and best men in the student-body. The fellowships and friendships we formed in those days are ours still, and are a great inspiration and incentive to the best service that we can give. Since then we have had a deeper interest in and a greater feeling for our fellow-man. It was at college that we were given a clearer vision of life in its fulness and began to feel the weight of responsibility in affairs social, civic, and religious. During those four very pleasant and very busy years there was instilled into us a desire for knowledge, and I think we learned how to study and caught the habit of study. If a young man spends four years at college and only learns how to study, the time has been well spent.

All the studies that we pursued while at Wake Forest have been helpful to us in meeting the practical problems of life. Some have

probably helped us more than others. Bible, Sociology, Biology, Greek, Latin, History, and English have been of special value to me.

We have rejoiced in the continued growth of the College numerically as well as in the higher standard of scholarship.

When we go back to Wake Forest now a feeling of loneliness begins to creep over us. The student-body is made up of new and strange faces altogether, and a big hole has been made in the faculty since we were there. Doctors Sikes, Brewer, Eatman, Rankin, Taylor, and Lynch are not there, and several of the noblest citizens of the Hill are gone.

When I open the *Howler* of 1907 and look over the pictures of the classmates and read the few lines concerning them my heart grows tender and there rises from its silent depths a prayer. Dearest classmates, God bless you every one and grant that we may meet again in May.

Class 1907.

J. R. GREENE,  
Jacksonville, N. C.

The arrangement for a reunion of the 1907 "Come-Backs" is an excellent idea. In addition to the pilgrimage back to the shrine of pleasant memories there will be the genuine enjoyment of genial friendships as we relate our experiences for the past decade.

Speaking for myself, a kind Providence has blessed me all along the way. Until April, 1912, I taught school in my native county, Cleveland, and since then I have had the privilege of being connected with our orphanage at Thomasville.

My experience in the schoolroom helped to deepen and straighten up the foundations which I received at Wake Forest. It helped me to find myself and do some of the work I should have done in college. My work here at the Orphanage is uplifting and has been of untold value in my growth, associations and friendships. It is a benediction, rarely ever enjoyed, to be associated with the splendid band of orphanage workers and to shelter under the wings of M. L. Kesler and Archibald Johnson.

In September, 1904, I started for college, and since this was the first train I had ever ridden upon it had not gone far before I was taken sick. My preparation for college was entirely inadequate, and, in addition to being rather too young, this was a handicap all through the four years I spent at Wake Forest. During the first year about half of my work was in the preparatory department, but I studied as hard as I knew how and passed it all off. In my sophomoreity some of the upperclassmen took me into their confidence. While we did nothing criminal, I have many a time regretted some of my "college pranks." Just here I lacked that personal touch and confidential advice of some member of the faculty. A little more rigid discipline would have helped me mightily, either from the

faculty or the honor system that was being tried out. But where I suffered most was in my religious life. The work and services of the church did not gripe me, and I left college "still a babe in Christ."

When I look back upon my college course I am unable to enumerate my neglected opportunities. Many a time have I wished that I had done some real work in the society hall and that my education had been a little more definite. I am unable to say which one of my studies has proved to be of the most value. They all furnished a scaffolding, without which I feel like I would have been greatly handicapped. Perhaps the greatest thing I learned was how to study and the love for acquiring new knowledge. The atmosphere and associations gave me an undying loyalty to the Baptist cause and instilled within me a deep interest in the social, civic, and religious conditions of my fellow-man.

F. B. HAMBRICK,  
Thomasville, N. C.

Class 1907.

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1907-1910, Principal Silk Hope High School, Silk Hope, N. C.; 1910-1911, Principal Patrick Henry High School, Durham County; 1911-1917, Principal Lowe's Grove High School and Farm Life School, of Durham; 1913, student, Summer School, Chautauqua, N. Y.; September 2, 1914, married Miss Ola McIntosh, of Sanford, N. C.; 1915, student, Summer School N. C. A. and M. College; 1916-1917, Secretary-Treasurer Lowe's Grove Credit Union, the first organization of its kind in the United States.

S. J. HUSKETH,  
Durham, N. C.

Class 1907.

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Principal Castalia High School, term 1907-8; married to Miss Hattie Cornelia Poole, Burke County, September 16, 1908; Principal King Hiram High School, 1908-9; pastor, Country Field; student, S. B. T. S., January, 1910-January, 1912; received Th.B. degree 1912; Principal, King Hiram High School, 1912-14; pastor, Country Field; pastor, Ramseur Field, October 1914-October, 1916; pastor, Magnolia Street and Third Street, Greensboro, and Liberty Church since October, 1916.

W. O. JOHNSON,  
Greensboro, N. C.

Class 1907.

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Ten years—just a decade—and how long it seems! How crowded have been the years. In the long separation many names and faces have faded in memory; but ever and anon some word or incident stirs memory and the fellows seem wonderfully near. As the years pass, and as I become acquainted with other colleges, my appreciation of Wake Forest and the Wake Forest spirit grows. Wherever you find them there is a noticeable and indelible stamp of distinction

upon the Wake Forest men. I attribute it, in the main, to the fine spirit of democracy of the College and the efficiency of the literary societies. This is Wake Forest's distinct contribution to Southern education.

The tabulated record of my ten years since leaving college is short but full of labor. The first two years were spent in the pastorate at Selma, N. C., where a gray brick church was built and about 150 added to the membership of the church. The next four years were spent at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in happy study. I consider the Seminary our greatest Baptist asset. At the close of my third year I had the privilege of delivering one of the commencement addresses on the subject, "The Changing Emphasis in Baptist Thinking." My fourth year there was spent in graduate study in the field of sociology. My thesis was entitled "The Church in the Modern World." This work was done for the degree of Doctor in Theology. While in the Seminary I served two half-time churches in Indiana composed of loyal and noble people.

From the Seminary I was called to Paris—the heart of the Kentucky Blue Grass—where in June I will complete my fourth year. During this time there have been received into the church 257 members, making our membership about 500. There was a considerable debt on the church which has been lifted. The average attendance of the Sunday School is about four times what it was formerly. An efficient B. Y. P. U. has been organized. The church has adopted the budget plan of finance, and our contributions to Missions, Education, and Benevolence are sent monthly to the State Board.

I salute you, comrades of the class of 1907!

OSCAR R. MANGUM,  
Paris, Kentucky.

Class 1907.

The reunion is the real thing; no man is really college-bred until he has attended at least one reunion; it takes that to polish the well rounded man that the college has turned out. As to personal "stufh" for publication, I have no such report to lodge just now. I have decidedly renounced all claims to honors and I studiously avoid them. Why shouldn't I? I am attorney for this city; my failures are pronounced. I ran for Assistant Attorney General, the other fellow got the job; I have had no mater(ial) "affaire du coeur"; so, my friend, what is honor to me, an exponent of Plod, a veritable sacrifice upon Labor's altar, cruel Reverse's offering?

C. B. MCBRYATE,  
Shelby, N. C.

Class 1907.

1907-1908 I was Principal of High School at Booneville, N. C.;  
1908-1909 I was Principal of Public School at Bluffton, S. C.; in 1909

I received a scholarship from the Johns Hopkins University. I did graduate work in Physics and Mathematics at Johns Hopkins continuously from 1909-1913, taking the Master of Arts degree. While there I completed all of the work for a Doctor's degree with the exception of a little research work which I hope to finish up some time in the near future.

Since 1913 I have been teaching Physics at Clemson College.

In the summer of 1915 I was married to Alice Conway Dowlin of West Chester, Penn.

Class 1907.

W. E. SPEAS,  
Clemson College, S. C.

Professor of History and English, Director of Athletics, Locust Grove Institute, Locust Grove, Ga., 1907-11; Wake Forest Law School summer 1909; secured law license August same year; graduated from Wake Forest Law School, 1911; Instructor in History department, Mercer University, 1911-12; entered Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1912; graduated with degree Doctor in Theology, 1916; supplied summer 1913, Brown Memorial Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.; supplied summer 1914, First Church, Meridian, Miss.; supplied summer 1915, Fifth Avenue Church, Rome Ga.; went to Beaufort, S. C., June, 1916, where I am now located as pastor of Baptist church.

Class 1907.

JAMES B. TURNER,  
Beaufort, S. C.

The following is a brief sketch of my activities since leaving college, or rather since graduation, I should say, for I did not "leave college" for another year, remaining at Wake Forest during the session of 1907-08 as Instructor in Mathematics. The following session I was in Columbia University, taking the M.A. degree, and then for two years was Assistant Professor of English in Furman University. Two more years were again spent in New York, studying at Columbia and doing some work in the city. Then followed three years of teaching, two as Professor of English in Howard Payne College, Texas, and one in the same position in Ouachita College, Arkansas. And now the present session finds me back at Columbia, finishing up the requirements for the Ph.D. while holding a position in English in the Extension department of the University.

Class 1907.

W. H. VANN,  
New York City.

Graduated in medicine, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1909; resident physician, Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, 1910; physician at Broadoaks Sanatorium, Morganton, N. C., since 1910; March, 1917, received commission as First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A.

Class 1907.

J. W. VERNON,  
Morganton, N. C.

My modesty will not allow me to write an autobiography. The past ten years have been little more than a puff of time, but filled full of real experiences of freedom and slavery, successes and failures, mountain peaks of joy and gladness and valleys dark with sorrow and grief.

W. H. WEATHERSPOON,

Class 1907.

Laurinburg, N. C.

---

Came to Oregon in the spring of 1907. Took up the practice of law at Athena, Oregon, with Will M. Peterson, also a Wake Forest man. We opened an office at Pendleton, the county seat of Umatilla County, that same year. I spent four years in Umatilla County, where I tried to do my part of the community's work, serving on school boards and city councils. In 1910 was elected president of the First National Bank of Athena, which office I held until I moved to Portland. Here in Portland we have built up a lucrative law business under the name of Winter, Wilson & Johnson. We have also organized an investment banking house known as the Bankers Mortgage Corporation, which corporation is capitalized at \$500,000 and is fast becoming one of the constructive forces in Northwest development.

S. F. WILSON,

Class 1907.

Portland, Oregon.

## A SPRING SHOWER

RUFUS BRENT

On yesterday the fields were gray  
Where Winter's feet had lately trod;  
The grass lay dead in mouldering bed  
Upon the chill and murky sod.

But lo, today the fields are gay,  
Tricked out in mottled garments bright  
With lavish green and gold between,  
A-glister in the morning light!

But 'twas not rain that charmed the plain  
And hid the Winter's darksome taint;—  
I saw myself a laughing elf  
Pour from the clouds a pot of paint—

A pot of green, of magic green—  
He splashed and dashed it mile on mile,  
He threw in gold for doublefold,  
And laughed like crazy all the while!

## THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PERMANENT PEACE

ROBERT R. MALLARD

Proposals for international peace would seem out of place today as we view the amazing records of war's progress, with their alternative pages of cruelty and of heroism, of devastation and of self-sacrifice, of carnage and of superb national achievement; yet the nations are willing and anxious to rid themselves of the blame of the conflict, and this aspect alone would lead thinking men everywhere to believe that there still remains a desire for a more rational method of settling disputes than that of force alone.

As to the endurance of the present war, that is a mere conjecture. It may last for years and cannot possibly end for several months, but its immediate causes, and the course it has taken will be of merely historical interest, when compared with the results it is destined to effect. Some things are now plain to the watching world. It is clear that the German Empire and its allies cannot win in this war. That fact, which was confident prophecy after the battle of the Marne and reasonable expectation after the failure at Verdun and the happenings along the eastern front, has been made certain by the battle of the Somme, already drawn out over several long months, and by Great Britain's unbroken, complete command of the seas.

Granting, then, that the Allies will be victorious in the present struggle, let us consider certain measures of assurance that must come out of the war, if genuine peace is ever to be established. The right of all nations, whether great or small, to development under equal conditions, each in accordance with its genius, as a family of civilized mankind, must be a bedrock in the foundation of a durable peace. This, both England and Germany agree to, for Viscount Grey, of Great



Britain, and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, of Germany, have said that they favor such a policy.

Now with the two great powers agreeing on this one basal principle of peace, let us notice other prerequisites to a durable peace. England's free trade policy, which has been in effect since 1846, allows all nations to develop freely, but Germany's policy is quite different, due to the nature of her location and ideals. Hence we might add the policy of the open door in international trade as the second principle, and along with this should go the exemption of private property at sea, other than contraband, from capture or destruction.

Another issue of war that must be settled to insure peace is the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. From the geographical location, from the nature of the mind and tendencies of the people, and from their conduct in the present war, the only logical conclusion that can be reached is that these provinces desire to remain a part of French territory. Germany has failed to assimilate them, and they will ever be restless under the rule of the German.

Similarly, a nation as great as Russia will never be content until it gains a waterway through which it can communicate with the world. This makes it necessary that Russia should be mistress of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, for a permanent peace must be established on sound economic principles.

Then there remains that other purpose of the war concerning which Mr. Asquith said that Great Britain would never sheathe the sword, not lightly drawn, until it had been accomplished—the complete and final destruction of Prussian militarism, that “state of the Prussian mind” that has made Germany a militaristic nation. Then, after these differences have been settled, Germany will have to make reparation to Belgium for her veritable vivisection, and Austria to Serbia.

Thus far I have shown that a permanent peace depends upon the victory of the Allies in the present war and upon the establishment in public policy of the principles for which they are contending. Now let us consider the foundations of a new international order sanctioned and protected by international law and supported by an international guarantee so definite and so powerful that it cannot and will not be lightly attacked or shaken in the future by any power.

Two conferences have been held at the Hague; the first in 1899 and the second in 1907. It is needless to review the work done by these two assemblies, but suffice it to say that their work has not only been commendable, but also that they stand as mile-posts along the pathway of progress to better international relations. Then, what is the work for the third Hague conference? At the close of the war the Allies should take the initiative and call such a conference, which should have for its main object the establishment of an International Court of Justice to try justiciable causes, and also the establishment of International Commissions of Inquiry to facilitate a solution of non-justiciable disputes by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation of the facts and by placing them before the public, and thus to secure the peace of the world.

With such a court in operation permanent peace would be assured, but here we are confronted by the question as to how we are to enforce the findings of this court. This can be done by only one method, and that is the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing principle. The constitution and jurisdiction of this court must be understood and assented to by the people, and they must make all nations abide by the rulings of the court by means of a strong public opinion, which would be too strong to be withstood by the whims of petty nations or even the armaments of world powers. If public opinion is not yet in favor of such a court, then the world

is not ready for a permanent peace; for to attempt a formal international order in advance of anything for which the world is ready might well result in setting back that international order for a generation or even for a century.

Seeing, then, that the international mind or public opinion is the only means by which the world may be brought to a lasting peace, steps should be taken to inculcate this spirit in the incoming generation. By nature man is a pugnacious animal, and to disregard this trait would be utter folly. We must school him in the ways of peace, and bring him to a realization of the truth that the strong shall not rule by might alone. Education through the schools, papers, periodicals, and peace societies would help to shift the basis of heroism. Already the trend of civilization is in this direction, and it can be safely said that "the world will be prepared for arbitration as soon as it has been schooled in realizing the significance of international obligation, for it is reverence of law and justice which begets the spirit of peace."

But in order to strengthen this sentiment for peace the younger generation must be taught to admire the beauties of peace as contrasted with the horrors of war. Let them have a real conception of war. Let them see thousands of strong, brave men march on the field. A burst of fire infernal, a hail of hurtling lead, the flash of steel, the ripping lunge of bayonet, mad, savage, hellish murder, the sound of tearing flesh, of crunching bone, the spurting of red blood, torn entrails, spattered brains upon the blood-stained ground, and they who live rush on with blazing eyes, with maddened souls, with hands steeped red in human gore, leaving behind that which had been men, torn, bleeding, writhing in awful agony,—the terrible harvest of Mars that impoverishes all and enriches none. And with this let there be pictured a country where government, prosperity, and industry flourish, where a spirit of right rules, and where the happiness and serenity of life

is complete. A favorable psychological result would be inevitable.

Thus it is seen that a permanent peace depends upon the victory of the Allies in the present war and upon the establishment in public policy of the principles for which they are contending. It depends upon the establishment of an international order and an international court of justice. It depends upon public opinion, the international mind, and a spirit of devotion to enforce the findings of the court. It depends upon domestic policies of justice and helpfulness, and the curbing of arrogance, greed, and privilege, so far as it is within the power of government to do so. It depends upon the exaltation of the idea of justice, not only as between men within a nation, but as between nations themselves, for permanent peace is a by-product of justice. When these things are accomplished there will be every prospect for a permanent peace because the imperative prerequisite will have been provided—the desire of the world for peace.

## SONG OF THE PLOWMAN

WOOD PRIVOTT

I wake at break of day and lie  
And listen to the gentle rain,  
But Morpheus with his leaden seal  
Soon yields me unto sleep again.  
But when the sun his beams send forth  
Upon the sparkling radiant earth,  
I take my plow and spade and hoe  
And, singing, to my work I go,  
For truly heaven smiles on me  
And keeps my heart from sorrows free.  
Oh give me not a narrow sphere  
Too crowded for a human deer  
Who longs to breathe the crisp fresh air  
And smell the incense laden there—  
The incense of the grass and trees  
Which spreads itself in ev'ry breeze  
And makes me go my happy way  
And do my best from day to day.  
Beyond the pale of discord rife,  
Rejoicing in a care-free life,  
I take my place in sweet content  
With thanks for what my God has sent.

## WHEN BUD TOOK IN THE MORTGAGE

FRANCIS SPEIGHT

"Four pounds o' sugar." Bud Cooper's eyes followed the man as he wrapped it up.

"Now what?"

"I'd er-like to see you on a little business just for a minute, Mr. Sharp; please, sir."

They walkod into the littlo office in the rear of the store and Mr. K. L. Sharp placed himself at the desk. Bud rested his elbow on the out-of-date telephone and ran his fingers through the neglected coarse brown locks that hung carelessly over his brow.

"Well, Bud, what is it?" Sharp seemed a little worried.

"I just wanted to know, that is, if you don't-er-mind telling me, just how much mortgago there still air on that place o' ourn."

"That land question is getting pretty serious now, sure enough; but-er-I hold twelve hundred dollars on that place against your father, I believe."

"Well, you know I been er workin' and farmin' and swapping horses overy now and then till I have saved up 'bout six hundert dollar. I been er saving for three or founr year, ever since I fust growed up. And pa, he ain't nover goin' to pay off that mortgage, not long as there is ten or 'leven in the family 'size me. We been living down thero in Injnn Woods nine year, and I been a thinking that if I ever got money 'nuf I'd pay off that morgage and take it in myself. Pa sez it'd be all right wid him, but he knowed I'd never do it."

Mr. Sharp brightened. "How long have you been in town?"

"I left home early for hits over twelve mile, you know. I come in here soon as I tuck out." Bud thoughtlessly knocked the mud off ono half-brogan with the other.

Sharp glanced all around and then smiled hypocritically and with his ever-ready smooth tongue began. "Look here, boy, I'm always interested in your affairs and want to see you do well. I see there's something in you and now I'm going to give you the chance of your life." Bud straightened up. "I'm going to give you the chance of your life, yes, sir-ree. As a special favor to you I'm going to let you have that mortgage for six hundred and fifteen dollars. Can you believe it? Then you see, I need a few hundred at this time anyway."

Bud fairly burst with delight. "Thank you, Mister Sharp. I'll never forgit you for this. I always knowed you was a big-hearted man if some folks 'round home, out in the country, do say you are stingy and just look out for number one. I shore will thank you for this." Bud, in his simple open-mindedness and with utmost confidence in the man, suspected no trap.

"Oh, don't mention it." K. L. Sharp chuckled softly and with satisfaction. "I'll call in a notary public and we won't even have to leave the office. I'd rather do it here, and you can give me a check when it is done." Within a few minutes the mortgage had been made over to Bud Cooper and K. L. Sharp had the money in his possession.

Bud left the office in high spirit, and as he slung his number tens nonchalantly down the unpaved sidewalk a heavy, congenial voice hailed him through an open doorway. "Come in here, Bud, I've got some bad news for you." Bud looked up. It was Dr. Long, a practicing physician and friend of the family, so he stalked boldly in. The doctor began: "Looks like it's all up now, boy."

"How?" Bud was interested.

"Did you know that that land of your daddy's and that little piece of mine and, in fact, the whole of Indian Woods Township was leased to the white people by the Indians for

ninety-nine years and the lease is now up and the Indians want the land back? They are pressing the claim, the courts will have to settle it, and they'll get the land, perhaps."

"What? Why I've just a minute ago tuck that mortgage on pa's land up myself. Old man Sharp let me have it at half price. I just paid him over six hundred dollar, 'bout every cent I got."

"Well it's so, what I've told you. The chief's down here now to see about it. Sharp certainly lives up to his name. Sharp has talked with the chief himself, that's the reason he let you have it, because he saw he'd lose it all if he didn't. He was just as sharp in that as he was in politics last spring. He always stands in with the ring. You know, he got the coroner's place in the county election and ain't a bit more of a doctor than you are. That made me madder than anything I know of. I despise such corrupt politics."

"Why didn't the man pa bought the land from tell him that it was jes leased? Now me and him have just what you might say lost all we ever made. Blame them Injuns! If they fool around with me I'll kill enough of 'em to kiver the whole township with blood."

"There goes Sharp now. You should have seen him smile when you said that."

"I'll add him in, too. I've stood twenty-two year of fuss and trouble and that's long as I 'spects to stand for it. I didn't grow five foot 'leven inches and a half tall for nothing."

It was probably a month later. Bud was taking Sunday supper with his best girl, Sue, and her parents, the Summs. "I'll tell you folks," remarked Bud, as he side-tracked a mouthful of chicken to one jaw. "I'm gitting everlasting tared o' these blooming Injuns poking 'round here. I ain't never had no use for 'em, and now I gits madder and madder with 'em every day. There's that Charlie as they call him. He's been a poking 'round here now for three weeks. I



thought Injuns war named like Injuns, not like sho-nuf folks. I guess he's settin' 'round so as to make a soon grab when the gov'ment settles the land question. Old man William Pitt he says, he knowed dey'd gi' it to 'em in les'n a week. And Gus Todd he say he heared that they was a-goin' to turn hit over to 'em Chusday morning."

"Charlie seems to be a mighty civilized gentleman, he do," Mrs. Summs ventured.

"He shore is good lookin'—'least I think so," Sue added.

Bud swallowed his chicken. "T'aint no use to say he's good lookin'. He's just like all the rest of the blame Injuns so far as I can see."

"But he do wear clothes like our folks and talk like 'em pretty well, too," Mrs. Summs reminded him.

And the old man Summs added, "They tells me he's got white blood in him anyway."

"Yes, I see he stays up here a mighty lot, Bud remarked sneeringly. "I lost every cent I had on account o' them blame red face scoundrels coming after this land, a messing with that hypocrit of a Sharp. If I had my money back I'd get on the next train tomorrow and go away and buy me a place."

"Don't talk like that, Bud," Mr. Summes insisted. "You know you wouldn't do no sich a thing. But wha' air them Injuns a living now? There must be a heap of 'em."

"Look out! Pa, you've done gone and broke one of my best Sunday glasses," Mrs. Summs exclaimed, "and right in the dish o' salmon, too,—the first I've had in eight munt, and now you've gone and spiled hit."

"Ah that's all right, Ma, pick it out," Mr. Summs smiled.

"Ain't you crazy, Pa? You cain't pick all that glass out. I wouldn't eat none of it for a thousand dollar. I don't care how much had been picked out. Sue, pick out the big pieces and set the salnmon on the kitchen table. I'll give it to the chickens some time tomorrow."

Sue carried out the salmon as her mother had instructed, while Bud renewed the conversation. "They tells me them Injuns lives in New York and they went there when they left down here. You know, I always wondered till now why they called this here section through here Indian Woods."

"That's right, Charlie told me whar they lives tuther day, but I jes couldn't think on it at this time. I'll tell yer, Bud, I ain't so sartin them Indians gwine git this land no way. I ain't so powerfull uneasy. I dunno why." Mr. Summs spoke encouragingly.

"If they don't git it we'll hate mighty bad to see Charlie go," put in Mrs. Summs. "He don't seem to bother nobody, and ever since he come 'round here he's been a living in that air old hut down hyonder whar nobody ain't lived in fer three year. I 'spects he's got right smart o' money anyway, if he don't do like it. Hit's funny to me why most folks 'round here ain't got no use fer him; they jes' naturally don't lack him 'cause he's an Injun. Why he cain't hep it caise he air an Injun. And this land do really sho-nuff belong to them Injuns, I believe, I do. I hates hit's that way bad as the next one but cordin' to my way o' seeing, hit's that way. An' I reckon me and Pa can buy a place somewhere else wid what money we can scrape together if dey gits dis here."

Bud replied quickly, "But you see everybody ain't like that."

After Bud left the Summs' home that night he drove down the road a mile or two to see Gus Todd about getting him to help do some work. Gus and Bud began, naturally, to discuss the Indian problem, and as they agreed in every point Bud was pretty well warmed up against the red tribe when he turned his horse and buggy around and started home. As he neared the Summs plantation Bud pondered. "That red faced scoundrel of an Indian got these folks up here fooled to death. He looks too sneaky to me. He's mighty sassy

to come down here and hang 'round like as if the gov'ment done gin 'em the land. The fust time I ever seed him he wus sneaking 'round through the woods. I almost wish I'd er shot 'im down right then and there. Sue thinks he's good looking. Bah! I hate him. Sue's mammy thinks he's the grandest thing this side the river. I reckon she'll want to have Sue hitched up to him fust thing anybody knows. It's the foolishhest thing how some folks will make a lot of any ole dog that takes up 'round the door."

Just as he got even with the house Bud saw a figure slip out of the back porch and sneak across the yard. He stopped his horse dead still at once and watched carefully. The figure crossed a stream of moonlight and Bud distinctly recognized Charlie, the Indian. Enraged he ran his hand in his hip pocket and snatched out a revolver. Without further thought he sailed out of the buggy crying, "Halt there! Stop, I tell you!" But the Indian did not obey, instead he broke to run and Bud took aim as best he could and fired. A short loud cry and a few oaths from the Indian gave proof that the shot by chance had hit its mark. However the Indian did not stop but kept running straight for the woods. Bud, he knew not why, did not fire again.

The report of the pistol awoke the whole Summs' family and they rushed to the door. Bud explained what he had seen and done and told them that he thought the Indian was hurt but that it was not bad enough to stop him from running.

"Ain't you a shame o' yourself, Bud Cooper," broke out Mrs. Summs, "here shootin' a pore innocent man in my own yard. He comes up here most any time after water. What wuz you a thinking 'bout? Ain't you out of your senses?"

"I hope I hit 'im good," Bud retorted. "He ain't got no business 'round here no way." Sue burst into tears and went back to bed.

"Bud, you're apt to have to go to jail over this," remarked Mr. Summs.

"You shore will," put in the old lady. "You ought to thought 'bout that before you shot. That pore boy won't doin' nothin'."

"He 'peared to me mighty like he had evil intent. But hit's done, anyway, and there ain't no way out of it now." Bud got up in his buggy and drove slowly off up the road.

The following afternoon quite a number of people, on hearing of the death of the Indian, had, through curiosity, gathered at the little hut which he occupied. Aged men sat about on boards and grass and told long-forgotten tales of the ancient Indian gallows which this incident had brought back fresh to their minds. Men in their prime stood about and discussed the Indian problem in general and this case in particular. Little tots ran in and gazed with wide-opened eyes, for a while, at the dead Indian lying on his blood-smearred pallet and then went outside and listened attentively to the conversation of the grown-up people. Finally wearying of this they began to play marbles on a naked spot of ground in front of the house. Even a few women were present. They were all waiting for the coroner, K. L. Sharp.

Bud was there, too. He had come of his own accord. First one friend and then another took him off to one side and talked privately with him. Some advised him to run away and some said they thought he would have a difficult time, but they thought he had better try to pull through, while still others were more encouraging and predicted that it would all come to naught, as it was said that the Indian had received only a flesh wound in the back. However, it all lay with the decision of the coroner. If the coroner said that he died from the wound then it was all up with Bud. If he found other cause then Bud was all right.

"But they eain't be no tuther cause," explained Mrs.

Summs whenever such was mentioned. "Cain't hit be plainly seed that the pore man got sick from losing so much blood and jes' kept on getting sicker until he finally died?"

Naturally the sympathy of the people was with Bud. Mrs. Summs was the only person who openly condemned him. She stood in the midst of a small group and kept her tongue going, for she always monopolized the conversation. "Bud was to my house last night and he 'bused that pore boy out up and down—spi-chew—look out there, son, don't let me spit on you. You see he been a flying 'round Sue off and on for nigh on to two year. I allers lacked him pretty well but if he air a goin' to cut up the tom-foolery like this I done want him for no son-in-law o' mine. Them air the presact words I sez to Sue last night after Bud done the shootin'. Charlie's been mighty nice to us all, I don't care what you all mout say agin him, and this morning I sez to the ole man, I did, 'You go down hyonder and see if Charlie's hurt and tell him if he air I'll send him sumpin' t' eat,' didn't I Pa?" The old man, who was in the group, nodded his testimony. "And he come down here and found the pore boy dead. He looked lack he had suffered and suffered from the wound and had turned sick and throwed up blood and sich and died. The ole man said some o' the blood won't even cold when he found him. Hit makes me sick to think about it. That's why I'm agin lettin' Bud Cooper go without having to suffer for it hisself. And he killed him right in my yard, too."

After a while the coroner arrived. No one went out to meet him, and as he walked up to the group he wore a frown. Mrs. Summs was first to greet him, and as he sourly and uneasily twisted his black mustache she hastily and vividly laid the facts of the case before him, which of course he had heard before. Once his eyes met Bud's and as they did so he lowered his brow and stared at him as one thirsty for revenge. Bud was very much surprised. Sharp had stung him in the

land business. He had done nothing to Sharp; so why did the man thrust this stare upon him? Bud returned the frown and neither one spoke for a few seconds. Then Sharp turned to the crowd. "I don't suppose I have any right to speak against Mr. Cooper," he began smoothly, "but I just want to tell this: I heard him say some time ago that he'd like to kill enough Indians to cover the whole of Indian Woods Township in blood." Most of the crowd were shocked but some declared that they would like to help him kill them. Bud hung his head and walked off a bit. Mr. Sharp evidently wanted to get the case off his hands as quickly as possible, so he wasted but little time outside. When once he had looked over the dead body he chuckled with satisfaction. Nor did it take him long to make his decision.

Every one stood around almost breathless. The little hut was packed to the utmost with eager watchers and listeners. The women remained outside. Bud, too, did not go in. He saw that there was no need of it. "Why should Mr. Sharp be so worried and evidently mad at me," Bud wondered. "He skint me in that morgage business and I shore ain't done nothin' to him, yit he looks like he's worried to death. Looks to me like he'd be pleased now. Something must be to matter. I wonder what has turned up to disturb him so?"

He started to ask the negro boy who came with Sharp if anything had happened, but just then he heard the decision in cool firm words: "This man died as a result of the wound inflicted by the shot that entered here in the shoulder." Bud's heart leaped to his throat and cold beads of perspiration stood on his brow. For the first time he realized the dangerous predicament he was in. As the constable reluctantly arrested him he stood speechless and made no resistance whatever. Tears came to his eyes and trickled slowly down his big sun-burned cheeks. Friends and relatives looked on sympathetically, and even Mrs. Summs repented of all

sho had said and hurriedly left the scene, crying. Sharp looked on approvingly for a minute and then turned his head and smiled—a mealy-mouthed smile of revengeful satisfaction. Then he called one of the men off a little way to talk on some business.

Just then some one approached from the road. Everybody looked up except Bud. "What does all this mean?" the newcomer asked even before he was near. Bud glanced up quickly; a ray of hope shot through his heart. It was Dr. Long. "Yes, I've heard all about it down the road where I've been to make a call on a patient," admitted the doctor as he went over to Bud. "I suppose he intends to take it out on you anyway, doesn't he, Bud? I didn't know he had done this but I'm not surprised after things—but 'twant your falt he got himself into it—I'll tell you about that in a minute."

"I don't know what he's got agin me," Bud declared in a pathetic tone.

"Let me see the dead Indian," demanded the physician. "Coroner, come in here a minute and let's examine this body more carefully."

Sharp hesitated at first but then followed reluctantly, and soon the little hut was again densely packed with excited spectators. Bud was one of the onlookers this time.

Dr. Long examined the body for a moment and then announced: "This wound made by the shot had little or nothing to do with the Indian's death. He died of intestinal hemorrhage." Then the doctor carefully picked several bits out of the mess of blood and food that covered the pallet on which the body lay. "Here's what killed him," he announced, holding up the bits. "He died from eating this glass."

"The ole 'oman's salmon," exclaimed Mr. Summs. "She said this morning sho thought they wuz more 'un it than they wuz there. Well, I'll swigger! That fool had been in my

kitchen stealin' sup'n t' eat." Everybody began to talk at once, and the constable set Bud free.

K. L. Sharp looked just a little blank. "Doctor, you're right, I'll have to admit." He got up from his seat and started out somewhat confused.

"You owe this boy an apology, I think," the physician said, pointing to Bud. But the coroner was gone.

"I'll have to congratulate you," Dr. Long addressed Bud. The crowd was silent. "And not only you but the whole community, for the courts have decided that the Indians had no right to this land down here. So your land is safe. Sharp heard it in town this morning but he wouldn't tell you because he wanted to take his spite out on Bud."

"Well I'll swear," Bud ejaculated grinning.



## TO MY MOTHER

(From the German of Heine)

J. N. DAVIS

In boyish madness I left you alone,  
For I would go unto the wide world's end,  
And I would see if love might e'er be found,  
And finding, I would clasp it as a friend.  
I searched for love in all the alley-ways,  
Beside each door I stretched an eager palm,  
Begging for love, some pittance slight of love,  
But all gave hate's cold stare, not love's sweet balm.  
Always I wandered searching still for love,  
Always for love, but love I never found  
Until I came back home, heart-sick, soul-sad,  
And you rushed out to me with heart unbound.  
And ah! what shone deep in your beaming eyes?  
At last that love—the long-sought love was found.



FRED S. HUTCHINS  
*Business Manager*

## JONATHAN EDWARDS THE ELDER

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R. S. B.

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Jonathan Edwards the elder, the one great American philosopher, came of noteworthy parentage. His paternity has been traced back through four generations, to a Welsh clergyman, Rev. Richard Edwards. According to the traditions of the family, this Rev. Edwards left his home in Wales and came to London during the reign of Elizabeth (1533-1603; crowned 1558). Here he pursued his ministerial vocation, and here he died, leaving his wife, Mrs. Anne Edwards, and one son, William. Mrs. Edwards married again, and with her second husband and son crossed to America about the year 1640 and settled in Hartford, Connecticut. Here William married a lady whose Christian name was Agnes. She, like him, was of English birth, and seems to have come of a highly respectable family, having brothers who were mayors of Exeter and Barnstable. Their marriage took place about 1645, and in 1647 Richard Edwards was born to them, probably their only child. He continued throughout his entire life to live in Hartford, where he gained wealth as a merchant, and attained to exceptional respectability and influence. He belonged to the Congregational Church, and was known for ardent religious interest and deep piety. He married Miss Elizabeth Tuthill, also a native American, whose father was a prosperous merchant of New Haven, and one of the proprietors of the colony that was attempted on Delaware Bay. By this marriage there were seven children.

The eldest of these seven was Timothy, who was born at Hartford in 1669. He took collegiate training at Harvard College, where he graduated with high honors at the age of

twenty-two. His chosen calling was the ministry, and for over sixty-three years he filled the pulpit of the church at East Windsor, Connecticut, discharging his pastoral duties in an able and effective manner, although with scant pecuniary compensation, for he was obliged to tutor boys for college as a means of supporting himself and his large family. His wife was Esther Stoddard, a daughter of Rev. Soloman Stoddard of Northampton, Massachusetts. She was a woman of excellent parts, accomplished in the liberal arts, highly cultivated intellectually, and marked for her extraordinary piety and strength of personality. The domestic life of this couple was soberly happy, deeply religious, and withal full of the grace of high studious culture and ethical refinement. Into this cheerful and benevolent family, at East Windsor, on the 5th of October, 1703, was born the fifth child of eleven, and the only son, Jonathan Edwards.

Of the childhood days of Jonathan we have scarcely any definite information. He took his early education from his elder sisters, who were well educated by their father; and his secondary education, in preparation for college, from his father and his sisters. We are told that "as a child he was profoundly impressed with the thought of God." That he was a precocious lad is clear from the fact that, when only ten years of age, he wrote a half-humorous paper on the immateriality of the soul, and at twelve he did "a remarkable treatise on the flying spider."

When he reached the age of thirteen he began his college career at Yale. Here he seems to have first made acquaintance with Locke's "Essay," the influence of which is apparent in his later philosophical writings. Throughout his entire college days he followed the habit of recording his reflections and his ideas in four notebooks, which he labeled "The Mind," "Natural Science," "The Scriptures," and "Miscellanies." The caliber of his mentality and the quality

of his reasoning are well shown by these random notes. The arguments set forth forecast the fondness for debate and the deep and incisive and convincing method in it, which characterized his later disputations and which distinguished him as a logician of the first order.

It is readily recognized that the young man who could develop such ideas through his own cogitations, and then express them so finely, should win leadership among his school-fellows in scholarship, and should be accorded high admiration from them and from his instructors. And so, in fact, at his graduation (1720) Jonathan Edwards stood at the head of his class, although he was only seventeen years old; and was given the distinction of delivering the valedictory address.

For two years after graduation he lived in quiet retirement at New Haven, and engaged himself altogether with the study of theology. In the winter of 1722-23 he temporarily supplied a small Presbyterian pastorate in New York. He relinquished this charge after eight months service, although he was invited and urged to remain as permanent pastor. For a short time (two months) he continued his private studies at home. Then he became "one of the two" tutors at Yale. During the two years in which he held this tutorship he won for himself the title of "pillar tutor," not alone through his unflinching loyalty to the college, but especially through his firm adherence to the orthodox principles for which the institution stood, at a time when the college rector and the other tutor joined themselves to the Episcopal Church.

Soon after retiring from this tutorship (February, 1727) Jonathan Edwards was formally ordained into the gospel ministry, and was installed as assistant minister in the Northampton church. The minister of this church was Solomon Stoddard, who was Edwards' maternal grandfather. Edwards seems to have been more of a student pastor than

anything else, for his rule was to devote thirteen hours each day to study, and he could not, therefore, have given very much time to pastoral duties.

In this same year he married Miss Sarah Pierrepont. She was a woman eminently qualified to be life-consort to the preacher and philosopher. Like him, she came of noteworthy ancestry. Her father, Mr. Pierrepont, took a prominent part in the founding of Yale, was one of the trustees, and for some time held the chair of moral philosophy. His father was Rev. James Pierrepont, a Congregational minister of New Haven, and his mother was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Hooker of Farmington, who was son of the famous Rev. Thomas Hooker, a theologian, "who was well known in the churches of England for his distinguished talents and ardent piety," and who is often spoken of as "the father of the Connecticut churches." John Pierrepont, the father of Rev. James Pierrepont, was a junior son of a distinguished English family—the Earls of Kingston. He was born in England, and, emigrating, settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts.

The first two years of Jonathan Edwards' married life were quiet and happy, and for him full of the profound studies of which he was so fond. But the death of Rev. Stoddard, in February, 1729, brought a total change, in his state of affairs. Rev. Stoddard's ministerial charge, "one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in the colony, and one proud of its morality, its culture and its wealth," fell suddenly and entirely upon the shoulders of his young assistant minister, Edwards. Edwards was obliged to discontinue the extensive study of philosophy and theology, and to assume active pastoral duties and occupy the pulpit regularly. His preaching brought immense audiences, and first won him praise; but later, because of his freedom in discountenancing improper practices among the members of his church, roused disfavor, and eventually caused his dismissal.

In his religious notions Edwards was deliberate, pious, firm, and free-spoken. The doctrines of Arminianism were first to suffer public attack from him. In 1731, at Boston, he first delivered, as a public lecture, a carefully prepared discourse renouncing Arminian theology, under the title, "God Glorified in Man's Dependence"; which was later published. The basic theme of the discourse, the conclusion of the argument, is "God's absolute sovereignty in the work of redemption."

His regular pulpit sermons were prepared with the aim of winning souls to salvation, or perhaps it is better to say, with the aim of saving souls from torment. In general, they belonged to the "hell-fire and damnation" variety, and frequent were titles such as: "Sinners in the Hands of An Angry God," "Why Saints in Glory Will Rejoice to See the Torments of the Damned," and "The Eternity of Hell Torments." His method was, clearly, that of leading the wicked into righteousness by painting the horrors of punishment for the unrepentant, and not by painting the beauties of salvation for the regenerated. And the method was gloriously potent and successful.

In 1733, directly as a result of this preaching by Edwards, there arose a great revival of religion in Northampton, which eventually led to the movement of 1739-1740, known as the "Great Awakening," which spread throughout all New England. Within a few months the revival fervor came to such white heat that even business in Northampton was menaced by its ebullitions. In the space of less than six months over three hundred new converts were admitted to fellowship in Edwards' church. His close observations upon the behavior of these converts while in the process of regeneration gave Edwards material for a work later published, "A Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in the Conversion of Many Hundred Souls in Northampton." Five of his ser-

mons, which appeared most persuasive in the revival, were published as "Discourses on Various Important Subjects." The one sermon that was, above all others, preëminently effective, had as its thesis the "Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners."

A series of sermons on "justification by faith" also took prominent place among these revival sermons. They urged strict Calvinistic views, and at that among a people who, as it will be recalled, were largely under the influence of Arminianism, and who naturally then denounced Edwards' preaching. But not alone by his hearers in Northampton was Edwards criticised. The fame of his revival had spread throughout the colonies, and indeed as far as England and Scotland; and the whole movement, with all its attendant so-called "bodily effects" of religion, such as trances and visions and supernatural visitations, incited stern disfavor among the orthodox Puritan colonists. So much so that in 1736 Edwards felt compelled to add to the "Faithful Narrative," already published, another written defense of the "genuineness and value" of the revival. In the face of all the denunciation heaped upon the movement its effects continued fruitful, although there was a brief reaction in the spring of 1735; and, as has already been said, it was "the prelude to the Great Awakening of . . . the following years, in which Edwards was a leader."

For five or six years after this attacks were hurled at Edwards and his revival theories and methods, all of which he met with replies that were worked out in his characteristic deliberate, sober, studied, and forceful manner. Many of these attacks, as is natural in such a case, were grossly intemperate and were founded on mistaken and exaggerated notions of Edwards' ideas and works. For instance, he was commonly accused of considering the "bodily effects" of the revival as positive indications of conversion. In reply to this



accusation he published a treatise entitled "The Distinguishing Marks of a Work of the Spirit of God," explaining that such "bodily effects" as swoonings and outcries and convulsions were not necessarily marks of regeneration and conversion, although they were evidences of overwhelming infusion of the power of the Spirit. In the next year he published "Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England." This discussion argued the virtue of the revival to be proved by the good fruits it bore in the "moral improvement" of the communities which it had touched; and also defended appeal to the emotions as a means of bringing sinners to repentance, and even advocated terrorizing children with threats of hell-fire, who "in God's sight"—to use his own words—"are young vipers . . . if not Christ's."

This discussion supplemented the explanations given in the treatise on "Distinguishing Marks" by presenting an array of quotations from the Scriptures in substantiation of his belief that the "bodily effects" were tokens of great influx of spiritual power. The common opinion seems to have been that Edwards took these "bodily effects" as positive indications of conversation.

With this notion in his head, one Charles Chauncy wrote an elaborate counter-reply to the "Thoughts on the Revival," which he published anonymously under the title "The Late Religious Commotions in New England Considered." In it he maintained that the general conduct of a convert after conversion was the one and only means of determining the genuineness of his repentance and regeneration. About this same time the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts Bay Colony, met in their general convention, referring to Edwards' revival movement, made a public protest against "the disorders in practice which have of late obtained in various parts of the land." And so the mistaken impression continued to grow and spread, that Jonathan Edwards and his

associate promoters of the Great Awakening rated "bodily effects" as the criterion of conversion. In 1744 Edwards made his final, and apparently successful, effort to dissipate this prevailing misconception and occasion of so much vain dispute. He delivered at Northampton a series of sermons, and later published them together under the title of "The Religious Affections." The work as published is denominated as Edwards' "chief work in experimental religion." So far as we can see, these sermons made an end of all the foolish criticism directed against his theories on the "bodily effects."

In the midst of all this furor of dispute, on May 26, 1745, the ninth child and second son was born into the Edwards family, and was named Jonathan after his father. He grew up into a remarkable likeness to his father, and became a strong devotee to his father's theology and philosophy. Following the footsteps of the elder Edwards, Edwards the younger entered the ministry, and, indeed, his entire career is a singular parallel to his father's career.

During the remaining three years which Edwards spent in the pastorate of the Northampton church he produced two works of note. The first was a tract written in connection with, and in support of, the movement for "concert in prayer," which had originated in Scotland and spread over to America. Its title was, "An Humble Attempt to Promote Explicit Agreement and Visible Union of God's People in Extraordinary Prayer for the Revival of Religion and the Advancement of Christ's Kingdom on Earth." The second was a memoir of David Brainerd, a notable man, and a close friend to Edwards, who had lived for some months in Edwards' home, and had died there (1747), being tended in his illness by one of Edwards' daughters to whom he was engaged to be married. It appears that Brainerd had had a remarkable religious experience, which Edwards employed as a case in support of his conversion theory.

In 1748 the dissatisfaction of Edwards' congregation, long steadily increasing, culminated in a bitter disagreement. Edwards' predecessor, who was his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, as will be recalled, had been exceedingly liberal in his religious principles. He had preached that the Lord's Supper was a "converting ordinance," and that "baptism was sufficient title to all the privileges of the church." Although the deacons of the church had not accepted these free principles in actual practice, they had followed the doctrine that baptism alone was "the condition to the civil privileges of church membership, but not of participation in the sacrament of the Supper." Four years before this time Edwards had made plain his disapproval of these principles and their practice, in the sermons of "The Religious Affections"; and he had continued his policy of freely expressing himself on the matter, until he was forbidden to discuss from the pulpit his ideas of the proper qualifications for church membership. Immediately thereupon he wrote and published "The Qualifications for Full Communion." For four years prior to this time no one had come forward as candidate for membership in his church. Then one man came and offered himself as candidate. Edwards asked for these qualifications which he had indicated in the printed tract. The candidate refused to meet them. The larger portion of the church joined with him in protest against Edwards and his rules; and the result was open division between the congregation and pastor. Edwards was now no longer allowed to discuss any of his religious views at all from the pulpit. Soon the ecclesiastical council voted, ten to nine, to sever pastoral relations. The congregation ratified this decision almost unanimously. And finally the Northampton townspeople, in mass meeting, voted that Jonathan Edwards should no longer be permitted to occupy the pulpit of the church. He betrayed no rancor at this dismissal, and, having delivered a "dignified and

temperate" farewell sermon, he relinquished the pastorate that he had held for over twenty-two years, and in which he had begun a revival movement which swept the country, and, in spite of some attendant evils, wrought incalculable moral and religious uplift.

With this dismissal, Edwards, together with his large family, was set adrift, having no forewarning to prepare for his support. But his fame was abroad, both in this country and in Britain, and invitations readily came to him to occupy ministerial offices. Besides several in America, a parish in Scotland was offered to him. But, yielding to the insistence of his great interest in the native Indians, he declined all these offers and assumed the pastorate of the small church at Stockbridge and became missionary among the Housatonic Tribe of Indians, to whom he preached through an interpreter.

After all, the dismissal from the Northampton church proved a blessing in disguise, although Edwards himself perhaps never realized it; for the seclusion and leisure of his life at Stockbridge gave him opportunity to pursue his studies in divinity and metaphysics, and to write those treatises which raised him to first rank among the great thinkers of the world and which still stand without peer as the monumental works of American philosophy. For eight years in this place, out of reach of the disturbing environment of the larger colonies, with an agreeable but not overtaxing employment to furnish him support, and surrounded by his cheerful and quiet family, he could release himself freely to the deeper studies which were the chief interest of his life; and out of these studies he brought his invaluable gifts to philosophy and theology.

The first work which he did at Stockbridge, known as the "Humble Relation," or, as it was more frequently styled, "Reply to Williams," was his last disputation over questions

that arose out of his Northampton pastorate. It was a convincing reply to the published arguments of Solomon Williams, a relative to Edwards, who bitterly arraigned his ideas on "qualifications for full communion." The next two works, masterpieces of argumentation, deal with theology: an essay on "Original Sin," and a "Dissertation Concerning the End for Which God Created the World." But even they are overshadowed by the two last and greatest works: on the "Freedom of the Will" and the "Nature of True Virtue."

The first of these two latter was written in the short space of four and a half months, and was published in 1754 under the full title, "An Inquiry Into the Modern Prevailing Notions Respecting the Freedom of the Will Which is Supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency." This work is commonly rated as "the one large contribution that America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world," and upon it chiefly rests Edwards' reputation as a thinker. After the hasty writing and publication of this work on the Will, Edwards devoted the remaining four years of his life to writing the "Dissertation Concerning the Nature of True Virtue," which was posthumously published. This, his final work, is popularly agreed upon as one of the most original contributions made to ethical philosophy in the eighteenth century. Its basal theme is the "doctrine that the essence of virtue is love."

It may be well, at this point, to insert a few comments upon appearance and character of Jonathan Edwards. He was tall of stature, full six feet, and slenderly and gracefully built. His face was oval, with an impressive softness and gentleness of expression, and with the deep eye and contemplative look of the scholar and mystic. By nature he was "a religious man," always "modest, humble, and serene," and from childhood, by instinct, as it were, he was a student of things, and the scope of his mature learning embraced very

much the entire range of contemporary knowledge. By birth-right he was a minister of the gospel, and as a preacher he had no equal in his day. He had a remarkable power of leading his hearers through long and intricate reasonings, gripping their attention, and compelling them to yield to his arguments and accept his conclusions. The marvelous control which he exercised over the emotions of his listeners is well evinced by the prevalence of those "bodily effects," which stirred up so much dispute. In theological and philosophical disputation, as has been pointed out, he was persistent but ever "impersonal, calm, just, fair, and candid."

In 1757 the tranquil and studious life of Edwards and his family at Stockbridge was rudely interrupted, and by sad occasion. President Burr, of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, whose wife was one of Edwards' daughters, Esther, died. Edwards was immediately called to the vacant presidency, accepted, and was formally installed in February, 1758. At that time smallpox fever was raging in and about the town of Princeton, and scarcely had Jonathan Edwards assumed his new office when, on the twenty-eighth of March, he died from the effects of inoculation against smallpox. His body was laid to rest in the old Princeton cemetery. Thus passed away the one great American philosopher.



LADD W. HAMRICK  
*Assistant Business Manager*

## BROWNIES

BENWIDDIE

On the browsy bank of a brawling brook  
I sate me down with a Brownie Book,  
And found there writ such jocund says  
Of wondrous flitting, flying fays  
That dance and caper in giddy gait  
About such spots as where I sate.

I marveled much I saw not there  
Those deft-toed dancers debonair,  
And wondering thus in slumber dipt;  
And lo! I scarce from sense had slipt,  
When myriad midgets minced around  
And gaily gamboled on the ground.  
Then cried I out, Behold and look,—  
These be the Brownies of the Book!

Awaked, amazed, I stared around,  
But bare I saw the grassy ground  
Of fairies I had thought to see  
A-dancing there all gleefully.  
Alas, alas, those sad, sad fays,  
That need must pass so many days  
Imprisoned dark, by eyes forsook,  
Chained in the print of the Brownie Book!



## THE FRUIT OF PEACHVILLE

EDWARD F. CULLOM

The store force of A. L. Johnson & Co. was composed of Mr. Johnson himself, Miss Travers, the lady clerk, Carl Goodwin, the young man of the place, and Noah, the negro delivery boy. In the thinly populated town of Bluestone there was never so much trade that these four could not handle it, but in the summer months there was an absolute atmosphere of drowsiness about the store. For different reasons, the citizens of the town would migrate for the summer, and time really began to hang heavily on the hands of some of the store force. In the afternoons, just after dinner, Carl, a young man just out of his 'teens, would watch for his employer while Noah took a short nap. And then Noah would exchange places with Carl.

In the neighboring town of Peachville Carl had selected one special peach for his own, namely, Ruth Robbins, a pretty young school girl. Noah, also, had selected for himself in this town a dusky damsel, spoken of by those who knew her as Rena.

On a hot summer afternoon both of the male employees of the firm lounged in front of the store on goods boxes. The thoughts of each were centered about his friend in Peachville. "Mr. Carl," said Noah, arousing from his lethargy, "yo know I ain't much of a scribe, so can't you kinder write me a little note to Rena? Jest tell her that I loves her, and will be over to see her Sunday."

"Why certainly, Noah, I'll be glad to write it for you," replied Carl.

The letter was written, and Rena was so elated to hear from Noah that when she got her letter she ripped it open,

and, carelessly dropping the envelope on the ground, joined her colored friends to read to them the letter from her fellow. And he had told her that he loved her! Wasn't that a beautifully written letter, too? He certainly must be an educated nigger. These were the thoughts that rushed in quick succession through Rena's brain. It would have been all right if—

That afternoon Ruth Robbins walked down the street of Peachville alone. She was provoked at Carl because he hadn't written to her in a week. Nevertheless she was going to the postoffice again this afternoon, because the 12:30 train might have brought a letter from him. Just as she passed the one drug store of the town and was about to enter the rickety postoffice her eye fell upon something on the ground in front of her. She looked at it several times, then, stooping, picked it up. It was undoubtedly a specimen of Carl's handwriting. Yes, and there was even the postmark of Bluestone to verify it. In his clear penmanship, on a soiled envelope, was written, "Miss Rena Justice, Peachville, S. C." Who was Rena Justice? Was it possible in a town of this size that there was a girl unknown to her? Why, she knew all the girls. Yet there it was. And Carl was corresponding with another girl who was in the same town. Well, if he thought he could fool Ruth Robbins he was badly mistaken.

The next day Carl received a letter which contained this sentence, "If you think, young man, that you can fool me, then I'll have to tell you that I'm from Missouri." There followed other expressions which were equally confusing to Carl. To think that he was planning to spend his vacation with Ruth, and now this sudden burst of rage! What did it mean? He was not even corresponding with any other girl. Well, there was only one way to find out, and that was to wait until Sunday.

When the 12:30 train stopped at Peachville Carl swung off and almost ran to Ruth's home. Greeting him at the door

with a chilling look, she invited him in. Then Carl took the helm. Leading Ruth to "their" cozy corner on the parlor sofa, he began his questioning. "But, Ruth, I don't understand. Did you think that I was in love with some other girl? Were you afraid that I was playing false?"

"Well, Mr. Smarty, you think that *I* don't know about it. But just to show you that I do, I'll prove it to you." Drawing from inside her blouse a much soiled envelope, she held it before his eyes. "Now, say something, will you?" There before him was the envelope which he had addressed for Noah, and had completely forgotten.

"Well, of all things! And that's what you got mad about, is it?"

That night about twelve o'clock she gently reminded him that it was exactly time for his train back to Bluestone, and that hotel accommodations in Peachville were somewhat limited. The next morning Mr. Johnson wondered why Carl was not on hand at the usual time.



HUBERT E. OLIVE  
*Phi. Editor-in-Chief*

# The Wake Forest Student

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## EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HUBERT E. OLIVE, Editor

The End

As this, the eighth number of the thirty-sixth volume of THE STUDENT, goes to press our labors upon the editorial staff end. The time spent in editing the magazine has been both pleasant and profitable to us. There have been times, to be sure, when it seemed that everything was wrong, but we have always managed to fill each issue with what appeared to us the best available material. Of course the magazine has been criticized

and perhaps justly, but we have done our best and have no apologies to make. The adverse criticism, for the most part, has come from those who have not attempted to help but to hinder. We are aware of the fact that advice is helpful and have appreciated the comment that has been made with the hope of uplifting the magazine. *THE STUDENT* reviews in *Old Gold and Black* have been very kind and we tender our thanks for the same. However, for the fault-finding individual comment upon the campus and in the dormitories we have no thanks. This species of criticism tends not to raise but to lower the standard of the magazine.

Our object has been to try to raise the standard of *THE STUDENT*. We had hoped to have the coöperation of the entire student-body in this effort but it has been all in vain. The majority of the students have seemed to think that they had no duty to perform in the publication of the magazine, yet each issue is made up mainly of contributions. These contributions are supposed to be so numerous as to allow the editors to carefully select the best and publish them. A superfluous supply of material we have never had, but always there has been just barely enough to fill the space. We believe these contributions have been good, and we are doubly thankful to the faithful few who have so earnestly worked to uplift the magazine during the collegiate year. But if our efforts have failed it has been due in part to the lack of interest of the majority of the students. We realize, however, that this has been a very strenuous year and the students as a whole have been very busy. We hope they may be able to raise the quantity of contributions next year.

The incoming editorial staff has a splendid chance to develop the magazine as some of the departments will, in all probability, be dropped, and this will give the editors more time to place emphasis upon the purely literary portion of the magazine. That their efforts will be crowned with suc-

cess we have no doubt, for the societies will undoubtedly elect men of literary ability. If we can ever be of service to them in their future labors it will be more than a pleasure to us to tender them the experience of our past efforts. We wish for our successors the realization of that high standard of excellence which we strove for but never attained.

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**The Athletic  
Need**

There is a need of the College for which we wish to make one last appeal. We have been assured repeatedly that this need would be supplied by the Trustees, but for some unaccountable reason they have never taken the necessary action. Every one realizes that to have successful intercollegiate athletics there must be an adequate and systematic financial system. The idea of depending upon gate receipts to finance college teams is preposterous and has long been laid aside by those colleges which are awake to modern needs.

The only successful plan we have observed is that of a special athletic fee which is paid by each student upon matriculation. This fee should be established at Wake Forest and should be not less than five dollars per session. The student-body has unanimously petitioned for its adoption, and we believe it is sanctioned by a majority of the Faculty. No opposition has developed against it and yet it seems impossible to even get the Board of Trustees to consider this absolute necessity. We see no reason why such a fee should be refused. It has been adopted in every other college of the standard of Wake Forest, and we hope the proper authorities may see fit to establish a five-dollar athletic fee at their next meeting, for a fee of less than five dollars would be inadequate for our needs. A two-dollar fee will be worse than the present system as it will be practically less than the present income of the Athletic Association.

**The College  
War Spirit**

We are pleased to notice that our student-body is not excited over the present war situation. They realize the grave state of affairs and believe the President is right, but see no necessity of losing their heads. When the time comes to fight Wake Forest men will be found in the front ranks ready to die for their country. It has always been thus with our College, and the members of the present student-body will not fail to respond when they are called upon to uphold the prestige of the nation.

Some colleges have abolished intercollegiate athletics for this spring. We believe they are sincere in their desire to aid in the present crisis, but we also believe they are sadly misled. No sooner had these colleges made this announcement than the report came from West Point that the Army would play its regular scheduled games. So it appears rather foolish for other colleges to do that which our only Government war college sees no reason for doing.

We hope the student-body will continue in its present frame of mind, for if there was ever a time for deliberate and careful action it is in the present national crisis.

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**Forensic  
Activities**

We rejoice in the victories of our debating teams. One on neutral ground, the other in foreign territory, demonstrated the fact that Wake Forest still produces polished speakers. The triumph comes as a result of labor, for these young men, to our personal knowledge, had studied their questions night and day for weeks previous to their forensic engagements. They have derived untold benefit and have incidentally brought honor to the College.

We are more than glad that the new idea of training speakers primarily for life and secondarily for victory has proved successful. To the debaters we extend our heartiest congratulations and thanks for the double victory.





ROSWELL S. BRITTON  
*Eu. Editor-in-Chief*

## IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

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ROSWELL S. BRITTON, Editor

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The outstanding events of last month were the two inter-collegiate debates held on Easter Monday, April 9, the decisions in both cases being awarded to the Wake Forest teams. The institutions met were Baylor University of Texas and Randolph-Macon College of Virginia.

The Randolph-Macon debate was held in the Academy of Music in Raleigh. Messrs. A. Clayton Reid and Hubert E. Olive composed the team, with Mr. W. B. Gladney as alternate. The query was stated as, "Resolved, that the Constitution of the United States should be so amended as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors." Wake Forest upheld the negative issue. The Randolph-Macon speakers, contending the affirmative, were Messrs. L. Bond and W. E. Hauss. The judges for the debate were Attorney-General Manning, Supreme Court Justice Hoke, and Judge Biggs, of Raleigh. A large and interested audience attended the debate.

The debate with Baylor University was held at Baylor, in Waco, Texas. Messrs. E. D. Banks and J. Baird Edwards were our first speakers, with Mr. Irving E. Carlyle as alternate. The question was, "Resolved, that the United States should own and control all the railroads in her territory (constitutionality waived)." The Wake Forest speakers held the affirmative.

To these four gentlemen who so admirably represented the College in the two debates we tender heartiest congratulations.

On March 23 the Glee Club and Orchestra opened the spring season with a successful week-end trip to Dunn and

Buies Creek, N. C. Two weeks later a second trip was made, beginning April 5, which included Red Oak, Jackson, and Norlina, N. C. This proved to be perhaps the most successful week-end trip that the Glee Club has ever taken. On April 13 the Club began its long trip of the spring season. The itinerary was as follows: Smithfield, N. C., Red Springs, N. C., Hartsville, S. C., Dillon, S. C., McColl, S. C., Lumberton, N. C., Burgaw, N. C., Goldsboro, N. C. Large audiences attended all the concerts of the trip.

On March 27 President W. L. Poteat began a series of weekly lectures to the gentlemen of the senior class. The topic of his first address was "Choosing a Career." The following week he spoke on "Marks of Leadership." The theme of the third address was the peculiar functions that fall to the college graduate to discharge as obligations growing out of the graduate's special educational advantages. Other addresses followed, all thoughtful and strong talks after the president's excellent manner, and proving exceedingly helpful and inspirational to the seniors.

The nation-wide movement for military training in colleges upon the occasion of the declaration of war upon the German autocracy was not slow in taking effect at Wake Forest. Drilling was begun immediately after the declaration of war, under direction of students who had had training in military institutions. A large number of men have enlisted in this preparatory training, and under the direction of an efficient training officer it is reasonable to expect some effectual work to be done even in the short time that remains before commencement.



WOOD PRIVOTT  
*En. Associate Editor*

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

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WOOD PRIVOTT, Editor

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## Literary Societies

### The Randolph-Macon Debate

Wake Forest closed a victorious day when it won over Randolph-Macon in a debate Easter Monday night in the Academy of Music, on the proposal of a constitutional amendment for national prohibition. The debate was a brilliant one from the time Mr. Hauss of Randolph-Macon opened the debate till Mr. Bond closed. Each speaker had twenty-seven minutes at his disposal, and during that time each contestant kept the large audience interested in the battle of wits. From the standpoint of the audience the contest was close, because it seemed that each speaker as he added some point would make his side stronger. But the judges, Attorney-General J. S. Manning, Judge J. Crawford Biggs, and Judge W. A. Hoke, gave their decision in favor of the negative, represented by Wake Forest. The Randolph-Macon speakers were Messrs. W. E. Hauss and L. Bond, while Wake Forest was represented by A. C. Reid and H. E. Olive.

The Wake Forest debaters showed closer preparation in their argument, greater ease in delivery, and a finer appreciation of the subject; but Mr. L. Bond of Randolph-Macon demonstrated splendid platform ability. In rebuttal he assailed the negative with strong argument and seriously endangered their position.

After Mr. Bond of Randolph-Macon had closed no one was absolutely sure which side had won, so close had it been.

But Judge Hoke, after commenting on the brilliant ability employed by the debaters, announced the decision in favor of the negative.

#### The Baylor Debate

While Messrs. A. C. Reid and H. E. Olive were arguing their way to victory over Randolph-Macon College, J. B. Edwards and E. D. Banks were convincing the judges at Baylor University that the Government ownership and control of railroads was a good thing. This double victory for Wake Forest came as a source of great gratification to our supporters, and goes to show that Wake Forest still produces debaters who are able to hold their own in the forensic world.

#### Y. M. C. A.

There have been no special speakers during the last month. There has either been a holiday or some other attraction that broke in upon the meetings.

On March 12th Professor Sydnor, of the department of English, delivered a practical and helpful address, discussing the subject, "Service as a Means of Growth."

Professor Sydnor first mentioned the various activities in which college men may engage that tend to make them stronger. The speaker stated that the most neglected of these is the religious phase, although it is the most important. He also touched upon the need of such training after leaving college, saying that college graduates were always called upon for leadership in any community into which they may go.

Mr. Roy Tatum, an alumnus of the College, spoke March 19th, giving an excellent and very interesting account of his work.

Mr. J. M. Broughton of Raleigh addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening, March 31st, on the subject, "Applied Christianity." He discussed his subject, first of all, as related to religious works. He said that we should not make

our religion a fine-spun theory, but should make it practical. The Sunday School, church, and Y. M. C. A. were mentioned as affording excellent opportunities for applying Christianity.

Mr. Broughton also declared that Christianity should be applied to our social and civic life. He stated that people needed Christianity in civic and social as much as any other phase of life, and unless its principles were observed we could not attain the highest development in these lines.

Dr. Cullom addressed the Y. M. C. A. on April 2d. His subject was "The Static and Dynamic World." It will be remembered that this was the subject of his address before the Baptist Convention in Texas.

#### Moot Court

The Moot Court has been rather idle during the last few weeks, either a holiday or some other College attraction breaking in upon it. The only important case was tried Friday night, March 23d. This was a murder trial, State v. Davis. The attorneys for the State were Clayton, Meyer, and Ivey; the defense was upheld by Messrs. Pennell, Bass, and Stephens. The jury found Davis not guilty of the murder. Mr. Bruce H. Carraway presided.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

I. E. CARLYLE, Editor

## The Bingham Game

The 1917 baseball season opened on March 26th in a game replete with costly errors, which was won by the strong team from Bingham School by a score of 7 to 2. Wake Forest hit the offerings of "Doc" High hard enough to win any ordinary ball game, but this foxy moundsman kept the hits so well scattered and the playing of the home team was interspersed with so many miscues that the visitors experienced no great difficulty in winning with a large margin. Wake Forest would repeatedly get men on the bases only to find the opportunity to score spoiled by the baffling slants of the veteran High.

It was a pleasure to note the propensity to hit the ball manifested by the home team, especially by Cox, the promising first baseman, who connected safely with the ball four out of five trips to the plate. Legget fielded in clever style at third as did Cox at first base. The numerous misplays may be accredited to the fact that the team is composed almost wholly of new players who have not yet become accustomed to their positions. The pitching of Ellis and Franks was good. For Bingham, the work of Long at second base stood out prominently.

## The L. P. I. Game

Wake Forest continued her erratic fielding in the game with Liberty-Piedmont, making five errors, although being more fortunate in bunching hits, which enabled her to win easily by a score of 9 to 2. For the first five innings the delivery of Gentry for the visitors could not be solved by the





IRVING E. CARLYLE  
*Phi. Associate Editor*

home team, but in the remaining four innings Wake Forest got next to his delivery for 10 hits, one a triple by "Doc" Leggett. The entire Liberty-Piedmont team fielded well as contrasted with the loose play of the Wake Forest infield. Austin and Franks, doing mound duty for Wake Forest, had the visitors completely at their mercy and did not allow a single hit during the whole nine innings of play. Gwynn, by his fielding and hitting, was assured of the berth in right field on the 'Varsity.

### The Carolina Game

When Wake Forest won from Carolina, at Chapel Hill, on April 2d she succeeded brilliantly in bringing our baseball superiority over Carolina up to date, for in two successive years she has won all scheduled games between the two institutions. It was a game full of good baseball, and when looked at from every department is seen to be above the average. The fielding of both teams was sharp and clean and the contest abounded with unusual feats in the realm of swat.

Wake Forest's hopes mounted high when Duncan, the first man to face Powell of Carolina, put a terrific drive over the left field wall, and Wake Forest's assurance swelled proportionately. A little while later a second drive by Vassey with a man on the paths gave us a commanding lead of five runs. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh timely hits off the delivery of Captain Ellis forced him to retire in favor of Leo Franks, who put a check on further scoring activities and the end of the ninth inning saw the count tied at five all. The tenth round got under way by Duncan laying down a perfect bunt, and another hit and sacrifice fly advanced him around the bases for the winning run.

The hitting honors belong to Duncan and Vassey for Wake Forest, and to Barnes for Carolina. After the fourth inning

the pitching of Powell was very effective. Jennette, of Carolina, contributed the fielding feature of the game with a difficult one-hand catch.

### The Guilford Game

Wake Forest met with the second reverse of the season at the hands of the strong Guilford team in a game played in Greensboro. Zachary, a southpaw, proved the undoing of our dependable hitters, and the five hits garnered by them were so scattered as to count for naught.

Massey, of Guilford, distinguished himself as the particular star of the game by his hitting and base running, and his playing was the big element contributing to the win of Guilford. "Molly" Cox played his usual good game at first, though his heavy stick work was not much in evidence. Ellis pitched effectively and should have won with more consistent hitting on the part of his team-mates.

### The A. and E. Game

Spectators were thrilled as they watched Wake Forest capture a well played and closely contested game from the North Carolina State College in Raleigh on Easter Monday. It was a game plentifully characterized by the element of uncertainty that made it the great game it was. The score was 3 to 2.

Wake Forest began to hammer the ball from the start, Duncan, first up, getting a two-ply drive over center field; and down to the last out our men were hitting the ball squarely. Cox took a liking to the curves of Baker and on his second trip to the plate placed a long drive into deep right field that enabled him to circle the bases for the first run. The second run was scored by Cox when Herndon lifted a Texas leaguer behind short, and the third was scored when Baker deliberately threw the ball beyond the reach of his

first baseman. Vassey, Cox, and Franks shared in the batting honors of the afternoon, while Legget covered most of the territory between second and third. In the seventh, eighth, and ninth innings the A. & E. batters began to unlimber and to poke drives into the outfield that were counting for hits, and the climax of the excitement was reached in the ninth frame after A. & E. had already scored two runs and was threatening to forge ahead and win the game. Two of her men were resting on second and third with none out. At this stage Franks was relieved by Austin who made the first batter to face him beat the air and caused the second to pop up on an attempted squeeze play into the hands of Cox, who easily doubled the man at third. Vassey continued his accurate pegging and prevented all attempted pilferings. The work of Hodgin of A. & E. around the second bag was of a stellar variety, and the hitting of Miller was a feature.

### The Durham Game

The players that Manager Manush has selected to represent Durham in the Carolina League had little difficulty in solving the delivery of Austin in a game played in Durham, and when the resounding blows ceased to sound they had amassed a total of 9 runs to our 1. The "Bulls" played in a vigorous fashion, while the Wake Forest men seemed to be content with the memory of their achievement of the day before. Austin led in the hitting for Wake Forest with two healthy swats.

### The Davidson Game

The Red and Black team was encountered the following day and the result was disastrous to Wake Forest, being occasioned in the main by errors. The twirling of Captain Ellis was faultless and he deserved to win. The pitching of Hengeveld for Davidson was also effective after the second inning.

A perceptible let-up in offensive play by Wake Forest accounts to a large degree for the defeat, although an attack launched in the ninth frame came near tying the score. A costly error of the only real hit made by Davidson, which went for a home run, together with other misplays, were responsible for the three runs secured by Davidson. Legget made a spectacular catch of a foul fly, leaping over the players' bench to clutch the ball.

### The Elon Game

The Elon team administered an unexpected defeat in winning a game played at Elon by the score of 6 to 4. The whole Elon team had on its batting clothes and soon drove Franks to cover with a fusillade of hits, and Austin, who followed him, met with a like fate. The Wake Forest infield played stellar ball but the team was apathetic when it came to securing hits. Steitler, for Elon, was complete master of the situation until the ninth inning, not allowing a single hit before that frame, but in this inning Wake Forest started a rally that resulted in four runs and was threatening to win when the game ended her scoring.

### Track Meet Won by State College

The first meet to be staged on the new track was won by State College, March 31, by a score of 67 to 51. McDougal of the Techs was the particular star of the contest, being the largest individual point gainer with a total of 19 points. Harris led the scoring for Wake Forest with 10 points.



FRANCIS H. BALDY  
*En. Associate Editor*

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

FRANCIS H. BALDY, Editor

The March number of *The College of Charleston Magazine* is devoted primarily to fiction. Not a single essay is given a place. There is one contribution of verse which is of the usual high standard of the magazine. The three short stories are excellent. "The Choice" shows the disastrous consequences of too much individualism on the part of two young lovers. The technique is good, the style is adequate. "The Infernal Feminine" is a short, well written, and interesting account of a not uncommon incident. In the contribution entitled "Out of Delirium" the author takes occasion to set forth a speculation upon the results of a changed system of society. On account of the structure of the story only one side of the matter could be presented. The departments are ably handled. The Exchange Department follows the commendable plan of criticizing only one publication and so reviewing it at length. The addition of one or two good essays would have improved the issue, but aside from that it is very commendable. Evidently the policy of the editors is "Quality, Not Quantity."

Turning now to the March issue of *The Chimes* (Shorter College), we are struck with the novel shape of the issue. It does not seem to us to serve any purpose beyond that of novelty, and is rather inconvenient to handle. The March number is devoted to the Sophomores. Of the abundant contributions of verse, one or two are very good, and the verse appearing on the outside cover possesses true literary value. A number of them, however, are mere doggerel in which cleverness is frequently attempted and sometimes attained. The prose contributions are of little value. "Crossed Mus-

kets" is perhaps the best. The Editorial Department contains two creditable contributions entitled "The Advantages of a College Education" and "Why Girls Come to College." It would have been better to have placed these under the head of essays and not have given them the space that should properly be set aside for editorials. The other departments are well handled. In general it may be said that the issue is attractive in appearance but deficient in subject matter.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt this month of the following magazines: *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The University of Oklahoma Magazine*, *The Acorn*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Philomathesian Monthly*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Ouachita Ripples*, *The College Message*, *The Red and White*, *The Guilfordian*, *The Howard Crimson*, *The Cardinal and Cream*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Messenger*, *The Hamilton Literary Magazine*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The Chimes*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Orion*, *The Pine and Thistle*.



## NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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IT WAS THUS:—

I

Struggled to kiss her;  
She tried the same  
To prevent me;  
But I was bold  
And undaunted  
Until she exclaimed:  
"Avant Sir!"  
I did—  
I avaulted.

I

Returned with a laugh  
And threatened by force  
To induce her;  
But she was shy  
And affronted.  
I advanced;  
She cried:  
"Don't!"  
And I did—  
I don'ted.

I

Approached her meekly  
Got down on my knees  
To beg mercy;  
All the diction  
Of lover's forgiveness  
I ranted;  
And cooed:  
"Can't you!"  
And she did—  
She recanted.

I

Knew then that  
She had forgiven  
But certainly

I thought  
I was jilted.  
"To the parson,"  
I cried!  
"Wilt thou?"  
She did—  
She wilted.

And  
When the marriage was over  
I took her to see her new home  
A cabin by no means  
Enchanted.  
"Here shall  
We live, dear,  
Shan't we?"  
We did—  
We shantied.

—*Harvard Crimson.*



Freshman: "What is a fraternity?"  
Sophomore (who has just disgustedly thrown away a P. A. can):  
"A place where some fellows never buy tobacco."—*R. & W.*



Samantha (exasperated): "Silas, there ye go agin, gettin' yer  
sleeve in the gravy."  
Silas (ditto): "Gosh ding it! That's what I git fer eatin' with  
my coat on!"—*Judge.*



A boy and girl sat in a Ford,  
Now, he was out of money;  
And so to keep expenses down  
They ran the Ford on Honey.

—*Froth.*



Intoxicated just with wine  
It doesn't last for life;  
But sipping wine from women's lips,  
Alas! you get a wife.

—*Er.*

## THE LOST LOVE

I loved a maiden, loved her dear,  
 But she has gone from me;  
 She sailed away in a big white ship  
 Across the wide, wide sea.

Oh dear, dear maid I thought was mine,  
 Why did you fly away,  
 And cause my heart with sorrow  
 To follow 'cross the bay?

I stand with heart and hopes all crushed,  
 Unheeding wind or sky,  
 Or lashing waves or flying spray,  
 Or sea-gulls winging by.

I'll love you with a steadfast love,  
 Whatever be my fate:  
 But, darling, I had longed for you  
 To meet me at the gate,

When I return from daily tasks  
 To her I love the best,  
 And there find cheer and joy complete,  
 Soft whisperings, and rest.

Dear, sweet girl, my hopes are ruined  
 And vacant is my life.  
 Oh how changed it all could be—  
 Come back and be my wife!

—*Bumps.*



After years of deliberation and profound study we have reached the conclusion that the lightning bug wears its headlight behind because it knows that it is not going to run over anybody and wants to give fair warning so that it may not be run over.—*Red and White.*



"There's no prohibition of kissing—not much."

"No law against lover's adoption?"

"Oh, no," she replied—then shrank from his clutch,

"But, remember, there is local option."

— *Lougham.*

## A TRIOLET

I asked for a kiss and a cup of tea,  
 She said, "The tea's not ready yet."  
 But when I saw her smile at me  
 I asked for a kiss and a cup of tea,  
 Her meaning was a mystery.  
 Her answer I cannot forget.  
 I asked for a kiss and a cup of tea,  
 She said, "The tea's not ready yet."

—*Ex.*

## SUMMER RESORT ETHICS

"She gave me a kiss last night."  
 "Well?"  
 "Would it be good to ask for another tonight?"  
 "Unquestionably, my boy. If you don't she may think you didn't  
 like the sample."—*Ex.*



First Co-Ed: "What's your favorite game?"  
 Second Co-Ed: "I really don't know. Jim plays football and Harry  
 is on the baseball team."—*Froth.*

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