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Vol. XXXVII

Number 1

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT



October, 1917

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVII

October, 1917

No. 1

RENAISSANCE

TO THE WARRIORS OF PEACE

J. N. DAVIS

Now, when the trains bear cheering legions
Of Heroes clad in brown,
And talk of trench and warring regions
Is flashing through the town;
Now, when our hearts that understand
Lovingly turn to France,
A spirit goes about the land
Whispering, "Arise, Romancee!"

And Romancee awakens from her many years sleep,
The slumber we thought was eternally deep.
Shaking from her limbs the earth of the grave,
Tearing from her limbs the garments of the grave,
Forth she goes as a queen, but as no man's slave.

Standing on the upmost,
Baldest, and topmost
Knob of Pike's Peak,
Waving her sword bright
Flashing like the long, white
Meteorite's streak,
She calls in a great voice,
Winning and sweet voice,
Through Columbia the broad
To the seas once the road

Of Raleigh and Drake:

 "Men, away! Men, away!
From the chain-gangs of trade
 And the sloughs of decay!
Drop the plow where you stand,
Fall the pen from the hand,
 And follow with me!
Throw your books to the wind,
Put the dark mill behind,
 And follow with me!
Leave child, home, and wife,
Loved dearer than life,
 And follow with me!
Leave your love mid her tears,
With a kiss for her fears,
 And follow with me!
Ye latter main raiders,
Twentieth century crusaders,
 Come! follow with me!

And they come—oh they come!
From the den and the hum
Of cities, begrimed
With smoke and beslimed
With urban small vice.
And they from the wide
And open country-side,
The pastures and streams
Mild, hazy as dreams,
From the sweet smelling field,
With muscles well steeled,
With steady, clear eyes
That tell you no lies
And work no deceit.

The student is there
With the cool, knowing air;
And he from the gridiron,
Muscles like a young lion;
And he from the diamond,
Agile and tall.

Glorious, all of them!
As the bright knights of old;
Clean of hand and of limb,
With hearts of pure gold.
A smile for soft eyes,
And a kiss for red lips,
And then to the battle
Of air or of ships!
And then to the battle
For right and for France!
Following the fire in
Their souls, and the siren
Romance.

THE SINGLETON OAKS

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Associate Professor of English

[Reprinted from *Youth's Companion*]

In khaki and leggings and broad-brimmed hat, Arthur Singleton stood halfway between the house and the road and directed three negroes who were ploughing deep for cotton. Three months ago he had come home from the state agricultural college to take charge of the plantation; and even in that short time the results of his vigorous administration were visible.

The old hedgerows that had once stretched from the mansion to the big road had been cut; the site of the flower garden had been ploughed under; an avenue of half-dead trees had been removed and the driveway narrowed. Only the Singleton oaks remained. They bordered the road on either side for a quarter of a mile. Their rugged outlines were softened now by the filmy green tracery of early spring. On the topmost branch of the tallest tree a mocking-bird poured out his joy to the morning.

As Arthur's father, Maj. Francis Singleton, came out on the big white-columned portico and took his seat in the sunlight, he turned toward him. Then with a final look at the three negroes, who were shouting at their mules and who were ploughing faster than they had ever ploughed before, he strode toward the house. The major smiled as his son came up on the portico. Arthur leaned against one of the columns and looked at his father.

The young man cleared his throat. "I have decided," he said, "that those oaks out there on the road must go."

The old gentleman grasped his stick tighter and, with

challenging eyes, glanced up from underneath his broad hat. "Why?" he demanded.

"They shade the cotton, father. Their roots rob the soil. The lumber company will pay well for them cut and hauled, and we need the money to meet the note for fertilizer."

"Why, Arthur, do you know, sir, that those trees have been famous for two centuries, that travelers from afar have praised them, that General Marion in the Revolutionary War used to rest his forces underneath them?"

"I know all that, father, but—"

"All these years," continued the major, not heeding the interruption, "they have blessed tired man and beast. Now that the forests are cut, they form an oasis along a blazing road. To cut them, sir, would be sacrilege!"

"That's sentiment, father."

"Yes, sir," admitted the major, "it's sentiment."

"Don't you think that sentiment has cost us enough in the past, father?"

Arthur flushed and checked himself. Perhaps he had gone too far. Under his father's mismanagement the original plantation had sadly dwindled. Notes signed without question for army comrades in need and for distant relatives had consumed hundreds of acres. In Arthur's opinion sentiment had been the old gentleman's besetting weakness, and he had come home firmly resolved to fight it. The fight was on, and he must win.

"You see, father," he continued, "we have to meet that note for fertilizer. You can't meet a note these days with anything except money. As for the oaks, I love them as much as you."

The major smiled a little bitterly. "Do you?" he asked. "You do not remember your mother well, Arthur. She died when you were quite young. She loved those trees. When

she was a slender bride she used to walk under them. After you learned to toddle she took you out there." The major smiled. "Such a tiny tot under such giant trees—I see it all again. Those trees are entwined with the life of your ancestors. They—"

"Father!" Arthur interposed, more deeply moved than he would admit to himself. "You are getting away from the matter in hand. The note! I say we must meet the note!"

"Can it not be renewed? I know the president of the bank well. He comes of a good family."

"O father, you know nothing of modern business! A note promptly met means ready credit in the future, and that means everything to us. I have just begun this work. I must, I will, see it succeed—unless you, father, tie my hands with sentiment!"

"Are your hands so easily tied?" asked the major serenely.

Arthur flushed angrily. The impossibility of standing on common ground with his father in these matters stung him to a sort of desperation. He took a step forward and looked straight into the major's eyes.

"I took charge of the plantation under an agreement, sir. That agreement was that in matters of this sort I was to have my way. You said at the time it was a gentleman's agreement, and—"

"Have a care, young man!" cried the major. "I do not need you to remind me that a gentleman's agreement is binding. I might remind you, though, that there are certain tacit considerations—that a gentleman's agreement is not to be pushed to its technical limits. If so, it ceases to be a gentlemen's agreement."

"There's the note," Arthur said grimly. "Nothing except money will satisfy the note. I appeal to our agreement."

The major rose from his chair and, straightening his bent shoulders, looked Arthur steadily in the eye. "Do you interpret the agreement as meaning that you have a right to cut those trees?"

"Emphatically I do!"

"Then the oaks shall be cut. Hank!" he called to an old negro who just then came round the corner of the house. "Tell the boys first thing in the morning to get at those oaks along the road."

"What you gwine do wid 'em, suh?" asked Hank.

"Cut them down."

"Cut 'em down! Cut 'em!" The old negro's jaw dropped in blank amazement, and his eyes suddenly grew big.

"They shade the cotton, Hank."

"But cotton grow up in a year, suh!" pleaded Hank, twisting his limp hat as if it were a rag. "It take a t'ousand years to grow dem trees."

"The matter's settled. Tell the boys."

Hank, mumbling to himself, hobbled down the steps. The major went into the house.

Dinner that day was eaten in silence. Old Mandy, the cook, as she waited on the table, now and then cast angry glances at Arthur. Hank always sought the kitchen with his griefs and indignation. Arthur knew that most of the silent rebellions against his régime originated in the kitchen.

"I am going to Charleston this afternoon, father," said Arthur, when the meal was over. "I shall now be able to meet the note. It removes a burden from my mind."

"I am glad the burden is removed," replied Major Singleton. "You have worked hard, my boy."

That afternoon Arthur drove to the station and took the train for Charleston. He was going to attend to business, that was true; but if he had looked deep into his heart he

would have discovered that he was in fact running away. He did not want to be with his father that afternoon, and he did not want to see the trees come crashing down in the morning.

Once in the city, however, his feelings changed. Here was life and stir and business. He walked briskly uptown. The sight of the cadets drilling in Citadel Square thrilled him. Like him these were clean-cut young fellows, members of a new generation, practical and efficient. With a touch of pity he thought of his father and the old generation that had dreamed away their lives.

He had turned into King Street when a touring car spattered with mud and with a trunk strapped on behind, passed him. The driver turned suddenly and waved his hand to him. It was Fred Graham, an old college friend from the upper part of the State, in whose home he had spent Thanksgiving. Beside Fred sat Mary Graham, with her veil flying out behind. The car turned to the curb and stopped, and Arthur hurried toward them.

"Climb in," commanded Fred, as they shook hands. "We are taking our spring vacation trip. You must eat supper with us tonight."

As the car moved on, Mary Graham turned half round to him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes dancing. "You can't guess whom we saw this afternoon," she said. "We saw your father! I'm sure it was he."

A skeptical snort from her brother indicated that he was less certain.

"It was your father, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," said Arthur, laughing. "Where was he and what was he doing?"

Mary turned round and rested her little gloved hand on the back of the seat. "About forty miles back on the road,

near Eutawville, we passed him. He and an old negro were walking along the road under a grove of trees. It was your father, wasn't it?"

With a sober face Arthur nodded assent. Mary turned to her brother triumphantly.

"I told you so," she said. "For one thing, Arthur, he looked like you."

At that moment Fred stopped the car in front of the hotel, and the conversation was interrupted. A few minutes later the three went into the large white dining room; they had it almost to themselves, for the winter tourists had departed and the travel to the coast had not begun.

"Now," began Arthur, when they had ordered supper, "tell me about father."

The girl leaned forward eagerly. "We had been driving through a level, dreary country, when we suddenly ran into an enchanted spot. On both sides of the road grew great, wonderful oaks that met overhead. I just made Fred slow down. Then I saw across the fields the old mansion with its white columns and the other houses grouped around. I remembered your description of your home, and I told Fred I believed that was the very place."

"You haven't said anything about father yet," Arthur said.

"Oh, that's the best of all! Your father and an old negro, both bareheaded, were walking under the trees. They did not hear us coming. Now and then they stopped and looked up at the trees like children, and your father pointed out something with his cane. In the afternoon, sunlight the whole scene was magical."

"She's full of sentiment," said Fred, laughing. But Arthur was wondering whether, after all, sentiment was not one of the best things in the world.

"They both bowed low as we passed," Mary went on. "When I looked back they had continued their walk. You know I had a strange feeling. I felt that the old gentleman and his servant were in some sort of trouble, and that I should like to serve them."

There was another burst of laughter from Fred. The waiter was coming toward them at last, balancing his tray; but Arthur, rising suddenly, glanced at his watch.

"Perhaps you have served them," he said gently to Mary. "I hate to break away like this, but I've got to go home, and I have only ten minutes to catch the train."

"Oh!" cried Mary. "There was nothing the matter, really there wasn't. Your father looked well and ruddy. I didn't mean—"

"I know," Arthur replied, with a smile. "There is nothing serious. I just feel that I ought to go. This train is the last chance until tomorrow afternoon."

"Now, what's all this?" demanded Fred, rising with his napkin in his hand. "Mary, you have played thunder with the delicate feelings of our one-time all-star tackle. Are you really going, Arthur? Well, it looks like a case of temporary insanity, but I'll take you to the station in the car. I'll be back in ten minutes, Mary."

Arthur shook hands with Mary, and the two young men hurried out of the dining room and to the garage. Then Fred drove swiftly to the station; the two jumped out and ran through the waiting room to the shed. The train was pulling out. The gates were closed.

Fred put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Nothing serious, old man, is it?"

"Oh, no," replied Arthur.

"Taken this way often?"

"No—not often enough."

They went back and had their supper. Then all three took a walk through the city. When they said good night in the lobby at the hotel, Mary came close to Arthur.

"What was the matter?" she asked, with a serious look on her face.

For a moment Arthur was on the point of telling her about the trees, and then he said, "Why, I just thought of something that I ought to attend to—nothing serious."

Arthur crawled wearily into bed, but he could not sleep. Now that the sounds of the street were silent the picture of old Hank and his father taking their last walk under the trees became more and more vivid in his mind. He went over again and again his conversation with his father that morning. He knew that he had over-emphasized the importance of meeting the note—that he could renew the note without much hurting his credit.

His father's words about the agreement recurred to him. Had he not overstepped the bonds of a gentlemen's agreement in insisting that the trees his father loved be cut? The trees themselves seemed to rise before his eyes in long, stately lines—giants that had battled a hundred tempests. He could see them prostrate now, with only the ugly stumps to mock the spot they had blessed.

Midnight struck—one o'clock—two o'clock. In four hours the destruction would begin. Through his window he could see the moon, shining bright. Was his father looking at the oaks now in the moonlight for the last time?

Springing out of bed, Arthur Singleton turned on the light and dressed. He hurried down the silent hall to Fred's room. He knocked on the door until at last Fred, frowzy-haired and blinking, opened it. Fred looked at his friend with unfeigned astonishment.

"Another fit?" he asked.

"Fred," said Arthur, "I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you take me home?"

"When?"

"Now."

"What for?"

"I must go, Fred, I must."

"Arthur Singleton," said Fred seriously, "you used to be a sensible fellow, or at least I thought so; but if you aren't acting like a crazy person now, I'm crazy myself. I don't understand you, but I'm game. I'll take you."

Fred began to dress.

"Now," he continued, when he had put on his coat, "I'll tell Mary. If she wakes up and finds I'm not here, she'll be worried."

He was gone for some time, and when he returned he said, "Mary insists on going, too; she'll be along in a minute. It's catching, Arthur, this complaint of yours. I feel it coming on myself."

Day was breaking when they came in sight of the oaks. Arthur had told Mary and Fred why he wanted to get home, and Fred, although he had laughed, had driven like a madman. Up the driveway they sped to the big porch. Hank came round to meet them.

"Where is father?" Arthur demanded eagerly, as he climbed out of the car.

"He riz early, suh," replied the old negro coldly. "He walked off dat way." Hank pointed in the direction opposite the oaks.

"Ho couldn't stand to see them cut," said Mary softly to Arthur, and her eyes were bright with happiness. "Oh, he'll be so happy now!"

"It's cold and damp for him to be out," Arthur said to Hank.

"Me and Mandy done wropped him up, suh," the old negro replied. "Me and Mandy been a-lookin' arter him for twenty year, suh."

"The trees are not to be cut, Hank," said Arthur. "Tell the boys to go on with the ploughing."

"What dat, Marse Arthur?" cried Hank. "What dat I hear you say, suh? De trees, de trees!" His face was trembling with joy.

"They are not to be cut down."

"Mandy, Mandy, whar are you, ol' woman? Is you deaf?"

Hank hobbled toward the kitchen.

Arthur turned to his friends. "I think I know where father's gone. There's an old negro in a cabin in those woods. He went through the war with father."

"We'll follow!" cried Mary. And the three started by a path across the fields.

The sun had risen bright when they reached the cabin. Major Singleton heard their steps and came out to meet them.

"Father," Arthur drew himself up like a soldier making his report, "I came home to save the Singleton oaks."

The Major glanced quickly at the faces round him. "But how about the note?" he asked.

"I exaggerated the importance of meeting the note now," he said. "We can renew it, of course. I wanted to have my own way, sir." Arthur turned to Mary. "She changed my mind, sir. This is Mary Graham. You have heard all about the Grahams."

As Major Singleton bared his head the sun glistened on his silvery hair. He took the girl's hand and looked into her eyes.

"My dear young woman," he said, "if Arthur had not changed his purpose in your presence, he would not have been a son of mine."

Arthur took a deep breath of the morning air. The tears were not far from his eyes. For as he looked at the old gentleman and the young woman, he knew that something of his father's sentiment lived in his own heart, and he thanked God for the heritage.

GRANDEUR

WOOD PRIVOTT

Ye mountains with your pine-topped crests
And rock-ribbed sides, from out whose womb
The crystal fountain springs in glee,
And, dashing down unfathomed depths,
Makes rainbow tints against the sun—
I love your lordly majesty,
I love your sweet tranquillity.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

BY SOMME

Most of the great English novelists have left pictures of life among the servant and peasant classes of their country, but no novelist has glorified the yeoman as has Hardy. In other novels the peasant has been introduced as one of the necessary details in a picture of aristocratic life. But in *Far From the Madding Crowd* there is not one person of rank or great wealth to mar the picture of pastoral life. Hardy wrote of these people because he had lived with them; he knew their country, their manner of life, their ideals, and he had found them, more than any other class of society, a people who lent themselves to sincere interpretation. Add to this sympathetic understanding of the possibilities of his characters, Hardy's love for external nature, and the fitness and power of his art as a writer, and you will have the elements which make this book great.

Far From the Madding Crowd is a picture of peasant life in a section of England which Hardy has called Wessex. It is in no sense a book with a moral. The aim is simply to catch and preserve in literature the curious old customs, the traditions and superstitions of a section which must inevitably change and lose much of its quaint romance. The custom of taking valentines seriously, on which a large part of the story turns, the belief in fortune telling by the key and Bible, the congregation of farmers at the markets and fairs, the harvest feasts and country dances, the genial gatherings of workmen at the ale-houses—these institutions create a local, sectional atmosphere which differs from reality only in being crystallized and made permanent.

Owing to the compression of the plot to one main action,

the number of characters in the book is reduced to a minimum. The story actually depends on only five people—Gabriel Oak, Bathsheba, Baldwood, Troy and Fanny Robin. They furnish the action; the others to a large extent supply the charm and atmosphere. But whether the part played by these creations be great or negligibly small, they all stand out with the reality of actual acquaintances.

The book opens with Farmer Oak. He at once shows a personality. What we learn of him later—his quiet steadiness, his efficiency, his unchangeable but sane devotion to Bathsheba—are all foreshadowed in that first description of him. "When Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to mere chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun. He was a young man of sound judgment, easy motions, proper dress, and general good character."

Then there is Bathsheba, with her black hair and clear dark eyes, who rides into your acquaintance atop of a spring wagon, and begins her surprising career by taking a furtive peep into the mirror, and haggling with the gatekeeper over twopence toll. From first to last she is a surprise—the enigma on which the story turns. Superior, independent, and self-sufficing as she seems at first, she is swept off her feet, blinded and broken by the glib tongue of a flatterer. But in spite of her perverseness, her lack of foresight, and her childish inability to control her passions, Bathsheba retains her charm and fascination to the end. Her suffering has matured her, and made her fit for the happiness which is to be hers at last.

Troy, the man who wins Bathsheba's heart, lacks the brilliance of an original creation. He is the old unscrupulous

soldier type. He is described as a man "to whom memories were an encumbrance and anticipations a superfluity, simply feeling, considering, and caring for what was before his eyes. . . . With him the past was yesterday, the future, to-morrow; never the day after. . . . He was moderately truthful to men, but to women he lied like a Cretan. His reason and his propensities had seldom any reciprocating influence, having been separated by mutual consent long ago." All his actions are consistent with this character. He is the absolute slave of impulse. Having no past, all thought of Fanny Robin is swept from him when he meets Bathsheba; all consideration for Bathsheba is obliterated by the shock of Fanny's tragic end. And though he leaves Bathsheba intending never to return, only a few months elapse before the pressure of material need brings him back to claim her.

These three characters stand out above the others. They are the causes of the tragedy; Boldwood and Fanny Robin the more or less innocent victims. But the most delightful creations of the book are still to be mentioned. They are the under-laborers of Bathsheba's farm, who came on and off the stage like the comic relief characters in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and somewhat parallel Shakespeare's creations in ludicrousness. The scenes in the malt-house, where the men congregate to drink and gossip after the day's work, give Hardy the occasion for some of his most artful and whimsical sketches of peasant character.

The old malster, besides being a delightfully individual old man, with his preponderant sense of the respect due his age, is significant of the lack of progress which characterizes places with old traditions. In talking with Oak, who has just come from Norcombe, where old Warren formerly lived, the following delightfully querulous conversation takes place:

OAK: Yes, and Thompkins' old apple tree is rooted that used to bear two hogsheads of cider, and no help from other trees.

MALSTER: Rooted? You don't say it! Ah! Stirring times we live in—Stirring times!

OAK: And you can mind the old well that used to be in the middle of the place? That's turned into a solid iron pump with a large stone trough, and all complete!

MALSTER: Dear, dear! How the face of nation's alter, and what great revolutions we live to see now-a-day!

Especially in these peasant people is Hardy's delightful, sly sense of humor revealed. The expressions of the men as they stumble forward to make their stage bow are often flashed at you in the most distorted way. The three Warrens are memorialized in a rare manner. The malster is described as an old man with "frosty white hair and beard overgrowing his gnarled figure like the gray moss and lichen on a leafless apple tree,—his son Jacob, "a young man about sixty-five with a semi-bald head and one tooth in the left center of his upper jaw, which made much of itself by standing prominent like a milestone in a bank."

Elsewhere he is referred to as "bearing his tooth before him." Old Warren's son Billy, Hardy portrays as "a child of forty, or thereabouts, who manifested the peculiarity of possessing a cheerful soul in a gloomy body, and whose whiskers were assuming a chinchilla shade here and there."

To the sanitary-mad modern world it is no doubt a horrible shock to find the laborers of Weatherbury Farm all drinking from the same ale cup; but that is not enough. Only hear the ingenious Coggon advising Gabriel as to a piece of bacon which has been dropped in the road while being brought from the farmhouse.

"Don't let your teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Oh, 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance."

"My mind exactly, neighbor?"

"Ah! he's his grandfer's own grandson!—his grandfer were such a nice, unparticular man," chimed in the malster."

But more ludicrous than any of these bits is the scene in the fields when Oak and the laborers, wild with curiosity as to what has become of Bathsheba, crowd around Cainy Ball, who has just seen her in Bath with Sergeant Troy. The moment has been carefully worked up so by the dramatic meeting of Bathsheba and Boldwood, Bathsheba's sudden, mysterious flight alone in the night, and the long silence of a week. Cainy comes running across the fields and gets choked on the piece of bread he is eating. This prolongs the suspense. Oak scolds him for running. Cainy at last gets his breath. "I've seed the world at last!" he cries; "yes—and I've seed our mis'ess—ahok-hok-hok!" Then a guat flies down his throat and brings on another fit. A long delay for recuperation follows. "Damn the boy!" Gabriel cries in exasperation. As a last resort, they decide to pour cider down his throat. The operation is painfully accomplished. But a disaster follows—Cainy sneezes. "The cider went up my nose!" he coughs, as soon as he can get his breath; "and now 'tis gone down my neck, and into my poor dumb felon, and over my shiny buttons and my best cloze!" Matthew Moon voices the sentiments of all when he says: "The poor lad's cough is terrible unfortunate, and a great story in hand, too. *Bump his back, Shepherd!*"

It takes about eight pages of coughing and bumping and encouraging to find that Cainy really knows nothing at all. There is art in it all, however. It is a relief scene between two highly dramatic episodes.

If Hardy's characters are so real as to be spoken of as actual people, so also is the country in which they live spoken of as a real section. You cannot feel that Wessex is a part of the world existing only in the fancy of the author. The

towns, the roads, the hills, and even the houses have been identified, and maps of Wessex have been made which the traveler may follow as a guide. And this goes to show that Hardy's success in making real people is paralleled by the realism of his setting.

Hardy, more than any novelist before him, glories in external nature. He goes so far as to give a personality to external objects. In the *Return of the Native*, the heath has all the importance of a character in the book. While nature is not given such an exaggerated interpretation in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, it is still one of the sources of charm in the book. Nothing is dead and still in Hardy's descriptions; everything lives and moves, even "the dead and dry carcasses of leaves . . . bowled along helter-skelter upon the shoulders of the wind."

But Hardy is at his best in noting the changes which pass over the face of nature. His description of the oncoming storm on the night of the harvest home is almost magic. Gabriel, working alone at the ricks in a desperate effort to save the grain, notes the flashes as they come, and Hardy pictures what he saw in the most vivid, salient words:

"A light flashed over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky. . . . Then came a third flash. The lightning now was the color of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. . . . A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an inkstroke on burnished tin. . . . Out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning."

There is a stabbing graphicness in every detail. Then comes that Herculean flash when the very heavens open and Gabriel and Bathsheba can "only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty."

"It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, and mingling together in unparalleled confusion. . . . Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout, though no shout ever came near it. . . . A sulphurous smell filled the air; then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom."

Powerful and effective as is this word painting of Hardy's, it is not artless. Nor is any of his writing. He seems to care very little for style as the mere arrangement of words and sentences. But for sharp forcefulness of expression and exact, fitting words he does care mightily. When Hardy says that Oak turned from the "merry-go-round skittishness of Bathsheba with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to ecclesiastics forever" it hits the mark. It is apt.

The art of Hardy is seen again in the gradual, inevitable way in which he leads up to his climaxes. The reader is kept in a continually increasing state of suspense throughout; but this larger upward movement is broken by lesser culminating points, like the ridges of a mountain system. With such stratagem are the situations revealed that each climax comes as a shock. Nothing could be more crafty than the way the reader is kept in agitated ignorance throughout that scene between Boldwood and Troy, before the fact of his marriage to Bathsheba comes out. You are, with Boldwood, at the point where you will believe anything on the slightest evidence. The truth comes as a relief. But there is nothing to soften the shock when, at the end of poor little Fanny's walk to Casterbridge workhouse, she is brought back dead, and Gabriel, to shield Bathsheba, rubs the two chalk-written words from the coffin box and leaves there only "Fanny Robin." For the big climax of the story, the reader is somewhat better prepared. But there can be no certainty as to

how the break will come. Nothing could be more dramatic and unexpected than the way it actually happens. Troy comes home and finds Bathsheba putting roses round the head of Fanny Robin, who is lying in her open coffin in the sitting-room of Bathsheba's house. Bathsheba knows all, and her love for Troy was so great that she must have forgiven all, if he had asked it. Instead, ignoring the presence and existence of his wife, he falls on his knees beside the coffin and showers the face of the dead girl with kisses. Bathsheba, mad with the jealousy of a slighted child, cries out: "Don't—don't kiss them! O Frank, I can't bear it—I can't! I love you better than she did! Kiss me, too, Frank! Kiss me! You will, Frank, kiss me too!" But he repulses her, pushes her away, denounces her as his wife. And the end is inevitable.

One of the most admirable qualities of the book is its swiftness and compact completeness. It moves like an arrow, straight to the end. There is no hurry, nothing is omitted which the narrative in the least requires. But there is no superfluity. There is only one main line of action; every speech, look, deed contributes to its support. In this way a heightened totality of effect is made possible. The effect is that of a time exposure picture of a quaint, romantic pastoral civilization.

BENDIN' AND BREAKIN'

—
J. K. K.
—

Nannie Bradshaw, who married Jim Gray and moved to Arkansas, was East for the first time in forty years visiting her kin in Altavista. She sat in the neat sun-flooded kitchen of her Aunt Sally Burroughs the morning after her arrival, asking eager questions about the people she had known in her girlhood. Her aunt tottered around, putting the bread to rise and getting together a dinner befitting the dignity of her guests. Nannie made no attempt to help her, but sat rocking comfortably back and forth over the creaking board floor. She was company of a very extra kind.

"What's become of the Yorks, Aunt Sal?" she asked, as she happened to remember an old family of neighbors.

"Lor', child," Sal answered delightedly to each question, "why, ole man Caleb's been dead these thirty year, an' the boys is all married an' got grown children. You never see anything change like Altavista these fifty year. 'Taint more'n a dozen uv the old 'uns left. Things is as much changed ez you be, Nance. I mind you a strappin' girl fifty year ago. Now see what you be, already wearin' caps an' specs. Them false tecth helps your face the best, though. 'Twere real kind uv Jim ter git 'em fer ye. But I'd a never knowed ye in this world fer me own sister's datter. An' no more ye'll know Altavista. The meetin' house has had new steps twict; Tom Bryan, ole Doc' Bryan's son, hez built a new house over facin' the school, an' there's been a brand new school buildin' here these ten year. Be ye informed that we've got a new parson? Ole Parson Lester got so feeble he had ter stop comin', an' Brother Cox has been min-

isterin' to our spirit'al wants these twenty year, come December."

Nance had risen during this tirade of information and was looking through the ruffled curtains of the kitchen window at a big dingy house which peeped through the trees from the top of the hill. "Is ole lady Bruce proud ez she was? Don't seem to be much stirrin' up in the big house."

"Lors, Nance, 'taint seemly ter speak ill o' the dead; but the Lord dealt hard wi' that 'oman fer her pride. I allus said 'twould be humbled, an' it wuz, afore she died. But 't is a long tale. Set down an' be knittin' on them socks I'm makin' fer yer Uncle Silas McIntosh, an' while I peel the apples fer this sauce pie I'll tell ye."

Aunt Sal sat down with an apron full of apples and began to think back over the past. Her long bent body, black eyes, and flying gray hair gave her the appearance of a witch. Many of the village people thought her endowed with supernatural powers—without foundation, perhaps, for she could only cure warts by the mumbled charm and foretell deaths. But she did possess a remarkable memory, recalling past events with such perfect detail that she served as a sort of village chronicle.

"Well," she began in a mumbling, toothless monotone which rattled in her throat like a dry leaf, "it all comes to mind like as if it was yistidy. You an' Jim picked up an' lit out fer Arkansaw in the spring o' 1872—I mind 'twas jist fifteen year afore the railroad come through. Do ye recollect Miss Bruce's childer, Nance?"

"Law, now, if I don't," Nance answered, proud of her own memory. "There was twins, goin' on four, I 'low—a boy an' gal."

"Then was Lucy an' George. Their maw set by 'em no little. Then there was the baby boy, they called him fer his

grandpa Watson, and t'other childer allus 'lowed he war his maw's fav'rite; he war her eyeteeth, so to say it. Do ye mind what I'm sayin'?" Sally asked her guest with a querulous desire for appreciation, blinking her intense black eyes.

"I mind, I mind," droned Nance Gray, counting her stitches without looking up.

"Well, Miss Bruce never could fergit she war a Watson afore she married Tom Bruce. He was plenty good enough fer her, but she never got over pesterin' the pore feller wi' her family an' hen-peekin' him nigh sick. He got so plumb downhearted he'd never say a word again' the mam's wishes. He jist gin her her way 'bout the childern an' all else, an' 'bided orders. She allus 'lowed her childern, bein' half Watson, war better'n th' rest o' the Altavista brats. She never let 'em play wi' the run o' childern, an' she kept 'em outen Sunday school an' the deestric school, 'lowin' she could teach 'em better to hum. So they growed up proud an' perverse ez their grandpap ole Squire Watson ever dast be. An' they wuz their maw's eyeballs. She couldn't never see a fault in none o' 'em, though they never too obejient an' deferenchal to 'er, as I see.

"When Lucy an' George was sixteen they was sent across the river to Middletown to Pruffesser Wright's Ercademy. When they'd larn't everything over thar, their maw 'lowed ter send Georgo ter th' University College, an' Lucy to some wimmin's school crost the mountains into Virginy. Do ye mind, Nanco Gray—have ye heard the beat o' that? A wimmin's collego! I don't know what this world's comin' to, with wimmin goin' trapsin' to them things, when they'd ought to be at homo larnin' ter knit an' cook! Whar was I, Nance—ch heh—oh! Well, that war where old Miss Bruce's troubles sot in.

"Lucy fell clean head over heels in love wi' a feller over t'

Middletown—a fiddlin' no-counter as went about the country teachin' singin'. It went on that-a way till nigh school up, when her an' George had a fuss an' he told his maw how the land lay. Warn't she in a rage, though, good an' proper? We 'lowed she'd nigh tear up the school when she went over an' fetched Lucy hum. Pore gal wuz more dead'n alive wi' fright, but she wouldna gi' up. She let the man know secret what her maw were plannin', so he come ter Altavista and hung aroun' tryin' to see her. Everybody knowed they met out nights elandestine, an' passed notes. 'Twar common scandal, an' I knowed no good ud come o' sich carryins-on, an' said so, plain an' public. Miss Bruce got on to it an' locked Lucy up on dry bread an' water till she'd come to her senses. But the very first night she made a rope outen her petticoat an' slipped outen the winder. They jined an' went ter Roanoke an' lived t'gether, but he niver marriet her arter all. Her maw writ her a letter never to dast darken her doors agin'; an' she never till she come home a corpse.

"Well, the ole leddy mightn't let on, but Lucy's cuttin' up hurt her deep. But she held her head prouder'n ever, an' had less ter do wi' the town folks. She sent George ter th' University College when he come eighteen, an' he come back arter a year, his head full o' wild notions. He no more thought o' mindin' his maw n' I do o' flyin'. 'Twar that summer the railroad war comin' through Altavista, an' George helped his paw haul cross-ties for the tracks as was runnin' through their river-bottom place. George got all het up over the railroad, an' 'lowed he'd jine an' be an engeneer. But his maw cried an' took on at sich a rate he 'bided to hum just ter please her. Howsumever, do what she mought, she couldna keep him awayfen them tracks. Ho 'uz allus around wi' them section hands, er follerin' the engerns. An' one day ez he wuz walkin' along the main track

by Altavista depot, takin' his paw's dinner pail down ter the harvest field, he seen a freight train roundin' the river curve, so he stepped over on the switch track not ten steps afore a switchin' engern that had come up noiseless behind him. The men on the depot platform seen him an' yelled, bu 'twas too late fer the feller at the engern ter slow down, and pore George Bruce wuz cut in two and killed instant. His face wuz that bruised his maw never knowed him when he wuz took hum. When they told her 'twas George all mangled up like that, them that wuz there an' seen sed she dropped down like dead, an' they had ter take her to her bed an' put her in it. She never riz from it fer three moons. I went up nigh every day to take her some little knack o' victuals, an' ter do fer her in the house. Ole Parson Lester sot by her constant, makin' prayer fer her eternal soul, fer she want never too good a Christian. Nubody 'lowed she'd pull through. But that jist shows the iron will o' her, Nance—do ye mind the Watson will?"

"I mind," said Nance in her counting tones.

"Well, she pulled through, like a true Watson woulda. Ye mind her pride wuz shook. She knowed the Lord were challengin' her, so to speak it. But she wuz still too stuck up fer any o' business, an' he wan't no ways done wi' her. She hadn't learnt nothin' from George an' Lucy. An' she set out ter make Jim what she wanted, 'thout no ways takin' the Lord's will inter 'count. An' I coulda told her right then she'd fail flat ez a flounder.

"What does she do when Jim's 'bout eighteen, but send that blue-eyed slip uv a youngster down ter Bristol city ter his Aunt Liza Bruce's, ter git his schoolin' thar. Jim 'bided there three year, I 'low, goin' ter a sort uv Ercademy School fer boys. His Aunt Liza sent hum good word fer him, how he wuz the leadinst boy uv the school, an' his maw were so

proud she told it all over Altavista an' hed it put in the *Binghampton County News*. She were lookin' ten year younger, as me an' Mandy Ross pointed out at meetin' one Sunday when she come. I never see her look that young agin.

"The very nixt Sat'day, cz I wuz settin' my Sabbath bread ter rise, Mandy Ross broke inter my kitchen door breathin' hard.

"'Lor', Sal, hev ye heard thc news?' she sez. 'Ye'd never dream! His maw's nigh crazy. Yes, he's done it. I knowed no good 'ud come uv sich dooin's.'

"'Fer goodness' sakes, Mandy,' sez I, 'inform me quick what is it?'

"'Oh, I seen it wi' me own eyes. Me an' Miss Bland peeped from behind the lumber pile. The yallerest hair—never tell me she don't use dye! Pore old lady all in the black silk she keeps fer nice, trapsin' up to her an' takin' her hand—a green dress, tho killinest style, dono in ruffles all up an' down the skirt—an' twice the size o' him?'

"'Mandy Ross,' sez I, givin' her a good shake by the shoulder, my patience clean gone, 'what be ye ravin' about? Tell me this instant,' I sez, commandin'.

"'Don't ye know?' sez Mandy. 'I 'lowed ye'd know the first one, with yer back windy. Why, Jim Bruce's marriet, Sal Burroughs. That's what 'tis, an' he brung his bride hum this mornin' on the 11:20.'

"'My soul an' body, Mandy, do say,' wuz all I could gape.

"'Yes,' Mandy went on wi' the air o' one who owned the airth a-cause sho got thar first, 'yes, Sally Burroughs, an' sho's a Yankee!'

"'I come near droppin' a pound o' dough, I were that amazed.

"'She seen him at the Ercademy an' hooked him, I reckon.

Miss Bland sez Black Bate Williams told her—she's been up at the big house all mornin' helpin' Miss Bruce clean—that Miss Bruce's mad cz a settin' hen. But she never let on, ez I see.'

"An' she never. She was plum flabbergasted at this turn, an' uv all the ojious things in her sight an' ears wuz a Yankee. 'Twar a bitter pill, but she never sed a cross 'word to Jim, ercordin' ter his own testimony, an' she give him an' his wife the best spare room in the house an' wuz cz perlite ez seemed fittin' fer a Watson, an' got ole Tom to turn over the mill ter Jim, so's he'd have sum'mers to peter around an' keep happy.

"But she wuz cold to that Yankee 'oman. I dunno's I blame her. She was the quarest critter ever I see. I reckon she jist took Jim in complete. She was thirty at the lowest limit, an' awful fat an' coarse. She never wore no stays 'round the house, an' that wuz somethin' Miss Bruce couldna stand in nobody. An' she didn't make no secret o' dyin' her hair, an' even showed some o' the Altavista people how 'twuz done. Some said she painted. I dunno. She would if she'd wanted to. An' she didn't have no breedin' ez I could make out.

"Do ye mind, Nancee, what fine kerage horses old Tom kep in your time? Allus the same. Well, one Chewsday evenin' not long arter that, what does the Yankee do but git out a pair o' flouncin' pants an' git a-straddle on one o' Tom's fine horses as shameless ez a man. Then she made Jim git on t'other one an' go wi' her fer a ride. Mandy Ross wuz up there at the time, pickin' a mess o' late beans in the garden. She come straight down an' told me. The hull o' Altavista wuz in their door an' winder ter watch 'em pass. The ole brazen face had on a coat an' hat like a man's an' rode along in that indecent posture without a blush. Pore Jim beside

her looked ez sneak-faced ez a thief, but I reckon he 'lowed 'twere better to go along o' her than let her go jist so. Mandy sed Miss Bruce hed locked herself in her room wi' shame. An' well she might, fer I never seen a more disgraceful performance.

"They come prancin' back long fore dark and Jim still looked worrit when he spoke ter me in the door. I watched em ride up the hill, an' seen Miss Hamlin meet 'em at the gate and hold up her arm. They stopped uncertain like, an' I knowed somethin' wuz up. So, not wishin' ter miss it, I grabbed me bonnit, though 'twas sundown, an' run up the hill. The Yankee wuz standin' at the gate alone, an' Jim wuz puttin' up the horses. She seen me.

"'You live in that house down the hill, don't ye?' she asked.

"'I do,' sez I.

"'Well,' sez she, 'would ye take me an' Jim in fer the night? We'll be in our own house termorrer.'

"'What's this?' sez I, crafty, wishin' ter git it all outen her.

"'Nothin',' she sez, 'cept the old lady don't make us welcome no more. I 'lowed ter put in some o' me own furniture, but she ain't willin', so we be settlin' fer ourselves. I bean't the person to be tied to no old Nanny's apron string,' she adds, meanin' disrespect.

"'Well, I don't know's I've got a spare room,' I sez, not wantin' ter git in wrong with Miss Bruce.

"I went back home, understandin' well enough that the dreaded hed happened, an' Miss Bruce wuz puttin' 'em out. I seen 'em come 'long presently holdin' arms, an' they went down ter Henry Burroughs fer the night.

"Next day they moved her new furnishin's, that Miss Bruce refused, into that little two-room house that allus stood

empty round from the mill. We 'lowed they'd live like pigs, her lookin' so sloven in her clothes. But, Lor', Nance, ye never see nothin' so eligant. One room wuz fer cookin' an' eatin', t'other fer sleepin' an' entertainin'. An' I wisht ye could see how they wuz fixed. Made the hull o' Altavista envious. She had secret closets built in her chimbleys in the kitchen an' there she stored her pans an' stove polish an' sich. The stove sot outen sight behind a pink flowered screen. Ye should-a seen that kitchen table—a round double leaf 'un, the like I never see—the cloth all took off 'tween meals an' it polished ter kill. An' a Brussels rug on the floor, with ez nice red velvet easy chairs ez Miss Bruce hed in the parler. I fair gasped when I see it. An' t'other room the same way. Everything lookin' like what it wa'n't, an' seemin' like a grand parler. 'Twas too amazin'. An' roun' the walls she had picters I never seen the beat o'—wimmin's heads an' colored natur picters under glass.

"Her an' Jim lived that snug ez a bug all winter. Jim went over every day ter see his maw, but her'n the Yankee never let on ez they knowed t'other existed. Miss Bruce allus mistrusted Jim weren't fed proper, catin' all them Yankee stews ho weren't brought up on. So she allus hed things he liked when he come over. But there wa'n't the same feelin' a-tween 'em.

"All Altavista was watchin' 'm. 'Twas in the air some-thin' would happen. First place, there wa'n't no makin' out why they wuz marriet. What he wanted o' her, an' what she wanted o' him, nothin' more'n a boy, wuz more'n we folks could make head nor tail o'. An' we never see, ter this day.

"Well, spring come, an' Jim wuz busy helpin' his paw in the plantin' season. 'Twas 'long in April, nigh a year arter he brung her hum, that Jim set terbaecer all day with his

paw in the old Henry Watson place. You mind, Nance?—it's a good two mile from town. They never get hum till arter dark, fer I seen 'em pass the door wi' their buckets an' minded hew late it were. They'd passed 'leng o' half an hour when I heard a shriek like somebody killed. I run up the hill, expectin' murder, and never stoppin' ter drop the latch ter the street door. 'Twuz well I run. Old Leddy Bruce were on the kitchen floor in a dead faint, Jim tearin' his hair an' screamin' so wild his paw couldna held him. I never axed what, but throws spring water in Miss Bruce's face tell she come to enough t' walk, then drug her out onto the parler couch an' run fer the doctor.

"'Twa'n't till 'leng next day I larnt the cause. Then everybody wuz talkin' it. Jim come home an' found a letter on the door from the Yankee. Would you believe it, Nance? She'd run away with another man she'd allus loved, and she said Jim wouldn't find her if he turned up the four corners of the earth. Joe Faust, the ticket agent, seen her board the mornin' train, but she never bought no ticket. She mought a rid one stop, er she mought a rid ter the jumpin' off place. Henry Burroughs wus down there loadin' some bricks at the time, and he spoke to her.

"'Where be ye gwine, Miss Bruce?' he axes, curious at seein' her alone.

"'I'm leavin' Rural Retreat fer Happy Holler,' she sez, laughin' shert an' givin' him a misty look. An' that's all 'twere ever heard o' her. I allus sorter heped she got thar.

"Place looks sarter run down, don't it—all the blinds shut? True, 'tis like a death house to what we knowed it onet, ain't it? When Miss Bruce wuz in her pride."

"Did she die, Aunt Sal," Nance interrupted, impatiently. "Strange ye never writ me none o' this."

"Ne, she didn't die, neither. 'Twould a been better ef she

had. She never got back her sense arter that faint. 'Fore long she got violent agin herself, so they sent her down to Sumner an' shut her up wi' t'other crazy folks as hadn't been Watsons. I dunno how she stud it. But she wuz broke at last—plumb broke. She died that five years ago come August. Tom gin her a swell coffin an' stone—ye must mind it next meetin' Sunday. She weren't any old 'oman when she died, but you'd never a knowed her face in the coffin, it were that puckered wi' grief. I've allus heard say that them that won't bend must break, an'—"

"What become o' Jim, Sal?" Nance nagged as she dexterously turned the heel of a gray yarn sock.

"He wuz nigh mad, too. He didn't stay here arter his maw left. He went off to work on that big kernal they's buildin'—Panama they calls it. Some sez he died o' skeeter feever—I dunno. Men is funny critters, anyway. I allus said it. Thar's Tom, livin' up thar on the hill, runnin' the mill an' lookin' hale an' prosperous ez ever. Men takes things eazier. But he never war a Watson, an' didn't have the Wason way o' seein', an' I reckon it war a blessin'."

Sal drew a long breath and put her pan of apples on the table. There were enough for four pics.

"Nance," she said, getting up and hobbling with her hand to her back, as if the long sitting had crippled her, "you turned that corner proper."

VARIOUS CONCEPTIONS OF HELL

A. P. G.

The word hell in English is used to denote the place of departed spirits, and the place of torment for the wicked after death. It is used in the Old Testament to translate the Hebrew word Sheol, and in the New Testament the Greek word Hades and the Hebrew Gehenna.

The human mind cannot conceive of anything more terrible than a hell of fire and brimstone. Whence has this conception arisen? And how have these horrors obtained such a strong hold in the world? As soon as the idea of an individual existence beyond the grave arose, the moral sense would teach that there must be different allotments and experiences for individuals after death. The question would naturally arise, is it right for the coward, the idler, the murderer to enter the same realm as that of the heroes and saints? Apparent claims of justice afford proof of a future state where the wrongs of the present life are to be rectified. Through the brief space of this existence free intelligences produce a medley of good and evil. Wickedness often triumphs, and villainy tramples helpless innocence. Bold minions of selfishness pluck the coveted fruits of pleasure, wear the diadems of society, and sweep through the world in pomp. The virtuous suffer at the hands of the guilty. The idle thrive on the industrious. Conscience may lash, yet the world is full of unfinished justice. Many crimes are concealed. There must be another world where justice is meted out.

In the leading nations of the earth, the doctrine of a future life is a tradition handed down from immemorial antiquity. It has been embalmed in sacred books which are regarded as infallible revelations from God. The thoughtless

never think of questioning it; the reverent piously embrace it; and all are educated to believe it. Spontaneous thought would declare that if the soul exists in some invisible world, its fortunes there must depend somewhat upon its fitness and acquired habits. This belief was further nurtured by the conception, so deeply entertained by primitive peoples, of overruling and inspeaking gods. They supposed the gods to be in a degree like themselves—partial, fickle, jealous, and revengeful. Such beings, of course, would torture their offenders. The calamities of this life were regarded as tokens of enraged deities. Souls in the future condition would be in direct contact with such deities and punishments would be correspondingly worse. Thus based on their daily experiences, they fancied for the future state the most horrible tortures that could be imagined with their apperceptive basis. In this way the ideas of future punishment became as varied as the differing experiences of a tribe in the polar regions and one in the tropics. The inhabitants of the frigid zones conceive of hell as a place icy and rocky. An Irish monk of the Twelfth Century pictured hell to his people as a place where souls were thrust into ice and fire alternately. The hells of the inhabitants of the torrid zone are fiery and sandy. Punishments in the Egyptian hell were every sort of penalty and pang known in Egypt.

Furthormore, when the general idea of a hell had obtained lodgment it was rapidly developed, ornamented, and carried out into particulars by poets, rhetoricians, popular teachers. Hell as conceived of by most English-speaking people is based on Milton's *Paradise Lost* instead of the Bible. Of course, Milton was thorough in Biblical knowledge, yet he interpreted in poetical language, and many of his descriptions have never been verified by divino revelations.

According to Milton, before the creation of the earth all

space was a sphere of infinite radius. It was divided equatorially into two hemispheres, the upper hemisphere called Heaven, the lower Chaos. Chaos is a limitless abyss or quagmire smothered in universal darkness. The elements of all matter are jumbled into an indistinguishable conglomeration. When the rebellious angels were expelled from Heaven they fell through Chaos for nine days and nights to a place prepared for them. This place at the bottom of Chaos, cut off from Heaven, light, and even Chaos proper by an inverted convex shell, is called Hell. Here in a fiery gulf the fallen angels remain stupefied for nine more days. Now the earth is created and the arrangement is Heaven, the upper celestial hemisphere, earth suspended at the mid-point of the celestial diameter, and below the earth infinite distance through Chaos is the upper shell-like covering of Hell. At the zenith of the shell is Hell-gate, guarded by the ghostly shapes of Sin and Death. It was such a difficult journey for Satan that Sin and Death saw the necessity of building a bridge across Chaos from hell to earth, that the infernal spirits might have access to the habitation of man. Dante with his spiral hell portrays a picture no less vivid. In like manner Homer and Virgil have given minute descriptions of Hell and its agonies. All these have doubtless had a tremendous influence in cherishing and fashioning the world's faith in that awful empire.

Many of these poetical representations are based only on moral facts; but after a while they were received in a literal sense. Later they became physically located and clothed with the power of horror. Such is true of many impressions in the Bible. A Hindu poet says: "The ungrateful shall remain in hell as long as the sun hangs in heaven." Such utterances were originally moral symbols, not dogmatic assertions. Yet in a rude age they easily pass into the popular

mind as declaring facts literally to be believed. Consider the effect of such statements as this of a Talmudic writer: "There are in hell seven abodes, in each abode seven thousand caverns, in each cavern seven thousand clefts, in each cleft seven thousand scorpions. Each scorpion has seven limbs, and on each limb are seven thousand barrels of gall. There are also in hell seven rivers of rankest poison, so deadly that if any one touches it he bursts."

Having thus traced the origin and development of the Hell idea, let us now take a survey of the various conceptions of a material hell. In this we shall examine those peoples where ideas concerning future punishments have become crystallized, and disregard those whose conceptions are vague.

The walls of the Hindu hell are a hundred miles thick. So dazzling is their brightness that it bursts the eyes which look at them anywhere within a distance of four hundred leagues. The poor creatures here, wrapped in shrouds of fire, writhe and yell in a frenzy of pain. Terror and anguish fill the whole region. The skins of some wretches are taken off from head to foot, and then scalding vinegar is poured over them. A glutton is punished thus: experiencing an insatiable hunger in a body as large as three mountains, he is tantalized with a mouth no larger than the eye of a needle. The infernal tormentors, throwing their victims down, take a flexible flame in each hand, and with these lash them alternately right and left. One demon, Rohn, is seventy-six thousand eight hundred miles tall. The palm of his hand measures fifty thousand acres. When he is enraged he rushes up the sky and swallows the sun or the moon, thus causing an eclipse. Victims are hung up on all sides; some by the tongues, others by the eyes, and devoured by fire. Some are forced to swallow bowls of gore, hair, and corruption. Some

are packed immovably in red-hot iron chests for unutterable millions of ages. In a series of twenty-four paintings of hell found in a Buddhist temple are depicted devils in human shapes pulling out the tongues of slanderers with red-hot wires, pouring molten lead down the throats of liars. With burning prongs they were tossing souls upon mountains studded with sharp iron hooks reeking with the blood of those who have gone before. Others were screwing the damned between planks, pounding them in husking-mortars, grinding them in rice-mills, while other fiends in the shape of dogs were lapping up their oozing gore.

According to the Persian view, the soul passes over the bridge *Chinevad*, and if the vices outweigh the virtues a dark image, featured with ugliness and exhaling a noisome smell, meets the condemned soul, and cries: "I am thy evil spirit; bad myself, thy crimes have made me worse." Then the culprit, staggering on his uncertain foothold, is hurled from the dizzy causeway and precipitated into the gulf which yawns horribly below. With them hell was only temporary. During the last five days of each year souls undergoing punishment were permitted to leave their confinement and visit their relatives. After which those not yet purified were to return, while the others proceeded on to Paradise. At the final resurrection those who are not yet purified are cast into the pit of punishment in the presence of all creation. The pangs of three terrible days and nights, equal to the agonies of nine thousand years, will purify all, even the worst of the demons. The anguished cry of the damned, as they writhe in the lurid caldron of torture rising to heaven, will find pity in the soul of *Ormuzd*, and he will release them from their sufferings.

In Egypt it was thought the god *Thoth* led the soul into *Amenthe*, the infernal world. The entrance to this place

lies in the extreme west, where the sun goes down under the earth. At the entrance sits a wide-throated monster, over whose head is the inscription, "This is the devourer of many who go into Amenthe, the lacerator of the heart of him who comes with sins to the house of justice." The soul then comes to the Hall of Double Justice, the rewarding and the punishing. Here the three divinities, Horus, Anubis, and Thoth, proceed to weigh the soul in the balance. In one scale an image of Themel, the goddess of Truth, is placed. In the other a heart-shaped vase, symbolizing the heart of the deceased, with all the actions of his earthly life. Thoth announces the result to Osiris, king of Amenthe. He pronounces the sentence, and his assistants see to it that it is executed at once. The condemned soul is either scourged back to earth, to live again in the form of a vile animal, or plunged into the tortures of a horrid hell of fire and devils below. Every night the chief divinity, arrayed in deep black from head to foot, traverses the dismal zones of the damned, where they undergo appropriate retributions.

It is thought the localization of Amenthe in the west arose in the following way: Some superstitious Egyptians traveling westward at twilight, on the great marshes haunted by the strange gray-white ibis, saw troops of these silent, solemn, ghost-like birds motionless or slowly stalking. These they conceived to be souls waiting for the funeral rites to be paid, that they might sink with the setting sun to their destined abode. However, such a surmise seems rather far-fetched.

Among the Scandinavians Hela is the grim goddess of death. She has her empire stretching below the earth through Niflheim, which is full of freezing vapors and horrid sights. Her hall is pain; her table hunger; her bed sickness; her pillow anguish. Still lower than hers is an abode

yet more fearful and loathsome. In this place, Nastrod (meaning a strand of corpses), stands a hall. It is plaited of serpents' backs wattled together like wicker-work, whose heads turn inward, vomiting poison. In the lake of venom thus deposited within these immense walls of snakes the worst of the damned wade and swim, gnawed by Nielhogg. Vices which brought them to this place were feebleness, cowardice, deceit, and humility. Those who after lives of ignoble labor or despicable ease, die of sickness, sink to the dismal house of Hela. In this vaulted cavern the air smells like a newly stirred grave. Damp fogs rise, hollow sighs are heard, and the only light comes from funeral tapers held by skeletons. The hideous queen sits on a throne of skulls and sways a scepter made of a dead man's bone bleached in the moonlight. To avoid this place the true Scandinavian, deprived of dying in battle by age or sickness, ran himself through or jumped from a precipice, or launched out to sea on a burning ship, to make amends for not expiring in armed strife.

The Babylonians and Egyptians passed their ideas of a hell to the Phœnicians, who in turn handed them down to the Greeks, thence to the Romans, and they spread them over all Europe. The Greeks derived most of their notions concerning the fate of the dead directly from Egypt. Hades corresponds with Armenthe; Pluto with Osiris; Mercury with Anubis, the usher of souls; Aeceus, Minus, and Rhodamanthos with the three assistant gods who helped weigh the soul.

Among the less important nations, the New Zealanders imagined the souls of the dead to go to a place beneath the earth, called Reinga. The path to this region is a precipice close to the sea-shore at the North Cape. It was thought there was a separate immortality for each of the eyes of the

dead—the left ascending to heaven as a star, the right taking flight to Reinga.

The peoples of the Sandwich Islands thought the souls of common people went to the region of Ahea, and subsisted upon lizzards and butterflies. The Peruvians taught that the reprobates were sentenced to a hell situated in the center of the earth where they must endure centuries of toil and anguish.

By far the most influential people in the religious world has been the Jewish. Their ideas of a hell permeate most of the world today. Hell as first conceived was a vast subterranean tomb, with barred and bolted gates common to Hebrew tombs. In this air-tight place ghosts did not even flit about. At first no thought of retribution was connected with this gloomy underworld. It was the common receptacle of all, both good and bad. How did this conception arise? The dead were buried in the ground. The image of them survived in the minds of the living as an existence where conscious thought located them. At first it was a vast, slumberous, subterranean realm, gloomy and silent. Later, the wrongs heaped upon men drove them to seek solace for themselves in visions of paradise and vengeance on their foes in visions of hell. The first retributive idea is found in the exile time where Ezekiel locates the uncircumcised heathen in the sides of the pit. This pit was possibly in the deepest and darkest part of the Sheol.

With the idea of retribution appear the divisions of Sheol into receptacles for the good and the bad, as seen in the conception of Enoch. Here is first mentioned the torment of those who eternally burn and whose souls are bound and punished forever. Since fire was the most painful torture known to the Hebrews, it was natural that this idea should arise. Then, too, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, probably

by a volcanic eruption, must have vivified the idea of fire and sulphur as a means of punishment. In the Apocalypse is mentioned the lake of fire and brimstone reserved for the final reception of fallen angels and wicked men. The Dead Sea may have suggested this idea.

In addition to this, scenes in Gehenna, in the outskirts of Jerusalem, confirm this tendency and completed the Jewish picture of hell. Gehenna or the valley of Hinnom is described in Isaiah. Here the worship of Moloch was celebrated by roasting children alive in the brazen arms of the god in whose hollow form a fierce fire was kept burning. Around them songs were howled to drown the shrieks of the victims. Here, also, all the refuse of the city was carried and consumed in a conflagration whose fire was never quenched, and amidst uncleanness whose worms never die. This imagery must have been cast over into the future state as the fate of the wicked. Still further, it was the custom of oriental kings to have criminals cast into a furnace of fire and burned alive before the eyes of their judges. The Apocalypse says the devil is to be chained and cast into a furnace of fire. Thus finally the common notion of hell became an underground world of burning brimstone with a furnace of fire full of shrieking souls.

According to medieval theology, there was a division at the border of hell known as the *Limbus Infantum*. Here were consigned human beings who died without actual sins, but with their original sin not washed away by baptism. This included not only infants, but also idiots and all irresponsible people. These were thought to be neither glorified nor punished. The Roman Catholic theology taught there was a *Limbus Patrum*. This was a place where the saints of the Old Testament were confined until liberated by Christ

in his descent into hell. It was thought, after this descent, to be closed and empty.

Concerning this question modern opinion is divided. There are those who believe with Spurgeon, who said: "There is a real fire in hell; a fire exactly like ours on earth except that it will torture without consuming. Man's pulse shall rattle at an enormous rate in agony; his limbs crackle in fire, and yet unburned; his body in a vessel of hot oil, yet undestroyed." They regard hell as located down below.

The majority of thinking people, however, do not have this conception. All are agreed that God will forever see that justice is done, virtue is rewarded, vice punished. Otherwise we could not respect Him, for He would have a lower standard than man in his government. How is this done, if not by the material apparatus of a local hell?

It is a common mistake to consider the soul as a representation of the body in a more refined substance. The soul is thought, feeling, will, action, and desire. These are spirit and not matter. A pure consciousness cannot be shut up in a dungeon under lock and bolt. The soul is not capable of material confinements and penalties. No human knowledge can foretell what its form will be.

The true meaning of hell is a painful opposition to the will of God. It is a misadjustment of the personal constitution with universal order or the rightful condition of being. It manifests itself in the form of self-condemnation, social condemnation, and despair, remorse, stricken conscience, doubt, fear, and hatred in the heart. It varies with individuals. Envy is a chronic hell. Being a personal experience and not a material place, it is not confined to the future; many are in it now. The criminal, the base-minded, are shut out from aesthetic enjoyments. Here the law of natural consequences prevails. On the other hand, since not all sins are bodily,

but some mental, punishment will not end with death or the emergence of the soul from the body.

Such a conception places man in a more dignified position, and consequently greater responsibility. He stands for the right not to avoid corporal punishment as a mule pulls to escape the lash, but because God has shared with him a spiritual heritage. It is not our outward abode but our inmost spirit that makes our life here infernal or heavenly. If we live up to the best we know, what will happen after death can safely be entrusted to the One who takes care of the universe. Meantime man, given the power to think, will make his various speculations.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROBERT L. HUMBER, Jr., Editor

Greetings

At this, its very first opportunity, THE STUDENT desires to extend to one and all a hearty welcome. To the new men, because we are glad to have you with us, and hope that your initiation into college life has been pleasant and beneficial. To the old men, because you have already won a place in our hearts and we feel the need of your support and encouragement during the coming year. At this critical period in our nation's

history, to assume the duties of college life—whether for the first or the last time—should impress us all with the wonderful opportunities that have been revealed to us and yet denied to our friends. It should be the determined purpose of each student in college to avail himself of every opportunity for training and development in the very beginning, discarding the erroneous theory that a person should enjoy the empty pleasures of college life for a season, before entering seriously upon his duties. The day for preparation is now. There is no time to waste. With the conditions of the country as unsettled as they are, we may be called at any time. Let us stand prepared.

**Wake Forest's
Roll of Honor**

As we returned to college this fall and sought for the old familiar faces that we used to greet with so much pleasure, we became deeply conscious of the fact that many of our classmates would not be back with us this year. The occasion of their absence is, of course, known to all; yet we feel very keenly the loss of their intimate touch and association. The memories of those days when they were with us and we battled together on the gridiron, hurled philippics at each other in the society halls, and labored together on collegiate work, are now highly treasured and deeply appreciated by us all. It will ever remain a source of great satisfaction for us to look back upon those days and remember the happy experiences and associations that we had together.

Now, as you enter upon your new field of duty, with your lives and fortunes dedicated to the needs and the service of your country, and as you take your place in the immortal ranks of those who are so cheerfully giving their last full measure of devotion that "the world may be made safe for

democracy," you go with the blessings of your Alma Mater and with fervent prayers of your classmates that you will be returned to us ere long in full possession of your strength and faculties—representatives of a triumphant cause, that shall hereafter forever prevail. You have fulfilled your highest duty to man. Men of Wake Forest, your Alma Mater's Roll of Honor, God bless and keep you every one.

THE STUDENT believes that the time has come when Wake Forest College should boast of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society. It would be a high distinction for the College to possess one and to have her scholarship receive such notable recognition. A chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa at Wake Forest would not let down the bars to fraternities nor compromise the spirit of the institution in the least.

The Phi Beta Kappa is based entirely on scholarship and literary attainments. It has no social features and does not carry with it those features so justly objected to in Greek-letter fraternities. It holds no secret meetings, has no club house, and, therefore, does not possess those tendencies which lead students to associate with one another only in distinct groups. Any student who has displayed exceptional ability in the field of literature or merited unusual distinction in scholarship is eligible for membership. The appointments are made solely by the faculty. Its membership is not limited and all students who meet the high requirements will have the assurance of receiving the honor.

On no plausible grounds could objections be brought to having a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa at Wake Forest College because this organization bears the name fraternity. It

has no secrets. All its proceedings are public. The sole purpose of its existence is to promote scholarship and encourage highly advanced research work in the field of literature. Certainly no rational objection could be offered against such an admirable enterprise. THE STUDENT does not advocate a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa as a guise under which to initiate, now or hereafter, secret fraternities at Wake Forest. In fact, it recognizes the well-founded objections to the existence of secret fraternities in a college community and appreciates the spirit of this institution concerning their existence here, and heartily endorses and supports it. At the same time it believes that a more progressive policy should be adopted concerning the recognition and appreciation of Wake Forest scholarship.

The advantage of such an organization as the Phi Beta Kappa at Wake Forest are obvious. A graduate with the Phi Beta Kappa distinction, leaving Wake Forest for study and research in higher institutions of learning enters immediately upon a more advanced field and receives at the very beginning a closer attention and interest of his professors. It gives him an advanced rating—probably the most valuable asset a graduate possesses and an asset that practically all of the leading literary institutions of the country are offering to their students. THE STUDENT feels that the graduates of Wake Forest College are entitled to the same advantage. The existence of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa at Wake Forest would be the most effective stimulus in the field of scholarship and literature that the student body could possibly possess. It would have a wholesome influence on the life of the College and would create among the students a keener interest in the records they would make so as to render them eligible to receive the coveted distinction. In securing a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Wake Forest College would

honor itself and would bring an invaluable asset to the scholarship of the institution and to the advancement of her graduates.

More authoritative information, with statements from the National Council concerning appointments, the procedure, and the purpose of the Phi Beta Kappa, will be published in a subsequent issue of *THE STUDENT* and the college weekly. We beg all who are interested to await this information.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. A. McKAUGHAN, Jr., Editor.

Hail, old men and new! To all THE STUDENT extends its cordial welcome.

War conditions can be blamed for the smallness of the registration this year. The last report of the Bursar shows that 310 men have matriculated up to the day THE STUDENT goes to press. We are confident that the fewness of numbers will be discounted by high quality of work.

Mr. Walter E. Jordan, B.A., '16, has been appointed Instructor of Military Tactics and Science, an elective course which has been added by the Board of Trustees to give all men an opportunity to engage in military training. About sixty men have enrolled up to date, and the company will probably be augmented as soon as the gymnasium classes are organized.

As THE STUDENT goes to press, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, has begun a series of lectures on the Historical Development of Christianity.

During the summer Professor Hubert A. Jones canvassed the State in the interest of the College, and his efforts to secure new students has been highly successful. About 125 freshmen have registered.

The many friends of Professor E. W. Timberlake are glad to welcome him back after an absence of a year, which has been spent in recuperating from a nervous breakdown. His presence greatly strengthens the Law Department of the College.

Dr. Cullom, chairman of the Lecture Committee, has not yet made public any definite plans for the coming session. Dr. McGlothlin is the first speaker of the year, and no doubt others of equal note will be heard during the fall.

Mr. Francis H. Baldy, B.A. 1916, spent a few days on the Hill while on his way to take up his duties as Associate Professor of French in John Marshall High School of Richmond. He attended the Summer Session of Columbia, and brought back glowing reports of New York in war times.

Politics have been as active as ever since the opening of college. The following class officers have been elected:

Senior—President, Robert L. Humber, Jr.; vice-president, Wood Privott; secretary, J. C. Joyner; treasurer, L. W. Hamrick; poet, R. F. Hall; prophet, L. L. Johnson; historian, J. A. McKaughan, Jr.; orator, H. I. Hester; testator, E. A. Hamrick; member of Honor Committee, M. T. Rankin.

Junior—President, J. I. Allen, Jr.; vice-president, S. F. Horton; secretary, G. T. Rogers; treasurer, P. H. Neal; member of the Honor Committee, L. J. Britt.

Sophomore—President, Marion Y. Keith; vice-president, A. Wayne Beachboard; secretary, J. D. Robbins; treasurer, W. H. Woody; poet, N. E. Gresham; prophet, S. E. Ayers; historian, W. B. Hankins; Honor Committeeman, H. D. Lockerman.

Ministerial—President, J. T. Gillespie; vice-president, L. V. Coggin; secretary, P. A. Hicks; treasurer, P. E. White; historian, D. L. Woodward; poet, L. S. Clark; prophet, J. C. Canipe; and Honor Committee representative, H. I. Hester.

The results of the other elections are not available at the present time.

The Senate Committee, as appointed today, consists of the following men: Chairman, A. C. Reid, S. A. Thompson,

W. B. Gladney, W. H. Paschal, R. G. Sowers, Z. T. Mitchell, L. V. Coggins, A. V. Nolan, P. D. Croom, H. A. Hanby.

It is with deep regret that THE STUDENT, the faculty, community, and student body see Mr. J. Richard Crozier, for the past fourteen years Director of Gymnastics at Wake Forest College and the coach of the basketball team, leave to enter The American School of Osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., to continue the study of medicine which he took up here in connection with his other duties. Professor Crozier's loss will be felt by the College. As yet no successor has been secured. Mrs. Crozier will remain in Wake Forest during the winter.

To the new members of the faculty THE STUDENT extends its hearty welcome and wishes them a most successful year as they enter upon their new duties. Professor Cochran was elected at a meeting of the Board of Trustees on July 5 to fill the chair of Education and Philosophy made vacant when Prof. J. Henry Highsmith resigned to enter upon his new task with the State Board of Education. Professor Derieux succeeds Professor E. W. Sydnor, who goes to the University of Chattanooga this year as Professor of Education.

Professor Cochran succeeds Prof. J. H. Highsmith, Dean of the Department of Education, who resigned to accept a position on the State Board of Examiners and Institute Conductors. At the time of his election Mr. Cochran was Professor of Education in Columbia College, Lake City, Fla. He is a native of Kentucky. After completing the B.Sc. course in Bardstown College in 1905, he was for two years principal of the high school at Bardstown Junction, Ky. For the year 1907-8 he was Dean and Professor of Education and Philosophy in East Lynn College. From 1910 to 1911

he was a student of Richmond College, receiving the B.A. degree. From June, 1913, to September, 1915, he was continuously in the University of Chicago, from which he received two degrees—Master of Arts in 1914, Bachelor of Divinity in 1915. In the fall of 1915 he entered Crozer Seminary and the University of Pennsylvania, graduating from Crozer in 1916 with the degree of Master of Theology, and completing the work for the Ph.D. degree in Pennsylvania, except the thesis. Since 1916 he has been Professor of Education in Columbia College. At both Chicago and Pennsylvania he specialized in Education and Psychology.

Prof. S. A. Derieux, Associate Professor of English, follows Prof. E. W. Sydnor, now of the University of Chattanooga. Professor Derieux is a B.A. of Richmond College (1904), did a year's graduate work in Johns Hopkins University, and in 1912 received a Master's degree in English from the University of Chicago. He has had large experience in teaching, both in the high school and in college. He supplied an English position in Richmond College for one year and last year for a time in Grinnel College. At the time of his election he was under appointment for next session in Grinnel. He has published in the *Youth's Companion*, *The American Magazine*, and other publications, short stories which have had a wide circulation.

Prof. J. Henry Highsmith, of the Chair of Education and Philosophy, has been appointed by Governor Bickett as one of the six State Examiners and Institute Conductors who, by act of the last Legislature, will be connected with the State Department of Education. The news of this appointment came as a severe blow to the College, which for ten years he has served so well. Professor Highsmith entered upon his new duties on the first of June. He will continue to reside in Wake Forest.

Dr. C. C. Pearson of the Department of Political Science spent the vacation at his old home at Farnham, Va.

Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat filled engagements at Greenville, S. C., and at Virginia Beach in late June and early July, where he conducted the music for Baptist assemblies. At Virginia Beach he gave a course of six lectures on Hymnology. He had an engagement in the Baptist Assembly at Bristol, Tenn., the latter part of July, and from there he went to Marion, N. C., where he spent the rest of the vacation with his family.

Dr. Wilbur C. Smith, Professor of Anatomy, who was granted one year's leave of absence by the Trustees at the commencement of 1916, tendered his formal resignation at the last commencement. Dr. George Alfred Aiken, who was temporarily elected to fill the vacancy, was elected Professor of Anatomy in Dr. Smith's place.

Dr. Eugene A. Case, Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, has tendered his resignation to accept a position in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Dr. Case has done an important work in the short time he has been connected with the Department of Medicine, and it is a matter of general regret that he severs his connection with the College.

Prof. Elmer W. Sydnor, Associate Professor of English during the past session, has accepted a position in the University of Chattanooga. He is head of the Department of Education in the Athens School of Education in that University.

Dr. Benjamin Sledd of the English Department, conducted courses in Shakespeare, English, and American Literature at the Summer School of the University of Vir-

ginia. He has been in great request for special lectures and addresses in the University and two Baptist churches of Charlottesville.

Dr. William Turner Carstarphen, Professor of Physiology since 1910, resigned that position at a special meeting of the Trustees in Raleigh, July 5, with the intention of going into the full practice of medicine in Wake Forest. Later he was appointed by the President captain in the medical service of the United States Army, and will probably be assigned to a base hospital in France or England.

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

W. H. PASCHAL, Editor

Literary Societies

The two literary societies met on Saturday morning, September 8th, and organized for work for the fall term. While many of the old men of last year are not back, yet the outlook for the societies is promising, due to the fact that a number of the new men are good speakers and society workers. Among the undergraduates who are not back this year we note the following: Herring, Banks, Casey, Warren, and Mallard; among these being both anniversary orators, Warren and Casey. With so many of last year's veterans away, it is apparent that much of the society work will fall upon the Freshman Class.

Now, a word to the Freshmen. It should be the ambition of each new man to make for himself a creditable reputation under such auspicious circumstances. By real work upon the part of the Freshmen many of the present unpleasant restrictions, in and out of society, will be permanently removed and new men will justly take their places among upperclassmen in the ranks of importance when normal conditions return. Ye Freshmen, show us what you can do for the destruction of class distinction now, while fortune beckons. Your work will be taken for its worth.

Y. M. C. A.

The local student Y. M. C. A. held a rally in Memorial Hall on Monday evening, September 10th. The meeting was well attended. Dr. Poteat, Dr. Graves, and Coach MacDon-

nell were the speakers of the evening. Each delivered a short and interesting address which diffused the Y. M. C. A. spirit. With such a beginning it is safe to predict that the Y. M. C. A. has before it one of its most useful years at Wake Forest College. Every member of the student body at Wake Forest should also be a member of the Y. M. C. A. Let every member assist the committee appointed to enroll every new man in this essential phase of a well-rounded college life.

Moot Court

On Friday, September 14th, the Law Class assembled and organized a Moot Court with the following officers:

Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Chief Justice.

Prof. R. B. White, Associate Justice.

Wayne Beachboard, Solicitor.

E. C. Robinson, Clerk.

D. B. Johnson, Sheriff.

It need not be said to those who are acquainted with the officers that the work of the Moot Court will be of a high order. Already plans have been made to enlarge the scope of Moot Court work by correlating it with that of the societies. We trust that the plans will be consummated.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

Mr. G. M. Garrison (B.A. '03), of Monroe, died in a hospital in Norfolk on March 16. He was superintendent of public schools in Anson County, and much loved by the people.

Rev. Charles A. Leonard (B.A. '07), who for a number of years has been engaged in mission work in Laichow-Fu, North China, is at present in this country on a furlough with his wife. They are spending some time in Alabama.

Mr. W. F. Marshall (B.L. '83) is publisher of *North Carolina Education*, a monthly journal edited by Prof. E. C. Brooks of Trinity College, and now about completing its eleventh volume. Mr. Marshall makes frequent contributions to the journal.

Mr. Bunyan Y. Tyner (B.A. '08), who has for the past five years been head of the Department of Education in the State Normal School of Fredericksburg, Va., is Chairman of the State Reading Course Committee for Virginia the present year.

Rev. J. A. Ellis (B.A. '11, M.A. '12) has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Dunn, N. C. He received the degree of Doctor of Theology from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary the past commencement.

Rev. G. T. Mills (B.A. '17) is pastor of churches at Wendell, Clyde's Chapel, Bethlehem, and Samaria. New Sunday school rooms and a \$250 organ have been added to the Wendell church since the beginning of his pastorate.

Dr. Hight C. Moore (B.A. '90), for nine and a half years editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, has tendered his resignation to the Board of Directors to accept the managing editorship of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. The new work begins August 1. Dr. Livingston Johnston ('77-'78), pastor of the First Baptist Church of Rocky Mount, N. C., has been selected to succeed Dr. Moore.

Rev. H. T. Stevens (LL.B. '08) has for five years been pastor of the Belmont Baptist Church, Roanoke, Va. During that time he has had 1,100 additions to the membership of the church.

Mr. S. J. Husketh (B.A. '07) has been elected to teach in the West Durham school for the coming session. For the past six years Mr. Husketh has conducted a successful work as principal of the Lowe's Grove School.

Rev. J. L. Kirk ('01-'07) is pastor of two excellent country churches; he is living in Rennert, N. C. He has been for several years pastor of Chestnut Hill Baptist Church, Salisbury, N. C.

Dr. Edgar W. Lane (B.S. '13) is serving as interne in the New Jersey Sanatorium for Tuberculous Diseases, Glen Gardner, N. J.

Rev. C. D. Creasman (B.A. '10) has returned to Nashville, Tenn., where, as pastor of the Grace Baptist Church, he led in the erection of an excellent house of worship. His pastorate at Lake City, Florida, was a fruitful one.

Mr. Ozmer L. Henry (LL.B. '15) is practicing law in Rockingham, N. C.

Dr. O. L. Springfield (B.S. in Med., '14) is interne in the Brooklyn Hospital, DeKalk Avenue and Raymond Street,

New York City. He will probably enter the Naval Medical Reserve Corps.

Mr. H. T. Hunter (B.A. '12), after spending a year in study at Columbia University, has accepted the Chair of Education in the Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

Rev. H. L. Swain (B.A. '16), former pastor of Druid Park Baptist Church, Baltimore, has recently entered the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, New Bern, N. C. He holds degrees from Wake Forest College, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and George Washington University. He has specialized in Teacher Training and general Sunday school work.

Mr. Roger Philip McCutcheon (B.A. '10) and Miss Helen Halliday Wilson were united in marriage on June 28. Mr. McCutcheon is Professor of English in Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

Mr. D. B. Carrick (B.A. '10) was elected to membership in the Alpha Chapter of Sigma Xi, the honorary scientific society of Cornell University, in May. This is one of the greatest honors which the University bestows.

The war has not failed to exact its toll of Wake Forest men, both for the ambulance corps, aviation corps, regular army, and officers' reserve corps. As far as can be learned the following men have received commissions in the National Army, while many others whose names are not available are serving the country in various arms of the service: B. M. Boyd, B.A. 1917; C. L. Wharton, 1913-'17; C. E. Brewer, 1914-'18; R. M. Kinton, 1916-'17; Chas. W. Parker, LL.B. 1917; J. B. Whitley, LL.B. 1916; C. H. Tichenor, 1916-'17; H. E. Olive, 1914-'17; J. A. Stevens, LL.B. 1917; R. H. Foreman, 1904-'06; G. F. Rittenhouse, B.A. 1917; Bruce Carraway, 1915-'17; A. D. Odom, 1915-'17; D. F. Smith,

1911; Vance Haynes, 1914-'17; Ralph Jordan, LL.B. 1916 (Aviation Corps); H. H. Cuthrell, 1911-'14 (Naval Aviation Corps); W. C. Lee, 1911-'14; C. C. Olive, B.A. 1916 (Aviation Corps); D. Zollicoffer, captain, LL.B. 1907; T. A. Lyon, B.A. 1904, captain; H. L. Langston, 1914-'17 (Ambulance Corps); G. F. Strole, B.A. 1915; G. G. Moore, B.A. 1915; C. D. Moore, 1915-'17; D. M. Johnson, B.A. 1914; E. D. Johnson, B.S. 1913; W. B. Jones, B.A. 1917; Charles R. David, 1912-'14; E. N. Phillips, 1914-'17 (Aviation Corps); M. D. Phillips, B.S. 1915 (Aviation Corps). In the Medical corps many Wake Forest men have volunteered or are being drafted for service. Many of them we do not know, but among them are Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, B.A. 1897, with the rank of captain, Dr. J. B. Powers, M.A. 1903, and Dr. A. C. Dixon, B.S. Medicine, 1914. Many Wake Forest men have also volunteered or been drafted for the National Army. In a later issue we hope to have a complete list of these.

The loss was national when E. J. Justice, B.S. 1887, died suddenly at San Francisco, California, on July 25th. As Assistant to Attorney-General Gregory, he was in charge of the most important litigation, from a financial point of consideration, to which the Government was ever a party. This was the case of the United States against the Southern Pacific Railway to set aside patents, alleged to be fraudulent, covering \$600,000,000 worth of oil lands. He was also in charge of litigation involving \$60,000,000 worth of oil lands withdrawn by the United States Government in 1909 and developed by various claimants. The first case was ready for trial at the time of his death. The testimony fills 14,000 typewritten pages.

Rev E. S. Reaves, B.A. 1892, was made a Doctor of Divinity by Furman University. He has left his work as Professor of Bible in Anderson College to take up work as

pastor in Georgia. He is succeeded in Anderson College by J. C. C. Dunford, M.A. 1884. The president of this college is Dr. John E. White M.A. 1890.

Dr. C. T. Ball, 1888-'93, and Dr. W. B. Spilman, B.S. 1891, are to make a tour of the Pacific Slope States in the interest of the Baptist Student Missionary Movement during the fall months.

The following Wake Forest men have for the past year and summer been students in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago: A. R. Gay, B.A. 1915; L. R. Call, B.A. 1916; and S. B. Conley, B.A. 1908.

Dr. W. R. Cullom, M.A. 1892, was supply pastor during the vacation period of the First Baptist Church of Chicago.

Byrd P. Gentry, B.A. 1916, is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Harnett County, while C. C. Ward, B.A. 1917, is teaching mathematics in the high school at Whiteville, N. C.

G. C. Kirsey, B.A. 1913, becomes principal of Liberty-Piedmont Institute in place of John M. Cheek, B.A. 1911.

Rev. John E. Ayscue, M.A. 1903, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church at Greenville, N. C., has just completed a new house of worship, which will be opened on September 30th.

The vacancies on the faculty made by the resignation of Drs. W. T. Carstarphen and E. H. Case of the Department of Medicine were filled at a special meeting of the trustees of the College during the latter part of August. The College, THE STUDENT, and the community welcome the new members into their midst.

Eugene A. Turner, B.A., has been transferred from Hangchow, China, where he has been Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., to the Student Department of the National Committee at

Shanghai, where he is now living. In a personal note he says: "I do not have to tell you that we turned from Hangchow with earnest regret and a real sense of disappointment. I thought and expected that we were settled there for life and in the midst of as fine opportunity for service, I believe, as there is anywhere. I had never thought such an opportunity possible before I came to China."

Dr. Luther T. Buchanan succeeds Dr. W. T. Carstarphen as Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology. Dr. Carstarphen is captain in the medical service of the U. S. Army and will probably be assigned to a base hospital in France or England. Dr. Buchanan is a graduate of Wake Forest College, with the degree of B.S. in Medicine, and the Jefferson Medical College with the degree of M.D. He won distinction as a student in Philadelphia and the appointment to the internship of a large hospital in Kansas City, where he remained one year. After two years of practice he took last winter, graduate courses in Pathology and Bacteriology in the Army Medical School, Washington, D.C., and upon the basis of his attainments received from President Wilson a commission of first lieutenant in the army. Later he resigned that commission and was honorably discharged.

Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin was elected by the trustees to succeed Dr. E. A. Case, who tendered his recognition to accept a position in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Dr. Kitchin was graduated from Wake Forest College with a degree of B.A. in 1905 and studied medicine in the University of North Carolina and the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, from which latter institution he received his M.D. degree. His first two years of practice were spent in Lumberton, whence he removed to his old home in Scotland Neck. His professional associates who know him hold him to be one of the ablest men in his profession.

ATHLETIC NOTES

P. H. NEAL, Editor

Football

Captain Pace issued a call for football candidates two weeks ago, and thirty men responded. Since this time the squad has been put through some hard preliminary practice and has improved considerably. It is impossible as yet to make any definite forecast, but it is safe to say that we shall have a team as good as that of last year, if not a better one. A number of the stars of last season are in the army now and they will be greatly missed, but we have several very promising new men to take the places of the absent ones.

Since last year there has been a change in the coaching department. E. T. MacDonnell of Baton Rouge, La., succeeds "Mig" Billings, as head coach. MacDonnell comes to us with an excellent record as a capable and experienced coach. He began his football career on the Colgate Academy eleven, where he played for three years. Then he entered Colgate University and immediately won a regular berth at end, playing in that position for four years. In 1909 he was chosen by leading New England papers as All-American end. After graduation from Colgate he became head coach of Jefferson College, La., where he was coach until 1914, at which time he resigned to accept a similar position with Louisiana State University. Here he made an excellent record as coach, his team winning the State championship for two successive years. With such a coach, Wake Forest should put out a good team.

Although the war has taken away a number of our stars of last year, we still have six or eight experienced men.

Captain Dick Pace, Croom, Humber, Savage, Coble, J. C. Pace, and Thompson, all of whom played on last year's team, can be counted on to hold down their old positions. Then we have a number of new men. Gay and Pruett are showing up exceptionally well. Sowers, Meyer, Dockery, and Blizzard are promising candidates for the line. The whole squad has been working unusually hard under the new coach and the prospects for a winning team are much brighter than they were two weeks ago.

Manager Gladney has arranged a good schedule this year. The season opens on September 29, when Georgia Tech., is met at Atlanta, Ga. On October 13, we play Guilford College on our own field. During Fair Week we play North Carolina State College (A. & M.) at Raleigh. The last game of the season is with Hampden-Sidney and will be played on Thanksgiving Day at Norfolk.

THE COMPLETE SCHEDULE.

- Sept. 29. Georgia Tech., at Atlanta, Ga.
- Oct. 6. Furman University, at Greenville, S. C.
- Oct. 13. Guilford College at Wake Forest.
- Oct. 18. Maryland State College at College Park, Md.
- Nov. 3. V. P. I., at Blacksburg, Va.
- Nov. 10. Eastern College at Wake Forest.
- Nov. 17. Davidson College at Greensboro, N. C.
- Nov. 29. Hampden-Sidney College at Norfolk, Va.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBT. P. BURNS, Editor

The exchange departments of the different college literary magazines are founded primarily for the greater efficiency of these magazines and secondarily for the purpose of literary criticism. Criticism, the world's compass, enables us to accomplish our primary purpose. The exchange departments are the one medium of criticism possessed by these magazines. In the exchange of ideas about each other it profits all parties concerned. A broader perspective is given to all. The mutual benefit thus accruing leads to the greater efficiency of both our magazines and our literary work.

It is the purpose of the present editor to criticise THE STUDENT's sister publications in as liberal a manner as possible, taking into consideration the academic mind. We intend neither to attack the bad nor praise the good entirely, but to criticise any chosen magazine as a unit. We hope not only to gain much from this work, but also to aid some other publication to become a little more efficient. We cordially invite all our sister publications to exchange with us, hoping that much pleasure and benefit will be derived by all parties concerned.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

ON THE LOCAL GREEN.

What are you carrying that club for? Do you play golf?
No; I am only carrying it to frighten off students and cows.

This business of being compelled to wait on the waiters is exasperating, to say the least.

Congress is getting rather extravagant, isn't it?
Yes; but it is supposed to represent the American people.

We hope everybody won't be a saint when the millenium dawns.
The editorial profession is already overcrowded.—*Editor's Note.*

A GOOD MAN'S LAMENT ON THE BREAKING OF A GOLF CLUB.
Tut, tut! What a shame! Oh, dear, isn't that too bad?

What is the limit in this club? The food.—*Judge.*

Subbubs: My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of.
What would you advise?

Get a bigger one. Five dollars please.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE MODERN AGE.

Wine without alcohol,
Plays without plots,
Innocent criminals,
Colorless blots,
Indolent industry,
Penniless wealth,
Obvious mystery,
Counterfeit health,
Cellars in attics,
Foundations above,
Judicious fanatics,
Affectionless love. —*Life.*

If hallelujah could bring heaven down, some folks would get all tore up for fear it might spend the day and make too close inquiries.

HE STRUCK.

A mud-bedraggled Tommy was plodding wearily toward the base when a subaltern stopped him.

"Do you know that your regiment is in the front line now? Why aren't you there?" he asked.

"Well, sir," the Tommy explained, "we were just going over the top when the officer shouted: 'Strike for home and glory, lads!' All the others struck for glory, but I struck for home."—*London News*.

HIS REWARDS.

(A news item says that the Kaiser has distributed 2,250,000 iron crosses since the war started.)

He has given iron crosses,
Has the Kaiser;
To the privates and the bosses
In a geyser;
But for help the war in winning,
Spite of all his frightful sinning,
This amount from the beginning,
He's no wiser.

He thought this decoration
They would die on;
That its honor's invitation
Was a siren;
He took both gold and jewel,
As the big war furnace fuel,
And he paid them back—'twas cruel—
In poor iron.

But the day is surely coming
When the wearer
Of this badge of horror's summing
Will be bearer
Of the world's contempt and hating,
And will have a savage rating,
Disgrace and shame creating
In its terror. —*Baltimore American*.

No, Gladys, they never fill the English tanks with rummies.—*Judge*.

A Recipe: Take a shredded wheat biscuit, place a portion of collard greens on it, heat until brown, and eat on the way to the hospital.

HUH?

Lives there a man—
 Sans if or but—
 Who never got
 Into a rut?

Anos Doolittle has been drafted and sent to Petersburg.

Anos Doolittle left for Petersburg the other day.

Anos Doolittle has quit his job at the Cross Roads General store.

Query: Why doesn't some cartoonist draw a little boy with a heavy load of books, wearing a forlorn expression creeping along a dreary road with a sign near by marked "To School"?

"Col. Theodore Roosevelt is a monstrous survival of a pre-Neocene age of human thought."—*Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes.*

Quick, boy—the asbestos paper—the Colonel is about to reply!—
Judge.

NOT IN THE CHIMNEY.

She—Did you hear the chimney swallow?

Embarrassed Youth—That wasn't the chimney, Ethel; that was I.—
Lampoon.

A. QUALIFICATION.

Nitts—That guy would certainly make a good soldier.

Ignitts—Howssat?

Nitts—Ah, you can treat him, but he won't retreat.—*Awgwan.*

THE NEW AGE.

Fond Papa—Well, son, what did you learn in school today?

Son—Aw, not much, dad. We hadda couple of two-reelers in history, a three-reel travelogue in geography, and a split reel nature study. They usta give us a wild west pitcher once in a while, but they don't do it no more.—*Widow.*

A POME.

Roses are red,
 Violets are blue,
 The draft has
 Done blew its blew.

THE WAR GARDEN.

We have eaten the tomato;
 I've picked the lima bean,
 But wanly forlorn, the green, green corn
 Is still exceeding green,
 There may be two more carrots;
 I'm hoping for a beet;
 'Twas the rooster, no doubt, ate the lone Brussels sprout
 Before we transformed him to meat,
 The seed cost me only three dollars
 And labor was twelve more, I think;
 But I tell you, by heck! we raised more than a peck
 Of radishes, both white and pink!

—H. W., in *Baltimore News*.

NOT IN SOUTH.

Fuller—What are you going to the Taft bar for?

Butler—Just a few setting-up exercises.—*Life*.

IMMORTAL WILLIE.

President S. T. Edwards of the American Feed Manufacturers' Association said in Chicago, apropos of the bombs and infernal machines sent to Norway under the imperial German seal:

"Oh, nothing surprises me that the kaiser does. The kaiser's morality is as warped as little Willie's.

"'George Washington,' said his teacher to little Willie, 'was the greatest man that ever lived, for he couldn't tell a lie.'

"'No, he was'n't the greatest man, nuther,' said little Willie. 'Ananias was greater, for he couldn't tell the truth.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

A REGULAR 'GATOR.

"Are you quite sure that this is a genuine alligator skin?" she inquired.

"Positive, madam," quoth the dealer. "I shot the alligator myself."

"It looks rather solled," said the lady.

"That, madam, is where it struck the ground when it fell off the tree."—*Youth's Companion*.

Camouflage is a regular practice of some folks about the time when monthly bills come due.

EXPLAINED.

A new lodger had arrived at Mrs. Jenkins', and, like the majority of his fellow boarders, he had to be early astir. The first morning he stumbled over a tin bath on the top stair. Lodger and bath rolled with a frightful clatter down the stairs, and as the man picked himself up he heard a drowsy "Right-o!" from one of the other residents in the house. The victim of the accident complained of the carelessness of the individual who had put the bath on the stairs, and was astonished to hear his landlady chuckle:

"That was Mr. Brown," she explained, genially. "E's such a 'eavy sleeper that only a noise like somebody falling down stairs can wake 'im. That's what 'e calls 'is alarm clock."—*Tit-Bits*.

PREFERRED RISK.

"What have automobiles got to do with life insurance?"

"If you own a car," replied the solicitor, "the premium is less, for there isn't the danger of being run over by one."—*Life*.

GOOD WORK.

"You've broken that lecture item off nicely," remarked the editor angrily to the foreman.

"What is the trouble?" the foreman inquired.

"You've cut out all the names of those present but two and made me say, 'Scattered through the hall were J. Bronson Smithers and Mrs. Smithers.'"—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE ONLY WAY.

The Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifferange.

He tried them on the five-hundred-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the three-hundred-yard, the two-hundred-yard, and the one-hundred-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range he looked around in despair. Then he straightened up.

"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! *Char-r-ge!*"
—*Everybody's*.

College Boys

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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FAREWELL TO OCTOBER

WOOD PRIVOTT

October days, so golden-soft,
Departing, leave behind them
No sunbeams warm to cheer the hours —
Dull clouds, and leaden, blind them.

October! O October! dost
Thou go, with all thy glory,
And only leave thy mirrored form
In memory and in story?

When thou art gone, O gentle friend,
Thy blessings we remember;
While thou, grown old, dost heed the law
And yield to chill November.

WALT WHITMAN, MAN AND POET

ROBERT P. BURNS

Before beginning a discussion of Whitman's status, a brief review of his life might be permissible and conducive to a better understanding of this strange, mystical, unfathomable, and most prominent figure. Whitman, christened Walter, but called Walt in order to distinguish him from his father, likewise named Walter, was born at Forest Hills, Long Island, on May 31, 1819. Whitman always kept the name Walt. It seemed to suit his odd, form-opposing character better than the formal Walter. When he was four years old his parents moved to Brooklyn, which is only forty miles distant from Forest Hills. Here Whitman grew up, in his childhood laying the foundation for his later love of personal freedom and a lack of restraint by wandering about Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the shores of Long Island at his own pleasure. Often he went back to his parents' Long Island farm, which he insisted on calling by the old Indian name, Paumanok, spending this time with his grandmother. Here the youth absorbed the various aspects of country life. But the metropolitan life in smoke-clad Brooklyn and Manhattan seemed to particularly fascinate him. He loved the crowds, the urchins with whom he wandered about the streets, the motley throng he saw. We see already the basis of his later knowledge. In Brooklyn he is acquiring knowledge of the great city throng and at Paumanok knowledge of the woods, the fields, all outdoor nature; while up and down the shores of Long Island the waves beating upon the shore are making their indelible impressions on the mind of the youth.

Receiving only a public school education — he wished no better — he led a life in some respects similar to vagabondage until the age of thirty. During this time he held any position from office boy to editor of small newspapers. In 1849 he began a trip rather in the manner of a tramp which carried him as far as New Orleans by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. After working a while in New Orleans as a newspaper reporter he returned to Brooklyn, visiting Chicago and the Great Lakes on his return journey. This trip increased Whitman's perspective immensely, as it offered a wide field for observation. Whitman says that he plodded on this journey — and plodding is the most descriptive term that can be applied to it. He casually went from city to city, observing as he went.

Returning to Manhattan, he resumed his former sedentary life for a short while. About 1853 he seemed to find himself, experiencing a kind of conversion, as it were, and feeling that a mission in this world had been given him. He immediately cast aside all occupations and gave himself up to literary pursuits; not the old staid literary forms, but striking off in absolute departure from the accepted verse forms of that day. In 1855 appeared his first volume, entitled "Leaves of Grass." This is the only volume of his poems now published, or ever published under Whitman's sanction; but it has been enlarged and republished time after time. He insisted that the world as a whole was good, and that the same thing was true of his poems.

The one beautiful period in Whitman's life is the one which covers his hospital work in Washington from 1862 to the close of the war. He labored over the beds of the wounded soldiers as a brother might, doing a labor of love — for no compensation for the many hours he spent in the hospitals did he ever receive, and none was expected. The soldiers

came to love him with an intense devotion, and when he entered the hospitals they called to him, "Walt, Walt!" His was a labor not of medical skill, but simply that of sympathizer and nurse. We see him now going through the hospitals "Giving to one man a few words of cheer, for another writing a letter home, to others giving an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper or a postage stamp, all of which and many other things he carried in his capacious haversack." Mrs. Ellen M. Cadler, wife of William D. O'Connor, Whitman's eminent defender and host for several months after Whitman's arrival in Washington, says: "Soon Dr. Bliss, the surgeon in charge, discovered that here was a man who could be trusted to go about the wards and give an apple, an orange, or tobacco to the patients as his intuition might prompt him, and not give the wrong thing." This is typical in a way of Whitman's whole life. He intuitively knew people, what was to their interest and what not, what they liked and what they did not. This partly explains the fact that he always made a deep impression on those with whom he came in contact. Intuition directed him in approaching people. We have no record of anyone coming in close personal contact with him who was not charmed at his personality and, in most cases, not ever after an ardent defender of him.

Whitman's appearance of calm while going about the hospitals is wonderful when his sympathetic nature is taken into consideration. He says of this: "I always kept an outward appearance of physical calm in going among them — I had to, it was necessary; I would have been useless if I had not — but no one could tell what I felt underneath it all; how hard it was for me to keep down the fierce blood which always seemed threatening to break loose."

In "The Wound Dresser" Whitman gives us a picture of himself and his work in the hospitals:

I onward go, I stop,
 With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds.
 I am firm with each; the fangs are unavoidable.
 One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never knew
 you,
 Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if
 that would save you.

Thus in silence in dreams projections,
 Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the hospitals.
 The hurt and wounded I pacify with soothing hand;
 I sit by the restless all the dark night. Some are so young,
 Some suffer so much, I recall the experience sweet and sad.
 (Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed
 and rested,
 Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips).

The spirit of the war as seen by Whitman is reflected in his poems grouped under the title, "Drum-Taps," the greater part of which was written during his stay in Washington.

After holding Government jobs in Washington for about ten years, he went to Camden, New Jersey, to live with his brother George, forced to do so by a paralytic stroke. Here he lived until he died in 1891, leaving Camden only once in this period, taking a trip to the western states on this occasion. Before his death his home at Camden became to some degree a goal of pilgrimage, and all who visited him there testify to his seeming gentleness and sincerity. Whitman's life at Camden, his old age and his old age reflections, are portrayed in his poems grouped under the title "Sands at Seventy." Some of his most beautiful poems are in this collection.

Having briefly surveyed our study's life, the question of the poetical qualities of his poetry at once arises. It is interesting to note that his first poems were written in the old

customary form, and that finding he was not succeeding, "he underwent conviction — or experienced a change of thought and style and professed a new departure in verse, dress, and way of life." Not as is sometimes supposed in academic circles, his verse is no new invention. Blake made use of the same kind of verse; centuries ago Hebrew lyrists and various Oriental peoples had used it extensively. However, despite the fact that he uses an old verse form, he and his poetry are both distinctly individual, not so much in the form of his poetry as the matter, the body of it. No one shines more conspicuously by difference. Despite his present hosts of would-be imitators, no one thus far has even approached him. He surpasses in his own field. Whitman himself calls his verse "my barbaric yawp," while another critic is left in doubt as to whether his chantings, Whitman's general term for his verse, are "verse broken off at haphazard or prose run mad." Whitman was distinctly poetical. While the form of verse that he used is by far the best for rhythm and poetical expression, and in the hands of a less poetically inclined person cannot in some instances properly be called true poetry; despite his crude verse forms, Whitman's chantings are in part distinctly poetical. This is true of lines and phrases more than of verses. "This is thy hour, O soul," "The day erased," "These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks," "Love subtly with your waters every line, Potomac!" "O Magnet-South! O glistening, perfumed South! My South!" "The sunset splendor of chivalry declining," "Like clouds and cloudlets in the unreach'd sky," "As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe," "A warble for joy of lilac-time, returning in reminiscence," are examples of extremely poetical lines which constantly adorn his verse.

We must remember that Whitman tried to break away from conventional forms entirely, to obliterate every trace of

wonted rhythm and poetic coloring — things he scorned, or pretended to — from his work. I believe that Whitman gave more attention to the context of his verse than to its expression. In substantiation of this idea I quote this conversation between him and Mr. Horace Traubel, his Boswell, who records a great part of Whitman's conversation the last few years of his life: "I remember very few things out of the mass I have written — I could repeat but very few complete lines . . . I do not feel it to be necessary to fight for my words. I use them and let them go, and that's an end of it." Yet in spite of this carelessness his poetry abounds in beautiful, poetical, rhythmical expressions. The nearest he approaches the accepted verse forms the better is his verse. "Oh, Captain, My Captain," his most popular piece of verse, conforms most nearly to accepted forms. On the other hand, the farther he gets away from wonted forms the less poetical his work becomes. We may, then, ascribe the beauty of his verse, uncouth and crude though it be, not to the form of the verse, but to his inborn poetic instinct, the seed of which permeate his works even though he attempted to keep it out by using a rude, unpoetical verse form.

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
 Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.
 Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
 Not physiology alone nor brain alone is worthy for the
 Muse, say the Form complete is worthier far,
 The Female equally with the Male I sing.

"Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
 Cheerful, for present action formed under the laws divial,
 The Modern Man I sing."

In these lines we have summed up for us the theme of Whitman's poems. He places this poem first in his volume. His whole work devolves about a central personage, himself. "I" is probably used by him more than any other word. Ex-

tremely egoistic, he does not fail to let us have a complete picture of both his body and his life. He has been called the most subjective poet on record, undoubtedly a true criticism. In most persons this continual chant, ego, would become very uninteresting indeed, but, due to Whitman's strikingly odd character and temperament, his "egos," tiresome though they often become, are oftentimes the most interesting parts of his works. They furnish us an index, contradictory though it be, to his whole life, his character, his philosophy, and his ideas of the State. Of course, the interest in a literary man, as a rule, has its foundation in the ideas of that man and in the man himself, and his work is always the guide to his ideas and character. Whitman is different from other men in that he shouts from the house-tops a eulogy of himself, while other men are generally satisfied with implying their character, ideas, and so forth, or leaving it for others to imply. In his "Song of Myself," his longest poem, he, as he says, celebrates himself.

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

Subordinate to himself, we find the theme of democracy, American democracy. Whitman's idea of a democratic America seems to have been a great democratically governed America, governed by brotherly love. He loved humanity, the human race, his fellow-beings. He was in private life intensely devoted to the people who were kind to him, seemingly never becoming angry with any one. The America that he loved was clearly a community, rather than a government. His new democracy was a composite of personalities. The form and working of the democratic government he desired he felt that the people would work out. "His was an intense and abiding faith in the triumph of right and jus-

tice; he felt no doubt as to results; he had absolute confidence that the men and women of 'these States,' and of all the world, would finally solve the problem of the unification of all races and peoples." In an interview with Mr. Harned, a friend, which Traubel records, Whitman shows what he hopes will be the basis and foundation of the new democratic America. "Harned asked: 'Have you ever had any experiences to shake your faith in humanity?' 'Never! Never! I trust humanity; its instincts are in the main right! It goes false, it goes true to its own interests; but in the long run it makes advances. Humanity has to provide for the present moment as well as the future . . . Why wonder, then, that humanity falls down now and then?' " In his "I Dream'd in a Dream" we have a picture of his ideal America:

"I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the
whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that was the new city of Friends.
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love; it led
the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men in that city,
And in all their looks and words."

His ideas of a great democratic state governed by brotherly love, theoretical and foolish though they may seem to us, are interesting, at any rate. We with our lack of faith in humanity do not even pretend to say that such a state can be built; we do not believe it possible; but yet the ideas of a man who has such astonishing faith in men cannot but cause us to pause and think.

It is interesting to note in passing that the common people whose advocate he was have never read Whitman, and will not read him. They will have nothing to do with him. On the other hand, when read at all, he is read by the upper class, the cultured, the intellectual. Why is this? Shall we say

that his portrayals of the common people are not conformable, or that the common people do not like themselves portrayed in their true light?

Physiology is Whitman's third theme. This amalgamates with the other two themes, however. We might say that one of his themes is himself and physiology, and the other democracy and physiology, unanalogous as the last two may seem. His democracy is a democracy of strong men — strong in body, big-muscled, perfect in health. (Here, in a way, the very democracy which he so vociferously proclaims is undemocratic. Here lies a fallacy in his self-termed true democracy.) The body rather than the mind is what he celebrates, emphasizes. In his analysis every part of the body is included — physiology from top to toe, as he says. He worshiped the perfect body, canonized it. Whitman's own physique was impressive, measuring six feet and weighing two hundred pounds, and never ailing at all until the age of forty-five, when a stroke of paralysis partly destroyed his strength, but not his physique. Possibly Whitman's love of the physically perfect may be explained partly on the ground of egotism, he being such a perfect worshiper of everything trade-marked "Walt Whitman."

Whether Whitman is a poet of Americanism or not, beyond question he is one of our strongest poets of nature. This is undoubtedly one of his most logical claims to greatness. His pictures of American landscape, of all the sides of nature study and description are masterful, extremely artistical and imaginative. In Mr. Stedman's words, "He has heard the message of the pushing, wind-swept sea along Paumanok's shores; he knows the yellow, waning moon and the rising stars; the sunset, with its cloud-bar of gold above the horizon; the birds that sing by night or day; the bush and brier, and every shining or swooning flower, the peaks, the prairie, the

mighty, conscious river, the dear common grass that children fetch with full hands." What can illustrate a deeper knowledge of nature's secrets than the following two extracts:

"Night on the prairies,
The supper is over, the fire on the ground burns low,
The wearied emigrants sleep, wrapt in their blankets.
I walk by myself—I stand and look at the stars, which I think
now I never realized before . . . "

"Wild, wild the storm, the sea high running;
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering;
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing;
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,

(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)"

In his descriptive nature works he carries us with him. No man can surpass him. Here he embellishes, he ornaments; his artistic coloring is wonderful. Here he proves himself a true genius, and here one of his big claims to immortality rests.

Whitman's intimacy with Nature is always subjective, furnishing the background for his pictures of himself and for those of the other men whom he portrays. To this quality may be partly attributed the fact that his frequent "egos" do not always grate on our nerves. The beauties of nature which he describes lends a coloring to his poems which make him seem all the more interesting a figure. If his words are carefully studied, it will be found that where his "egos" disgust us most is where he leaves out the background of nature.

Whitman has never become a great popular poet in America, principally for two reasons: the crudity of his work and the sensuality in it. We must admit that part of his work is extremely crude and unpoetical, and that none of it is entirely free of this characteristic. The part which is ex-

tremely crude and unpoetical has hurt the other part — crude and yet wonderful because of its poetic qualities — discounted this better part in the minds of casual readers. Long prose lines, a superabundance of "Is," long lists of names strung together, transcribed from maps and gazettes, mar and ruin a good part of his poetry. An example from the "Song of Myself" amply illustrates this characteristic of his work:

"Trippers and askers surround me—
 People I meet, the effect upon me of my early life or the ward
 and city I live in, or the nation.
 The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors
 old and new,
 My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues.

 There come to me days and nights, and go from me again,
 But they are not the Me myself"

Here Whitman is at the extreme in his abandonment of form, rhythm, and poetical touches. Such verse has discredited him very much in the eyes of readers, and properly so. Likewise, the crudeness in all of his verse subtracts from his reputation, and deservedly so again.

Now we come to the great unfortunate feature of this eccentric figure. His sensuality has brought about a distrust in the minds of men as to him. I have already mentioned the fact that he worships the physical side of the race. Not only does he do this, but he does it in an immoral, strongly sensual way. It is true that there is a squeamishness in discussion of the parts of the body which is only prudery. Dr. A. H. Strong says: "Oversensitiveness with regard to bodily organs is a sign of undisciplined imagination. The human body even in its nudity is noble and divine. But only when immoral suggestion is wholly absent, and when form suggests the supremacy of the spirit." Parts of Whitman's poetry is the poetry of the flesh. Every process of nature, procreation and reproduction, and all that pertain to them,

are made the subjects of poems by this man. He uses the utmost freedom in describing these things, and thus compromises himself in the eyes of the world. His poems under the title of "Children of Adam" and "Calamus," are not fit for decent ears. No one is the gainer by reading them. They shock our inborn feeling of decency and reticence in these matters, and totally disgust one. What was Whitman's motive in writing these poems, or did he have a motive? Was it due to his own sensuality? One who reads "The Children of Adam" and "Calamus" very naturally comes to this conclusion. Whitman's defense is that he attempts to bring about "a sane sensuality" by these poems. The mission, or one of them, that he felt called upon to do in 1853 was to show that "there is in nature nothing mean or base." To do this he felt impelled to show the secret side of our life, to proclaim the generative functions, and to leave no thought, no part, no action, of the human race unrevealed. Mrs. Cadler reports this conversation with Whitman on this subject: "Being asked about this, he says: 'It always pains me to be misunderstood by good women, mothers especially,' whom he regarded as the best of the earth; 'but' he added, 'I had to do it.' Then, enlarging a little, he said that, when a boy, he was struck with the pretense of respect which he observed in a class of men such as he used to see congregated at the country grocery store, entertaining themselves with vile, obscene stories and jokes. Upon the approach of a woman he noticed that there was a sudden change, and that a show of respect was assumed. This made so deep an impression on him that he felt it was for him, as he expressed it, 'to tear off the mask, to lay bare the truth — to proclaim that all in nature is good and pure.' "

Accepting Whitman's motive as he sets it forth, we admire him even less. It diminishes our respect for his genius. He disregards the laws of Nature absolutely, he ignores ro-

mance, he disregards the spiritual side of the matter, he does not expose things that are hypocritically hidden but exposes ugly and disagreeable things, intended by Nature to be hidden.

I believe that these poems are due to a superabundance of sensuality in his own nature. Despite the evidence of practically all his friends that he was perfectly gentle and unvoluptuous, these two sets of poems go to prove that at times he was a beast in sensuality. It might be interesting to note that Whitman was the father of six illegitimate children — he was never married — a fact of which he openly boasts; he is also given credit for having led a high life in New Orleans. No matter what the motive of these poems, they are exceedingly unfortunate both to the author and to the world. They diminish his reputation and cause many a person to miss the good things in his works.

It is an interesting fact that in England, where Whitman is much more popular than in America, in the first edition of his works published every poem with any trace of vulgarity was omitted. No doubt, if Whitman's vulgar poems had never been published in America he would today be a much more popular poet. The hope of Whitman becoming a national popular poet in America lies in carefully chosen volumes of selections from him. The better poems with the omission of the worst ones distributed throughout the country would soon make him liked and appreciated by our people as a whole.

Will Whitman live? It is a question of whether or not the good in his works will overcome the bad. There is an inestimable amount of both. Will his nature descriptions overcome his sensuality? Will the beautiful poetry in parts of his work overcome the crude, uncouth, prosaic parts? Will the interest in his philosophy, his ideas of democracy, decline

or increase? Of course, these questions must be answered by the future. Mark Antony said over the dead body of Cæsar that the evil of men lived after them and the good was interred with their bones. He might have excepted poets in this statement. Here the reciprocal generally is the case. This being true, Whitman's advocates may look for a rich future for him. His poor poems being forgotten and his good remembered, the world will look upon Whitman as one of its great poetic geniuses.

OCTOBER NINTH

 SIVAD

October ninth is a dismal day,
 The rain drips from the shining eaves,
 I hear it patter hard away

Upon the bright magnolia leaves.
 Outside the stabbing wind blows chill
 And dreary thoughts my mem'ry fill.

Here from my window all that go
 And all the autumn's signs I note:
 The minister passes, head bent low,
 Ears buried in his overcoat.

I wonder what the good man thinks —
 Of sermons, souls, or wife's warm drinks.

September all the elm's leaves took,
 October takes the forest's soon,
 And then at night the trees will look
 So barren 'neath the autumn moon,
 So barren, like a man's last years
 That make him long for youthful tears.

A man's last years! — those sad, sad words!
 They clog my soul with somber dread;
 I almost hate the singing birds
 And every flower that lifts its head
 Above the grass, and e'en love's kiss
 Seems dry as dust, and like a hiss.

Ah! fall of years! when life is bare
 Of flower and fruit, spring's dear surprise;
 And then at last the glassy stare
 Of dead and cold and sparkless eyes.
 To journey, journey — God knows where —
 Only another place than here.

ASPIRATION

J. N. DAVIS

For a week protracted meetings had been conducted at Pine Grove Church, and with small success. These farmers of South Georgia could see little in an evangelist who asked them to repent because of Christ's great love, not for fear of hell.

But to Grover Cleveland Tucker, son of John Tucker, quiet little Mr. Leslie seemed an archangel.

Cleve had grown out of sympathy with his native surroundings and the people he had grown up among. It seemed to him that the spirit of their very action was trite and commonplace — weariness to a soul which sought not to follow in the plodding footsteps of precedent. And this preacher seemed to bring something different, something big and universal. His admiration had been distant, however; natural timidity had held him from addressing Mr. Leslie.

Mrs. Tucker had asked that the evangelist spend the last day of the meeting with her, and had received his promise. And so, after services, on this hot summer day, Cleve drove the surrey home with Mr. Leslie on the front seat, chatting and joking like another boy. He insisted on helping Cleve unhitch, and the boy was surprised at his knowledge of harness. "I was raised on a farm," said the preacher as they started for the house. "And how was it that you started preaching?" asked Cleve.

"Oh," said the other, "I went to the city to work; wandered into a church one night and was converted; later felt called to preach — and did."

"Went to the city," replied Cleve, musingly. That was all he had heard.

At the dinner table Cleve could hardly keep his eyes off Mr. Leslie; who jollied old Mr. Tucker and praised Mrs. Tucker's biscuits immoderately; remarking humorously that he was going to stay the rest of his life and help Cleve run the farm.

The two men sat out on the porch for a while after dinner. "Mr. Leslie," said the old man, "I wish you'd talk to Cleve; he's gettin' restless here lately. I've had three sons to leave me, and I hoped he would be a help to me in my old age."

Cleve came to the door and looked out. The old man began to rub his eyes.

"You go ahead and take your nap, Mr. Tucker," said the preacher. "Cleve and I will go see that tall corn you were bragging about."

After the old man had gone to bed they walked down the path through the field. On the edge of the wood that lay beyond the field they sat down upon a log to rest.

"Mr. Leslie," said the boy, after a moment's silence, "is Atlanta a very big place?"

"Rather large," replied the other; "and as much alive as it is big."

"Much work there?"

"Yes, there is always some opening for an enegetic person. But why did you ask?"

"I dunno," replied the boy, slowly. "But sometimes I feel like I owe myself a chance. I've always been crazy to get out and see a little of the world, and try to be something besides a one-horse farmer."

"Yes," said the minister. "Your ambition is worthy. But there are other things to consider."

"What?" asked the boy, bluntly.

"Well," said the other, "your father is getting old and needs you; he looks to you for a support of his old age. The farm is fertile; and you are always sure of a good living,

which you aren't in the city. Why shouldn't you stay here where there is quite room enough for improvement?"

"I know," said the boy, soberly, "but I feel like I could succeed somewhere, and bring father and mother to live with me, where they wouldn't need to work like they do here."

"Would you go tomorrow, if you had the chance?" asked the other.

"I sure would," said Cleve, "and be glad of it."

"Then, if you are determined, you may go back to Atlanta with me tomorrow. We will look around and, no doubt, I can find you a job."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, his eyes flashing. "I'll go."

"Don't be so fast," warned the minister. "Take a while and think it over, and let me know before I go to the church tonight."

"All right, sir," said Cleve, "but I've decided already."

.

The gates of darkness slowly swung behind the departed sun. The hills lay mantled in the mystic gray twilight. The katydids commenced their elamor. A jarfly startled the air with his rasping note.

Clevo went out to feed the stock, as he was accustomed to at that hour. He could not help thinking how many nights would thus come down and find him not at his nightly duties.

Going back into the houso he saw his father pacing up and down the yard, and thought how he would miss seeing him. "But it is for the best," he assured himself.

After supper they gathered around the table. Mr. Tueker was reading the county paper; Cleve was sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall, musing in silence; his mother was mending some clothes. She, noticing his unusual quietness, asked if he was sick. "No, not sick," he answered.

A minute of silence.

"Folks, I am going away," suddenly blurted out the boy.

"Going away?" repeated his mother, dropping her mending. "Where?"

"Atlanta, with Mr. Leslie," said Cleve.

Mr. Tucker quietly laid aside his newspaper and asked: "Have you enough money to go on?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cleve; "nearly all I got on my bale of cotton last year."

Mrs. Tucker arose and left the room.

"What ails mother?" asked Cleve. "I thought she would be glad for me to get such a chance."

"Your mother is getting old, son, like I am, and can't see things in a young way."

As he closed his bedroom door upstairs Cleve muttered to himself, "I wish I had kissed mother goodnight; women take things so hard."

Stepping to the window, he looked out. The moon was half obscured by the white clouds which littered the sky, and it cast a dim religious light upon the objects familiar to the boy's soul; the great oaks, the barn, the cotton field gleaming with blooms. The pigs grunted contentedly in the lot. Out in the barn a horse neighed; it was Jim, his favorite; he knew his nicker.

He undressed; and as he sank into the soft feather mattress he said with a sigh, "I wish I had not given Mr. Leslie my promise."

.

The work-bell's slow clang awoke Cleve at five o'clock as usual. To him it sounded dolefully like a knell; and he wished it was summoning him to his usual toil.

He ate his breakfast in silence, and noticed with a sinking heart his father's sad, grave face and his mother's swollen eyes.

Going to the back porch, he called Wash, his negro boy helper, and ordered him to hitch up the surrey. Then went to his room to pack his suitcase.

When he came down his father was sitting by the stove smoking his pipe and gazing into the grate. He gripped Cleve's hand, and quietly admonished him to keep out of temptation, and wished him luck.

His mother was washing dishes. She followed him as he started out on the porch. On the step he turned to kiss her goodbye; she put her apron up over her eyes. He tried to speak some comforting words, but failed woefully. He could hardly drag himself away. "Mother —" he began, but then, mastering himself, started for the surrey.

Climbing in, he took the lines. "Let me drive them, Wash," he said. He whipped the horses furiously down the road.

They passed the hands riding to work, their trace chains clanking with every step. They said, "Goodbye, Mr. Cleve."

He saw his mother waving to him until he turned over the hill and could see her no longer.

At the station Cleve sat in moody silence with Mr. Leslie, who was watching him with a smiling but understanding eye. It was five minutes until train time, and every minute stabbed Cleve as it passed.

Then train time. "Train five minutes late," Cleve heard the ticket agent say. Five minutes; five stabbing knives.

Four minutes — three minutes — two minutes; the train blew. "I'll do it," said Cleve, through his teeth.

He followed Mr. Leslie to the platform outside.

At the step Mr. Leslie turned: "Where is your suitcase, Cleve?"

"In the depot."

"You had better get it."

"No, sir; I have decided to take your advice — and stay."

"What! go back now?"

"Yes, sir."

"All aboard!" said the conductor, sharply.

"Goodbye and good luck, Cleve," said Mr. Leslie, and jumped aboard.

The train rumbled off. Cleve watched it till it was out of sight around the curve, leaving a trail of black smoke. Then he went back to the surrey and Wash with a light step. He knew that he would meet ridicule; but let them laugh all they wished. He was going gack to the house where he was born, and a great joy filled his heart.

Though Cleve did not know it, he had felt that power which moulds nations, kindles wars, and topples thrones.

A SOCIETY DAY VISITOR

HENRY J. DAVIS

The young ladies full of fun and gaiety begin to crowd off the train even before the cars have ceased to move. Around the depot you will see hundreds of enthusiastic and handsome young lads ready to greet the fair maidens with a hearty welcome to their college.

(The visitor speaks.)

"Oh, I'll declare I never saw such a rush — Hello, James! How are you, James? Mighty glad to see you — no, I can carry my suitcase, James. Never saw so many boys in my life — I'll declare, we had the 'mostest' fun on the train. Gee! What a pretty campus — and that arch! Do you have to study hard, James? Where are those girls going there? Are we going, too? Well, as I was saying, we had the mostest fun — saw the cutest little fellow on the train — my! I know that suitcase is heavy. What a pretty magnolia tree! — and those oaks are beautiful. Do you like Wake Forest, James? Yes, I like Meredith, but — Gee! Where are we going to? Oh, the Administration building, did you say? My, you walk so fast, James! What a beautiful building yonder — the Alumni building, did you say? O James, my hat is about to come off — and my face — gracious me! Yes, I heard from Alma last week — oh, dear me, why are they all crowding in there? Is that where we go? My! I never saw so many — who is that fellow there, a professor? A ministerial student, did you say? Gracious me, how fluctuately I feel — well, you say go in here and put my suitcase down? Now don't you leave me, James."

(In a few minutes she returns ready to be escorted to the football game.)

"Mercy me, James, I thought I never would get out! Where did you say we are going? To the football game? Gee! I do like to see them play — exciting, my! I never saw the like. Do you play, James? I used to know a football player — the cutest thing ever. Oh, where are they all going? The same way we are — what is that building? Chemistry building? Oh, do you like chemistry? What a pretty bench to sit on! You say you have? Faculty Avenue, did you say? What a pretty street — how far do we have to walk? Way up there? Isn't that a good-looking boy! He has such a funny coat — there is such a pretty home. A professor's home, did you say? O James, I think this is the dandiest little place — what a crowd behind — a ticket? What do you need a ticket for? Oh, yes, the game — I'll declare I'm so happy — that boy is your roommate? Gee! He is the tallest thing. Yes, I got your letter, James, and — my, just look at the automobiles! Are they going to the game? A. and E. boys — oh, I used to know the dearest boy at A. and E. Is this the place? What funny suits they have — and what a crowd! This way to what? — The grandstand — what for? Oh, yes, to see the game — I'll declare I'm crazy. James, I left my little pink handkerchief — oh, hello, Mary! — having the grandest time ever! Yes, we can sit here — where are they going to play? Oh, yes, out there — Ouch! I wish that fellow would keep off my toes. What are they lining up for? Oh, yes, the game. I'm so crazy to see them play — which is Wake Forest? They are? What are they putting that ball that way for? To kick — what for? Oh, yes, the game is starting — I'm so excitingly glad. Why do they play so rough? The first down — oh, look at them now! I'll declare I like this game so — Oh, what is he doing — he will kill him, I know. Is he dead — just hurt — my! why do they play so rough? I'm so excited — I'll declare, James! Oh, I can't hear my

ears — what's he running for? A touchdown! What's that? Oh, yes; Wake Forest won — not yet, did you say? Hello, Julia, dear — this is the dandiest game. What are they doing now? Resting, did you say? Oh, yes, the first half is up — the band is playing 'Dixie.' What good yells the boys do have! Why don't you yell, James? Are they ready to start again? Oh, there they go again — that poor fellow, I feel so sorry for him! Is he hurt much — just winded? What is that? Oh, I know I am going crazy. This is the most exciting game ever — and interesting. What are they doing now, James? Penalizing — what for, James? Well, I never heard of the like! They do play so rough — and fast. I never saw such. What is a 'down,' James? Oh, yes, — goody — goody — I am so glad! Look at him, James! My! I am so happy — and excited! Has Wake Forest won? Oh, why do they throw each other down so hard? He is running again — ah! shucks, I thought he might — Gee! Look at them now — he's got him around the neck — mercy! what a game. Is it all over? Are they going to stop playing? And Wake Forest has won. Gee! I'm so happy — and excited. Let's go before they crowd so much."

(After supper they meet again for the speaking in the auditorium.)

"Here we are again. James, I had the dandiest time at supper — thought I would die. O James, these flowers are beautiful — always did like roses. I thank you so much, James. Is this the way we go? What a long stairway! Gee! I'm having such a time — look at that fellow! A chief marshal, did you say? What a fine-looking man — yes, this will be far enough. What a pretty hall — and such a crowd! Are those portraits hand-painted? Did you ever in your life — who is that in front with a head on him like a pug dog — a law student, did you say? My! are these

the speakers coming in? What fine-looking fellows — I do say. How long do they speak? Fifteen minutes — gracious me! what a long time. O James, I forgot to tell you of the time I had this summer — who is that speaking now? Goodness! what a long face he has! As I was telling you about this summer — Gee! He is some orator, isn't he? I want you to write me sooner than you do, James. Heavens, is that the last speaker? Oh, how glad I am! What was his subject — 'A Loyal American'? Goodness, he is very patriotic, isn't he? You know, this summer I had the bestest time on the lake — oh, yes, I started to tell you — well, I'll declare I never — James, do behave yourself and stop laughing at the speaker! Oh, is it all over? How glad I am! Where do we go now, James? To the banquet, did you say? Thank heavens, the table's set! Don't pinch my arm in a crowd, James."

(In a few minutes they both arrive at the banquet hall.)

"What a crowd — I do say! Are you still here, James? Isn't this a pretty place? Go where — down the receiving line, did you say? My! I always did hate to do that. Gee! What a jam. (After they pass down the receiving line.) Goodness gracious, James, I thought I never would get through! And those 'big' professors — I'll declare I never felt so embarrassed in my life. Everybody seems to be in a good humor — and just look at those beautiful decorations! I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Williams. Who is he? Oh, one of the football players? How do you do, Mr. Justis — Gee! He looks like the last rose of summer. Did you say punch? Well, I should smile — its just delicious. Here goes the music for a dance — oh, I forgot that this is a Baptist institution. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance — yes, I'm having a lovely time. They are serving refreshments — let's go and sit down — wait — the president is going to speak. He's the finest thing ever — oh, he's darling-

That's a fine toast to Meredith — my! the boys are singing 'O Here's to Wake Forest' — you bet that's a pretty song! Why don't you sing, James? Oh, that's the dearest song! Is it nearly time for the train? Heavens, if we could only stay an hour longer — oh, how they are crowding out. I've had the dandiest time, James — hello, Mary, are you ready? Be sure and wait for me when I come out the dressing-room, James — here."

(After a few minutes have passed the couple find themselves at the depot.)

"Oh, how dark it is down here! James, I have had such a time — I never did have such a time — and these flowers — O James, I can't thank you enough for them. When are you coming over, James? Is this the train we take — did you ever; look at them jumping on! Well, since Pat was in the army — I never saw the like. Oh, mercy, they will mash us to death — thank goodness we are on at last. Have you got my suitcase, James? I thank you so much, James. Gee! I am so happy — and such a time — don't talk about it, man. Hurry, James! the train is moving — don't get hurt, James, when you jump. Good-bye, James. Write a long letter tomorrow — hear?"

As the train left, the boys rolled off the moving cars and yelled until the last coach had lost itself in the darkness. Now nothing could be heard but the roar of the engine. The day was over; the girls had gone, and tomorrow meant the same old thing — WORK.

OUR DUTY TO FRANCE

I. E. CARLYLE

(Speech Delivered at 1917 Commencement)

It has been said that "England thinks of life as a sport, Germany as a system, France as an art, and America as a business." Sheltered behind a policy enunciated by the father of our country, we have preferred to work out the destiny of our nation unhampered by the intrigues of coalitions and alliances and free from the interference of ambitious rulers. In subduing a continent and in rearing a commercial, financial, and industrial structure of massive proportions, the American people have come to let the material dominate their lives. As a result of this fondness for political isolation and for pursuing the "almighty dollar," we are slow to recognize our duties to other peoples. If ours is to become a truly great nation we must emerge from our provincial isolation, we must demonstrate the superiority of the spirit over material instincts and blind forces, we must assume the responsibilities of a world power, we must strike for humanity. Nations, like individuals, may lead a meteoric existence "in a fellowless firmament," flourish, and then be soon forgotten; or, they may devote their energies to the altruistic service of other peoples, and leave behind an heritage of greatness that will endure forever.

With these thoughts in mind, we come to the entrance of the United States into the world war, a momentous decision, reluctantly made by a nation that has been a faithful worshiper at the shrine of Peace. The hour has struck and America in widening her scope of activity can also pay back the debt of gratitude so splendidly created in her behalf by the French people when the life of the young republic hung

in the balances, when the sands of democracy were running low. Let us reflect upon that eventful period of the American Revolution, around which cluster the hallowed memories of all true patriots.

Let us pause in reminiscent frame of mind and view the romantic life of the knightliest figure that appeared in the struggle for independence — that of Marquis de Lafayette. A nobleman of the first rank, accustomed to the splendor and pomp of court life, wherein his genius had already been accorded recognition, the brilliancy of his future in the service of his king was already assured; yet, with comrades of like faith, impelled by the indomitable spirit of France and the love of true liberty, these men dared to give all to the cause of the colonies. The world well knows of the renown of their achievements. When the closing scenes of the Revolution were being enacted and the embattled followers of Washington were girding up their drooping spirits for the final efforts, it was the moral support of France, her generous aid in men and money, the magnanimity of her friendship and the self-abnegation of her sons that made triumphant the cause of freedom. When Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the Revolution was brought to a happy culmination there were as many French soldiers in the army to which he surrendered as there were Americans. The booming cannon of the French fleet struck terror into the hearts of the English and made victory possible. Millions of dollars and thousands of men were sent by the liberal-minded people of France to aid the colonies in their time of supreme necessity. Thus the first chapter of the affection between the two greatest Republics on earth was written in the blood of their sons by the staff of liberty, guided by the beneficent hand of a kind Providence, and sealed by a transcendent bond of sentiment, pledged to a birth of freedom and equality for all men.

Our forefathers undertook to express in concrete form the principles for which they stood, and again the influence of France is felt in the realm of political ideas. Rousseau, called the father of democracy, and Montesquieu, the expounder of the doctrine of the tripartite division of governmental powers, each left an impress upon the political institutions of America.

The spiritual intercourse between the two republics was fraught with grave significance for the crowned heads of Europe. The democratic impulse gathered momentum, and soon the echo of the American Revolution was heard across the seas, and France arose in blind fury, bathed herself in blood, and lighted a conflagration that burnt for thirty years, and which was only quenched in blood after the political complexion of Europe was changed and the foundations of empires shaken. The bond between the two nations now rested on a higher plane — that of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." The heartstrings of the two republics were now attuned to the deep-throated notes of God and vibrated in unison to that eternal verity of the liberty of mind, body, and soul. France and America, through the French Revolution and the American Declaration of Independence, made contributions to the government of man that are destined to become the new gospel of the world.

On every French coin is the figure of a graceful, slender woman walking toward the dawn and sowing as she goes, designed to symbolize the rôle of France in the world. She has been the sower of the brighter aspects of the world's civilization. She sowed America, and England and the United States reaped; she sowed the Panama canal, and America and the rest of the world have reaped. By scores American students flock to Paris to receive the advantage of her higher institutions of learning and of her schools of art. In

architecture and painting, in sculpture, in the drama, in all the fields of ennobling and uplifting art and thought, France has sowed for America and the rest of the world.

But, today, France, a sower of Peace, is reaping a whirlwind of death. Before the onrush of the Teutonic hordes the wreath of sorrow, the gall of bitterness is the lot of France. The blasting breath of Mars has scattered desolation where once green vineyards and happy homes dotted the pleasant hillsides. Beneath a thunderous rain of steel and hurtling lead ancient cathedrals and historic cities have been laid low to mingle with the dust of their builders.

For what, I ask, is France fighting? She "is fighting for the independence of France; the preservation of her institutions; the freedom of her people; and for the unrestricted liberty of mankind." Again she is fighting the battle of America. She deserves the admiration and sympathy of America because she is merely defending her life against the forces of autocracy and absolutism, and the splendor of her fight has been the "magnificence of desperation." She has not been forced to appeal to neutral judgment for justification of her cause, for it stands exalted as the battle of humanity. Though chastened in body and soul by the most exhaustive ordeal of effort and sacrifice that any nation has ever been called upon to endure, though bearing heavily the sword of affliction and feeling the ignominy of outrages and invaded territory, France has not stooped to an inglorious deed; her record stands unsullied, and she has sung no hymns of hate.

Today there issues from the trenches, those fruitful furrows in fields of carnage, a silent appeal, "Come over and help before we perish!" It is seen in the purpose of the recent French commission to our shores, whose generous welcome by one million citizens of the city of New York speaks

more eloquently of the bonds of sentiment and feeling between the two countries than all the words of human tongue. France needs our resources, our men, our moral support in the fullest measure that they can be given.

Say not that we shall respond in a niggardly manner to a sublime duty enhanced by the momentous struggle into which we have entered and by a similarity of ideals and purposes. A French philosopher has declared that "National likenesses and attractions are closely connected with destinies." Who would gainsay the fact that France and the United States, two of the greatest republics on earth, are tending toward a more perfect democracy, are marching as the vanguard of progress and civilization. The very lines of their national existence and development lie in parallel courses, and from their common love of liberty has sprung those virtues that have endowed them with greatness.

Then, in the name of Lafayette and Rochambeau, of democracy and freedom, of humanity and civilization, and of a friendship based upon a debt of service, let us open wide our coffers of gold and granaries, let us rise in the majesty of all our powers and assert the manhood of America, and when we have broken in twain the restraint of our splendid isolation and have been lifted above sordidness and selfishness, then, with France as a worthy colleague for any noble enterprise, we "will shatter the ponderous sword of militarism; we will establish guarantees for peace; we will then rest — since we shall leave at the cost of our common immolation the noblest heritage future generations can possess."

WANING SUMMER

J. N. DAVIS

Last month the earth was rich of sun,
Last month the air was charged with song,
Last month magnolias had not done
Of showing blooms dark leaves among.

I saw a lone bloom yesterday
Glistening amid the tree's deep green;
Topped on an elm not far away
A catbird trilled; he could but mean

To make the most of, while it wanes,
The little summer that remains.

THE HIDDEN NOTE

J. W. BRYAN, JR.

The deep, mellow tones of the old clock in the hall announced that the hour was eleven. Thomas Reynolds glanced up from his book and saw his father looking sadly into the glowing coals of the grate. The old man's eyes glistened with restrained tears and his face seemed to his son more sorrowful than ever. Tom's heart ached for him as he sat there thinking of the suffering which had broken his father's spirit.

The disappearance of Sam, his younger brother and his father's favorite son, a year ago, when the whole family was shaken over a theft in the bank in which the three Reynolds held positions, had been a terrible blow to him. Of course, it was proved later that Morton, another employee, was guilty, and Sam's name was recovered from suspicion. But the mystery of his departure had settled like a cloud on the father. The poor man had aged quickly, become silent and sorrowful, resigned his position as president of the bank, and since spent his days in grieving over the departed son.

Thomas Reynolds loved his brother, and the situation had caused him many hours of worry. He had racked his brain trying to divine Sam's reason for leaving. It couldn't have been guilt — that cause was eliminated when Morton confessed to the crime. He remembered how peculiarly Sam had acted during the three or four days of investigation — how he had caught the boy gazing at him with a half-pained, half-puzzled expression. "What was the matter with the boy?" Tom had asked himself. The question still remained unanswered.

And as usual, the letter recurred to him — this letter — which Tom had seen his brother slip into one of the books in the library on the night of his departure. He never contemplated the situation without recalling the letter and feeling that it held the clue to the mystery. But never in all his searches through the books in the library had he been able to find it.

While his thoughts were thus occupied his father rose stiffly from his chair and left the room without saying a word. Tom's eyes followed the bent, mournful figure sympathetically. "What a joy it would be," Tom thought, "to see the old man happy once more."

Feeling that it was waste of effort to think on the troublesome subject, he attempted to throw it off his mind. It was impossible! The details revolved round and round in his thoughts, refusing to leave. He picked up a newspaper in an effort to distract his attention. A little item in an obscure corner of the fifth page caught his eye. It read:

SURVIVORS OF SHIPWRECK PICKED UP IN MID-OCEAN.

The Cunard liner *Roumania* picked up a lifeboat in mid-ocean on Wednesday morning, the eighteenth of November, containing five men, survivors of an Argentine freighter, the....., which was bound for New York. One of the men, J. L. Smith, an American, gave a vivid account of the wreck, told of the four days spent on the open sea in the lifeboat, and gave the names of two Americans aboard who are supposed to have gone down with the ship. These were Peter Barnett and Samuel Reynolds.

What! Sam drowned! It couldn't be true! Tom began to realize what a firm hope he had always had that Sam would one day return. The freighter was bound for New York, he thought. Probably Sam had been on his way home to tell his side of the story and to make his father smile once more.

"And now there is no hope!" Reynolds paced the room, his mind a turmoil. The thought of Sam's death out there in those icy green waves filled him almost with despair. He picked up the paper again.

"When did it happen?" he asked, scanning the page — "the eighteenth. Why, the boy could have been here by this time if" — and once more he walked the floor in anxiety.

The memory of the letter in the library occurred to him. That was the only means of settling his mind on the question. As he thought about it the letter assumed an overwhelming importance.

With a sudden resolve he walked over to the door, turned off the lights in the little living-room and went down the dark hall to the library. This was a large room with high cases lining the walls. Tom fell quickly to work ransacking them. Book after book he took down, running rapidly through the pages and shaking each one impatiently. At first he replaced them carefully, but as he proceeded the books fell from his hand to the floor. Case after case was made bare and the floor became littered with books. Several times Reynolds paused in his work listening to hear whether his wife or father had been awakened by his noise. A train with its long mournful whistle and dull rumbles passed through the town. Reynolds could hear it slow down for the grade on the edge of the village and then die away in the distance. Then he fell upon the cases again with renewed vigor.

"What's the use?" he finally asked, throwing down a book and looking around him in despair. A small table at the end of one of the cases suddenly caught his eye. Curious he had never noticed it! Tom picked up a book which had lain there untouched on any of his previous searches. The volume fell open at a page where a thin ivory paper cutter

marked some reader's place. His father's! Poor man, he hadn't read a book in a long time now. Tom ran through the leaves. A white paper fluttered out and fell to the floor. He snatched it up and read eagerly:

DAD:—

Don't go on with the investigation. Let them blame it on me. Tom's wife and kids are more important. Everything will be straightened out some time. Believe me to be your devoted son,

SAM.

Reynolds stared fixedly at the letter, repeating the words over and over. They sounded meaningless, yet he felt hypnotized by them. "Tom's wife and kids are more important," he reread aloud. At last it dawned upon him. "Me! Mo! He—thought—I—stole—" he broke off suddenly; "and—that's—why—he—left!" The realization of the boy's generosity and self-sacrifice came upon him. He shook nervously with the thought of it.

A faint noise from the rear of the house broke in upon his consciousness. A window was being raised. The sound of it steadied him somewhat. He remembered that a revolver was kept in the desk across the room. Securing this, he advanced to the door, turned off the lights and listened intently. An almost inaudible sound from one of the back rooms reached him. The darkness of the rear of the hall was tempered to a dusky grayness by the moonlight which fell across the broad floor. The tall colonial clock stood against the wall midway down the hall, ticking with absolute composure. Reynolds slipped into its shadow and waited. A muffled sound of footsteps and once the creak of a loose plank told him that the intruder was in the house.

Suddenly a dark figure appeared in the doorway of the dining-room and hesitated. Then it moved slowly and cau-

tiously up the hall. The moonlight fell squarely on his face. The revolver fell from Reynolds' shaking hand.

"Sam!" he cried, stumbling toward the intruder. The next instant both startled brothers faced each other in the moonlight.

"The shipwreck!" Tom gasped, excitedly. A faint smile passed over Sam's face.

"You heard about that?" he asked. "I was picked up a few hours after. Had heard the truth about Morton, you know, in Buenos Ayres, and was coming home. Tom! for God's sake forgive me. I—"

"Hush!" — suddenly the lights of the hall came on with a click and both the boys started and turned toward the front of the hall, where their father stood in his dressing-gown. Neither one of the boys had heard his steps on the stairs as he came down.

"Dad!" and Sam ran to the old man, who, trembling with joy, stood with his arms outstretched.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. A. MCKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

School of
Commerce

While we are in the midst of war and are adopting every known expedient to make the war a success, we should not let the mobilization of troops, calls for funds to prosecute the conflict, and the unusual situations which confront the Nation prevent our looking toward peace and the conditions which will prevail in this country once a permanent and lasting peace is established among nations.

We refer particularly to the business and commercial opportunities that will confront the United States after the war and to the demand, which will undoubtedly accompany business expansion, for men trained in this field. While men are being drawn from all walks of life to fill up the ranks of the army, and European commerce is being steadily crippled, America is gaining an ascendancy in world markets which will not be relinquished after the present conflict.

The boom in the business world will be felt in continually increasing production, which will affect the whole country, from the huge corporation to the cross-roads store. The opportunities are tremendous.

More trained men than ever before will be required to replace those lost in the war and provide for the increased demand. And herein lies Wake Forest's opportunity. What can be done to meet the increasing call for men who possess managerial talent, intelligence, and energy required for success in the commercial world? Within the past few years there has been a constantly growing emphasis laid by the higher educational world upon specific training for business, and it is time that Wake Forest awake to the situation. If she is to maintain that spirit of progressiveness which has characterized her in the past she must now provide for the business training of North Carolina boys who desire such training.

THE STUDENT, therefore, suggests that there be added to the College a School of Commerce, offering courses in Business Administration, Accounting, Advertising, Economics, Salesmanship, Finance, Credits, Law, and Foreign Languages.

The addition of such a school would undoubtedly attract many students to Wake Forest, and should prove as popular as any other department of the College. And on this account, the department would be self-supporting, not a drain

on the institution. An Associate Professor in the Political Science Department could easily offer the needed courses in economics, advertising, and salesmanship; business law is already provided for, as well as adequate training in English, and only a slight alteration would be necessary in the elementary Spanish and French courses. One expert would be required to teach business administration, accounting, finance, and credits. In this way the demand for specially trained men could be met by Wake Forest, who would be a pioneer in this work in the State. We urge that an investigation be made on the lines suggested.

**Y. M. C. A.
War Fund**

It is with a great deal of pleasure that THE STUDENT recognizes the large donations recently contributed by the student body to the Y. M. C. A. army work. The spirit that prompted the giving of these donations was indeed admirable. But few worthier objects, if any, have ever been presented to the student body. The opportunity of contributing to the necessities and comforts of our soldiers across the waters appealed to every big-hearted man and practically the entire student body enthusiastically responded. There are many ways of expressing one's patriotism, and the Y. M. C. A. War Fund afforded an excellent opportunity for one to show his loyalty to his country in the hour of her need and his interest in the welfare of her soldiers in their hour of want. The gifts represented many real sacrifices on the part of many of those who contributed, but they were made cheerfully and willingly. The colleges of the United States desire to have a real share in this great world war and are anxious to cooperate in any way they can with those who are exerting every effort to bring it to a speedy and successful termination.

The Literary Societies

Whether we wish to admit it or not, the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies of Wake Forest, long the heart of collego work and the rallying points of all loyal alumni, are now noticeably failing to maintain the standard of speaking set in former years, when debates would continue to midnight or until some professor was dragged into the hall to decide a question too closely contested for the student judges.

Oratory is gone. What we hear bears more resemblance to the monotonous rasping of grasshoppers or the tuneless chirp of crickets. Debating has degenerated to a bombastic battle between speakers whose supply of ammunition has not been augmented by a careful study of the question under fire. The avoidance of the duty of speaking rather than the fulfillment of this task is the *summum bonum* of far too many members of the societies. In brief, the quality of work done is not what it should be; preparation for the weekly debates is of a decidedly superficial kind; and the attendance at times sinks to an almost irreducible minimum.

To be just, our criticism must not be wholly destructive; and it must be admitted that there are men in college — few enough, indeed — who are active workers in society. And these few deserve all the more credit for keeping alive the spark of public speaking, the spark which has blazed the name of Wake Forest across the State and parts of the Nation. But discounting the efforts of these men, the work in the literary societies can best be described by one word — wretched!

What we need to change the character of the work is, first, compulsory attendance at debating sessions, excuso from which will be granted only on the presentation of a doctor's certificate of illness or a leave of absence from College signed by the Dean; and, second, better preparation on the part of

the speakers. Such has been the laxity concerning attendance that we urge the proper authorities in each society to lose no time in applying our suggestion.

The matter of preparation is not so simple; it lies deeper than a man's willingness to work. The mere placing of material on the open shelf for the use of debaters is not enough; they need special training in the use of material, training which the society cannot give. THE STUDENT, therefore, advocates the immediate establishment of a course in Public Speaking and Debating, which shall be required of every man in either society who shows himself the least deficient in preparing and delivering speeches. Such a course could not but work toward the best interests of the societies and members; and if Wake Forest is to maintain her standing in the intercollegiate debating world, it is imperative that the work of the societies be supplemented in this way.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor

During the month a special committee appointed by the Board of Trustees elected Mr. E. T. MacDonnell to the position of Gymnasium Director and Head Coach of all athletics at Wake Forest. Mr. MacDonnell has already shown his ability by whipping into shape a good football team from the green material that he had at the first of the season, and his popularity among the students makes the appointment doubly acceptable.

The Dramatic Club has begun work on some new plays to be given during the year. Several new men have been added to the club and a most successful season is looked for.

At a recent meeting of the remnants of the track team of last season, Mr. W. Van Savage of Churchland, Va., was chosen as captain for the coming year. He won his place by the toss of a coin.

The Political Science Club had the pleasure of hearing Dr. W. J. McGlothlin speak on the Food Conservation program during his recent visit to the hill.

At their regular monthly meeting on September 14, the Cosmos Club heard an address by Dr. Benjamin Sledd on "The Development of the Drama," and elected the following officers for the year: Prof. H. A. Jones, President; Dr. C. D. Graves, Vice-President; Prof. W. G. Dotson, Secretary and Treasurer.

The following men have been selected to fill the vacant places on the Glee Club: J. A. Davis, H. J. Davis, J. Y. Old, G. Briggs, S. M. Pruette, J. L. Jones, B. T. Ward, L. S. Spurling, and J. I. Allen, Jr. The return to College of Mr. H. B. Easom greatly strengthens the club.

According to Mr. Ennis Bryan, *Old Gold and Black* reporter, the Moot Court is the most interesting thing on the hill on Friday nights. THE STUDENT congratulates the Court on its good work.

The class in military training is working steadily. New uniforms for the company have finally arrived and give a military air to the campus.

President William Louis Poteat addressed the Henderson Chamber of Commerce on September 19, on "The Citizen and His City."

The medical and physical examinations which were completed during the last month show that the Wake Forest students are in excellent physical condition, despite the fact that the draft is supposed to have taken many of the most able-bodied men of the State.

The Constitution of the Senate Committee has been so altered that the elections of that body will hereafter be in the hands of the students and faculty. A committee appointed by the faculty chooses the members of the Senate, and their recommendation is subject to the approval of the faculty and the student body before the appointments are valid.

Mrs. Dericux arrived on October 5 from her home in Iowa, and was accompanied from Columbia, S. C., by Professor Dericux.

Rev. I. L. Yearby was ordained October 7 at Buie's Creek, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin of Louisville Seminary officiating.

On October 12th the Wake Forest Public School brought to a successful termination its first month of work, which was marked by excellent strides in the academic department and by several notable improvements on the building. Mr. R. E. Williams is serving the school admirably as principal, and associated with him is the following able corps of teachers: Miss Annie Lee Pope, Thelma Bobbitt, Louise Holding, and Edna Earl Harris.

For the dates October 11-14 the student body had the pleasure of hearing Dr. W. D. Weatherford, traveling secretary for the College Y. M. C. A.'s of the South, who spoke twice a day on some religious topic of particular interest to college men. His addresses were helpful and inspiring, and were enthusiastically attended by the students of the College. We are always glad to have Dr. Weatherford with us.

The Golf Club is rapidly growing in popularity among the students of the College and citizens of the community. At a recent meeting of the club twenty-one persons were received as members. Plans are now under way to have a clubhouse built for the convenience of its members. Dr. C. C. Pearson has been elected President of the club for the coming year and Mr. M. H. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Wake Forest Chapter of the American Red Cross Society, under the leadership of Mrs. John Brewer as chairman and Miss Ruby Reid as corresponding secretary, has been doing a very commendable and praiseworthy work. Up to October 1st the ladies had made 4,000 surgical dressings

and at a very early date expect to complete fifty sets of knitted apparel, consisting of mufflers, sleeveless sweaters, and wristlets. The organization has an enrollment of 190 members, 70 of which are actively engaged in the work.

The following men have been elected officers of the Teachers' Class: President, L. W. Hamrick, of Boiling Springs; Vice-President, J. Page, of Marietta; Secretary, Phil Hector Neal, of South Boston, Va.; Treasurer, J. C. Joyner, of La Grange; Historian, L. R. Williford; Prophet, S. F. Horton, of Vilas; Poet, J. W. Bryan, Jr., of Greenville; Member of the Honor Committee, C. Y. Milton, of Albermarle. Following the election of officers, the class unanimously elected Miss Bessie Lee Nicholson, of Maxton, N. C., a student at Meredith College, its sponsor.

The organization of the Law Class has been perfected with the following results: President, E. A. Hamrick, of Shelby; Vice-President, J. C. Joyner, of La Grange; Secretary, A. J. Franklin, Jr., of Bryson City; Treasurer, P. D. Croom, of Kinston; Poet, Wood Privott, of Edenton; Prophet, R. W. Warren, of Rich Square; and Member of the Honor Committee, Gordon Bowers, of Sevierville, Tenn. Miss Annie Lee Pope was chosen sponsor of the class.

At a special meeting of the Senior Class on the 3d of October, Miss Louise E. Fleming, of Greenville, N. C., was unanimously elected sponsor of the class for the coming year. Miss Fleming is a student at Meredith College.

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

W. H. PASCHAL, Editor

The Student Y. M. C. A. has just closed a very successful campaign for more members. The new men have responded to the invitation to join the organization in a very satisfactory way, which speaks much to their credit. It is difficult to see why any one will hold himself away from the Association when the benefits are so apparent. In addition to the ethical and spiritual advantage, there are also financial and social advantages to be derived. Fellow-student, if you are not a member, why not hand your name to the Secretary and get in line? You are missing too much that belongs to you if you don't.

During the past month Dean Gulley, Dr. Graves, Dr. McGlothlin, and Dr. Weatherford have made addresses to the Association. Dr. Weatherford's addresses were under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., but were more in the nature of general talks before the student body. His series of lectures was one of the most timely appeals to young manhood that was ever heard at Wake Forest. He presented some powerful arguments against some prevalent evils here which should have more than a temporary effect upon the conduct of the students. We venture the statement, without hesitation, that there is not a more effective speaker or a more powerful factor among our American colleges than Dr. Weatherford. He will be vivid in our memory until he is with us again.

Society

The two societies, after the difficult fall organization, have at last settled down to work. There is a noticeable increase in the number of old men who are manifesting a renewed interest in society speaking, whereas, much to the dismay of the editor, new men are demonstrating a surprisingly passive attitude, apparently not realizing the responsibilities of society membership. For this situation there is one very obvious reason, which should be called attention to before condemning the freshmen. This reason is the woeful lack of material in the library at their disposal. The past four years has witnessed a constant diminution of literature placed out on the reference shelf. This process has continued so long that there is no longer any material to be had except by consulting the librarian; and then in a very limited amount in proportion to the needs. With such a restriction upon literature it is easy to understand why a freshman would find some difficulty in connecting his past experiences with the meager information now at his disposal in the library.

This, it seems to us, is a menace to the societies. Unless there is something done to remedy this matter the societies cannot more than maintain their enviable reputation in the forensic field; and in the face of these facts it would be an anomaly if they could.

Why not put out the debating material where the men can get to it; and put such quantities of it out as will attract the attention of the most casual observer in the library? We admit that this would result in some confusion and would contribute in some degree to the untidiness of the reading room, but such a sacrifice in appearance would certainly be justified if the least improvement could be effected thereby in the literary societies.

The editor of this department as one interested in the two societies, and as one who has made a study of their needs, who has wearied his patience in again and again suggesting this innovation, takes this opportunity of making a last appeal to those in authority to give the societies this supreme need for their continued usefulness to the institution of which they are such a necessary part.

Moot Court

The first term of Moot Court was held on the evening of September 21st, with all officers on duty. The first case of the term was that of *Jarmon v. Tull*, being a case of recovery for personal injuries as a result of an accident. Joyner and Ivey upheld the suit of the plaintiff, while Gooch and Jones represented the defendant. The jury rendered a verdict for \$5,000 as the result of the able presentation of Mr. Jarmon's case by his attorneys.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

J. Santford Martin, B.A. 1909, is editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal* and Private Secretary to Governor Bickett. Mr. Martin was one of the first to boost Mr. Bickett for Governor, and had much to do with the overwhelming majority by which he was nominated.

Mr. Martin is also President of the North Carolina Press Association, and Chairman of the Four-Minute Men Organization — two distinct honors, and well deserved. The Four-Minute Men — hundreds of the strongest speakers to be found — discuss the causes and different phases of the war, arousing patriotism and giving real information about the war.

G. H. Eaddy, 1915-'17, is in the United States Navy Training Camp, stationed at Mare Island, California.

J. M. Broughton, Jr., B.A. 1909, is food administrator for Wake County under appointment of Mr. H. A. Page. Mr. Broughton is a prominent attorney of Raleigh, is President of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce, and judge of two or three country courts in Wake County.

Dr. J. B. Weatherspoon, M.A. 1906, is Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Theology at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. Weatherspoon is Dean of the Summer School at the Seminary. He was in North Carolina in the early part of September, when his father, W. H. Weatherspoon, Sr., died following an operation in Watts Hospital, Durham.

Mr. J. S. Johnson, B.A. 1917, is teaching in the Orphanage School at Thomasville, N. C.

P. C. Carter, B.S. Med. 1914, Spurgeon Moore, B.S. Med. 1915, B. A. Thaxton, B.S. Med. 1912, O. L. Stringfield, B.S. Med. 1914, and C. L. Sherrill, B.S. Med. 1912, are in the Medical Corps in training at Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe.

Mr. Frank Ray, B.S. Med. 1917, was drafted this summer and sent to Camp Jackson, where he was in training during September. He has been given a leave of absence for two years in order that he might complete his medical course, and is now at Richmond Medical College.

Dr. J. J. Neal, B.S. Med. 1915, who graduated from Jefferson Medical College this spring, is first lieutenant in the Army Medical Reserve.

Mr. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., B.A. 1893, has resigned his position as special attorney in the Department of Justice in the National Government, with headquarters in San Francisco, and will return to Greensboro to take up the practice of law again.

Mr. E. P. Whitley, B.A. 1916, and Mr. W. R. Chambers, B.A. 1914, are in the Y. M. C. A. work in Camp Gordon, near Atlanta.

Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, B.A. 1901, Professor of English in Cornell University, is the author of the book, "Shakespearean Playhouses."

Mr. Dean S. Paden, 1915-'17, is connected with the King Hardware Company, Atlanta, Ga.

"Mike" Justice, 1897-'98, is agent of the Maryland Casualty Company of Baltimore.

Mr. A. M. Burleson, B.A. 1905, has been pastor of churches in Idaho and Oregon. He recently returned to North Carolina and makes his home at Clyde.

Rev. N. L. Pickman, B.L. 1889, after serving in pastorates at Stevensville, Hamilton, and Livingston, Montana, is now chief clerk in the State Agricultural Department at Helena, Montana. He still preaches on occasions.

D. E. Buckner, B.A. 1917, is principal of the Siler City High School.

Percy Wilson, 1914-'16, is now in the Supply Company 113th Field Artillery, Greenville, S. C. He is making application for rank of second lieutenant. M. C. Gwaltney, 1915-'17, is also with the 113th Field Artillery.

Mr. Roswell S. Britton, B.A. '17, Euzelian Editor-in-Chief of THE STUDENT last year, is the head of the English Department of New Bern High School.

ATHLETIC NOTES

P. H. NEAL, Editor

The Georgia Tech Game

On September 29th, during a steady downpour of rain, Wake Forest opened her football season in Atlanta, when she lost to Georgia Tech by the score of 33-0. The game was played on a muddy field over which straw had been placed to prevent slipping and the bad condition of the ground slowed up the game, it being almost impossible to use any play except the line plunge.

The features of the game were Guyon's seventy-yard run around Wake Forest's left end for a touchdown, Strupper's broken field running, the way in which the Baptist line held on the defense, and the steady work of Rabenhorst, both on defensive and offensive play.

The 33-to-0 defeat should not be discouraging to the supporters of our team, for Wake Forest was playing against the strongest and most experienced eleven in the South.

The Furman Game

At Greenville, S. C., on October 6th, Furman University emerged victorious over Wake Forest by the close score of 7 to 6. This score is contested by Coach MacDonald, who claims that Wake Forest was not given a square deal. The touchdown that was made by Furman was made after the head linesman called "Furman offsides." But yet the touchdown was counted. When Speer attempted to kick goal the ball hit the outside edge of the goal post and careened off, according to the umpire. At the time the ball was kicked, the referee agreed with the umpire that it was not good, but a few hours after the game, in a conference between the umpire and the Graduate Manager at Furman, the referee decided that the ball passed directly over the goal post, and was therefore legal. So the game was not decided on the football field.

Be the score as it may, the game is the chief object of attention. During the first half neither side scored. When the second half opened the two teams returned with new vigor, but still no one scored until the fourth quarter. Then Furman, after a series of end runs and a successful forward pass, was able to carry the ball over Wake Forest's line. Wake Forest was not to be held scoreless, however. Very soon Rabenhorst punted to Speer on Furman's ten-yard line, and when Speer fumbled Savage fell on the ball. Little by little the Baptists pushed the ball towards the goal, Rabenhorst finally carrying it over for a touchdown.

Rabenhorst starred for Wake Forest. His punting was excellent and his defensive work was up to par. Gay did good work in the line. The tackling of the entire Wake Forest team was good, but the teamwork was very poor, indeed.

The Guilford Game

Wake Forest played her first game on her home grounds when she met and defeated Guilford on October 13th. After being held scoreless during the first half of the game, Wake Forest came back strong in the second half and on straight line plunges, end runs, and two forward passes, defeated the Quakers by the score of 20-0.

Rabenhorst, as in the two previous games, was the particular star. He frequently made good gains around end and through the line, and played a good defensive game. J. Pace made the first touchdown when he crossed the goal after a fifty-yard run. Blanchard, who played fullback on defensive and tackle in the offensive, did well in both positions. Sowers, Gay, and Bowers played splendidly, while Davis, a freshman playing his first college game, made a good showing at right end.

For Guilford, Captain Newlin, Fort, and Zachary played the best ball.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBT. P. BURNS, Editor

The Acorn, Meredith College's magazine, on its first appearance of the season is extremely short. Offering a commendably neat appearance both as to binding and make-up, the thinness of the issue at once strikes us. Of course, redundancy is to be avoided by any college magazine, many of which contain superfluous matter that detracts from the quality of the publication. Possibly in trying to avoid this fault the editors of *The Acorn* have gone to the other extreme of too much brevity. Excluding the advertisements, this issue contains only thirty-nine pages, all departments included. The addition of one other essay and at least two pieces of verse would add wonderfully to the value of the issue. Certain it is that a student body of Meredith's proportions can contribute more than one essay and one piece of verse each month to their college magazine. Probably the editors can be partially excused for this extreme brevity on the ground that this is the first issue of the year, and that it had to be compiled so soon after the opening of school. We are looking for a fuller and more complete issue next month.

Two short stories, one essay, the Sketch Department, and one bit of verse comprise the reading matter proper of the magazine. The two short stories, well written but offering the same criticism which the magazine as a whole offers, are creditable contributions. By far the best part of the publication is the essay, "The Work of Women in the European War." Clear, concise, and well arranged, this essay redeems somewhat the mediocre qualities of the publication. "To a

Coquette" might well be written with apologies to Franklin P. Adams. The Sketch Department offers some interesting reading. We cannot see the point to the last sketch, however. The editorials and the other departments are all very brief — indeed, much too brief. Summarizing, we should say that the brevity of the magazine as well as the quality of the contributions should be criticised unfavorably.

The failure of other college magazines to exchange with THE STUDENT this month precludes further criticism in this issue.

Again the editor of THE STUDENT'S Exchange Department invites and urges other magazines to exchange with us.

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NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

(From the Wake Forest Weekly, March 16, 1906.)

Terry Lyon has offered a coca-cola to the man who knocks a home run. We always thought him a man of nerve; now we know it.

"Old Stee" was always fond of music, which accounts for his dropping a nickel in a mail box in the streets of Raleigh and calling for "Home, Sweet Home." After he had dropped the first coin in he said, "When you get through with that piece, I have five cents more for "Come Back to Me, Sweetheart."

We have heard it said that the Newish don't enjoy a trip to Raleigh very much. We entertain serious doubts as to that.

One went into a restaurant and called for a "tater-house" steak. Another wanted "Gallger" grapes.

While still another went into a poolroom in search of a bath.

To cap the climax, one went into a drug store and called for a lime water.

If the above ain't what we call a good time, we do not know what a good time is.

Newish: What did they ever do with those fellers that went up before the court?

How long should a young person sleep?

Till after prayers, at least.

WANTED: A few private detectives to guard the postoffice during the dinner hour in order that the officials may enjoy their repast with more relaxation and ease.

WANTED ALSO: Some substitute editors to take THE STUDENT under their watchful care until after the football season. The punction of this issue may be blamed entirely on the gridiron game, which requires the services of no less than three of the editorial board.

NEWISH, QUOTING POETRY

In the night, while others sleep,
They're toiling upward in the steep.

Keeler: Is Wake Forest in Raleigh?

Burden: Yes; a great part of the time.

Soph. Long Rankin to his brother, Senior Rankin: How is Miss
..... getting on?

Senior Rankin: Oh, her condition is about the same. She has tuberculosis; so you can't expect her to be well.

"Long": Umph! I thought she had consumption.

Prof.: Where are the Alps?

Warwick: In the western part of the State; I mean the western part of Europe—no, the eastern part, somewhere about Spain.

GOOD NEWS.

Mgr. Gladney, (before the A. and E. game): Coach, not a soul has got sick in the last ten minutes.

Coach Mac: Very good; it will be all right if the whole eleven doesn't get paralysis when it steps on the field.

Gladney: See the Fair crowd?

McK.: Fair? They looked like the great unwashed to me!

Coach Mac: "Blankenship had rather attend chapel than eat dinner." He doesn't know Hardboy yet.

LIKE MOST OF US.

She: Why does that author go off on a tear and get drunk?

He: So he can write about his experiences.

She: But why does he want to write about his experiences?

He: So as to get some money.

She: But why does he want money?

He: So he can go off on a tear and get drunk again.—*Squid*.

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next to each other at a dinner party and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," whispered Margaret.

"Oh, isn't she a mean thing?" gasped Katherine. "Why, I told her not to tell you!"

"Well," returned Margaret, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."—*London Saturday Journal*.

College Boys

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In writing to Advertisers mention THE STUDENT.

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Manager, LADD W. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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

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TIE VOGUE, Raleigh.

TYREE STUDIO, Raleigh.

WAKE FOREST SUPPLY COMPANY, Wake Forest.

WAKE MERCANTILE COMPANY, Wake Forest.

WHITING-HORTON COMPANY, Raleigh.

YARBOROUGH HOTEL, Raleigh.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVII

December, 1917

No. 3

TO ENGLAND: AFTERTHOUGHT

BENJAMIN SLEDD

How could we dream her work should come to naught,
Whose hands have made the desert places bloom
And quickened into light the jungle's gloom,
And Law and Order to Confusion taught?
It may be she at times has blindly wrought,
Not fearing in her wrath to earn the doom
That warns us in some despot nation's tomb,
Or seemed at point to fail from all she sought.

But now, England, remembering all thou art
And all thou still must be, thou canst not fail.
Only have done with thought of peace and gain
And babbling of the dreamers, fond as vain;
And thy stern hour of trial does but avail
To rouse as never yet thy mighty heart.

THE SEASON'S END

P. P. H.

Grace Shepherd, the season's acknowledged belle, smiled a little whimsical, knowing smile into her own merry eyes as she sat before the dressing-table mirror.

She was not interested in the well-modeled line of neck and shoulders, or white arms raised to her crown of blue-black hair.

The fleeting expression went unnoticed, for the house-party girls about her filled the room with laughter, movement, and color. The toilettes in progress were extensive, for tonight the grand finale of the house-party was to take place in the form of a dinner-dance across the bay at the Hotel Chamberlain.

"Grace, why don't you do your hair high. You know it's much more stunning that way," called Priscilla, as she passed into the next room.

Again Grace smiled. The black hair was being done low, and the rose dress hung on the back of her chair. She was thinking of that night three months ago, the last night of the V. M. I. finals. She had used this combination then.

That night Bob Root had told her of his appointment as lieutenant of Marines on the battleship "Utah," and Graham Seeman of his commission in the Naval Reserves. The house-party at Mary's cottage at the beach had been planned that night, too.

She had attended the dances on Graham's bid. Dear, conventional, polished, thoughtful Graham! He had ever been at her elbow from the days when she came home from kindergarten in his pony cart until now.

There she had met Bob Root, captain of the varsity football team—that great blond, clear-headed, unconventional idol of the college.

To Grace his type was entirely new, for in this ripping first year of her social career she had been surrounded with the wilted, bored, sophisticated gentlemen who attempt to amuse each season's debutantes as they come.

It was Bob who took her to the last military ball of the season. She remembered it now as a world of Star-Spangled Banners, searchlights, and national airs, with every one at attention.

Tonight, as she studied for a moment her perfected finger tips, she realized that Bob and Graham were the only two men from the conventional bevy who had made a definite impression.

Graham was like one of her trunks: she was in the habit of having him around, and therefore depended on him.

There was something in Bob's vivid imaginative nature that found a new harmony in Grace's soul—a soul with broadest and finest inheritance, but cramped now with the small things of an overcultured, complex life.

Bob had said only last night that his ship would probably sail for France any day now.

The phone on the wicker stand tinkled. Grace reached indifferently for it and placed it on the dressing-table before her.

"Yes, this is Grace Shepherd." This time the mirror reflected an unconsciously brilliant smile.

"Why, Bob, I'm going with Graham."

. . .

"Yes, but you surely didn't take that seriously, or expect me to remember a thing from May until August!"

Black eyes blazed in the mirror as the receiver went into place with a decisive eliek.

"Grace, dear, why the sudden excitement of voice?" drawled Theodora.

Was Bob offended? In a moment Grace's superior spirit had come face to face with truth. The great realization had left her physically stunned, but her mind was working like lightning.

She was conscious of her power. Bob would not miss the dance. That would be her opportunity.

Bob was not on the boat plying from Willoughby to Old Point.

Graco was a good sport. Tonight in the eyes of the throng which always surrounded her she was as striking and vivacious as ever. Her black eyes, however, over her partner's shoulder studied minutely every uniformed figure in the brilliantly lighted ballroom.

When the boat pulled away for Willoughby the moon was high. Blue and white searchlights moved uneasily over water and sky. Dark and uncertain blotches of seacraft lay in Hampton Roads. To the south a five-masted schooner slept black against the moon. Fort Rip-Rap crouched low in the middle of the channel, an alert watch-dog. Ahead a bulky tramp winked one high, red eye. Towards Norfolk lay the "Utah," brilliantly lighted from bow to stern.

Grace leaned against the rail, Graham on one side, a white-clad officer on the other. Bob had not come, she thought, but surely he would come to the cottage in the morning to say goodbye to the disbanding house-party.

Graco waked early next morning. She quietly changed her position so as to rest her elbows in the window. The air was salt and cold in her face. She shivered and drew the blanket around her shoulders. Suddenly it fell away; her hands gripped the sill, and her eyes widened. A familiar gray man-of-war, flying the Stars and Stripes, was slipping out of The Roads on its way to France.

RILEY

J. W. BRYAN, JR.

Much valuable time has been consumed by the critics of the country in an endeavor to discover the position in literature of James Whitcomb Riley. Whether the work of this man is "significant" or not is a question of profoundest importance to these Intellectuals. Yet the thousands of "Real Peoplo" who love Riley and read his poetry will continue loving and reading for many years to come, regardless of the verdict of these so-called "dictators." For Riley is the poet of common American life—of democracy. He has interpreted the lives of the plain people as has no other American. Whittier has often been accorded this position, and in certain respects he is entitled to it. Like Riley, he possessed the power of interpreting the thoughts and feelings of his own people. Yet there is a striking difference. "Whittier's insight was spiritual, his appeal to the cultivated spirit. Riley's appeal is to the very nature of the being." As Col. George Harvey said in his tribute to the Hoosier poet—"As we of New England revered our finest of poets from a distance, so with a like fittingness may you well, as you are doing tonight, take yours to your heart in love and tenderness." It was mainly a difference in personal appeal. No other writer has put so much of himself into his poetry as has Riley. And it is his personality, as well as his verses, which America loves today.

The people among whom James Whitcomb Riley was born were Hoosiers—those hardy, democratic, and intensely passionate descendants of the adventurous Hussars of Europe. William Allen White in an article on Riley gives the history of the immigration and settlement of these interesting people,

explaining how the Hoosier was evolved. Don Marquis's definition of the Hoosier, however, is more pleasing to me, since it explains much about Riley which can be explained in no other way. He says: "When the moon turns the mist to silver and the owls wail and the frogs wake up along the creeks and lakes, and the fairies saddle and bridle the fireflies and mount them and go whirring off in search of airy adventures, the Hoosiers steal out of the farmhouses and hamlets and creep down to the bottom-lands, where they dance, sing, and cavort under the summer stars. They go secretly, dodging the mere humans, for secrecy is the essence of their midnight whimsical revels.

"In the daytime they pretend they are just ordinary Indians; their own brothers and mothers may not realize that they are Hoosiers. They are a glad and guileless people, impracticable and innocent; as kind and harmless as the squirrels and rabbits who frisk along the sand-bars with them; as unworldly as the birds that chirp and twitter to them; as pleasingly rustic as the shaggy colts that come down to the edge of the wood-lots, hang their heads over the rail fences, and look at them and then go stamping off in sympathy with them."

Riley belonged to this race of beings; and it is this "untamed Hoosierdom" which expresses itself so delightfully in his poetry.

He was a shy, timid child, physically frail, yet so much a genuine boy that there were few sports common to the youth of that country which he did not claim for his own. His earliest ambition, he has said, was to paint, and he did achieve some skill with the brush—at least enough to justify his father in putting him to work at painting the barn. His father's ambition for him, however, was law, and Riley attempted to study Blackstone, but failed miserably. His

notebook became filled with verses instead of law-notes, for Riley at that time was cherishing a deep affection for some fair maiden, and, of course, could not let his father's ambition interfere with the expression of his passionate and poetic soul.

Unable to bear the monotony of the days in his father's office, Riley surrendered one day to his adventurous spirit and left town. A traveling medicine man had described to him all the joys of roving, carefree, over the country, and the bored young law student had joined his party. It was one of the joyfulest experiences of his younger days. In speaking of it Riley says: "The whole company was made up of good, straight, jolly, chirping vagabonds like myself."

Returning to his home town after a season of wandering, he secured a position with his home paper. It was here that he began to write poetry for publication, filling his department with verses and sending others to neighboring papers. This did not gain him any notice, however. In fact, he found the literary world a most discouraging place. One editor, after reading a specimen of his work, suggested that he try prose. Riley took his advice and sent him hastily a lengthy article. The editor politely suggested that he try poetry again.

Somewhat discouraged, he resorted to strategy. Believing that an author's name had a tremendous amount to do with the reception of poetry, he wrote a poem after the style of Edgar Allan Poe and called it "Leonainie." He had this published along with a fictitious and equally mysterious account of the discovery of the poem. He had the poem printed in a rival paper and proceeded to write a scathing criticism, attacking the poem as an imposture. The literary gods proclaimed it, however, as a genuine creation of Poe's. It was discussed by all the leading papers and periodicals of the country. Finally, after the critics had proven to their ut-

most satisfaction that the poem was genuine, Riley divulged the secret and proved the identity of the composition. Then descended upon the humble Hoosier the greatest wrath from all the high places. William Cullen Bryant wrote: "The poem effectually sets at rest whatever suspicion there may have been that the author has material, out of which a poem is made, in his composition."

In spite of all the indignation, however, the incident acquired for Riley a name in the literary world. Immediately following, he published his first volume of verse, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems." These poems were quickly sold and a second edition printed.

The public, at this time, began to call for Riley to read from the public platform. He wanted very much to do this, but his shyness and modesty held him back for a time. Finally these obstacles were overcome and the poet appeared before an audience with some of his stories. In 1887 he made his initial appearance in New York City. Here he was admitted into the innermost circle of American Letters. James Russell Lowell, Thomas Nelson Page, Frank R. Stockton, Richard Henry Stoddard, George W. Cable, and Mark Twain were some of the men with whom he became acquainted. Later on, in his lecture work, he grew to know better the last two of these men. Bill Nye, whom he calls "his gentlest and cheeriest of friends," he also met *en tour*. Riley lectured over the entire country from Boston to San Francisco, yet he never could completely overcome his natural shyness and modesty in the presence of strangers. He detested the "limelight," and it was often a difficult problem for his townspeople to produce him at entertainments given in honor of distinguished visitors. Usually it was accomplished only by considerable plotting. In speaking of this phase of

his character, Riley once said that he knew he was never intended for a social career. He gave an incident of his boyhood to illustrate this opinion. Carefully dressed, he called one night to take his first sweetheart to a party. His beloved's father opened the door and eyed him critically.

"What you want, Jimmie?"

"Come to tako Bessie to the party."

"Humph! Bessie ain't going to no party. Bessie's got the measles."

The wide range of Riley's reading was remarkable for one so uninfluenced by a formal education. Shakspeare, Herrick, Keats, Tennyson, and Longfellow he knew thoroughly. Of the last he was particularly fond, admiring the simplicity of his work, which Riley knew from his own experience had cost him infinite labor. Stevenson, Kipling, and Bret Harte he read with greatest ploasure. He once remarked that to Dickens and Bret Harte he owed much of his success.

It is with greatest satisfaction that one remembers that our people did not wait for this favorite poet to die before expressing their appreciation. Riley knew in what esteem he was held by his countrymen, and this knowledge made him very happy. There were "Riley Days" established by the Governor of Indiana and held voluntarily throughout the country for the purpose of expressing the love which the people have for the "Hoosier Poet" and his verses. Riley died on the 22d of July, 1916. There were thousands upon thousands of people crowding the hall of the State Capitol where his body lay in state, the next day, to look for the last time on the face of their beloved poet.

In studying Riley's poetry as a whole one meets with so much variation; his poetry is so many-sided and appeals to the people by so many different means that it is necessary to draw a few lines of division.

Probably his dialect poems form the biggest group of his writings—at least, they are most read and loved by his countrymen. This is as it should be, for no other American has used dialect so accurately and found such music in it as he. "The reproduction of illiteracy is generally a mere verbatim copy of ignorance; but Riley's reproduction is a subtle enhancement of the tone he modulates." He has been called "an inventor of language," and in a great measure he is, for, ever since Chaucer, poets have written some of our most delightful songs in dialect. These colloquialisms have been incorporated into the literature of the nations, and thus our language has lived and grown. So we may depend on Riley, Uncle Remus, and other Americans who are able to catch the music of illiterate speech, to give growth and life to the English tongue.

Riley's nature poems, which present another example of his work, are becoming classics in our literature. "Old-fashioned Roses," a poem first published, is one of the most popular of these. In this creation, as in his other verses, he has put just enough of tender human sentiment to keep the poem forever immortal. "Knee-deep in June," "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," and "The Brook-Song" are others of this group.

In such poems of childhood as "Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy-Man," and the "Happy Little Cripple," we have verses that children will always love and by which grown-ups may have a clearer understanding of childhood.

And now we come to the factor which has confounded the critics but won for Riley's poetry a place in the hearts of Americans. This is his sentiment. Many critics have accused him of sentimentality. In reply to this, Don Marquis ably says: "And, indeed, he is—as sentimental as Dickens or Victor Hugo or Burns. Perhaps no poet was ever loved

by so many and such diverse people unless he possessed that eager, tender, human warmth which is sentiment. With Riley it never degenerated into sentimentality, which is the sign of the incompetent artist, or the man, however competent artistically, who is attempting to force an emotion that he does not feel."

There is no better evidence of the genuineness of Riley's sentiment, particularly in the dialect, than the discretion with which he touches the pathetic chord when he touches it at all. One of the most popular poems he ever wrote was "Old-fashioned Roses," and one word too much, one pressure the least bit insistent in the third stanza, would have made the thing as offensive as a vaudeville ballad. The taste which told him to be simple and the sincerity which begat the taste saved the verses from that reproach. The poem remains one of those rare things planned as a delicate assault on the emotions which succeed "Old-fashioned Roses."

The qualities of Riley's poetry and of Riley's character that forced success out of failure and confounded the critics will do so anywhere and any time. They are, in the main, love of humanity, sympathetic insight, personality, and the power of genuine joyfulness. His poems will live, even as the Percy Ballads have lived, for they have in common with these relics "pleasing simplicity and many artless graces," and they "interest the heart." And one may say of James Whitcomb Riley what Matthew Arnold said of Robert Burns: "His view of life and the world is large, free, and benignant—truly poetic, therefore—and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match."

FOUNDERS OF FREEDOM

H. I. HESTER

The seventeenth century was a momentous one for England. This century saw the development of a sentiment which, finding its natural outlet in religion, expanded itself until it invaded the realm of politics and broadened and established a new theory in the life of men and in the conduct of nations.

This sentiment found expression in the Puritan movement, that revolt from the Established Church of England and the tremendously significant exodus of this Puritan body out of England into Holland and from thence to America, where, unhampered by pope's decrees or states' authorities, they were privileged to mark the first beginnings of real religious freedom. This memorable exodus that ended in America is not one whit less significant than the ancient Jewish exodus toward the Promised Land.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century religious liberty was not tolerated. Men were not allowed to express what we deem as one of our most precious privileges. But the time had come in the history of the world when men were waking up. Men began to think for themselves. They demanded freedom of worship. This was denied them. They revolted. Persecution followed. A new religious sect, the Puritans, arose. King James used harsh measures to suppress this new uprising, but all in vain.

In 1604 he made the truculent threat that he would "*make* them reform or would harry them out of the land." Just three years later that independent body of three hundred men, the Church at Scrooly, England, was on its way to Holland, to find there refuge from religious persecution.

At the quaint old Dutch city of Leyden they remained eleven years, supporting themselves by various occupations, while their number increased from three hundred to one thousand. Although they found here release from persecution, they were not entirely satisfied with their new home. Had they come over as a scattered band of refugees they might have been absorbed in the Dutch population and thus have ended their historic significance. But they came from England as an organized community which wished to preserve their English speech and English traditions, to keep up their organization, and to find some favored spot where they could lay the foundation of a great Christian state. The spirit of nationality was strong in them. The spirit of self-government was strong in them. The spirit of religious freedom was bedded deep in their aspirations.

Since the days when this body had first revolted against the Church of England John Robinson, their pastor, had held them together. And now by the preaching of this learned and godly man they were inspired to undertake one of the world's most momentous enterprises. "Will you," he said to them, "be content to go down to your graves with your witness undelivered and your highest hopes unattained, or will you risk something—nay, everything—to translate your theories of Christian freedom into a veritable society?" This prophet-leader saw his vision, and as the people kindled to it they became equal to the sacrifice and confident of the way. They demanded a free commonwealth suited to their free ideals of worship and citizenship. They could not be content to graft their new branch on the old decayed stock, where it must be overshadowed by all other branches that bore fruit of so doubtful a flavor.

But it was too late in the world's history to carry out such a scheme upon European soil. Every acre of territory there

was appropriated. The only favorable outlook was upon the Atlantic coast of America. So this land was decided upon and preparations for the voyage were quickly made.

It was but an advance guard of these Puritans that set sail from Delft Haven in the rickety old ship *Speedwell* in July, 1620, bound for America. No minister came with them. Robinson himself remained at Leyden and never came to America. Yet leagues of tempestuous Atlantic waters never separated these people from him in ideals or in inspiration. The mystic tie still held; still they thought together, wrought and aspired together.

Here in this new land they established auxiliary institutions, institutions to diffuse pure religion, good learning, austere morality, plain living and high thinking. They undertook how to make intelligent men. They educated men, they tried to make them larger and to make them more and more intelligent.

Here the correct relation between church and state was first worked out. They first gave to the world the great idea of a "free church in a free state." Mankind has pursued liberty over mountain and across valley, by land and by sea, through fire and flood, since first man caught sight of liberty's white robe leading to glory. But the coming of liberty to the world was delayed so long because men did not know where to look for the fountainhead of all liberty—the root from which all of it springs—until these early inhabitants of America taught it to the world. Religious freedom is the nursing mother of all freedom; without it all other forms wither and die.

Here in New England the conception of religious liberty in its full-orbed glory was first grasped. It found its sublimest embodiment when Roger Williams took it in his hand as a precious seed and planted it in New England soil, say-

ing, in the words of a true prophet, "Out of this seed shall arise the most glorious commonwealth known to human history."

So, they, our Puritan forefathers, although failing here and there in the administration of this liberty, were really the workmen that revealed the light of religious liberty to mankind. Since their day this light has been steadily spreading over the world; and the indications now are that ere long its radiance will fall upon all the sons of men everywhere.

"DUBS"

BUD LINNET

"Jim, I'd give every bone of my next month's allowance to get those dubs off that court," burst out Markley.

"No use, Harry. You might as well try to move the holes of the net posts," replied Benton.

"Yep, I reckon so. But these shenanagins have been going on long enough, and I've worried so I'll croak if it all don't stop soon—— Great stars! look at that, will you!"

And Markley pointed to the court in front of the stands, where four men were playing. As he pointed, the man serving raised up one foot in what he probably thought was the most approved fashion, and throwing the ball up in the air slightly higher than his head, tapped it with his raquet. The ball went on a rainbow high over the net and dropped near the service line. The receiver, as soon as the ball had cleared the net, rushed forward wildly, nearly to the service line, and the ball bounced over his head. He jumped up, swinging his raquet blindly in a futile attempt to hit the ball. He missed it nearly two feet.

"Wouldn't that make anybody sick?" demanded Markley, sinking down in his seat with a gesture of despair.

The other said nothing.

There was nothing, in fact, to be said. This same thing had been going on day after day for several months, with every one powerless to help it. Taken as a whole, the players who showed themselves on the tennis courts of Dollier University were far above the average. For college players, some of them were exceedingly good. Dubs there were, of course—there are anywhere. But the dubs usually knew where to keep themselves. They left the best courts to the more experienced players. All except these four.

And these four men, as one of the better players of the courts said, had evidently been used to playing out in the pasture lot with a six-foot barbed-wire fence for the net. The records showed that they had all come from small towns, where as tennis players they more than likely were the whole show, simply because they probably were the only ones in town who had ever seen tennis raquets.

The recognized leader of The Four was Willie Judd. Willie had bragged, on first entering the university, that he was the champion of Cedarville. Jim Benton, a member of the tennis team, overhearing him, gave him the once over from head to foot.

"So you play tennis, do you?" asked Jim.

"Sure," Judd had replied. "Have you got a tennis team here worth my trying for? Think I'll go out for it, if you have."

"What kind of raquet have you got?"

"Well, you see, I haven't got a raquet now. I came mighty near getting one this summer. But our parson lent me the one he used to have in college. I'm kinder sorry I didn't get it, now. I might need it here."

"What kind was it?"

"I don't know the name of it. You see, I saw it in Sears, Roebuck's catalog. Only cost a dollar and forty-nine cents, too. A bean of a raquet for the money. Had red strings."

Jim burst out in a loud laugh.

"What's the matter?" demanded Judd.

"Oh, I just thought of a funny joke somebody told me this morning."

And that afternoon, when Judd tried to get in on the best court, he was told very politely to beat it to a lower court. He did, and soon found his equals. The Four drifted together. At first, they were satisfied with a lower court. But

soon their ideals broadened. They had moved higher and higher up the courts until one afternoon the other players had found them in front of the stands. All efforts to move them since were vain. Absolutely impervious to hints, insults and jeers, The Four would rush out every afternoon before the others, and get what they now called "their" court.

This was the situation on the afternoon when the two men, Jim Benton and Harry Markley, both members of the tennis team, watched them from the stands.

"Listen, Jim," said Markley, "listen! I've got a plan that'll get those dubs off. Simple as rolling off a log, too. Wonder why we didn't think of it before! Now, let this soak in, and then lets go and get it done."

He whispered earnestly a minute in Jim's car, and then both of them broke out in a laugh, and went into the shower-room.

The next afternoon, when The Four came out to play, there was a freshly painted sign on the court bearing the notice, "*This Court Reserved for the Best Players,*" and the court was not marked off. Jim and Harry were there to watch the success of their plan.

"Wonder what they'll do when they see it?" whispered Harry.

"Well, there's only one thing any human being could do, and that's move to a lower court," answered Jim.

The Four came merrily out on the court.

"Well, I say, fellows," said one, "this court ain't marked off today. Wonder what's the matter."

"Oh, that'll be all right," replied Judd. "We'll mark it off with sticks, and it'll be as good as lime. You fellows find some sticks while I take off my sweater."

He walked over to the sign, unbuttoning his sweater on the way, and without even a glance at the notice on it, threw

his sweater over the top of the sign and walked back to his friends.

"Well, I'll be——!" exploded Harry; but Jim slapped his hand over his mouth and smothered the last word. Harry struggled free, and started off again.

"Well, what do you know about that? If that don't beat all you ever saw, I'll eat my hat. Say, what are those geezers made out of, anyway? They sure ain't human!"

Jim said nothing, but Harry, watching closely, fancied that he saw his lips moving slightly, as if he were softly cussing to himself.

"Harry," he said at last, "we might as well admit that those fellows have got our goat. And for my part, I'm through. I'm just going to let them have their court, and shift to a lower one myself."

Harry thought a few minutes. "I guess you're right, Jim," he said, "and I'll do the same thing. But what are we going to do about the tournament next week? We'll need that court them."

"Oh, don't worry over that," replied Jim; "they'll all get in the tournament and we'll get to use their court. Didn't you hear what Judd said about his ability to make the team? Well, that's the way they all feel. They'll get in the tournament all right."

But if he had any hopes of getting to use the dubs' court this way he was doomed to disappointment. When the committee on entrees approached the dubs and asked them to enter, they withdrew to one side and consulted a few minutes. Then Judd walked back to the committee and announced their decision.

"I'm sorry, fellows," he said; "I'd like the worst way to get in this tournament. But the rest of the boys here think

they can have a better time if we just keep on playing by ourselves. Of course, one of us might be able to win. But they say they're not out for anything like that, and will leave all the honors to you fellows."

The members of the committee said nothing. Again there was nothing to be said. But they, too, softly cursed to themselves.

"Well, did you get that?" Markley asked his friend.

"Yes, I getcha. But what can you do about it? They've already just the same as said we couldn't use that court. So we might as well forget it. There's nothing doing. And if we don't like it, we can just lump it."

And so the dubs were left alone to play their own little game, on their own little court, in their own little way.

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The time for the tournament came. Every player entered except The Four. The weather was ideal for playing. The tournament proceeded uneventfully, with no especially good matches, to the semifinals. In the semifinals Markley and Benton were matched with Strong and Hudgins, one of the strongest teams among the entrees, and considered by some the best. It was to be the match of the tournament, and, in addition to the student body, a big crowd of ladies and girls, together with their escorts, was expected to attend.

"I wish we could use the court the dubs are on," sighed Markley that morning.

"Well, you know we can't," answered Benton. "This next court isn't so bad. It'll have to be sprinkled and rolled and lined. But we can move the stands over in front of it, and that'll make it almost as good as the other one."

"But think of all that extra work! It would be a whole lot easier for them to move."

"Yes, it might be easier for them to move themselves. But it would be considerably easier for us to move the stands than for us to move them. So, come on; let's get to work."

They put several negroes to work, and by noon had the court in good condition, with the stands moved over in front of it.

The match was to begin at 4 o'clock. By 3:45 the stands were pretty well filled, mostly with students, but with also a fair sprinkling of ladies and girls.

A little later the four dubs, dressed in their usual tennis clothes, palm beach pants, long-sleeved shirts, with stiff collars and ties, black tennis shoes, and their street hats, emerged from the bath-house.

"Fellows," said Judd, "I bet you a set-up for the bunch that Sam and me beat today. That new serve of mine is working fine."

"You're on, Willie," answered one of the others.

They went out to "their" court, Judd in the lead. He walked to the net to tighten it, then paused and looked around, a puzzled expression on his face. He turned around on one foot slowly, looking this way and that, as if he missed something and were searching for it.

"Say," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? This court don't look like it did yesterday."

The others, too, glanced around.

"Yonder's what's the matter," said one; "they've moved the stands."

"What?" cried Judd. "Moved the stands? Well, I swan!" And in a lower tone he asked, "I wonder what all that crowd is doing out here today?"

"Aw, Willie," answered one of his friends, "I guess you know, but are just too modest to say so."

Judd's face grew radiant. "You reckon so?" he asked. "Do you reckon that is what they came for?"

"Sure. What else?"

The Four put their heads together and held a conference.

"Well," said Judd, "if you think that is what they came for, there's only one thing for us to do. Come on."

And he led the way to the court where the stands were!

"I'll take serve," he said, "and you can have the choice of courts."

The others got in their places, and he walked to the back line, and laid the tip of one toe very daintily on the line.

"Ready?"

"Serve."

He threw the ball into the air, and raising up one leg higher than ever before, knocked the ball over the net. It fell inside the service court, and his opponent knocked it into the net. Judd looked up proudly into the stands for approval and applause. He got neither. Instead, a little angry buzz ran through the crowd.

"Who is that?" asked a girl.

"That's the Honorable Willie Judd," replied her escort, who had evidently had some experience with him, "champion tennis player in Cedarville, and champion bonehead and dub here. The man who put the 'dub' in double, and yet he thinks he's got the best serve ever originated by man."

"They'll get off though, won't they, when the other players come out?"

"Get off? They?" Her escort laughed in derision. "Yes, they will—not. Why, they think they're the best players anywhere around here. No, sircce! they will not get off."

"Well," inquired his pretty friend, "what can they do about the match? They'll have to play that today, won't they?"

"Oh, yes; that must be played this afternoon. Excuse me a moment, will you, and I'll ask Markley what they intend to do?"

He went into the bath-house and found Markley and the others dressing.

"Say, Harry, what court are you going to play on this afternoon?" he asked.

"Why, No. 2, of course," Markley answered. "Didn't you see where we fixed it up and moved the stands to it?"

"Yes, I saw that; but the four dubs are playing on it now."

"W-h-a-t! Just say that again, will you? I don't think I understood exactly what you said."

"Well, I said that Willie Judd and the other three dubs are on that court now. Get me?"

"Yep, I got you, all right," Markley flung back as he jumped up and ran out the door, with only one shoe on, and his shirt unbuttoned, "and I'm going to get those dubs, too."

He ran out to the edge of the court, followed by Benton.

"Hey! Judd, come over here a moment, will you?" he called. "Right quick."

"Sure," Judd called back, "as soon as we finish this point."

It was his time to receive. The ball came high over the net, and bounced prettily at the right height for a smash. He lunged at it, and the ball hit the top of the backstop.

"If that had come in you never would have touched it," he called to his companions as he walked over to where Markley was standing, and impatiently kicking holes in the court with his one shoe. "Do you want to see me?"

"Yes, I do want to see you," angrily exclaimed Markley.

"I want to know what you mean by getting on that court!"

"Well, why shouldn't I get on it?" asked Judd.

"Why?" almost screamed Markley, "Why, you bonehead, that court was reserved for us to play a tournament match on this afternoon. Get on back to your own court."

Judd regarded him a moment. "These courts are just as much mine as they are yours," he said, "and I've got just as

much right to 'em as you have. They don't belong to you, do they?" And he started back to his place.

Markley, always excitable, lost all control of himself.

"I don't care who they belong to. You are going to get off that court. You hit another ball, and I'll knock——"

"Can that rough stuff, Harry!" cried Benton. "There are a lot of girls here. You go on back in the house and shut up."

"Wait for me a minute, Judd," he added, as he caught Markley by the arm and led him to the house. In a few minutes he hurried back.

"Judd," he began, "you will have to get off, certainly. We've got to play a tournament on that court this afternoon. You can get on this other court, here. It's really better, as you know, than this one."

"Well, if it's better than this one, why don't you fellows use it?" demanded Judd. "You are always wanting the best things. You thought you'd take our grandstands away from us, didn't you? Well, you won't take this court. I think we'll stick where we are." And he walked back to his place, and they started playing.

The crowd had watched these proceedings and conferences closely. Only a few words, now and then when the speakers raised their voices, could be caught, but nearly all of the crowd knew what it was about, and watched for the result eagerly. Several students intercepted Benton as he started in the house.

"Jim, what are you going to do? Did you get them off?"

"No," answered Jim, "I didn't get them off. And we will have to fix this other court in a decent condition for a tournament match, and play on that. Tell the crowd, will you?"

The students drew aside and "cussed and discussed" the situation a few minutes.

"How about chucking them off?" asked one.

"Naw! that won't do," said another. "We don't want to start a scrap here before these girls."

"Well, what are you going to do, then?"

"Fellows, there's only one thing for us to do," answered another; "and that is for the crowd to get up and quietly leave the stands, and take a seat on the grass by the other court. Don't jeer the dubs, or yell a word at them. Be as quiet as possible."

The students quietly spread the news through the stands.

As each section heard it, silently, with one accord, that section arose and one by one, in couples, in groups of three and four, the crowd began to leave the stands. Cautioned by the students, not a single yell was hurled at the dubs. So that the stands were almost deserted before the dubs, engrossed in their game, discovered the fact.

.....
"What are they leaving for?" asked one dub. "We ain't through."

"Oh, that's all right; let 'em go," said another. "They saw us play one set, and now they want to see the others. They'll be back in a few minutes when they see what kind of tennis that other crowd plays."

"I'm kinder glad they're gone, though," Judd complained. "They were beginning to get on my nerves. I thought all crowds applauded whenever anybody had a good serve. But that crowd didn't applaud a single time while I was serving. They don't know a good serve when they see one."

"Well, let's go ahead and have some nice quiet practice, so we can play good when they come back."

"Do you reckon they will come back?" Judd asked.

"Sure they will!"

Judd said nothing. But out of the corner of his eye he watched the crowd leave the stands. He watched it cross over to the other court, and sit down on the grass embankment. He heard the cheers when the two teams started playing. And somehow, for some reason, he began to have the faintest hint of a suspicion. He couldn't have told why. He didn't know. He didn't even realize yet that it was there.

He went on with his own game, of course. But still—well, somehow he didn't exactly feel like playing today. He didn't raise his leg half so high on the serve. And he didn't rush to the net half so eagerly.

The others had never been in a better mood for playing. They rushed about wildly, laughing and kidding each other. And no doubt they were playing some tennis.

On one point they kept the ball returning in long high lobs for ten or twelve times. At last the point ended when Judd's partner knocked the ball out.

Immediately they gathered together in a little group. All were puffing and blowing.

"Did you see me returning all those balls?" demanded one. "Wasn't that some playing!"

"You bet it was!" exclaimed another. "And don't you know that's better tennis than that other crowd can ever hope to do? Just look at that," pointing to the other court.

Jim was serving. He threw the ball back over his head, and getting a hard swing over his shoulder, hit the ball a terrific blow. It fell on the service line. Jim started up to the net. But Strong, who was receiving, sent across a clean hard cross-court lawford in the alley out of his reach.

The crowd cheered.

"Huh! Did you see that?" asked the dub. "They can't keep a ball going half as long as we can. They miss it the first time."

And still Judd said nothing. He was perplexed. He was puzzling to himself why the crowd had cheered this play and hadn't cheered theirs, when they had kept it going a much longer time. And he couldn't forget how the crowd had left the good seats of the stands to sit on the grass by the other court. For once something had pierced his thick pigskin.

"Fellows," he said finally, "can it be—I wonder can it be—that they don't want to see us play? That they don't like to watch us?"

"Why, Willie, what's the matter with you? Sure, they like to watch us. But they want to see the others play some time."

"Well, why is it that they didn't cheer us, and they are cheering them now?" demanded Judd. "Just listen."

The Four listened in silence to the yelling of the students and the enthusiastic clapping of the girls.

"Why didn't they cheer us like that?" Judd asked again.

"Well—maybe—well—well——," began one of his friends.

"Aw! that don't make any difference to us," cut in another.

"Let's go on with our game."

"Come on, Willie."

"Fellows, I believe I've had enough for today. I'm a little tired. I think I'll go in."

"Don't bust up the game, Willie. We were going fine. Come on, let's play just one more set."

But Judd shook his head. Somehow he felt that he couldn't stay out before that crowd any longer.

"No. You fellows go ahead and play a three-handed game," he said. "I'm going in."

He put on his sweater and, pretending that the sun hurt his eyes, lowered his head and tried to slip off the courts unnoticed, going through a gate on the opposite side from the stands.

His friends talked a few minutes. Then, deciding that they didn't want to play without him, they, too, went out the back gate, and followed a little way behind him.

They had just gotten outside when Markley happened to glance over toward their court.

"Why, where are the dubs?" he exclaimed to Benton.

Jim looked around.

"Yonder they go," he said. "Wonder what's the matter."

"I only wish that 'matter' were permanent," answered Markley.

As if in answer to his wish, Judd at that moment looked around, and, seeing his friends at some distance behind him, yelled to them.

"Fellows," he called, "I think I'll play on one of the lower courts tomorrow."

It was only meant for the dubs' ears. But his voice easily carried across the courts, and Markley heard him.

"Glory be!" he muttered. "Glory be to Mike and all his kinfolks!"

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DECEMBER, 1917

No. 3

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROBERT L. HUMBER, Jr., Editor

In Behalf of
the Phi Beta
Kappa

THE STUDENT has watched with a great deal of interest the progress of the movement it launched this fall to secure a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society at Wake Forest. So far as THE STUDENT has been able to detect, the main objections advanced against the Phi Beta Kappa have sprung from

a previously formed prejudicial attitude against all things and organizations that bear the name fraternity. It indeed is unfortunate that some people have acquired a mistaken idea of the purpose and mission of the Phi Beta Kappa, but far more unfortunate is it that these uninformed persons will not allow their false impressions to be corrected and their prejudices to be changed to enlightened convictions, even when the truth in the light of actual facts and thorough investigations has been presented to their minds.

Two main objections have been offered against inviting this admirable organization to found a chapter at Wake Forest. The first one is that the existence of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society at Wake Forest would lower the bars of the institution to fraternities. How such an intimate and direct relationship between fraternities and a scholarship society—two radical extremes—can possibly exist is very difficult to realize. Greek letter fraternities are social beings; the Phi Beta Kappa is intellectual. Greek letter fraternities hold secret meetings and encourage the segregation of students into distinct groups; the proceedings of the Phi Beta Kappa are public and the good fellowship it fosters between its members and all students of the college is universally recognized and highly commended. Greek letter fraternities are conducted by students and are attended only by members of the organizations; the Phi Beta Kappa is governed by the faculty and is attended quite frequently by the public. Appointments to one are made only by members of the fraternity; the appointments to the other are made solely by the faculty. Popularity and congeniality are the chief requisites for membership in Greek letter fraternities; advanced scholarship and high attainments in literary pursuits are the sole requisites for membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. Each organization is so different from the other that

the difference suggests the distinction between night and day. Yet the objection has been raised that to allow a scholarship society at Wake Forest would mean to sanction the entrance of fraternities here. Such a charge has not been and can never be substantiated by logic or reasoning. It does not follow that when Wake Forest honors her scholarship and recognizes the deserving efforts of her industrious and enterprising students, it is obligatory and imperative for her, on the other hand, to introduce Greek letter fraternities into the life of the College. To invite the Phi Beta Kappa to Wake Forest would not mean that the Board of Trustees approves of Greek letter fraternities. Nor would it embarrass this body of men in the least in dealing with Greek letter fraternities in the future. Wake Forest can legislate at any time on any question or concerning any organization she sees fit, without being crippled in her freedom by such a prematurely formed hypothesis.

The second objection advanced against the Phi Beta Kappa is the charge that it is undemocratic. The only authentic way of determining whether or not an organization is undemocratic is by a thorough investigation of every phase of its character. The Phi Beta Kappa throws its doors open to all students and assures every one who meets the high requirements in scholarship that he will receive the coveted distinction. It invites every man—regardless of his rank, standing, and title—and excludes none. The democracy of such an organization is preëminently apparent. The Phi Beta Kappa can boast today of twenty thousand members, representing every phase of modern activity—a fact which serves to remind the public again of its cosmopolitan and democratic constituency. On no convincing grounds can it be proved that the Phi Beta Kappa is undemocratic, for the preponderance of evidence is too overwhelmingly in favor of the asser-

tion that the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society is one of the most powerful democratic organizations existing in our educational institutions today.

**Liberty
Loan Bonds**

The patriotic response recently made by the student body in subscribing \$650 to be invested in Liberty Loan Bonds was indeed very commendable. The pledges were made cheerfully and voluntarily on the part of all who contributed, and the promptness with which the students responded indicated forcibly that they welcomed the opportunity of "doing their bit" for the country and of having a real share in the prosecution of this great war to a speedy and successful termination. It was the expressed desire of the student body that the bonds be donated to the College, and the interest accruing on same be invested each year in some worthy memorial, which would commemorate the patriotic devotion and the unselfish service of Wake Forest men when they so promptly responded to the Nation's call in her hour of need. In the history of all nations there come periods when "the souls of men are tried," and it is altogether fitting and proper that the memory of the noble sacrifices made and of the heroic deeds of bravery performed during such crucial times should be perpetuated by appropriate memorials. But still more important is it that we do our part *now* in equipping and preparing our soldiers to fight the actual battles. The students of the College appreciated in a very admirable way the importance of each of these needs, and expressed very forcibly their willingness and desire to assist the National Government in any way they can in conducting the great war that is now being waged for the preservation of humanity's rights and privileges on land and sea, and for the final triumph of democracy and representative

government among all nations of the earth. Wake Forest is doing her part on the field of actual service, and she also will do her part at home.

Felicitations

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we note the publication of Dr. C. C. Pearson's recent book, "The Readjuster Movement in Virginia," and extend to the author our most cordial and hearty congratulations. The work is a permanent contribution to the historical world and reflects admirably upon the scholarship and knowledge of its author. The appearance of the book is very neat and attractive; it is printed in large type with illuminating footnotes. It is published by the Yale University Press, an enterprise of Yale University, from which institution the author received his degree. The style of the author is very pleasing and clear, and the arrangement of the material, which is accurate in every detail, shows that the author covered very thoroughly the period of time in which the Readjuster Movement held full sway in Virginia.

Dr. Pearson regards the period between the Civil War and the beginning of the recent educational and industrial renaissance as the "Dark Age of the South." Previous writers have treated only the first half of this period, calling it the "Reconstruction Period," and have regarded it only as the end of an era. Dr. Pearson, taking the period as a whole, finds in it the beginning of an entirely new period, and thus breaks new ground. The volume under review deals only with the situation in Virginia. Here the contest was, stated broadly, a contest between progressive ideas advocated by incompetent and unscrupulous men on the one hand and reactionary ideas advocated by the most respectable element on the other. The latter called themselves Conservatives. The former first took

the name Republican or Radical, then the name Readjuster. The outcome was that the Conservatives, by adopting progressive ideas and policies, won control and put matters on a firm and democratic basis. Among the most important questions at issue were: the State's railroad policy, the public debt, the public school system, and the tax system.

In speaking of Dr. Pearson's book, the *Springfield Republican* made the following comment: "The book shows scholarly research, is carefully written, is well provided with notes and bibliography, and should have lasting historical value." Dr. Samuel C. Mitchell, President of Delaware College, paid the author a very high compliment when he said: "I congratulate Dr. Pearson heartily on the forceful style, on the clearness of treatment, and the vital interest that pervades the volume. He has done a signal piece of historical work and has placed his name in the long list of American historians."

"THE OLD ROAD"

J. N. DAVIS

The old road winds deserted now
 Except for winds that sweep its way,
 Except for stars and moon that throw
 Their light upon it, lone and gray.

Filled are its ruts, o'ergrown its paths
 With briars; and through the flint and shard
 Burst shrub and flower where nature has
 Struggled to mend what man has marred.

Safe rests the partridge in its shade,
 Untrampled green thing, flower and herb;
 The rabbit crosses unafraid:
 He knows no danger shall disturb.

Sometimes, piercing the clear thin morn,
 From highways of smooth graded ease
 The auto's shrill discordant horn
 Sets a squirrel chattering in the trees.

But 'tis not oft, only at night,
 Thick sounds will come: shouts, laughter wild,
 Strange whisperings, or footfalls light,
 A buggy's creak, a crying child;

And down the road I'll swear I've heard
 A ghost horse's hoof clattering slow,
 And then a tender laughing word—
 Two lovers who passed there long ago——

But the old road lies deserted now,
 Even the winds sweep by, nor stay;
 The moon metallic rays will throw
 To make it weird, and cold, and gray!

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. A. McKAUGHAN, Jr., Editor

Manager Warren announces that the Glee Club, after giving its initial recital in Wingate Hall, will begin its road trip on November 23 with a concert at Apex. Other towns to be visited on the trip are Dunn, Mount Olive, Kinston, New Bern, Washington, and Greenville, the final concert being given at Meredith College on December 1. A special feature of the trip this fall is the fact that the Club is going out under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, and the surplus made by the Club in each town will go to the local organizations. An almost entirely new program has been arranged and one of the most successful trips in several sessions is the prediction of Manager Warren and Director Hubert Poteat.

The class basket-ball season is well under way, with the bloody Sophs in the lead by the narrow margin of one game. They downed the Seniors in the first game of the season by a big margin; and the Freshmen put the Juniors out of the running by winning in the last few minutes of play. In the third game of the season the Seniors showed a flash of real form and snowed the Freshmen under by a score of 30 to 18. Some hard games are to be played as the end of the schedule draws near.

Several favorable comments have been heard on the November issue of *THE STUDENT*. What do you think of us?

Dr. W. T. Elmore, pastor of the College Church at Colgate University, and now a Secretary at Camp Greene, addressed the students and townspeople on the "War Work of the Young Men's Christian Association" in Wingate Hall on November

14. He inaugurated the local campaign to raise Wake Forest's share of the National Y. M. C. A. fund of \$35,000,000; and it is understood that the campaign was a success here.

Society Day was celebrated in the usual manner on October 29 with a spirited debate in the afternoon in which the negative speakers, Messrs. B. S. Liles and D. B. Johnson, won the vote of the judges over the supporters of the affirmative, Messrs. Beachboard and Britt. At 7 o'clock p. m. a large audience assembled to hear the orations of C. S. Owen, W. B. Gladney, H. I. Hester, and L. V. Coggin, all of whom spoke on subjects bearing directly on some phase of our present National crisis. The Berean banquet, the success of which was largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. George Quillin, was held in the gymnasium immediately following the orations, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of attending. A large crowd of girls from Meredith and Oxford contributed largely to the success of the celebration.

Wake Forest certainly contributed its share to the Second Liberty Loan, no less than \$50,000 being subscribed through local banks. The student body, literary societies, and various clubs contributed generously to the loan; and the \$650 subscribed by the students will be given over to the College as the basis for the projected Liberty Chair of Political Science which was suggested in the speech made in behalf of the loan by Governor T. W. Bickett. It is hoped that the first movements in this direction will not be allowed to lapse.

In celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the Reformation, Dr. C. C. Pearson of the Department of Political Science, read a paper in chapel on October 31 in which he discussed in a brief and interesting way the man, Luther, and the influence of the Reformation on the course of history.

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The publicity department of the local public school must have recently hibernated for the winter, as we have been unable to learn anything of the work that is being done by our younger institution.

The tennis team found no difficulty in defeating Elon in the matches on Society Day, all of the matches being won with comparative ease. Best and Sledd drove through the doubles at a rapid rate, and Folk did not have to work hard to win his singles match. Best had his match at 3-0 when it was called on account of darkness.

Are you reading the Moot Court reports in *Old Gold and Black*? They are realistic enough to do credit to the court reporter of a metropolitan daily, and Mr. E. Bryan deserves praise for the way in which he has livened up a hitherto dead department. Since *Old Gold and Black* has come under the personal management of Mr. H. B. Easom we notice quite a change in its make-up and appearance, and congratulate the new manager and the editors on their attempt to make it the best college weekly in the South.

Quite a lively discussion concerning the relative merits of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society is being waged, not only by the College publications, but even by our denominational papers of the State and at least one State daily. It promises to assume mammoth proportions before it is ended.

Hon. James Pou addressed a large audience during Liberty Bond week in behalf of the loan.

President W. L. Poteat's address at the State Fair on Thursday, October 18, was one of the main features of the day. The topic of his address was a "Generalization of war and bonds."

The Cosmos Club, so far as we can learn, is not as active this year as it has been in the past. We would like to hear of more frequent meetings.

On Thursday, October 26, Mr. Frederic Martin, basso, of New York City, delighted a large audience in Memorial Hall with one of the best recitals ever rendered before a Wake Forest audience. THE STUDENT hopes that the lecture committee will be able to present other attractions of a similarly high grade in the future.

Extensive improvements of the course have been planned by the Golf Club to provide for the increased membership. Frequent tournaments are being held by the Club, and marked improvement in play is being shown by the entrants.

Men are steadily leaving school for various reasons, many to be ready to enter the National service when the call of Uncle Sam comes. Some of the strongest and most influential members of the student body will be missed by the many friends they have made while on the hill. Several vacant offices are to be filled on account of the resignations handed in by men leaving school.

THE STUDENT welcomes Mr. H. B. Easom to its Editorial Staff, he having been chosen to act as Y. M. C. A., Moot Court, and Society Editor in the place of Mr. W. H. Paschal, who has recently left college.

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

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

Literary Societies

The literary societies offer a splendid opportunity to all students in college to develop the power of speaking. It matters not what vocation a man intends following, he needs the society work, and the societies are in dire need of his support. The usual interest has not been manifested in the literary societies this fall. Possibly this lack of interest can be attributed to two things, namely: outside attractions and the trite queries produced.

It is true that the atmosphere is saturated with daily rumors concerning the world conflict. We are reminded each day at chapel of the withdrawal of some of the best of our men. Many men who were in the vanguard of society work last year are now supporting the colors. These things ought not to attract us, however, to the extent that we should allow our interest and enthusiasm in society work to diminish.

Timely questions ought to be presented to the men—questions which command their attention. This would strengthen the interest in the work immensely. A dry subject will not produce enthusiasm. If live and instructive questions are presented, the literary societies will have charm and attract the men, who, on society nights, have no special employment.

Fellows, why not fall in line and do all in our power toward developing a revival of the old-time spirit when the men debated far into the midnight hours without tiring?

Y. M. C. A.

One of the most powerful factors in college, contributing to their moral uplift, is the student Y. M. C. A. The practical seed, which Dr. Weatherford planted here a few weeks ago, have been very fruitfully nourished by the members of the Association.

Since Dr. Weatherford's departure from us programs have been rendered by some of the most influential men of the student body, which tended to show very clearly the principles for which the Y. M. C. A. has always stood.

The first program, which had for its subject "Honesty," was very forcibly rendered. Honesty in all phases of our college life—in the classroom, in athletics, and on the campus—was set forth as a beacon which would steer the College clear of an evil which has been a parasite on the reputation of many an institution. The following gentlemen took part in the discussion: Messrs. J. I. Allen, F. C. Feezor, and P. D. Croom.

At a later date "Profanity" was discussed and condemned as a prevalent, demoralizing, and foolish habit. "Why use profanity?" was ably handled by Mr. R. L. Humber. "The objections to profanity" were clearly stated by Mr. J. T. Gillespie. "How to stop profanity" was prescribed by Mr. O. G. Tillman. This was one of the most practical programs ever rendered under the auspices of the Association.

Dr. W. L. Poteat addressed the Association on Monday night, the 19th of November. His subject was "The War and the Doctrine of Nonresistance." The man who could have heard this address, and did not, neglected an opportunity which he has every reason to regret exceedingly. We appreciate the willingness of President Poteat to meet with us and talk on such a timely topic.

The pledges for the Y. M. C. A. War Fund from the faculty and the students have nearly reached the \$900 mark. The first payment has been sent in and the remaining payments will be met when they fall due.

Moot Court

The criminal and civil dockets of the Moot Court have not yet been cleared. However, there is this one commendable thing: cases are being settled each week, and not put off until the following term of court. We are always glad when a judge is sent our way who knows the art of disposing of cases. The solicitors have done admirable work in their prosecutions: the State's Treasury has been enhanced greatly by the way they have brought evidence to the surface. It is said, without fear of contradiction, we have one of the strongest bars in the State. This is shown by the fact that all of our attorneys have been employed recently in working out the technicalities involved in the cases which have been the subjects of universal gossip.

The news that the Sawyer divorce case had been settled relieved the city of much suspense. The final analysis showed the facts just as the people thought. The general opinion was that John Sawyer had never treated his spouse with respect. A glance at their children testified to Sawyer's worthlessness. He is a shiftless character, yet no one except Sallie Paine ever saw him under the influence of intoxicants. To the jury is due the praise for granting a divorce and \$300 alimony to Mrs. Sawyer. Attorneys Robinson, Croom, and Gooch for the plaintiff, and Kurtz, Jones, and Scarborough for the defendant, handled the case well and fought the issues involved to a bitter end.

Of no less importance was the case of Silas Miller, arraigned before the court for maltreatment of his wife. Solici-

tors Beachboard and Dockery soon had Miller on the way to the county roads to serve a sentence of thirty days.

A very important case from the civil docket was settled recently—the suit of Dr. Cochran against the Seaboard Air Line Railway for \$5,000 damages. The plaintiff's attorneys, Messrs. Ivy and Warren, swayed the jury to and fro with their appeals. However, Lawyers Jones and Robinson produced sufficient proof to vindicate the company.

Sarah Waller, who a few months ago injured an arm by falling through a broken bridge on one of the sidewalks in the city of Apex, was awarded \$5,000 of the \$7,500 for which she brought suit. The plaintiff's attorneys, Messrs. Koontz, Jolly, and Jackson, clearly placed the default upon the city. Attorneys Beachboard, Johnson, and Scott represented the defendant.

It is difficult to understand why all men who intend practicing law do not take advantage of the opportunity offered in the Moot Court each week. The court is developing some very efficient men, who will soon seek a location for remunerative practice, and who will also try as well to elevate the morals of the community.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

Mr. C. J. Jackson, B.A. 1909, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for Tennessee, conducted a very successful "Y" war work campaign in his State, securing during the first four days \$165,705. This was much better than was done in any other Southern State.

On November 8 Captain Paul C. Paschal, 1908-09, was married to Miss Helen Morey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Perry Morey. They are now at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., where Captain Paschal is stationed.

Rev. J. A. Ellis, B.A. 1908, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Dunn, N. C.

Rev. W. O. Johnson, B.A. 1908, has accepted a call to the Baptist churches in and around Siler City, N. C.

Earl Prevette, B.A. 1917, the redoubtable "Pinky," once president of the Athletic Association, winner of the second prize in the State Carnegie Peace Contest in Raleigh, is now sales manager of a dental supply concern of Philadelphia, at a salary so handsome that it once satisfied a United States Senator.

Mr. E. R. Settle, B.A. 1910, is superintendent of Mountain View Institute at Hays, Wilkes County.

Mr. Myron C. McCurry, 1914-17, is in training for the aviation service at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Dr. Arthur B. Ray, of Rockingham County, has recently been commissioned first lieutenant in the National army, and has been ordered to the new chemical laboratories at Wash-

ington to take charge of important chemical work that is being done there for the Ordnance Department.

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, B.A. 1897, has been put in command of Field Hospital No. 347, motor drawn, at Little Rock, Arkansas. He has the rank of captain. Under him are five lieutenants and one hundred and twenty-three men.

Mr. D. C. Hughes, 1913-17, is a bookkeeper in New York City. His address is 114 Harry Street, Brooklyn.

Mr. B. F. Sustare, LL.B. 1915, is traveling for the Armour Fertilizer Works, out of Greensboro, N. C. His home is at Hickory, N. C.

Mr. J. H. R. Booth, B.S. Med. 1917, is now a student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He has already completed the work for the Master of Arts degree, except the thesis. He will get his degree at our next commencement.

Mr. E. V. Hudson, 1914-17, is a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. He hopes to take the Bachelor of Arts degree at Wake Forest College at next commencement. He completed most of the work done in the Summer School.

Eugene Turner, B.A. 1915, is in the Y. M. C. A. work in China, with headquarters at Shanghai.

The press reports of the session of almost any Baptist Association will show what a large and important part Wake Forest men are contributing to the religious life of the State and to the Baptist denomination in particular. This fact may be seen in an account in the *News and Observer* of the meeting of the Neuse-Atlantic Association at Kinston on November 14. M. Leslie Davis of Beaufort, B.A. 1905, M.A. 1906, was reflected moderator; Rev. George T. Watkins of

Goldsboro, B.A. 1889, vice-moderator, and F. C. Nye, B.A. 1900, clerk. All the addresses mentioned but one were made by Wake Forest men. Dr. B. W. Spillman, B.A. 1891, and Rev. E. F. Munford, B.A. 1900, led the discussion on the report on Christian Education. The work of the Baptist Young People's Union was discussed by Rev. H. L. Swain, B.A. 1916. Rev. B. G. Early, B.A. 1900, spoke on Woman's Work. S. M. Brinson, B.A. 1891, superintendent of schools for Craven County, spoke on State Missions, and Rev. G. T. Watkins and H. W. Baucom, B.A. 1909, on Foreign Missions.

ATHLETIC NOTES

P. H. NEAL, Editor

North Carolina State Game

The annual Wake Forest-North Carolina State football game was played on the Riddick Athletic Field in Raleigh on October 19th, from which the West Raleigh aggregation emerged with the large end of a 17 to 6 score. The game, which was staged before a crowd of over two thousand spectators, was very interesting and hotly contested, it being the hardest fought game seen on the Riddick Field in some time.

Gurley, quarterback for North Carolina State, drew first blood when after four minutes of play he carried the ball over the Baptists' goal line. At the beginning of the second quarter Gurley again took the ball over after it had been brought down the field by forward passes and end runs. Tech's final three points were made in the third quarter as the result of a drop kick made by Gurley. For Wake Forest Rabenhorst can claim first honors, with Blanchard and Bowers following. Rabenhorst made good gains almost every time he was called upon to carry the ball, received every forward pass that was made to him, punted well, and played splendid defensive ball. The good defensive work of Blanchard at tackle and of Bowers at left end was very noticeable. The one touchdown that was made by the Baptists came in the second half by means of several successful forward passes and an end run by Rabenhorst, the ball finally being carried across by "Big Boy" Blanchard.

Maryland State Game

Maryland State College was victorious over Wake Forest in a hard-fought game played at College Park, Md., on October 27, the score being 29 to 13. The features of the game

were the number of forward passes and the eighty-yard run made by Rabenhorst. In the early part of the game Dick Pace, seeing that the Maryland line was practically invincible, resorted to the aerial attack, and succeeded in scoring by means of passes before the first quarter ended. However, the Baptists were unable to keep the lead, for soon the Maryland "Aggies" had made three touchdowns. Wake Forest tightened up in the second half and within a few minutes after play began Rabenhorst, in one of the prettiest runs of the season, eluded the entire Maryland team and carried the ball eighty yards for a touchdown. In the latter part of the game Maryland State made a touchback and another touchdown. Rabenhorst at left halfback and Croom at fullback were Wake Forest's best players, while Captain Fletcher was the most consistent player for Maryland State.

V. P. I. Game

In one of the cleanest-fought games of the season Wake Forest lost to V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va., on November 3, by the overwhelming score of 50 to 0. During the first ten minutes of play it appeared that the Baptists would put up a close fight, but after their goal line had once been crossed the Virginians scored at will.

It would be quite an undertaking to pick the individual stars for V. P. I., for the whole team starred. The outstanding feature of their playing, however, was their ability to run interference. For Wake Forest, Bowers played a good game, keeping the Tech's time and time again from making gains around left end. Blankenship and Blanchard also played a good defensive game.

The Davidson Game

On November 17 Davidson won from Wake Forest in a rather one-sided contest that ended with a score of 72 to 7.

The Presbyterians began their scoring during the first few minutes of play and kept it up continually throughout the game until the final totals amounted to eleven touchdowns and six goals.

One of the most spectacular plays of this gridiron season was the ninety-three-yard run made by Rabenhorst in the third quarter, when he intercepted a forward pass from Davidson. Although Wake Forest was outclassed in every department of the game, Rabenhorst was the outstanding star. The Davidsonians made practically all their gains by end runs and forward passes. The whole team starred, but Flowers deserves first mention.

From the foregoing account of the games played the past month it can be seen at a glance that there was something the matter with Wake Forest's football team. The fact about it is, Wake Forest has had hard luck this season. In the first place, the selective draft took away from us in the midst of the season several of our best players. Besides this, a number of men have been kept out of the game at times on account of injuries and sickness. No two games have been started with the same line-up. At the first of the season we had a good team, but player after player was either drafted or injured, until at the end of the season we had only a remnant of what we started out with. It is not our purpose to make excuse, but it is only fair that the readers of *THE STUDENT* should know why we have not made a better showing in football this year.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

For our criticism this month we have chosen two publications from the Palmetto State, *The Converse Concept* and the *Winthrop Journal*.

More genius and ability is displayed in *The Concept* than in any publication which we have examined. Practically every contribution shows natural ability and also careful thought and preparation on the part of the author. The contents of the November issue comprise two sketches, three poems, five stories, and the different departments. We have only one criticism for the magazine as a whole. The substitution of an essay for one of the stories, despite the worth of all these stories, would in our estimation add to the value of the magazine, chiefly by giving its readers a little more diversity. Otherwise *The Concept* is an ideal publication. All the contributions are on a high order; the editorial department evidences deep and serious thought on the part of the editors; the other departments are well edited.

A sketch, "The 'Gal' Mine," is the first article on the list of contents. The character of the negress Lucindy is well drawn, although that of Miss Jennie is not natural, according to our judgment. The other sketch, "Sophomore Impressions," is short, well written, and offers us a pleasing change. Of the verse, "Sunset" and "The Song of the Submarine" surpass "Do Your Bit." The latter is no poor effort, however. The story, "The Big F," is a little too fairy-tale like, we think, but the close is splendid. It, as all the others, is very well written. "To Pass the Time," in our opinion, takes the prize. It is one of the best stories we have ever found in a

college magazine. The author shows real genius and ability as a short-story writer by this work. "Betsy of the Pines" is up to the standard of the other stories, while "A Coup d'Etat" offers us a fine plot. The same criticism might be applied to "Jimmy's Question." The parlance of the two mountaineer lads is not quite characteristic, however. Any of these stories would take the prize in the ordinary college magazine. We congratulate the editors on the worth of *The Concept*. It is well worthy of representing this great woman's college of our neighboring State.

The *Winthrop Journal* is an example of the average type of the college magazine. Parts of the November issue are creditable, others are not. A student body of Winthrop's proportions should produce more good contributions than this issue contains. Several criticisms might be made of the magazine. The first contribution, "How Can I Do My Bit?" should be in the editorial department. "How Le The Was Established" has no place in a literary magazine. The essays should be more thoroughly developed. There should be more than one piece of verse in a magazine representing Winthrop College. The departments, including the editorial department, are too academic. The redeeming feature of the issue is the short stories. "The Last Shall Be First" is a very good story, although crudely written and developed. "The Lesson Learned" presents a very good lesson and is well written. "Von Hindenburg" is a splendid story, well written, and having a very good plot. "Fate as a Co-worker" is worthy of a place in the magazine. The essays are extremely poor and short, showing no special thought whatever. The one bit of verse is very creditable. There should be more of the same kind. As said before, this is an average magazine in quality.

We acknowledge with thanks the exchange of the following magazines: *The College Message*, *The Collegian*, *The Concept*, *Winthrop Journal*, *The Tattler*, *Woman's College Journal*, *The Limestone Star*, *The Chronicle*, *the Philomathean Monthly*, *The Meredith Acorn*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *State Normal Magazine*, *The Radiant*, *The Orion*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Buff and Blue*, and *The Trinity Archive*. We hope that they will continue to exchange and that others also may exchange with us.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

"Coach" Woodward (making a report on Alexander Hamilton on History II)—"Hamilton was born in 1757."

Doctor Pearson—"How old was he at the beginning of the Revolution, then, Mr. Woodward?"

"Coach" (scanning the ceiling and studying deeply)—"The book didn't say that, Doctor."

EXEMPTED

A man was being examined for military service in one of the counties of our State. He was extremely anxious to be exempted, as is quite evident from the following:

Doctor examining him—"My man, your heart is in a very bad condition. You are likely to die at any moment."

Man being examined (in relieved tone)—"Thank God!"

Newish Dorsett apologizes for using toilet water on his face. He says he knows it is for the hair, but that he had to have something to put on his face, having just shaved.

John Blackman (speaking of a certain fellow who had just committed theft)—"Oh, boys, he's just a kleptomaniac."

IMAGINE IT

Atkins (becoming oratorical in Society)—"Imagine, gentlemen, the danger that would arise by the lobsters (lobbyists) obtaining control of Congress!"

"Giftie" Blackman (telling about a big supper he had in Raleigh the preceding night)—"We had a big plank-house steak last night."

Newish Calton—"Let's don't go down Factory (Faculty) Avenue."

Two negroes, on the morning after the day of registration, met in the street, and one said: "Jake, you done register?"

"Yes. Is you gwine to the front?"

"I reckon so, but when dem Germans git atter me I'se gwine to be in de front."—*Winthrop Journal*.

Gent.—"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter—"There was, sir; but I wiped it off."—*Woman's College Journal*.

Doctor—"You have a well developed case of ptomaine poisoning."

Patient—"Nonsense, doctor! I never ate a ptomaine in my life."—*Woman's College Journal*.

One Girl—"Well, I have got to go dress for 'gym'."

Other Girl—"Why, is 'Jim' coming?"—*The Orion*.

Mrs. Crozier—"Mr. Meek, are you on the Glee Club this year?"

Meek—"No, ma'am; I can't sing well enough."

Hanby—"Yes, he is, too. Keith is using him as drum-sticks."

RELIGION OR LAZINESS?

Pug Davis—"I wish Sunday came every day in the week."

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, LADD W. HAMRICK, 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.

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SAND AND SEA

SOMME

It was still dark night everywhere. The wind had shifted from the northeast, the storm had passed, and a cold slow rain set in. Uncle Ben trotted along the beach, shivering in his wet clothes. To keep his teeth from chattering, he sang in loud, fervent tones:

"Dere's no rain ter wet you,
Dere's no sun ter burn you,
Oh, push along, believer;
I wants to go home!"

That night one of those dreaded northeast gales had swept over the sea; and Uncle Ben had stayed down at the life-saving station all night, ready to go out with the boats if he were needed. But no ships were sighted, and toward morning he started home.

The night was so heavy that he could not see his house until it stood out before him like a hole in the blackness. He fumbled for the latchstring, pushed open the door, and started to enter. His foot struck against something, and he clung to the door to keep from falling. A match that he struck flickered just long enough to show him a covered basket on the step.

"Lawd Gawd A'mighty!" he said reverently, as he picked up the bundle and stumbled into the dark, cold room.

He groped around with one hand and found the table. Taking a half-wet match from his pocket, he lighted a small

brass miner's lamp, and with shaking hands raised the wet lid of the basket. It was a white child, and a girl.

She was asleep, her little head half turned on one side, her left thumb just fallen out of the corner of her mouth. Her little fingers were blue with the cold of the night. Her dress felt damp. With the instinct of a mother, Uncle Ben fumbled through the folds of her long skirts to find her feet. They were cold to her knees.

The old negro man looked down at the little white child. His face lighted with pity.

"Poah lam'," he said, "all throwed away. But de Good Book says dat when yoh maw an' yoh paw forsooks you, den de good Lawd will take care uv you. An' de good Lawd done sent you to poor ole Uncle Ben; dat 'e has!"

Then he remembered his own wet clothes. He went to work to build a fire in the big rock chimney at the end of the room. While it was kindling he got into a dry shirt and a pair of overalls. Then taking a patchwork quilt from his unmade bed, he spread a pallet on the floor before the stone hearth.

With quivering, awkward hands he gouged the baby out of the basket and laid her before the crackling fire. There was a package in the bottom of the basket. He opened it and found dry clothes for the child. He spread them before the fire to warm, and on his knees began to undress her, talking to her all the while:

"Jes' you wait, honey chile, Uncle Ben 'll make you wa'm an' dry. Da, da, jes' be easy an' let Uncle Ben get dis pin. Dat's a sweet lam'."

But at the first touch of his awkward fingers she had begun to cry, as all babies do in the night, blindly, for the mother. As he turned her clumsily about, getting the little garments unfastened, the wail grew louder and louder. He

worked frantically. At last all the cold, wet clothes were off. He wrapped her in the clean, warm flannel and, seated in a straight-backed chair, held her icy little feet toward the blazing fire. He wanted to sing, but he could think of nothing but "meetin'-house" tunes. So he struck up that wistful old song his fathers before him had made, when their ideal of heaven was a place of rest:

"I walks in de church-yard
To lay dis body down.
I knows moon-rise; I knows star-rise;
I walks in de moonlight; I walks in de starlight;
I'll lie in de grave and stretch out mah arms,
I'll go to de judgment in de ebenin' ob de day,
An' my soul and thy soul shall-a meet dat day
When I lays dis body down."

As he bumped violently backward and forward to the lilt of the music, his voice grew louder and louder until the infant wail was drowned. As the little body grew warm, and the crying hushed, Uncle Ben laid her on the pallet. Then taking from the mantel-shelf the turpentine bottle he always kept filled for the "rheumatics," he poured a few drops in a cup. From a can on the table he took a spoonful of lard, and heated this with the turpentine over the fire. With this preparation he greased the child's breast, her back, the soles of her feet, and her hands, to keep the wet clothes from giving her croup—a remedy he remembered from his own childhood. Then he dressed her in her warm sweet clothes, and left her before the fire while he went into the village; for it was now quite light, and there was nothing in the house for her to eat.

He was puzzled. He knew nothing of what a white child should eat. She must have something better than a negro child's fare. But he did not know what. Moreover, it was too early for people to be stirring, and the rain was still pouring down. He would see no one to ask. Nor would he

dare, for they must not know he had the child. These thoughts were going through his head when he looked up and saw Lucile, a mulatto girl he knew, standing on the back porch of Mrs. Leverman's cottage. He thought of something. Mrs. Leverman had babies.

"Mawnin', Miss Lucile," he called out. "How does you happen to be stirrin' so early?"

"It's dat baby dat wakes up de mos' outlan'ishes' time o' day, Mr. Jenkins, an' have to have its milk het. Dese white chilluns is de finickiest things evah you see in yoh life. No wundah dey don't nevah 'mount to nuffin'!"

"Ain't dat de trufe, now," Unele Ben sanctioned. "Dey can't eat jest about nuthin', like nigger chillun, can de, now, Miss Lucile."

"Lawd, no! Dey has ter hab de bottle scal'ed eber time, an' eben de nipper, an' de milk het—I tells you, dey's pampered frum de time dey's bawned tell dey ain't wuff dey weight in trash!"

"Dat dey ain't Miss Lucile. Bad stawm, Miss Lucile."

"Lawd, suh, ah kep' mah fool head undah de coverin's de blessed night to keep out dem awful lightenin's. Ah was gwine ter ax yew how much yew riz at your church las' Sun'ay night, but dat chile'll be dat blue in de face ah'll lose mah job. Good-bye, Mr. Jenkins. Stop by some evenin', Mr. Jenkins."

Unele Ben trotted off down the beach. At Cape Henry he went into the drugstore.

"Miss Leverman up de row done broke her baby bottle," he said, "and wants de same kin' ovah ergin, nipple an' all."

At the grocery store he got a bottle of fresh milk. Then he went home and fed his first white child.

She not only lived; she grew. She was a little yellow-haired child, with big staring brown eyes.

He called her Sally, because, he said, "Sally am showly de purties' name in de worl' for a white chile—jes' lak ole missus."

Before winter she was sitting alone. Uncle Ben bought her some little short red dresses, and put her plump little feet into black stockings.

"Ter keep dat ole Jack Fros' away from heal," he told her, as he pulled her toes to the tune of "Dis lil' pig went ter market, dis lil' pig stayed home," to make her laugh.

She was soon crawling all around the room, making queer little jumps like a frog. When Uncle Ben had to go to work, he built a great log fire in the chimney and left her on the quilt, tied safely to the bedpost. After she learned to walk, he sometimes took her with him along the beach, told her about the fish out there in the deep water, dug pits in the sand for the waves to fill, and let her run up and down the beach, chasing the frightened sand-fiddlers to their holes, while she laughed aloud at their fright.

But most of the time he kept her close to the little cabin among the pines on the sandhill. She knew nobody but Uncle Ben, she knew no language but his, and she loved him alone. As she sat on his knee in the evenings, listening to his tales about the animals, she used to pat his cheeks and look up into his face, as all children look at those they love, and say in her innocent way:

"Daddy Ben, pretty man. My pretty Daddy Ben."

And he loved her much more than his own life. He had an unreasoning fear that somebody might come and take her away from him. But nobody noticed the child. He came to feel so secure in her possession that he even let her run errands for him into the village, when she was old enough.

One day in July, when she had been with Uncle Ben seven years, she took a basket of "spots" to one of the hotels. She came back along the row of cottages, swinging her empty

basket, dirty, barefoot little child with a beautiful face. She had forgotten the world about her, as children do, and was singing in a loud, childish voice one of Unele Ben's go-to-sleep-honey songs:

"Poor Rosey, poor gal;
Poor Rosey, poor gal;
Rosey break my poor heart,
Heaven shall-a be my home."

The people on the porches turned to look at her, attracted by the plaintive, sorrowful moan of the music. A woman who was watching her little boy playing on the beach spoke to her:

"Hello, little girl; what are you singing?"

The child stopped short and hid her face in her tattered sleeve in fear and embarrassment.

The woman was kind. She understood children. She put her arm around the little girl and spoke gently to her:

"Don't be afraid, dearie. Come, let me talk to you."

"Dearie" had a sweet sound in her ears. She did not know what it meant, but she liked it; so she uncovered her eyes and sat down with the woman on the sand.

"Where did you learn the pretty song you were singing, sweetheart?"

"My Daddy Ben sings it to me," she answered, timidly.

"Is your mother living, dearie?"

"I ain't nevah had no *mother*," she answered, troubled. "Does all chil'ren have mothers?"

"Why, yes, of course. How strange! What is your name, sweetheart?"

"Sally is." She began to look uncomfortable. She picked up her basket.

"Daddy Ben won't nevah let me come no more if I stays," she said wistfully.

"Where do you live, sweetheart?"

She pointed toward the sandhill.

"What did you have in your basket?"

"Spots."

"Does your Daddy Ben fish?" she asked excitedly, as if a new thought had struck her.

"My daddy fishes *all day* long," she answered simply, all the lonesomeness of her little life showing in her face.

"Do you love your Daddy Ben, sweetheart?"

Her whole little face lit up; she nodded her head vigorously up and down, and started off on a run up the hill.

The woman watched her out of sight, then went and talked in low tones to the women in front of the cottage. But that was not the end of it.

Before many days the woman came with a clergyman to see Uncle Ben. He had not come in from his fishing, but they went into the cabin to be out of the sun. The day was sickeningly hot, one of those days when the sea and sky look glazed, and little curls of heat wiggle up through the white sand and dance before your eyes. The hut, hung between the burning sands and the blazing sky, with but one small window for ventilation, seemed hotter and more choking than the out-of-doors.

But the visitors waited. The woman took Sally on her knee.

"Why, child, how have you managed to live in this hole?" she cried. "Do you keep that window open at night?"

"Oh, no!" she replied in horror; "somebody would come in and kill me and Daddy Ben."

The woman looked around the wretched room. She saw four mud-daubed log walls, dark with smoke and cobwebs; an unmade bed; a filthy table; two straight-backed chairs, and a fireplace.

"Where do *you* sleep, sweetheart?" she asked.

"There," she said, pointing toward the bed.

"With that—that—with your Daddy Ben?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman and the clergyman exchanged glances.

"Does he leave you by yourself all day, sweetheart?"

"Yes, ma'am; if it ain't rainy."

"Oh, say, Sally, wouldn't you like to have some pretty clothes like the children on the beach, and go play with other little girls all day? Dresses with lace, and ribbons on your hair? Just think, sweetheart!"

"Oh!" Her eyes grew pitifully bright and eager. "Where am dey?"

"Away from here a little way on the train. Have you ever been on a train? No? My! it's more fun! It goes 'puff-puff, puff-puff, puff-puff,' and just shoots over the ground! Don't you want to come live with me and be my little girl?"

"And Daddy Ben, too?"

"Oh, no; there's not any place— Why, what's the matter, dearie?" The child had slipped from her lap; there were tears in her eyes.

Just then Uncle Ben came into the cabin. He started to put his fish on the table. When he saw the strangers, he stopped, dazed, bewildered. No white person had been in his house for twenty years. Instinctively he took off his cap and bowed to the woman.

"Good evenin', missus—and you, too, sir," he added.

The little girl ran to him, clinging to his knees and making a gurgling sound of joy at seeing him.

The woman rose.

"Good evening," she said. "I am Mrs. Grimes, and this is Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Richmond. We were talking to Sally while we waited for you. She's a very sweet little girl."

"Dat she am, missus," looking down affectionately at the child. "Dare, honey, let daddy put down his fishes," he said.

He dumped them on the table, then taking the other chair, sat down with Sally on his knees. He felt no uneasiness. He supposed these people had come to see him about a fishing trip. He sat looking at the child, his kindly old face and friendly eyes illuminated with love. The sight sent little shivers of horror through the woman. It made it easier for her to say what she must.

"I saw Sally one day in the village," she began.

Suddenly the truth burst on the poor old man. He began to tremble from head to foot and seemed to be shrinking within himself. He held the child closer in his arms and began to mutter piteously, "Oh, no! no!"

The woman saw that he knew. She went on in nervous haste: "You see, Sally is a pretty, sweet child, and this"—looking around the wretched hut—"is no fit place for her. So we came to get you to let us take her to Richmond. This gentleman is president of an Orphans' Home there, and he will soon find a good home for her, where the people—"

"No, no, missus," Uncle Ben broke in. His face had turned a sick, whitish-yellow. His eyes grew bigger as his body seemed to shrivel away. His lips moved, without making any sound. His words came in jerks. "Dat—ah—can't, missus—mah lil'—pet—lam'—missus. No! no! Uncle—Ben—foun'—de lil'—mite—in de rain—all throwed—away by huh folks. Does—you wants to leab—yoh Daddy Ben—lamkin—does you—now?" The child burst into tears and clung wildly to his neck. "Dar, honey chile," he soothed, rubbing her hair with his rough black hands; "doan you cry no more. Yoh—daddy—lubs you—an' nobody—ain't gwine ter—git you—poor lam'."

Then the man spoke. His voice was kind and persuasive. He tried to be gentle with the old man.

"I love my little girl, too, Uncle Ben, and I know how you feel. But don't you see that it will be better for her? Out

here, she can't go to school or be with other children. You can't buy her the kind of clothes she needs, or even the things she needs to eat. And before long you may die, then what will become of her? If you'll let her come with me I'll find her a good home where she'll have a mother and everything she needs, and," appealing to the negro's childish imagination, "maybe grow up into a fine lady."

But Uncle Ben did not hear him. He was rocking back and forth as in pain, droning to himself: "No, sah; no, no, no! Dat ah can't; poor lil' Sally! no, no!"

The woman looked at the man.

"You had better tell him," she said.

"But, Uncle Ben, there is a law that let's me take her, if you won't let her go. Come, give her to me; I don't want to bring a policeman, or anything like that."

At the word "policeman" the old man put up his hand as if to ward off a blow, but he made no answer. He was no longer a rational being. Back and forth he swayed, now almost bending double over the child's body, as he half sobbed, half chanted to himself:

"Poor lil' Sally, poor lil' lam'!
Gwine take you fum yoh ole daddy!
Good Lawd, keep me fum sinkin' down;
Good Lawd, keep me fum sinkin' down!"

"He will fall asleep after a while," the woman said.

They went and sat on the steps and waited for the old man to be hushed. Night came on. The child fell asleep in his arms. Still that monotonous moaning went on. The stars came out; the great revolving lamp in the Cape Henry tower began to flash and glance over the water; miles across the bay the speck of yellow which marked the promontory of Cape Charles blinked back through the blackness like the eye of a Cyclops. The moon rose over the smooth waters of the bay. The haunting stillness of the sea crept up into the sandhills

and into the heart of the struggling man in the cabin. Inside, the moaning sank into an unintelligible murmur. The man went in and took the child from his loosened grasp without his knowing. Then they went down the hill through the night.

Three days later a little negro lad came to Uncle Ben's door. The old man had been missed at the fishing house on the beach, where he worked. The child lifted the latch and went in. He screamed and ran away without shutting the door. Uncle Ben had fallen out of his chair and lay dead on the floor.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AS A SHORT-STORY
WRITER

H. B. EASOM

In the words of Pitkin, "The short-story ideal is a fusion of two artistic ideals, the one American, the other French." Short-story writing is an art. Not every writer knows the art of blending colors so as to produce the proper effect. Many short-story artists have failed by painting their settings in glowing and tiresome details. The art of suggestiveness has never been cultivated by some. Numerous writers have dwelt too long on minor characters, while, on the other hand, they have missed the mark by placing the hero in the background. Being too pert, lengthy, general, or too serious, has caused many predesigned masterpieces to pass into oblivion. Some fashion their thought to accommodate their incidents, and thereby find a difficult task in producing their American ideal. This ideal, defined, is: "A narrative drama with a single effect."

Edgar Allan Poe was the first to sound the full key on the lyre of short-story art. He first attained this height at the age of twenty-four. Living in Baltimore at this time, he contested for a hundred-dollar prize, offered by the *Baltimore Family Visitor*, for the best short story submitted for publication to its literary columns. Baltimore did for Poe the favor of discovering his eminent talent as a short-story writer. This talent which had been flowering for a long time burst forth into blossom in his unique story, "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," which won the prize, of which he was in dire need, without a dissenting vote. In company with this work of art were produced "A Descent Into the Maelstrom," "Lionizing," "The Assniation," "Siope and Epimanes," with ten

others, all characterized by the same logic, accuracy, oddness, originality, and wonderful imaginative ability.

The "School of Circumstances," in which he was an habitual attendant, began at this point to assert itself, and proved a great asset. The début in the short-story realm was destined to develop into a livelihood for him in later years. This twenty-fourth year of his life saw Poe at one leap in the vanguard with romantic prose writers and far ahead of all of his American contemporaries.

In following the young "Bostonian," as he called himself, I will try to weave in and show the man, although he possessed a vivid neurotic temperament due to a life of extreme commixture. We always judge a tree by its fruit. As we watch this record and incongruous overflow of an overworking fancy, each can best judge for himself whether Poe deserves the complimentary term, "an ornament to Southern literature." As we touch the peaks of his life and breathe the atmosphere from a region "out of space, out of time," we can judge whether he attained the American short-story ideal.

Poe's success with the Baltimore paper caused many eyes in the literary world to be turned upon him. He soon received an offer as contributor to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, lately founded at Richmond, Va., which he readily accepted. Later he became editor and moved to Richmond, with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and his "child-wife," Virginia Clemm, his first cousin. The columns of *The Messenger* were filled with the products of Poe's pen—poems, stories, and merciless criticisms of his contemporaries. For eighteen months the paper throve under his management. The young editor received scant remuneration for his services, not over \$1,000 per year at any time, and as low as \$40 per month at one time. However scant his pay, he rendered efficient service. His fame spread rapidly, and at the end of this time, instead of seven hundred people reading *The Messenger*

five thousand eager faces were perusing its columns after each issue. There is no wonder at the anxiety on the part of the readers when we notice the production of his pen during this brief time. Some of his most celebrated pieces appeared—"Morella," "Metzengerstein," "Hanz Pfhäl," "Shadow," "A Tale of Jerusalem," "Arthur Gordon Pym," and others. His criticisms caused clamor to be heard in some parts; yet the people generally could not help but admire his efforts.

We next find Poe at his old game, resuming his Bedouin-like existence. From 1837 to 1844 he lived in New York and Philadelphia. During this period he produced some of the best of his memorable achievements. He cultivated many friendships which proved very profitable. He made the acquaintance of Burton, George R. Graham, and Rufus Griswold. Many of his gems radiated from the pages of *The Gift*, *The Museum*, *The Dollar Magazine*, in which "The Gold Bug" won a \$100 prize. For short periods he held the editorship of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*. Just at this time he printed the famous "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," evidently inspired by Arabian Nights.

No city was able to hold Poe for a long duration. It did not take Philadelphia long to lose its charm to this man of nervous temperament. In 1845, with his little family, he journeyed to New York, with no definite purpose in view. He occupied first one apartment, then another—Amity Street, Carmine Street, and East Broadway were some of his places of refuge. At last he secured the little cottage at Fordham, where one of the sad misfortunes of his life occurred, the death of his devoted wife. He attended literary salons and gave lectures before various clubs and societies, receiving scarcely enough compensation to keep him comfortably. Were it not for a friend, N. P. Willis, who aided him at that time,

he would have sunk into the depths of poverty. After a few months of meager existence, he became editor and first proprietor of *The Broadway Journal*. It may be well to mention that in this journal appeared "The Raven." As mentioned above, a grief came into his life the following year, 1846, when his wife was taken away.

His thoughts now turned backward to Richmond, to his first love. As was characteristic of Poe, he followed his desire and went to Richmond for a short visit. On his return to New York he went by Baltimore and participated in a hot political campaign, and as a result he was drugged and died of brain delirium in the Old Washington Hospital on Broadway, October 7, 1849, thus bringing to an untimely climax the sixteen years during which he attained the zenith of success in the short-story realm.

Now, just a short review of a few of Poe's masterpieces: How about "Ligeia"? In this work his skill is tested. He seeks to mold the setting, character and complication, and through all three factors one can feel the single effect clearly. "The emotion is aroused in response to the thought of a human will triumphing over death, even through another's body"; and it does not rise and fall as we look at "Ligeia," then inspect the death chamber, and in the midst of it all turn our thought to the complications involved. We are held steadfast through it all by each factor bearing such close relation. The author uses many words in his description of different phases of the story, but he shows his skill in carrying the reader right on up the slope with perfect ease.

As another example, let us use "The Fall of the House of Usher." The unbearable gloom is the single effect in this story. This single effect is accentuated by the description of Roderick Usher and his sister—such mysteries surrounding these characters and their home. The causes of the mood in

nature and in man are unlike. In nature, to evoke a hue of melancholy it may be some bleak autumnal scene, a word-picture of a dreary day, or something gloomy or dismal. On the other hand, in man, to cause the thermometer of one's bright disposition to be lowered it must be done by sympathetically affecting the beholder. Poe's skill would not permit him to overlook this fact in his descriptions in this story to build to the desired effect. Usher's like has never been seen by mortal eye. Notice his description:

"The character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye, large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; . . . these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. . . . The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity."

And I think we will all agree with Poe in his last sentence.

Not this description alone, but every word of the entire story is laid so as to produce a uniform single effect—insufferable gloom.

The single effect in "A Descent Into the Maelstrom" depends largely upon graphic description. Poe knew that descriptive events integrate better when told by one who witnesses the places and people described. So we can readily see the author's skill by observing the angle from which the atmosphere is painted in this story.

Then, there are his "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," "The Purloined Letter," "The

Black Cat," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Premature Death," "The Masque of the Red Death," and many others which would testify for themselves to Poe's art in single effect.

Before viewing general facts concerning the author, let us see from what source came the material embodied in such rare short stories. When only six years old he was taken to England, where he gained his first deposit for his storehouse of knowledge. For five years he attended Dr. Branby's School. We see these early observations popping out in a spectral manner in "William Wilson." Several of his early teachers play an important rôle in his stories. Dr. Blaettermaun is an extravagant ornament in his German and French tales.

Poe's reckless life as a "globe-trotter" has some redeeming features. In 1827, at the age of eighteen, he joined the army, and was ordered first to Charleston, S. C. Here he gathered material which culminated in one of his most celebrated stories, "The Gold Bug," which, as I have mentioned above, won a \$100 prize.

While at Charlottesville he frequented the forest, often taking hikes through the neighboring rugged mountains, which furnished material for another tale.

Many of Poe's tales glow with experiences which the author encountered as he grew into manhood.

Now for a few facts in general and conjectures concerning the author. I think it well to emphasize the pathos of his struggles against inherited disease and an alien environment. Poe did not possess the will-power of some to throw off the desire to revel in things of the world. To love drink and many kinds of dissipation was natural. He was born, so to speak, on the stage, and a desire to be in the limelight was always uppermost in his mind. Many of his noble impulses were smothered by his inherent weaknesses. Poe had many struggles unknown to the public, which, if revealed in the

true light, might mollify to a certain degree such intense partisan treatment.

His life and his character, too, have lent themselves to severe treatment by certain classes, which has not been without unfortunate consequences to the cause of impartial criticism. Yes, there is a strong element in America who are insensible to Poe's merits and who are much alive to his limitations. Acute criticism comes thundering from this element: that he does not openly make for moral betterment. But do we scrutinize for a moral in every piece of literature? Some critics have this art. However much this class may slander his genius, still they must admit "that few writers have displayed such loftily sustained ability, and that these authors form a distinct class above all others."

Poe's fame has reached the four quarters of the earth. His writings have an "atmosphere" of their own. He was endowed with temperament, but writers of "temperament" encounter opposition as well as sympathy. His imaginative power was unique and striking. His short stories are dominated by mystery cleverly unraveled; of weird experiences. In his stories he delights and revels in marvelous, yet plausible adventure.

What is the base of Poe's continental fame? It is true that he gave the Old World very little of that "form and pressure" of the New World which it has continually demanded from American writers. Then, why is Poe more extensively read across the waters than he is in America? His popularity is based in the main upon the unique and impressive character of his genius. Some one said that "Poe was the consummate master of embodying the strange and beautiful in words."

He has been severely criticised at home on account of the strange and beautiful dominating his writings, rather than the useful and the normal. This accounts in a large measure for

the fact that our halls of fame commemorate half-known or forgotten worthies, and have no space for one of the brightest names in the entire literature of the nineteenth century.

Will not Poe yet gain ground in his homeland? He has won what may be termed the neutral body of readers. If his admirers will moderate to a certain extent their claims in his behalf, and will admit that some of his efforts were for the "chosen" only; if his biographers will use the word forgiveness more often and cease their efforts to vindicate him, it is the opinion of some that there will be less criticism and greater sympathy for the prose and poetic genius in his own country.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER

T. O. PANGLE

Ah! we boys like to be
With Uncle Sam 'gainst Germany.
This should be a mother's joy:
Her son can be a soldier boy.
Though a sacrifice, 'tis right
For her to give her son to fight.
By our mothers' prayers we'll win,
I'll come to see my mother then.

Fighting as those sires of mine,
I serve in unbroken line.
Father, without tears or grief,
Give your mind and heart relief
With the thought: Democracy
Will in the end triumphant be.
Some day, father, we must win;
I'll be coming back home then.

See, the smoke is curling high,
Blackening all the azure sky.
Brother, you shall some day be
Fighting on this plain with me.
Come—and bear your arms along,
Make our line just one more strong.
If we die, let's die like men!
Victory will crown us then.

Sister, in that Home, Sweet Home,
Pray, work on for peace to come.
Cherish in your heart a pride
For your brother, at whose side

Stalks the armored, blackened knight,
Death, which peals in death-like plight.
Though I suffer wounds and pain,
Love will make me strong again.

Ah! the face of her so dear
Drives from me all thought of fear.
Sweetheart, how I long today
For you, though you're far away.
We shall march on into peace,
Joyful with our victories;
Fall I not with other men,
I'll come back to sweetheart—then.

THE NOM DE PLUME

W. M. D.

Now, I'm a sophomore in college—at least, I'm taking sophomore work. "Shorty" says I'm exposed to it.

I was pretty wise to most of the Profs. around this school last year, so I picked pretty snappy courses; but, believe me! I put my foot in it up to my neck this year.

When I got back from a little summer vacation my beloved old Alma Mater has a long-limbed, intellectual-looking guy named Tolliver, who claims he's a short-story writer, signed up to teach English.

I've never been known to go back on a pal, and "Shorty" may have had good intentions; but if he hadn't joined the short-story class with me so I could be sure he wasn't faking, I have already told him he would have been in for one swell licking.

Gee! I haven't said one word about this "Nom de Plume" that messes Shorty up so; but I am coming to it.

As you may have learned from the preceding, Shorty (he's my pal) and I joined this Tolliver's short-story class. We figured we had to take up some sort of English course anyway, so it might as well be one where the things we've got to write are short.

This was Shorty's fool idea. I didn't take to it much from the start, for two reasons:

The first one was, I'm not much on names. I agree with this Shakespeare guy when he says something about the way a rose smells. So I didn't lay much stock in the short part.

The second reason was, I noticed there were a bunch of these serious-minded highbrow boys on the front seats, and I knew Shorty and I were in the wrong church.

Shorty and I got off to pretty fair start; we sat on the back seats and kept Tolliver guessing; we hardly ever went on the same day, and Shorty answered for me one day, and I answered for him the next. In this way we kept him mixed up on both of us for quite a while. But of course I wasn't born lucky, and one day after I had answered for Shorty, Prof. asked him to come to the desk for a paper. Now, it wasn't possible for Shorty to go, because he wasn't there. This set Tolliver to thinking, and he said, looking at me kinder queer:

"I am almost certain Mr. Wilson answered in the affirmative to the roll-call. I must be getting deaf."

He didn't say anything else, but I knew that he was on; so I told Shorty Wilson he'd have to get somebody else to do his answering from thenceforth.

It wasn't long before the Prof. told us we would have to hand in some literary production, that he might be able to ascertain what benefit we had derived from his lectures.

Well, I got to work that night and wrote a peach of a story about a bunch of train robbers and a boy detective who ran 'em down and captured them and got the loot and a ten-thousand-dollar reward and all.

'Bout time I got it done Shorty came rolling in and began to rag me about the way he'd been to see my girl. Course I didn't mind about that, because I knew he was a pal of mine, and my girl wouldn't look at him anyway when I was around, but it did sorter make me sore for him to run off like that and not tell me a thing about it; so I commenced to tell him how I had written my story and how Tolliver was going to flunk him next day when he didn't have it. This didn't seem to worry him a bit, though, and he began to laugh at me for working so hard when we had so many old magazines around.

I didn't get him at first, but he elucidated that he was going to copy a story out of an old magazine.

Now, as I said before, I didn't get sore about Shorty's going to see Susie McKay, even if she was my steady; but when a pal you've been trusting just like a brother does that and then has an easy scheme like that magazine one, and doesn't let you know anything about it, it did make me kinder hot. I told him it was a dirty trick, and he said I was a fool.

We had some scrap till I threw a bucket of water on him, then I got a good neck-hold and squeezed till he took it back. A scrap doesn't mean anything in our young lives, though, so we beat it to the hay peaceable, and the last thing I heard was Shorty raving about what a swell story he'd found to hand in.

The next morning, for the first time in his life, Shorty beat me up.

When I opened my eyes the first thing I saw was Shorty sitting at the table with an old magazine in front of him, writing.

I think he must have had a touch of foresight, though, for he turned to me and said: "Say, Bill, what did Tolliver mean the other day when he said he used to write his stories with—something—it sounded like *nom de plum*?"

I told him I didn't know what he was talking about; so he kept on writing.

When we got on class Prof. called on me the very first one to read my story.

It was a shame the way he ruined it. Every other word he'd tell me how rotten my grammar, or style, or something was, and naturally couldn't anybody in the class get the five points. When I got through he says my efforts have been entirely wasted, and it will be necessary for me to hand in another composition.

By this time Shorty's punching me in the ribs, and telling me what a nut I am not to have taken his professional advice and copied a good story.

When Tolliver ducked his head to look at the roll-book, I kicked Shorty's chair out from under him, and—Gee! you ought to seen the fall he took. This made me feel lots better, and on account of all the racket Tolliver called on him next for his story.

Shorty got up, hitched his trousers up at the waist, cleared his throat, waved his hands round a little, and went to it.

Now, I'm not denying that Shorty had a swell story, and he hadn't gone far before I saw all the boys sitting up and listening like they were at a minstrel show. I looked up at Tolliver, and he was listening just like the boys.

When Shorty finished Tolliver look around at the class and asked them what they thought of the story.

They all said it was a peach. Then he asked if there were any criticisms, and, of course, one of these know-it-all Johnnies told him his style wasn't as good as it might be, and his anti-climax was too strong or something—they just had to say it was wrong somewhere. Tolliver says: "Do you think so? Well, I guess you are right; your criticisms are good."

After this he turned around to Shorty and asked him a few questions. He says:

"Mr. Wilson, are you acquainted with the scenes in which your plot is laid?"

Shorty said: "Yes, sir; right in my home town."

"Are your characters real, or fictitious?"

"They live in the same town, too. Yes, sir; they are real."

"Well! I must say, Mr. Wilson, you have an unusually good story. By the way, how long have you been considering this plot?"

"Well, I've been thinking about this story a long time. You remember, you told us in one of your lectures to keep our eyes open and we would see plots right at our doors."

"Yes; I remember. Go on."

"When I was home Thanksgiving I got the idea for this story, and I've been working at it off and on ever since."

I knew it was time for something to happen—and it did.

Tolliver says: "Mr. Wilson, I must congratulate you on your success. You have done marvelously well in the short time you have had. I must say you beat me. I started that story three years ago, and it took me eight months to finish it."

My grade on English was 76. Shorty didn't get any.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. A. MCKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

Again Santa Claus is added to the list of Toe the Mark! "has-beens." Again your New Year resolutions have been duly signed and put away in some soon-to-be-forgotten spot where they will not worry you. Again you have returned with renewed vigor (we hope) to take up your collegiate work. All of you have spent a wonderful Christmas, and for the present your minds are vividly

recollectful of those gifts you received, of that last party you attended, of what *she* said to you. Such is natural, and we sincerely hope that you have enjoyed yourself; but that is not quite all we hope.

We hope that you will adjust yourself as soon as possible to the sudden change from home to college, from play to work, so that you will lose no time in starting another term's earnest work. Many of your friends have been called to the front and near-front, leaving you, perhaps, for a later time. It certainly behooves you to make the most of your opportunity. Apply yourself to the task in hand, that of preparing yourself for your country's service, knowing that the training will be beneficial. Forget the pleasures which are now things of the past—pleasures which, necessary as they are to a well-rounded life, must not be allowed to interfere with the more serious task of preparing yourself for your life's work. To loaf now is to be a slacker in the most contemptible interpretation of that word. To work now is to be loyal to your country. Dismiss from your mind the recollection of those holidays, and get down to hard work. May God speed you in your task!

**An Explan-
ation**

Whenever a clash occurs between the business department and editorial policy, money considerations usually triumph. Owing to the smallness of the student body and unsettled business conditions, the income usually assured *THE STUDENT* has been considerably lessened this year; and, therefore, the business manager has been forced to request us to cut the contents of the magazine to a limited number of pages.

Unwilling to sacrifice any of the space allotted to contributions, we have somewhat arbitrarily altered the departments

in order to make them more compact. *Society, Y. M. C. A., and Moot Court*, together with *Athletic Notes*, has been combined with *In and About College*, the latter name being retained for the department. It is hoped that the change will ease the strain on the manager's purse-strings and will improve the quality of *THE STUDENT* by eliminating much uninteresting matter from the departments.

**Grades as
Indices of
Work**

Probably many students and professors, to say nothing of the Dean of the College, will gasp when we make the statement that grading at Wake Forest is entirely too high, and they will immediately demand some proof in substantiation of the statement. To those it may be replied that the statement is only a voicing of editorial opinion, a thing entirely beyond the sordid realm of mere figures and statistics gathered from the dusty and thumb-worn cards in the archives of the College.

A report which came from the Dean's office not long since to the effect that the average grades were higher this year than ever before is, from our viewpoint, alarming rather than a source of satisfaction. It is possible that there is an unusual array of talent in school or that the students have developed a rare propensity for study. But we are inclined to believe that the rise in the grading curve is due, in part, to the repudiation of the policy adopted last year by the faculty, of "putting the screws down hard." This has no doubt been done in some departments,—but the benefit has been discounted by the tendency of screws in other parts to loosen. Certain it is that the process of getting off work has become almost synonymous with play—a condition not at all conducive to scholarly attainments. Not only are courses passed

with a minimum of effort, but too high grades are given to those who stand at the top in their academic work. A valuable incentive to work is lost; men are not prepared as they should be; and the value of a degree is lowered below par in the stock exchange conducted by the world's practical demands.

Though we can ill afford any extensive slicing in grades, we would willingly bear our part if the standard of grading might be raised and a stricter accountability for work done, required. It is a strictly faculty problem, and the new year offers a propitious opportunity for its solution.

Let the maxim that literary work varies inversely with the intensity of the war be accepted, and one need search no further to find the reason for the unusual leanness of the January *STUDENT* as it stalks forth a mere specter clad in a cloak of white samite. December's snows and the annual academic crisis no doubt conspired to rob the magazine of its rightful heritage; but we are forced to believe that the turbulent times have seriously affected the productivity of our *litterateurs*, who seem to have acquired, in a literary way, an unlooked-for apathy which seriously embarrasses the editors in their compilation of *THE STUDENT*. Increasingly difficult has it been to secure contributions of any kind, either in the realm of prose or poetry.

Granted that the number of students is cut in half, there are still men in college who can write. There have been such men since the first small, but enthusiastic class, met in the humble building which marked the beginning of Wake Forest College. Nascent poets, writers, philosophers are

among us, and *THE STUDENT* offers to them, nay, even urges upon them, the use of its pages as a medium of expression. For that purpose alone was *THE STUDENT* founded, and on that ground alone can its existence be justified. To contribute to the magazine should be deemed an honor by every student; and by some of the guardians of ten talents, a duty, if *THE STUDENT* is to maintain its standard during the remainder of the year.

Forget, for a moment, the world crisis. "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal part of a Product, produce it, in God's name." Let us have your contribution now. We will pay at our regular rates—nothing a line.

Though clandestine begging has been in vogue for years, we have had recourse to this open appeal only on account of the exigencies of the situation; and we trust that the response will be in proportion to the need.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor.

We deeply regret the great exodus of students that has been rapidly depleting our ranks this fall. Some of the most influential men of the student body have been called away to answer the call of their country. THE STUDENT shall follow them with the keenest interest, and extends to them its heartiest good wishes as they take up their new duties in military life.

On November 26th the students in college who are taking advanced courses in chemistry met and effected the organization of the "Lavoisier Chemical Society." The purpose of the society is to promote the study of chemistry in its various branches and to analyze any specimens of water, rocks, *et cetera*, the farmers of the State may send to Wake Forest. The following officers were elected: A. P. Sledd, president; W. E. Jordan, vice-president; C. S. Black, secretary and treasurer; B. S. Liles, assistant secretary and treasurer; S. S. Meek, reporter.

With glowing reports of their trip, the members of the College Glee Club and Orchestra returned to the Hill on Saturday, December 1st. This organization enjoyed this fall the most successful tour of its history. The proceeds from the concerts were given to the local chapters of the Red Cross societies. At Greenville the club was given the second largest house in the history of the organization.

Wake Forest closed her football season in Norfolk on Thanksgiving Day, at which time she played the Tiger ag-

gregation from Hampden-Sydney. For the second time this fall Wake Forest opened the game with her regular varsity line-up, the first being against Georgia "Tech" at the opening of the season. The result of the Turkey Day encounter was a tie—7 to 7 score. Rabenhorst, Blanchard, Pace, A. D., were the stars of the game for the Baptists, while Graham and Parrish played best for Hampden-Sydney.

On Thanksgiving night the members of the football team met and unanimously elected Harry A. Rabenhorst, of Baton Rouge, La., their captain for the 1918 season. The honor was worthily bestowed and was a fitting recognition of the valuable services "Harry" has rendered the Baptist team on the gridiron this fall.

The Y. M. C. A. had the pleasure of hearing Dr. W. R. Cullom at its last meeting this fall. Dr. Cullom addressed the association on the subject, "Reverence."

Declamations have been on in the literary societies for the past two weeks, thus affording another opportunity to the rising generation in our midst to display their oratorical ability and to wax eloquent. Congratulations are in order, for they acquitted themselves very creditably.

At a recent meeting of the student body Mr. S. A. Thompson was unanimously elected manager of the basket-ball team for the approaching season to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mr. W. H. Paschal, who left College to enter military service.

President William Louis Poteat delivered a very able and practical address to the Political Science Club at its last meeting, on "Discovery and Reaction."

The Debate Council has been very much handicapped this fall by having to undergo the misfortune of receiving resignations of its officers, who left College in response to the call of the National Government. Under the leadership of the newly elected officers, Mr. M. T. Rankin, chairman, and Mr. H. I. Hester, secretary, the Council hopes soon to close the arrangements now being negotiated with other colleges concerning debates, and to make a definite announcement of the inter-collegiate debate program for the spring in the very near future.

Since the close of the football season the athletic interest of the student body has been centered upon the interclass basket-ball matches, which have been hard-fought and quite frequently decided by very narrow margins. At present the Sophomore Class is in the lead for the class championship.

Mr. R. W. Warren has been elected by the student body chairman of the Honor Committee to succeed Mr. M. C. Robinson, who resigned on leaving College to take up the duties of military life.

The faculty's decision to substitute examinations for the several quizzes that have been formerly held at the end of each fall's work met with the hearty approval of all students.

Definite plans have been formulated by the Golf Club to build a clubhouse on the College links, and the necessary fund to effect these plans has already been appropriated. The course will also be extended quite a considerable distance so as to eliminate the congestion now so often seen on the links.

The following men were recently elected officers of the Wake Forest Military Company: James L. Lake, Jr., cap-

tain; H. T. Shanks and W. L. Tatum, lieutenants; J. R. Cowan, H. M. Thompson, and T. C. Wyatt, sergeants.

Mr. E. A. Hamrick has recently been elected business manager of *The Howler* to succeed Mr. "Ben" Sowers, who is now taking his place in the ranks of Uncle Sam's sailors.

The citizens of the community and the students of the College had the pleasure of hearing Dr. B. W. Spillman address the Wake Forest Missionary Society, at its recent meeting, on "War and Religion." Dr. Spillman's address was one of the ablest we have heard this fall.

The resolution passed by the student body petitioning the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College to allow it the privilege of inviting the National Council of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholastic Society to establish a chapter of this organization here was presented in person by the representative elected by the student body to the Board of Trustees at its meeting in Durham while the Baptist State Convention was in session in that city. A committee consisting of Judge Gilbert T. Stephenson, chairman; Dr. Livingston Johnson and Dr. T. J. Battle, was appointed to make a thorough investigation of the matter and submit its report with any recommendations the committee may see fit to make to the board at its annual meeting during Commencement at Wake Forest next spring.

At a meeting of the student body on December 7th, Mr. Robert P. Burns was unanimously elected manager of the football team for the coming year.

The activities of the Moot Court have been very prominent in the life of the College this fall. Several interesting cases were disposed of last month.

At a recent meeting of the North Carolina Historical Association, Dr. C. C. Pearson, head of the Political Science Department of Wake Forest College, was unanimously elected vice-president of the organization. THE STUDENT extends to Dr. Pearson its hearty and cordial congratulations.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

Dr. A. J. Ellis, B.A. 1908, pastor of First Baptist Church of Dunn, N. C., since graduation at Louisville Seminary, has been granted a leave of absence to accept a position as chaplain in the army.

Mr. J. B. Turner, B.A. 1907, sailed from New York on December 19th for Paris, to engage in Y. M. C. A. work among the American troops. "Jim," as he was known when in College, was a star athlete during his four years here, and was one of the most popular men who ever graduated from Wake Forest. We heartily congratulate the soldier boys with whom he is to work.

Mr. Alvis Yates Dowell, B.A. 1917, was married to Miss Emma Haralson Knight on Thursday, November 29th, at Selma, Alabama.

Rev. Sam. Long, B.A. 1914, has charge of the field at Heath Springs, S. C. His brother, Edward Long, is pastor at Clinton, S. C., while still another brother, Rev. James Long, is pastor at Laurinburg, N. C.

Mr. G. H. Ferguson, B.A. 1915, is superintendent of Aulander Farm-Life School, at Aulander, N. C.

Mr. C. M. Kendrick, 1915-17, has a position in the engineering department of the Bell Telephone Company at Chicago. Wallace Wright, B.A. 1916, is also working for the Bell Telephone Company. He is stationed at Charlotte, N. C.

Lieutenant Carl Van Tyner, B.S. 1914, of the Medical Reserve Corps, married Miss Nina Pearl Dickey of New York City on November 19th.

Dr. Bruce Holding, 1909-13, is surgeon and physician to our aviation unit in France. He has the rank of lieutenant.

Mr. E. C. James, LL.B. 1917, president of Law Class last year, is first lieutenant in the Aviation Corps at Philadelphia.

Mr. Irving Carlisle, B.A. 1917, is teaching in the Rocky Mount High School at Rocky Mount, N. C.

Mr. H. P. Paschal, B.A. 1915, is principal of the high school at Lewiston, N. C.

Mr. Allen Riddick, B.S. 1916, has a position with the Riddick Lumber Company at Asheville.

Mr. E. P. Yates, LL.B. 1914, who has been stationed at Fortress Monroe for some time, visited his mother at Wake Forest recently. He has the position as second lieutenant in the Heavy Artillery Corps.

Mr. C. W. Davis, B.A. 1910, recently stood a competitive examination for the position of ensign with civil engineering duties in the United States Navy and successfully led his competitors. He received his commission on December 11th.

Mr. J. D. Humber, B.S. Med., 1917, is at Yale, continuing his studies in medicine.

Rev. A. P. Gay, B.A. 1915, has received appointment as chaplain in the United States Navy. Mr. Gay has just completed his work for the Master of Arts degree at the University of Chicago, which degree will be conferred at the approaching convocation.

Mr. Claude Edwards, LL.B. 1899, is at his home at Franklin, Va., where he is engaged in the practice of law.

Mr. Franklin Edwards, LL.B. 1910, of Franklin, Va., is first lieutenant in the 116th Infantry, now at Camp McClellan, Anderson, Ala.

The annual banquet of the Wake Forest Alumni at Durham was attended by about one hundred and twenty-five members. Hon. W. L. Foushee, B.A. 1904, acted as toastmaster for the occasion. A brief but spicy talk was made by Attorney D. W. Sorrell, B.A. 1902, of Durham, on behalf of the Durham alumni, which was responded to by Dr. C. D. Greaves. Addresses were made by Dr. W. L. Poteat, Hon. Steve McIntyre, and others. The keynote of the discussion was in regard to the million-dollar campaign for the Baptist educational institutions of the State.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

It seems to be a general characteristic of all our college magazines to appear late. Ere now over half of the month of December has passed away and not one of our exchanges has appeared. On the other hand, we are daily receiving November exchanges. This delay in appearance is a fault of ours as well as of others. Can we not all make as a New Year's resolution the resolve to appear promptly on the first of the month? It would be just as easy, despite war conditions, and would certainly add much to the interest in our publications both at home and abroad.

The October-November issue of the *Pine and Thistle*, Flora Macdonald College, is quite creditable. It contains three verse compositions, three stories, and two essays. We consider this nearly an ideal assortment. Two of the verse contributions are good. The meter of "To My Little Brother 'Somewhere in France'" needs smoothing over. Of the stories, "Le Petit Hero" is splendid, even if short. The author succeeds remarkably well in giving a French air to the little village. There is nothing remarkable about the other stories. The timely essay, "An Estimate of the Life and Works of Alan Seeger," is the chief feature of the publication. Well written and well arranged, it gives us an analysis of this much discussed and little known young American poet and of his works which is hard to get.

The *Richmond College Messenger* is divided into two departments, the Richmond College Department and the Westhampton College Department. Three good short stories con-

stitute the chief charm of the former department of the November issue. We like especially the first of these three. It is told in a direct style and is something a little bit different. "Not Guilty" affords a very good plot. "Henry Enlists" is too much like the common run of academic short stories. The ode "To a Narrow-Gauge Railroad," even if written "with apologies," shows that Richmond College can boast at least one poet with originality and with the ability to portray poetically and at the same time in their true aspect some of our American experiences. The "Ode to Misfortune" is a very poetic bit of verse, too. The dialect in "Ah Doan' Know What is Ailin' Me" is superlatively poor and unnatural. We pass over the Westhampton College Department with only one criticism. This is to suggest to the author of "When the Clock Struck Three" that the closing sentence makes a very poor and indefinite ending to the story. We may be stupid, but we have yet to see the significance of this close. All points considered, *The Messenger* is a very worthy publication.

The St. Mary's Muse seems to be more of a college news magazine for the benefit of the alumnae than a literary magazine. This is very unfortunate for the student body at St. Mary's. It seems that only eight pages were allowed the students for publication of their literary work. It is indeed unfortunate that the students have such a small stimulus for literary work. The publication, as it is, is very attractive.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

Jake Sowers—"It takes a lot of gas to run a car in this snow. You run such a long way and don't go far."

Sky Perry—"What makes the Shoofly so late today? The other trains were almost on time. No. 12 was only about an hour late this afternoon."

Koontz (in competition for a dog)—"Out in Kansas one day a man had his barn full of popcorn. Somehow it caught on fire, and his mule, seeing the corn popping, thought there was a blizzard coming, and froze to death, in the summertime."

A Chowan College Senior (to a member of the Dramatic Club)—
"Did a Wake Forest boy write this play?"

The Wake Forest Boy—"No; a man named Sheridan wrote it."
The C. C. S.—Sheridan? You mean the Yankee general?"

Professor Uzzle wants to know who started singing "Katy Kline" to the tune of "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea."

From the fashion centers it is reported that woman's dresses are going to be shortened to help bring about an early conclusion of hostilities. It has not yet been decided just how short the war ought to be.

Andrews—"Isn't a calorie some kind of disease?"
Dorsett—"No; but a catalyte is; and contagious, too."

Bill Gladney went to church Sunday, but he's a backslider just the same. Witness the snow and ice he plowed up in front of the Alumni Building.

WHERE DID HE GO FROM THERE?

(TUNE: "Where Do We Go From Here?")

Kaiser Bill went up the hill
 To take a look at France;
 Kaiser Bill came down the hill
 With bullets in his pants.

—*Old Gold and Black, Dec. 11th.*

Kaiser Bill fell off the hill
 To give Young Will a chance,
 And Little Will received his fill,
 And "lit a rag" from France.

"Spotilla" Savage—"Blessed are the beef-chewers, for they shall inherit plenty of exercise."

The manager of the Red Cross rummage sale wished to secure some one to do some auctioneering, and addressed "Manager" Warren thusly: "I am looking for some one with plenty of lip. Can I secure your services?"

WANTED TO KNOW

"If love is blind and lovers cannot see,
 Why doesn't some little girl come along
 And fall in love with me?"

—*Red Milton.*

"Jakie" Aydlett, on seeing the letter "J" on Rabenhorst's sweater, declared that it stood for Georgia Tech.

An Irishman was sleeping on the sixth floor of a hotel, when the alarm was given that the building was on fire. Pat arose and in his

excitement jerked his pants on with seat in front. Getting his foot entangled in a rug, he was tripped and fell down five flights of steps. Some one was standing near when Pat hit bottom, and asked, "Are you hurt?"

Pat, discovering his pants on wrong, replied: "No, by faith! not hurt, but I've had a divil of a twist!"

P. E. White—"How are the seats arranged in the auditorium at Meredith?"

H. D. Lockerman—"I think they are arranged theatrically (alphabetically)."

Sophomore Bailey went to the dental office recently to have a tooth extracted.

Upon opening his mouth, the doctor ejaculated, "Ne-never mind; I am going to stand on the outside to do the work."

"Pug" Davis, upon finishing his last examination before the holidays, exclaimed: "I have reached the height of my eczema."

AFRAID TO CLIMB

If I should climb the ladder of fame
 And, perchance, reach the highest round,
 I'm afraid I'd render myself lame—
 By falling straightway to the ground.

On the Glee Club trip Freshman Amos was introduced to a Miss Hatcher.

He replied: "I am delighted to meet you, Miss Incubator."

Sambo, a negro servant, wore all the second-hand clothes of Marse John. One day a pair of checkered trousers of the fancy variety were purchased. Sambo cast a covetous and wishful eye from the first glimpse at the "breeches" and longed for the time to come when he could enhance his sporting capacity. Some sticky news ink was soon spilled on the garment. Sambo took the pants to clean-

In a short while he returned with the splotch made worse and circled dreadfully. The following conversation ensued:

Marse John—"Did you use gasoline?"

Sambo—"Yassah, and it wouldn't move it."

Marse John—"How about benzine?"

Sambo—"Dat made it wuss."

Marse John—"Possibly brown paper and a hot iron would remove the ink."

Sambo—"I tried dat and it wouldn't eben fase it."

Marse John—"Then, what didn't you try? Did you try ammonia?"

Sambo—"Naw, sah, I didn't try um on me, but I'se shore dey'll fit me."

Freshman "Red" Davis says the thing he dislikes about a full dress suit is that he can't sit down with one of the things on.

DO YOU WANT

What You Want

When You

Want it

?

Then

Patronize

Those Who

Patronize Us

THEY HAVE IT!

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, LADD W. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVII

February, 1918

No. 5

"NO CHARGE"

BY BUD SINNET

The little house among the trees seemed a stranger, out of place in the world of storm. It seemed much too frail to withstand the attacks of the wind and the tempest. Only the clump of trees amid which it stood seemed to hold it to the spot—to protect it and keep the wind from wrenching it loose from its foundations, and, after ripping and rending it apart, hurtling it to the four corners of the earth. Its setting seemed rather to be in the springtime, with the flowers, the birds, and the green of nature. It had no place in the world on such a night as this.

The greater part of the storm had broken. The ground lay covered with a deep coat of snow. Now sleet mixed with the snow was falling thickly. The clouded moon made it seem but the colder. The wind, crying through the trees and whistling around the corners of the little house, seemed to torment its victim, before finally, weary of its play, crushing it.

Inside the doctor lay awake in his bed listening to this outburst of Nature's temper. He was tired—too tired to sleep. His day had been a round of calls on trivial cases. People seemed anxious to get sick, and to turn the slightest hint of illness into a call for the doctor. They all seemed to take advantage of his willingness to come and allay their fears in his big-hearted, cheery manner. Not that he minded going,

of course. That was his work—his life duty. And he liked it, though he wished sometimes that they wouldn't call him for such trivial things.

As he lay awake listening to the storm, he was glad that the day was over. Glad that he could get a little rest, even if he could not sleep. Now a sudden blast of wind struck the house, rocking it to its very foundations. The doctor shivered.

"I'll have to give Mary something better than this next winter," he thought, "if only——"

He did not finish. His thoughts never carried him farther than this. "If only." Yes, "if only." If only his patients would pay. If only his patients *could* pay. If only his big-ness of heart didn't make him refrain from asking them to pay when he knew it would pinch them to do so.

"I hope I won't get a call tonight," he muttered, tucking the covers even more closely around him.

As if to ridicule his thought, the telephone at that moment rang. The doctor reluctantly put his hand out from under the cover and felt for his slippers. Finding them, he slipped out of bed and hurried to the telephone.

"Hello!" said a voice at the other end; "that you, doctor? . . . Well, Jimmie has got the croup. . . . Can you come right away? . . . Sir? . . . Yes, sir; it's serious. As soon as you can, please."

The wire clicked.

The doctor slowly shook his head as he put the receiver back on the hook. This meant another four-mile journey, and traveling four miles on such a night as this was certainly not a thing to be desired.

Walking back into his room, he dressed quickly. His wife suddenly roused just as he was hurrying out of the room.

"John! Where are you going in this storm?"

He walked back.

"Oh, just a little way, Mary. The Wheelers' baby is sick. They say it's serious this time."

"But, John," said his wife, holding his coat, "you know very well that nothing is the matter with the Wheelers' baby. All they want is to have you trotting over there and assuring them that their baby has only got a cold, which they know very well."

"Mary, they say it's serious this time."

"I know they do," she answered; "they say that every time. And, besides," she added, "you ought not to think of going out with that cold. The baby is better off right now than you are."

The doctor laughed as he gently loosened her grip upon his coat.

"I'll be all right, Mary," he said. "I don't believe it is as bad outside as it sounds. And don't worry about me. If weather could kill me, I'd have been dead long ago. I'll be back in a little while."

He went out and shut the door. Crossing the dark hall, he opened the back door. A gust of wind blew a flurry of snow into his face. He stepped back. Then, turning up the collar of his coat, he stepped out and hurried to the stable.

He managed somehow to get the horse hitched to the buggy. And somehow he managed to drive the stumbling, slipping horse to the Wheelers' place. As he got out of the buggy he found his coat covered with a thin sheet of ice, where the snow and sleet had melted and then frozen together. He shook himself, and his coat rattled like paper. He was wet through and through.

The Wheelers were waiting for him.

"Come on in, doctor," Mr. Wheeler said. "You can look at him, but I believe he is better now."

The doctor went in, glad to be out of the storm. He looked at the sleeping boy. But he knew before he looked what the

result would be. It was only a slight cold. Leaving some medicine and refusing the invitation to stay a while and get warm, he started out. Mr. Wheeler followed him to the porch.

"What's your charge, doctor?" he asked.

The doctor turned around. Unconsciously he looked past the man into the little hall behind him, which was barely furnished with an old chest and a ragged, faded carpet on the floor. A few nails driven in the wall furnished a hatrack, and on one of these hung a well-worn coat and an old hat.

"That'll be all right," he answered; "you needn't pay me now."

"But, doctor," said Mr. Wheeler, "I want to pay you some time."

Again the doctor's eye wandered past the man to the overcoat. And he noticed the white lining was showing where the sleeve had frayed.

"There's no charge, sir," he said curtly, and he went out into the night again. The wind was blowing harder. And the snow was falling more thickly. It sifted down his neck. It got in under his coat. It crept up his sleeves. It seemed to be everywhere.

He climbed into his buggy and drove out into the road.

Thinking of his warm bed and home, he urged his horse faster. The horse slipped. He fell to his knees, struggled a minute, then fell over on his side. The doctor got out, and after much urging, got the horse on his feet. The snow filled the doctor's shoes, and they felt soggy. He could feel the water in them whenever he moved. He climbed into his seat and started on again.

His hands were numb. His feet tingled. The wind cut through his face. His brain seemed numb. What a long distance it was from his house to the Wheelers'! He had never noticed it before. Could it be just four miles? Four miles? A queer feeling had started in his throat. His brain

refused to tell him what it was. It didn't matter much anyway, he thought.

He reached home at last. The little house still nestled safe in the clump of trees. The swaying limbs seemed battling the winds in pugilistic combat in their defense.

But he saw none of this. All he knew was that somehow he was glad to be there. He was glad that the long drive was over. He drove to the stable and made his horse comfortable. Then he stumbled to the house.

His clothes were stiff, except where the warmth of his body had prevented them from freezing. There they were damp and chilling. His numbed fingers would not take them off fast. He tried to be as quiet as possible, so he wouldn't wake his wife.

It seemed hours before he was undressed and in bed. He wrapped the covers about him and tried to lie still, but the chill made him tremble. His throat hurt. It felt as if he had a huge lump in it. His side ached with a throbbing, racking ache. Unbearable pains shot through his chest. A thousand demons seemed inside vying with each other as to which could swing his hammer harder. Would he never get warm? Would he ever be warm again?

He had just come to the conclusion that he never would, when Time halted, and turned, and retraced his footsteps over the narrow path of the doctor's life, and carried him back to the day when he was just a graduate from the medical college. He saw himself standing before old Dr. Wheeler, dean of the medical school, and father of the man from whose house he had just come. He heard himself repeating after him the old oath of Hippocrates, which so many young doctors have to take, and swearing that he would keep it "inviolable and unbroken."

"I swear by Appollo, the physician . . . and by all the gods and goddesses, calling them to witness that according

to my ability and judgment I will in every particular keep this, my oath and covenant: To regard him who teaches this art equally with my parents; to share my substance, and, if he be in need, to relieve his necessities; to regard his offspring equally with my brethren . . ." and so on to the end. And suddenly he looked down and saw that the sleeve of Dr. Wheeler's usually neat black coat was frayed at the cuff. And as he looked, the frayed part seemed to get bigger. Now it extended several inches from the cuff. Now the whole sleeve up to the elbow was frayed and worn. And the fraying didn't seem to stop. It spread like leprosy up to his shoulder, around his collar, down the front. And soon the whole coat looked worn and frayed. He looked up into the old doctor's face, and he saw that it was wreathed in smiles as if he were pleased. He opened his mouth to speak, and—then—blackness and oblivion.

When he opened his eyes the western sun was casting long shadows behind the trees on the glistening snow. Dimly, and in a vague sort of way, he saw several people around him. He wondered what they were doing there. He hadn't told anybody that they could come into the room during this case. Why didn't the nurse keep them out?

Oh, yes! he knew now. That was the family of the patient he was working on. But why were they crowding around him so? And what did this man mean by holding onto his wrist? He couldn't work when somebody was holding him. What was that the man was saying? "The end is near now?" Why, he must be crazy. The patient wasn't sick enough for that.

Things became dim and scarcely visible. Sounds became soft and musical. His eyesight seemed to be getting dimmer. But at last he felt warm. He was hot. He had never felt so hot before. The patient couldn't breathe. No wonder the strange man had said that the end was near. Why, he could

hardly breathe himself. His brain seemed cloudy. And things seemed to be fading away from his eyes.

He was in the home of one of his poorer neighbors. He had just looked at one of the children and given it some medicine, and the man was trying to pay him. He was holding his wrist and trying to put the money in his hand. He noticed the man's sleeve was frayed.

That wouldn't do. This family couldn't afford to pay him. He must not let them. He tried to tell the man so, but somehow he couldn't shake off that grip upon his wrist. And somehow the words wouldn't form right.

"That'll—be—all—right—you—need-n't—pay——" His voice trailed off into an unintelligible mutter. The man was fading away. The others were too dim to be seen. The grasp upon his wrist grew lighter, lighter. He was falling, falling, slipping, slipping . . .

The man leaning over him beckoned to the nurse. She raised up his head a little. His eyelids fluttered. And his lips moved slightly, feebly. He tried to say something. She leaned over to catch the words.

They came in the faintest whisper, almost inaudible above his breathing, yet distinct enough for her to catch them.

"No—no-o—char—charge—sir."

And the doctor was gone.

BROWNING AND HIS LOVE LYRICS

J. W. BRYAN, JR.

There is hardly another writer in all the realm of English literature who presents in his work so many big points for discussion as Robert Browning. His optimism, his theology, his use of paradox, his original style, and his idea of love are all questions on each of which a volume might be written. For the subject of this paper I have chosen the last named, or, rather, have enlarged it to "Browning and His Love Lyrics."

A paragraph or two on Browning's life would probably be in order before undertaking this discussion.

Robert Browning was born May 7, 1812, in Camberwell, a suburb of London. This was an old picturesque section of the city, an ideal place for a poet to spend his boyhood. Adding to this fact the tremendous influence exerted by his parents, we do not wonder that Browning developed into the genius that he was. As has been said many times, Browning could not have chosen a more ideal home to be born in. His mother, whom Carlyle called "the true type of Scottish gentlewoman," was deeply religious and a lover of music. From his father Browning inherited "his exuberant vitality, insatiable intellectual curiosity and capacity." Aside from these inherent qualities, the fact that Robert Browning the elder was disposed to allow his son to follow his natural bent and study such subjects as he chose was one of the determining factors of his son's life. Browning had only to express his interest in any subject and the best instructors were provided. Accordingly, he became proficient in Greek, music, mathematics, literature, and such lighter pursuits as dancing, fencing, boxing, and reading. When I say proficient, I mean

something more than a mere smattering of a subject such as is usual in the case of the modern student. Browning mastered his subjects. His favorite recreation while traveling was reading a Greek play. This will probably give some idea of the thoroughness of his education.

Browning was encouraged in his love of poetry by his father, and while he was at London University he decided to make poetry his profession. His first poem was "Pauline," published in 1833, when he was only twenty-one years of age. From that time on he continued to publish his writings despite the fact that the world was deaf and unheeding. He so thoroughly believed in himself that coldness and neglect failed to disturb him. It was not until 1869, when he published his longest narrative poem, "The Ring and the Book," that people began to realize his power.

To say anything about Browning and fail to mention his love for Elizabeth Barret would be to omit the most important thing in his life. One cannot read Browning's love lyrics without thinking of this gifted woman. There is hardly a case of more beautiful affection than existed between these two. From the moment Browning first saw her, an invalid in her father's home, she possessed his heart. She herself, however, on account of her ill-health, was not so easily won. Browning finally persuaded her to elope with him. He carried her off to his beloved Italy, where her health began immediately to improve. Fifteen years of happiness followed, during which the two were never separated. Mrs. Browning died in 1861.

Browning continued to write on up to his very last years. In fact, on the very day of his death, December 12, 1889, news was brought to him that the publication of "Asolando," his last poem, was completed. "It is very gratifying," he said, and a few hours later died in that quiet, heroic manner which he describes in "Prospice."

The first impression one receives on reading Browning's lyrics is his spiritual conception of love. Some critics complain that he is too analytical, too impersonal; that his lyrics are really not love poems after all. Browning is analytical. He could not have been otherwise with the type of mind he possessed. He is impersonal, also, in some cases. This is natural to one who holds love to be something bigger than mere physical passion. There is hardly another poet who has placed love on so high a pinnacle, who has made of it so powerful a force.

Browning holds that love is eternal; that two souls once united remain so forever. This thought is found in his "Evelyn Hope." Here the lover soliloquizes by the bedside of the dead girl he has loved. Her love for him had not yet awakened at her death; still the man has utmost confidence that in some distant world she will come to a realization of their union. In "The Last Ride Together" the rejected lover is happy in his faith that eternity will give to him the soul of the woman he loves. This lyric is one of Browning's best and most typical. The lover, refused by the woman he has wooed for years, asks that she favor him with one more last ride. She consents. As the two ride along, the man's thoughts are occupied with his failure—failure in that the woman has rejected him, but success in that he has loved unselfishly. "Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?" he asks. And again:

"What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave."

In other words, the man has given all of himself in his love. What is his reward?

"I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine."

Thus musing, the man's thoughts pass to eternity:

"Still, one must lead some life beyond;
Have a bliss to die with, dim—descried."

Then he begins to feel that the future life has something in store for him.

"Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
Now heaven and she are beyond this ride."

The last stanza is worth quoting in its entirety, for in it we see Browning's superb faith and his noble conception of love.

"And yet—she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life forever old, yet new—
Changed not in kind but in degree,
The instant made eternity—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?"

"Cristina" is another poem which illustrates Browning's idea of the eternal quality of love. Here is another lover whose love, awakened by a look from the girl (in this case a princess), has become the supreme fact of his life. He realizes that through his love his soul has grown perfect.

"She has lost me; I have gained her.
Her soul's mine: and thus grown perfect,
I shall pass my life's remainder."

The woman, Cristina, loses her part of the rapture by allowing worldly pleasures and ambitions to absorb her heart. This does not alter the fact in Browning's mind, however, that the two souls are forever united.

It matters not, the poet is telling us in these lyrics, whether we gain the object of our love. The important thing is that *we love*. It is thus that our souls attain perfection.

Side by side with this theory of the eternal nature of love, one finds, in Browning's poetry, the doctrine of the elective affinities. This is the theory which holds that individuals are drawn together by the force of certain innate and related qualities. Two of the poems already mentioned are illustrative of this favorite doctrine of Browning's—"Evelyn Hope" and "Cristina." In neither case is the love of the man rewarded on earth, but he knows that eternity will prove the union of the two souls.

It would be well-nigh impossible to discuss the elective affinities without remembering Browning's belief in "love at first sight." Nearly all of Browning's lovers are drawn to each other at the first moment of meeting.

"She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her."

So says the lover in "Cristina," and in "The Statue and the Bust," the Duke, "empty and fine like a swordless sheath," riding by under the Riccardi's window, sees and is seen by the Riccardi's bride:

"And lo! a blade for a knight's emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.
He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him as one who awakes:
The Past was a sleep, and her life began."

The same thing happened in "In a Gondola," the most colorful of Browning's lyrics. But most wonderful of all is that scene in the theater at Arezzo where, amid an utterly frivolous crowd, the sad eyes of Pompilia meet the grave,

serious regard of Caponsacchi, and the two souls are forever united.

Some critics complain that Browning's philosophical speculation and analyses crowd all the feeling or passion out of his lyrics. It is true that great parts of his lyrics are given over to analysis, yet I do not think one can find lines to surpass in feeling many which are in Browning's poems. For instance, in that exquisite little lyric, "Meeting at Night," what could be more passionate than the last four lines:

"A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and peace,
Than the two hearts beating each to each."

In "The Last Ride" the third stanza is unsurpassable in feeling:

"Hush! If you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, overbowed
By many benedictions—suns
And moons and evening stars at once—
And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine, too,
Down on you, near and yet more near,
Till flesh must fade, for heaven was here!
Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast."

In "Love Among Ruins," the lover, returning to his beloved, anticipates the scene of meeting:

"When I do come she will speak not; she will stand, either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech, each on each."

One of the chief joys of Browning's lyrics is the splendid type of lover which he has created. Tennyson's lovers, when they are rejected, become morose, peevish, and sentimental.

In "Locksley Hall" the lover is extremely bitter and caustic over his failure. This is not the case with Browning. His lovers, when they fail, bear their sorrows manfully and are ready to congratulate the more fortunate fellow. There is nothing selfish or sentimental about them. The lover in "The Last Ride Together," when told that his suit is vain, makes one rejoice over his noble reply:

"I said: Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
 Since now at length my fate I know,
 Since nothing all my love avails,
 Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be—
 My whole heart rises up to bless
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!
 Take back the hope you gave; I claim
 Only a memory of the same—
 And this beside, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with me."

How does this compare with the Tennyson hero who cries:

"Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh, my Amy, mine no more!
 Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh, the barren, barren shore!"

Another lover—in the "Lost Mistress"—acts in the same admirable manner. When his beloved says "No," instead of thinking of his own failure and crying down on her head every degree of unhappiness, he attempts to relieve the awkwardness of the situation by trivial conversation. He talks of the sparrows' twittering and the leaf-buds, and promises to be self-controlled—merely a friend—when they meet tomorrow. The last stanza is incomparable:

"Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
 Or only a thought stronger;
 I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
 Or so very little longer!"

The same spirit is possessed by the lover in "One Way of Love." This man has turned from one thing to another in an effort to please his mistress. He has sent flowers, he learns to play the lute; but Pauline is still indifferent. In one last supreme effort he tells her of his love. She refuses. Does the hero rave and tear his hair over his failure? Quite the contrary. He says:

"She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well.
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they!"

As I have said before, Browning places Love in the highest place in the affairs of mankind. To him it is the supreme fact—"the engine of the universe." He deliberately says this in that matchless lyric (which some claim as his masterpiece), "Love Among Ruins." The scene presented is the Roman Campagna at twilight, which through the magic of Browning's lines stands vividly before us in all its quiet, silvery beauty. With this peaceful picture ever before the reader, the poet tells of the great city which once spread itself over these plains—a city great in size, wealth, war, and amusements. All this history, however, is not as significant as the fact that a girl, standing in the same spot where a king once viewed the races, waits for her lover. "Love is best," says the poet.

To this belief is due that exquisite little poem written (oddly enough) in Browning's old age—"Summum Bonum." What is the Highest Good? The question has often been asked. Browning says it is the kiss of the girl you love. Browning knew!

Browning, in a volume of his poems, placed first "My Star." This poem refers to Mrs. Browning and is a beautiful tribute to her. I mention it here because I believe Browning

owed a great part of the inspiration and strength of his lyrics to the beautiful love which he had for his wife.

“All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue,
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled.
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.”

"DE BLUES"

BY L. T. GIBSON AND BUD SINNET

When de whole worl' seem agin yer,
An' ole Fate seem too rough;
When all men seem yo enemies,
An' de worl' has call yo' bluff;
When yer cannot face de scoffing crowd,
An' yer'd ruther be alone;
When yer'd thought dat yer were king uv men,
An' yer-ve toppled off yo' throne;
When yo' last friend's done deserted,
An' yer feel yer cannot stand
De gibes an' sneers uv de hostile worl',
An' yer know no friendly hand;
When yer're disgusted wid yer own se'f,
An' de whole darn worl', too;
When yer're tired uv all yo' old friends,
An' yer doan want no new;
When de whole air castle's fallen,
An' yer're buried 'neath its walls;
When yer're loaded down wid troubles,
An' yer've had a milyun falls;
When yer jus' doan care fer nuthin',
An' yer jus' doan give er rap;
When yer jus' doan feel like tryin',
An' yer lack de pep an' snap;
When yer jus' doan feel like wuckin',
An' yer doan know whut ter do;
When yer cannot face de future,
An' yer git ter feelin' blue;
When yer've let de past unman yer,
An' yer want ter end it all;

When yer're tired uv life an' livin',
 An' yer're tired uv all life's gall—

THEN

Jus' take er day off, sonny
 (Whut matters jus' one day?)
 An' fergit de past an' future.
 An' live an' love terday!
 Doan try ter live life all at oncet.
 Jus' one day at er time.
 An' who can't stand jus' one day more?
 De present am sublime;
 De past am whut yer make it;
 De future may not come:
 Be happy, now, jus' fer terday,
 An' make de ole worl' hum.
 Doan be a human derelic',
 Driftin' sad on life's sea.
 Git up, an' man de pilot house!
 Be de man dat yer can be!
 Yer're not so darned important
 Dat de whole worl's' hating you;
 Yer prob'ly doan come in its thoughts,
 It's yer dat thinks yer do.
 Den, fling de numbing self-contempt!
 An' take life as it is.
 Dey dat met deir troubles cheerfully
 Were de ones dat allus riz.
 De ole ambition can't be dead;
 It's only sleeping, kid.
 Be er man, an' wake it up!
 Doan let yo' ideals skid!

WHEN THE RED GOD AIDED

J. N. DAVIS

Fire and desolation reigned in the forest; and despair, the black child, nagged at the simple heart of Ulk.

The air was heavy with smoke. The charred trunks of trees were piled on top of each other in the wildest confusion. Often the silence would be shattered by the crash of some forest giant falling to join the heap of the fire-slain. Glowing limbs crackled and thudded to the ground.

But Ulk heard none of it, and thought of but one thing. There he squatted, a grotesque, pitiful figure, gazing at what to him was the ruins of the whole world. The little nest which had cost him so much toil to build was fallen, a charred mass beneath the tree in which it had been built. Ulk had hoped to make it a jewel of homes. Here he had hoped to bring the mate he had chosen, Oona, the fairest of her tribe.

He couldn't do that now. And his little low forehead wrinkled at the thought; his massive jaws sagged pitifully, and his bright small eyes grew dull beneath their great bony ridges. "Hoola will get her now!" he muttered.

Picking up his small knotty club, he arose to go. With a whistling sigh he looked at the wreck of his hopes. A whimsical impulse seized him, and he bent down and touched the glowing end of a stick which had helped to support his roof. Instantly his scorched hand went to his mouth and the other beat his muscular chest frantically.

This was enough for a while. But feeling piqued, he reached down and touched the unburned end of the stick. Finding that it did not burn him, he picked it up gingerly and began to whirl it in the air with a chuckle of satisfaction.

"If it would hurt me I could make it hurt that great Hoola," he thought. His misfortune was entirely forgotten now.

A twig snapped behind him. Seizing his club he whirled, but dropped it again and his face softened with pleasure.

Oona stepped forward, keeping her distance from the fiery stick which he held in his hand. Ulk asked her in his guttural tones, which he tried to make musical, what had brought her, and pointed to his ruined home. She uttered an exclamation of sorrow at the calamity which was as much hers as his; for she had come to see if the fire had spared him.

Again the sound of heavily snapping twigs. The two looked at each other, she with an expression of confidence and blind trustfulness, he with a look of protective determination. Ulk felt that his rival, an enemy, had come, and that the possession of Oona would be decided. Putting her behind him and gripping his club, he stepped out to meet the oncomer.

Hoola burst into the glade in which they were. His eyes lit up with fury when he recognized Ulk, and with him the woman whom he, in his blind brutal way, coveted above all things. Roaring with fury and whirling his club, he rushed at Ulk. Ulk side-stepped and dealt a staggering blow upon Hoola's great shoulders. Hoola returned to the fight with more caution, and it began in earnest.

Back and forth they beat, smashing and parrying. Yelling at a good blow, plowing the ground in their rage, while the woman, their desire, stood pale and groaning, praying that her mate might conquer and save her.

Ulk knew that he could not win. Hoola was too strong for him. Already he was weakening. Soon he would be beaten down. He panted and sweated with his terrible efforts to beat off his opponent's blows. He had just as well bow to death; for how could he win when the earth was against him?

A thought darted into his mind: The fire-brand! That would beat Hoola.

Slowly he stepped backwards to the burning stick. Gathering all his strength into one blow he drove Hoola staggering back. He stooped and picked up the brand.

As Hoola charged with upraised club, Ulk struck him across the arm with the flaming brand. With a roar of pain Hoola dropped his club, then Ulk struck him across the face.

With a seared mark across his forehead that would stay with him for life, Hoola fled.

Oona came to the side of her mate and looked up adoringly at him. She had no thought but that she was his and he was hers. She did not think of the dangers, the hunger, perhaps the starvation that lay before her. She did not think of the agony she must bear in order that others of her kind might love, suffer, and die. She did not think that even her mate might neglect and mistreat her. She had but one thought—she was his and he was hers.

Ulk wore the shining face of triumph. He had won his desire, and outwitted a most unbending fate. He was happy. And the forest repeated his uncouth song.

BALZAC

TOILLE

In the classification of French writers, perhaps, Honoré de Balzac's name would appear at the end of the list, and possibly would not be mentioned at all save "by a few choice spirits who have either the innate gift of detecting at once the pure gold of genius or who by careful study have been forced to acknowledge the almost superhuman breadth and magnitude of his mind." His recognition has been slow. Even one of his intimate friends, writing a careful estimate of his life and works shortly after his death, could see nothing in him but talent, and intimated that his chief purpose as a novelist was to catch the public. Gautier, his biographer, ascribes to him only a bit of genius, and says that he was only a preacher of duty and quiescence. Matthew Arnold, while granting him great ability, says that his descriptions were "Limited to the life of the mediocre sensual man." Henry Jaynes says that Balzac's hero in every novel is the five-franc piece.

He found as little recognition by the men who compiled the history of French literature. For example, Saintsbury devotes only two pages to an account of his life, work, and influence. He gives him a place among the great writers, but only because of his singularity. Kastner and Atkins in their work, though acknowledging his place among the few great writers, condemns him as one who deals in the low, fantastic, and grotesque.

But time has passed on, and now the best modern critics place him, not as a puppet of public favor; not merely a preacher of duty and quiescence; not a dealer in vulgar and eccentric talent, but a genius of the first rank.

Honoré de Balzac was born May 16, 1799, at Tours, a city situated on the river Loire, near the geographical center of France. His ancestors on his father's side had been common day laborers, but his mother was a lady of refinement. From 1806 to 1813 he was kept in a boarding school at Vendôme without vacation. He read enormously, but without system, and came away with little mental development and weakened in body. After a year's rest he entered college at Tours, where he stayed till 1816, when he quit school altogether.

Obedient to his father's wishes, he entered the profession of law. In 1820 his father wanted him to establish himself in the legal profession, but he flatly refused and expressed his determination of devoting himself to literature. A two years probation period with scanty allowance was given him, during which time he established himself in a rude garret and began writing all kinds of crude romances, prosaic verse, and dramatic pieces. In 1823, after being assured that he could never succeed as an author, he established himself in his garret with only his pen to support him. All kinds of sentimental romances, premature imitations of Scott and Byron, flooded the market; but not until 1827 did he produce anything of real merit. This was a story of Brittany under the Revolution called *The Chouans*.

The success of this piece only spurred him on with his tremendous task; sometimes working continuously for seventeen or eighteen hours; writing half-dozen pieces at a time; beginning one, continuing another, and putting the finishing touches on another. The wonder of it all is he kept this up for over twenty years, strengthening his weakened nerves with strong coffee, and yet his mind retained its full power, both of quality and quantity, until the end. Balzac was so engrossed with his literary life that the ordinary life seemed to him unreal. Gautier mentions the fact that he was telling him about the death of a sister. Balzac listened absent-mindedly for a

while, then interrupted him by saying (he was at the time completing Eugénie Grandet): "Now, let us talk about real things. Do you know how Eugénie is going to marry?"

An indication of his incomparable productive ability is given in the fact that during the two years 1830-1832 the sketches and novels he worked on and for the most part completed amounted to one hundred and eighty-three.

Another great factor in his life was his friendship and love. For a long period of time he confided to his only sister all his hopes, longings, and ambitions, expressing now a desire for sympathy; note the gratification that came from the success of one of his books. In one letter he says: "O Loma, Loma, my two immense and sole desires—to be famous and to be loved—will they ever be satisfied?" Both these desires were realized before his death. By persistent effort he had fought his way to distinction, and at last wealth and fame enough came to satisfy his soul.

Love came, too. Madame Carrand and the Duchess of Castries were his first friends. They assisted him greatly by sympathetic, helpful criticism. But the passion of his life that towered above and consumed all others was for a Polish lady, the Countess Evelina Hanska.

Madame Hanska was the wife of a Polish nobleman. She was very wealthy and spent part of each season in France or Switzerland. She became a helpful critic, a sympathizing friend, and a favored confidante of Balzac's daily life and works. After the death of her husband in 1842 this admiration became the fervent love, the consuming hope of his life. In March, 1850, all the barriers being removed, they were married in a little Polish church. He brought his bride to Paris, but only to let death separate them. The last great desire of his life being fulfilled, he passed away on August 17, 1850.

Let us note briefly his work. *The Human Comedy*, which is a collection of some hundred novels, includes almost all his work in fiction save his youthful attempts and some of his later tales. He said: "All these people—this whole world—live, love, act, suffer inside my head; but if God prolongs my life they shall all be classified, arranged, and ticketed in books." *The Human Comedy* fulfills this declaration, and as a whole gives the most complete picture of French life and manners, from the Revolution to the beginning of the Second Republic, ever written. The first sixty of these novels he devotes to a study of manners, which he divides into six heads:

(1) Scenes of Private Life in which he treats of the passions, both adolescent and repressed, as in "The Letters of Two Young Wives," etc. (2) Scenes from Provincial Life in which passion is allowed full sway. *Eugénie Grandet*, *Lost Illusions* and *The Curate of Tours*. (3) Scenes from Parisian Life showing the vices and virtues of a large city. *Cousin Betty*.

In (4) Scenes from Military Life and (5) Scenes from Political Life he depicts the lives of those who guard the interests of the people, and (6) Scenes from Country Life (country doctor).

These studies only served Balzac as a basis for his philosophical works. In such representative stories as *Adieu*, *The Conscript*, and the *Magic Skin*, he brings out his philosophical belief: (1) That every human being has a guardian angel, so to speak, that, despite his limitations, lures him on to that which is true and holy; (2) That the faculty of the mind is eternal and indestructible; (3) In *The Conscript* he leads one to believe that his loved ones, by some telepathic means, are affected with his joys and sorrows, though separated by great lapses of space; and (4) In the *Magic Skin* he teaches that

every gratified desire deducts just so much from our earthly life.

The question has been asked on what does his success rest? Not in the realm of style, because his style was poor. It is not from the fact that his stories are unusually interesting. In fact, he seems to subordinate interest to characterization. Perhaps one of his greatest assets was that he understood his fellowman and pictured him as few have ever done. One critic has said that he was "The most profound observer of the human heart the century has produced." The marvelous precision with which he develops character and works out his plots has given him a place apart. "Not a single flaw in accuracy of characterization or inconsistency of statement with regard to age, disposition, profession, or environment has been discovered." Preëminent above his characterization, however, is his matchless skill in the development of plot. The popular literature of the world at that time was catering to the public whim, like the old lady's statement to her photographer, that if her picture was not better looking than she herself, she would not accept it. Balzac disregarded this universal feeling and worked out his plots according to the true workings of nature. It was no longer true that at the end the Devil was inevitably to be cast back into hell as in the old miracle plays. An illustration will serve for this. In *La Grande Breteche* the reader wanted a more satisfactory ending for the Spaniard and his illegal paramour, Madame de Merret. But every scene or action in the piece goes to depict some more intricate part of some one of the characters. Events only terminate in their natural and logical way. One critic has said: "Balzac saw nature with a truer eye, described her workings with more absolute fidelity, and treated his characters with a greater degree of impartiality than any novelist that ever lived." He creates a world, peoples it with

characters, and endows them with all the advantages and disadvantages of heredity, environment, and education, and places them "amid this dance of plastic circumstance," to struggle upward to a goal of triumph or be cast down to a pitiless doom.

Balzac's place among the first writers of the world can now be questioned but little. Wedmore, Balzac's biographer, places him alongside Shakespeare, Goethe, and Browning. Brunetière states that "It was reserved for Honoré de Balzac to raise the novel in his masterpieces to a perfection which has never since been surpassed—or equaled."

The Wake Forest Student

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FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 5

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor

To the High Schools of North Carolina

An announcement has been made by the College that the second annual State High School Declaimers' Contest will be held this spring on March 15th. A cordial invitation is extended to every high school in North Carolina to send a representative to Wake Forest for this occasion. The College and student body welcome the opportunity of having the contestants as

their guests, and assure each one of the cordial welcome and hearty handshake that await his arrival. It is the desire of the faculty and students to make the men's stay here as pleasant and as profitable as possible, and we trust that every high school in North Carolina will respond by sending a representative to participate in the contest.

The value of such an occasion is obvious. It affords all who participate in the exercises special training in public speaking and gives them the opportunity of measuring their own ability with that of others who have, perhaps, acquired a wider range of experience. In this way the contestant is benefited very materially and is made a much more valuable man to the high school he attends. During the contest he also forms many acquaintances and enjoys the associations of men who hail from every part of the State, which adds very profitably to the value of his stay.

To the high schools of North Carolina Wake Forest extends a hearty invitation to participate in the contest, and will await with pleasure the opportunity of welcoming their representatives to her halls.

The Athletic Situation

It is a fundamental principle of economic law that for an enterprise to be successful it must be conducted on a businesslike basis. Athletics at Wake Forest is not conducted in conformity with this principle. The argument has been advanced that intercollegiate athletics is not supposed to be self-sustaining. In our opinion, intercollegiate athletics should be self-sustaining, and at the end of each year it should place to the account of the athletic association a surplus instead of a deficit.

The present management at Wake Forest took over athletics with a \$2,000 deficit. In the three years that the present administration has been in power the athletic association has

saved over \$2,500 in coaching—an amount sufficient to have canceled the original debt and to have left a surplus in the treasury of the association. However, the debt of the association at the opening of the present year was over \$1,200. The wasteful expenditure of money that has taken place has not been occasioned by any desire on the part of the management to invest the funds of the association in ways harmful to its best interests, but it has been due to the lack of experience and training in disposing of money for athletic purposes. There is a reason for the present unfortunate condition.

In the opinion of THE STUDENT, a radical change in the administration should take place. In the first place, it believes that, instead of a committee as at present, a man with business experience and with a thorough knowledge of athletic tactics and the methods practiced in training athletes should be appointed to supervise athletics at Wake Forest, and should be held wholly responsible for all the finances of the enterprise. The arrangement of all schedules should come under his supervision. Such a man may be found on the faculty. The second change that THE STUDENT believes should take place is the adopting of a budget system with each department allotted its proportionate sum. If the amount allotted is surpassed by the expenditures, then the funds to make up the deficit should be secured from other sources, and other departments of athletics should not be penalized for inefficiency practiced in conducting one, as is the present method. And, lastly, THE STUDENT feels that more active interest in athletics at Wake Forest should be demonstrated by the alumni of the institution. In each county of North Carolina there should be organized a Wake Forest College Alumni Association, which should contribute annually to the support of athletics at Wake Forest. If on the average there should be collected only \$10 from each county alumni association, the athletic association of the College would receive \$1,000 from this source, an amount adequate

to equip properly every department of athletics in the institution. The funds received from other sources and through the student body would be sufficient to pay for all coaching and to turn over to the College each year a surplus to be invested in a sinking fund by means of which the College in the very near future could equip the new athletic field, which is sorely needed.

Will not the faculty see to it that more efficient methods are practiced in conducting athletics at Wake Forest, and insist upon a budget system being employed under which each department of athletics would receive its just appropriation? And will not the alumni of the College respond to the patriotic call of their Alma Mater by organizing alumni associations in every county in North Carolina, and thus take an active interest in athletics at Wake Forest by making substantial contributions?

Let the coöperation between alumni, faculty, and students be more active, more purposeful, and more determined.

**The B. A.
Degree—
Then What?**

The four years training that a student receives in college should form merely the basis of further study and research work that he should enter upon immediately after completing his collegiate course. In taking the B.A. degree one merely lays the foundation upon which the development and the gradual unfolding of his after years are to be laid. The supreme importance of making the foundation thorough and of taking advantage of every opportunity offered to this end cannot be too much emphasized. And yet so frequently do we fail to take cognizance of the fact that there is a structure to be reared upon this foundation, and that further study and training in a more specialized field are absolutely essential to the proper rearing of this structure. It is the fundamental law of some

professions that special training in advanced courses must be undergone before a person is allowed to enter upon the work of his profession. We believe that this principle should be more extensively recognized and applied by students in the academic school.

In looking over the various classes that have graduated from Wake Forest in recent years, we do not believe that as large a percentage of their members continued their studies in universities as there should have been. Far too many have drifted into teaching or some other vocation, by mere accident or chance, without any special training at all to fit them for the particular field which they entered. In recent years Wake Forest has sent comparatively few men to universities for advanced study. Two reasons are probably responsible for this situation. In the first place, the courses of study offered at Wake Forest have not been given with the idea of interesting one in taking higher training in any particular field, but have been considered more as an end within themselves. The importance of receiving special training in some chosen field has not been very largely emphasized by the faculty. This condition makes it difficult for the Wake Forest graduate to cope on equal terms with the graduates of other institutions in northern universities. THE STUDENT feels that by the beginning of his junior year a candidate for the B.A. degree should be required to select some department in which to take his lead or major. Concentration of studies toward some particular end in the various departments should be required of students while they are taking their collegiate training. In this way they would become prepared for and interested in the advanced training and research work offered in the universities of our country.

In the second place, the undergraduate should feel more keenly the personal need of higher training in the field that he has chosen. To overequip oneself for one's life work is

not possible. The more thorough the preparation, the larger the field for advancement and usefulness open to him. The B.A. degree is the base not the apex of one's preparation for life.

The Million-Dollar Campaign

The imperative need of securing funds immediately for the Baptist educational institutions in North Carolina was admirably and appropriately recognized by the Baptist State Convention which met in Durham during the month of December, at which time it was unanimously agreed that the Baptist denomination in the State should launch a campaign to secure one million dollars as an endowment for its schools and colleges. The movement was formally inaugurated on January 1st with the appointment of a financial agent and the adoption of plans by which the campaign is to be conducted.

The necessity for such a campaign by the denomination can be easily seen from the report submitted to the convention by the educational board. The high schools of the denomination have practically no endowment and the colleges of the denomination barely have enough to meet the financial obligations of each year, with no funds available for the permanent improvements that are necessary if the institutions are to render their best service. The members of the denomination alone could subscribe the amount asked for without materially affecting their financial status. One million dollars from the 280,000 people who boast the Baptist faith in North Carolina means less than \$4 a person. And in order to facilitate the payment of the pledges, each subscriber is allowed the privilege of paying the amount he subscribed on the basis of a five-year installment plan. Certainly this proposed plan of allowing the subscribers five years in which to pay their pledges places the campaign in reach of everybody.

The question in its final analysis resolves itself into two inquiries: first, do the Baptists of North Carolina realize the seriousness of the situation that their educational institutions present? and, second, do they want them to keep abreast of the times and be able to expand and develop as conditions arise that demand it? If their constituency is to be maintained and their larger usefulness to the State assured, then they must be kept efficient and progressive. And it is only by materially increasing their endowment that such a situation can be made possible. The denomination is not asking for great sacrifices on the part of the people in order to reach the goal set for the campaign, for this amount should be secured by the proposed plan without seriously embarrassing any one. The people of our State will not be able to apologize for any indifference to the success of the campaign that they may show with the plea of hard times, for money is more plentiful now than either provisions, clothes, or resources—and it is money that the schools and colleges are calling for.

The hour for the denomination in North Carolina has struck. Will the people respond?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. A. McKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

No definite arrangements by Messrs. LaGrippe, Measles, Mumps & Co. for their annual spring display have as yet been reported to the editor, and consequently he is finding it difficult to give the faithful readers of this department the usual bulletin concerning victims of this firm.

It has already been demonstrated that an order from the fuel administrator is not in the least necessary for the maintenance of cold rooms at Wake Forest. The old pump took matters into its own hands on January 4, and succeeded in saving a two days supply of coal.

We are so glad that final exams are over for all Seniors who make an average of 90 on their work that we cannot keep from letting the public have a share in our joy. No more midnight oil!!

On to commencement! is the cry now. The draft will probably get some of us, but the majority will stick it out.

While speaking of Us, it may be mentioned that there are over three hundred of Us on the hill, much to the surprise of both faculty and students. The very liberal action taken by the faculty before Christmas, in offering to give every man returning to school and remaining until called into service full credit for work done is in a large measure responsible for the unexpected registration.

Glowing reports were brought back by all who attended the Baptist State Convention which met in Durham in December. This year promises to be a big one in the history of North

Carolina Baptists and of Wake Forest; for the campaign for \$1,000,000 endowment cannot but be a success.

We haven't received any reports from the gymnasium this term. Coach MacDonnell is working the fellows so hard that they are too tired to give an accurate account of the daily proceedings.

The members of the Golf Club seem to be particularly reticent at the present time. Current report has it that Old Man Winter is playing the course alone these days.

According to the annual financial report read at the regular Sunday morning service, January 13, the Wake Forest Baptist Church contributed more for all purposes this year than ever before in its history. Including \$2,000 paid on the organ, the total amount raised was approximately \$7,250.

A big howl has been raised about the *Howler*, but it has been decided that the publication shall growl at least one more time, even if it falls into the usual financial hole. Manager Hamrick is bending every effort to get it out on time.

We have been forced to appoint another Business Manager for the *Howler*, for Mr. Earle Anthony Hamrick has been summoned to stand the examination for service in the Army. His fate will have been decided long before this comes from the press. Mr. Ladd W. Hamrick is now serving as Business Manager.

No announcement has been made by the lecture committee concerning the lecture attractions that have been booked for Wake Forest this spring. It is hoped that only high-class entertainments will be offered.

The Annual High School Declamation Contest which was inaugurated here last session will be held on March 14 and

15, according to the plans of the committee in charge, the moving spirits of which are Dr. C. C. Pearson and Mr. A. C. Reid. The success that the contest will undoubtedly prove to be can be credited to the efforts of these gentlemen to make it so, though others have collaborated in laying the plans.

The local high school, with Mr. R. E. Williams again at the helm, has, after nearly a month's vacation, resumed its voyage on the academic seas. The delay in opening was due entirely to a lack of fuel.

The faithful members of the Y. M. C. A. who braved the cold weather on Monday, January 14, heard an interesting talk by Dr. C. D. Graves on the Y. M. C. A. and its war work.

An intercollegiate debate has been arranged with Baylor University of Texas, and the preliminaries will be held about the first of March. The literary societies will then have an opportunity of silencing all the adverse criticism which was heaped upon them last fall. We cannot let the war be any excuse for failure to maintain the reputation that we have achieved in the field of public debate.

Just what effect the Government order for the closing down of mills and plants has had on the local cotton mill it is not yet possible to ascertain, but it is thought that it will continue normal operations.

New books are continually being added to the library; in fact, so rapidly that the librarian is finding it difficult to catalogue them. Even juvenile books are among the number, and consequently there is no longer any excuse for not visiting the library regularly, and getting something on your card except blank spaces.

Already Anniversary is beginning to be whispered among the students; debaters are holding secret sessions to prepare

for the attack; the reception committee is wondering if there will be fuel enough to heat the Society halls; and the students are beginning to lay plans for the entertainment of the fair visitors that will adorn the hill on that occasion. Details of the event will be given in next month's STUDENT.

Isn't Moot Court supposed to be included in this department under the new arrangement forced upon us by the business manager? Those desiring specific information on the activities of the court can inquire for them from Solicitor Beachboard or Reporter Bryan. All that we can vouch for is that the court has been active in administering justice on two successive sessions; and if punishment is meted out in the future on the same scale as in the past, law-breaking at Wake Forest will soon be a thing of the past. The last defendant gave his life to the State—unwillingly, of course—via the electric chair. Solicitor promises that more are to follow, and he is a man of integrity. Moot Court meets every Friday night. Attend the sessions and get your money's worth.

The index to the STUDENT which was begun last year by Mr. R. S. Britton is on the road to completion, and will be ready for use at the beginning of next session.

One would be inclined to think from the above reports that athletics have died the death. Such is not the case. Football is past, but Manager Burns is busily engaged in arranging his schedule for next year. Already games have been promised by Georgia Tech, V. P. I., Guilford, and A. and E., the last contest to be played on Thanksgiving in Raleigh. We think this is an ideal arrangement, for the rivalry between the two institutions will assure the followers of the sport in North Carolina one of the best games of the season.

Manager Humber is not yet able to publish his schedule for baseball, but the number of games to be played by the

team will be limited only by a lack of funds. Several contests for the home grounds are assured, and the team can count on at least one good trip which will include games with leading southern institutions.

Basketball is now the whole show. True it is that we have not the quint that was developed two seasons ago by Dick Crozier, but Coach MacDonnell has in the making a team that is going to put up a fight for State honors before the end of this season. It has taken time to smooth off some of the rough edges, and the passing and team work are yet far from perfect, though the squad is showing improvement on every successive day. Captain Hanby and "Adhesive" Thompson are there on the guarding, with Sowers and Herndon in reserve; and the forwards will have to be picked from Trahey, Rabenhorst, McKaughan, and Neal. Dickson, Floyd, and Feezor are playing for the center position, and so far it looks as if Dickson has the call as pivot man. The first game of the season was lost to Durham Y. M. C. A. in Durham on January 12 by the score of 47-26. The Baptists could not get together in the first half, but rallied gamely in the last twenty minutes, and succeeded in cutting down the lead of 30-6. The schedule for the season is as follows: Jan. 23, Atlantic Christian College at home; Jan. 26, Guilford College at home; Jan. 29, A. and E. at Raleigh; Feb. 1, Emory and Henry at home; Feb. 5, Elon at home; Feb. 9, Durham Y. at home; Feb. 11, Eastern at home; Feb. 16, A. and E. at home; Feb. 18, V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.; Jan. 19, Emory and Henry at Emory, Va.; Feb. 20, Roanoke at Salem, Va.; Feb. 21, Randolph-Macon at Ashland, Va.; Feb. 22, Richmond Y. at Richmond, Va.; Feb. 23, Elon at Elon; Feb. 26, A. and E. at Raleigh.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

In the death of Mr. John E. Ray, superintendent of the Blind Institute in Raleigh, on January 19th, Wake Forest College lost one of its most loyal alumni, and the Baptist denomination in North Carolina one of its most faithful members. From the time that he graduated in 1876 till the date of his death he never missed an opportunity to render wholehearted service to the college. In his death the State loses a valuable citizen, an efficient servant; the church a devoted worker; the college a loyal and worthy son whose life was a splendid example of the motto of his alma mater: "Pro Humanitate."

Dr. Carl W. Bell, B.S. 1910, has been ordered by the War Department to take special training under the famous Mayo brothers, surgeons.

Mr. M. D. Phillips, B.A. 1913, for the past several months in training with the Aviation Corps in Texas and New York, is with the aero squadron "somewhere in France."

Mr. George Rittenhouse, B.A. 1916, is with the American expeditionary forces in France.

Mr. J. Ray Parker, 1915, is editor of the *Hertford Herald*, a weekly newspaper published in Ahoskie, N. C.

Mr. Thomas M. Seawell is editor and manager of the *News and Herald*, published at Winnsboro, S. C.

Among the faculty of Buies Creek Academy are the following Wake Forest men: J. C. Campbell, A. C. Campbell, B. P. Marshbanks, and B. F. McLeod.

Dr. J. Y. Hamrick, Jr., B.S. 1911, is a practicing physician at his home town, Boiling Springs, N. C.

Dr. George T. Watkins, B.S. 1913, is a practicing physician in Durham, N. C. His brother, Mr. Basil Watkins, LL.B. 1917, is practicing law in the same city.

Mr. Paul S. Daniels, B.A. 1917, is teaching school at Winterville, N. C.

Rev. W. H. Riddick, B.A. 1890, who has been out of his pulpit for six months on account of sickness, is now preaching again.

Mr. P. E. Downs, B.A. 1914, is principal of Bethel Graded School, Canton, N. C.

Rev. J. R. Moore is pastor at Fort Lawn, N. C. Mr. Moore was on THE STUDENT staff during the session of 1894-'95.

Dr. C. A. Hensley, B.S. 1915, now a lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army, was married on December 22d to Miss Ellen Stewart of Augusta, Ga. Incidentally, they first met at our Anniversary in 1915.

Dr. Ronald Corbin Lyles, B.S. 1915, was married to Miss Valeria D. Still of Blackville, S. C., on January 1st.

Mr. A. A. Tarlton, LL.B. 1916, is practicing law at Wadesboro, N. C.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

It is quite evident that the student body of Clemson College take very little interest in their publication, *The Chronicle*. The many faults of, and errors in, the December issue conclusively attest this. We are quite sure that if the student body did take the least bit of interest in the magazine some literary work of merit would go into the contents. If this issue has a single merit, we fail to discover it, unless it be the contribution, "The Future America," which we take to be an oration, although it is not listed.

The first suggestion which we would offer to the editors is to improve the neatness of the magazine. The second is to by all means secure an efficient proofreader. Typographical errors abound on almost every page, and naturally these should be corrected. Coming to the contents of the magazine, we wish to notice first the verse. There is but one word descriptive of these four bits of verse, and though we hesitate to say it, we venture the word "abominable." A true poet, if dead, would undoubtedly turn over in his grave if he heard any of these conglomerations of words recited as poetry. They cannot be more than word conglomerations because they lack the main essentials of poetry, meter and therefore rhythm, and poetical expression. We would say to the author of "Christmas and the Flag" that his contribution could be converted into poetry by the correction of his meter. There is no poetry in "Voices" because it has no poetic expression. We are surprised that any magazine will publish such a poem as "Christmas Time." The stories are all mediocre both in plot and style. The conclusion of "The Tartar Pacifist" is very weak.

and the sentences of "A Border Romance" need varying. The use of the historical present is bad unless the writer knows how to use it. We would suggest this to the author of "Marie's Two Gifts." The one essay, "Science, An Important Factor in America's Future," contains some good thought, but it is so unconnected that it leads nowhere. Its style is very poor, seeming more like a series of ejaculations. Only one more criticism and we are through. The editorials would in our estimation be more effective if less rhetorical and oratorical.

The Furman Echo is not only well edited, but also as a rule its contents are creditable. The verse of the December issue is in marked contrast to that of *The Chronicle*, affording both rhythm and poetical expression. "The Biggest Christmas Gift" is fairly good in poetic expression, being written after the style of "The Village Blacksmith." "Christmas" could be improved very much by eliminating the double effect caused by the different parlance in the first and other verses. "A Thanksgiving Prayer" is fine. Turning to the short stories, we notice first the translation of "The White Chapel" from the French of Lemaitre. This is well done, though it needs smoothing over in places. The author of "The Legend of Joeasee" has a good legendary style, but at places he digresses from this legendary style and thus hurts his piece. "The Boomerang" is a decent imitation of the detective stories of one of the Hearst writers. The main plot is so similar that we cannot help noticing the similarity. We pass over the rest of the issue with only the observation that the addition of one strong essay would materially strengthen it.

Our exchanges continue to straggle in weeks late. May this condition be soon improved.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

John—"Did you know that Albert was playing a new tune?"
Harvey—"No, what was it?"
John—"A splittoon (spit tune)."—*Ex.*

As a professor was passing one day he heard the Mayor saying that "the Professor was a fool." So when the Professor went up to school he wrote on the board: "The Mayor said the Professor was a fool." Then he told his pupils to correct the sentence without changing the order of the words. At this Tommy marched up and placed a comma after Mayor and Professor, making it read: "The Mayor," said the Professor, "was a fool."—*Anonymous.*

A college graduate was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and pausing to look at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm: "How bright Orion is tonight!" "So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, I thank the Lord there's one Irishman in heaven, anyhow."—*Anonymous.*

P. E. White—"Why does Dr. Pearson wear a cap most of the time?"
Dorsett—"Why does he?"
White—"To cõver his head."

Warrick, upon looking at "Mutt and Jeff"—"What is that stuff—larger?"
Blaylock, showing his knowledge of chemistry—"Why—milk, you nutt."

Fouts, at the Hodnett Club—"Please bring me some coffee—Potts."

LEST YE FORGET

"No. 12 came on time on January 18th."

The loss of gold is great,
 The loss of health is more;
 But the loss of a Latin pony is such, alas!
 That no man can restore.

—Selected.

Wanted—Some one to milk my cows from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon. John Fort.

Wanted—To know where Senator Hanby goes every night after basketball practice.

Rev. I. L. Yearby to his audience: "I have seen men who were unmoved by the most stirring and sympathetic scenes, but from the simple words I am going to say now I have seen them drop their heads in deep contrition and shed floods of tears, apparently disregarding the world around them, 'Deacons, take up collection.'"

S. S. Meek—"Today you shall look upon my face for the last time."

"Sky" Eagle—"You are not going away to enlist?"

Meek—"No; I am going to raise a moustache."

Wanted to know by Coach—What is the latest news from the front, according to "Jess Willard?"

Also by Student-body—"When P. Y. Jackson will get a hair-cut."

OVER-ÆSTHETIC

Keith—"Come on and let's take some gym?"

Sophomore Rhodes—I will be ready in a moment, I am preparing to take a bath before ascending."

Taken from a final examination on Political Economy:

Question—"What is meant by Political Economy?"

Max Meyer—"Getting the most votes for the least money."

"Spotilla" Savage, relating the harrowing details of the recent disastrous fire at Norfolk: "A lady was detained on a tenth floor. She realized fire had cut off all exits of escape. One of the firemen, seeing the lady's predicament, shot a stream of water through one of the windows; the water froze, and the lady easily slid to the pavement, thus mitigating her agonies very quickly."

DO YOU WANT

What You Want

When You

Want it

?

Then

Patronize

Those Who

Patronize Us

THEY HAVE IT!

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, LADD W. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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

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GERHART HAUPTMANN

By T. M. UZZLE

Gerhart Hauptmann was born at Obersalzbrunn, in Silesia, November 15, 1862. His people were of peasant stock, his grandfather had been a weaver, like those who are so strikingly depicted in *The Weavers*, but had become a waiter in a hotel. Gerhart's father had followed the same calling, but at the birth of the poet had so far improved his condition that he was proprietor of the Prussian Crown, the principal inn of the place. We have Hauptmann's own word that he was indebted to the stories his father told him of the hardships and privations of his grandfather for the theme of one of the most powerful of his dramas, *The Weavers*.

When Gerhart was twelve years old he was sent to the *Realschule* at Breslau to take the *gymnasium* training. He remained there four years, and left with a reputation for inattention and a not unusual degree of intelligence. Because of the poor financial condition at home, he was placed with an uncle to learn farming, but in 1880 he entered the Royal College of Art at Breslau to develop his talent for sculpture. His career here was not very satisfactory, but he remained two years, at the end of which he became a special student at the University of Jena. In less than a year, however, he was at Hamburg, and the next year he took a trip to Spain and Italy on a freight steamer. He had a studio in Rome for a while, but the climate did not agree with

him, and he soon returned to Germany with his future wife. In 1885 he married Marie Thienemann, and with her he went to Erkner, where he intended to take up acting as a profession. But his literary tendencies were not to be denied, and in less than a year he had published *Promethidenlos*, or *Prometheus Unbound*. The poem to a certain extent is autobiographical; the hero hesitates between poetry and sculpture, but is able to give his mind to neither because of his overwhelming sense of social injustice and human suffering.

Much has already been written of Hauptmann's life at Erkner. Here was a group of young men, radically aggressive, who had cast aside all the traditions of German literature. The Hart brothers had already asserted that the German stage of the day was nothing but a servile imitation of the worst that the French had to offer, and that German literature in general was only a faint echo of an obsolete classicism. These men had turned for leadership to Ibsen, Tolstoi, and Zola; from romanticism to realism, and German literature has followed them up to the present time.

The second of the elements which gave Hauptmann his leadership, his prominence in modern German literature, played upon him in the first two years he was at Erkner. His reaction to the first element had been in the earlier years of his life. It was the close contact with all classes of Silesian life, and the insight into human nature gained while he was at work in the studios at Breslau and Jena. The second was his association with the radicalism and realism of the best of the young literary brains of Germany while he was at Erkner. The first gave him the materials for his work, the second furnished the form. But as Lewissohn says, "Hauptmann was not absorbed by any problem of art, but by the being and fate of Humanity itself."

In order to get an idea of Hauptmann's methods of handling characters, let us compare his characters and dramatic

structure with that of Shakespeare. Both of them give us real men and women. Shakespeare's characters are on parade, tricked out in their holiday finery; Hauptmann takes his men and women from the midst of their daily work; they are unconscious of the spectators' gaze. The same thing might be said of the different methods of dramatic development each uses. The one finds his plot on the inevitable clash between two natures which he has willfully set in motion toward each other; the other gives us a materialistic view of life, and never permits himself the luxury of interfering with the natural course of events; to him men and women are mere playthings of an overwhelming fate. To quote from Lewisohn again:

"In the structure of his drama Hauptmann met and solved an even more difficult problem than in the character of his dialogue. The whole tradition of dramatic structure rests upon a more or less arbitrary rearrangement of life. *Othello*, the noblest of tragedies, no less than the most trivial French farce, depends for the continuity of its action on an improbable artifice. Desdemona's handkerchief may be taken to symbolize that element in the drama which Hauptmann studiously denies himself, and he does so by reason of his more intimate acquaintance with the normal truth of things. In life, for instance, the conflict of will with will, the passionate crises of human existence, are but rarely concentrated into a brief space of time or culminate in a highly salient situation. Long and wearing attrition, and crises that are seen to be such only in the retrospect of calmer years, are the rule. In so telling a bit of dramatic writing as the final scene of Augier's *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, the material of life has been dissected into mere shreds and these have been rewoven into a pattern as little akin to reality as the birds and flowers of a Persian rug. Instead of such effective arrangement, Hauptmann contents himself with the austere simplicity of that succession which observation really affords. He shapes his material as little as possible. The intrusion of a new force, as in *Lonely Lives*, is as violent an interference with the sober course of things as he admits. From his noblest successes, *The Weavers*, *Drayman Henschel*, *Michael Kramer*, the artifice of complication is wholly absent."

Hauptmann's use of dialect is another very striking characteristic of his work. His characters speak like people would be expected to speak. In his dramas the Silesian peasant speaks Silesian, the Berlin populace use the Berlin dialect. There is a distinction made, too, between the language of the common people and that of the educated upper classes. In *The Sunken Bell*, for instance, the Wittikin speaks Silesian, while the other characters use normal high German. In *Before Dawn* Loth, Hofman, Helen, and Dr. Schimmelpfennig speak the refined German of the educated upper classes; Edgar, the footman, uses the Berlin dialect, while the other characters speak Silesian.

Probably the most striking feature of Hauptmann's work is the almost complete absence of action. In *The Weavers*, for instance, the staged action is almost that of a tableau. The play opens with one group of characters on the stage and closes with a totally different group. It produces in the spectator almost the same emotions as *Everyman*. The story of the play is as follows: The weavers of Silesia have been reduced by low wages and harshness of the owners to a state approximating starvation. Suddenly a young soldier, just returned from his term of military service, arouses the wilder spirits among the weavers with the "Song of the Bloody Death." They attack and destroy the houses of the wealthy contractors, and drive off the troops sent to quell the uprising, but in the fighting an old weaver, one who has had nothing to do with the uprising, is killed by a stray bullet. The play ends with the troops in retreat, and the old weaver lying dead on the stage with his little granddaughter pulling at his sleeve. Frederick W. Wilc, in his "Men Around the German Kaiser," says of this drama:

"*The Weavers* is undoubtedly Hauptmann at his best. Sentimentalists and chocolate-and-whipped-cream *Backfische* prefer the *Sunken Bell*, with its mystic and romantic symbolism; but in every

line and scene of *The Weavers* there is vision of red blood and pulsating life. If I were the head of the socialistic party, I should produce *The Weavers* at the expense of the Social Democratic war chest every night in every industrial center in the land. There has never been so soul-stirring an arraignment of the capitalistic Moloch."

This play is like a series of pictures, all bearing toward the same final impression. Almost devoid of action, still it creates an impression so powerful that the spectator himself almost rebels at the obvious oppression of the poor fustian weavers. *Before Dawn* also exhibits this same characteristic. There is no excitement; everything moves along with an almost imperceptible undercurrent of action, but at the same time with a tenseness which is almost inexplicable. The story of the play is as free from unusual complications as any Hauptmann ever wrote. Loth, a student of political science, comes to Silesia to investigate the condition of the Silesian miners. He meets here an old college friend, Hofman, who invites him to spend several days with him. Loth discloses the reason for his visit to that part of the country, and finds that Hofman is in control of the mines he wishes to investigate. Hofman, however, refuses him permission to visit them. In the meantime, Loth has become acquainted with Hofman's sister-in-law, Helen Krause, and they love each other at first sight. They plan to elope, but Dr. Schimmelpfennig, who is also a classmate of Loth, tells him that the Krauses are a family of hopeless dipsomaniacs, and Loth leaves her at once. Helen, crazed by his desertion of her, kills her brother-in-law and herself. The play ends with the climax, and leaves the spectator with a feeling that

"The time is out of joint! Oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

Hauptmann can give atmosphere to a scene as surely as did ever O'Henry. Take, for instance, the opening scene of

The Sunken Bell. The stage direction: "A fir-clad glade in the mountains. At the left, in the background, under an overhanging cliff, a small hut. In the foreground an old well. Rautendlein, sitting on an elevated spot, combing her thick red-gold hair, while she scolds a bee buzzing about her head." And notice the first words of the play:

"Thou buzzing golden wight, whence com'st thou here?
 Thou sipper of sweets, thou little wax-maker!
 Nay! Tease me not, thou sun-born good-for-naught!
 Thou'rt not in favor here!
 Thou knowest Grannie's cast a spell on thee
 For furnishing the church with altar-lights!"

And later in the same act, the dance of the elves—I quote Melzel's translation:

FIRST ELF: Sister!

SECOND ELF: Sister!

FIRST ELF: White and chill
 Shines the moon across the hill.
 Over bank and over brae
 Queen she is, and queen shall stay!

SECOND ELF: Whence com'st thou?

FIRST ELF: From where the light
 In the waterfall gleams bright,
 Where the glowing flood doth leap,
 Roaring, down into the deep.
 Then from out the mirk and mist
 Where the foaming torrent hissed
 Past the dripping rocks and spray,
 Up I quickly made my way.

THIRD ELF: Sisters, is it here ye dance?

FIRST ELF: Would'st thou join us? Quick, advance!

SECOND ELF: And whence com'st thou?

THIRD ELF: Hark and hist!
 Dance and dance, as ye may list!
 Mid the rocky peaks forlorn
 Lies the lake where I was born.
 Starry gems are mirrored clear
 On the face of that dark mere.
 Ere the fickle moon could wane,
 Up I swept my silver train!
 Where the mountain breezes sigh
 Over cove and crag, came I.

FOURTH ELF: Sisters!

FIRST ELF: Sister! Join the round!

ALL: Ring-a-ring-a-ring-around!

With a little use of the imagination to visualize this scene—the wild, unhuman landscape, and the sinuosities of the dance of the elves—the reader has at once a view of the setting of the greater part of the play. We find the atmosphere of *The Weavers* given in just such a manner. The suffering and abject poverty of the poor people leave the reader or spectator in no doubt whatever as to the conditions of their home life. Almost at the beginning of the *Beaver Coat* the spectators know that the characters belong to that crafty, cunning class of people who are so well able to live on nothing a year and prosper at it. For truthfulness of setting and realness of atmosphere Hauptmann has never been surpassed.

Between 1885 and 1900 Hauptmann was the literary leader of Germany. He had at the very beginning of his career as a writer distinguished himself by two powerful dramas, *The Weavers* and *Before Dawn*. In 1894 *The Sunken Bell* was produced, which was followed two years later by *Hannele's Assumption*, almost as strong in a different way as the two earlier successes. His attempt at novel-writing, *The Fool in Christ*, while a very original piece of work, did not meet with popular approval. His early poems have

either been lost or forgotten. Hauptmann's only claim to immortality lies in his dramas.

The whole philosophy of Hauptmann's work may be summed up in two lines from the *Sunken Bell*:

Open the window, let in light and God!

He has sounded the human heart; he is a brother to all mankind. Of late, however, his work has shown a decided decrease in power of appeal. This decline seems due to overproduction on the one hand, and the change in the author's financial condition on the other. It is to be hoped that if he survives the trenches, Hauptmann will have recovered his old-time originality of thought and power of expression. Just at present the words of Heinrich at the end of the *Sunken Bell* seem particularly appropriate:

"The night . . . is long! The Sun . . . draws near!"

While Hauptmann's early work shows distinct socialistic tendencies, there is in it a universality of suffering and humanness of sympathy that touches all mankind. Hauptmann himself has given us a definition of a tear that is universal:

A wondrous gem!
Within that little globe lies all the pain
And all the joy the world can ever know.
'Tis called a tear.

And the most universal of human experiences, suffering, is found in every one of Hauptmann's dramas. While the world is still debating the questions of democracy, and socialism and government, Hauptmann will be read. As long as men dream of impossible achievements, the stories of Heinrich, the Master, and little Hannele, will be repeated. Hauptmann is a modern master of the drama, and as such deserved the recognition awarded him in 1912, when he received the Nobel prize for preëminence in idealistic literature.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

AN AMERICAN POILU

SOMETIME ON SUNDAY,
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Just two weeks ago tomorrow we left New York, yet it would be very easy to write a book about everything that has happened. How can it all be put in one short letter? But to begin:

We had a splendid trip across. As you know, we sailed on the converted German ship ——. That fact alone gave one a fine feeling of adventure and dare-deviltry. This, of course, was increased by the extraordinary precautions we took in crossing—the weird, cowardly camouflaging of the vessel, the newly fitted guns manned by the marines; the carefully calculated zigzagging of the course, and the pitchy blackness of the great throbbing hull as it pushed through the water at night with every port-hole screened. Still more rigid measures were adopted as we neared the danger zone. When a French destroyer joined us as a convey we were ordered not to undress. Since the port-holes were shut, most of us slept on deck for the two nights. The day before landing our lookout sighted a periscope about a mile to the stern. Our batteries opened fire, two shots passing quite near the enemy boat. It immediately submerged without firing a shot. Need I comment on my disappointment?

On Wednesday afternoon we landed in Bordeaux and marched through the town amid the cheers of the populace. It was an inspiring sensation. I must confess that my eyes were full most of the time and I felt very much as though the result of the war depended on me. And Bordeaux—France—how wonderful these people are? There is genu-

ine delight in their faces when they meet an American. The pretty girl in the little shop smiles and bows her "Bon jour, monsieur"; the poilu insists on giving you a smoke or a drink; the chance passerby eagerly points you the way, and—no one smiles at your quaintest French!

Thursday we arrived in Paris, where we spent two days collecting equipment and seeing the places we've always planned to see—together. Oh, well! The place is unbelievably beautiful. Some parts of it took my breath away; all of it delighted me. I dined at Maxem's, the Café de la Paix, and the other places I'd heard so much of. I promenaded on the Champs Elysés and the Rue de Rivoli. I rode through the Bois de Boulogne, I visited Notre Dame de Paris, I gazed into the Seine in my best D'Artagnan manner, I called on M. Maurice Damoux at the Chambre des Deputés—in fact, I did everything I've ever imagined myself doing, and enjoyed it all hugely, yet it's very sad. Nearly every man is in uniform, every woman in mourning. If there seems to be a great deal of dissipation, it is occasioned chiefly by the English and other officers and the demi-monde, not by the Parisiennes, who conduct themselves wonderfully.

From Paris we came to this training camp, arriving yesterday. We are near enough the front to hear the cannonading, see the flash of guns, and watch the darting aeroplanes. The place is charming—probably a pretensions country home before the war. There is the large house with the customary buildings, woods and fields about it, and near at hand a little French village of plain white houses with red roofs clusters around a ruined church. I'm wondering whether it was destroyed by the Bôche's in 1870 or in 1914.

In two weeks we go to the front. Do you know, I'm beginning to realize that I'm not doing France any special favor by coming here. I'm giving myself the opportunity to see a wonderful country, and I'm learning for the first time

what a truly heroic nation is. And let me tell you—France will never be beaten. She will have terms that she considers suitable or she will perish.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

I awake automatically at three blasts of the whistle and listen as the sergeant calls off the numbers of cars and names of drivers. Presently—"Number 20, Brown and Henderson!"

"Non, non; camion pas bon!" I yell, and because the sergeant, although a dandy mechanic, is a very poor Frenchman, I add: "Le pou de champment est rompu."

"Quit kidding, what's the matter with your machine?"

"Muffler busted."

"Come out, anyway; the car will run all right"—unfeelingly.

"But the old bus sounds like a barrage fire of 420's. It'll scare children into fits, make horses run away, cause people to think the Germans are coming again, and [impressively] it's sure to draw the Bôche's fire."

"We're not going within ten kilometers of the front. Hurry up and get started, we've got to go in half an hour."

"Oh, hell!" I groan, and look at my watch.

"Aw! shut up, will you, and let the rest of us sleep!" comes from the next bed.

"It's all right for you to lie there and snore, Mac," I wail.

"You never go on convoy. You lie around camp all day gassing with Charlie. You must have a drag around here."

Then, turning from the individual to the general: "It's a rotten stunt anyway, sending us out at 4 o'clock to a place that's as dead as a morgue."

With sundry other grumblings I get up. Dressing is a simple matter of putting on shoes, puttees, and coat. Coffee, a boiled egg, bread and jam constitute breakfast. We carry a cold lunch of meat, bread, jam and chocolate. Then to the

car! After much tinkering and profanity, it starts off, making a racket like a gatling gun.

The first two miles of the road are in terrible condition, one bounces about and can hardly keep foot on the accelerator. Finally we reach the main road, fairly smooth except for cobblestones here and there. I give the wheel to the driver and go to sleep on the seat. An hour and a half passes and we halt in the railroad yard. I recover and begin foraging about for bread. There is none around, I get permission to stop at one of the villages to buy some, after which I'm to meet the convoy by taking a short cut through the hills. But the woman at the Boulaugerie is hard-hearted, she tells me that the bread is for the civilian population—for us, the army bread.

"Mais, c'est pour mon capitaine," I protest. Her reply is to the effect that my mon capitaine can eat the army bread also.

On my way to meet the convoy I miss my way, stop to climb an apple tree, and finally reach the main road some time after the convoy has passed. Presently a camion comes along. It has benches inside for carrying troops. I climb in and find several poilus. Soon we are friends. One of them kids me about my moustache. I remonstrate: "It's the only really French part of me; it's never been out of France," and so on until we reach the place where our cars are unloading, we eat lunch and I curl up for a nap. "C'est la guerre."

A few days ago another chap and I went to Rheims. We simply went out on the road and waited for a camion, we went as far as that would take us, and got another.

Rheims has been pretty much ruined; partly by fire and partly by bombardment. The streets are deserted and in ruins. The few civilians and soldiers live in cellars. The Cathedral still stands, although it was burned during the

German occupancy and hit by shells many times. The woodwork and the wonderful windows are completely destroyed. But the business of restoration goes on constantly. Men work there gathering the fragments and piecing them together, even during a bombardment. Several of them have lost their lives. We were allowed to bring away only a few pieces of glass, too small to be put together again. While we were there the shells were continually whistling overhead, for the French batteries fire over the town, at the same time the place was being bombarded by the Germans. Two civilians were killed, but none of the shells fell near us.

The news from the front is favorable, but we've been disappointed before.

The car must be cleaned, so no more now.

NOVEMBER 4, 1917.

The war seems to go along the same as usual, except for the Italian situation. Isn't it disgusting! Rumors of a big German withdrawal on our front. But this will all be ancient history before it reaches you. After all, it's a rather dull, unromantic old war, and covers a multitude of sins. When one complains of anything from engine trouble to gnats, the Frenchman invariably replies, "C'est la guerre." At first it amused us, now we believe it, I even find myself saying, "C'est la guerre."

Did I tell you that I've been transferred to one of the American Field Service Ambulance Sections? This is a very old and famous section. Nearly all the fellows have Croix de Guerre, and even the ambulances are decorated with painted Croix. At present we are "en repos," training American troops. It's good to be with Americans again. We never get any news from the States—any unpleasant news. The papers here are carefully expurgated.

As I write a big argument is going on between an old bent

man and a young poilu about the present war and the "70." Can you imagine the feelings of this old man whose whole life has been overshadowed by the Bôche? They came first at the beginning of his life, when he was twenty-four, killing two of his brothers and overrunning this very house. Now at the age of seventy-one he has seen them again, and this time they have killed his son.

Now the argument is over and they are singing some of those splendid, droll, many-versed war ballads. At the camion camp one of the mechanics was a famous singer before the war. Every night he would sing for us, opera or popular music, while we sat until the early hours smoking and drinking champagne from tin cups.

This is my last sheet of paper, so I'll have to stop soon. I don't know what to do this afternoon—whether to watch the football game which is to be played between Princeton and the University of Missouri, or to go in town to Marie's for something to eat. Marie has a clever sign on her place:

Marie Md. de Vin
Rendezvous des Amis

And on the other side:

Autant ici
que
Ailleurs

There I will have a bottle of her 2 for 50 vin blanc, some bread and cheese, and if she isn't busy, some reminiscences of

the German invasion, and "apres la guerre." I shall sympathize with her over all her champagne and cognac which the Bôches drank.

Just seven more days until my "permission." I shall go to Paris. The things to which I look forward most are, a regular bed with real sheets, food, and a bath!

THE CHANCE

P. E. ELLIOTT

It was late on Roaring Fork. Just the middle of the afternoon in the valley, but four o'clock is late on Roaring Fork. The sun had passed behind the mountain. The darkness was creeping down through the trees. Bruce Shope, sheriff, sat alone by his solitary fire. Behind him loomed the rugged cliffs of Thunderhead. About him lay a virgin forest of hemlock and poplar. It was the stillness of twilight. Not a sound broke the silence save the good-night tokens of the myriad Jungle-folk. The fire shone full on his heavily bearded face, revealing a look of disappointment in his deep-set eyes.

It had been a bad day to locate a moonshiner. Not a smoke had he seen. Perhaps they had heard he was coming and had moved out. He must return, unsuccessful, to the valley, to endure the knowing nods and the "I told you so's" of the gossips and his political opponents. He had noted expressed indications of their avowed disapproval of him which pointed to his ultimate defeat. He must make a great show now or be branded as a coward or dirty politician and kicked out. There was but one thing left him. If he could capture Luke Brown he would be safe. But, no doubt, Luke had long since crossed the divide and was safe in another State or had served as a lunch for some hungry bear in Huggins' Hell.

As a matter of fact, he did not care to capture Luke. True, Luke had killed old Isaac, his uncle, and had not one chance in a hundred to escape the chair if caught. But Luke was his old boyhood chum, and he remembered how Luke's father had died, leaving the boy in the care of this uncle who had

so brutally treated him. The day they were to play together old Isaac had tied Luke up with the dogs. Another time he drove him naked from the swimming-hole, with a grapevine jerked through his mouth. Luke's head was meekly bowed upon his chest. The blood was dripping from his lips. At brief intervals the buggy whip would whistle through the air. The muscles would knot up in a certain place, the flesh tremble, and then the blood ooze gently from the gash. It was horrible. Luke could not be blamed for killing his uncle. But the law does not look at motives; only at the naked deed.

Bruce filled his pipe to the brim, dipped it in the embers by way of prologue, and sat quietly smoking. Deeply engrossed in thought, he had not seen a dark figure coming quietly toward his fire. A bush broke beneath the stranger's foot. Bruce instinctively seized his rifle as he caught a glimpse of the dark figure in the twilight. It was something unusual. But few men ever dared enter these treacherous wilds alone.

The man advanced slowly, eagerly staring at the scene which confronted him. He was unusually tall. His shoulders had gradually stooped beneath the exacting weight of toil. Sorrow had left deep trenches about his eyes. A shaggy beard covered his face; from under his hat his long, black, greasy, unkempt hair hung over his temples and forehead. A deep, dejected, pleading look was in his eye. His entire appearance gave evidence that an internal upheaval had shaken the surface and was demanding its toll. He came within a few feet of the sheriff and stopped.

"Howdy," he said in a subdued voice.

"Howdy do, sir?" Bruce replied, and turned to replace his gun. The stranger did not move. When Bruce turned back again he was standing as if fixed to the ground.

"Why don't you come in?" Bruce added in an inviting tone.

"If you have no objections," the stranger replied.

"Not in the least," Bruce continued. "Come in; you travel rather late and in a very out-of-the-way place!"

"Yes," was the stranger's only reply as he deposited his long rifle under a friendly poplar.

A supper of trout, cornbread, and coffee was soon prepared. The two men sat opposite each other, quietly eating. Bruce took advantage of the opportunity to study the strange countenance. In that wretched face was a reminiscence of some one he had known in former years. Just then the stranger threw back his head and opened his mouth to admit the head of a trout which he held by the tail. A sudden glow of the fire lighted up his face, making plain a hideous, triangular scar in the left corner of his mouth. Bruce saw it and recognized the man. It was Luke Brown. Since he had killed his uncle he had been hiding in these trackless wilds. Bruce now understood the hungering look in his eye. It was this hunger for human touch that had forced him to the stranger's fire against his own inclinations. It was the tone of kindness in Bruce's voice that had so stunned him at first and seemingly pivoted him to the ground. Bruce could not keep his hand from trembling as he placed his cup in the crevice. A mysterious choking was in his throat. He began to busy himself industriously with the fire.

"You ain't a quitting me, air ye?" Luke asked, picking up another trout.

"Yes, I have had plenty," Bruce replied. Dashing the water out of a bucket which was almost full, he hastened to the creek for more.

"Do you live in the valley, mister?" Luke asked, as Bruce came back into the camp.

"Yes," Bruce replied. "I have lived there for the past seven months."

"Have you hearn anything lately about the killing of old Ike Brown?" Luke continued.

"Well, I hear all kinds of shop down there. I came out here to get away from it."

"I heard that Bruce Shope was sheriff now," Luke said, leading on.

"Yes," Bruce replied. "A Bruce Shope is sheriff, I believe."

"I know him," Luke continued. "We used to fish together. This is our old camp."

"What about a game of cards?" said Bruce, shuffling a deck which he had taken from a crevice in the rock. For a long time they played, but Luke's mind, being occupied differently, he reopened the conversation.

"Do they know who killed the old man?" he asked.

"Yes—well, they think Luke, his nephew, did it," Bruce replied, noticing the agitation in his eyes.

"What would they do if they ketched him?" Luke continued, showing some excitement.

"It would go pretty hard with him," the sheriff said, and added: "You seem to know these folks." He realized he had gone too far.

"Yes, you see I am—"

"Yes, yes; I see. You are interested in Luke, and I don't blame you," the sheriff said hastily.

"Yes. Well—er—er what would you do if you was Luke? Give up?"

"I think I would leave; get me a good job somewhere; clean up and be a man," Bruce replied.

A peculiar light flashed over Luke's face, and he sat quietly for a long time gazing into the fire.

"I reckon it would be best; but could he do it, do you think?"

"Sure! It's everyone's privilege to be a man," Bruce replied with emphasis.

"Do you know that there feller Luke?" he said, smiling.

"It's bedtime," said Bruce, ignoring his question.

"Let's fall in."

In a short time Luke was fast asleep. Bruce was not sleepy. He got up and sat by the fire. He had found a very difficult problem. He must take him back to fulfill his duty and save himself from disgrace. But he would do everything in his power to make it light on him. Luke's rest was not wholly undisturbed; occasional ripples came in his sleep as a stone makes on the lake. Sometimes he would smile and eagerly clench his fists. Once he said something inarticulate and Bruce thought he spoke his name.

Bruce lay down again. It must have been 3 o'clock. He had mended the fire twice. As he completed his plans for the morrow, he fell asleep—and dreamed. He saw two lads barefoot, arm in arm, whistling as they came down the road, happy in the springtime of life. Again he saw that horrible spectacle. It was the same lad—naked, a grapevine tied around his neck and jerked through his mouth. An infuriated man held the vine in one hand and in the other a buggy whip. The blood was streaming from his torn lips and cut legs. Naked, he was driven up before the crowd at the store and on into the house. The boy was Luke; the man his uncle.

The sun was shining through the trees when he awoke. Luke was already preparing breakfast. The first thing Bruce saw was that hideous scar. There was a look of hope and determination in Luke's eyes that had not been there before. Bruce walked slowly to the creek, buried his head in the clear cool water up to his shoulders. He returned and sat down to the meal, which was eaten in silence.

When breakfast was finished Luke buckled on his squirrel-

skin holster, threw his rifle across his shoulder, and started up the mountain.

"Good luck!" he said as he began the ascent. Bruce did not look up for some time. When he did, Luke was topping the hill. He took off his hat; mopped his face; glanced once at the silent figure at the foot of the hill; looked eagerly into the distance, then vanished over the sky-line.

Bruce sat silently for some time; then prepared to go. Filling his pipe, he sat down again on a log and began to smoke. He forgot to draw, and it went out. He relighted it and sat silently smoking for some time. Then he knocked the ashes out on the heel of his boot as he gazed vacantly into the valley. He heaved a deep sigh as he arose.

"Poor devil! I hope he'll make it," he said, as he started slowly away. "Anyhow, I have given him the chance.

In the next issue of the county paper appeared the notice of Bruce Shope's resignation as sheriff, and everybody wondered why.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

J. A. MCKAUGHAN, JR.

That something should be done to restore American shipping to its proper place in the foreign trade has long been the opinion of interested business men and observant students. But as universal as has been the desire to see America independent on the sea, a multitude of conflicting opinions has effectually blocked any efforts toward the attainment of this desideratum during the past decade; and it seems that the Great War, which has brought the country to a realization of its prowess in other fields, is alone destined to put a big M in our merchant marine.

From colonial times we have been a sea-loving nation, nor has our interest in our shipping declined in proportion to the decrease in tonnage. Public sentiment is almost unanimous in demanding an American ocean fleet, built, owned, and officered by our people. Certain it is that we need a greatly increased merchant marine from more than one viewpoint.

The foreign trade of the United States has been steadily rising; but the increase within the past twenty-five years has not been accompanied by a proportionate expansion in our marine. Statistics printed in the Federal Trade Commission's report for 1916 show that the interchange of goods between the United States and Great Britain during the first ten months of the year amounted to two and one-half billion dollars—almost double the record for any previous period. There has been a simultaneous and proportionate increase in our trade with Cuba, South America, and Australia. True it is that artificial conditions, created by the war, prevail; but the conditions exist. Our competitors have been tempo-

rarily forced from the world market. Great Britain is absorbed in munition making, and Germany is effectively throttled by the Allied sea-power. Our products have been substituted by many people; and they will continue to be used as long as they are satisfactory. Quick mail service, banking facilities, and coöperative selling agencies are necessary; but the problem of keeping the market lies in an adequate transportation system. It is essential to our business relations.

Clearly going beyond its original intention, the United States has assumed control of what are known as its insular possessions and has extended its protection to all other American republics through the Monroe Doctrine. Having become a maritime power, the United States has made no provision for one essential factor in the national defense—a real naval reserve. All other governments with the exception of Russia, through subsidy or other forms of contract, have supplemented their naval strength by reserving for Government use in time of emergency many of the fastest and best equipped vessels flying their flags. Our Government has had no such policy, and now in time of war finds her reserve of hospital ships, supply ships, transports, and other essential naval auxiliaries entirely inadequate. Not only is this true of ships, but of men. At an enormous cost of time and money, the Government is now training a force of seamen to serve the rapidly expanding navy—an emergency policy made necessary because American seamen have not been trained with a view to enlisting them in national service during the war.

A third important reason for an increased American merchant marine is the imperative need of combating the submarine peril. Starting an unexpected and ruthless warfare on the world's shipping thirteen months ago, the Imperial German Government, though falling far short of her aim of reducing England to starvation, has succeeded in decreasing appreciably the tonnage of the Allies. Nor, if we are to

take newspaper and magazine reports, is the danger over. German submarines are being equipped for further ravages; and unless the United States succeeds in her enormous ship-building program, or some new method of meeting the under-sea craft is found, our allies cannot be fed, nor our troops transported and maintained in numbers sufficient to assure victory. Already England is complaining that the Shipping Board is diverting too many vessels to the transportation of our troops, and that her people are suffering from lack of food. The solution of the problem is in increased American shipping.

Why do we now, in an emergency, find ourselves in an almost hopeless predicament as regards ships? Why did our over-seas tonnage shrink from 2,496,894 in 1861 to 1,614,222 in 1914? Or why did we carry 95.2 per cent of our imports and 89.2 per cent of our exports in 1825 and only 12.9 per cent of our imports and 7.1 per cent of our exports seventy years later; while our commerce increased from \$180,000,000 to over two billion dollars during the same time? Why have we not the maritime supremacy of which we proudly boasted when Yankee clippers were the best that sailed the seven seas? The answer to these questions is mainly an historical one.

The colonies were scarcely well settled before they began to build up their shipping at the expense of one another and of alien carriers; but nothing of importance can be attached to these colonial measures, which were mainly retaliatory in their intent. Federal measures dealing with shipping were passed by the first Congress under our present Constitution; and between 1789 and 1828 no less than fifty tariff laws were passed to protect American shipowners and shipbuilders. The Act of 1792, which limits American registry to vessels built at home and owned by resident citizens, is still on our

books, and is the one which prevents an American citizen from purchasing a vessel built abroad and registering it under the American flag. Within these acts were also provided discriminating duties and tonnage duties designed to build up American shipping. And under this protective legislation the growth in American tonnage was little short of marvelous, the increase from 1789 to 1796 being from 128,893 to 576,733 tons, carrying 94 per cent of our imports and 90 per cent of our exports.

Not all this growth can, however, be ascribed to legislative action; for the American ship builder possessed an advantage that no other country could equal. The sea-faring instincts of the colonies early turned them to the sea; and the profit of the fishing and carrying trade were so lucrative that their interest long remained in shipping. The barrenness of New England soil and lack of interior communication were likewise responsible for our early shipping growth. Cheap and excellent timber for shipbuilding was abundant; skilled workmen were developed or imported; and the New England States were soon producing vessels the equal of any in the world at a cost far below that possible for any competitor. American shipping developed until it was not only carrying home commerce, but was competing for the carrying trade of the world.

Our growth was greatly facilitated by the European wars from 1793 to 1814, during which the United States was the only neutral carrier. In spite of imperial decrees, orders in council, and presidential embargoes, a huge impetus was given American shipping by the war of 1812. Bounties and duties were utterly insignificant in their effects. The growth of the American merchant marine could not be hindered.

It may be mentioned here that the attraction of the sea for the American dollar was no greater than its attraction for the American youth, who, lured by the good conditions aboard

ship and the profit-sharing plan then in vogue, flocked to the sea to try their fortunes. The manning of our ships presented no difficulties.

Still the question of decline remains unanswered. By 1837 the iron ship was no longer an experiment; but the American builder was loath to give up his advantage in the wooden ship field. England quickly realized her opportunity, adopted the iron ship, and soon gained an advantage that the United States, late in starting and hampered by tariff restrictions, has never been able to equalize. Considering cost of construction, of operation, of maintenance, and of capital, England stands foremost among maritime nations. According to all available statistics, it costs from 30 to 60 per cent more to produce an ordinary cargo vessel in the United States than in England. The cost of materials is, as will be shown later, higher here on account of the tariff which protects the steel industry; but the cost of labor, which is the greatest cost entering into ship construction, is decidedly lower in England than elsewhere, and enables her to compete even with German yards for construction of German vessels. As she can build ships more cheaply, so can England repair and maintain her vessels at a proportionately low cost. And finally, on account of the high American standard of living and high American wages, American vessels are forced to operate under an almost insuperable handicap, amounting in some cases to as much as 100 per cent.

In discriminating against wooden ships, Lloyd's has likewise proved an active agency in the disintegration of the American foreign shipping.

While returns from shipping were being continually decreased, American capital found more lucrative returns in other lines of industry. The tremendous commercial expansion of the United States in the last century has completely absorbed the interest of her financiers. It has taken the

present war to make us realize our real position as a world power, so isolated, so intent on our own astonishing progress have we been. With 23 miles of railway in operation in 1830, the expansion was so great that by 1905 there were 211,074 miles, having a capital stock of six and one-half billions and net earnings of \$600,000,000—a return which could not have been hoped for from shipping. We had passed from ocean-drayage to land-drayage. Manufacturers, protected from foreign competition, have been claiming more and more capital in the last decade to supply not only the home market, but a rapidly increasing foreign demand. The growth of the huge corporation is too familiar to require any detailed account. American money has been poured into other channels which would have at an earlier date and under different conditions turned toward the sea.

One of the most potent factors in the decline of American shipping can be found in the American system of protective tariffs, which have offered protection to every important industry except the shipping interests. Since reciprocity was begun with Great Britain in 1830, all discriminating duties have been removed by similar treaties with thirty nations; and American shipping has had to compete openly for home and foreign trade. While competing freely, this industry has been forced to use as materials the product of home-protected industries and to employ labor whose wage is increased by the tariff policy. When American steel mills, long and amply protected, are able to sell material to foreign shipyards at \$8 to \$10 per ton, delivered, below the price asked at American yards, an unjust and intolerable burden is heaped upon an already heavily loaded industry. The argument that our builders can buy abroad and import without paying duty has no validity. Delays in getting plates from abroad and possible injury in transit have cut purchases to some extent; but the clause in the law which forbids the use of

vessels constructed of foreign material in the coastwise trade during more than two months in the year has been an effectual barrier against the importation of plates. Any ship owner may, on account of adverse trade conditions, wish to transfer his vessel to coastwise registry; but he cannot, on account of restrictions.

In obtaining a home cargo, the American ship has found the tariff decidedly to its disadvantage. The bulk of exports has been in the form of raw materials, and therefore several times the size of imports. The foreign shipper, too, naturally favors vessels flying his own flag, and American ships are frequently forced to come home in ballast to their own loss and the emolument of foreign competitors.

Finally, American navigation laws have served to accelerate the decline in American shipping. The modified law of 1792, which prohibits American registry of foreign bottoms, has forced our ship owners to buy at home in the dearest market and to compete openly with competitors who are at liberty to purchase ships at any place. Combined with this law, the act compelling the hire of American officers has forced many home-owned ships under foreign flags. The food scale has likewise been high, and other conditions have had to reach a standard required by no other country. The LaFollette Seaman's Act of 1913 has further increased the burden on our merchant marine, and so onerous has been this law on the Pacific Coast that several lines have been discontinued, and the Federal authorities have even been inclined to pass over flagrant violations of its provisions which demand that ships operating under American registry carry 65 per cent of its crew as able-bodied seamen and 75 per cent who can understand the commands of all of the officers. This law has not only forced the abrogation of many commercial treaties, but it has given Japan a dominant position on the Pacific that can be wrested from her only with the greatest difficulty.

While our foreign marine has been decreasing for the reasons given, there has been a steady and remarkable growth in the number of vessels engaged in coastwise trade until the tonnage has reached a point near 6,000,000. This fleet of American-owned and American-built vessels is one of which we may justly be proud; for it is to it that we owe whatever shipbuilding interests we now have; it can boast of large cargo-carrying vessels of the newer type that compare favorably with ocean carriers of a like type; unsurpassed terminal facilities have been built up by it; and its high earning capacity justifies its continued increase in tonnage.

One is not forced to seek far to find the causes of this prosperity; for it can be attributed to the tremendous commercial expansion of the United States, to the monopoly in this branch of trade which Federal registry laws have given coastwise vessels, and to the extremely liberal appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers, harbors, and waterways.

The healthy condition of our coastwise trade gives some idea of what could have been done in the foreign trade if proper expedients had been adopted. It is extremely doubtful, however, if the slow-moving American democracy would have made any appreciable advances toward a foreign merchant marine had not the great war and the United States' final entrance into it aroused the Nation to a realization of the importance—the imperative need—of vessels for the foreign trade. The efforts of half a century are not equal to what has been done in the last year.

During the first months of the war Germany's merchant fleet was effectively bottled up by British men-of-war either in German or neutral harbors. A few daring German raiders retaliated to some extent by costly depredations among English merchantmen. As a result, America, long content to be served by a foreign marine and without any adequate

shipping of her own, found her ports literally clogged with merchandise waiting for shipment—numberless classes of supplies normally furnished to the belligerents of Europe and other nations. Likewise, our imports were cut down until the cutting was felt. Under such conditions it is no wonder that a nation-wide cry arose demanding a merchant marine of a size commensurate with our needs.

Private capital was slow to enter into the new field on account of the unsettled business conditions and the inability of American yards to turn out ships as desired. Besides, capital was loath to turn from paying enterprises to the risky business of shipping, for the reason already mentioned as causing the decline of our marine. The scarcity of bottoms, therefore, continued; and almost any kind of a vessel that was sea-worthy could earn enormous profits.

The question soon found its way into Congress, and one of the hottest conflicts ever seen on the floor of the House was fought over the Ship Purchase Bill, introduced in the sixty-third session. The bill authorized the Government to buy stock in any corporation having as its object "the purchase, construction, equipment, maintenance, and operation of merchant vessels in the trade between Atlantic, Gulf, or Pacific ports of the United States and elsewhere, to meet the requirements of the foreign commerce of the United States." The capital stock of the corporation was fixed at \$10,000,000, of which 51 per cent was to be taken by the Government and the balance by public subscription. Vessels, suitable alike for foreign trade and naval auxiliaries, were to be procured through purchase or construction. Complication over the purchase of foreign ships and the dissolution of the board after the war caused the defeat of the bill in the Senate, and the agitation was temporarily dropped.

On September 7, 1916, however, the Shipping Act was passed, creating a board of five members to continue in oper-

ation five years after the conclusion of the war, with the right to purchase cargo ships to the value of \$50,000,000 and to regulate all rates and practices of the fleet thus acquired. The Emergency Fleet Corporation is a subsidiary body under the Shipping Board, and was created only after the outbreak of hostilities with Germany and the ravages of the U-boat had redoubled the demand for ships.

So rapidly have changes come about in the program of the Shipping Board that it is somewhat difficult to give any definite information about the present or expected status of American shipping. But, after considerable delay, due unfortunately to red tape and to frequent changes in both plans and personnel, the Board optimistically announces that the United States will have afloat by October 1, 10,000,000 tons of shipping. So far the production is behind the program; but such wonderful results have been accomplished by both War and Navy Departments in unbelievably short periods that we have every reason to expect the plans for a marine to be consummated on schedule time.

To the 458 ships of an aggregate tonnage of 2,871,359 already afloat and capable of engaging in foreign trade in October, 1917, there will be in commission before July 1, 117 vessels of German and Austrian origin with a tonnage of 700,285.

The wooden-fleet program has been practically abandoned since the first contracts for this type of vessel were let; and though there were, on January 1, under construction for the Corporation, 453 wooden vessels of a total dead-weight tonnage of 1,253,900, it is toward the steel and composite types of vessel that the most attention is now being directed. First, all possible coastwise tonnage has been diverted to the foreign trade, and large lake steamers are being cut down to admit of passage through the Welland Canal. In its construction program the Corporation is being limited only by the capacity

of our yards to produce ships. "A thousand is a convenient number to begin on, but the number wanted is indefinite. It is only known of that number that it must be enough to beat the submarine." Before August of last year all shipping under construction had been requisitioned, and 400 vessels of a total of 2,800,000 tons will in this way be added to the fleet. On October 15 contracts for 1,076,800 tons had been distributed among six of the largest yards, and others will be let as rapidly as possible. Most of the vessels are of a standardized type, and will be fabricated at various plants throughout the country and shipped to the yards for construction. Owners of the yards are furnished the material by the Corporation, and a profit of 10 per cent above actual cost of construction is allowed all builders.

In all, Congress has authorized \$1,799,000,000 for the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation; and once they have set their machinery to working, there can be no doubt that standard ships will be turned out in sufficient quantities to meet the submarine menace and that a great part of the burden of transporting troops and supplies will be taken off of Great Britain.

Building ships is not the only problem that confronts the Administration. Officering them properly and providing an adequate complement of men is quite as important. It has been estimated that a merchant navy personnel of 35,000 men will be needed. Officers can in all probability be recruited from our present merchant marine; but trained seamen cannot be "found in any such quantities as are needed, particularly in view of American shipping laws, which have awkward restrictions as to the nationality of officers and crew." These laws may be modified to meet the emergency; recruits will be trained at special concentration camps for sea duty; and special schools for officers are expected to provide for this need. On the Shipping Board is a Director of Recruiting,

who has special supervision of these schools, which are already graduating officers "whose service to our country will be immeasurable during the present war, and who, after the war is over, will maintain an efficient merchant marine. Such is the work that has been done since hostilities started.

After the war, then what? It can be seen that our war needs will ultimately be effectively met; and that after the struggle we will have the greatest merchant fleet ever owned by this country and one second only to that of Great Britain. The accident of war has brought us a great responsibility and a still greater opportunity—an opportunity to put our merchant marine on a permanent basis as regards control, ownership, and personnel. Whether the tonnage now under the control of the Government will eventually pass into private hands makes small difference if it is operated so that the Nation will reap the benefits. We do not desire to see again \$700,000,000 worth of shipping tied up in our ports in one week for lack of available cargo space. The tremendous production of this country must have an outlet after the war, and foreign markets, built up now, must be made permanent. An efficient naval reserve, both of ships and men, must be maintained. And finally, many of the policies which were responsible for the condition of our shipping in 1914 should not be allowed to obtain under the new régime.

Entirely new and untried conditions will have to be met; and it is, therefore, entirely unsafe to make any suggestions as to what will be the policy of the Government toward shipping. The old problem of free ships, discriminating duties, subventions and subsidies, and naval reserve forces, are now shadowed by the curtain of war. The new era can only be awaited with interest by those who desire to see America occupy a place of prominence in the trade of the world.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. A. MCKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

Ask any member of any athletic team what **Be Careful** he appreciates most and remembers longest about a trip. The answer will invariably be: the kind of treatment received from the various institutions played. The lesson for Wake Forest is clear.

We should accord every team that appears on the local diamond this spring the most courteous treatment of which

we are capable. This applies both to members of the local team and to every student, particularly those who are spectators. It applies both before, during and after the contest. We want rooting, yes; but it should never be allowed to degenerate into personal remarks about and unintentional slurs on visiting players. Such action on our part serves only to arouse resentment that may injure Wake Forest. Let us, then, be careful of our conduct. The proper attitude is to take victory with a refined joy, and defeat with a smile, not a snarl.

College Organizations The recent organization of the Lavoisier Chemical Society and its almost immediate attainment to a high standing as a college enterprise leads us to offer a word of welcome to this organization which aspires to become the force in its chosen field that other kindred organizations are in theirs. It is interesting at the same time to examine the aims and influence of these extra-academic bodies which occupy a unique and useful place in college activities.

The two literary societies are, of course, preëminent and their worth is so obvious that we are left free to examine more closely the subordinate organizations that are operating on a smaller and less pretentious, but none the less effective, scale. Of these organizations, the College Moot Court is the oldest. Aiming to supplement the work of the two literary societies by giving to our embryonic lawyers actual court practice and methods of procedure, it has admirably accomplished that aim. Under supervision of the Law Department, regular weekly sessions have been held by a duly organized court, and a large number of the candidates for the bar examination have availed themselves of its practical benefits. During the fall term the high plane established by the court in former years was maintained; and the reorganized court will no doubt continue

to make its work mean more than mere chapel announcements of sensational cases.

It is to be regretted that the Marshall Medical Society has failed signally during the past session to make full use of its opportunities. Members of this society are excused from all active duty in the two literary societies on the supposition that work will be done in the study of special topics in medicine; and it is to be said that such work has been done in past sessions. But as far as can be learned, members of this society have become rather negligent in the performance of duty. No fault is to be found in the mechanism, and the society can be made of most practical value in medical lines. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the society will be made the effective organization which it can and, under its compact with the literary societies, should be.

A more recent addition to these organizations is the Political Science Club, founded last year under the leadership of Dr. C. C. Pearson. Its avowed intention is the study of interesting and pressing questions in the fields of economics and political science, and at its regular meetings several papers worthy of commendation have been read and vital questions have been topics for discussion.

The Lavoisier Chemical Society has begun its work with an initiative and vim that presages success, and THE STUDENT extends its best wishes to the new organization.

Of what use are these organizations? What function do they perform in student life? Many subjects of importance cannot, in limited time, be properly treated in the class room; and on such subjects the student is given an opportunity to do individual work. Of the highest importance is the stimulus given to research work by the societies, both in the field of experimentation and in the library. Facts are dug up, coördinated, expressed. It is interesting to note that many of the essays published by THE STUDENT are derived from

this source rather than from the class room. Finally, these organizations promote social intercourse. But with it there is a definite aim and a serious purpose that raise the organizations to a high plane. Their existence is being felt, and they are fast becoming an indispensable part of the College. Membership in any of them should be deemed an honor by all students.

**What's the
Matter with
Track?**

Genuine spring weather has been ours for three weeks, but not more than six aspirants for honors on the cinder path have yet donned a uniform or graced a foot with a spiked shoe. To those who have seen during past sessions squads of twenty or more men faithfully training for positions on the track team, not only during the spring, but even the fall and winter months, something seems radically wrong. What is the matter with track? is a question in common parlance.

An analysis of the situation will reveal the fact that there is now no interest in this branch of sport at Wake Forest. There are students who hardly know that there is a track on the campus or that the sport once held a place of esteem in the student body. But the main cause of the trouble is, this year as always, lack of funds. Even if a track was constructed last year, it cannot be denied that, as a general rule, track does not receive its proportionate part of the athletic fee, and suffers in consequence. Outside of the running track, the equipment furnished is meagre. Every member of the squad is forced to purchase his own shoes and suit, and the apparatus furnished the team is of an inferior kind. A defective pole, during the season of 1914-'15, resulted in an accident of a serious nature, and the team was deprived of its only vaulter at a critical period when his services would have won a meet that was lost. After purchasing his own equipment, the track man is further forced to pay his own fare if

he desires to participate in such important events as the State meet. Such was the case in the season mentioned above, when every member of the track team unburdened his slender resources to the extent of automobile fare to Chapel Hill and return. And after such sacrifices have been made, no substantial recognition is given men who win insignia. For several seasons no sweaters have been purchased for men winning letters, as has been done in other sports; and little, if any, appreciation of the efforts of the men who represent Wake Forest has been shown. Is it any wonder that the track team this year is nil? Treat football in any such fashion, and where would football be?

Combined with these considerations, war conditions and extremely inclement weather have prevented any track work this year. As a result of it all, track is a dead letter, and efforts to revive it this year will probably prove futile.

To insure track the place that it deserves, the plans must now be laid for future sessions. A systematic campaign to increase the interest of students must be waged; an annual interclass field day, which would serve to develop runners, should be made a permanent feature of this sport; adequate coaching should be provided and equipment purchased from the funds due track from the general athletic fee paid by every student. If these things are done, and representative collegiate meets arranged, there is no reason to believe that track will long remain the problem that it now is.

**Face the Facts
Squarely**

The catalogue is an enigma to every freshman, and solving its mysteries is an occupation pursued by many students for four years. Vain occupation! At the end of his assiduous study the student becomes aware, if he is observant, that he has been reading ambiguous terms and fine phrases that mean nothing.

Parts of the catalogue are just these, not because of lack of thought and care in their compilation, but because the rules adopted by the College for its administration are too often flagrantly violated.

The laws governing entrance requirements and courses of study are laid down, even italicised for emphasis. "No candidate will be accepted in English whose work is seriously defective in point of spelling, punctuation, grammar, or division into paragraphs," is stated in emphatic terms on page 52; but students are constantly enrolled in English who do not know even the rudiments of the language. We have seen freshmen themes of two pages, containing fifteen misspelled words, with scarcely a punctuation mark, and no attempts at paragraph division. This was in English. How can such students be expected to express themselves in other departments? The special committee appointed to act in the case of such delinquents has never been successful because it has not got at the root of the trouble. Deficient students should be required to make up deficiencies in a special class, and not allowed to act as a drag on the English I class.

Another serious blunder is the admission of high school graduates to advanced standing. There is no reason whatever to believe that the work of any North Carolina high school is on a par with that done at Wake Forest. Is two years work in modern languages under second-rate teachers equal to two years work at Wake Forest College in the same courses? Let the results speak for themselves. Students admitted to higher classes almost invariably do inferior work in comparison with those who have taken the lower courses in college. In the modern language department they show a surprising ignorance concerning syntax and find it difficult to attain to any fluency in translation. Here again the class work is needlessly retarded. The catalogue regulation, for there is one, should be rigorously applied.

There have been allowed, too, rank substitutions in prescribed courses to meet the whims or needs of particular students. Even the special ruling that no student having twelve absences in any course in one term shall be allowed credit for that term's work has been openly broken. Steep grades in the royal road to a degree have been further leveled. One is forced to ask, Where will the process end?

To quote again, "Students are required to join one of the Societies within two months after registration, unless excused by the Faculty." Required? Some one must have thrown a monkey-wrench in the checking machinery. There are at least five students, registrants in September, whose names are on the roll of neither society, and March's blustering winds are now blowing!

Any student who has read the catalogue carefully knows that the rules under the head, ATHLETICS, have never been followed closely. It is not necessary even to dwell on this point.

There have been mentioned a few of the more important exceptions to the provisions of the catalogue, which embodies the fundamental rules concerning the administration of the College. The question is, Shall these provisions be enforced?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor

On Friday, February the 15th, the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies of Wake Forest College celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of their founding with appropriate exercises, which consisted of a debate in the afternoon, orations and a reception in the evening. The weather was ideal, which added very materially to the pleasure of those who were on the hill for the occasion.

The program for the day was as follows:

Annual anniversary debate, 2:30 p. m., D. L. Woodard, Phi., president, Duplin County; R. L. Litchfield, Eu., secretary, Washington County. The query for debate was: "*Resolved*, That the executive and legislative departments of the Federal Government should be more closely related by constitutional amendment." The affirmative was ably presented by L. L. Johnson, Phi., Sampson County, and B. T. Ward, Eu., Perquimans County. J. C. Canipe, Eu., Catawba County, and P. D. Croom, Phi., Lenoir County, successfully defended the negative.

The annual anniversary orations were delivered at 7:30 p. m. in Wingate Memorial Hall. J. T. Gillespie, Eu., Rutherford County, spoke on "Our Brother in Black." The subject of the oration of M. T. Rankin, Phi., Williamsburg County, S. C., was "The new Era in Country Life."

The following gentlemen served as marshals: R. P. Burns, Phi. Chief; G. L. Outlaw, Eu. Chief; M. P. Wright, G. B. Nance, C. F. Brown, and G. D. Rhodes.

President William Louis Poteat announces that all the speakers for the approaching commencement are Wake Forest

alumni, Dr. John E. White, of Anderson, S. C., will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon and Hon. E. Y. Webb of Shelby, N. C., will deliver the Literary Address. The Alumni Oration will be given by Dr. Rufus W. Weaver of Nashville, Tenn. The plan of having only Wake Forest men as speakers at the approaching commencement is indeed commendable, and the many friends and alumni of the College who always attend the commencement exercises will await with pleasure the opportunity of hearing these distinguished sons of Wake Forest.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather during the first part of the month of February, the class in military tactics was prevented from doing its usual amount of drill and practice work on the field and was employed mostly in classroom work. The early opening of spring, however, promises an excellent opportunity for uninterrupted training in the out of doors, and the newly appointed officers, J. D. Cowan, captain, T. C. Wyatt, first lieutenant, and W. M. Powell, sergeant, have already caused the men to take advantage of the break in the weather.

Once more the College is indebted to the ingenuity of Mr. A. C. Reid, who last year conceived the idea of having a State High School Declaimers' Contest at Wake Forest, and who this year has inaugurated an essay contest for all secondary schools in North Carolina. The prizes are very attractive, consisting of a scholarship and \$80 in money. The contest will be conducted each year by the literary societies as a permanent feature of their year's work.

In the absence of Solicitor Beachboard, who has been resting for the last few weeks at his home in the "Land of the Sky," since his successful attempt to pass the Supreme Court Law examination, the Moot Court has been very

inactive. The reorganization of the court, however, suggests the immediate prosecution of the many cases now on the docket.

On February 26th the basket-ball team brought to a close the season's schedule, which numbered 15 games, of which the team won 4 and lost 11. The material out of which to develop a team was very limited this year, several of the men playing their first year of college basket-ball. Sickness likewise played a very important part in the results of many of the games by preventing some of the best players the Baptists had from participating in several of the most important encounters of the season. Every member of the team always played his best, and we offer our congratulations to the team upon the record that it made under such adverse conditions.

In a very able article, President Poteat recently characterized the Wake Forest spirit by three attributes: First, loyalty of the alumni and students to the College; second, the habit and tradition of serious-minded work that prevails in the student body; and, third, the great democratic spirit that pervades the institution. We heartily endorse the President's exposition, for we believe the characteristics he named to be truly representative of Wake Forest and Wake Forest's sons.

The annual report of the Baptist Church for the year 1917 was very pleasing and gratifying to all its members. It showed very forcibly the merits of the budget system now being employed by the Wake Forest Baptist Church. By means of this budget system of systematic giving, the church raised over \$5,000 during the past year, which is an increase of about 100 per cent over the amount formerly given under the old system. This amount, \$5,000, did not include the sub-

stantial contributions made by individuals and members on payments of the handsome pipe organ recently installed by the church.

Wake Forest gave to the State ten of the twenty-two lawyers who passed the Supreme Court examination in February, which serves to remind us again of the custom Wake Forest has of supplying nearly half of the lawyers North Carolina receives every year. Our hearty congratulations to Professors Gulley, Timberlake, and White, the peerless triumvirate of the South!

Quite a large number of candidates for the baseball team have reported to Coach MacDonnell for practice, most of whom, however, are inexperienced. But in spite of the war and the unsettled conditions caused by the war, we are planning to put out a winning team, and shall put forth every effort to that end. A southern trip consisting of games with the leading institutions of South Carolina and Georgia has been arranged. The season opens for Wake Forest on March 15th with a game on her home grounds.

On Thursday and Friday nights, February 21st and 22nd, the Euzclian and Philomathesian Literary Societies held the intercollegiate debate preliminaries to select men to represent them in their intercollegiate debates this spring. The following men were chosen: M. T. Rankin, J. C. Canipe, R. L. Humber, Jr., L. S. Spurling, H. I. Hester, and L. J. Britt.

Since the last publication of THE STUDENT the Y. M. C. A. has had the pleasure of hearing Professors H. M. Poteat, T. E. Cochran, E. W. Timberlake, and W. R. Cullom, all of whom delivered very able and inspiring addresses.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

The coming commencement at Wake Forest will be entirely a Wake Forest affair, in that the chief speakers of the occasion will be distinguished alumni of the College.

Dr. John E. White of the Class of '90 will preach the annual sermon to the graduating class on Wednesday evening of Commencement Week. Congressman E. Y. Webb will make the address before the literary societies on Thursday morning, and the alumni address on Thursday evening will be delivered by Dr. Rufus W. Weaver of Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. John E. White is one of the foremost preachers in the Baptist denomination in the South. He is president of Anderson College and pastor of the First Baptist Church of Anderson, S. C.

Congressman Webb of the Class of '93, has represented his district in Congress for several years, and has come to be one of the leaders in that body. He is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and has been a prominent figure in anti-liquor legislation in Congress.

Dr. Rufus W. Weaver was in the same class with Mr. Webb. Dr. Weaver has the D.D. degree also from Wake Forest, and the Th.D. degree from the Louisville Seminary. He is Secretary of Christian Education for the Tennessee Baptist Convention, and is president of the Association of Baptist Schools and Colleges in the South. He is the fourth consecutive Wake Forest man to be president of that Association. In a recent address before that association Dr. Weaver pointed out that of the 3,036 prominent men and women in the South mentioned in "Who's Who," 3 per cent are from

denominational colleges, and of that number Wake Forest leads the list with 31 of her sons. Dr. Weaver is the author of an important volume on Genetic Psychology.

Mr. T. A. Avera, B.A., 1914, prominent attorney of Rocky Mount, N. C., has enlisted for war service and is stationed in the finance division of the Ordnance Department in Washington, D. C., for a short time before going to France.

Rev. C. J. Thompson, Bachelor of Letters 1889, has been appointed financial agent for the million-dollar campaign for Baptist high schools and colleges in North Carolina.

Rev. John R. Carroll, B.A., 1911, is a chaplain in the U. S. Army.

Dr. Jack Ellis, B.A., 1910, who has been pastor of the First Baptist Church at Dunn, N. C., has been appointed chaplain in the Army, and is located at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Fred C. Sams, who was a star on the Wake Forest baseball team in 1901,'02, and '03, returning to Wake Forest for his B.H. degree in 1914-'15, again taking his old position on the ball team, is superintendant of schools for Madison County.

Mr. John A. Watson, B.A., 1908, is a prominent attorney at Burnsville, N. C. He was a recent visitor on the Hill.

Rev. Theo. B. Davis, B.A., 1903, since January 1, 1917, has been in charge of the Kennedy Memorial, a branch of the Baptist Orphanage situated at Kinston, N. C.

Mr. B. P. Gentry, B.A., 1904, is county superintendent of the Harnett County schools.

Mr. C. C. Josey, B.A., 1913 is a student in Columbia University, where he has been taking work in Philosophy

and Education. He will stand the preliminary examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the spring.

H. M. Bean, B.A., M.A., 1912, is taking Medicine at Columbia University. His brother, G. M. Beam, M.A., LL.B., 1912, is practicing law at Louisburg, N. C.

Mr. Robert Holding, LL.B., 1917, is assistant cashier in the First National Bank at Smithfield, N. C.

Mr. Paul S. Sykes, B.A., 1917, is teaching Latin and Greek in the Mount Pleasant High School, Mount Pleasant, N. C.

Rev. J. D. Taylor has moved recently from Coyton, Okla., to Clarks, La., where he is pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Mr. Harry B. Powell, B.A., 1902, is an inspecting engineer of the Southern Railway system, with headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, M.A., 1898, whose scholarly work on the Elizabethan Theatre was noticed in a recent issue of *THE STUDENT*, has added yet another volume to his long list of contributions to the history of the English Drama. The volume before us, issued in handsome form by the Yale University Press, is entitled "The Dramatic Record of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1623-1673." The purpose and scope of the volume are admirably explained by Dr. Adams himself: "I have attempted to bring together the dramatic records of Sir Henry Herbert, during whose long administration the office of the Revels attained the height of its power and importance."

Perhaps we can do no better than to quote the words of our own Professor of English: "Dr. Adams has veritable genius

for research, which, joined to a delighted style, gives us always something of permanent value to the scholar and of interest to the general reader. His Sir Henry Herbert volume is almost as delightful reading as Pepy's immortal *Diary*."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

The Davidson College Magazine is a good example to those college publications which contemplate cutting down the size of their different numbers on account of decreased financial returns due to war conditions. We find in none of our exchanges such an utilization of all possible space that at the same time characterizes the Davidson College publication. Its editors have very successfully solved the question of cutting down the number of contributions and at the same time are doing their part in the conservation of print paper. Instead of reducing the number of contributions, they have adopted a more thrifty type of magazine without its being in any sense a "cheap" type, and are also neatly and efficiently utilizing every bit of their space. These are two very difficult things to do efficiently and neatly, but our Presbyterian brothers have pursued their policy with commendable success. While this magazine has not the stately outside appearance that characterizes some of our exchanges, on the inside it has the reading matter in quantity; and this is what we prefer rather than fine looks. Some of us might well follow Davidson's example and, instead of decreasing the amount of reading matter in our magazine, adopt a less costly type of magazine.

The January issue of this magazine numbers among its contributions six short stories, six poems, several sketches, and—of course—the different departments. None of these contributions are superlatively good; very few of them are striking in their originality. On the other hand, none of them are strikingly poor—types that are rather expected than not

in a college magazine. The one essay of the January number, "Vindication of Selfishness," is the most original piece in the magazine, and the author should be commended for thinking out a little bit of new thought and giving it to us. The sketch, "The Drama of the Ages," impresses the reader also. Except for these two pieces, the contributions are not very impressionable, and yet they are not open to too much criticism, because they observe the rules of form and decorum. Indeed, the greatest criticism of them is that they follow set rules so closely and show so little originality. As copies of old plots, the short stories do fairly well. To the author of "Marching Away" we would say that all imitators of Walt Whitman have met an early death and very little success.

We recommend to the editors that the substitution of an essay of thought for one of the stories, the strengthening of the editorials, and the addition of a good deal of originality would materially increase the effectiveness of their publication. On the other hand, we felicitate them on the abundance of contributions, especially the poetic ones, which are manifestly theirs. The magazine is above the ordinary in quality.

The *State Normal Magazine* is one exchange that nearly always comes to us on time. In this it is very exceptional. The February number of the magazine is not up to its usual standard by any means. Generally the contents are of a much higher quality than these. The editorials are first on the list of contents, and as usual they are very strong. We are glad to see the editors taking up the matter of the disappearance of the North Carolina College Press Association which was inaugurated last year.

There are many articles in this number, but as a rule they are short, and, while good as they are, they necessarily lack the solidity and depth that longer and more fully developed

articles would have. This seems to be a general failing with our woman's college magazines. We need more good and instructive essays in the great majority of our exchanges. The insertion of another good essay as a fellow of "The Precursor of the Red Cross" and the elimination of several of the minor articles would in our opinion strengthen this issue very much. The *State Normal Magazine* is fortunate in having contributors of poetic ability. In this issue we like especially "Who Goes Over the Top with You?" It is a very rhythmical and poetical bit of work. The stories of this number are not very good. The plot of "K. Gregory" is a very unlikely one, while the style of "The Inhabitants of Bacliff" is lacking in the vivid portrayal that such a plot requires.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

I stood upon the staircase
And gazed far down the hall.
I saw a bunch of green stuff
Arranged along the wall.
I looked again, and lo! it moved—
I thought 'twas waving grass,
But no! 'twas on its way to the hall—
'Twas only the Freshman class.

—Selected.

Dr. Cullom on Bible II—"Who was Melchisedec?"
Freshman Briggs—"I don't know, Doctor, but I think he was
King of Siberia."

Freshman Pruett—"Darn this Anniversary business! I hope we
won't have another one till next year."

J. F. Owen—"Believe I'll quit smoking cigars."
Harry Lee—"You've never smoked one yet."

One day when Mary was chewing gum and her feet were out in
the aisle, she was surprised to hear the teacher say: "Mary, take
the gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."—Selected.

G. C. Mitchell—"Why did Professor Whittemore fail to get into
the U. S. A?"

Joe Fleetwood—"Because the Salvation Army wanted him."

"I hope they don't give my boy any naughty nickname at school?"

"Yes, ma; they call me 'corns.'"

"How dreadful! And why do they call you that?"

"Cause in our class, you know, I'm always at the foot."—*Exchange.*

Newish Hoyle's name was posted on the "blackening list." He said: "I know they won't come into my room to black me; not because they are afraid to, but because they have too much manners."

J. E. Hunter was asked on Bible II why I Cor. was written. He replied: "They were practicing gross immortality in the church."

Customer—"Send up a quarter's worth of boiled ham."

Shopman—"All right, sir. Anything else?"

Customer—"Yes. If my wife isn't at home, tell the boy to put it through the keyhole."

"Glee Club" Davis wants to know if all the men whose names appear on the arch are buried beneath that "monument."

Newish Hunter to his girl (anniversary)—

"We'll now go down and meet 12."

The young Lady—"Twelve what?"

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

R. W. Warren—"It means that a man might ask a woman to marry him, but God only knows whether she will or not."

Bill (cheerfully) "Hello, Jack! Married yet?"

Jack (sadly)—"Yes, married yet!"—*Ex.*

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

A. P. Stephens—“Hardly.”

The night is dark and cold without;
I dare not think to walk about,
For there's a sound that's quite a bore—
The howling of a Sophomore.—*Ex.*

Newish Benthall (homesick)—“I know I'm going to get my articulation money back and go home; yes, I am.”

New definition—“A teacher is a splinter in the board of education.”

A POULTRY LAY

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

—*Selected.*

The most expressive and succinct phrase which has been recently heard summing up one form of feminine allurements states that a girl has “R. S. V. P. eyes.” Nor is it a mere book phrase. It stands the test of actual speech.—*Selected.*

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, LADD W. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVII

APRIL, 1918

No. 7

MARCH WIND

WOOD PRIVOTT

Blow, March Wind, and with your breath
Bring Spring, which, conquering Winter's cold,
Makes dormant life to burst anew
From slumbering trees and hedges gray:
Cause Mother Earth to bear again
Her brilliant verdure, springing forth
As warriors sprang from out her womb
From teeth sown by the hero's hand!
Make clear the skies and brighten lives
In stygian gloom disconsolate;
Make Passion's storm and Lust's desire
Yield to the rhythmic hum of Spring!

A DAY OFF

P. L. E.

Henry Cole, the miller of Sandy Mush, glanced uneasily around as, with nervous hands, he crammed his Sunday clothes into the big basket and covered them up with corn. He could hear his wife's quick step in the hall. She entered the room in which he kept the corn and rather gently asked:

"Henry, what are you fixin' to do?"

"I thought I'd grind that corn for old Uncle Ben," he replied.

"It looks like you could stay here and help me," she said. "I want to go to the fair today."

"You ain't got no bizness at that old fair. There ain't nothing there fit to see, nohow," he replied.

"That's jist like you, Henry Cole!" she replied. "Here I have to stay from daylight till dark and work like a nigger. I never git to leave these premiscs."

"Now, Mag, they ain't no use in all this fussing," he suggested. "You git to go as much as I do."

"It's a pity I do!" she responded, her eyes sparkling with wrath. "I've not been off of this place in three months. When you're not gone, you set around like an old ash-cat and do nothing."

"Why, I think I do enough—feed the hogs, git stovewood, and—"

"Shet your mouth or I'll mash it! I mean to have my rights!" she snapped.

"Yes, you usually do," he answered.

"That ain't so, and you know it!" she said. "You've always abused me like a dog. It'll all come home to you. See if it don't!"

"You'll be at the home-coming, I guess," he replied.

"I've heard enough out of you. Go on and start that old mill and git back here. I'm going to the fair." So saying, she started to leave the room.

"Mag," Henry called gently.

"What!" she snapped, and stopped.

"Now, wasn't there something else you wanted to say?"

Mag literally boiled over with wrath. She clenched her fists, ground her teeth together, and stamped like an enraged animal.

"Henry Cole, I'll not live with you another day! You heartless brute! To think of the good home I give up to be a slave!"

"Yes, it was a peach," he put in. "And so peaceful, too."

"Yes, you're low-down enough to make fun of my old home. But I ought to have known. You're a chip off the old block. There's not enough good in the whole generation to make a cat sick if it was strychnine!"

There was determination portrayed in her every feature as she delivered this harangue. She was somewhat heavily and awkwardly built. Her clothes looked as if they had been thrown at her and accidentally caught in a few places. The half-curly red hair, wadded together and partly caught by a tucking comb, showed much need of attention. The perspiration stood in big drops upon her flushed forehead. Her gander-like eyes sparkled with rage.

"Well, you won't be troubled with me long," Henry responded, clicking the latch on the gate.

"I hope to God I won't!" she replied, and slammed shut the door.

With such words from his helpmeet ringing in his ears, Henry Cole plodded on toward the mill, chewing the quid of sweet-and-bitter fancy and thinking of the days that were no

more. It had been a long time since he could take in the fair or the circus at his will.

"I'll forget it all today and have one more good time!" he said, as he balanced himself on the shaky foot-log that led to the mill.

The mill was an old-fashioned undershot wheel. The upper end of the house extended out over the pond, supported by long, slender posts. From a window overlooking the pond Henry was accustomed to watch the ducks that flocked there, or sit in his boat below and fish.

There was no time to be lost. He hastily threw his overalls and jumper into an old box and covered them up with rubbish and donned his Sunday trousers. Dusting his cap against a box, he reached for his old hat to put it away. A sudden gust of wind lifted it from his fingers, turning it over and over and finally dropped it in the middle of the pond. He rushed out to his boat, but some one had unfastened it, and it, too, was floating around.

"Well, let it go!" he said, glancing uneasily back the way he came. "And there's my old fishing shoes on the bank; but I can't wait. I'll get um when I come back." Once more he glanced around the mill corner to see that no one was watching, then started his ten-mile hike to town.

Mag had continued her preparation with no other thought than driving Old Beck to town that afternoon. Dinner being prepared, she went out into the yard and rang the bell. When he had had time to come, she took up the biscuits and poured out the coffee. Henry did not come. The gravy was cold, the biscuits were cold, and the coffee would soon be unfit to drink. She went to the front porch. Standing squarely on both feet, a hand on either hip, she called:

"H—e—n—ry!" There was no answer.

"Surely, there ain't nothing the matter," she said, and

called again, "H—e—n—ry!" But she got no response save the "Wr-r-r-umph" of a bullfrog in the millpond.

"Now, he's asleep or went a fishing, one. I'll learn him!" she said, starting off toward the mill.

She entered the mill, expecting to find him there asleep. There was the corn in the hopper untouched. The mill had not been started. She went to the window and looked out over the pond. His old hat was still floating. The boat, too, was drifting near the hat. His words came back: "You won't be troubled with me long." She rushed frantically out of the building and up the road, screaming with every breath, "Henry's drowned! Henry's drowned! Lord, have mercy, Henry's drowned!"

One after another she passed on the road. Each in astonishment would ask what was the matter. The only reply was, as she rushed on, "Lord, have mercy, Henry's drowned!"

The whole neighborhood was soon aroused and gathered about the pond. Preparation was made to find the body. Again and again they raked the whole length of the pond with poles, without success. At last one suggested dynamite, since the water was so deep. A messenger was hurriedly dispatched for it. While he was gone some one suggested that if the last shirt he wore was thrown into the stream above, it would, when coming to the place where the body was, immediately sink. The experiment was tried, but the body could not be found where it sank. Some one came to the rescue by saying that if the shirt had been washed since it was worn, the experiment would not hold true. He accordingly suggested that a shirt be floated with a bundle of oats. But the boy returned with the dynamite, and that plan was given up.

During the whole time Mag walked frantically up and down the bank wringing her hands and screaming. Her disheveled hair, swollen eyes, and disarranged clothes made

her a ghastly spectacle. All attempts to comfort her were heedlessly disregarded. The first explosion of the dynamite somewhat arrested her attention for a moment. Mud and slime had been mingled with the water in the upheaval. It now settled back dotted with innumerable white bubbles.

"Henry's blood and brains!" she shrieked, and began screaming again. "How can I ever give him up? He was so good! Our happy home all broken up. Lord, have mercy! O Lord! O Lord! I can never stand it. O Lord, give me strength!" It was enough to melt the heart of a savage to see that woman's grief. As she came down the bank again she saw the old fishing shoes. She pressed one to her bosom and talked to it as if it were a child.

"Those blessed feet can never wear you again. I can never hear your footstep any more. O Lord! Our happy home! Our happy home! Give me strength! I can never stand it." There was a general swabbing, mopping of eyes, and blowing of noses among the sympathetic crowd. It was a pitiful spectacle.

It was late. The darkness was creeping down from the hilltops. The body could not be found. They all departed, agreeing to return the following morning and drain the pond. Mag was unwilling to go home. But when the women entreated, promising to go with her, she reluctantly consented. It was agreed that some of the older women had better go, being more accustomed to comfort the bereaved. The most efficient delegation was accordingly selected. Mag was so extremely exhausted that she was forced to lean on them for support.

"I can never see that old mill again," said one, "without thinking of your dear husband." This was the electric button that started another flood of tears. The comforters collectively blew their noses upon their aprons, and those that

couldn't shed tears wiped their eyes, sighed, and looked troubled.

"I'd like to stay and comfort ye," said the old hag with one tooth, "but I'm obleedged to go home. There's no one to take care of them sick young'uns. I'll send Sam to help make poor Henry's coffin tomorrow. Poor child, I'm afraid you won't live long." Then this dear comforter withdrew.

After they reached the house they sat discussing the various things connected with the funeral; the making of the coffin; Henry's hope of eternal life, etc. When this had all been exhausted, they sat quietly for some time. Henry's old mealy coat caught the eye of one old woman. "Lord, have mercy!" she exclaimed. "There's poor Henry's coat. I have seen him wear it so many times! But I can't any more. There's nothing in this world but trouble. Maybe he's better off." She rather soliloquized the last, industriously wiping her eyes. Turning around, she said: "Mag, have you got any good snuff? I forgot mine at home. I was in sich a hurry when I heard that poor Henry was drowned. I knowed you would need some one to comfort you, poor child."

"Yes, there's some behind the clock on the fireboard," she replied.

The old woman sat down and began dipping.

"This is about the time Henry allus comes home, ain't it, Mag?" she asked.

"Yes," Mag replied, covering her face and moaning.

"Poor child, it must be awful cold in that old muddy pond. But don't trouble, dear. Forget as best you can. The Lord knows best."

The latch clicked. The door partly opened. Henry, with trembling and reluctant steps, crossed the threshold. His trousers were white with dust; on his face the expression of hunger and fatigue. The women gave a suppressed scream and stared, speechless, with wild eyes and open mouths.

"What's wrong? You act like I wuz a ha'nt," he said, looking nervously around. It was indeed Henry Cole's voice, and it relieved the situation. Mag arose, trembling in every fiber of her body. "I wan't to know where on earth you've been," she said.

"I've been to the—the—"

"That's enough. Not another word out of you. Now, hain't this a purty out?"

"Is supper ready?" he asked. "I'm hungry."

"Supper nothing!" she stormed, popping her fists. "Here I've been the livelong day without a stick of stovewood."

EXPERIENCES OF A VOLUNTEER

R. J. HAERT

In October Uncle Sam made a call for volunteers to join the 23d Engineers to build and maintain highways in France. Now, I had had nearly two years experience in bridge construction, the most difficult problem in highways, and had made a special study of highways and bridge design at Cornell University. I knew that this was the regiment for me to join. But it is one thing to feel patriotic and quite another to join the army, especially when one is engaged in a work that would exempt him from military service. Besides, I was at that time resident engineer on a \$200,000 job at New Britain, Conn., for the Aberthaw Construction Company of Boston. The job was nearing completion. I was hurriedly transferred to a bigger job at Providence, R. I., because the company did not want me to enlist.

To give up a job which was better than a lieutenant has and to join the army as a private did not sound good to me, since I have the same selfish nature that most people have. Nevertheless, I enlisted.

I was sent to Fort Slocum to get my uniform and to take my physical examination, where I spent a week. Of course, I was just one among three thousand other recruits. I had a splendid opportunity to observe methods of discipline.

One day while I was there a sergeant's orderly told me to report in front of barracks No. 27 with shoes shined, hair brushed, overcoat on, and all pockets buttoned. When I got there I found about fifty other recruits dressed in like manner.

"Fall-in in column of twos," the sergeant ordered. "Right Face! Forward! March!" We marched upon the campus.

When we were in front of the quartermaster's building he ordered: "Column right! March!" To obey that command we had to go through a door which led into a basement.

During our march upon the campus I had been speculating. "Perhaps we are going before the commanding officer and will receive appointments as captains or majors," because we were certainly dressed for such an occasion. But, instead, we were marched before the supply sergeant. He gave us each a fatigue uniform (a suit of overalls) and ordered us to line up in the back yard.

"Report for kitchen duty at 3 o'clock! Dismissed!"

That was my first appointment.

A week later I came to Camp Meade, Maryland, the headquarters of the 23d Engineers, and was assigned to Company A. I was glad to get with my own regiment.

I had been there only a short while when I saw a familiar face. I hardly recognized the boy in his uniform, but I approached him and said: "Didn't I see you at Cornell University?" He was my friend, Stalker, and he did not recognize me in my new uniform.

"Yes, and how in the h—— are you? Did you know that Steele was in this same company?" We soon found Steele. So there were three of us together who had been schoolmates at Cornell. We soon found another Cornell boy who had finished ahead of us and had been working in Argentina. Then I began to get acquainted with boys who had graduated from colleges and universities all over the country. To my surprise, I learned that the 23d Engineers was almost half college graduates, most of whom had given up good jobs, and that I was not the only college graduate serving as a private in the army.

We are engineers, yet we have been taking infantry drill because Uncle Sam does not want soldiers in France who cannot march and engage in battle when it is necessary. Much

of our work will be in the open under shell fire. We expect to build roads in front of the artillery, following up the infantry. If the enemy makes a break through the line before us, we get in battle formation and stand our ground.

We were given a chance in December to try some of the hardships of war. We spent two weeks at the rifle range, where we got about such food and shelter as we could expect at the front. We slept on the ground in tents. We had no stoves. Most of the time we had very poor food. To sleep in a tent without any fire, on the frozen ground when the thermometer is down to zero, is one test. There were plenty of holes in our tents so that we could get the benefit of all breezes. Then to get up at 5:45 a. m. and take our "setting-up" exercises and stand in line for our rations in the same weather was another test. As soon as we had our breakfast we stood in formation and heard our orders for the day. This was done in the open. We were either assigned to the firing line, the trenches, or fatigue duty. If we were in the trenches we manipulated targets for those on the firing line to shoot at. If on the firing line, we practiced shooting in our turn. It was warmer in the trenches because the wind could not strike us, and the work kept us warm. On the firing line we often had to lie on the ground in the snow and shoot "at prone." I carried my poncho along and spread it on the ground to protect myself—something one could not do in an actual battle.

A great many boys who were not equal to the occasion were taken back to camp in the ambulance. I stuck to it, but returned to camp with a cold, from which I soon recovered. As soon as we returned to camp we were all examined for tuberculosis and heart trouble. If any one has a tendency toward either, he will show it after such an experiment. About 3 per cent of the boys were rejected. Uncle Sam does not want any one in France who will be a burden.

I was certainly glad to get back to camp. We arrived about 10 p. m., and found a good supper awaiting us. It was like coming home for Christmas.

We left Camp Meade, Saturday, December 29, and marched to Laurel, Maryland. The ground was covered with snow and the thermometer was almost at zero. But marching with a sack will keep a soldier warm in very cold weather. We expected to sleep on the ground again, as at the rifle range. To our surprise, however, a thoughtful citizen who had an old mill building allowed us to sleep in it. It had steam-pipe connections, so that we could heat it a little. Our officers would not let us have it very warm, and we had to keep all the windows partly open. The floor was cold and greasy (as you can see from my paper, because I dropped it on the floor, and I think every soldier in the company stepped on it before I could pick it up). Nevertheless, it was a great treat. I had two blankets and a poncho in my pack, out of which I made a sack. In that way I kept warm.

Here at Laurel we are building a camp where the 23d Engineers will have headquarters. You ought to see how these boys take hold of picks and shovels, hammers and saws, and work.

The first battalion is under the usual quarantine that troops have before sailing. Just when we are to sail our own major does not know. Anyhow, we expect to be in France for the spring drive.

ATHELES ROSE

STIMPSON

If you travel up and down the South you will come to a college which was founded by a religious denomination. You will know this institution when you find it by the stately rock wall which surrounds it and by the imposing entrance made of square granite columns. If you wish to make more certain your whereabouts, take a walk across the spacious campus. View the many full-grown magnolias, look long at the sturdy oaks which seem to represent the Law Department, then pass up to the old, rather quiet-looking Administration Building. Do not enter here, but stop at the rose-bushes which are blooming in the little grass plat in front, and listen there while I tell you this story.

Along in the middle of the fall this college used to celebrate an occasion known as Society Day. The celebration consisted of a football game in the afternoon, speeches at 7:30, and a banquet at 9. There were not many girls in the small village, but in a near-by town was a woman's college of the same denomination as the one of which we are speaking. When Society Day came, the boys would invite whole train loads of girls over from the sister college. Now, the novel and romantic feature of the whole affair lay in the fact that these girls, for the most part, were entire strangers. A list of girls' names would precede them, and the boys would sign beside the names that attracted their particular fancy. It was a misfortune, when your girl came, if she was tall and ugly. It was a joke if she was fat. But it was an everlasting source of exaltation if she was a real, living queen.

Upon the list once sent over appeared the name of Atheles Rose. Beside this seductive name Ransom Esperer, having studied a little Greek, almost hurriedly signed his name.

Then he looked up all the friends he had, and asked them if they knew anything about a girl with such a romantic name. Most of them had seen a rose of one kind or another, but none had ever heard of an Atheles Rose. Sometimes as he crossed the campus he would stop beside the rose-bushes where you stand listening, and wonder just how much Atheles resembled the roses blooming there. But to wonder was all he could do. Information was not available.

When the special train finally arrived on that fateful day Ransom was at the station. Each girl that alighted passed under the inspection of his speculative and critical eye. "Can that be she?" he asked himself, "or that?" At last among a gaily dressed group he thought he had spotted her, when he heard a freshman say:

"Well, if yonder ain't Atheles Rose!"

"Where?" demanded Ransom.

"Yonder—that slim, medium-sized one, in the blue coat suit, standing a little aside from the others."

"Not the sober one?"

"Yes."

Ransom looked at her, disappointed. She didn't even seem to know what all the fun the other girls were having was about. He turned away, shaking his head. "You're right, Shakespeare, old boy," he muttered, "what's in a name? But I have no right to kick," he thought. "I was fool enough to be trapped by a name. Well, I reckon she can say 'Yes,' and 'No, indeed,' and 'Isn't that strange!'"

From a side-path on the wide campus he watched her a little ruefully as she made her way along the walk with the others to the Administration Building, where a room had been fitted up as a dressing chamber. When, silently, he turned in at the dormitory to give his hair a final slicking back before presenting himself to take her to the football game, he again muttered to himself:

"If she isn't preparing to be a missionary to the Chinese I'll donate my best suit of clothes to some negro. But I'll give her a good time for once in her life. She's my guest—the sober little thing!"

In due time, accordingly, Ransom presented himself at the Administration Building, and was introduced by a committee appointed for that purpose. As they left the building a group of rude fellows began to cheer. Ransom looked down at her in a condescending way—he was a man of the world, he thought—to enjoy her embarrassment. But to his astonishment, instead of noticing in the least the rude fellows' remarks, she stooped down, right where you are standing now, plucked a rose and pinned it to her lapel. It looked dainty and fresh, too, against the dainty blue coat.

"Are we playing a strong team this afternoon?" she asked, looking up at him. She had clear, straightforward, violet blue eyes. Also he thought her mouth rather pretty.

By the time the game started he had related to her, still condescendingly like an older brother, as much of the college history as he knew. She seemed mildly interested, in an impersonal sort of way. She did not hang on his words as other girls did. And when, the game started, he began explaining to her the different plays, she checked him.

"Oh, I understand football," she said.

"Putting on airs," thought Ransom.

Also, when he excused himself to speak to some one else, she did not seem to mind in the least his departure, and when he returned to his seat at her side she was leaning slightly forward, her chin in her hand, giving all her attention to the game out there.

"Pretty good bluff," thought Ransom.

But shortly thereafter he gave her a keen, scrutinizing look.

"Off side, there!" she had shrieked right low and keen.

And then it was that Ransom, noting her clear profile, her

bright eyes, her cheeks flushed underneath the jaunty hat, began to wonder.

Once more, though, he tried to make her say "Yes," or "No," or "Is that so?" As they returned from the game he began to discuss the folly of playing such a dangerous game as football.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think it's splendid."

And Ransom, conscious of the fact that he had made a fool of himself, felt his own cheeks begin to flush.

"What a fine little sport!" he thought.

Just in front of the wise old Administration Building that had smiled down philosophically on so many couples on so many Society Days, right in front of the rose-bushes where you now stand, she stopped and looked up at him smiling.

"You are free now," she said. She extended a little hand. "Good-bye."

And then Ransom, seeing only her clear, frank, smiling eyes, in which a touch of mischief lurked, knew he never could be free again.

"I don't want to be free," he said.

"Don't you?" she asked.

That night after the special train departed with her, and incidentally with all the other girls, a heavy storm came up, with the express purpose, it seemed, of blowing away from his mind the very thoughts of her. But in Ransom's heart was an impression which many storms of life could not blow away.

Next morning, instead of cutting classes as so many did, he was in the medical laboratory, surprisingly attentive to his work of making preservatives, ordinarily a dull job. That afternoon when he left the laboratory he took her place beside the rose-bushes. The storm had died away into a cutting breeze; the beautiful fall weather was over; the heavy biting frost was as inevitable that night as darkness. Where

many flowers had bloomed yesterday only one blossomed now. It was indeed the last rose of summer.

Ransom plucked the rose.

That was some years ago. Today, by accident, I stepped into the office of a thriving young physician in a thriving Southern town. He welcomed me with the cordiality which comes of old remembered things.

"By the way," he asked, "have you ever tested out the preservative we once made, on the day after Society Day?"

"No," I replied.

He reached up on his desk, got down a small glass jar in which was a perfectly preserved Maréchal Niel rose, and handed it to me. I examined it closely, conscious all the while that he was smiling at me. On the bottom of the jar was the label, "Atheles Rose."

And as I looked blankly at him, trying to remember, he spoke with the air of a man sure of his own:

"We will walk over to my cottage," he said. "I want to introduce you to the original flower."

POTASH AND A WORLD EMERGENCY

JAMES C. EAGLE

The files of the Patent Office show that the question of supplying our own potash has greatly exercised the brains of inventors. A trite expression that has gained currency in recent months of this epoch-making period in the world's history—epoch-making in national politics, in social changes, in economic conditions, and in industrial revolutions—informs us that any one of a dozen or so commodities “will win the war.” The range is wide—from sugar to coal, wool to sulphuric acid. The war will never be won by any single commodity, or by “doing our bit,” or by anything short of *our all*. Potash is a war mineral, which is of vast importance. Practically all the potash used in this country has normally come from Strassfurt, Germany; but since the elimination of this supply we have been thrown upon our own resources to meet pressing needs. Potash has been produced from natural brines, alunite and silicate rocks, cement-kiln and blast-furnace dust, kelp, wood ashes, beet and cane molasses, wool scourings, and distillery waste.

Potash in the form of K_2O (potassium oxide) forms nearly 3 per cent of the earth's crust, and there are several silicate rocks containing the compound to the extent of 10 to 15 per cent; but the material is chemically combined in such form as to be difficult of extraction, so that actual production has lagged. Natural brines have been the most productive of all domestic sources. Alkali lakes in western Nebraska have been made to support a large industry. Searles Lake, in California, promises to supply a large part of our needs.

Potash is recovered from kelp, a seaweed of common growth along our Southern Pacific coast. The kelp is burned

to ash, and from the ash potash is extracted. During the past few years an industry has developed in California the investment of which aggregates between three and four million dollars. This industry will not be profitable after the war if German potash is again imported at pre-war prices. The chief problems of recovering potash from kelp are those of drying and distillation, and the recovery of all possible by-products, such as tar, ammonia, and combustible gases.

Potash is obtained from hardwood ashes. The ash is lixiviated with hot water, evaporated to dryness, and calcined. The product contains about 70 per cent K_2CO_3 , which is called "crude potash." Firwood ash yields a larger potassium value than cedar-wood ash.

Potash, calculated as K_2O , can be obtained from Douglas Fir mill-waste incinerators in the amounts of from 10 to 20 pounds per ton of ash employed. This potash, along with other extractable matter, may be obtained by leaching the ash in suitable vats with hot water for a period from twelve to twenty-four hours. The question which arises is, Would the value of extracted potash be equivalent to the loss of charcoal, wood alcohol (CH_3OH), wood oils, rosin and tannin, in which products the mill-waste abounds?

Potash is recovered from glauconite, commonly called greensand. Greensand has a smaller percentage of potash than feldspar ($2 KAl Si_3 O_8$), and requires neither blasting nor crushing. It exists in almost unlimited quantities in the Eastern States, particularly in New Jersey. The method of recovering potash from greensand consists in digesting under pressure finely ground greensand with lime (CaO) and water, thereby obtaining caustic potash of remarkable purity, and at the same time converting the residue into a building material of value. The reaction is carried out in large digesters or autoclaves, heated by introducing into the charge high-pressure steam in sufficient quantity to maintain the desired

pressure of about 225 pounds for a period of from two to four hours. To conserve the heat, at the completion of each digestion the steam is allowed to escape and be condensed in the greensand-lime water mixture next to be treated, and the contents of the autoclave, which should have a cream-like appearance, is filtered to separate the dissolved caustic potash from the insoluble residue. The filtrate contains potash as potassium hydrate (KOH) associated with so few impurities that on concentration it may be sold as a high-grade product without further treatment. Following is an analysis of the filtrate (KOH):

K ₂ O	77.2%
SO ₃90%
Cl ₂35%
SiO ₂70%
Al ₂ O ₃	free

Greensand is being carefully investigated. The solid remaining on the filter, which is the insoluble portion remaining from the indigestion, is employed in the manufacture of steam-hardened brick, tile, artificial stone, etc. Greensand is almost soda-free, which is all the more remarkable from the fact that it is of marine origin, being formed on the ocean bed by the selective absorption of potash from sea water by precipitated colloidal silica and ferric hydroxide [Fe(OH)₃]. Greensand is less refracting than feldspar, and contains usually from 6 to 7 per cent K₂O. When 1 part of feldspar and 3 parts of calcium carbonate (CaCO₃) are ignited for about an hour at a temperature of 1300°-1400° C., the potash in the feldspar is completely volatilized and the clinker which remains has a composition which falls between the limits required for Portland cement. When calcium chloride (CaCl₂) and lime (CaO) are added to the feldspar, volatilization takes place in about half the time required when the ignition is made with lime alone. The residue remaining at the end of

the process will be several times the quantity of potash obtained. Consequently, in order that potash may be profitably extracted from feldspar the residue must be of such a nature that it can be used on a very large scale. The decomposition of feldspar will not take place without lime.

A considerable amount of potash must in the near future come from cement fume, which appears to exist chiefly as sulphate. This cement dust has caused much annoyance and even serious loss in Northampton County, Pa., and the adjacent districts. Cement manufacturers recognize that the condensation of this fume is one of the problems that must soon be solved. Up to a short time ago about ten tons or more per kiln per day belched forth from the stacks of cement plants.

Analysis of cement dust where oil is used as fuel:

SiO ₂	8.41%	H ₂ O	3.40%
(Fe al) ₂ O ₃	7.02%	K ₂ O (total)	8.91%
CaO	39.23%	K ₂ O (H ₂ O soluble) .	7.65%
MgO60%	Na ₂ O	3.65%
SO ₃	14.98%	CO ₂	13.80%

Sugar beet contains from .269-.320% of K₂O. During 1916, 6,000,000 tons of sugar beets were produced in the United States, from which 18,180 tons of K₂O could have been recovered. The process used for the extraction of sugar from beet-sugar molasses is:

Procedure.—Molasses of about 80% solids is diluted to 10 to 12% solid contents, cooled to about 15° C. and under suitable means for cooling and stining, finely powdered calcium oxide is dusted into the solution. If the conditions essential to the process are adhered to, 90% or more of the sugar is precipitated as a calcium compound and is removed from the mixture by filtration. The filtrate, now with a content of solid matter of 5 to 7%, contains practically all of the potash originally in the molasses, and also variable per-

centages of sugar not precipitated. The mother liquor of vinasse contains .35% potash.

Potash salts are valuable for fertilizers. An economist states that, "For every fourteen tons of fodder carried off from the soil there are carried away two casks of potash, one of soda, a carboy of vitrol, a large demijohn of phosphoric acid, and other essential ingredients."

In the many-sided technical and industrial life of today there are but few enterprises that can dispense with the products of the potash industry. In a number of ways potash is employed; for example: in medicine, photography, painting, dyeing, laundry work, bleaching, spinning works, soap manufacture, refrigeration, preservatives, electrotechnics, fireworks, explosives, matches, paper, glass, aniline colors, metallurgy, and fertilizer.

Potassium salts have become very scarce, and prices obtained indicate the market condition. Why is potash of so vast importance? Cannot substitutes for potassium compounds be found? Cannot new sources of potash be discovered? Is it not possible to enlarge the output from our known sources? These studies will constitute the problems of the chemists of the future. And by solving these problems the chemist will lend a helping hand in the struggle for democracy.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor

**Alumni
Co-operation**

A college is known best by the type of man it turns out. It is right that such a standard should exist. When a student enters college he is in the most formative period of his life, and it is at this time that the college receives him under her influence and through four years of training and strict discipline sends him forth a useful citizen. The value of his

stay under such instruction and in such environment cannot be overestimated. It is from the fountain of his Alma Mater's ideals and traditions that he first imbibes the real lessons of citizenship and is impressed with the seriousness of his obligations to his country.

Is it possible for a man to receive so much from an institution and in the after years allow his enthusiasm over her welfare to wane and grow cold? If such there be, then mark him as one who is not fit to be a citizen of a great land nor worthy of a public trust.

One of the great outstanding characteristics of Wake Forest alumni is their loyalty to their college. THE STUDENT feels, however, that a more effective organization of their work should be made. It suggests that the alumni of the College, in their respective localities, form local associations in every county in the State, and in neighboring commonwealths, for the purpose of retaining more zealously their interest in their Alma Mater and her needs. In this way, too, they could effectively contribute to upholding the fame of their College in the athletic world by broadening the field from which the institution would be able to draw her athletes.

No greater opportunity for service presents itself than the one which allows the sons of an institution to render to their Alma Mater their best effort and zeal, speaking at every opportunity in behalf of her fair name, and lending every energy to every movement that bids fair to enhance her reputation in the forum or on the field.

**Senior Class
Banquet**

On Saturday night, March 16th, the Senior Class of Wake Forest College gave a highly enjoyable banquet at the Yarrowborough Hotel in honor of its sponsor, at which time many distinguished sons of the College and their wives, and friends of the members of

the class were present as guests of honor. The banquet was thoroughly enjoyed. A special feature of the occasion was the unique recognition given the members of the class in the service. Their absence was indicated by a service flag on which were placed individual stars for each member, there being twenty-five in all. Delightful after-dinner speeches and toasts were made by the guests and several members of the class.

The value of such an occasion is obvious. The good-fellowship that such a meeting promotes enables the members of the graduating class, who are rapidly approaching the time when they, too, shall be alumni of the College, to get a broader conception of what their Alma Mater means to her sons when they get out in the world, and impresses upon them more deeply the great obligations that rest upon them to heartily support the institution and to stand by her through either adversity or good fortune. The supreme purpose of every loyal alumnus, as was so forcibly demonstrated, should be to serve his Alma Mater and to bring honor to her name.

In giving a banquet complimentary to its sponsor, the Class of '18 inaugurates a movement which should be heartily endorsed each year by the succeeding classes. In giving such recognition to the sponsor of the class, it not only causes her to feel that the class appreciates her official relationship to the class, but it also adds dignity and prestige to the office.

Our hearty congratulations to the Class of '18 for inaugurating a movement of such commendable merit.

**National
Debating
Society**

Since the institution of intercollegiate debating at Wake Forest, the College has made a very enviable record in all her contests, which number to date thirty-two. She has won over two-thirds of her debates and has lost only one series in the history of the

institution. This record we believe to be very unusual for a college to possess, and is one that is deserving of recognition in the world of intercollegiate debating activities.

A very appropriate recognition of her notable success in debating would be for Wake Forest to secure membership in the National Debating Society, whose membership is composed of many of the leading institutions of our country. THE STUDENT heartily recommends that the societies take immediate action looking to this end, and believes if such a course is adopted that their efforts will be crowned with success.

**Wake Forest
Law Review**

The need for a law journal in North Carolina that contains the decisions of the Supreme Court, as they are handed down by that body each month, and contributions from lawyers on various technicalities of law as they arise in the profession, is very pronounced. A mere observation of the field in which the legal profession operates very distinctly and forcibly reveals this fact.

At present there is no special medium in North Carolina that can serve as a clearing house for the State Bar Association, or that affords the opportunity for an intelligent discussion of legal questions that arise in the profession, other than the State papers and journals—all of which no lawyer receives. This makes it extremely difficult to reach or interest at the same time all the lawyers in the State on a subject of common interest to the entire profession. There should be a common medium of communication that would be accessible to every member of the Bar Association. A lawyer who has just completed the prosecution of a case that involves technicalities of law would welcome the opportunity of contributing an article to a State journal, explaining the technicalities and principles decided upon, and in this way would give the mem-

bers of the profession throughout the State the value of his experience, which at some later time would perhaps be of very material assistance to them.

A monthly magazine containing the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State would make these decisions accessible to the lawyers three weeks earlier than at present they receive them. There would be another distinctive advantage gained. Only North Carolina cases would be reported, which would eliminate all irrelevant matter, such as reports of cases in other states. The magazine would give accurately in permanent form all State cases. The text of the decisions would appear in full, together with a brief synopsis of each. No decision would be over ten days late in reaching the lawyers.

There would be a department in the magazine containing personal items concerning matters of special interest to the individual members of the profession. In this department would also be provided the opportunity for editorial comment.

In advocating a law journal for the lawyers of North Carolina, THE STUDENT believes that the Wake Forest College Law School, which is conceded to be the strongest and largest in the State, should take the initiative in founding the journal, and that the State Bar Association should heartily cooperate with the Law School by substantially supporting it. The larger usefulness that the Bar Association can render to the legal profession demands a common medium of expression, and the Law School in North Carolina that is giving over half the total number of licensed attorneys each year to the State should pave the way in founding this worthy enterprise.

Department
of Public
Speaking

One of the strongest assets Wake Forest possesses today is her Literary Societies. Into every field of modern activity these Societies have sent Wake Forest men equipped and trained for lead-

ership. No small part of the success that has come to Wake Forest men in the world has been due to the training they received in these Societies while they were students in college. If you should ask old graduates that have been away from the College for several years what is the greatest thing the College possesses, their reply invariably would be, the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies and the excellent opportunities for training and development that these organizations afford the students. They have ever been the glory of the College.

The time has come, however, when their work must be supplemented by more efficient and well-directed training, which can be supplied only by a Department of Public Speaking in the College. There should be a separate and distinct Department of Public Speaking at Wake Forest with a professor giving his full time to the work. The amount that the College would invest in such a chair would more than repay the College in the superior advantages that it would offer to her students.

At present the Literary Societies are not equipped to adequately instruct students in the fullest sense of the word in the art of public speaking. Such phases of the art as gesticulation, articulation and modulation of the voice are studied but little while in college, and are not sufficiently mastered by an undergraduate to enable him to properly instruct his classmates, who are as ignorant of the fundamental principles of public speaking and as inexperienced as he. The proper person to fill the position of instructor is a college professor, who is a graduate in the art of debating and oratory.

THE STUDENT appeals to the faculty and trustees of the College to give to the students of Wake Forest the distinct advantages that a Department of Public Speaking with a full-time professor would afford. It recommends that not less than six hours of work covering a period of two years be

added to the curriculum and required of every student during his first two years at Wake Forest, and that these courses be made a prerequisite for a Wake Forest diploma, and that the training in this all-important branch in the realm of education be inaugurated at Wake Forest beginning with the session of 1918-'19.

No man would be injured by the training that he would receive, and every man would be made a more useful citizen. The College can no longer afford to send her sons out in the world unacquainted with those principles that contribute so much to the leadership of the Nation.

A Senior in Retrospection The thrills of undergraduate life are soon to be over. The opportunities for training and development that have been heaped upon us during the past four years are soon to give evidence of how well they were regarded and appreciated. The friendships that have been formed we believe to be lasting, and we approach the end of our college career with a sense of profound sadness because of the necessity of the breaking of our community ties that we so dearly cherish. The light that falls now upon our pathway points us to avenues of active service, where we shall assume the full duties of citizenship and the responsibility of playing well our part in the great battles of life.

As we enter upon our new field, no greater spirit hovers over us to bless than that of our Alma Mater, who has so heroically and so patiently taught us in the last four years our duties to God and man. She has left with us the ever-growing consciousness that the lives of men should be lived only "Pro Humanitate." Her influence for righteousness

and uprightness of living we can ne'er outgrow. As the field of our relationship to the College broadens, our love for our Alma Mater deepens and the friendships that we have formed within her walls shall linger and grow with the years.

"Though Fortune forsake us
And Fate overtake us,
We shall ne'er forget
Our dear old college days."

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. A. McKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

Since the last issue of *THE STUDENT* went to press many events of interest have taken place, one of the most important being the violin recital by Miss Charlotte Ruegger of the faculty of Meredith College given in Wingate Hall for the benefit of the Liberty Bonds purchased by the local public school. Miss Ruegger was accompanied by Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, who also sang several solos in his usual masterly fashion.

Of interest to all who are now connected with *The Howler*, or have had charge, at any previous time, of its finances, is the resolution passed during the month of March by the societies to place it on the same sound financial basis on which *THE STUDENT* is now published. Every member of each society will, beginning with the fall of 1918, be required to purchase a copy of *The Howler*, the price of one copy being added to his dues. The manager will charge for cuts according to cost; and all bills will be paid when due in order that a discount may be secured. *The Howler* will go in the hole no more.

The week of March 9 brought to a close the college career of William B. Gladney of Ruston, Louisiana, who left at that time to take up his duties as assistant cashier of a bank in his home town. "Bill" was one of the best students in college, manager of the 1917 football team, editor of *Old Gold and Black*, assistant in the English Department, member of the Senate Committee, and held other important offices. His absence is being felt by friends and students alike. He carries with him to his new duties the best wishes of *THE STUDENT*.

At a meeting of the Law Class during the first of March, Mr. Gordon Bowers of Sevierville, Tenn., was unanimously chosen president of that class and Mr. Jesse A. Jones vice-president to succeed Mr. E. A. Hamrick and Mr. J. C. Joyner respectively, both of these men having been called into service, the latter into the Aviation Corps, in which he was a volunteer.

In preparation for the basket-ball season of 1919, the Athletic Association on March 5 met and elected Mr. James C. Eagle, of Spencer, as manager of the team for next year. Mr. Eagle served as assistant manager this year, and has already started work on his schedule for the coming session.

A unanimous vote of the letter men in basket-ball on March 5 again made Howard A. Hanby of Wilmington, N. C., captain of the team for 1919. Captain Hanby has played varsity ball for two years and has performed well at both guard and forward, leading the team this year in the number of points secured from the field and foul line.

On March 1 the Hodnett Club, one of the oldest in town, was definitely disbanded and the members requested to find new houses where they might appease their appetites. Various circumstances combined to make the closing necessary at this time.

Mumps and measles have claimed their usual number of victims this spring, and the hospital attendants have been quite busy treating patients, who have suffered little except for an uncontrollable longing to be able to again participate in class work.

President Poteat has had engagements throughout the month which have taken him on trips to Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, and different parts of the State. We may feel sure that the College is being well represented.

Following the standard set up by many other schools of the State, the Wake Forest public school has established a War Savings Society to promote systematic saving and purchase of thrift stamps by the pupils.

The Political Science Club and Lavoisier Chemical Society have been holding regular meetings during the spring, and several papers of interest have been read before members of both organizations.

After exchange of communications with Randolph-Macon College, the Debate Council announces that the debate arranged with the Virginia College will be held in Ashland, Va., on the night of May 8, the query for the debate being, "*Resolved, That the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine should be made a condition of peace.*" Messrs. L. S. Spurling and Robert L. Humber, Jr., will represent Wake Forest on the affirmative side of the question.

On March 8, before an audience that filled the auditorium to its capacity, Dr. Clarence Eddy of San Francisco, leading organist of America, and by consent of musical critics abroad one of the foremost organists of the world, gave a recital on the new pipe organ in the Wake Forest Baptist Church. Almost the entire student body, the citizens of Wake Forest, and visitors from many points in the State were present to hear him. The concert was of a high order, and the two vocal solos by Dr. Hubert Poteat were in keeping with the remainder of the program. To Dr. Poteat is due the credit of securing Dr. Eddy for the students, and citizens of Wake Forest had an opportunity rarely afforded outside of large centers of music of listening to a man of world-wide reputation.

Dr. Hubert Poteat has accepted the professorship of Latin in the Summer School, which is to be conducted this summer

from June 10 to July 25 in the buildings of the Presbyterian Normal School at Asheville, N. C.

THE STUDENT notes with pleasure the increase in the library by the continual addition of attractive and highly useful books.

Mid-term examinations are now a thing of the past, and when this number of THE STUDENT is in the hands of its readers there will be left only three weeks of agony or joy for Wake Forest students.

On account of an explosion which disabled the gas tank, the students in the Chemical Department were deprived of the pleasure(?) of taking three weeks of laboratory during the months of March and April.

The literary societies have improved the quality of their work during the spring months and an added interest is to be noted in the quality of the debates held during March and April. The contests for the various medals given by both societies will soon take the place of the regular weekly debates.

The College Moot Court was reorganized soon after the bar examination had been given to Wake Forest candidates, and has been holding weekly sessions during the entire spring term. Noteworthy cases have been disposed of; though some of the old-time fire is lacking since Solicitor Beachboard is no longer acting as prosecuting attorney.

The regular meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association for the last month have been featured by addresses by Dr. R. Bruce White and Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, though neither speaker had the audience that their messages deserved. Through its mission study classes, taught by members of the faculty, the Association is now introducing a study of the

Negro problem. Special text-books have been secured and many students are enrolled in the classes.

Owing to the lack of material for the development of a track team, the inability to secure funds for the equipment of the team, and the cancellation of meets by other colleges, Wake Forest will have no representatives on the cinder path this spring. It is to be regretted that such a vigorous and interesting sport as track has been thus allowed to degenerate. It is possible that an interclass meet will be held late in the spring in order to stimulate interest in a team for next session.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; P. H. NEAL, Editor

WITH THE COLORS

WAKE FOREST'S ROLL OF HONOR

- Albritton, Benjamin C., '16-'17. U. S. Navy.
- Allen, C. I., '11. First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Atlanta, Ga.
- Allen, William C., Jr., '10. Co. 1, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Arledge, A. Y., '15. Sergeant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Arledge, Roone, '14-'17. Quartermasters' Training Camp, Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Fla.
- Ashcraft, Frank, '16. Captain in Bickett Battery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Avera, Thomas Arrington, '16. Financial Section, War Department, Washington.
- Ayers, S. E., '16-'18. Volunteer.
- Bailes, G. L., '11. Co. 9, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Baucom, H. W., '09. Army Chaplain, France.
- Bell, J. C., '04-'06. U. S. Navy.
- Blackwell, H. C., '15-'17. Army Y. M. C. A., Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Blackmon, A., '15-'17. Aviation School, San Antonio, Texas.
- Blanchard, C. W., Jr., '13-'16. Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army.
- Blanchard, Henry N., '07-'09. Chaplain, U. S. Army.
- Booe, M. F., '16-'17. Co. K, 321st Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Bowers, T. R., Jr., '15-'17. In New York Camp.
- Boyd, B. M., '17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Brewer, C. E., '14-'17. Sergeant, 39th Div., U. S. A., Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Bridger, L. C., '15-'17. Corporal, Co. 7, 321st Infantry, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Brown, E. G., '12. Co. 5, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Burleson, W. S., '16. Co. 9, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

- Burnette, T. C., '16-'17. In Band, U. S. S. *Montana*.
- Butler, R. C., '16-'17. Co. F, 321st Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Campbell, A. C., '16. 316th Field Artillery, Band, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Carraway, B. H., '16-'17. Lieutenant, Students' Co. 7, Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Fla.
- Carroll, John R., '11. Chaplain, U. S. Army, Captain.
- Carstarphen, W. T. Captain, Chief Surgeon to Machine Gun Battalion, Machine Shop Co., and Hospital for Meningitis Carriers, Camp Pike, Ark.
- Carter, P. C., '14. Second Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Casey, A. H., '15-'16. Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Castelloe, Cola, '12. Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Navy, France.
- Chambers, W. R., '14. Army Y. M. C. A., Camp Gordon, Ga.
- Chisholm, W. R., '06-'08. Second Battery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Clark, Guy L., '14-'17. U. S. Army.
- Coble, W. C., '16-'17. Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Covington, B. M., '16. Corporal, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Crowell, O. B., '15-'17. Quartermasters' Corps, Camp Taylor, Ky.
- Cuthrell, H. H., '11-'14. Naval Reserve Flying Corps, Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y.
- Darden, W. A., '08. Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Davis, C. W., '10. Ensign, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va.
- Dean, W. S., '05-'06. U. S. Army.
- Deans, Dr. Arthur Wood, '10-'13. U. S. Army.
- Deitrick, W. H., Jr., '16. Second Battery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Denton, E. C., '17. 321st Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Derby, L. B., '14-'15. Bat. "B," Va. F. A., Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Dickens, A. O., '16. Captain, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Dowd, W. C. Jr., '10-'13. Quartermasters' Training School, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Duffy, J. C., '13-'16. Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army.
- Duke, Charles J., Jr., '16-'17. Ambulance Corps No. 1, Camp McClellan, Ala.
- Duncan, H. H., '16-'17. Co. H. E. 322d Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Dunn, T. L., '00-'03. Ambulance Co. 357, Div. 90, San Antonio, Texas.
- Eaddy, G. H., '17. U. S. Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
- Edwards, Franklin, '10. Captain, Camp Jackson, S. C.

- Edwards, G. R., '07. Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. Army.
 Edwards, J. B., '17. Co. E, 306th Regiment Engineers, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Farrell, C. A., '13. 317th Field Artillery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Ferree, A. I., '16. Battery 6, R. O. T. C., Military Branch, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Fleming, R. R., '04. Chaplain, 19th Infantry, Galveston, Texas.
 Fletcher, A. L., '07. Captain, U. S. Army.
 Floyd, W. Y., '15-'17. 42d B. Co., Camp Gordon, Ga.
 Foote, O. C., '08. Captain, Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.
 Freeman, E. V., '06-'08. Lieutenant, Camp Sheridan.
 Gay, A. R., '15. Chaplain, U. S. Navy, Hampton Roads, Va.
 Gooch, L. C., '12-'13. Sergeant, Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Goode, Seddon, Jr., '10-'14. Engineer Corps, France.
 Goodson, W. C., '15-'16. Private, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Goodwin, O. S., '15-'16. U. S. Navy.
 Greene, G. W., '16. 317th Field Artillery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Green, L. P., '12. Lieutenant, Medical Corps, France.
 Griffin, R. M., '13-'15. Corporal, Co. B., 322d Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Gwaltney, E. C., '97. 4th Battery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Gwaltney, M. C., '15-'17. Corporal, Co. B., 115th M. G. Bu., Camp Sevier, S. C.
 Gyles, R. C., '15. Lieutenant, Naval Medical Reserve Corps.
 Hardaway, W. T., '12-'15. 7th Co., Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Harris, George M., '13. Coast Artillery.
 Harris, Dr. H. P. Major, Letterman Hospital, Presidio, San Francisco.
 Harris, T. F. Post Exchange, 110th Field Artillery, Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.
 Harris, James, '03. U. S. Navy.
 Hatcher, M. F., '06. Captain, Coast Artillery, Fort Caswell, N. C.
 Haynes, C. V., '17. In France.
 Hayes, J. M., '17. Army Y. M. C. A., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Hensley, A. L., '15. Lieutenant, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
 Herring, C. P., '14-'17. Regimental Band, 321st Infantry, Camp Jackson, S. C.
 Hester, J. M., '17. Chaplin, Navy.
 Hips, A. G. T., '14. Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
 Holding, B. F., '09-'13. Lieutenant, Physician and Surgeon to Aviation Unit, France.

- Hood, M. H., '10-'12. Lieutenant, Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.
Hooper, Richard, '17. Corporal, Co. A, 307th Engineers, Camp Gordon, Ga.
Hough, R. F., '16. 402d Tel. Battery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
Hudson, J. R., '16-'17. Signal Corps, Aviation Service, 7th Platoon, 22d Co., Fort Thomas, Ky.
James, E. C., '17. Aviation Corps.
Jarrett, Clyde, '12-'15. Camp Sevier, S. C.
Johnson, D. M., '14. 156th Dept. Brigade, 1st Tr. Btn., Camp Jackson, S. C.
Johnson, F. T., '16. Corporal, Auxilliary Remount Dept., No. 306, Camp Greene, N. C.
Johnson, D. B., '16-'18. Hospital Corps, Camp Lee, Va.
Jones, W. B., '17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
Jones, E. S., '14-'16. Corporal, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Jordan, R. B., '17. Aviation Corps, France.
Joyner, J. C., '18. Aviation Corps.
King, Dan B., '13-'14. Co. 11, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Kinton, R. M., '16-'17. Second Lieutenant, 323d Infantry, Co. K, Camp Jackson, S. C.
Kitchin, L. M., '08-'10-'13-'14. First Lieutenant, Camp Lee, Va.
Lambert, C. F., '15-'17. Co. 4, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Langston, H. L., '15-'17. Ambulance Corps, France.
Lanneau, H. C., '03. Naval Reserve, Washington, D. C.
Lee, William Carey, '13-'15. Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
Lee, W. H., '13-'15. Co. 14, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
Leggett, Chauncey Hoke, '15-'16. Fort Thomas, Ky.; Camp Hancock, Ga., 1244 Casual Co., M. M. M. C.
Leonard, C. A., '07. Y. M. C. A. worker among Chinese laborers, France.
Lewis, R. M., '12-'13, '15-'16. Camp Wadsworth, S. C.
Liles, R. T., '15-'17. Camp Jackson, S. C.
Lyday, A. V., '14-'15. 324th Field Hospital, Camp Jackson, S. C.
Lyon, T. A. Major, Camp Sheridan, Ala.
McBrayer, C. E., '02. Surgeon, U. S. Army.
McBrayer, Dr. R. A., '11. First Lieutenant, Camp Sevier, S. C.
McCann, D. P., '14-'16. 1st Battery, Field Artillery, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
McCurry, C. M., '14-'17. Aviation Service, Fort Sill, Okla.
McDuffie, D. P., '16-'17. Co. 12, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

- McKnight, T. C., '14-'17. Charleston, S. C., Y. M. C. A.
- Mayberry, D. F., '13. 1st Battery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Maynard, B. W., '14-'16. Aviation Service, France.
- Mercer, C. H., '11. Co. 3, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Meyer, L. B., '14-'16. Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Mitchell, John, '01-'02, '03-'05. Co 16, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Moore, C. D., '14-'17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Moore, G. G., '16. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Moore, H. H., '16-'17. Hospital Corps, U. S. S. *Grant*.
- Moore, S. B., '15. Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Morgan, A. D., '09. Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Instructor, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Neal, J. J., '15. Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Newell, Dr. H. A., '02-'04. Major, Field Hospital Corps, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Noell, R. H., '12. Lieutenant, Medical Corps.
- Norwood, G. M., '13-'14. Lieutenant, Aviation Corps.
- Odom, A. D., '15-'16. Cannon Dept., Camp Wheeler, Ga.
- Olive, B. R., '16. 6th Battery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Olive, C. C., '16. Aviation Service, France.
- Olive, H. E., '14-'17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Oliver, Charles Moseley, '06-'08. Educational Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
- Oliver, William B., Jr., '10-'13. First Lieutenant, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Paden, D. S., '15-'17. Army Y. M. C. A., Camp McClellan, Ala.
- Parker, C. W., Jr., '17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Parker, S. R., '14-'17. Hospital Corps, U. S. S. *Leviathan*.
- Paschal, P. C., '08-'09. Captain, France.
- Phillips, M. D., Jr., '14. Aviation Corps, France.
- Phillips, E. N., '13-'17. Aviation Corps, France.
- Pointer, J. R., '10-'11, '15-'16. 1st Troop, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Pou, Milton, '16-'17. Ambulance Corps, Camp Lee, Va.
- Powers, J. A., '08. Co. 13, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Powers, J. B., Jr., '03. First Lieutenant, Robt. C. Green Hospital, Physical Examination Unit, San Antonio, Texas.

- Pridgen, Dr. Claude L., '92-'93. Major, U. S. Army.
- Pritchard, J. M., '15. Lieutenant, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Privette, H. C., '14. 5th Coast Artillery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Privott, W. S., '03. Major, National Guard, 119th Infantry, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Ramseur, B. F., '13. Aviation Corps, Texas.
- Ray, J. E., Jr., '08. Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Ray, F. L., '11-'12-'13-'14, '15-'17. Medical Reserve Corps, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., Richmond, Va.
- Redfean, F. T. '05-'06. 7th C. A., Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Robertson, D. A., '13-'15. Camp McClellan, Ala.
- Robertson, T. Y., '14-15. Camp McClellan, Ala. Died November 6, 1917.
- Rittenhouse, G. F., '17. Second Lieutenant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Rockwell, Paul, '07-'09. Volunteer, French Army.
- Roland, H. M., '15-'17. Battery D, 316th Field Artillery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Royall, John H., '93-'96. Quartermasters' Department.
- Russ, C. C., '17. Co. 14, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Savage, Robert, '12. Lieutenant, Engineers, Camp Grant, Ill.
- Shanks, R. H., '10. 1st Battery, Field Artillery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Shanks, H. T., '14-'17. Navy, Norfolk.
- Sherrill, C. L., '12. Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Sherrin, M. B., '11-'15. Co. 13, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Speight, James A., '11-'14. Marine Corps.
- Speight, L. W., '12-'14. Medical Corps.
- Staton, E. C., '15-'17. Hospital Corps.
- Stallings, L. T., Jr., '16. Second Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps, Quantico, Va.
- Stevenson, A. E., '14. 7th Co., Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Stillwell, E. P., '14. Quartermasters' Department, U. S. Army.
- Stringfield, O. L., Jr. Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Tally, J. O., '17. 317th Field Artillery, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Thaxton, B. A., '12. Medical Reserve Corps, Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

- Turner, J. E., '10. Army Y. M. C. A., 31 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, France.
- Tyner, C. V., '14. Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps.
- Vann, John Graves, '14-'16. Signal Corps, U. S. Army.
- Vann, W., Junior Lieutenant, Navy.
- Ward, W. F., '16. U. S. Navy.
- Warren, C. C., '14-'17. 7th Co., C. D. C. F., Fort Caswell, N. C.
- Watkins, E. W., '14-'15. Motor Truck Co. 394, Barracks J. 17, Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Fla.
- White, J. E., Jr., '12-'15. Second Lieutenant, 6th Infantry, Regulars, Chickamauga Park, Ga.
- White, S. W. '14. Aviation Service, France.
- Whitley, E. P., '16. Army Y. M. C. A., France.
- Whitley, J. B., '16. Second Lieutenant, Cavalry, France.
- Wilkinson, C. H., '17. Sergeant, Camp Jackson, S. C.
- Williams, L. C., '13. 5th Battery, Field Artillery, Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.
- Winston, W. H., '13-'15. Aviation Corps.
- Willis, W. M., '07-'10. U. S. Army.
- Wilson, E. E., '13-'15. First Lieutenant, School for Aerial Observers, Garden City, N. Y.
- Wilson, P. H., '14-'17. 113th Artillery, Camp Sevier, S. C.
- Wright, E. N., '11. Signal Corps, Charleston, S. C.
- Wyatt, Hubert L., '09-'13. First Lieutenant, Medical Reserve Corps, 301st Stevedore Reg., France.
- Yates, E. F., '15. Captain, Coast Artillery, Fort Caswell, N. C.
- Yates, J. E., '94. Chaplain, U. S. Coast Artillery, Fort Hancock, N. J.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

Two exchanges which are always taken from the postoffice box by this editor with the anticipation of finding something good and interesting are *The Trinity Archive* and *The Tatler*, Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Invariably their contents are of a superlative order.

The February issue of *The Archive* is especially fine. We have found nowhere verse of such quality as here. The number contains four poems, and we can fearlessly call them poems, even though they appear in a college magazine, without expecting to call down upon us visitations from the spirits of departed immortals. All of them are of a very high order. We would place "Lusitania" in the chair of first excellence, however. War poems by the ton have appeared in our exchanges—war poems of sickliness, war poems of mediocrity; but this is the first one of excellence that we remember. The author gets away from the ordinary vein of thought, and his production in its portrayals is the essence of truth and thought. The reading of the poem causes situation after situation to develop in our minds. "An Old-Time Valentine" is a very unique and rhythmical bit of verse. The sonnet, "To Edgar Allan Poe," is very good indeed, and expresses a partially proper appreciation of this greatest of American litterateurs. We think, though, that Poe does more than merely "substitute a maze of facies light." "Our Times Are in Thy Hands" is another piece of good poetical expression of splendid thought.

The short stories are not on a par in quality with the other contents of the issue. All of them are rather crude and lacking in a proper short-story finish. The story, "A Victim of Temptation," appearing in the Alumni Department, not only has a very threadbare and worn-out plot, but also the style is too precipitate and jerky. Of the stories, "The Mysterious Woman" is probably the best.

The editors of *The Archive* are to be commended for getting as many as two essays of thought in the magazine. Both of the essays in the February issue show study and research on the part of the authors, and especially is this true of the essay, "Religious and Educational Training of the Slaves." Yet neither of these essays is by any means a superlative work. The above mentioned essay lacks unity and seems more of a collection of the reports of different people on this subject, together with a series of miscellaneous facts, leading to no definite conclusions, than anything else. It would have been well if the author had summed up his conclusions about the matter at the close of his essay. It is hard for the casual reader to get a definite impression from his essay. The old familiar student essay, "Poe's Contribution to Southern Literature," appears before us once more, this time in *The Archive*. It is practically unchanged.

We like the department, *Wayside Wares*. It shows originality.

The Tattler, neat, attractive in appearance, and faultless in technique, is a good example to us in this respect. But the greatest reason for the favorable impression *The Tattler* makes on us is the fact that a hackneyed subject is rarely seen in its table of contents, and that thereby it is more than exceptionally full of originality. This is shown in that most exquisite story in the February issue, "On the Way There." This story is without doubt one of the best and most original

we have found in a college magazine. We envy the author her genius as a story writer.

The March issue is not quite so good as the average number of the magazine. We like the two articles from alumnæ, as to their particular lines of work, very much, however. This seems to us a very good policy for a magazine to adopt, the securing of interestingly written reports from alumni as to their work.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

T. C. Britt—"Why is 'Pinky' Prevette back on the hill?"
S. E. Teague—"Because of his income tax."

"Red" Scarborough in society—"Mr. President, does the affirmative have to appear first in the rejoinder?"

Mr. President—"It doesn't make any difference."
Scarborough—"Well, then I'd like to rejoin."

Hudson—"What is an alibi?"

"Sky" Earp—"It means you were there, but you wern't."

Prevette—"Hobgood, you remind me of an aeroplane."

Hobgood—"How's that?"

Prevette—"Because you are no good on earth."

Owen—"Hair, every time I see you I want to organize a corporation."

"Rabbit"—"How's that?"

Owen—"Because you look so industrious."

Ben Ward says if you want to find a kissing girl, don't try one who has been bit.

Poe wanted to know on History I when the Revolution of 1830 was fought.

Professor Lanneau (on a recent quiz)—"Who discovered the canals on Mars?"

"Red" Milton—"William McAdoo, Secretary of the Navy."

Dr. Royall—"Mr. Canipe, can you tell us why the Master overturned the tables of the money-changers?"

Canipe—"Why, Doctor, I would presume that it was because they were trying to unite church and state."

"Where was the Magna Charta signed?"

"At the bottom."—*Selected.*

Professor Derieux—"What do you think of Maupassant's *technique*?"

Stimpson—"I think that's the best thing he ever wrote."

J. I. Allen (butting in on train while on Glee Club trip)—"Lady, we are going the same way; why not be sociable?"

She—"Sure! have a seat, my husband is in the smoker, but he'll be back soon."

Newish Dorsett (on seeing a tennis net)—"What river is near here? I see the seine hanging out to dry."

"Glee Club" Davis walked up to the clerk in the Yarborough recently and inquired if Mr. Yarborough was in.

Folk (in LaFayette Café)—"Do you serve lobsters in here?"

Waitress—"Oh, yes; we serve anybody; just have a seat."

Fouts—"Man, you look all worn out. Are you overworked?"

"Sky" Clark—"I'm studying for a minister."

Fouts—"Thunder! Why don't you let him study for himself?"

"Freshman" Pruett (on train during Glee Club trip)—"Madame, how are you? My name is Pruett.

She—"I'm sorry, sir; but I can't help it."

REMINISCENCES FROM RECENT BASEBALL GAMES

"Gib, give us the gab."

"Winston, old boy, spit on it and slip it by him."

B. S. Liles—"What day of the month does May come in on?"

C. S. Black—"On the first."

Keller—"I hear that Charlie Chaplin is to be in Raleigh soon."

R. W. Warren—"Yes; some people pay dearly for being a fool, while 'Charlie' gets paid for acting the fool."

The Howler

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