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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT

E. J. TRUEBLOOD

Four years and more the brutal Hun held sway,
'Midst foul intrigue and hideous crimes galore;
He reigns no more.
The righteous powers of earth in stern array
Struck down the brute, and down he must remain—
In endless pain.

Brave souls arose to quench the demon's power;
From all the corners of the earth they came,
In freedom's name.
Like heroes true they stood, nor did they cower.
Their sacrifice has brought them glorious gain
That ne'er shall wane.

The living must be true to those who died;
Democracy and truth must have their birth
Throughout the earth.
The door to service now is opened wide:
We must respond to its compelling strain,
Or be profane!

THE GLORY OF WAR

By P. Y. Jackson

It was night, but not a night of darkness or of silence. To the north the clouds were lighted up by the constant showers of rockets and star shells which make a nocturnal battlefield hideous and beautiful. To the southward, however, such illuminations were rendered needless—the flames were sufficient which wrapped an entire village, and which, mounting almost to the low-lying clouds above, glared upon the battlefield with a terrible sickening splendor. Around and above all, the roar of the never-ending bombardment filled the air with horror. A visitor from a more serene planet, finding himself suddenly in the midst of such scenes—such demonstrations of what the madness of man is able to accomplish—must have fled back in dismay, believing himself to have been in the presence of some gigantic upheaval of the forces of Nature. And in the midst of this tumult, thousands of men marched and shouted, struggled and died.

It was raining.

The tide of battle had flowed slowly but steadily westward. Some distance behind the present center of fighting, in a spot which had witnessed a particularly stubborn battle during the past afternoon, there was clustered a little group of three in one of the great conical shell-holes that pitted the earth.

One of the three wore the uniform of a French infantryman. In the front line of trenches he had helped bear the brunt of a terrific bayonet charge, and had been wounded by a thrust through the stomach—a dreadful wound, from which no man could hope to recover. His eyes, glaring unnaturally, told of the pain he suffered; and though his teeth were tightly clinched, he could not suppress an occasional scream of agony as he tore with helpless hands at the front of his muddy, blood-stiffened coat. The second man was from a regiment of

the Prussian Guard. He lay prone upon his back; and his closed eyes and motionless limbs, with the ghastly wound torn by a machine-gun bullet through his throat, might have caused one to take him for dead. Clotted blood was choking him, and his respiration was at once feeble and stertorous. The sound of his breathing, as he fought for life against overwhelming odds, was the only indication which he offered that he still lived. Between these two men, both wounded to the death, sat a third. Hardly more than a boy he was, but his face was surrounded by a halo of blood. A fragment of shell had torn his scalp, making a deep groove in the skull, as he and his comrades charged through the barrage the day before. Laughing at his hurt he had pressed on to the attack. One does not feel even a death-wound when the fire of battle has consumed the senses. Almost upon the opposing trenches they had met the iron hail from the machine guns. Many a comrade had fallen beside him before the bullet crashed through his shoulder breaking the bone and paralyzing his right arm. He had watched the battle wave surge about him, helpless himself to struggle against foe or death.

Regiment after regiment had been hurled past him by the storm of war. One great billow after another, reaching its crest just before it encountered the machine-gun hail, had broken to fragments, and subsided; each leaving behind it the unsalvaged jetsam of war. Gradually the scene of the main struggle had moved away. But still great shells from the enemy's guns were falling upon the field; and for the wounded men, French and German, who were unable to drag themselves away, there was no succor. Then night had fallen, and with it came the wind. It was for defense against the wind, rather than against shell or shrapnel, that he had sought this cave; and now that it was raining he had found not a shelter, but a miserable man-trap.

Warmth above all else he needed, and he pressed close to his battlefield companions. The proprieties of army life are

not observed when wounded men are lying together. Already he was wet through and through. The water, freezing where it fell, was sheeting everything in an icy coat of armor. His head throbbed dismally, but his wound had almost robbed his body of sensation; he scarcely felt the cold. The earth under him, left finely pulverized by the high explosive shell, had become but a quagmire; and the boy watched with mild interest the head of the Prussian guard, as it sank slowly into the deepening mud.

The monotonous breathing of the guard was broken by gasps. Blood was flowing into his lungs, but still he fought for life. His white face, washed by the rain which fell upon it, with its small moustache and lips twisted partly open, looked weird and ghost-like under the red light reflected from the burning town. The sound of his struggle for breath was horrible to hear, and it was with impatience that the boy awaited the end.

The Frenchman had been silent for a time, but a sudden movement of the boy struck against his wound. A shrill inarticulate cry broke from his throat. He struggled to rise, and gained first his knees, then his feet, as scream after scream, smothered by the walls of the pit, shook the air. Then he braced himself, as though to receive the shock of an attack. "Les Boches," he cried; "stick them—your bayonets!" His eyes were fixed with a glare of hate straight ahead as he fancied himself living through the attack. A final cry he uttered; it ended as suddenly as if he had been struck by a bullet. His eyes rolled wildly as he pitched backward, and his limbs stiffened in the freezing mud.

The boy watched in horror. Then he looked at his other companion, and noticed for the first time that he too was silent. That was well, he told himself, for now that hideous breathing would curdle his blood no longer. *He,* at least, was going to hold out till morning—till the sun should reveal the wounded. And morning now must be very near. Surely it

was already growing light in the east. But in this deep hole, with the red glow falling from above, he had lost all sense of direction. Now, however, he saw that the added light must come from another fire, and the crimson clouds had not paled. He felt a terrible disappointment.

Thirst was consuming him. He opened his lips, but the cold rain which swooped about him let only a few tantalizing drops fall upon his tongue. With closed eyes he prayed for dawn.

He must have dozed, for he had fallen across the body of his dead foe when a noise aroused him—voices, he thought. "Stretcher-bearers!" He tried to cry out, but his voice failed him. The noise was repeated—a hollow rattling groan. A newcomer had entered the shell-hole.

The light from the conflagration had grown less bright, but he recognized the uniform of a German captain. It seemed to him that he ought to rise to attention. He made the attempt and failed.

His movement, however, caught the attention of the officer. "Ah," he cried, "I thought I was in a hole full of dead men. You are freezing in that mud. Stand up."

A command from a superior officer is to be obeyed. The boy staggered to his feet. The captain too, he saw, was wounded. His face was blood-stained, and the sleeve torn from his left arm showed lacerated flesh.

"Let us get away from here," said the officer. He tried to climb the muddy slope, but hampered by his wound slipped repeatedly. Evidently he had come into the pit involuntarily, for the mud was torn up on one of its sides. Convinced that he was unable to escape he turned to the boy.

"Can you climb out of here?" he asked.

"No," replied the boy. Earlier in the night he had made the attempt, when it began raining.

"Then we must wait here until dawn," said the captain

gloomily. He turned to the bodies on the ground. "We need this coat more than this fellow does. Help me get it off."

He had begun unfastening the Frenchman's coat, but with his wounded arm was unequal to the task. The two men together tugged at the frozen arms of the corpse, trying to straighten them sufficiently to remove the garment. But their weakness was too great, and they gave up in despair.

"Let's try this one," said the officer, turning his attention to the guardsman. "We must have something. Why, you are freezing already!"

Indeed it seemed to the boy that his legs would not support him a minute longer. He was sinking, and finally collapsed against the muddy side of the hole.

Then he started in horror. The officer had raised the head of the Prussian guard, when from the throat of the prostrate man there came a gasp; and then the respiration, which had been silent for a time, began again, louder and more horrible than ever. The wounded man was still unconscious, still apparently frozen, yet his huge form fought valiantly for life. Again that horrible gurgle-gurgle of the air as it trickled through thickening blood into the lungs of the dying soldier. The officer strove to raise the man from the ground, and succeeded in turning him upon his side. Then he beckoned to the boy. "We must stay together if we would not freeze," he said. Silently they huddled close together beside their comrade to await the dawn.

After a time the boy dared to ask a question. "What time is it?" he said. The officer with his unwounded arm lifted his left wrist and held it up to the light. "It is half an hour till twelve," he said.

Not yet midnight! Five hours more till dawn. A feeling that was almost despair seized the heart of the boy, but he told himself grimly that he must hang on.

Gradually the breathing of the guard was growing fainter. Each time fully a minute, it seemed, elapsed after the horrible

gurgle had ceased before it began again. And each time the boy told himself that this time, surely, would be the last. And ever the powerful frame struggled on, clinging desperately to the little life that was left within it.

A drowsy lethargy settled upon the boy. He gradually had become unconscious of all things about him. Suddenly the captain beside him sprang to his feet. Aroused by the movement, the boy threw out his hand. It fell upon the face of the Prussian guard—grown cold now, and silent forever. The officer had drawn his knife. "Fool that I was!" he muttered, as he bent over the body of the Frenchman and hacked at the sleeves of his coat. Finally he freed it from the grasp of the dead man's arms, tore it from its frozen fastenings, and tossed it to the boy. Then he turned to the guard. "We can't stay here—he will be like ice in a few minutes," he said. The guardsman's overcoat, too, he cut away; and then the two men again sat down side by side, throwing above them the impromptu shelter, all too inadequate as it was. The rain had ceased, the boy noticed, and it was rapidly growing colder. In spite of the increasing numbness which he felt he hazarded another question to the officer.

"The battle—how goes it?"

"We have advanced," replied the captain. Merely that; but his words caused a quick thrill in the heart of the younger man.

They had advanced! It was well. The ground was covered with dead and dying men, but one does not think of this gruesome accompaniment in the first flush of victory's announcement. The boy's head sank contentedly down.

His mind seemed clearer now. A surge of thoughts swept over him, memories, hopes. He saw the little Bavarian village of Altburg, where his mother had kissed him as he left their home to go to war. He thought of his older brother, who had fallen at the Dunajec, and whose place he, though under age, had been compelled to take. And he remembered

two blue eyes, the fairest to him in all Bavaria; a little mouth that had whispered to him a promise that would be fulfilled when he should return with the Iron Cross. The Iron Cross! Could he not expect it now? They had won the day—his wound was a part of the price of victory. Yes, the future would be bright for him—but first, he must hold out through the present.

He wondered if he had been asleep. The man beside him was muttering to himself, and as he listened to his words the realization shocked him that the captain was out of his mind.

"It is finished," he heard, and it seemed that the words had been repeated many times already. "It is finished. The war is over. I am home again."

The voice was barely audible. "Minna," it whispered, are you not glad that it is all over?"

Suddenly consciousness returned, for the man started, and laughed bitterly. "It is indeed all over," he muttered, and climbed slowly to his feet. His eyes looked far away—through the sides of the pit, far, far across the broadening battlefields. "Karlchen," he said, "are you not glad to see me home again. Come to me, Söhuchen." He paused. "Bring me some water, Karlchen; I am very thirsty."

He assaulted fiercely the now frozen slope, but the stiffness of his limbs defeated him. There was no exit. His eyes still bore their distant stare; he saw his home. "Karlchen," he said again, "my little son!" He had climbed a little way, taking advantage of the irregularities of the slope, but suddenly he fell upon his face and slid back to the bottom of the pit. With arms sprawled wildly he lay silent, and did not move again.

The boy felt the thirst upon him overwhelmingly. Under the ice at the bottom of the cave a pool was still unfrozen—mud, and blood, and water. He turned his face to it and drank deeply. Nothing mattered now.

The draught restored him. He realized suddenly that he

must keep awake or he would freeze. Feebly he tried to move his limbs and quicken his already sluggish blood, but the effort was costly. He feel back with a groan.

It must be nearly morning. He remembered the officer's time-piece and looked eagerly for it. The watch still ticked upon the wrist of the dead man. The boy removed it and held it to the light, but caked mud was frozen so deeply over the crystal that he could not see the face. Finally he broke the glass and again looked at the hands. It was one o'clock.

Almost four hours more. He let his head sink upon his folded arms. He felt nauseated, numb. All volition was gone—despair came to take its place. He felt no pain, no discomfort. His only wish was to remain forever so.

He was lying on a warm bed, and sleep was upon him. This did not surprize him. It was quite natural that it should be so. This was much better than the bitter fight that he must make if he would hold on till dawn. He was in his mother's house; it was strange, though, that everything should be sinking about him. That he could not understand.

Now he was walking in the street. A well-remembered maiden awaited him with outstretched arms. He reached her; he laughed with pleasure. This was as it should be. Nothing now could entice him back to that terrible struggle to live until the dawn. But suddenly a shell burst very near. A shower of earth and frozen mud fell about him. A heavy piece struck his face; with a sob he came back to his loneliness and the desolation about him. He groaned. But nothing mattered. He *would not* hold on. . . . Through the fiery clouds above him, through the depths of black sky beyond, he saw the sun appear, and shine upon him. A never before experienced exultation thrilled. He was upon the threshold of a new and mighty adventure. It was the dawn.

* * * * * * *

The newspapers of Central Europe spoke of a great victory. An emperor in person addressed his conquering legions, and

told them of the undying glory which their valor had brought the Fatherland. And the Iron Cross was distributed lavishly. Upon the other side of the line the rulers of another nation praised the gallantry of their outnumbered troops, and a people set their faces more determinedly than ever before to resist the invader. But for four corpses in the frozen mud of a Flanders shell-hole there was neither praise nor glory.

AROUND A CAMP IN SIXTY DAYS

R. P. Marshall

Whatever conception of Plattsburg I had entertained before a certain rainy day early last July, when I resorted to that omniscient compendium, the Encyclopædia Brittanica, were vague indeed. In case the reader's ideas, therefore, are similarly hazy on the subject, a few facts in the beginning, regarding the where and the what of Plattsburg, may not be inappropriate.

The city is situated on the western shore of Lake Champlain in New York State's northeastern corner, three hundred and twenty-two miles beyond the metropolis, and only twenty-six miles south of the Canadian border. It has a population of about 15,000, and is of minor importance industrially and commercially, basing its claim for prominence chiefly upon the military post located there. This post is just south of the city proper on a spot admirably suited for the purpose. The whole comprises perhaps a little more than two hundred acres of land, level and sandy, but high enough above the lake to be well drained and healthful. The excellence of the place from a sanitary and climatic view is attested by the fact that the Government has established a large base hospital there.

When I jumped off the Delaware and Hudson coach at Plattsburg Barracks on the afternoon of July eighteenth as one of the rookies sent to the Second Students' Army Training Corps Camp, I immediately discovered that my individuality had vanished, and that for the nonce I was to be a minute and insignificant cog in the machine then being perfected to pulverize Prussia. The newcomers were first herded together and strung out in single file to register and check their baggage before eating. After a surprisingly good meal, blankets were distributed and bunks given for the night.

Friday, the following day, after I was examined and my enlistment papers filled out, I was assigned to Company E, and forthwith issued uniform, rifle, and other equipment. Owing to the fact that twenty-four hours of inactivity had to follow the anti-typhoid serum, which was injected Sunday, steady work did not begin until Tuesday. When it did begin, though, it was sterling, all-wool and a yard wide, 99 44-100 per cent pure, and made in U. S. A.! Every day was so different from the one preceding that it may hardly be said there was such a thing as a set routine; still, a number of the days were about as follows:

5:30 a. m.—First call.

5:40—Reveille.

6:00—Breakfast.

7:00-7:30—Setting-up exercises.

7:30-8:30—Bayonet practice.

8:30-11:30—Drill in school of soldier, squad, platoon, company, and battalion.

12:10 p. m.—Dinner.

1:30-4:30—Drill, hike, or maneuver.

5:30—Supper.

6:10—Retreat.

7:00-9:00—Study.

9:45—Call to quarters.

10:00—Taps. And, believe me, after a strenuous day that little ten o'clock bugle solo was some welcome music!

In addition to instruction by a thoroughly trained corps of American officers, lectures and demonstrations in practically every phase of infantry warfare were given by experienced fighters from France, Canada, and England. Besides much drill in both extended and close order, emphasis was placed upon the bayonet, grenade throwing, defensive and offensive gas warfare, liaison, target practice, guard duty, trench digging, and trench warfare, etc.

Three days were required to complete the stipulated course

on the rifle range. At the end of his first two hundred rounds a rooky's right shoulder felt like it had been "lent out." Guard duty was another feature at which everybody had a chance. One day's duty was all that fell to most, but an [un]-fortunate minority, among whom I was one, had to serve twice. While it lasted, walking guard was such a very serious proposition that the sentries themselves and those who came in contact with them did not always fully appreciate the many ludicrous incidents in which they figured. But when it's all over, recollections of one's own—and especially the other fellow's—mishaps and predicaments furnish an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Another duty necessary to completion of the camp's curriculum was that of orderly. The orderly had duties at the company headquarters from reveille to taps, corresponding somewhat to those of an office boy, except that the superabundance of superiors made his errands much more numerous than is the case in an ordinary office. And final on the list, but by no means to be omitted, is K. P. (kitchen police). I suffered the chastening experience no less than six times: twice as a measure of punishment and four times in line of regular duty. The K. P's had to get up an hour before reveille, and stay right on the job at the mess shack until the supper dishes were scrubbed and the tables set for the following day's breakfast.

The most dreaded event of the week was Saturday inspection. Woe to the poor rooky in whose gun, bunk, or equipment was found even the most ridiculously insignificant fault! A chronic inability to pass that trying ordeal was an added bane to more than one rooky's already uneasy existence.

But Saturday afternoon—for those who were not "stuck" for shortcomings and misdemeanors of the preceding week—the tension was relaxed until Monday. The Y. M. C. A. had moving pictures on Wednesday and Saturday nights, and always had a full program on Sunday. At the stadium, an open-air theater large enough to seat the whole camp, there

was occasionally a vaudeville show, minstrel, motion picture, or musical comedy. At the Post Exchange and the Hostess House (Y. W. C. A.), particularly the latter, there was always an array of sweets to tempt the appetite—and pocketbook. In case diversion were still lacking, passes might be secured to visit Burlington, Rutland, or any other point within a reasonable distance of Plattsburg.

As the sixty days drew to a close, rumors, which had at no time been scarce, became more abundant and ingenious than at any time before. Inventing them, indeed, seemed to become a favorite pastime, so that it was impossible to determine whether "the latest" was an absolute fabrication, or whether it possessed an iota of truth. During the last days, the rumor, which theretofore had been totally discredited, to the effect that commissions would be granted from Plattsburg, became more and more persistent. Great was the surprise, however, when on September fourteenth nearly half of the camp's rookies discovered themselves suddenly fledged into gold-barred lieutenants. Naturally there were many disappointments, and many of the unsuccessful regretted that they had not worked harder. When it came from reliable authority that they were to have another opportunity—that the camp was to be continued indefinitely for the purpose of turning out more officers—their determination was straightway fixed. However, their hopes were short-lived; the "indefinite continuation" lasted for only one day. On September seventeenth nearly all the un-commissioned men, when they had received their pay and certificates, grabbed the first train for home, sweet home.

UNDER THE STARS

By T. O. Pangle

Things don't seem like they did last year;
Everything is weird and still.
Cows just rove in from the fields.
This old farmhouse on the hill
Seems deserted. Even a stranger
Is not greeted by the watchword
Of old Towser from the manger.
No, no longer is his voice heard.
It is still.

On the pegs up in the attic
Hang old clothes all torn with wear.
Now and then I find them dampened,
Mama has been crying there.
By the old fireplace at evening
Mother dear and I sit there,
Watch the blazes dance in shadows
On big brother's empty chair.
Waiting still.

SKETCH OF THE S. A. T. C. AT WAKE FOREST

BY RE. Q.

What Wake Forest lacked of being thoroughly democratic was entirely done away with in the melting-pot of the war. The spirit of good fellowship and equality was prevalent as never before. The early part of the session was witness to this remarkable effect when the college was adapting itself to the demands of the war. Dormitories were constituted barracks, and the ivy-clad walls of the old dormitory, for almost a century the silent sharer of whispered society secrets, now furnished shelter to both Eu and Phi alike. The mellow tones of the college bell gave way to the more commanding notes of the bugle. Kitchen police, reveille, and other military terms became painfully familiar, and soon the realization that we were at war was brought about. Debate was adjourned, studies were adapted to the demands of the Government, and the student quickly applied himself to the mastery of the "soldier's bible," the Infantry Drill Regulations. Then came the uniform, and with it came responsibilities and also an unmistakable pride. True, the design was not adapted to all types of physical beauty, but it carried with it a genuine certificate of patriotism. New ideas of efficiency were quickly formed as the army regulations were applied, and the college began to play a part in the prosecution of the war.

The routine of the Students' Army Training Corps simulated the regular army schedule as closely as was practicable. First call for reveille sounded at six o'clock, and from that time on everybody was busy with drill details or study, interspersed with innumerable and seemingly unnecessary formations. The campus had to be policed and details galore were ever present to monopolize what few moments were free to be

used as one wished. Spare time, and there was very little, was spent in a study hall with a sergeant, like a bogey-man of childhood days, always watching to see that one's work was done correctly, and "by the numbers." Sleep, exercise, and plenty of work were the three fundamentals of the schedule which the army supplied in the right proportion, and the benefit of good physical training and discipline to the youth of the country was enough to prove that the S. A. T. C. was a successful experiment.

The personnel of the Students' Army Training Corps was composed of the best. Lieutenant Raymond Demere, a man of highest character, was in command of the post, and every man under his command was unanimous in their commendation of his efficiency and fair treatment of all. Born in Savannah, Georgia, but educated in the North, he was thoroughly typical of the South. Lieutenant Demere entered one of the first training camps at Fort Oglethorpe, and by virtue of his merit he was rewarded by a commission as first lieutenant. From this post he was assigned to a machine gun detachment and later was transferred to Camp Gordon to act as an instructor in the Officers' Training Camp there. Well-fitted by his army experience to be an instructor in the S. A. T. C., he entered upon his duties at Wake Forest with no mean knowledge of how to handle men. He fulfilled his duty well, and every one regrets that his association was so shortly terminated.

Among the others attached to the unit here were Lieutenants Cullom, Holman, and Buckham. As representatives of their respective colleges they enlisted at Plattsburg early in the summer, and after several weeks of intensive training were commissioned as second lieutenants. All were men of superior training, and though their stay here was short, every man in the unit will cherish the association and remember them ever.

The Students' Army Training Corps has served its purpose, but as a peace project it smacks of militarism and must find its way to the autocratic junk pile along with kultur and other remnants of germanic imperialism. However, out of it all the colleges have received their compensation. The rush of college men to the colors when war was declared has clearly demonstrated that college training and a knowledge of Greek roots did not prevent the college man from hiking, digging trenches, and sharing the other hardships of his less fortunate companions in arms. The world has been shown that the college was not a cloistered retreat where students delved in musty volumes, but a place where men were taught to fight the battles of humanity, in peace or in war.

"DOCTOR" TOM, PATRIOT

By Ethel T. Crittenden, *College Librarian*

"Doctor" Tom, ebon, grizzled, with shoulders bowed from long bearing of burdens, shook his head dubiously as he raked dry leaves from under the magnolia trees.

The campus about him wore an expectant just-before-the-opening-of-session aspect. Paths were smoothly raked, freshly cut grass spread a green carpet under the ancient oaks; even the rose-bushes in the borders flaunted an unwonted wealth of blossoms.

Yet despite the tranquility about him, "Doctor" Tom's horizon was shadowed.

Of what avail were his preparations for the opening of the session if "our" college, as "Doctor" Tom proudly called it, was to be transformed into an armed camp!

Such was the report spread abroad, confirmed, alas! by no less an authority than the college Dean.

"Doctor" Tom's conception of an armed camp was hazy in the extreme, having been largely gathered from stories of Gideon and David thundered forth in Olive Branch Church. Judging from these lurid narratives, "our" college was no suitable place for military innovations.

Not without reason did "Doctor" Tom resent any changes in long established customs. Every brick in the old buildings, every tree on the campus had a peculiar significance for him. For forty-odd years "Doctor" Tom had kept the sometimes painfully uneven tenor of his way as college janitor, "toting" wood and building an incredible number of fires in the days before the installation of a college heating plant; brushing out dirt left in classrooms by succeeding generations of students; patiently undoing pranks of daring sophomores, even

to the removing of a coat of green paint from the president's white horse. Thus Tom, guide to freshmen, philosopher with faculty members, friend to all mankind. His title of "Doctor," playfully bestowed by a facetious student, had become almost a term of affection, and no laboriously won university degree was ever more proudly worn.

His personal history had been a checkered one. Brought from Virginia to serve in the family of one of the professors in the little college town, Tom's worth had soon been recognized, and he had been transferred to a larger sphere as college janitor.

Not only in the college community but among those of his own race, Doctor Tom had gained prestige. An elder in Olive Branch Church, he frequently admonished the congregation or led in fervent and eloquent prayer.

Thrice in succession had Doctor Tom led a dusky bride to the altar.

With one accord the college students responded to an invitation to wedding number three.

The ceremony over, the bridegroom stood on the church doorstep and delivered, as it were, a prose epithalamium to the assembled guests. Followed the passing of a hat for the collection of funds to be used in defraying expenses of the wedding trip.

Later, finding the journey more expensive than he had anticipated, Doctor Tom proceeded to send the bride home while he completed the tour in solitude.

* * * * * * *

A sharp footfall rang on a near-by path.

Doctor Tom's jaw dropped as he scrutinized the figure approaching at the side of the college dean.

Alert, khaki-clad, upstanding, a new type of personage had come in the old janitor's ken.

"Tom," even the dean's voice betrayed an unaccustomed crispness, "this is Major M—. He wishes to give you some orders."

The old janitor stiffened with the inherent negro respect for a uniform, of whatever variety.

"See that the beds and chiffoniers are removed from the dormitories, will you? And chairs."

"But—but—where am de young gemmans to sleep an' keep dey cloes, sah—excusin' de axin', sah?"

The major smiled and turned to point out to the dean the advantages of the college plaza as a parade ground.

Thrilling days followed when rumors spread like wildfire, and Doctor Tom grew more bewildered.

Finally the time long looked for arrived, and the village gathered at the railroad station to see "the boys" step from incoming trains.

Doctor Tom, stationed advantageously near the campus gate, felt some of his misgivings vanish as one cordial greeting after another fell on his ears. At least the "young gemmen" had not changed.

But when, according to the immemorial custom, the old janitor was proceeding to ring the college bell next morning, he was halted by a scandalized young officer. A new and unfamiliar sound smote the air as the first reveille shrilled over the campus.

Who shall attempt to describe Doctor Tom's sensations? For very seriously he viewed his office as bell-ringer, sounding the familiar notes in season and out of season. The college well remembered how as a troupe of players was giving Romeo and Juliet on the campus and a celebrated quartet was singing softly at the opening of the first act, the sudden clanging of the college bell had drowned out the chorus.

Doctor Tom had failed to distinguish between a play and a prayer meeting.

But this incident belonged to seemingly pre-historic times.

Now the rhythm of marching feet on the village sidewalks summoned housewives from dishwashing and children from play. Doctor Tom, with sundry kindred spirits, kept time, perforce, with the insistent, "*One,* two, three, four! *One,* two, three, four!"

As time passed, squads of newly-made soldiers known as "details" assumed the janitor's duties: he no longer picked up the unsightly bits of rubbish dropped on the campus, and the one-time dormitories, now transformed into barracks, were swept and garnished with no effort on his part.

Doctor Tom went his way, unmolesting, unmolested. The rose-bushes planted long years ago in the campus borders by a gentle "faculty lady" Tom had loved needed attention, and the magnolia seed pods were beginning to fall.

The young officers who clattered smartly to and fro learned to know the bent figure with the hoe, and often paused for a word, hoping to elicit one of the old janitor's characteristic remarks. A particularly frosty day brought forth the comment that it was "sorter pinchified dis mornin', sah!"

As one of the college professors expressed it, "A composer improvises music, but Tom has a rarer gift, that of making words."

At last the memorable day arrived when "our" college was to be formally transferred into the hands of the Government.

Doctor Tom had been advised accordingly and was early on the scene.

The people of the village straggled in by twos and threes—the mother whose two sons were on the demon-infested Atlantic, the girl whose lover lay in a Paris hospital.

Maples shook out crimson banners to the blue sky, white cloud racks completed the immortal national trilogy of color.

Serried ranks of young men stood in the shadow of the old dormitory used as a hospital in the war of sixty years ago.

To and fro, with a gleam in his eyes, strode the white-haired professor of physics, a captain in that other war.

His shoulders straightened as the order came:

"Attention!"

Solemn faces, earnest with purpose, were turned to the officer of the day as he read greetings from the chief of staff of the army.

A cloud of witnesses apart from those visible to the eye filled the atmosphere—the founders of the college who had dedicated it "to humanity," alumni on far distant battle-fields, and the spirits of those who had caught the college spirit and given up their lives "that liberty should not perish from the earth."

Tom felt a sudden obstruction in his throat. In a revival "meetin'" at Olive Branch he had shouted under stress of emotion, but today there was no impulse to cry out, only a deep, overwhelming sense of pride, and if he had been able to define it, the first stirring of patriotism.

An even deeper hush fell on the assemblage.

Two men were tugging at the ropes to the flag-pole.

Slowly, now tangled, now floating free, the bit of bunting rose until the flag fluttered high overhead.

As if at prayer, with bowed head, Doctor Tom listened to the chant of the men of "our" college who with the college men the country over at that hour dedicated themselves to the service of that country.

"Forward! march! One, two, three, four!"

Long columns of newly-made soldiers filed into the mess hall for dinner.

The familiar voice of the dean roused Tom from his trance. Tom and the dean had served the college together for nearly three decades and their friendship was firmly cemented.

"Well, Tom, what did you think of it all?"

"Yes sah, yes sah. I is very much excelerated, sah!"

Then, in a tone of confidence:

"Dr. G—, sah, bein' as you has had some 'sperience in sojerin', will you kindly 'splain to me how to pollute, sah?"

With knowledge gained from long experience with Tom's vocabulary, the dean gravely replied:

"Certainly, Tom. I shall be glad to teach you to salute!"

The Wake Forest Student

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

R. P. BURNS, Editor

The High School Declamation Contest

We are happy to know that the Trustees of the College and the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies are to hold the high school declamation contest, which was inaugurated at Wake Forest in the spring of 1917 and continued last spring, again this year. The two former contests were distinct successes,

and this one is expected to be an even greater success due to the fact that it is becoming a more established affair in the life of the State high schools. Preparations are being made for the reception of the declaimers who will visit us by committees from both literary societies and the faculty, and no doubt these contestants will be well cared for and entertained. Great credit for their efforts is due the men on the committees, and especially to Dr. Pearson and the secretary.

To our minds the former declamation contests at Wake Forest have been unique, particularly for one thing. This one thing is the way that the visiting high school lads are made to feel at home as soon as they arrive in the village, and how they are kept feeling at home as long as they remain here. The students of the College are due great credit for the way in which they try to entertain the visitors and for the way in which they take the boys unto themselves. Under the two days tutelage of the students of the College the high school visitor acquires an insight into college life that it would take him weeks to acquire where he was not so freely instructed. This year, March 13 and 14, the students must be as hospitable as they have heretofore been.

With no epidemic of any kind on the hill, health conditions being perfect, a large number of schools are expected to be represented, and the prospects for the success of the occasion are very bright. May this annual spring affair at Wake Forest soon grow to be a looked-forward-to spring affair in all the high schools of the State.

Co-operation in Publishing The Student

Many vicissitudes and trials have been the everyday fate of those trying to publish THE STUDENT this year. Efforts were made in the fall to get out an edition, and plans were laid for publishing four numbers during the course of the year. The plans which

were made presupposed the continued existence of the S. A. T. C. But for various and good reasons until now no edition has gone to press. With the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. unit there came about a natural disruption of The Student staff's plans. In the fall, due to the fact that many of the staff were in the S. A. T. C., necessary editorial and managerial changes were made. This spring most of the staff elected last spring were reinstated, the staff elected in the fall very generously and of their own will and accord giving up their positions to the old men. Naturally all these changes have brought about confusion in the publishing of the magazine. Conditions could not be helped, and they alone explain our late appearance.

It is the intention of the present editorial and managerial staff to publish five editions this spring. This number does not possess the distinctly literary flavor that The Student has always possessed, because much attention has been devoted to the S. A. T. C., its presence in our college and its effect. The following numbers will be entirely and absolutely devoted to the literary efforts of the students of the college.

It is the desire of the editors to make our magazine one of as much worth and pride as it has always been. To do this will require the coöperation and effort of all those of literary ability among the student-body. Essays, short stories, sketches, and poems are always acceptable to the editors and offer opportunity to any one wishing to do literary work. We call attention to the fact that two medals are offered for worthy work in the magazine, one for the best essay published during the year, and the other for the best piece of fiction published. Let every one get to work and produce something of worth for The Student. If this is done, our publication will become one of its former merit.

The S. A. T. C. and Its Lessons

The S. A. T. C. has come and gone. Admittedly wrecking all scholastic work which would have been accomplished the past fall, yet there are many lessons which the members of that organization learned from its brief tenure of office and which we should not soon forget.

During the fall the college was not a school but a military camp. The school work, while the faculty used every power at their disposal to make it effective, was without doubt a failure. Assimilation on class and personal contact with the members of the faculty were the only educative acquirements along the educational lines that the college has always stood for. The acquirements were chiefly military, the school part of the training only a make-shift.

But possibly the benefits from the S. A. T. C. training were more than an equal period of time spent in college would be. And what are these benefits? The greatest of them is appreciation, appreciation of the value of the hours which we have to spend in this life, appreciation of the advantages which our college offers when it is working unhampered by military matters, and, in correlation, appreciation of the college life, its athletics, its social side, its literary societies, and all that goes to make up our college life, and last, appreciation of accomplishment.

All these lessons and many more have been or should have been brought home to us. Shall we soon forget them? Nay, rather let them ever be in our minds and let us profit by them. Let us remember the value of the hours of this life and by diligence and application bring about accomplishment. When at times we tire somewhat or think that we tire of the routine of college life, let us remember how rosy it looked when we were in the S. A. T. C. Let us not forget our appreciation of these things, and increased accomplishment will be the result of the S. A. T. C. training both this spring and throughout our lives.

The Spring's Student-Body

THE STUDENT welcomes back to our student-body the many men who, forced by reasons of war to discontinue their college training for the time being, have returned to college to complete this training. Most of these men have been in the military service of their country, contributing their part in the extermination of the abomination of Hohenzollernism and Hapsburgism from the face of the earth. Hats off to these men! They are examples of the manhood of the army of the Glorious Republic. Other men have been in the Y. M. C. A. service. Still others have held positions of trust throughout the country.

During the past year and a half the colleges of the whole country have been drained of their most able students. This was particularly true of Wake Forest. As a rule the best men in college left the student ranks to join the khaki-clad ranks. Now these men return to us, bringing with them the lessons of experience and manhood which they have acquired. Undoubtedly their influence will affect the work of the student-body in all phases this spring. With their return to college, the personnel of the student-body has become stronger than it has been since our country entered the war. We welcome them back.

The Million-Dollar Campaign

We are glad indeed to learn of the success of this campaign for the raising of $1,000,000 for the Baptist colleges and secondary schools of the State as reported at the Baptist State Convention in Greensboro. The efforts of the State managers of the campaign and then of the local managers, who have freely given of their time, must be commended. They have worked tirelessly, as the results of the campaign show. No doubt these efforts of theirs will soon lead to the completion of the raising of the entire million.

The students of this institution can very readily appreciate

the worthiness of this campaign and the vital need of the increased endowment. The editor is sure that if the Baptists throughout the State realized this need as we students do that not only one but two million dollars would be raised for this cause. If they could see the great opportunity that lies before Wake Forest, Meredith, and the other schools as we see it, the amount subscribed would be doubled overnight. The very liberal contribution of the sum of $10,000 by the faculty and students of this college illustrates the anxiety to further the cause by those who are acquainted with conditions. The Baptists throughout the State have been very liberal, but if many who have not contributed could see conditions through the students' eyes, the amount subscribed would be doubled.

Opportunity knocks at Wake Forest's door. The hand which is to open the door is increased endowment. With two new modern dormitories, a Y. M. C. A. and society building, another building for classrooms and modern laboratories, and an increase in the number of the faculty with proper pay for all its members, the door would be opened. The number of students would most probably be doubled within a year's time and a student-body of one thousand men would in the near future grace our campus. Wake Forest would become peerless as a college. This is the dream of those who are now devoting their lives in the institution's service.

The success of the Million-Dollar Campaign is a great step in helping this dream come true. As a result of the campaign about $400,000 will be added to the endowment. But it is only a step. Double this amount is needed to make the dream come true and to fully open the door of the college's opportunity. Would that four rich Baptists of the State might give $100,000 each directly to the college!

But the success of the campaign will enable the college to go forward instead of standing still. We dare say that no million the Baptist denomination has ever invested has accomplished what this will accomplish.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

P. L. ELLIOTT, Editor

All hail! THE STUDENT greets you men, both old and new. The faculty and students of the college, through THE STUDENT, express their tenderest sympathy for Prof. J. H. Highsmith in this his most trying hour. We feel deeply and regret his irreparable loss.

The S. A. T. C. and war-time conditions have prohibited an earlier edition of THE STUDENT. It will now proceed unhindered and five regular copies will be published this spring.

As THE STUDENT goes to press the Glee Club is filling up its depleted ranks. It is recognized as a most powerful organ of college life, and THE STUDENT is especially glad to see it so promising.

A goodly number is back on the campus and there is an air of college life that we have not felt for the past few months. The Bursar's book shows at the present a registration of 325.

Under the very efficient leadership of Prof. I. E. Carlisle, the basket-ball season shows splendid promise. Following is a schedule of games:

January 20—Durham "Y" at home.
January 24—Trinity at Durham.
January 25—Durham "Y" at Durham.
January 30—Guilford at Guilford.
February 1—A. and E. at Raleigh.
February 7—Guilford at home.
February 8—Carolina at Chapel Hill.
February 13—Elon at home.
February 15—A. and E. at home.
February 17—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.

February 18—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.
February 19—V. M. I. at Lexington.
February 20—Washington and Lee at Lexington.
February 21—Woodberry Forest at Woodberry Forest.
February 22—University of Virginia at University of Va.
February 26—University of Virginia at home.
February 28—A. and E. at Raleigh.
February 29—Elon at Elon.

THE STUDENT is happy to see *Old Gold and Black* coming back from the tomb and being placed on a dependable basis which bids fair of being a real success. *Old Gold and Black,* which has previously been a privately operated business, is now to become the distinct organ of the two literary societies. It will represent all phases of college life. We welcome it.

Politics is playing its usual part in college life. The following class officers have been elected:

Seniors—President, W. E. Honeycutt; Vice-President, R. P. Burns; Secretary, G. B. Nance; Treasurer, C. F. Lambert; Prophet, W. B. Hair.

Juniors—President, W. L. Tatum; Vice-President, T. C. Wyatt; Secretary, A. B. Wood; Poet, D. F. Fouts; Historian, H. C. Brewer; Prophet, W. H. Woody.

Sophomore—President, C. P. Harris; Vice-President, J. D. Blizzard; Secretary and Treasurer, C. M. Austin; Historian, L. Y. Ballentine; Poet, D. M. Watson; Prophet, Ralph Herring.

Freshman—President, J. L. Memory, Jr.; Vice-President, Jack Carlisle; Poet, W. M. Neal.

Ministerial—President, L. Sasser; Vice-President, F. C. Feezor; Secretary, I. L. Yearby.

Medical—President, Jake Sowers; Vice-President, T. C. Wyatt; Secretary, C. F. Ridge; Historian, C. F. Lambert; Poet, G. E. Bell; Prophet, W. L. Tatum.

Law—President, H. M. Watson.

The Senate Committee has been appointed consisting of Joseph Page, Chairman; F. C. Feezor, C. F. Ridge, J. D. Robins, Max Meyer, J. K. Outlaw, L. B. Dawes, Ennis Bryan, Manley Jackson, and S. E. Teague.

Perhaps the thought and program of Wake Forest has never been more fully brought before the people of this and other States than has been accomplished this year by the altruistic efforts of her faculty. Following is a brief summary of their activities:

President W. L. Poteat's calls are so numerous that he scarcely gets breathing space between times. On September 2 and 3 he attended the S. A. T. C. Conference at Plattsburg, N. Y.; September 28, consulted the Washington authorities in behalf of the S. A. T. C.; October 2, upon the invitation of Dr. Mott, attended the United War Work Conference at Atlanta, and during the first week of November conducted War Work Conferences at the following places in North Carolina: Elizabeth City, Ahoskie, Durham, Greensboro, and Winston-Salem. For the Million-Dollar Campaign he has spoken at the following places: Charlotte, December 8; Ballard's Bridge Church in Chowan County, November 10; Edenton, November 10; Lexington, November 15; Bethel Hill, November 17; Windsor, November 24; Winton, November 24; Durham, November 22 and December 10; Colerain, November 26; Elizabeth City, December 1; Mt. Olive, December 15; Carthage and Sanford, December 22; Louisburg, January 5, 1919; Fayetteville, January 12; Baptist State Convention, Greensboro, January 15. He spoke at the First Baptist Church, Anderson, S. C., January 19; two addresses at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., January 21; Southern Baptist Educational Association, Nashville, Tenn., January 23; Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., January 24; public address in Immanuel Church, Nashville, Tenn., under auspices of Southern Baptist Educational Asso-

ciation, January 24. In addition he addressed the Anti-Saloon League in Raleigh, January 16, and was reëlected president.

In behalf of the United War Work Campaign Dr. Hubert McN. Poteat delivered the following addresses: To the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, Greenville, N. C., November 12; Winterville High School, November 13; Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C., November 14; Louisburg College and Louisburg courthouse, November 15; Louisburg High School and Littleton College, November 16, and Oxford College, November 17. For the Million-Dollar Campaign, at Immanuel Church, Greenville, N. C., December 1; First Baptist Church, Greensboro, N. C., December 8; Union and Aulander, December 15, and Pullen Memorial Church, Raleigh, N. C., January 19, 1919. In addition he gave a song recital at the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, Greenville, N. C., November 30, and an organ recital at Louisburg, N. C., January 31, 1919.

Prof. F. K. Poole spoke at Mount Vernon, September 29; Semora, November 25; and Wallace, N. C., December 22.

On December 5, Governor T. W. Bickett reviewed the S. A. T. C. preceding demobilization on December 9.

One of the most helpful lectures of the fall term was given by Dr. E. M. Poteat, late President of Furman University. He gave a most excellent discussion of the two spirits yet to be conquered—the Money Spirit, and the Military Spirit.

It was entirely in keeping with our expectation and the Wake Forest way of doing things when the faculty and students, striking at $1,000 quota in the War Work Campaign, made a score of $2,061.50. The campaign was ably managed by Dr. T. E. Cochran. The people of the town raised $2,300.

It was indeed pleasing to see the men flocking to the societies at the beginning of the spring term. Many old men, being discharged from the service, have returned. Practically all the new men are enrolled in one of the societies; the regular divisions into sections has been accomplished, and regular work is regularly carried out.

The Debate Council has arranged for two intercollegiate debates: one with Baylor University of Waco, Texas, to be held on middle ground; the other with Randolph-Macon College of Upland, Va., to be held, probably, at Wake Forest. This is the third number of a series with each institution. It is the final combat for the series and promises to be a real battle. We have not had better prospects recently for fine debaters. A great number is expected to enter the preliminaries.

The Student is glad to note that Professor Samuel A. Derieux of the department of English, 1917-18, is now a member of the staff of the American Magazine.

The Y. M. C. A. bids fair in becoming a distinct factor in molding college life this spring. Under the leadership of our very excellent Secretary, Mr. Roy Funderburk, and President, J. I. Allen, Jr., we see no reason why great things should not be accomplished. About 250 men have already become members. Three meetings have been held; one get-together banquet addressed by Drs. W. L. Poteat, Gulley, and others; the second addressed by Prof. F. K. Poole; the third by Lieut.-Gov. O. Max Gardner. A new picture machine has been installed and two wholesome shows are given each week. We are to have a student superintendent of the Sunday School under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Never in the history of the organization have such large audiences attended the meetings.

There has not been an achievement at Wake Forest this year for which we have more pride than for the response to the Million-Dollar Campaign. Dr. W. R. Cullom made the appeal. The faculty responded with $5,195; the Senior class with $1,000; the Junior class with $750; the Sophomore class with $940; and the Freshman class with $2,000, making a total of $9,885.

In behalf of the Million-Dollar Campaign, Dean N. Y. Gulley has spoken at the following places: Rolesville, Forestville, Harris' Chapel, Perry's Chapel, Bethlehem, Brassfield, Falls, Olive Branch, Midway, Middlesex, Thanksgiving, Benson, Blackmen Grove, Hephzibah, and Mount Moriah.

Much credit is due the professors of medicine of the college—Doctors Aiken, Kitchin, and Buchanan—for the remarkable and skillful way in which they managed the influenza situation. There has been only one death in the college. And likely it was due only indirectly to influenza. Certainly, everything was done to save him that was possible. The services of some very competent nurses were secured, and with their help the doctors have been able to do the college a great service. Every one appreciates their services.

We regret that Dr. W. R. Cullom, Professor of Bible, cannot be with us this year. He is general manager of the Million-Dollar Campaign. He is doubtless doing the college a greater service in this work and at the same time helping the other Baptist schools of the State in a very material way. We rejoice at the success of the campaign under his leadership, and congratulate him and those who have been working with him upon their achievements.

While we miss Dr. Cullom we consider ourselves fortunate in having Professor F. K. Poole, a graduate of Wake Forest

College (1913) and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary (1918). Already his pupils have learned to love and respect him for his remarkable ability both as teacher and speaker, and for his striking personality. It is likely that never in the history of the college did a professor obtain a greater hold upon the student-body in so short a time than has Professor Poole.

Other additions to the faculty have been: to the Chemistry Department, Professors Walter E. Jordan and Arthur Sledd; Director of Gymnasium and Coach of Athletics, Prof. I. E. Carlisle.

Preparations are being made for the holding of the third annual interscholastic declamation contest given at Wake Forest on March 13th and 14th. Any accredited high school is entitled to send one representative to compete in this contest. The preliminary contest will be held on the night of March 13th, at which time the men will be chosen to compete in the final contest, to be held on the 14th. The man having the best declamation in the final contest will be presented with a scholarship by the College, and with a medal by the two societies. The man having the second best declamation will be presented a pin. The prospects for the success of the contest are very bright.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

PROF. H. A. JONES, Faculty Editor; N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

It is impossible for the editors of THE STUDENT to keep in touch with the activities of the host of Alumni of Wake Forest. It is requested, therefore, that friends of the college report any item of interest concerning the alumni. It is the purpose of this department to keep the readers of THE STUDENT in as close touch as possible with the doings of the Alumni.

Hon. S. M. Brinson (B.A. 1892) was elected to Congress from the Third District in the November election by an overwhelming majority.

John A. Stevens, B.A. 1917, was at Raleigh to see the Thanksgiving football game after a drive of 85 miles through the heavy rain that was falling early that day. Mr. Stevens was traveling inspector in the Quartermaster's Department of the Army until the death of his father in January made it necessary for him to secure a discharge.

Lieut.-Col. Dr. Chas. E. McBrayer, B.A. 1902, now Commandant of Base Hospital 24, A. E. F. in France, has just written a letter in regard to securing his M.A. degree at Wake Forest.

Dr. Arthur B. Ray, B.A. 1910, M.A. 1911, paratechnical expert of the War Department, one year in charge of the Chemical Inorganic Laboratory at Washington, has been sent to England as chemical adviser of the American War Mission.

Captain E. B. Clark, LL.B. 1909, reported dead in France twice, appeared at his home in Weldon, in the midst of the

Victory demonstration, November 11, 1918. It is presumed that he will take up his law practice again.

The distressing news of the death, by drowning, of Dr. John F. Anderson has been received here. Dr. Anderson took the first two years course in medicine at Wake Forest, and at the time of his death was in charge of a large Mission Hospital at Lung Chow, China. He is survived by one child and Mrs. Anderson, née Minnie Middleton.

First Lieut. E. E. Wilson, B.A. 1915, aerial observer in the aviation section, was the only commissioned observer in France from North Carolina in February, 1918.

Lieut. R. H. Turner of Statesville was the first officer among the Alumni of Wake Forest to fall in France in defense of his country. He was a member of the football team in 1915 and 1916.

Mr. C. W. Davis, B.A. 1910, won an ensign's commission on a competitive examination, leading all applicants by twelve points.

Second Lieut. J. C. Duffy, 1916, was awarded a distinguished service cross for conspicuous bravery.

Capt. R. R. Fleming, 1904, is a member of the faculty of a training camp for army chaplains.

Mr. Paul Rockwell, 1907-1909, volunteered for aviation service in France. He was wounded several times and was cited for bravery.

First Lieut. L. T. Stallings, Jr., B.A. 1916, fighting with the U. S. marines in the battle of Belleau Woods, was severely wounded, and was cited for bravery.

Second Lieut. C. W. Parker, Jr., star full-back on the Wake Forest football team in 1915 and 1916, was wounded in action.

First Lieut. W. B. Oliver, B.A. 1913, was severely wounded in the battle of St. Mihiel.

Rev. T. C. Holland, B.A. 1913, M.A. 1916, is now a chaplain in the Army.

Capt. Andrew J. Harris, B.A. 1912, died of wounds, October 18, 1918.

Capt. John E. Ray of Raleigh, B.A. 1908, died of wounds.

Mr. Jessie W. White of Edenton, 1916-1917, has been in the Station Laboratory of the Naval Operating Base, Va., in charge of inoculation against infectious diseases.

W. H. Vann, B.A. 1908, was detailed to teach in the army school under charge of the Y. M. C. A. of Camp Greene.

P. S. Daniel, B.A. 1917, was at Raleigh to see the Thanksgiving game, coming from Winterville, where he is principal of the High School.

John H. Vernon, B.A. 1905, LL.B. 1906, well-known lawyer of Alamance County, died at his home in Burlington, N. C., January 5, 1919.

Rev. S. C. Hilliard, B.A. 1911, died in Greensboro, from influenza, recently. He was cut down in the flower of his manhood, a young man of striking personality and unusual vigor. While a student here he represented Wake Forest College in numerous intercollegiate debates.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. B. WOOD, Editor

Thus far we have only one magazine at hand, and this department of THE STUDENT will necessarily be short this time. However, it is our intention to make this section as interesting as possible, and in order to do so we must have a wide exchange of magazines. We, therefore, invite the Exchange Editors of the different publications to get in touch with us. When you receive our edition send us yours and let us unite to make 1919 a good year for our college publications.

The January number of *The College of Charleston Magazine* is very short and contains no essays at all. However, there is evidently as much interest shown in the college publication as elsewhere throughout the different institutions of higher learning. The poem "Quanta Mutata" is written in good style and the rhythm is excellent. "Winking" is a good poem so far as meter is concerned, but we are at a loss when we try to understand the point the author wishes to make. The poem "Ritualism" is by far the best of the contributions. The thought is elevating and the style is excellent. The story "Judge Not" is intended to show the position into which the German people who were in the United States during the war were put, and how we were so eager to judge them without full knowledge of their views. The story "Shake Rag" tells of a visit to Shake Rag, a famous rock among the moonshiners of the mountains. It gives a striking picture of the life of the people who make their homes among the hills.

The other departments are well arranged and written up.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

R. G. GROSE, Editor

Be it understood that Freshman Graham is going out for Intercollegiate Debate.

Freshman Wright says that he is going to wait until next year to come to college so he will be a Sophomore.

Sky Woodward, on Bible I: "And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Take off your feet, for the place upon which you stand is holy ground.'"

"Pee Wee" Buck: "O'Kelly, which freight train are you going to take to Raleigh, Thanksgiving?"

O'Kelly: "The one in the early morning, Pee Wee. Are you going over?"

"Pee Wee": "I'm broke, but I'll go if you will let me crawl into your shoe."

Wanted: Some one to help Newish Nanny find Billy.

Soph. Byrd's Sweetheart: "How come that you were discharged from the S. A. T. C.?"

Byrd: "On account of my eyes."

Sweetheart: "Why, I think you have beautiful eyes."

Prof. Cochran: "Mr. Perkins, I don't believe your paper is worth any grade whatsoever."

Perkins: "Well, Dr., just give me twenty-five for luck, and let it go."

Sky Clark: "You are the only girl I ever saw that was my ideal, and if I had two arms we would—"
His Ideal: "Would what? You have never used the arm you have yet."

Newish Graham, upon hearing of a meeting of the Debate Council, wanted to know what the charges were against Freshman Counsel.

Professor (praying in chapel): "O Lord, bless those called upon to teach." "And O, dear Lord, don't forget those called upon to recite."—*The Vindet.*

Sky Furr: "What do they call him—the man who teaches physics?"
Newish Pearson: "The Psysique, of course."

It's really worth $2.30 to flirt with some of No. 12's passengers.

A. B. Wood (broke): "Will you please, mam, give me a drink of water? I'm so hungry that I'm about to freeze to death, not having any place to sleep."

Price, on Greek II: "Dr., why is 'guna' irregularly declined?"
Prof.: "'Woman' is a wonderful irregularity, anyway."

Burns: "What are you so humorous about tonight?"
Dawes: "I've been studying psychology."

SAYINGS OF "ZONY" HOBBS

1. I always did have a desire to go thru John Hopkins. Since I've been gone from Wake Forest I have gone thru. It was about seven o'clock in the morning."

2. "I won $100 from a fellow in the marines, wrestling. After I had thrown him and won the wager, I handed him back the money, saying that I never took money on a bet. It was worth $100 to say that."

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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PERFECT NIGHT

T. O. PANGLE

Lips of morning kiss our dreamful life
And bring it all the glories of a day
In which ambition, in titanic strife,
Exalts us high or prostrates in dismay.

Higher and higher still the massive sun
Rolls in its course from Neptune's wrinkled deep.
Life is but attainment until noon
Is reached and courses to eternal sleep.

Life begins to falter—age is on
And tasks are burdens though they once were light;
My work is finished for the day, the sun
Retreats into the west. And here is night!

Upon her bosom I must fall asleep
To soothe this world of sorrows. I can see
The glory of the night. The rays that peep
Are dreams, the stars each one a hope for me.

THE CALL OF TODAY

MYRON McCURDY

With a new world, with a new era in the history of humanity, life takes on a new aspect. We realize that as we rebuild the barren wastes, desolated lands, and broken civilization, so must we rebuild our lives to meet the demands of tomorrow. We have closed the doors against the vices, the mistakes of the past; we open our eyes to the possibilities of the future.

Never before in all history was the call for duty more acute. No longer is our world for half-way men—or for half-way women. Modern history has no place for its King Johns and Richard Cromwells. Evolution casts aside the whole man with the mere body in shameful service, the survival of the fittest rejects the fifty per cent man.

The day of inefficiency, the half-man, has passed. The call of today is for the whole, the full man.

Duty and service are the calls of today. We confront each with its stern reality. Both demand courage and determination. He who fails to see the needs, or fails to feel the personal responsibility, is dreaming and sleeping by the highway of life.

Today we cease to teach the fables of the past, but we teach the modern kind, real ones—about Jim Hill, and Woolworth, and Ford, and many others whose lives are and have been linked with duty and service.

The man who stands idly by and lets the world turn every twenty-four hours, and fails to hear the call, or see his duty, is neglecting and warping the ideals of life, and minimizing his citizenship in the world of men.

The man of today, the success of tomorrow, denies the essential virtue of power, fights wrong, even though it be or-

ganized, and in the face of scorn and defeat fights on because truth is right—he is a whole man.

Gen. Robert E. Lee embodied beautifully the ideals of duty and service. He reluctantly drew his sword, not with desire for glory, but from a sense of duty.

The manner in which he bore himself during those days of humiliation and defeat will for all time prove itself incentive to the youth of every clime. When his edifice shall have fallen, from his ashes shall ever come a mecca from which to gather inspiration for the duties of life.

Today demands our best. Wake to its meaning, keen to its demands, active to its perpetuation are our daily requisites. Our times demand them, and when we have made duty our watchword, service our living, then shall the stars of heaven sing together, and from the small spark of enthusiasm shall flame up a fire that shall light the world.

KILLARNEY BESS

By C. S. Green

Killarney Bess we called her; for her mother bore the name of Bessy, and came from the region of silvery lakes on that faraway isle which, according to tradition, "fell from out the sky one day." She looked like that little mother, too; the same golden-brown hair; the same depths of feeling and varying emotions—joy, gratitude, pleading, loyalty, and faithfulness—in her eyes.

Sometimes I hear some know-it-all say that the dumb animals do not think and reason, and cannot sense to the full the heights and depths of either happiness or misery, do not know mental and heart anguish as we superior humans do; and when I hear that a vision comes to my mind of a little Irish setter, happy for the most part, but to whom sorrow came even to the extent that it broke her heart.

One day a friend and I, and a man whom I will call Beaton, decided to spend a few hours in the woods hunting pheasants. With us, romping happily, were Killarney Bess and a dog named Duke, a half-brother to Bess, and owned by Beaton, who looked upon Duke as the one and only—the best dog that ever scented a China pheasant.

It was a typical Missouri day, with the air just crisp enough to make walking a pleasure. The pheasant season had opened only a day before, so we looked forward to fine sport.

Now, understand me, I am not saying Duke was not a fine dog—for he was; and he was older than Bess, and more experienced and better trained. But somehow Bess got the first bird. This made Beaton mad through and through, and put him in a wretched humor. Maybe it was just luck—maybe not; anyhow, Bess was going fine and dandy all the forenoon, actually getting birds that the more impetuous Duke had gone by; in short, she was showing up her lordly half-brother all the while.

Soon, as we tramped through the woods, we reached the neighborhood where lived a man with whom I had some business to transact, and I left the party, telling them I would join them a few miles farther on. I tried to get away without Bess noticing, but she soon detected my absence, and at once became a slacker. My friend tried to get her to work, but with little success. Beaton stood looking on scornfully.

"I'll make her work," he exclaimed. Then, before my friend could reach him to prevent, he grabbed Killarney Bess and beat her unmercifully.

Poor little Irish setter! She had never before known a harsh word, much less a cruel blow! But, at that, she never let out a yelp or groan; just one pitiful sigh, so my friend told me later.

I had come within about a mile of the party, when I suddenly saw Killarney Bess passing diagonally across my path some distance ahead. She was running swiftly, with her head close to the ground.

I whistled to her, and called; but if she heard she gave no heed, and kept on running straight towards the tracks of an electric railroad which passed that way. Now, of one thing only had this human-like dog shown fear, it was trains; and yet now she was running straight down the track toward an approaching train; the train must have been rushing down upon her at a speed of forty miles an hour.

Her head was raised now; she was facing her fate bravely, like the true but broken-hearted dog she was. Do you call it an accident that she didn't know what she was doing? It was a plain case of suicide—that and nothing else; the piteous ending of a life from which the joy of living had fled. The heavy train bore down upon her. I turned my head.

Now, when I hear some know-it-all say that the dumb animals do not think and reason, do not know heart anguish as we humans do, I just think to myself:

"He never knew Killarney Bess."

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

By R. R. Mallard

It is my purpose to introduce to you a writer who began to practice the art in the sixty-sixth year of his life. Before he was a writer, he was a potter. His success had been assured, and his becoming an author was merely a matter of chance.

The name I present is that of William de Morgan, of Chelsea, England. As is noticed from the name, De Morgan's parents were of French origin. He tells the story of how one of his Huguenot ancestors, four generations back, went out to India and married two French women in succession. His son, Auguste de Morgan, came over to England, settled there, and became the grandfather of the distinguished mathematician, Augustus de Morgan, who held the post of Professor of Mathematics at University College for more than thirty years, and married the daughter of another mathematician of note, the Cambridge lecturer, William Frend. This Mrs. De Morgan was a remarkable woman, of cultured tastes, whose beautiful face and lively interest in the people and things about her make her still attractive in old age. Quite different from the ordinary custom, she is almost always mentioned when the name of her husband is under discussion. This fact alone bespeaks for itself.

It was of such parents that William de Morgan was born. 69 Gower Street is his birthplace, and 1839 the year. At first, painting was the chosen profession. Later, pottery claimed De Morgan's attention, and a fusion of the two claimed his attention for the first forty-six years of his career.

De Morgan's sister, Mary, who died only nine years ago, was an able and talented woman; was small and slight, with a sharp voice and abrupt manner. She was a social favorite,

amusing people by her witty sayings. Later she decided to write and first produced a book of fairy tales, which recalled Hans Andersen by their imaginative charm. The first of these, *On a Pincushion,* was published in 1877, and illustrated with drawings by her brother. She also wrote a striking novel called *A Choice of Chance,* published in 1877, and finally *Wind Fairies,* in 1900. I mention Mary de Morgan merely to show that the gift of story-writing was evidently in the family, although in William de Morgan's case it remained dormant for many years.

Augustus de Morgan, William's father, died in 1811, after which William brought his mother and sisters to live in Cheyne Row, and took up an abode which happened to be only two doors below Carlyle's home. There he began to make the fine lustreware that later won him a reputation in that line. As is usually the case, he succumbed to the weakness and married Miss Evelyn Pickering in 1888, and settled in an old but interesting house in the Vale. There he and his wife lived until the house was pulled down more than twenty years later, when he moved into a corner house in Church Street. At this time De Morgan was not writing but following his trade as a potter, and consequently was in a financial position to spend his winters in the most delightful climate possible. He chose Florence, as his wife's uncle, the painter, Spencer Stanhope, resided there, and was a prominent member of the English colony in that city. In 1912 this relative died, and the De Morgans, tiring of Florence, discontinued their visits.

From early youth William de Morgan was the intimate friend of Burne-Jones and William Morris, whose artistic aims and tastes he shared. His simple, childlike nature, ready wit and love of fun made him a great favorite with the young people. Lady Burne-Jones tells, in a *Reminiscence of De Morgan,* how he took an active part in their family life, both

in joy and sorrow, at one time amusing her children and their young cousin, Rudyard Kipling, with his merry pranks, and on another occasion, when she herself was dangerously ill, sitting up all night with her distracted husband.

It was while visiting at the home of Miss May Morris, at Kelmscott, that De Morgan made the acquaintance of young Morris, who played an important part in his later life. As boys they roamed up and down the lovely Cotswold country in search of a suitable place for their workshops. Eventually, in 1882, De Morgan built a factory for his tiles near Morris's works at Merton Abbey, and his jars and dishes of glowing ruby and mother-of-pearl were always to be seen in the Morris Company's showrooms in Oxford Street.

This class of work has been said by experts to rival that of Messer Giorgio, known as the Gubbio ware of Renaissance times. De Morgan's Persian tiles came so near to those which Lord Leighton brought from Damascus to decorate his Arab court, that it was almost impossible to detect any difference between the two. Unfortunately, as the business increased, bad accounting and high cost of production rendered the business unsuccessful financially, regardless of the fact that his work held a marvelous decorative charm, and aroused general admiration wherever exhibited.

Like the French potter Palissy, whom in many ways De Morgan resembled, his fertile brain was always busy with fresh ideas, always starting out on untrodden tracks and attempting new experiments. When one of these happened to prove successful, he promptly frittered away his earnings in making fresh ventures on a new and grander scale. His kindness and liberality to the workmen in his service were unbounded. He took the deepest interest in their welfare, and countless instances of his generosity to individuals are on record.

During the winters which he spent abroad he was still busy with new experiments and inventions, and set up a shop in

his garden in Florence, where he trained Italian workmen to paint tiles with Persian colors under the glaze. But by degrees his connection with the work ceased, and about ten years ago the factory was closed and the moulds destroyed, to the great regret of the lovers of art.

It was just at this moment, when William de Morgan was already sixty-six, that he startled the world and amazed his most intimate friends by revealing himself in a new and altogether unexpected capacity. Suddenly, without any warning, the great potter appeared before the public as a successful novelist, giving *Joseph Vance* as his first offering.

Some very interesting events are connected with the publishing of *Joseph Vance*. While in Florence, disabled by a rheumatic hand from drawing, De Morgan took to scribbling, and began to jot down ideas that came into his head, on scraps of paper. His wife read a number of them and encouraged him to go on with the story. He then became interested in the character of Christopher Vance, the drunken old builder, who is betrayed as De Morgan's father in the story, which the writer himself preferred to term as "an ill-written autobiography."

From the first the success of the book was phenomenal. The girls in the office where the manuscript was typed became so much absorbed in the story that they forgot to go on with the work. The critics were unanimous in their chorus of praise, in spite of the unusual length of the book, which at first seemed likely to prove a stumbling-block to its success. Mr. Punch pronounced *Joseph Vance* to be the best novel which he had read for a long time, and the public on both sides of the Atlantic hailed the advent of a new star in the literary horizon.

The plunge once made, William de Morgan went merrily on, and novel after novel poured forth in rapid succession from his pen. *Joseph Vance* was followed in 1907 by *Alice for Short*, which contains the author's reminiscences of his ex-

periences as an art student, and is dedicated to the memory of Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris. Then came *Somehow Good,* the leading character of which rivaled his first creation of a similar type "Lossie," in *Joseph Vance.* It was in this novel that Thackeray learned to love De Morgan.

In 1909, De Morgan published a two-volume novel, *It Never Can Happen Again,* which he dedicated to the memory of Ralph, second Earl of Lovelace, using his own words, "in remembrance of two concurrent lives, and an uninterrupted friendship." Lord Lovelace once aptly described De Morgan's novels as "the work of an idealist with realistic details," combining the sentiments and traditions of the Victorian Age with the more analytical methods of the present generation. His sensitiveness to the deep impressions left on the mind of a child by passing sights and sounds, and to the strange way in which such small incidents weave themselves about the great events of life, was a characteristic that served to make De Morgan famous. Another feature of his novels was the vigor and animation of the dialogue, whether it be with beggars or policemen—a class with which he seems to have possessed a close and intimate acquaintance—or whether he dreams of the prattle of the gardeners in Florence, or the flow he was subjected to while getting a shave.

Great poets and painters, or if you prefer, poet-painters, there have been, it is true, such as Michelangelo in Italy, of the Renaissance, and Dante Rossetti in later times, but there was generally a close connection between their creations in the different arts. As a rule the picture was either inspired by the sonnet, or the verses gave birth to the painting. In the case of De Morgan it is different. It would be difficult to trace any connection between De Morgan's tiles and the novels which he wrote in his later years. Regardless of this fact, Julia Cartwright says: "Yet, as I have often heard him explain, his novels were indirectly the result of his work as a potter. It was during these first fifty years of his life, when

he was busily engaged in making experiments and looking about for boys and men whom he could train to help him, that he acquired the familiarity with the working classes and dwellers in the slums which is one of the most striking features of his novels. The close and daily contact into which he was brought with his own potters, listening to their talk and watching them at work as he sat in a corner of the factory making designs or meditating new inventions, gave him that intimate knowledge of their habits and language, that insight into the points of view and prejudices of their class of which he writes with so much sympathy and kindly humor."

A number of the critics of De Morgan think that Dickens was the model on which he fashioned his style. However, others differ, and hold that De Morgan is more real, his characters more human and more lovable. There is still another school which holds that the digressions in which he often indulges, taking the reader into his confidence and moralizing on love and parting, on death and a future life, seem rather to recall Thackeray.

In reading a review of his next novel, *An Affair of Dishonor,* which appeared in 1910, I find that De Morgan made a new departure from his custom. He leaves England and London of the Victorian Age, and places the scene in the days of the Restoration, introducing a graphic account of the naval battle of Solebay into the story. Several good judges rank this tale amongst the author's best efforts, but the writer himself was never of this opinion, and when an admirer congratulated him on his new "tour de force," he replied, "Say, rather, tour de faiblesse!"

Then, De Morgan was forced to move from his home in the Vale, Chelsea, to another house in Church Street. For six months he wrote nothing, and one day when speaking of this said, "Perhaps it is just as well, since during the last five years I have written and published above a million and a quarter words!" Here he settled and lived happily. De

Morgan again became engaged with his writing and Mrs. De Morgan with her painting. It was during this period that De Morgan became the proud possessor of an Angelus. He would play every evening, and declared that it first revealed Beethoven to him.

In 1911, during the winter and spring seasons, he found time to write another short novel, called *A Likely Story,* in which he tried to weave an Italian tale of the sixteenth century into the modern life of Chelsea. This attempt was only partially successful.

De Morgan readily saw his error and returned to his older and more familiar vein when he wrote his second two-volume novel, *When Ghost Meets Ghost,* which appeared in 1914. The plot of this story turns on the adventures of twin sisters, who are parted by a cruel fate in their youth, and only meet again after interminable vicissitudes and delays, when they are eighty years of age.

Long residence in Chelsea naturally made him familiar with its leading inhabitants. He had known Carlyle and Rossetti, Whistler and William Bell Scott, John Hungerford Pollen, and many other celebrities of past days. All of the historic old monuments of the place were known and loved by him.

Then came the war which threw Europe into upheaval, and tore the staid writers from their haunts and put them into essential industries. This caught William de Morgan in the midst of a new novel which gave promise of being both original and entertaining. It was the story of his own recollections of life in Chelsea during the last fifty years, put in the mouth of an old pauper exactly his own age.

For the next two years and a half De Morgan thought of little but war. He followed every step of the campaign by land and by sea, and did his utmost to enlighten public opinion abroad and in the United States. Not content with this, he

devoted a great part of his time to making scientific experiments at the Polytechnic Institute and perfecting discoveries, which might prove useful in submarine warfare. His old love for chemistry returned, and he submitted many suggestions for saving life and destroying hostile craft to the Board of Admiralty.

It was in the midst of this work that he was taken sick with a sudden attack of influenza, which ended his life after a week's illness, on the 15th of January, 1917. He was buried in the old church at Chelsea, which he had so often referred to in his writings.

HIS BUSINESS VENTURE

S. A. Marsh, Jr.

I had just met him in Chicago. Neil Edwards was a close friend of mine, but one whom I had not seen for over a year. Several months before, however, he had written to me, stating that he had purchased a tract of three hundred acres of fertile land in South Dakota for what he thought was a ridiculously low price. It was his first business deal and that letter reflected his great optimism and confidence that he would make a "killing" on the deal. Some time passed and I had almost forgotten my friend's business adventure, when one morning I received another letter from him stating that he guessed he shouldn't have bought the property, that it was a whole day's journey to the nearest railroad, and that the land was so poor it "took a charge of dynamite to raise peanuts." But now, to my surprise, he appeared elated over his success. "I sold that land for five times as much as I paid for it," he said. "I hope I will never again have to trap a man into buying, though." And then he proceeded to tell me the story.

"I was always afraid of professional real estate agents, but I had to resort to one this time, since everybody in that part of the country knew too much about the land to have it thrust upon them. A representative of a realty company in Pierre, learning of my embarrassed financial condition, kept corresponding with me until I agreed to allow him to look over the farm. He asked me to have some one meet him at Sutton, twenty miles away, which I agreed to do.

"I knew I couldn't sell the property on the merits of the land itself. But what else did I have that was valuable, or that I could make him believe was valuable? Nothing that I could see; but hadn't the former owner spoken of the 'historic value' of the place?

"It is true that a famous trapper and scout, John Millsapps, had lived and died in a log cabin that was still standing on the place. The money which he had made by trading with Indian tribes was said to have been a good-sized fortune. But he suddenly died and no one knew what had become of it. Many of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood still thought that he had hidden the money around the house. I didn't believe that but I resolved that A. Carter, real estate broker, would before he left the place.

"Early next morning I went down to see Bill Robley, whom I had engaged to meet my real estate man. 'Bill,' I says, 'I want you to use your faculty of speech today. Talk to A. Carter about John Millsapps. Give him an oral biography of Greenleaf County's first inhabitant. And be sure to tell him of his wealth and all about how his partner had disappeared shortly before his death.

" 'I'll carry out your wishes,' said he. And he did.

"When I returned to my house, I moved the best bed to the old log cabin, which was situated only a few hundred feet from the house in which I was living. I next procured a sheet of rough tablet paper, crumpled it in my hand several times and, in a scrawly, scarcely legible hand, wrote on it the following words:

Dear Pard:

This fever has got me. I can barely hold my head up, now. The money's yours—I buried it last week four or five feet deep, just below the northwest corner post of this cabin.

John Millsapps.

"Having finished this, I found an old bird's nest and, tearing the paper into several pieces, placed these between the layers of dead grass which composed the nest. Next, I placed this nest in a crevice in one corner of the cabin about the height of a man's head. I calculated A. Carter couldn't help seeing this and would lose no time in solving the puzzle.

"I met him that evening. He was a small, middle-aged man with small eyes and bright red hair—a shrewd man, no doubt. After we had eaten supper, he started to talking about John Millsapps, as I had expected.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'John Millsapps is considered a famous character in this part of the country. Local historians tell us that he and his partner were the first men that settled in this county. He was a great trader as well as a trapper and hunter. Not long ago a small tribe of Indians passed through here on their way to some reservation and one of the old chiefs told me about how Millsapps and his partner would trade toys and trinkets and other things from the East to the Indians in exchange for valuable furs and skins and occasionally bags of gold nuggets which they had found in the mountains. He is said to have acquired great wealth in just this way. He died very suddenly, while his partner was away on a trip, though, and we have no record of what he did with his money. Some say his partner never returned. Greenleaf County could boast of only a handful of people then, very few of whom are now living, so the interest in John Millsapps and his money has about died out. He built a good log cabin, however, and that bids fair to stand the test of time for a few years longer. And, by the way, Mr. Carter, that will be your sleeping quarters tonight, if you do not object to it. You're the first visitor I've had since I've been here, so you will please excuse me for not having better accommodations.'

" 'I shall be glad to have the honor of sleeping in a house built by such a pioneer as John Millsapps,' he replied.

"We both retired soon afterward.

"The next morning Carter was all excited and nervous. He seemed to want to start business negotiations at once.

" 'I've sized up your place,' he said. 'What is your price?'

" 'Well, Mr. Carter,' I replied, 'I'm not very anxious to sell just now. You see, I have a friend in Boston who is

thinking of moving West and he wants to bid on my place.'

"'I'd like to buy this tract of land,' he continued. 'It's not so much a matter of business with me, but I want to move here myself. I'd like to live here among the birds and the flowers, away from the confusion of the city. I'm going to make you an offer. I'll give you four thousand dollars.'

"'I couldn't consider that offer at all,' I told him.

"'Five thousand.'

"'Come again.'

"'The land's not worth any more,' he retorted.

"'Now I'll tell you what I'll do,' I said, 'I'll risk losing a friend and sell the place to you for seven thousand five hundred.'

"He wrote me a check on the First National Bank of Chicago and I made the deed to him that afternoon. Then I lost no time in catching the first train to Chicago and arrived here just two hours ago. Now if I can only cash that check my satisfaction will be complete. I was afraid to accept it, but was mighty well pleased to get any kind of a check for that land."

"Well," I said, when he had finished, "you can be justly proud of yourself and your achievement if the check is good, and we'll go to the First National now. We'll mighty soon find out."

We walked swiftly to the bank and Neil pulled out his check and handed it to the bank clerk. The clerk fumbled around and went to examine the records of the bank. The suspense was beginning to tell on Neil. His face began to redden, his hands to tremble, and he paced up and down in front of the clerk's window. "Seven thousand five hundred dollars at stake," he mumbled. At last the clerk returned.

"Large or small bills?" he asked. Neil let out a yell that would have been a credit to a Sioux chief. A policeman

came running up and only after a long argument did I convince him that my friend was not a desperado, recently escaped from some prison.

After we had taken the money and I had quieted my friend down, he said, "Buck, we're going to live like two kings as long as we're in the Windy City. Here's a taxi, now. Drive us to the classiest hotel in the city; we don't care where it is," he directed the driver.

About a week later, I was looking over the hotel register and I came across the name of A. Carter, Pierre, S. D. "I'm going to look the old boy up," said Neil, when I had shown it to him.

"Oh, it's bad enough to skin a fellow. I wouldn't 'rub it in' afterward," I told him. But he insisted. We found the "victim" in his room that evening.

"I'm mighty glad to see you and your friend, Mr. Edwards," Carter began.

"But," Neil broke in, "I thought nothing could induce you to leave the place you have bought."

"Well, that is my place of residence now, but this is a business trip I'm on."

After discussing all topics of the day from Compulsory Arbitration in the Settlement of Industrial Disputes down to who would be the next president of Czechoslovakia, we arose to go.

"By the way, Mr. Carter," said Neil, with a smirk on his face, "did you ever find old John Millsapps' money?"

"Well, not exactly," the real estate agent replied. "I hadn't dug two feet before I found *pay dirt.* I congratulate you, Mr. Edwards, for having once owned what will soon be the richest gold mine in South Dakota."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

P. L. ELLIOTT, Editor

Are You One? One of the most striking and suggestive articles I have read recently is Ellis Parker Butler's editorial in the January number of the *American Magazine* entitled "I Gather Too Many Goat Feathers—Do You?" He suggests that if a man would be a success he should find what he is fit for and stick to that one thing. "Goat feathers, you understand, are the feathers a man picks

and sticks all over his hide to make him look like the village goat," and an excellent place to learn the art is at college. With due apology to those who make college curricula these days, we find the courses spread over a great deal of territory and spread pretty thin in patches. Freshmen, seemingly without regard to qualification or previous condition of servitude, are scattered indiscriminately, in a pepper-and-salt fashion, throughout the curriculum, and thereby lose a lot of time flunking courses or passing with little knowledge of what they have gone over.

This is not the only way we waste time. I pick up my Angell and start to study psychology. I read a paragraph and by the time it is finished I have thought up a subject for an oration; snatched at a short-story plot; figured up my college honors (goat feathers) for the *Howler;* thought out my engagements for the day with the "Y," STUDENT staff, *Old Gold and Black,* and selected a question for debate two weeks hence. I go to my recitation; a quiz is given; I make "F," then go away and "cuss" the professor (more goat feathers).

I have known a man in college who was member of Student Senate, Editor of STUDENT, Editor of *Old Gold and Black,* member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, chairman of "Y" Committee, chairman of Program Committee in Society, officer in Society, director of Study Course, member of Scrub Faculty, carrying eighteen hours of work and not satisfied because he was not president of his class and manager of diverse athletic and political propaganda. Such a man leaves college and we wonder why he sinks so soon into forgetfulness; why he is a failure. As a matter of fact, in college he learned only to gather goat feathers, and he keeps it up. The pity of it is, we so often are blinded to our failure until it is too late. A college president remarked the other day that the men who make good in life are the ones who plodded along while in

college and were scarcely heard of on the campus. They got the heart of college life but did not learn the art of gathering goat feathers.

We, as students, are not alone in this feather-gathering conquest. Strange as it may seem, even teachers are not exempt. A boy takes a tremendous chance when he goes to school. Many recitations are but wasted time because there are teachers who are more interested in the facts, their own ideas or interests than in the boy. Some use the profession as a stepping-stone or side-line while engaged in divers outside activities, thinking more of the distant future than the task in hand. They, too, gather goat feathers and deserve to fail. They give out facts, perhaps, but what doth it profit a boy if he gets all the facts and has not that which lends life and spirit to things and starts him in quest of the vision-splendid? It is only covering up the rough marble in the rubbish to await the coming of a Michelangelo to make of it a David.

It is my hope that it is not too late to reform. It may be, however, that tomorrow I shall go to the postoffice five or six times, tank up on soda "pop" and crack a few yarns at the drug store, but the fact still remains,

> "Folks never gains
> By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains."

A Situation and a Remedy

To what degree and by what methods will Wake Forest function in this new age of enlarged opportunities? In the last six months we have had the importance of the Christian school placed before us in a way never before known. The Baptists of the State are raising $1,000,000, $300,000 of which falls to Wake Forest. The Methodists and Presbyterians are reaching into the millions. Ministers have proclaimed it from the pulpit; orators have poured forth eulogies and exhortations "as if in-

crease of appetite had grown by what it fed on." We are in sight of the goal. The question naturally arising is, How are we to get the boys to the school? Shall we be willing to use part of that money in systematized efforts to get the fellows here or shall we proceed as usual in a haphazard kind of way and allow the majority of them to go elsewhere?

Propaganda to capture the boys for the State and other schools is in every secondary school in the State. It is so thoroughly organized that only increased systematized effort can successfully cope with it. It is not only in the State schools but also in our Baptist schools to an alarming degree.

Mars Hill and Buie's Creek, our two largest schools, send less than fifty per cent of their men, who go to college, to Wake Forest. In 1915-16, a banner year for Mars Hill, she had forty men at Wake Forest; twenty-seven at the University, and thirteen at A. and E. The proportion for Buie's Creek was about the same. So far this spring there have been 337 men registered. The Baptist schools of the State furnish only 105 of this number. Of the nineteen Baptist schools only fifteen are represented at all; Mars Hill and Buie's Creek furnishing more than half the representatives, there being twenty-eight and twenty-five respectively. Three of the schools represented have ten or more; four have but one each, and eight have three or less. This does not mean only those who have entered this year but all who have entered in the past four years and remained. The original aim of the college was to train the Baptist boys of the State. The fact is that more than fifty per cent coming from the Baptist schools are being trained elsewhere, and a majority of that number in non-Christian schools. Is it not time to wake up?

For ten years attempts have been made at an effective Alumni Association, with a marked degree of—failure. We have wanted it to spring up naturally and without any special effort or expense. It is admitted readily by all that such

propaganda would be one of the best ways to put Wake Forest before the masses. All of us join heartily in the approvals and eulogies and the many great speeches which have been made on the subject, but it is all like "Singing Psalms to a dead horse," it has little effect.

An effective Alumni Association is one of the best mediums of reaching the boys. It is worth putting something into. Do we believe what we have said about Christian education? Is it worth raising $1,000,000 for? If so, it is worth while to go out and find the boys. This can only be accomplished by securing an efficient man to put his entire time into the work. There is not a man on the faculty who would be in a position to do a more constructive, far-reaching work for Wake Forest and Christian education than this man would be. His selection and employment would of course be left to the trustees. He should be a man of sterling qualities; thoroughly convinced of the indispensableness of Christian education; a man of State-wide reputation and possessing a dynamic personality with the ability to organize and lead folks. He should be maintained as a permanent member of the faculty on salary as same. With the entire program of publication and organization in his hands within five years Wake Forest could hold seventy-five per cent or more of the boys from the Baptist schools of the State and her proportional part from the other schools. What could we not accomplish with an effective Alumni Association in every county in the State seeing to it that Wake Forest is put before the people; making arrangements for members of the faculty to visit different sections of the State and securing appointments for Wake Forest men to deliver the addresses at high school commencements? The man we suggest could not only effect such an organization but see to it, where high school principals are needed, pastors and supplies for churches or any other public service, that Wake Forest men fill these vacancies if there be any efficient men available.

West of Asheville, especially, Wake Forest has only individual supporters, and but few of them. Shall we continue to leave that section out of our program? Will we bring them to Wake Forest, or like we did George L. Truett, allow them to go elsewhere for their training? We hope the trustees and lovers of Wake Forest will get their eyes open to the situation and make a material and definite step toward this fuller, more extensive and far-reaching program to plant more firmly throughout the land the usefulness and beneficient influence of our Alma Mater.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. P. BURNS, Editor

The success of the 84th celebration of the founding of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies, or Anniversary as custom calls it, held on Friday, the 14th of February, was very marked. For once, the weather was beautiful on Anniversary, and the fine weather naturally increased the enjoyment of the occasion.

In the annual Anniversary Debate, Mr. L. B. Dawes and Mr. F. C. Feezor, speaking on the negative side of the question of government ownership and operation of the railroads of the United States, won the decision of the judges over Messrs. W. E. Honeycutt and L. S. Clark, speaking on the affirmative. The debate was held in Wingate Memorial Hall at 2:30 o'clock and was very well attended.

At 7:30 o'clock Mr. Joel I. Allen, Jr., and Mr. W. A. Queen delivered orations in Memorial Hall. Mr. Allen spoke on the subject, "The Demand of Tomorrow for the College-bred Man." Mr. Queen's subject was "The Effect of the War on Capital and Labor."

The annual reception given by the two societies was held in the Society halls following the orations, and was a very enjoyable affair.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra has been reorganized for the spring session. The membership of the club is unusually strong as it is made up almost altogether of former members. Weekly practices are being held under the tutelage of the excellent director of the organization, Dr. Hubert McN. Poteat, and the prospects for the success of the club this spring seem very bright.

A ten-day trip through the northeastern part of the State will be made, beginning the 24th of April. Wilson, Rocky

Mount, Greenville, Edenton, Elizabeth City, Aulander, Franklin, Va., and other towns will be visited on this trip. The managers, R. P. Burns and H. A. Hanby, are also planning several week-end trips for the club.

Mr. Reed Miller, tenor, of New York City, delighted a large audience in Wingate Memorial Hall on the night of February 12th. This was probably the best musical performance ever given at Wake Forest, and the audience testified its appreciation by its applause. Mr. Miller possesses a voice of superlative excellence and beauty.

The total contribution of the faculty and students of the College to the Million-Dollar Campaign now amounts to $10,398.

For the twelfth time in the history of the Law School all the members of the Supreme Court Class passed the examination entitling them to be licensed lawyers, when, on January 27th, Messrs. Joseph Page, Clyde E. Gooch, and Jeter M. Scarborough, representing the Law School of the College, passed the Supreme Court examination. This is also twice in succession that all the applicants from Wake Forest have passed the examination.

Their many friends will be interested in the announcement of the approaching marriage of Captain Laurence T. Stallings of the United States Marine Corps and Miss Helen Purefoy Poteat, the youngest daughter of our President. The announcement of the engagement was made at an announcement dinner given by the bride-elect's parents. The nuptials are to be celebrated in the early part of March.

The Society work is progressing nicely. There seems to be particular interest in this branch of the college work this session, and good debates are the result. Probably one lesson

learned from military training was the advantage in life of being able to speak in public.

One session of Moot Court has been held this spring. This branch of the Law School, however, has just been reorganized and regular sessions will be held hereafter. During the S. A. T. C. régime it was necessary to abandon this branch of the law training.

The congratulations of the community are being extended to Dr. and Mrs. Hubert McN. Poteat on the birth of a son, William Morgan Poteat.

Prospects for a championship baseball team this spring are exceedingly bright. Ten letter men, several scrubs from last year, and promising Freshman material, assure us of a winning team. The prospects at present seem brighter than they have since the championship team of 1913. Irving Carlyle, star shortstop of the team for three years, will coach the team. Mr. F. A. Blanchard, catcher on last year's team, has been elected captain of the 1919 team. He is an excellent catcher and a likable fellow and is expected to make the team an excellent leader.

Rev. C. D. Graves, pastor of the church, has been delivering some very able sermons this spring. They have been sermons of deep thought and research, and have been thoroughly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to hear them. Unfortunately he was sick with the influenza the last two weeks of January. On January 26th, Dr. J. H. Gorrell filled the pulpit at the morning service and Prof. F. K. Poole, of the Chair of Bible, at the night service. Dr. J. H. Gorrell again filled the pulpit on the morning of February 2d, and Dr. G. W. Paschal spoke at the night service. The community is very fortunate in having such able men at hand for church work in case of contingency.

The High School Declamation Contest, to be held on March 13th and 14th, is expected to be a great success. This is the third annual contest held by the College.

Old Gold and Black is now making its weekly appearance, and it looks good. As long as finances are available to run it, Wake Forest can boast of one of the best weekly college papers in the business. Any one interested in the happenings at the College would do well to subscribe to this weekly mirror of college life.

Dr. N. Y. Gulley attended Franklin County Court, February 19th and 20th.

The Freshman basketball team has been doing some good work. They defeated the fast Raleigh High School team on the Auditorium court by a score of 29 to 23, and the Employed Boys' Class of the Raleigh Y. M. C. A. on the local floor by a score of 45 to 11. Wall and Carlyle show promise for varsity material. The Freshmen are trying to get games with the A. and E. and Trinity Freshmen.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., spoke in Lumberton on the 16th of February in the interest of the Million-Dollar Campaign, and in Edenton in the interest of the same cause on February 23d.

Prof. R. B. White has been on a business trip to Washington.

A large crowd from Wake Forest, including practically the entire student-body, went to Raleigh to hear Billy Sunday when he spoke there.

In the intercollegiate debate preliminaries held in the Phi Society Monday night, February 24, and in the Eu Society

Tuesday night, the 25th, Messrs. L. J. Britt, I. L. Yearby, and O. T. Glenn, alternate, were chosen to represent the College from the Phi Society, and Messrs. F. C. Feezor, B. T. Ward, and R. R. Mallard, alternate, were chosen from the Eu Society. The Debate Council has arranged two intercollegiate debates for the spring term. Both of these debates are the finals of a series, and so it is especially important that they be won. The affirmative side of the question of compulsory arbitration will be maintained against Randolph-Macon here on April 5th, while the negative side of the same question will be maintained against Baylor University at Rome, Ga., on May 5th. Mr. L. J. Britt and F. C. Feezor will debate Baylor, and Mr. B. T. Ward and I. L. Yearby will debate Randolph-Macon. The selection of these men assures us of able and worthy representatives, as all of them are debaters of experience and ability. With their selection we can look for two victories this spring and so the maintenance of Wake Forest forensic traditions.

Recognition of the exceptional ability of our President seems to be a daily matter. The following is a note from Anderson College: "The five Wake Forest people of the Anderson faculty each squared his shoulders and held himself more erect when he learned that President Poteat was coming. And after the two masterful addresses each felt doubly proud of his Alma Mater and its scholarly leader. Anderson was indeed a happy host."

The basketball season just closed, while not the most successful one in the College history, has developed some good playing and has given us some of the best games ever witnessed at Wake Forest. Although only six games out of fifteen have been won by the local quint, the games with State colleges were split. Elon, Guilford, and A. and E. were defeated, while we were defeated by Trinity, Carolina, and

A. and E. Captain Hanby has been the particular star of the season, with all the other members of the team showing up well. Lack of team work at times rather than lack of good individual playing seems to have been the cause of the loss of a good many of the games. The following is a score of the games played:

Wake Forest		*Opponents*
25	Durham "Y" at Wake Forest, Jan. 20	15
21	Trinity at Durham, Jan. 24	40
18	Durham "Y" at Durham, Jan. 25	58
17	N. C. State at Raleigh, Feb. 1	29
66	Guilford at Wake Forest, Feb. 7	12
17	University N. C. at Chapel Hill, Feb. 8	30
25	Elon at Wake Forest, Feb. 13	6
29	N. C. State at Wake Forest, Feb. 15	20
18	V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va., Feb. 17	38
14	V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Feb. 18	13
13	Roanoke College at Roanoke, Va., Feb. 19	39
27	Washington and Lee at Lexington, Va., Feb. 20	49
29	Woodbury Forest at Woodbury Forest, Va., Feb. 21	26
32	University of Va. at Charlottesville, Va., Feb. 22	39
29	Univ. of Va. at Wake Forest, Feb. 26	35

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. B. WOOD, Editor

We were glad to receive the February number of *The Furman Echo*. It contains some very fine contributions for this month, and especially the short stories. The first number, "The Parting of Youth," is a poem, not speculatively good nor is it strikingly poor. The stanzas are well balanced and the meter is fairly good. The story "And the Greatest of These" is well worked out. It is a fine representation of conditions that were forced upon young husbands who had to leave their wives and fight the Huns. "A Mission of Trust" is a beautiful poem to our brave boys who bedeck the soil of France with their sacred dust in order that we may enjoy peace once again. "Rupert Brooke" shows careful and thoughtful research. The author is to be congratulated upon the way he has portrayed one of England's promising young poets who gave his life in defense of freedom. "Forward" is a short but good poem. "A Story in Stone" is really the best selection in this issue. The plot is developed and carried out perfectly. Give us more stories of this type. "The Value of a Literary Society" is a genuine essay. We most heartily agree with every word of it. All college men should read it and take heed. The work of the literary society cannot be emphasized too much. "How It Came Out" is a fairly good story but the ending is a little horrible. "Poets Who Fought" is an excellent essay and shows careful thought and study. "To McGee Hall" is a poem of very little depth and yet we really enjoyed it. We congratulate you for such a splendid number.

We gladly welcome the *Tennessee College Magazine* on our exchange list. The February issue contains two poems, one

essay, and two short stories. The poem, "I Wonder," is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't seem to be complete. "The Literature of the Middle Ages to the Renaissance" is a valuable essay setting forth the steps and stages through which the literature of that period had to pass. "Within the Crystal" is not very clear but it very ably shows the attitude of naturalized Germans in this country toward their fatherland (Vaterland). "Aunt Tennie on Matrimony" is a typical example of one's inability to properly represent the negro dialect. The editorials are good but rather short. It is through this department that we are able to learn of the various college activities. We therefore suggest that more interest be taken in this department. We would further suggest that the name of the author should be placed just below the title and not at the end of the contribution.

ALUMNI NOTES

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

WAKE FOREST'S DEAD IN SERVICE

Capt. Andrew J. Harris, Jr.—Died of wounds, October 18, 1918.

Dr. P. C. Harward, 1911-12—Killed in action.

Chaplain A. T. Howard, B.A., 1909—Died of wounds.

2d Lieut. H. D. Lockerman, 1915-18—Died in camp (Taylor, Kentucky).

Priv. T. L. Mast, 1916-17—Died in camp (Crane, Pa.).

Lieut. C. C. Olive, B.A., 1916 (Aviation Corps)—Died of disease, France.

Capt. John E. Ray, B.A., 1908 (Medical Corps)—Died of wounds, October, 1918.

Priv. Charles O. Riddick—Died in camp (Fort Thomas, Ky.), October 11, 1918.

Priv. K. B. Roberts, 1893—Died in camp.

Priv. T. Y. Robertson, 1914-15—Died in camp (McClellan, Ala.), November 6, 1917.

Sergt. W. C. Robinson—Died in camp (Sevier, S. C.), October, 1918.

Priv. E. H. Smith, 1917-18—Died at Norfolk, Va.

Priv. Lloyd W. Speight, 1912-14—Died in camp.

Sergt. A. E. Stevenson, 1914—Killed in action.

2d Lieut. R. H. Turner ("Goat")—Killed in action.

1st Lieut. S. W. White, B.A., 1914 (Aviation Corps)—Killed in aeroplane accident in France, October 31, 1918.

Details with reference to the manner in which these men lost their lives are wanting in many instances. They will be published as soon as they can be obtained. We give a few notes here.

The first Wake Forest man to be killed in action was Lieut.

R. H. Turner. He was killed in the attack on Chateau Thierry, July 15. While in college Lieutenant Turner was a member of our football team, playing at tackle. Any one who ever saw "Goat" Turner, as his fellow-students called him on the football field, are certain that he did his part nobly on the Chateau Thierry field, where our American soldiers first made the Germans recognize their fine fighting qualities.

Capt. Andrew J. Harris was a member of the National Guard, who had seen service in Mexico. Captain Harris was from Henderson, the oldest of three brothers who have graduated from the college. When he was last here, in the spring of 1918, he was a fine specimen of soldier—quiet, reserved, and gentle, and of magnificent physical form. Those who knew him best loved him most sincerely, for he was clean, intellectual, and noble and in every way worthy of life.

Some news came of the manner of death of Chaplain A. T. Howard. He was chaplain of an Ohio regiment, and with the courage that characterized our army chaplains of all creeds he was in the thick of the fight, ministering to the wounded when he received the wounds that brought his death. His mother, writing of his death, says that in their supreme sorrow for the loss of their son, she and his father, Mr. Sam Howard, formerly of Salemburg, N. C., were comforted by the thought that their son had given his life in the service of his country and his Lord. Loyalty and humility were the most striking qualities of Mr. Howard. He left a home of wealth to become a minister of the Gospel. He chose a hard field of labor in Louisiana and there did a great work. He had left Louisiana for an Indiana pastorate shortly before our country entered the war. Loyalty to his country led him to the camp.

Capt. John E. Ray of the Medical Corps was also wounded in waiting on the wounded in battle. He was a son of the late John E. Ray of Raleigh. In his profession Captain Ray had attained much success before the war. A fellow-surgeon,

writing to the mother of Captain Ray, told of the heroic manner in which he bore his great suffering and of his quiet, peaceful death.

Lieut. S. W. White, so far as we are informed, was the only one of the numerous Wake Forest members of the aviation service to meet violent death. He was killed in an accident in France. He was one of the first to enter the aviation service and was in training at Atlanta in the fall of 1917, where he greeted our football team which was playing Georgia Tech. When in college Mr. White was much interested in athletics and won his letter in track. He made many friends by his genial disposition. He was engaged in the practice of law in Georgia when war was declared.

We have not heard the manner of death of Dr. P. C. Harward and Sergt. A. E. Stevenson except that they were killed in action. The latter was a Thomasville Orphanage boy. In college the students called him "Old Folks." He was a staunch, fearless fellow, of great good nature. He was genuinely honest, and though of much humility, genuinely noble. His friends are confident that he never flinched in danger and gave his all like a hero.

There were seven who met violent deaths. The remaining nine died of disease, nearly all from the dread influenza.

Major Paul C. Paschal, 1908-09, of the Thirtieth Infantry, has been awarded the distinguished service cross for extraordinary heroism in action in the Bois d'Aigremont, France, July 15, 1918.

Ray Funderburk, B.A., 1909, lately Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Wake Forest, has been accepted by International Commission for service overseas.

Reverend Romulus Hall, B.A., 1918, is a student at the Southern Baptist Seminary.

Mr. Finley Coffee, 1887-1888, of Manning, S. C., is mayor of his city, and a leading worker in the local church and Sunday School.

Dr. A. G. Bethea, B.A., 1902, is practicing medicine in Darlington, S. C.

Mr. William Harvey Vann, B.A., 1907, M.A., 1908, was last fall transferred from limited service to the Y. M. C. A. and has done important educational work in Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Lieut. Glenn Stroyle, B.A., 1916, 371 Infantry, arrived in New York February 17th, and after a few days in a convalescent hospital is now at Camp McPherson. He was recommended for the croix de guerre by his colonel, "Displaying remarkable and unusual courage in the face of fierce artillery shelling, gassing, and machine-gun fire, for more than eight hours. He exercised good judgment and coolness and held his men together despite the heavy losses and handicaps, and assisted in taking a nest of some twenty machine guns, killing or capturing most of the defenders. As a result of this action the enemy was forced to withdraw two kilometers." Lieutenant Stroyle made this splendid record during the attack on Cote 186, September 28, 1918.

L. S. Inscoe was recently chosen Superintendent of Public Instruction for the county of Nash, succeeding Mr. Oscar Creech, who resigned to devote his entire attention to pastoral work.

Mr. R. H. Burns, 1899-1902, was from 1913 to 1915 Superintendent of Agencies of Southern Life and Trust Company, headquarters at Greensboro, N. C. From 1915 to 1918 Mr. Burns was Vice-President and Agency Manager of the United Life and Accident Insurance Company of Concord,

New Hampshire. Since 1918 he has been Associate Manager of Harman & Co., Financial, his office being at 50 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. R. H. Noel, 1914, formerly of Roxboro, N. C., is stationed at a base hospital in France, with rank of 1st Lieutenant.

C. J. Carpenter, 1913, entered chaplaincy April 5, 1918, and was stationed at Fort Howard, Maryland, Coast Defense, Baltimore.

Rev. S. J. Beeker, of the Little River Association, died on October 21, 1918. He was pastor of churches in that Association. His death was a great shock to all who knew him.

D. E. Buckner, B.A. '16, M.A. '17, writes an interesting letter from Coblenz on the Rhine. "The Germans," he says, "are very proud of me and my companions; they serve us fruits, cakes, and wines." He says that they are a kind and carefree people. They don't seem to understand the Americans at all.

Hunter Creech, LL.B., '14, has recently moved to New York City where he intends to pursue his law practice.

The following Wake Forest men were members of the General Assembly last session:

D. G. Brummitt, LL.B., 1907, Speaker of the House;
O. M. Mull, member of Senate from Cleveland County, B.A., 1902, LL.B., 1903;
Ed. Spense, 1888-89, of Randolph County;
R. L. Burns, of Carthage, B.A., 1891; and
W. H. Fisher, B.A., 1915, of Sampson County, member of House of Representatives.

Mr. W. C. Allen has written a history of Halifax County; the first edition was published December 10. It is an interesting story of life—time, history, and manners from the earliest days. Colonial, Revolutionary, ante-bellum, post-bellum periods, and the present are carefully covered.

C. N. Bailey, B.A., 1898, has always clung to his ancestral home in Norfolk, Virginia. He has been engaged in business since he left college.

Rev. S. F. Hudson will take his B.A. degree next Commencement. He is now at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

S. C. Garrison, B.A., 1911, was, until the entrance in the war of the United States, acting Professor of Psychology at Peabody College. He was commissioned in the Adjutant General's Department and stationed in the Adjutant General's office soon after enlisting.

F. W. Carrol, B.A., '16, M.A., '18, former assistant to Dean Gulley, is principal of the Kinston High School.

Jesse A. Jones, of the firm of Shaw & Jones, attorneys and counselors at law, Kinston, N. C., is expecting to take his LL.B. degree at our next Commencement.

Dr. Charles E. McBrayer, B.A., 1902, has attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Medical Corps of the United States Army, having been in the service for several years.

Jesse F. Greason, LL.B., 1906, is attorney and counselor at law at Sapulpa, Okla.

O. H. Dockery, B.A., 1892, has been in the regular army since the Spanish-American War. During the recent war he

attained the rank of Colonel, the highest rank reached by an alumnus of Wake Forest. Recently friends of Colonel Dockery in Wake Forest have received copies of *C'est La Guerre,* a musical drama in three acts, written by officers of his regiment and dedicated to him. The publication also contains a portrait of Colonel Dockery and a sketch of his life.

In a letter to the STUDENT Editor, Colonel Dockery says he would like to be remembered to any of his old friends should they still be at the College, "To which I owe all my success in life."

The Wake County Alumni Association met on the evening of January 24th, at the Y. M. C. A. Building in Raleigh, where was celebrated an annual dinner in honor of Wake Forest men of this county. Governor T. W. Bickett was speaker of the evening and was introduced by President W. L. Poteat. Provisions were made for two scholarships in Wake Forest College, scholarships to go to Wake County students. Mr. Cary J. Hunter read obituaries of Dr. J. M. Ray and Mr. S. M. Brewer. Members of the Wake Forest Glee Club added mirth to the enjoyment of the occasion with several musical selections. Mr. T. E. Holding, of Wake Forest, was elected President of the Association for the coming year and Mr. W. R. Powell, also of Wake Forest, was elected Vice-President.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. E. GOOCH, Wake Forest, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXXVIII APRIL, 1919 No. 3

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT: A DISCUSSION

R. P. BURNS

(Paper read before the Political Science Club, March 1st)

Life in all its complexities is nothing but habit. The habit of your father and mother determine to a large extent the man or woman that you become. We realize that this applies to the individual, but often the fact that society is nothing but a structure based on habit formed throughout the ages is overlooked. The habits of the father are handed unconsciously to the son, and the son passes them on to his son. Not through heredity so much is this accomplished, but through environment. And thus our social structure has been formed. And thus have arisen the prevailing differences between the sexes. The rearing of the boy in the home is very different from that of the girl. From babyhood they are taught differently; their lives, their physical being, and their moral mind are molded differently. Thus arise a great many of the sex differences and different standards for the sexes. One of the cries of the radical feminists is for naturalness of development for each sex from birth. The wisdom of this will not be attempted to be solved here. The fact that I wish to establish is that the present attitude toward woman is merely a habit. Is this habit a good one or not? We shall try to see.

Before going further in this discussion it will probably be wise briefly to review the history of woman, so that we can get an historical insight into the part that habit has played in the present male and female relation. Etymologically

"woman" means wife. Her history is one of dependence and subordination from the earliest times. "Day and night must woman be held by their protectors in a state of dependence," says Manu, the Hindu Noah. The Mosaic law was equally relentless toward women. The Biblical woman was only a servant for her husband, having no property rights. According to the Roman law, the wife was the purchased property of her husband, exercising no civil or public functions. In the ninth century in France we find the husband possessing the right of life and death over the wife. Gradually woman has gained privileges, however, until today she is a far more independent being than ever before in her history. The question for tonight's discussion is whether she should become absolutely independent or not.

Equal privileges have been advocated for women only a little over half a century. So the movement is practically a new one, and, considering its short life, the progress of the movement has been phenomenal. The chief cause of the movement undoubtedly has been the higher education of women. Kept in mental subjection by man until seventy-five years ago, since the opportunity has been open to her, woman has routed the old myth and proved herself fully man's mental equal. And with the development of her mental faculties has come the realization of the present superior economic advantages of man and the absolute subjection of woman in all things to man. And so, using their mental capacities, they are striving for their emancipation from the yoke which man has imposed upon them throughout the ages. Let us understand that the present-day man does not do this consciously but only through habit. Yet, while idealizing and worshiping and even sacrificing themselves and the world to love for particular women, for womanhood, "whoever heard of a man putting himself aside because the world needed some woman's gift for architecture, or biology, or sociology, more than it needed his own

contribution. Men have never hesitated to take a woman out of society and insist that every gift, every possible contribution of hers to human welfare shall be unexercised, aborted, done away with."

It is the contention of some of those opposed to the theory of woman's rights that the feminist cry is arising from the great mass of unmarried women throughout the United States and those married women who have been disappointed in their marital relations. To a certain extent this is true, and it is only natural. Under the present social structure, the happiness and success of the life of a woman is wrapped up in a happy marriage. That is practically the only future that a woman has to look forward to. So undoubtedly the surplus of females in the world is another cause for the movement. In 1910 there were 9,000,000 unmarried females in the United States, while there were only 8,000,000 unmarried males. The great majority of these women were of the middle class, while the males to a great measure were of the lowest class. Nine million women in our country not able to realize the highest ambition of a woman's life, a loving husband and a happy home. Nine million disappointed lives. Naturally they seek a system which offers them a chance in life not based on a man's whim and proposal. Under the present system an unmarried woman is often a sad spectacle. Since economic freedom is denied her, no outlet being allowed her through these channels, her life is practically useless. Often she is an economic burden to her parents and a bore to herself and her associates. Their voice and that of unhappily married women undoubtedly constitutes a powerful factor in the present movement, and it is a condition which ought to be remedied. However it is not true that other women are not demanding sex emancipation. Happily married women, realizing the present unequal opportunities of women, are joining in the cry.

Before proceeding further, we might notice the theory and demands of feminism. "Feminism," says Mr. W. L. George, "can be broadly defined as a furthering of the interests of women, more specifically as the social and political emancipation of women, and philosophically as the leveling of the sexes." Mr. George then proceeds to lay down the aims of the movement. He says:

"We wish to establish that the intellectual capacities of the two sexes, though different, are not unequal.

"We wish to arrive at a state where the differences between men and women will be reduced to sexual differences, because these alone are natural.

"We wish to establish a state of balance when sex differences will remain, but when sex privileges will vanish."

Mr. George represents the radical element; at least he carries out his thinking to the last analysis. The feminist movement may be summed up, however, as a demand for economic, mental, social, political, and physical freedom for women, with the desire for physical freedom not entering into the minds of a great number of the advocates just at present. Because of habit it is usual to omit this phase of any question, and so this most fundamental, though at present not the most important, problem of them all growing out of the movement, is not noticed by a great number of people. The greatest demand at present is for economic and political freedom. Mental freedom has been largely attained. Woman has not by any means the social freedom of man. Her demand is not for this particular freedom to such a great extent, however, because she herself is not yet far enough from the conventions of the ages to demand this. Political freedom she is rapidly acquiring. This is likewise true of economic freedom.

No force has accentuated the spread of the Woman's Movement as has the World War. In the exigency of war the new woman proved herself. She proved that she could take a

man's place if necessary; that she could carry on a man's work. Of course she did not always do it as the man had done it. Adjustments had to be made, but this was only natural. During the war the women of England, Germany, and France, entering fields absolutely unknown to them, kept up the domestic burdens, carried on the home operations, while the men went to war. The service that they rendered, the quick adaptability that they showed, is probably the most remarkable single feature of the war. In this country, the woman took hold of occupations absolutely unknown to her, and did them well, although the sphere of woman's work naturally did not extend as far in this country as in England, Germany, or France, due to our shorter time of participation in the war. At the close of the war 100,000 female employees were serving the U. S. Railroad Administration, and were successfully meeting the requirements. Many were engaged in munition work, farm work, and industrial work of various kinds.

The extension of the sphere of woman's work was very broad. That the female proved her mental capacity during the war is not questioned. Whether or not she proved herself physically capable is another question. The British seem to think that in a mediocre measure she has, saying that the British woman has met the majority of the physical requirements exacted of her, and that with it all her health improved very much.

Our own experience in this matter seems to be different. Women as a rule have been found to possess less physical capacity than men and not to be able to meet the requirements of heavy labor. This is explained by some of the feminists on the ground that the physical incapacity of woman is due to early training—in other words, to the feminine habits inculcated in the female from childhood. They say that if natural development were allowed there would be much less

disparity between the strength of the male and the female; that use and not sex determines physical strength.

To return to my subject: As I was saying, woman has greatly advanced her cause by proving herself in the present war. She has been granted the ballot in England, Germany, and France since the beginning of the war. In these countries political emancipation has resulted. Their political emancipation in this country seems to be only a matter of time. The recent defeat of the Susan D. Anthony amendment to the Constitution of the United States by only one vote in the Senate, after it had passed in the House of Representatives, shows what great strides the movement has made. The economic freedom of woman has likewise been much extended during the war. Fields in which she did not formerly even think of entering now are fully open to her.

So the attainment of the aims of feminism seems to be only a matter of time. The mental emancipation of woman has been practically attained, even though a great number of people continue to consider her inferior in mental capacity to man. Political and economic emancipation seems to be a coming thing. There remains to be secured almost from the beginning social and physical emancipation. These are the great problems of the future in regard to this question.

Now, after this necessary review of these phases of feminism, I wish to discuss its practicability. I wish to discuss, first, its political practicability; second, its economic practicability; and third, its sociological practicability.

Of course there is a great deal of opposition to woman suffrage yet. Those opposed to the principle argue that woman suffrage will destroy the home, that it will destroy to a great extent the purity of our women, that it will work more harm than good, aside from the fact that it is needless. Yet the practicability of woman's suffrage seems to have been proved, despite the fact that it has not had a very long trial. How-

ever, in this time woman has proved that she is fit as a voter. The press of New York State, which recently granted the suffrage to woman, are very commendatory as to the intelligence that the women showed in voting in the recent congressional elections. Thus far there have been evidences of no immoral results where the suffrage has been granted women; homes have not been broken up. As I said, woman suffrage has not been tried long enough for the results to be seen. We cannot tell what may be the results of it later. The trial thus far seems to prove that the political demands of Feminism are practicable.

The economic practicability is the next point for discussion. First, I wish to notice the effect of the movement on labor.

The labor unions of the country seem to be unanimously opposed to female labor. This is due probably to two causes: the fact that female labor is, through custom, cheaper labor than male labor, and that the economic freedom of woman may mean the flooding of the labor forces of the country. Woman doing the same work as man has historically drawn less pay. This is true today. Naturally the labor unions fear that female labor will lower wages. So, in the event of the complete economic emancipation of woman, hostility and apprehension will be aroused in union ranks. The conflicts growing out of this conflict can be many and is a problem to be solved. Probably the policy of equal pay for the same work will have to be agreed to by male and female employee and employer to solve the problem.

As I have already intimated, the flooding of the labor ranks is another possible result of the economic equality of women. It is a question as to whether the ranks of labor would be flooded or not. Is it that in the event of economic freedom being granted to the female sex that they will go into the labor market sufficiently to flood it, or is it more likely that

the great majority of women will continue to be social or domestic beings? The program of Feminism seems to infer a cessation to a great measure of the old type of social and home woman. In the event that a surplus of labor did occur, the most fit would logically be chosen to do the work, and the rest would necessarily have to remain idle. Another problem which might disprove the economic practicability of Feminism; but the feminist would say to you that it is just as fair for the men to be idle a while now as for the woman, who in all history has been practically idle. Here again they would advise us to forget the habit of ages and to look at the question with clear minds.

Habit grows harder to discard.

Capital's attitude toward female labor is interesting. Capital seems to be opposed to female labor at present from an economic standpoint, aside from the sociological standpoint. As a rule, it looks on female labor as less efficient than male. However, during the war many employers were forced to use female labor. They found it cheap, practicable, and in many cases as efficient as male labor. These men are going to retain female labor to a certain extent. This means that men will be thrown out of employment in favor of women. But I have said that to succeed women must demand the same pay as men. It is a question as to whether or not employers will retain their female labor when it is no longer cheap. This element of cheapness in this form of labor is the great problem to be met in this regard.

However, many employers did not find female labor efficient. They greatly anticipate the time for the return of the soldiers from France so that they can get efficient labor and, therefore, satisfactory products once more. The feminist might say to you, though, that these employers were through habit prejudiced against female labor, and that prejudice will not allow even the best things to seem good; that there is a

physical difference between men and women and that the work had been adapted to the rhythm needed to suit man's physical make-up and not woman's; that a little adjustment might have made female labor perfectly efficient; that woman cannot be expected to accomplish so soon in a physical way what man has; that to take part in such work she has to be given training other than that prescribed to a woman by custom at present.

Under the program of Feminism man as a superior economic being will no longer exist. He who has so long controlled the destiny of the world's affairs will occupy exactly the same economic plane as woman. This is difficult to think of. It is hard for the privileged man to think of. But isn't it fair? Here again arises the question of fitness. Will woman ever be on an economic level with man because of her physical incapacity? But I have shown that the argument of the feminists is that it is use and not sex that makes for the present physical superiority of man. According to the medical view of some doctors this physical capacity which woman at present lacks may be acquired. Dr. E. O'Neill Kane, in speaking of woman's fitness for war work said: "If women are forced into railway service by the demands of war, they will have to be masculinized to a certain extent. . . . It will necessitate certain changes in habit, costume, and preparatory training." But it is not at all a settled fact that woman can acquire the physical fitness of man. Unless habit has fooled us, it is not at all her nature.

Anyway, is the masculinization of women wise, and will the great majority of our women submit to it? This is the program of Feminism in that a complete adoption of feminist principles will necessitate it.

The feminists are not demanding so much to be allowed to do heavy labor. In fact, they do not anticipate doing heavy work much, but their demand is for equal economic privileges

with man. Their anticipation seems to look to clerkships, the professional world, etc., rather than to heavy physical labor. But if woman takes an economic level with man it means that she will no longer be under the support of man. Under the necessity of self-support will not many of them have to do this heavy labor? We can't imagine any special female privileges in the economic world. The natural outcome of this sought-after economic freedom seems necessarily to be the masculinization of a certain percentage of our women. Is this practicable? Let us discuss the sociological features and problems of the movement and try to see.

Is it true or not that the economic freedom of woman, with the masculinization of a certain part of the women, possibly the greater part eventually, will destroy the chivalry of the ages which man has shown woman? I find different opinions. Agnes Repplier, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1918, emits this outburst: "It is awkward to be relegated to the angelic class and to feel that one does not fit. Intelligent feminists sometimes say that chivalry—that inextinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death-notices—is more disheartening than contempt. Chivalry is essentially protective. It is rooted in the consciousness of superior strength. It is expansively generous and scrimpingly just. . . . " This on first reading may appear to you as the most extreme radicalism. Possibly it is. But pause one moment and think of habit again; of the social structure of habit.

Personally I cannot think of the chivalry between the sexes being broken down. The attitude of Miss Mary Austin, writing in *The Forum* of May, 1918, is worthy of notice. She says: "The fear of the failure of chivalry between the sexes due to sex emancipation is stupid, because it assumes that the attention of chivalry is paid to a posture of femininity rather than to a fact." Yet, you say, that posture aids in chivalrous

impulses. Beautiful dress, demureness, and all the wiles of feminine witchcraft, are all causes of chivalry. Do away with them, masculinize your woman, place her on a basis of economic equality, and chivalry is altogether likely to disappear as soon as the world can discard its habit of a chivalrous attitude toward women. William Dean Howells says, as editor of *Harper's Magazine,* "It is still true, or as true as ever, that woman's sphere is in the home; that when she steps out of this realm of her proper sovereignty men cannot render her the chivalrous homage that they have always shown her when she is nicely dressed; they cannot give up their seats to her in cars; they cannot take off their hats to her in the elevator after keeping them on up to the moment of stepping into it."

Turning now to the effect of Feminism on home life, we find that, according to the demands of the movement, husband and wife would be equally liable for the support of their children, and for the costs of running the home. And too, if the wages of both are made the same, they will both have to work for the upkeep of their home. This will mean that there will be practically no home-life. Motherhood will no longer be the precious thing that it has hitherto been. Another question is whether or not motherhood would not largely cease. Some of the feminists say that sex mastery and not sex mystery would make it possible for motherhood to continue. But mother-training would almost necessarily cease, and what would be the influence of this on the minds and ideals of coming generations?

What sex relation would result between the sexes with the adoption of Feminism in its essence? Mr. George says that free love is not the demand of the feminists, but rather freedom of choice; that happy homes, happier than they now are, would result. On the other hand, Mr. Henry Walker says, in *The Forum* of December, 1914, that the true goal of Feminism is polygamy; legalized, regulated by the state; respect-

able and "moral." His treatment is very interesting. He says, "Their clamor for 'equal rights' and 'equal opportunities' is essentially a quarrel with the present convention of sexual relations, all the other elements being of minor import and distinctly subsidiary to this." Continuing, he says, "Feminism is only a demand for greater freedom in sexual life; for the woman now unmarried a chance to live somehow a lawful sexual existence; for the woman now unhappily married a chance to try again, to better her condition by free divorce." He then recommends polygamy as the only thing which will give woman all of these things.

The great mass of us can imagine no pure sexual relation but that of the monogamous marriage relation now existing. But, again, how great a part does habit play in our thinking? Mr. Walker points out two evils of the present system, in showing that Feminism is a protest against the present marriage relation. He says that prostitution is the direct result of monogamy. And the second result is a "vast army of 'virtuous' but unhappy, starved, futile-lived women." This is facing the facts squarely. However, would not the evils of the system which Mr. Walker recommends be much more numerous and at the same time graver than those existing under the present system? I believe also that this is true of any system that I have found recommended by radical feminists aside from the present one.

As to freedom of choice. Undoubtedly women should play more part in selecting their husbands, and this is, in my opinion, coming in vogue through the greater freedom of expression that woman now has. She is no longer the modest, retiring thing that she once was.

I have discussed the practicability of Feminism only briefly, touching only the high spots of the movement, despite the length of this paper. I apologize to the members of the club for using so much of tonight's time myself, but beg to be

excused on the ground that it was necessary in order to even begin to present this subject. I now leave it to you to determine the practicability and desirability of Feminism, in either a modified form or the whole program. To begin the discussion, I will present my views, which, I warn you, are liable to change at any moment.

Before giving you my views I would call your attention to the fact that I have presented the radical view of Feminism tonight. It is a view which our pure Southern womanhood might blush to think of and which few of them are demanding. But I would ask you to once more "pause and ponder" the effect of habit on our social structure, our present-day thinking, and meditate if some day the entire program of Feminism will not be carried out.

Politically the program of the feminist movement seems practical. It has proved so, I think. Economically it is practical to a certain extent. Sociologically, it does not seem practical, except that the present system of marital relations be retained. In so far as it is practical, custom should be discarded, and woman should be given an equal chance with man.

So I would say give woman the vote, let her do any work that she can do equally as well as man, if she wishes. Do not give preferences to a man just because he is a man. Give equal rights to man and woman, as far as possible, but by all means no program should be entered into which will destroy chivalry between the sexes, the chivalry upon which our life, literature, and pursuit of happiness is founded.

THE DEMON FEAR

PERRY Y. JACKSON

The marvels of modern medical science are manifold. Especially in surgery has the progress of our age been so rapid that the mind will recognize scarcely any limits to what the genius of man is able to accomplish. When a few years ago the tireless experimenters in surgical science succeeded in transplanting the heads of dogs and other animals the most extravagant prophecies were indulged in, even by men of accredited standing in science. The replacement of a worn-out organ in an individual past his prime would, they said, assure eternal life, eternal youth. The upholders of this weird theory no doubt had ideas of their own about nature's scheme of economy; and perhaps they were fully confident of a never-ending supply of fresh and youthful organs, which were to be kept in cold storage until they should be needed to preserve the interesting and valuable existence of some millionaire octogenarian. But not all fanciful or fantastic were the operations of these experimenters in grafting upon the human body. Doubtless many were the cures which they effected. Yet for the very climax of the weird and extraordinary, perhaps there has been no case in the history of medicine which can surpass that of my dear friend and comrade, Carlos Martinez.

It was in Spain that I first met Carlos. Much younger than myself, yet in his way far more talented than I in mine, he had impressed me from the first as a man whose acquaintance was to be sought, whose friendship was to be valued. In Madrid he was well known. The most exclusive circle of Spanish painters had gladly received him into their midst. Upon merit alone his paintings had won for him a place among the artists of the old world. His specialty was portrait-

painting; his faces were not true to life, but the imaginative quality which he introduced into them, the purity of his fancy and grace of his style, led one to say at the first view, "This is the work of a master."

I flatter myself that it was I who persuaded Martinez to come to the United States. Of our adventures in the years of our life together in the metropolis it is not my purpose to speak now. Not many months were passed before Carlos was firmly established, and was rapidly winning a place in the hearts of the lovers of art in America. At the time when I was called away for an expedition among the Himalayas I left my friend with the supreme confidence that he was to become the foremost artist of his age.

As years passed, even to the depths of Asia came to me the name of Carlos Martinez. I rejoiced in his success, and at the time of the triumph of his masterpiece, "The Butterfly," I sent him a message of heartiest congratulation. With eagerness I looked forward to the time when once more I might clasp his hand; when arm in arm we might stroll together through the parks of the city that we called home. Thoughts of my friend occupied a large place in this heretofore lonely scientific life of mine.

I was in Tibet when I received the announcement of his approaching marriage. My work was nearly completed. As rapidly as possible I rushed through the remaining part of it, and the next fast steamer bore me toward New York.

Never shall I forget the day of my arrival. My heart beat high when I saw the Statue of Liberty guarding the land which, though most of my life had been spent in wandering about the earth, I was proud to call my own. But I cannot express the excitement which caused my heart to tremble when I entered the hotel in which Carlos had his residence.

He rose slowly from a divan as I entered his apartment. His appearance shocked me. His features looked pale and

drawn—he who once had been the picture of health and manly beauty. His left hand only he extended to me—his right he carried in a sling. I seized his hand and wrung it hard, but recoiled at the gasp of pain he uttered. Almost fainting he appeared to be as he sank back upon the sofa. I summoned the servant; between our united efforts he recovered. "Carlos," I cried, "my friend, how is it that I find you so?"

He was silent, but he took my hand in his. After a few minutes he spoke, but his voice was weak.

"Clayton," he said, "you must forgive me. I am not myself, I know. I have suffered in these last weeks—God only knows what suffering I have endured. If this keeps up much longer—this throbbing in my head, this whispering of unknown voices in my ear—I believe that I shall go mad!"

"What has happened?" I cried. His whole appearance alarmed me. His eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, such as I had never seen but in a person delirious with fever; his pulse was quick and strong, but his hand burned in mine.

"Do you not know, Clayton, what has happened to me?" he asked presently.

I shook my head. Slowly he raised his right arm. His wrist was exposed, and I saw to my astonishment and horror an as yet unhealed wound, closed by stitches, that completely encircled his arm.

"Look," he said; "this hand—*Clayton, it is not my own.*"

His words staggered me. "How," I cried, "not yours! What do you mean?"

"It is not mine," he repeated. "I do not know whose it is, but it is not my own."

His voice was peculiar. It was as that of a child who, though not denied, is yet monotonously insistent.

"It was just a month ago," he went on, "when it happened. . . . " His voice trailed off; he shuddered and was silent.

"What happened, Carlos? Tell it to me," I cried.

"The accident," he murmured. Did you not know, Clayton? Oh, I forgot. It was night, and the roads were wet and slippery; the car went wild, and we hit something, and *she* was killed."

"Who was killed?" I struggled against his incoherence.

"She, my Pearl, my fiancée. But I knew nothing of that till later. At the time I knew only that something heavy had struck me on the head. When I recovered—ah!" The memory seemed to oppress him.

"I awoke in a bed, but in the most peculiar little room. Except in a prison I had never seen such a one. The walls were of stone. Except for the couch on which I lay the room was bare. I tried to raise my head, but could not; my weakness was too great. Then I endeavored to raise my arms, but they seemed chained to my side. After a time a nurse entered the room. I tried to speak to her, and could not. She looked at me a moment and called a doctor. They spoke low, but from their words I knew that they were unaware that I was listening. Their words I do not remember—but their meaning—it was that which drove from my mind everything but the consciousness of my disaster. I learned of the death of my Pearl, and with the staggering realization of my loss I hardly knew that their words mainly concerned my condition. But gradually I gathered the facts. I had been brought into the office of the surgeon of the state prison. My head was bruised and my right hand horribly mangled. He had decided after a short examination upon the necessity of amputation. But they had recognized me from the papers in my pocket, and knew that the loss of my hand meant the end of my career. It was then that the idea occurred to him of replacing the wounded hand with a sound one. There was in the prison a murderer, condemned to die. Perhaps red tape was suspended for the moment, perhaps the consent of the man was obtained;

I do not know. But the operation was carried out. I know nothing of surgery, but inquiries that I have since made show that the physician made a physical examination of the prisoner before attempting the transplanting of his hand. And I know that the work must have been difficult, for weeks have passed, and still the wound has scarcely begun to heal.

"And this is the hand. It is killing me." Again he raised his arm from the bandage, and with all the fascination which the horrible can produce I examined it. The hand was finely made, small and tapering, the exact counterpart of Carlos' natural hand. But for that fiery red line about the wrist it was difficult to believe the story he had told. Upon the index finger I noticed a mark, an inflamed indentation; it resembled a scar, but could not be. He watched the direction of my eyes, and smiled wanly. "Yes," he said, "that mark is the clue to the whole affair. Only a week ago it became inflamed. I do not understand it, and neither does the doctor."

Two months later Martinez returned from a trip to Florida which his physician had recommended for his health. The week after his arrival I was in New York, and called upon him. Advices which I had received had forewarned me not to expect a complete recovery, but for the shock which I experienced when my eyes fell upon him I was entirely unprepared. The room into which I was ushered was quite dark; heavy curtains obscured the windows; the chandeliers were covered with black drapery, and even the furniture seemed chosen with the purpose of enhancing the gloom of the apartment. But never had I seen human face so changed as was that of the occupant of the room. His face was haggard; his eyes bloodshot and sunken, yet shining with a preternatural glare. His hair had grown long, and about it one could notice scattered threads of white. He extended his left hand to me as I came before him, and the smile with which he greeted me was hideous to see.

"Clayton," he said, in response to my first astonished inquiries about his health, "I could not stand those Florida scenes. I have come back—to this. I do not believe that I could live outside these apartments.

"It was on the beach near Tampa that first I noticed it. *It* was something dark and vague that seemed to threaten me from above the sea. Its form I could not make out, but its *hand* was stretched out to me to clutch my heart. An uncontrollable fear made me hasten from the spot. I rushed to my hotel; the glances which I encountered on the streets were odious to me. The examining physician to whom I appealed for a diagnosis found nothing; but before his shining instruments I was held in a kind of fascination; I could not resist the impulse to cry out; and suddenly catching a view of my own features in a mirror I fainted dead away.

"The uselessness of my further stay in Florida was recognized. I was sent back to New York at once; but my condition has not improved. On the contrary I have grown steadily worse. I cannot endure the sun; even a light of any sort has become repulsive to me. I *fear* it; the fear is consuming my very soul. And I cannot explain it."

"Come with me," he said a little later. He led the way into his studio. This room had once been perhaps the brightest in all New York; but now its brilliancy was gone. The only light came from incandescent lamps shielded by masks of black cloth. The paintings were draped; this perhaps was to keep away the dust. One small canvas alone was exposed. It rested upon an easel, and as I approached I saw upon it the portrait of a young and beautiful girl.

"Yes," said Martinez, "that was she; she had posed for me at her own request, and on the very evening of her death this painting had been finished."

The face of the sick man lost something of its wild appearance as he gazed upon this counterfeit beauty of his love. But

suddenly he threw his arm across his face and turned away. "Here," he cried, and pointed to another easel almost hidden by the obscurity of the room. "Here is the counterpart of that portrait. It was her wish that I make another painting of myself; this is the picture, and here is the mirror that I gazed in as I worked." He indicated its position under the tapestry, then paused a moment before he lifted the covering. "Yesterday I retouched this picture. It was the first time I have taken up a brush since—since the accident; and by God's help I shall never touch one again." His voice broke shrilly, and he tore away the cloth.

Never shall I forget the horror that chilled my very soul when my eyes fell upon that picture. The face was the face of my friend, but it was the face of a fear-mad demon. Mortal terror cried aloud from the eyes. The mouth was distorted, the cheeks twisted, the very hair seemed to stand on end from horror.

"Carlos," I cried aghast, "is this your idea of yourself? Never, my friend—" I choked as I looked upon the features of my friend, for there, exactly duplicated in all their horror, were the fantastic fear and terror that made so weird the canvas. Suddenly he gave a snarl as of a mad brute—never did I hear such a sound but from the throat of an infuriated dog. In a second, before I could know what he was about, he had drawn a knife; he held it high above his head, then with all his force hurled it against the little mirror beside the painting. In a frenzy of fury he slashed the canvas from top to bottom. A wild inarticulate cry burst from his lips, that gradually molded itself into words as he turned to me. "Begone!" he cried. "Quick—get out, or I shall kill you!" He menaced me with the blade; he brandished it before him, all the while a beastly snarl disfiguring his lips. Then his eyes fell upon the knife. With a cry of horror he hurled it from him, and sank quivering upon the floor.

* * * * * * *

It was night, and a storm was raging. Intermittent claps of thunder shook fantastically the tapestry that draped the walls, while the lightning flashes reached even into the veiled funereal apartment where I watched at the bedside of my friend. His violent raving had at last been quieted by his physician, and he had apparently fallen into a deep slumber. Nothing remained but to watch and wait. Devoutly I prayed for the recovery of this stricken man before me—this man whom I had known as friend and comrade. Yet as the night deepened I must have dozed as I sat. A noise aroused me, and with a start I awoke. Before me stood my friend; he had risen and was fully dressed. "Let us go outside," he said. His voice was more nearly natural than I had heard it in days. "It must be beautiful out there."

I stood beside him. My remonstrances were in vain. "I am going," he cried stubbornly, in answer to my every plea. It occurred to me to hold him by violence, but I thought of the terrific strength he had displayed during his madness of the last few days. I was alone, and clearly it was best to humor him. "Very well," I said. Striking a match, I drew out my watch; it was after two. But as the eyes of the madman fell upon the watch he uttered a cry such as never came from human throat. He struck furiously at me, then as the feeble light faded into darkness I heard the slamming of a door that showed me I was alone. I followed, but as I rushed through the corridors that led to the great front door I realized that he had gained the lead.

Outside the storm still raged; the rain fell in sheets. His head was bare as he fled, and bareheaded I pursued. The lightning had withdrawn to the eastward, but still the flashes were bright enough to reveal all things as by the light of day. Under our feet a torrent raced; once I saw my friend stumble and fall. I almost reached him before he recovered his feet, and the weirdness of the scene, the horror of our situation,

faded from my consciousness before the horror of the face which he turned toward me. It was the face of a nightmare—of a devil. And it was fear that twisted his features—sheer blasting fear. He shook the water from his face and clothing as a dog shakes himself; then without a sound he hastened on. For a moment I stood petrified. When I gained the use of my limbs he was far ahead. We were approaching the wharf. Above the combined rushing of the wind, the splashing of the rain, the growling of the thunder, came the sound of waves. I was gaining—I was near him. He halted at the edge of the great river, and gazed up and down the stream. Suddenly a flash of purple fire rent the very heavens; the broken surface of the water was transformed into a sparkling mirror of crimson flame and blood. Before the dazzling brightness my eyes closed involuntarily. Even above the accompanying thunder-peal rang the cry of my friend. When the next flash lighted up the scene he had disappeared.

I rushed to the spot where he had stood above the river. There upon the boards, beaten white by the sheets of rain, yet with a jagged wound where it was severed at the wrist, lay the hand. I bent over it. Upon the index finger deeper than ever before was that wound or scar which I had first remarked months ago. Unmistakably it was the print of teeth.

GRANDADDY LONG LEGS

C. S. Green

The fall outing of Belair College was always looked forward to for many weeks and looked backward to for months to follow. The students, with the faculty and a favored few of the town people, on these occasions would go for an all-day picnic to the great woods surrounding Belair.

The time set for the 1918 picnic was only a few days off. Houghton West sat alone in his room when he was disturbed by a loud knock upon his door.

"Come in," he called. But Clifton Gray had already burst into the room, his face flushed and talking in an excited manner.

"Look here, I just want to let you know that Horace Drayton doesn't go on our picnic."

"And why?" calmly questioned Houghton.

"Do you suppose that such fellows as the members of the 'Ten Club,' of which I am president, intend to associate with any such chap as Grandaddy Long Legs?" As he spoke Clifton Gray drew from his pocket a small flask and drank a deep draught of the liquid it contained.

Houghton West turned in his chair and looked the other boy squarely in the face. "Horace Drayton is about the dandiest chap in all the college. I never knew a whiter, straighter fellow than he is. Why do you so object to his being along?"

"We don't propose to have a fellow that drives a grocery wagon mixing up with us."

"Suppose he does drive a grocery wagon in the afternoons. That doesn't change the fellow in the driver's seat."

"It does in the eyes of the world," replied Clifton. "Why doesn't he tutor, or do something like that?"

"He did have a class in Latin and Greek, but ——"

"What did he give it up for then, because he wasn't smart enough to hold it?" sneeringly asked Clifton.

"No, I will tell you." And Houghton began: "Horace learned that little Griggs, the hunchback, would have to leave college and go home unless he could find some way to make a little money, and all Griggs could do was to thump Greek roots into dullards' heads, so Horace turned his pupils over to Griggs, and now he drives old Billy Jones' grocery wagon."

"That sounds awfully nice," said Gray, "but you just let him know, since he is your roommate, that he is not wanted at the picnic."

"There'll be no need of that," replied Houghton, "he'll not go, be very sure of that. I happen to know what sort of grit Horace is made of, bless his old long legs."

When the day for the outing arrived it was an ideal one, though the sun did not shine as brightly as many wished—it seemed to be very far away and to have a gray veil over its usually radiant face.

"I do not like the looks of things toward the west," Dr. Blount, president of the college, said soon after arriving at the picnic grounds. "Unless I am mistaken there is a forest fire on its way to us through those west woods."

Turning to Professor Brown he said, "Just keep your eyes wide open, and if this grayness increases we'll call for a return home on the double quick."

Clifton Gray was one of the merriest there. He laughed and talked and joined in all the college songs. Several times during the long, merry morning he went off to where long lines of autos were standing and burrowed into a basket he had in one of them. After each of these private trips he returned with his face flushed more deeply and his voice pitched in a still higher key.

Clifton's spirits did not flag but once during the day; that was near noon when a big yellow grocery wagon rattled up to where the long line of autos stood. On the driver's seat was Horace Drayton and in the back of the wagon were several large freezers of cream. As the tall, broad-shouldered young fellow lifted out the large freezers, Clifton laughed aloud and made some jesting remark regarding the length of Grandaddy Long Legs' coat. Horace did not turn around or appear to hear, but Houghton West, who had gone over to assist him, saw his face flush a deep red, and an angry light flash from his keen clear eyes.

"Don't notice him, Horace," said Sterling Dawson, earnestly. He and two or three of the other boys had joined Houghton and were standing about the big yellow wagon. "He's full of whiskey as he can be, and unless I'm mistaken the Old Man knows it." The other boys glanced towards where the president of the college was sitting under a large tree. And as they looked they saw him beckon to Clifton Gray. "Oh, I say, but he is on to him at last!" Houghton stepped back from the wagon as Horace climbed in.

"I say, Horace, where are you going now?"

"I'm not going back to town till later. Mr. Jones gave me the rest of the day," was the low reply. "You see, he didn't know—he thought maybe I'd want to stay out here."

"And you have just got to do it, too," said Sterling.

Horace shook his head and gathered up the lines. "Thanks, but do you see all that smoke over yonder? It's coming this way and unless I'm mistaken there'll be trouble here before very long. I'm going out on the old state road a bit and see how things look. If I'm not wrong in my guess, there's a forest fire close up and all this crowd would better be keeping their best eye on the treetops. The foliage is so thick along here it could be very near and none of you know it."

A few hours later and the Belair party was hurrying into the waiting autos with white faces and frightened eyes. Horace had come back as fast as old Dan could travel. The woods just beyond the big hill were in a bright blaze, he reported, and even while he talked the smoke began to roll through the trees in a stifling cloud, while the tall dry grass on the hilltop suddenly began to blaze furiously.

"There's not a second to lose," said Dr. Blount. "All of you get in, and get in quick. You do not know how these forest fires can travel. Are you all here?" He stood back from the long line of autos as he spoke, and swept his keen glance over face after face.

"I don't see Clifton anywhere," cried Houghton.

"That's all right," replied Dr. Blount, as he stepped into a puffing car, "I sent Clifton back to the college an hour ago. He was in no condition to be here with the rest of you."

With wild shrieks of the auto horns the big cars sped away out of the forest, which was almost black now with the heavy pall of smoke. As they swept out into the wide road beyond they could see the great hill behind them wrapped in flame and smoke. Long tongues of fire were running along the tree-tops to meet high in the air and spring upward like some weird torch. The smoke was increasing with each moment, and as the last car thundered around the curve that led to town the boys in it could hardly see the forests they had just left so dense was the wall of smoke that had settled down before it.

Horace had not gone to the village when he drove from the forests after warning the others.

"I saw that fellow when he started off after Dr. Blount spoke to him," he muttered, as he turned old Dan's head into a narrow road that led to the left. "I was watching him and he took this turn. Unless he made a lively hike for the town he's been cut off by that strip of pine trees yonder. They are burning like so many bonfires."

Horace drove Dan into a deep cut between two rough cliffs of rocks and close to the only creek in that part of the country. It was low, but he was wise enough to know that even a little water was often of great value when a forest was on fire.

"You'll have to go home by yourself, Dan," he said, hastily unfastening the old horse's harness. "The wagon will be safe here, and now you get a hustle on you. Get up!"

He knotted the reins and fastened them on Dan's back, and then with a slap on the fat sides of the horse, he started him toward Belair.

Horace had plunged into the edge of the forest as Dan trotted off, but the smoke was so dense he could not see his way at all. He stood still with burning eyes, and called as loud as his smoke-burned throat would permit. And as he paused, listening intently, he heard a sound not far away. It was—it certainly was—a boy's voice! Again he called and again the faint reply came. Bending low, he ran as best he could in the direction from which the sound came.

"Here—I fell and broke my ankle!" a smothered voice cried, and Horace found himself staring down into the white, pain-drawn face of Clifton Gray. Clifton lay on the ground, his head bent low over a tiny branch of the creek. "The fire—it's almost here!" he gasped, as Horace stood looking down at him, one hand resting against the trunk of a tree.

"Not almost—it is here. Look at that!" replied the tall boy by the tree. As he spoke the very tree he was under broke into a bright blaze. "We must get out of here or we'll both be burned to a cinder, and that mighty quick, too, let me tell you!"

Clifton shivered and groaned as he stared at the tree and then bent his scorched face over the tiny stream. "How are we going to get out—at least, how am I?" he demanded. "I can't even stand up."

"Come along—get on my back!" was the reply. As he spoke, Grandaddy Long Legs bent down by the boy who had

given him the hated nickname. "Clasp your arms around my neck—I'll make it," he ordered when the other hesitated.

"Do—do you really mean that, Horace?" Clifton spoke in a tone that was not queer just from the smoke. "Do you—honest?"

His bloodshot eyes met another pair as red as his own.

"Shut up!" growled Horace. "Sure I mean it! What did I come back for, do you reckon? To warm my ten toes?"

He tried to laugh as he spoke. Then the closeness of the danger gripped him again.

"Here, no fooling; just you climb up! I'm as strong as an ox. Fortunate for me, and you, too, I've been rolling barrels for Billy Jones all these years!"

Neither boy ever forgot the next half-hour. Staggering and falling, but always getting up and pushing on, Horace bore Clifton from the woods. They reached the little creek between the two high rocks at last, and with a desperate effort Horace hoisted his almost unconscious companion into the old delivery wagon.

It was fully an hour later that Clifton sat up, his face a study in black and white. The forest was black with smoke and the great pine trees were blazing furiously. In the deep cut where they were the heat was intense, but the bluff rose so high they were in a measure protected, and though the yellow paint on the wagon melted and ran down the sides in smelly bubbles, the big top afforded some shelter to the almost suffocated boys. The little creek was filled with ashes and cinders, but Horace managed to get enough water in his hat to keep his and Clifton's handkerchief's saturated and their faces in some measure protected from the fierce heat.

"I say," Clifton's voice was creaky as he stared at the blackened face of the boy leaning in the rear of the wagon, with red, tearful eyes. "I say, Horace, you've done the biggest thing I ever knew a chap to do. You could have gotten out of it but for me."

Horace grinned, his teeth making a white oasis in the dense blackness of his face. "I came back for you, though," he said simply.

"Why?" demanded Clifton.

Horace hesitated a second. Then he looked squarely at the other boy. "I saw you start off after Dr. Blount spoke to you, and I saw—that—you were not just yourself," he said frankly. "And so I felt sure that you had not gotten out of this forest. That's why I came back.

Clifton was silent a moment, staring at the cloud of smoke that the rising wind was shifting around to their front. "I was not myself," he said suddenly, his voice clear and strong. "I was drunk, Horace, or so close to it there was mighty little difference. And the reason I slipped and fell was because my legs were too unsteady to carry me along."

"I suppose so," was the quiet reply. Then both boys lifted their heads and listened. Above the crackling of the burning forests near them they heard the wild tooting of an auto horn.

"That's Houghton, I'll wager my head!" cried Horace. "He has come back to look for us. He can't get any closer than the bend yonder, but if you'll get on my back again we can make it, I think. We can tie the wet handkerchiefs over our mouths and have a try."

Clifton slipped slowly along the wagon to the end. Then he sat up, his legs dangling towards the ground. "I say," he said in a low tone, holding out a scorched and blackened hand to meet another just as black and even more scorched, "I say, Grandaddy, just you shake, will you? And remember this, I'll never again touch the stuff that made me fall, and I'll never again fail to recognize one of God's own men when I see him, whether he is sitting in the President's chair or rolling barrels for old Billy Jones."

THE POET'S GROWTH

P. L. Elliott

Personality, in its complexities and development, appears chameleon-wise in many colors and under various conditions. The individual seems to be a replica of the race. The developments and changes of the physical seem to be counterbalanced by the adjustments of the æsthetic and cultural. The attitude toward and appreciation of nature, for example, changes with the transitions of the physical organism. The physical life is divided into youth, manhood and old age, which are more or less distinctly marked off. We might say, subjectively speaking, that these are the stages of the blood, the imagination, and the soul. It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the reasons why. Some things are destroyed by the interrogation. The chemist destroys the life he would analyze in the protoplasm. We banish a feeling of pleasure and enjoyment when we stop to define it. It is likewise true of the finer sensibilities of the personality.

Wordsworth, in his "Tintern Abbey," portrays most vividly this growth of appreciation for nature. Professor Dowden says that there are four stages of growth to be found in the poem: namely—first, animal enjoyment of nature in boyhood; second, passion for beauty and sublimity; third, perception of nature's tranquilizing and elevating influence on the spirit; and fourth, deep communion with a spiritual presence. Wordsworth himself, speaking of the remembrance of his hours with nature, says that the spirit and loveliness of it all came back:

> **"In hours of weariness, sensation sweet,**
> **Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;**
> **And passing even into my purer mind,**
> **With tranquil restoration."**

These experiences are all rounded into

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

And these in turn lead him on, as he says, into that deeper mood; the mood of the soul, that lifts us up into the realm of the ideal:

> "Until the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul;
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things."

Thus Wordsworth gives us his development in his walks with nature. At first, as a boy, he could not contain himself but like a roe or uncaged beast he:

> "Bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
> Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
> Wherever nature led; more like a man
> Flying from something that he dreads, than one
> Who sought the thing he loved."

Browning so fittingly describes this exuberance of youthful joy that I cannot but insert it here:

> "Oh, the wild joys of living; the leaping from
> rock up to rock—
> The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool
> silver shock
> Of the plunge in the pool's living water, the hunt
> of the bear
> And the sultriness showing the lion is crouched
> in his lair,
> And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with
> gold dust divine
> And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the
> full draught of wine,
> And the sleep in the dried river-channel where
> bulrushes tell

That the water was wont to go warbling so softly
and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living; how fit
to employ
All the heart and the soul, and the senses forever
in joy."

Browning recognizes the all-pervasive mood of boyhood and immortalizes it. But it cannot last. The boy's voice deepens; his chest broadens; new powers are being born in him that he can neither fathom nor understand. He is becoming a man. "O, youthful intoxication of life; adorable years." He is standing at the threshold of a new life; fields Elysian and fields profane stretch forth their arms invitingly to him. He is at the parting of the ways. When the time of this enjoyment of the blood has passed there comes a time,

"When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass"

and the passion for the beauty and sublimity of nature possesses him. He too knows,

"A bank where the wild thyme grows;"

and Wordsworth says that at that time,

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love."

In the third stage, or middle life, he passes beyond the passion for the mere beauty and sublimity of nature into the perception of her tranquilizing and elevating influence.

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

And last of all, when man has passed through the glamor and fire of youth, the beauty and romantic grandeur of young manhood, the thoughtful meditation and ennobling period of middle age, and has reached the pensive hours of discrepant age, he looks with clearer vision upon the vistas of hidden things and in nature communes with the spiritual presence. Though the comrades of other days are gone he is still assured that he is not alone:

"For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; Thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes."

Thus the poets have ever been the interpreters of God in nature. From the beginning they have felt this hidden presence and looked on nature as the garment of God, as real God, or as a lattice work through which we might see Him. Does not Virgil feel the same when he says:

"Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,
Are nourished by a soul,
A bright intelligence, which darts
Its influence through the several parts
And animates the whole."

God not only pervades all nature that we can behold, but His presence is so real that nature itself feels the influence and graciously responds to it. Perhaps the most beautiful tribute ever paid to Christ (the pity of it, they are so rare) is given by Shakespeare in Hamlet when he has all nature to do homage to Christmas, the anniversary of Christ's birth.

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Browning, in Saul, sees the same and allows nature to speak for herself in its recognition. David has accomplished the recovery of Saul by helping him to "See the Christ stand." He is now returning filled with the joy of his accomplishment and elated in its realization. All nature feels the Divine Presence in him, and he thus expresses it:

> "In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills
> In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
> In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still
> Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill
> That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
> E'en the serpent that slid away silent—he felt the new law.
> The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
> The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine bowers:
> And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
> With their obstinate all but hushed voices—'E'en so, it is so!'"

To Tennyson, nature was not so clear. He saw deeply, but his vision was mystical and shadowy. He seemed to think that nature was not so much the manifestation of a present God as the shadow of Him more distantly removed. He did not profess to understand it. The whole of it seemed to him

a mystery of unfathomable depths yet containing the secret of the revelation of God and His handiwork—man. This secret was intrusted to the tiniest flowers as a sacred trust:

> "Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

Still in his excellent poem, "The Higher Pantheism," he catches a flitting touch of Wordsworth's insight and really sees God in nature.

> "The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
> Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him that reigns?"

Nor is this growth to end with this probationary state. The quest for the vision-splendid extends beyond the grave. With his dying breath Milton whispered, "Still guides the heavenly vision," and Goethe exclaimed, "More light! More light!" Tennyson's "Gleam," evading his grasp, still led the way into the great eternity, and Poe in "Eldorado" recognizes that the quest does not cease. To Longfellow life meant "Excelsior" even after death; to Dante it was a succession of steps through the Inferno, Purgatory, the seven orbits of the planets, the sphere of the fixed stars and on through space to the Empyrean. Eternal life was not to them inactive but the ever-onward struggle of the restless, seeking soul. To Browning death was only the gateway to his fuller, unhindered development and understanding of the purposes of God. The struggles and hindrances meant to him only:

> "To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
> And baffled get up and begin again."

No more hopeful picture of death has ever been given than he portrays in his lovely poem, "Prospice." He thinks of the joy he has felt with the soul of his wounded singer that had lately flown, and sees death as the restorer of his former joys

only intensified and "The instant-made eternity." In the realization of it all he exclaims:

> "Then a light, then thy breast,
> O thou soul—of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest!"

In "Paracelsus" he sees the great plan and purpose of God for man, and thus expresses it:

> "Thus he dwells in all,
> From life's minutest beginnings, up at last
> To man—the consummation of his scheme
> Of being, the completion of his sphere of life.
> And man produced, all has its end thus far;
> But in completed man begins anew
> A tendency toward God."

He permits Andrea del Sarto to see after death the possibility of his fuller development as a painter:

> "In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—
> Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
> Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
> For Leonard, Raphael, Agnolo and me
> To cover."

Through the mouth of Rabbi Ben Ezra he says:

> "And I shall thereupon
> Take rest, ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new."

He also thinks that our growth of appreciation and achievement here is merely the preparation for the broader and fuller growth of the coming life. Thus in Rabbi Ben Ezra he further explains:

> "For more is not reserved
> To man, with soul just nerved
> To act tomorrow what he learns today:
> Here work enough to watch
> The master work and catch
> Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

Tennyson portrays most vividly this splendor of the immortal and the extent of human possibilities beyond the grave when in Gareth and Lynette the smiling boy is disclosed in the breaking of the helmet of death.

When we look at the whole from the standpoint of the poets—and are they not the true interpreters?—life and nature cease to be a meaningless enigma, but as a whole

"It means intensely, and means good."

Life is the opportunity of the soul's ascendency and teaches us that when evening approaches, calls come from over the hills and we talk of sunsets, life has only had its dawning; its fruition comes tomorrow.

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven
And I said to my spirit, When we become the enfolders of those orbs and the pleasures and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?
And my spirit said, No, we but level that life to pass and continue beyond."

COMPETITION: LIFE OF ——

P. G. R.

One blizzardy February night Paul Wight was stretched comfortably on a huge bearskin rug gazing at the fading embers in the large fireplace of his father's library. To spend an evening at home was an unaccustomed thing for Paul. From eight o'clock until after midnight he most often was either slaving at his desk in the law office of Wight and Son or pursuing pleasures which have a disemburdening effect on the pocketbook, but which, the morning after, to judge by "that tired feeling" and a supersensitive disposition, produce rather the opposite effect upon the pocketbook's possessor.

The only other occupant of the room was the senior partner in the law concern, a youngish looking man not much beyond forty-five, who was absorbed in the latest number of *The Legal Advocate.*

Paul was disgusted—tired of the restless rush for amusement which, since the war ended, seemed to have engrossed everybody about him. He was surfeited with mere amusement, and for the first time he became firmly convinced that happiness was not a corollary of pleasure: the latter (he concluded) was a readily purchasable commodity, whereas the former was an evanescent something as elusive as the foot of the rainbow.

He could barely remember his happiest days, away back when he was a tiny boy living in a lively, lovely little Carolina town [you know the kind] with a couple of sweethearts who adored him and each other with all their souls. But as tragedies will happen, one of them, his mother, died, and his father moved to a great city in order to settle in a field commensurate with his expanding genius. So Paul grew up in a

bustling metropolis without the gentle guidance of a feminine hand. Fortunately, however, the elder Wight was even more interested in the boy than in a flourishing practice. They had been throughout the years, to use an ungrammatical but expressive term, strictly fifty-fifty.

The trend of Paul's rather disgruntled reverie finally brought him to ask a question:

"Dad," he began, "how did you get your start?"

Henry Wight deliberately laid aside *The Legal Advocate* and for a moment studied the younger man.

"Well, I got married," he responded with just a flicker of a smile.

"Oh, come on, Dad; don't kid me. You know I've got no notion of getting married. How did you really start out?"

"That's a fact," was the solemn affirmation. "Of course, most of what I have I've made here, but my real beginning was when I married. Up to then I was about as trifling as they make 'em. But when I had to look out for two, and pretty soon three, instead of one, why, I just got a hustle on and *did*."

"I don't quite see, though," Paul persisted unconvinced, "how that could be responsible for your making good in the city."

"The fundamental reason was very much the same both times. Each occasion was just a case of 'have to.' When I came here it didn't take me long to discover that I had to exert myself to the utmost and put everything I had into my work, to withstand the competition and make good, or else simply be squeezed out. Necessity will make a fellow do things which he wouldn't have thought he could possibly do."

"Yes," rejoined Paul, speaking a truth whose significance he soon more fully realized, "competition certainly is a good tonic to develop pep."

"What's this bosh about not wanting to marry?" asked the father, taking the offensive. "Have you and Emily Trotter fallen out?"

"Oh, no! We're the same good friends we've been since we were kids, but we've never been more to each other than friends, you know. What I don't like is the idea of being tied down for life, *for life,* Dad! Never free to go and come and even say and think just exactly as I please; always having some one else whose wishes I must consult and most probably abide by. No such predicament for mine! It's monstrous!"

"That's a rather gloomy picture you're concocting. You and I have always been good partners. Don't you think you and Emily might be too?"

"Maybe so and maybe not. Emily certainly is a dandy girl, but in nearly every case marriage is a matter of luck, and in my experience," Paul concluded with an erudite frown, "luck is about the most fickle ally a man can tie to," and with that he got up and stalked out.

For a few moments Henry sat reflectively returning the affable grin on the petrified features of the head on the bearskin rug. At last he muttered: "And some wise old bird spoke a volume when he said 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'"

* * * * * * *

The next day Caruso was in the city. Paul, a week before, had engaged two tickets for the performance and forthwith forgotten all about them. He intended taking Emily, but had neglected to ask her until that evening, when he walked from the office, purposing to stop at the Trotter home a few minutes to see her. When he came in sight of it, however, he saw Maurice Crane, a very good friend of his, and also of Emily's, just entering, so instead of going in, which he might very properly have done, he held his course straight for home, magnanimously resolving just for once to leave the coast clear for Maurice.

That night he gave away his tickets and settled down to a somewhat gloomy evening at home. He was consoled with the thought that he was more in a frame of mind to enjoy a quiet game of chess with his father than to enjoy the great singer. But here he was disappointed. A little after eight o'clock Henry Wight entered the library, where Paul was, immaculately attired and looking much more like an elder brother than the father of the latter.

"Going out, Dad?"

"Yes; aren't you?"

"No, sir. I'm staying in to nurse a headache tonight. What's the idea of all that swell outfit?"

"Well, son, it does an old stager good to dike up a bit and look his best occasionally. Good-night."

After wrestling a while with a book whose sole attraction was its binding, Paul gave up and went to bed.

The next morning (Wednesday) he phoned Emily, requesting her to go with him to the opera on Friday. . . . No, she was terribly sorry, but she had already promised to go with some one else. . . . Could he call Sunday night? . . . No, that had been spoken for, too. . . . Monday night? . . . Yes, delighted. . . .

To Paul, the logical deduction was that Maurice had suddenly become extremely energetic. He waited with unwonted impatience for Monday night to come, and when it did come he somehow enjoyed Emily's company more than he ever had before. He noticed things that before then had somehow been overlooked: how sensibly she dressed, how intelligently she chatted, and a dozen little details that seemed new to him. When he started to go he inquired when he might come again, and learned to his amazement that her every evening for the ensuing week was filled. And that week proved not to be an exception but the commencement of a series. Poor Paul found that a time had come when he was not free to go to see

Emily whenever he chose. He was irritated to think that he could call on her only when it suited *another fellow's convenience.*

Paul spent more evenings at home. They were lonely evenings, too. He missed his father's companionship, for nearly every night of late that gentleman seemed to have a very important engagement with some wealthy client. But the loneliness lay chiefly in the fact that he was missing Emily. It occurred to him, as the monopoly of his rival became more protracted, that perpetual separation from the confidante of his childhood and the pal of his youth would be unbearable. He was faced squarely with the alternative of seeing Emily married to some other man unless he very soon won her himself. When the matter dawned upon Paul in this light he hesitated in his decision not one instant. He would have Emily for himself! Marriage? The idea no longer terrified him. Life without Emily was blank, and dull, and cheerless; but with her—with her was—*happiness.*

So Paul went about his plans as carefully as the campaign manager of a presidential candidate. He made engagements with Emily weeks ahead. In every way he was as attentive as possible, doing everything in his power to win her esteem and affection, and—

He won.

It was the first warm, clear night in April that Paul picked for staging the climax of his whirlwind campaign. He was determined to see Emily and talk with her alone, though she were beset with the suitors of Penelope.

However, the luck he had so harshly maligned was with him. He found Emily seated in a wicker settee on her lawn just as if she had come there expressly to wait for him.

So he did what he *knew* (two months before) he never would do—proposed, and she—accepted. For the next few moments—but into those few moments let us not pry.

After exchanging confidential glances for some time with a thoroughly trustworthy and sympathetic moon, Paul murmured an absolutely uncalled-for question:

"Em'ly, did you ever really care for Maurice?"

"Why, no, I never had any special reason to. What made you ask?"

"From the way he was rushing you the last few weeks I thought—"

"What a silly idea. Maurice hasn't been to see me in two weeks. But, Paul?"

"Yes."

"*Your father* certainly did put up some strong competition."

"Dad!"

"Yes."

An astonished exclamation was stifled in a happy burst of laughter.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

R. P. BURNS, Editor

Remarks on Schedules for Athletic Teams at Wake Forest

More and more the minds of those of us who have inhabited the climes of Wake Forest for even a short while grow tired and hopeless when we come to think of our college ever attaining a reputation in the world of athletics as a college of athletic record and ability par excellence; of even ever again winning a State championship in any branch of sports. Very few State cham-

pionships have ever fallen to us and even fewer will be our lot in the future if some changes are not made in the system of arranging the schedules of games for the different athletic teams.

On paper our baseball team looks to be fully the equal of any team in the State if not the best. Prospects, before the announcement of the schedule of games, for the winning of the State championship were very bright. We at least had as good a chance as any college in the State. But since the announcement of the schedule the players ask what is the chance of winning the championship, and the students do not wonder at the dubiousness. Instead of deploring this doubt in the minds of the players they uphold it and become dubious themselves. Now the facts of the schedule to which ye editor alludes are these: The big five in athletics in North Carolina may be said to be Davidson, State College, University of North Carolina, Trinity, and Wake Forest. In some branches of sports Elon makes a good contender and in others Guilford makes a good one. But the first-named may without ostentation be called the big five. Often, however, Wake Forest is not as high among these five as she might be just because of the fact which is just now being criticized. This season our chief contenders for the championship are these colleges. And what are the facts which the publishing of the schedule discloses? We have two games with Davidson, one here and one on their diamond; three games with State College, two of which are played in Raleigh and one here; one with the University, which is played in Chapel Hill; and three with Trinity, two of which are played on that college's home diamond. In only one instance do we have an equal split of games on our home field. Of course it is an axiom of athletics that the home team has all of the advantage, and this is especially true of college athletics. And so our chances for winning the State championship in the baseball season are mate-

rially lessened by the fact that the games which are to decide the championship are to be played on foreign fields. Our players can hardly hope to win, and they will be prodigies if they do so, playing such a schedule.

The same thing exactly was true of the past season's basketball schedule. Trinity and Carolina were both played on their home courts, and the natural result was a licking in each instance. And so our chance for the State championship in basketball went glimmering. Two games were played with A. and E. in Raleigh to one here. The deciding game played in Raleigh—a defeat.

The University has not met our college in an athletic contest on a local athletic field since 1916, when we defeated them here in baseball. In that same year we defeated them in baseball at Rocky Mount and at Chapel Hill; in basketball on the auditorium floor at Raleigh. Since that time they have refused to play us any athletic game at any place except Chapel Hill. They realize that their chances of winning are much brighter there than elsewhere and that it detracts from their reputation to be defeated. We do not blame this college for playing this game if it can get away with it. But we can and do blame our athletic officials if they allow it to be gotten away with with us. And they do continue to allow this. This year we have met Carolina in football, basketball, and we will meet them in baseball. Every one of these contests have been played at Chapel Hill. In each of the contests thus far we have been defeated by a close score. The difference in points can easily be accounted for by the advantage arising from playing at home.

We thought that this method of arranging games would be done away with after the protest of the team and the student-body during the basketball season. But evidently this availed nothing. THE STUDENT voices this protest again and urges

that this system be done away with. Those teams which will not play us on our own diamond should be dropped from our consideration. If our independence were just asserted to a certain extent it would be soon found out that these self-same colleges would be only too glad to play return games here and the deciding game on some neutral field. This is what must be done before we ever attain any success in the athletic world and before our share of State championships are ours. We do not think of arranging the great majority of our debates on the floor of our contenders. No more should we think of doing so in our athletic contests.

Please to understand that these remarks are not an indictment of the baseball manager. The editor has been right in his place and knows that the manager is not responsible. Neither are they an indictment of the director of athletics. We realize under what difficulties the director of athletics works, and we marvel that he can do what he does with the limited finances at his hand. Nor do we know where to place the blame. More money for athletics is badly needed and should be granted the director of athletics by the trustees at once, even though it require the making of another campaign for funds from the Baptists of the State. Then the athletic managers could have more independence in arranging their schedules and the lack of money could not be pleaded as an excuse for the many games that we have away from home and the few that we have here. Those colleges who refused to give us an even distribution of games could then very easily be dropped from our schedules altogether. This should be done any way, now and hereafter, and THE STUDENT enters the most powerful protest of which it is capable against the present season's baseball schedule; the injustice of it both to the players and the reputation of the college.

An Eyesore

That to which we refer in the title of this editorial is the association of wood out at the college athletic field. One who was unacquainted with Wake Forest and its athletics might ask on first sight what these associations of old wood were, and in case he did so the student, deeply loving his college though he be, would have to shamefully and apologetically say, "Oh, this is our athletic field and those structures about which you seem to wonder so exceedingly, as if they might be remains of the Paleozoic era, are our grandstand and bleachers." "I beg your pardon," the stranger would be kind enough to say, "but I really did not recognize what the structures were."

The grandstand and bleachers, particularly the former, out at the athletic field are a disgrace to the college and the student-body. It is a reflection on the student-body that they have not burned the wood a long time ago. And we say this thoughtfully; for it seems that this is the only way of getting new structures. Certain it is that patient waiting will accomplish nothing. Who is it that has a friend or a kid brother to come here to visit him, a possible future student of the college, this being determined largely by the impressions of the visit, but who tries to keep away from the athletic field just because of those bleachers and that grandstand. And this is hard to do because the first place that the kid visitor wants to go is to the athletic field, the college field of which he has probably dreamed; but not as it is has he pictured it. Aside from the impression on prospective students, these once-upon-a-time structures are a disgrace and a mighty poor place for either men or ladies to sit.

About two or three years ago the editor pledged and paid ten dollars to the erection of the new athletic field which was at that time planned. This campaign got just about as far as lots of others for the benefit of the college—through the stu-

dent-body. There it evidently stopped. But the editor's ten dollars is gone and he knows not where. He would appreciate it very much if whoever has it in hand would take it and a good many other dollars, a good many of which might have been paid in by students during that campaign, and erect some decent and respectable bleachers and a grandstand at the fair athletic field that we already have.

Another Athletic Need

Since we are on the subject of athletics we might as well complete our list of kicks. The present kick is about the fact that there is just one and only one tennis court which the college furnishes for its three hundred and fifty students. And it just so happens that this court was not built and paid for by the college. It is true that there are two tennis courts at the athletic field which could be made very good with the expenditure of a little money and which have been kept in shape until this year by a club of students. At that time, though, these courts were available only to the members of the club. For four years now the college has furnished only one tennis court to its students. Can it hope to continue existence when such conditions as this exist? If Wake Forest ever expands very much she has got to have some athletic facilities, and one of the needed athletic facilities is several good tennis courts. Before Wake Forest expands she has got to secure these athletic facilities. She must not wait until she expands to get these facilities for the waiting might be too long. The fact must be realized that athletics are one of the finest advertisements for any college and that such things as only one tennis court at a college costs that institution more than it saves it.

Care of Buildings and College Property by Students

There seems to be a growing tendency on the part of the students of the college to disregard the property of the college. This has been shown by the growing abuse of the buildings, particularly of the new dormitory. The new dormitory is a building of which we may all be justly proud, as it is as modern and as up-to-date a dormitory as could be asked for. Two more just like it would mean a much larger student-body for the college. But if this abuse of this building continues it will soon become old also. This abuse has been manifested by the bursting in of doors, the kicking of panels out of doors, and other like things. These acts are thoughtless ones but their consequences are none the less bad. Let us take a pride in those buildings which we have and keep them as good as possible. The satisfaction from such a course of action would probably be just as great as the satisfaction which arises from kicking a panel out of a door.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

P. L. ELLIOTT, Editor

When March winds cease to blow and April flowers begin to appear, lectures and text-books lose their charm as we listen to the call of the savage and tramp within us. "The time of the singing of birds" has really come and the campus is beginning to don her Easter garments.

Preparations for Commencement are going forward. The speakers from the Senior Class have been chosen by the faculty. The societies are represented as follows:

Philomathesian: R. P. Burns, L. B. Dawes, and J. I. Allen, Jr.

Euzelian: W. E. Honeycutt, B. T. Ward, and R. R. Mallard.

THE STUDENT congratulates the Senior Class in the selection of Dean N. Y. Gulley to address that body at Commencement.

Through the columns of THE STUDENT we wish to extend to Captain and Mrs. Laurence Stallings our heartiest felicitations. We have not had the opportunity since the wedding was solemnized on March 5th. The wedding was quiet but impressive, taking place in the home of the bride with only home folks present. The decorations and the occasion as a whole was simple in its beauty and beautiful in its simplicity.

The class contests within the societies are to begin April 12th, the Freshman contest coming first. The indications are that a great number of men will enter these contests this spring.

The intercollegiate debates will soon begin; the first, with Randolph-Macon, being scheduled for April 5th. The contest will be held in the Memorial Hall at Wake Forest. We are very hopeful, since Messrs. I. L. Yearby and B. T. Ward are to represent us. The Wake Forest-Baylor debate will be held in Atlanta, Ga., the day before the convening of the Southern Baptist Convention in that city. Messrs. F. C. Feezor and L. J. Britt will represent Wake Forest.

The Debate Council has arranged a third debate with Emory and Henry College of Virginia. O. T. Glenn and R. R. Mallard are to represent Wake Forest. From the three efficient teams we are sending out THE STUDENT expects three sweeping victories for Wake Forest. The alternate speakers are A. B. Wood, W. E. Honeycutt, and D. T. Hurley.

We greet very heartily our new "Y" Secretary, Mr. W. H. Vann, son of Dr. R. T. Vann. Mr. Vann is an alumnus of the college of the class of 1907; an M.A. graduate of Columbia University of New York. He comes to us from Camp Greene, Charlotte, where he has been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work. Under his leadership the "Y" bids fair for success. Mr. H. C. Ostrom, missionary to Japan, now engaged in the Students' Volunteer Movement, addressed the meeting March 24th. Some of the speakers yet to come are Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. Sledd, Speaker Brummitt, and Mr. James H. Pou. The Y. M. C. A. is wide-awake.

THE STUDENT considers the Wake Forest Church and community very fortunate in securing the services of Dr. C. W. Daniel of the First Baptist Church of Atlanta, Ga., to conduct the annual series of meetings. He was with us from March 4th to 13th. The clearness and definiteness of his messages and the candor and earnestness with which they were delivered was very marked. There were several additions to the church. In addition to the services in the church

we feel that the chapel services were a distinct help and contribution to the college life. We wish to congratulate both church and community and to thank Dr. Daniel for his distinct service.

The Annual High School Declaimer's Contest was held on March 13th and 14th. There were not as many schools represented as formerly but the contest was of superior order. Twenty-six schools were represented in the contest.

The preliminaries were held on Thursday night in the two Society halls and in Memorial Hall. After the selection of the final speakers an informal reception was given the boys in the two Society halls. A great number of the town girls added to the attractiveness and enjoyment of the occasion and the refreshments increased the mutual enjoyment of all.

The finals were held in Wingate Memorial Hall Friday afternoon, March 13th. The winners were:

First prize: Victor Young of Durham High School.

Second prize: Philip Purrington of Scotland Neck Graded School.

We regret to note the death of *Old Gold and Black*. We shall look forward to a not far distant resurrection.

Carlyle's nine is beginning to show the proper form. Prospects are good for a successful season in baseball. Only two games have as yet been played: one with Liberty Piedmont and an exhibition game for the 113th Artillery with A. and E. The latter was close and interesting throughout, Wake Forest holding the score to 5 to 4. The finest feature of the game to Wake Forest was that it revealed the fact that we have an excellent chance Easter Monday.

The annual Berean Banquet was as usual a great success. President C. M. McCurry was master of ceremonies. After

the receiving line and everybody was acquainted with everybody else Dr. C. D. Graves delivered a very helpful informal talk. The other special features of the program were: Quartet, violin solo by Gordon Herring, followed by several ukulele selections by Misses Elva Sledd and Virginia Gorrell. Two courses of cream and cake were served. The occasion was very informal throughout and every one thoroughly enjoyed it. Three cheers for the Berean Class. It is doing things.

Dr. W. L. Poteat has recently delivered the following addresses:

Before the joint committee of the Senate and House on the child labor bill;

Two lectures at Coker College;

An address before the South Carolina College Press Association.

One of the most thorough and artistic programs that has been given at Wake Forest in years was rendered Thursday night, March 20th, in the church, by Professor Mortimer Browning of the faculty of the Greensboro College for Women. He proved himself an artist with the pipe organ, rendering a heavy program of most difficult selections with seeming ease. We only wish that Wake Forest could have more such programs.

ALUMNI NOTES

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

B. J. Ray, B.A. 1904, who was formerly professor of chemistry in the University of Porto Rico, and later a consulting chemist in Norfolk, Va., is now associated with the Camp Manufacturing Company, a large lumber concern of Franklin, Va.

R. H. Ferrell, B.A. 1907, is a prominent attorney in Albany, Ga. He has taken a leading part in the religious and civic life of the city.

T. F. Limberick, LL.B. 1909, after several months of service with the Y. M. C. A., has returned to the practice of law in Monroe, N. C.

Rev. L. McB. White B.A. 1908, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chester, S. C.

C. J. Jackson, B.A. 1909, who is rounding out seven years of service as State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Tennessee, was a recent visitor in Wake Forest.

P. Q. Bryan, LL.B. 1908, is engaged in the practice of law in Moultrie, Ga., where he was recently married to Miss Permelia Cull, of that city.

Dr. Bruce L. Jones, 1908-11 is a first lieutenant with the American army in France. Lieutenant Jones was recently selected as one of the sixteen men out of the forty thousand at his camp to do post-graduate work at the Sarborn University in Paris.

H. H. McMillan, B.A. 1908, sends fine reports of his work on the mission fields in China.

J. A. Abernethy, B.A. 1914, is with the Y. M. C. A. in France, having charge of athletic activities.

Lieut. J. B. Turner, B.A. 1907, is a chaplain in the 120th Infantry, a North Carolina regiment which is expected to return from France soon. Returned soldiers tell of his fine work among the men.

Leland H. Kitchin, B.A. 1911, was a recent visitor on the hill. Mr. Kitchin's farm near Scotland Neck in Halifax County is said to be one of the finest farms in eastern North Carolina.

C. E. Brewer, 1914-17, returned recently from France with the 113th Field Artillery. The 113th had a great deal to do with the turning of the tide on the western front.

Capt. A. L. Fletcher, B.A. 1907, is with the army of occupation in Germany.

Gaston Foote, B.A. 1904, is a prominent commission merchant of Norfolk, Va.

T. H. Beverley, B.A. 1907, is associated with S. F. Wilson (B.A. 1907) in the real estate business in Portland, Ore.

W. M. Johnson, B.S. 1905, has achieved marked success in the practice of medicine in Winston-Salem.

G. N. Bradley, LL.B. 1915, is practicing law in Winston-Salem. He is meeting with remarkable success.

William J. Crane, B.A. 1912, is associate field director of the Red Cross, now at Camp Gordon.

Prof. Spright Dowell, B.A. 1911, is employed as one of the teachers of Peabody Normal School for the coming summer.

Roland S. Pruette, B.A. 1913, is a prominent attorney at Wadesboro. Mr. Pruette won his commission as lieutenant at Camp Taylor, Kentucky.

J. P. Brassfield, B.A. 1917, has returned from France with Cox's 113th Field Artillery.

L. S. Brassfield, B.A. 1915, prominent attorney of Raleigh, has just returned from France.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. B. WOOD, Editor

We have received two numbers of *The Orion*. The general criticisms will apply to both numbers, but the detailed criticism will be confined to the February issue. It is our opinion that the list of advertisers on the front page is altogether out of place. The table of contents could be substituted here, and it would add greatly to the appearance of the magazine. The display of books on the second page, with the word "Literary" written across them, is most too glaring. We think this should be left off. The large-type, personal pedigrees, together with the class year of the contributor, coming at the end of the contribution, makes the magazine appear too journalistic. A better form, it seems to us, would be to place the name just below the title of the contribution. The February issue is made up of short stories, poems, and one essay. All are of extraordinary quality. The poem "Cupid's Work Day" harmonizes with all our experiences, and especially those of us who really look forward with pleasure to St. Valentine's Day. The thought in the poem is very ably expressed. "Cured" should be read by every young girl. The story is purely original and yet hundreds of our young ladies have just such experiences. "Rivals" appears to be the most original of the contributions. Here we are able to enter into real college life. "The Dancing Pearls" is by far the best of the poems. The meter is perfect, the thought is elevating, and the style is genuine. "The Telegram" should by all means be read by all backward, bashful beaus. "Nature's Blanket" is another poem of genuine quality. It is no discredit to the other contributions to say that "An Interpretation of Esther" is the best of all. I think we ought to have more essays of

this type. "Dan Cupid's Wireless" is a very fine poem. We congratulate *The Orion* on being able to produce such a variety of poetry and poetry of such quality. "The Man With the Strange Eyes" is rather loosely connected and yet it is very well thought out. The plot of the story is developed nicely. Such items as are contained under the title "Sophomores" are for college annuals and not for college magazines.

We acknowledge the February-March issue of *Pine and Thistle.* This issue contains two poems, one play, one sketch, one essay, one allegory, and four stories. "First Breath of Spring" is a very good poem. "Confused Love in a Shop-window" is a well thought out one-act play. "A Turk's Vengeance" very ably portrays the wrath of the unspeakable Turks against the Armenian Christians. "Will Dreams Come True?" is very vague in places but the plot is fairly well developed and rounded out. "The Parting Gift of Day" is the second and last of the poems. We would be glad to see more poems.

"The Formation of Habits" perhaps required more research work than any of the selections. It is an apt presentation of the subject. "The Message of a Song" is short but carries with it a never-dying truth. "Just a Whimsicality" is something old bachelors ought to read. "A Practice Period" must have been written by one who is taking pipe organ, else she could not have described it so vividly. "East 76th Street" represents the two phases of city life: that of the exceeding rich and that of the common folk. A beautiful picture of life among the laboring class of people in the cities is given here. We welcome *Pine and Thistle* on our exchange.

The Furman Echo is one exchange that seems to be running on schedule time. The March issue is well up to its usual standard. It contains eleven selections, the most of which

are poems and essays. This shows literary ability. We would be glad to see more essays and poems in all our magazines. Among the poetry are found two beautiful sonnets: "Distant Prospects" and "Aspiration." The other poems are: "Ambition," "The Armenian Peddler," and "Lines on a Trip to Mount Mitchell." It is a very rare thing that we find such a fine lot of poetic talent. The essays: "College Spirit," "A Peoples Peace for Peace," and "Bolshevism," all exhibit splendid thought and show that considerable work has been done in preparing them. "Translations from the French from Larmantine's Graziella" makes the young man most too passive in his attitude toward the young lady. "Trenton—2086" has a very unlikely plot and the action is rather speedy. It is our opinion that "9006-J at 6 P. M." is the best of the stories.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

R. G. GROSE, Editor

Zony Hobbs: "Fellows, the man who wrote Shakespeare certainly was a genius."

Thomas, on Biology I: "Dr. Poteat, what is the oseofagus (œsophagus)?"

Prof. Lake: "Mr. Hall, did you ever see anything like that,"
Hall: "No, sir, I never have saw anything like that before."
Prof. Lake: "No, and you never will saw it."

Lambert: "If you were going to study music which instrument would you make a specialty of?"
Pritchard: "I don't know, but I have always thought that I should like to be a soloist on a cash register."

Casey: "My father has a hickory leg."
Crazy: "That is nothing, my sister has a cedar chest."—*Exchange.*

Mary's Mother: "I'll have you understand that Mary is accomplished. She sings, dances, plays the piano, paints, speaks English, French, Spanish, and Italian, but you, sir—"
Outlaw: "Well, in an emergency I guess I could cook a little and mend the socks."

Be it known that Shoo-Fly Briggs has had a hair cut.

Newish Counsel: "I am getting off two sciences this year."
Trueblood: "Which two?"
Counsel: "Chemistry I and gymnasium."

Griggs: "You don't mean to say that your memory is perfect?"
Briggs: "Well, I can honestly say that at the present moment I cannot remember anything that I have ever forgotten."—*Exchange.*

A stranger would naturally suspect that Wake Forest College is an infirmary for the limp and lame—so many canes.

"Gifty" McLean on Math. 0: "I can see how to prove two right triangles congruent, but when it comes to proving a right triangle and a left triangle congruent I can't see how it is done."

Senior Jackson: "I have a lady friend who is teaching voice in the institute for the deaf and dumb."

For what, when, and where, did who do which?

"Sky" Hill: "To look at that girl's cheeks makes my mouth water."

"Sky" Davis: "Yes, and if she ever slaps you as hard as she did me it will make your eyes water."

"Gifty" Wood (at the P. O.): "Is there any mail for me?"
Postmistress: "Your name, please?"
Wood: "You will see my name on my mail."

Dr. Poteat (on Biology I): "How does the amœba move?"
Ben Dodd: "By changing its position."

ANOTHER VICTIM

P. G. R.

What brings the color to his cheeks?
  Why does the boy's hand tremble?
And when some friend the reason seeks,
  Why should he then dissemble?

A small, white object seems to cause
  This excess of emotion,
And clearly on his heartstrings gnaws
  Like some dread wizard's potion.

But see! He is enraptured now,
  His features are seraphic!
To judge by that ecstatic "WOW!"
  You'd think he'd gone quite daphic!

No drug produced that facial scale;
  'Twas something far, far better.
It just came in the Shoo-fly's mail—
  His sweetheart's first love-letter.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. E. GOOCH, Wake Forest, N. C.

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NIGHTFALL

A. B. WOOD

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The dark of night will soon appear;
The murmuring brook o'er rocks and rills
Will onward flow from year to year.

The laborer homeward turns his face,
He loves to think of sweet repose;
He hastens with a merry pace,
And whistles as he onward goes.

Soon darkness hangs upon the earth,
Softly and sweet the south wind blows;
The birds have hushed their songs of mirth,
In peaceful sleep they find repose.

The night is quiet, calm, and still;
All nature seemeth fast asleep.
The Shepherd stands upon the hill
And watches over all His sheep.

FROM GENEVA TO GENOA

Dr. Benjamin Sledd

For three days it has been raining steadily here at Geneva; my trip to Chamounix has been given up, and there is nothing left but to take up my journey southward. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." I never knew just what the saying meant till now; but today I have the longing of the primitive barbarian, amid the rigor of the Northern winter, for that land of perpetual sunshine and summer far to the south of these snow-clad barriers. So Saturday morning, December 11, I bade farewell to Geneva, and with the rain swishing against the car windows, the train steamed slowly around the northern shore of Lake Leman. Lovely Lausanne even is left behind, unvisited, for it is a sorry business, this sight-seeing in a pouring rain. But at Montreux the clouds have lifted, the sun is out, and stop I must and see the old castle of Chillon. Now a Swiss railway ticket allows you to stop at any station; so here I am at 1 o'clock buzzing along the shore of the lake to visit the castle which Byron has made famous everywhere. But, alas, it has been made a show place, with a guard of Swiss soldiers, a warden, a ticket office, and a uniformed guide. Well, I make the best of it and allow the guide to lead me, as a lamb to the slaughter, through the various rooms of the castle, and then when I have planked down my extra fee of a franc, I ask permission to return to Bonnivard's prison alone. To be sure; I may have a whole hour if I care for so long a visit. There are no tourists now, and rules may be broken if one will only pay a franc to atone for the breaking. So my franc of atonement is paid and Bonnivard's prison is my own for an hour.

This is the basement of the castle and is practically on a level with the lake, but never, so far as I could see, below the

level of the lake, as Byron says in his "Prisoner of Chillon." I wander back through the dimly-lighted, cavernous rooms, with their massive pillars, narrow iron-barred windows, and rough-hewn sides; find once more the names of Byron and Shelley scrawled on one of the pillars, and pass with a shudder through the low door of the room where still remains the ancient gallows-tree—a great iron bar extending from the wall to the neighboring pillar. Over this the rope was thrown, the victim was pulled by main force off his feet and left to die of strangulation. The only door opening on the lake from this part of the building is close at hand and the victim's lifeless body is cut down, and with a stone tied to the rope-end is cast into the lake. The blue waters are rippling softly against the stone sill this afternoon but somehow they have lost all their loveliness. Beyond is the room of torture. Here still stands the deeply-scarred wooden pillar to which the victim was tied. And this in the day of His Christian Highness the Duke of Savoy! No wonder his memory is cursed in Switzerland even today. But I go on to Bonnivard's room, the last of the castle basement. The pillar is not marked in any special way and could not of itself be distinguished from any other of the many massive supports of the old castle. Certainly there is no ring worn by the prisoner's feet about the pillar. Nor is there a chasm at the end of the room plunging down to the hungry waters that wait below for their victim. Daudet makes old Tartarin of Tarascon also a prisoner in this room but Daudet only follows Byron. He had never visited the castle in person or else he could not have made, even in fiction, so many blunders. But twilight is coming on and I hurry back to the entrance stairway. One's flesh begins to tingle as one fancies passing a night in these haunted unhallowed quarters. The guide tells me that no one will venture down here after dark. Strange uncanny noises are heard and torches are blown out when there is not a breath of wind blowing elsewhere. But somehow I am a

bit disappointed. The whole thing seems gotten up for a show. But outside the golden sunset is on the lake and I wander on to lovely Clarens which Rousseau and Byron have both consecrated—the one in fiction the other in song.

Sunday morning I was up by times and away to the hills above Glion, which Matthew Arnold so loved and which is linked with Senancour's Obermann. But the once romantic village is now only a succession of hotels and pensions. Its romance has departed forever. The view from the hills, however, is one of the most delightful to be had about the lake. Mont Blanc is not visible from here, but the jagged crest of the Deut du Midi closes the vast amphitheater at the eastern end of the lake and seems almost within a stone's-throw.

But I hurry down to the station at 1 o'clock, send Susie Damm on to the frontier, and with a long look of regret say good-bye to clear placid Leman. The good fates send me back to its shores once more—and in summer!

And now begins my journey up the Rhone valley. On both hands it is an endless panorama of snow-clad heights, deep valleys, gorges down which foaming torrents are tumbling, lonely little villages stretching along a valley-side or clinging about the base of some giant height. At Visp I have a flitting, tantalizing glimpse of the titan spear-head of the Matterhorn thrust against the twilight sky, but that is all. The railroad is closed for the winter, and the great hills seem to whisper, "Come back! come back with spring and summer!" That I will! if heaven spares me.

When I left the train at Brigne the sky was already overcast, and in the morning I look out on the towering peaks already enveloped in the whirling snow. My train plunges into the Simplon tunnel and for half an hour the vast dark walls go flitting past my window. Midway the tunnel we stop and the Swiss guard of some fifty soldiers leave the train and form in ranks in a recess in the wall. Sturdy, deter-

mined-looking fellows they are, but so small! Are all the European races slowly but surely degenerating, both in mind and body?

When we emerge from the tunnel the whole world is white with the snow swirling in fantastic shapes past my window and away over the endless chaos of peaks and valleys below us. Dear God! it is a vision that I shall not forget soon. I had almost to pinch myself to see if I am myself and awake or the whole scene only a dream.

But at the little frontier town of Domodossola I am soon convinced that I am I and awake and the world about me is not only real but the same old humdrum world found at all railway stations. The Italian custom-house is here and we are hustled off our train, down a long platform past the diminutive Italian officer who makes me think of cock-robin, with his fiercely turned-up hat and bristling mustache. He looks searchingly first at the traveler and then at his passport and two or three of the long line are ordered to step aside. They are detained. Something is wrong either with them or their passports. One is a woman who begs earnestly to be allowed to go on and who breaks out into bitter weeping when she is sternly refused. I have witnessed this scene so many times since I left London that I have grown somewhat hardened to it. But what of myself? Shall I be allowed to go on? My heart beat just a bit quicker as I unfolded my voluminous passport with Mr. W. J. B's school-boy-looking signature vouching for my being a well-ordered American citizen. Oh, I'm all right; the officer barely glances at me and my passport. I am an American! That settles it. All Americans are welcomed with wide-open arms into Italy. But for the Holy Virgin's sake do keep a pocketful of stray centimes to drop into the hand you will now find always open and waiting. And here I make my first acquaintance with that pompous beplumed jay—the Italian officer. But really he is a first-rate fellow at bottom and hustles us on good-

humoredly into the Sogana—the long room where the baggage is piled on a low counter. "Anything to declare?" "Not a thing!" "No cigarrrs?" "No!" "No cigarrrettes?" "No; I tell you. I don't smoke!" "No tobacco?" "No!" "No wheeskey?" "No!!" The two officers mutter together a bit, scribble some mysterious figures on poor old Susie Damm's many-labeled, sorely scratched sides, and the troublesome old rip is free to go on her way to Rome, leaving her master rejoicing behind. He who would keep all the commandments should not cumber himself with much baggage.

The snow has changed to a pouring rain when I reach Stresa by Lake Maggiore. But I *must* see the Italian lakes. Will my good angel of luck and weather desert me here? I go to bed thoroughly in the dumps. For three days the storm has raged over the lakes, my landlady tells me. At six I am up and at my window. A gloriously beautiful day! The lake stretches below, smooth and glossy as a steel mirror, and the mountains all round are reddening in the light of coming day. Whoop! hurrah! and my slim breakfast of the inevitable café au lail, bread, honey, and butter is swallowed in cold haste and I am at the landing ready for the first boat just as the sun breaks over the snowy peaks. The upper deck of the wheezy little steamer is all my own and for three hours I am in the seventh heaven of boyish enjoyment as we zigzag from side to side of the lake to the little towns nestling at the foot of the great hills—now in the broad open sunshine with the blue waters laughing and sparkling around us; now in the shadow of some towering peak where the sunlight has not come even at midday; nay, may indeed not come until April and the spring-time. And everywhere the great mountains ringing us round with their gleaming snow-clad summits. Oh, for Ruskin's rhetoric to make it all live again in language!

At Lavena I leave the boat. My train to Como does not leave till half-past three. So I have three hours all my own. And with a sandwich in my pocket, I sally forth for dis-

coveries. Ah, here is something worth discovering—a straggling Italian village unspoiled by the tourist. It is market day and the open square is thronged with buyers and sellers, and is a babel of noise. Where is the sweet southern voice we have heard so much of? A thousand crows squabbling over a lonely mountain corn-patch could keep no more noise. Here is an old woman squatting beside her chestnut roaster and crying her wares in tones that go through your head like barbed arrows and could carry half a mile; a man is pushing along his cart of fruit and joining to the woman's soprano a worthy tenor; over yonder two horse-traders are shaking their fingers in each other's face, while each tries to overwhelm the other in a torrent of strident speech. Instinctively you look for a fist to shoot out or a dagger to flash. Nothing of the sort; they are merely engaged in a neighborly argument over the pros and cons of Italy's declaring war. Against whom? Oh, it doesn't matter. The whole world is at war, and shouldn't renowned Italia play her part in the game? But we leave the noisy market and strike into a narrow street that winds and climbs and dives between the walls of close-crowded houses. Sometimes we are passing before the houses on our left and looking into the third-story windows of those on our right. The odors that greet you on every side make your gorge rise, and you behold things that midnight ought to shut its eyes to; the garments hung and strung from window to window would shame the humblest negro cabin in our South. But somehow the vilest sins are readily forgiven in this delightful easy-going land. No wonder the priest is abroad in the land. The Turk will accept the Protestant religion before the Italian.

Oh, here is what we have been seeking: the little church. We heard its bell clinking down below there. Its wide-open door invites you to enter and you join the half-dozen people who are going up the steps. No matter at what hour you enter a Catholic church you will find worshipers. Crucifixes,

Madonnas, and saints and altars are everywhere, and every saint, every crucifix, every Madonna, and every altar has its kneeling worshipers. And how lovely the interior of this humble little chruch. Over the altars are pictures that would not shame the proudest church in Italy. It is the work of some famous artist (shame on me that I have forgotten his name!) who came back to his native village from the noisy world and left on the walls of his beloved old church his best work. I go out refreshed and strengthened. If our Protestant churches made worship a thing of every day and not merely of Sunday! and made their churches more attractive!

But I leave the village behind and follow the wiuding way on and on up the mountain-side. Below, the lake is bluer than the sky above and holds in its bosom a perfect and even glorified image of the world about it. Vineyards are everywhere on the terraced slopes. A woman passes with a long wide-topped basket strapped to her back. A child of some year or so peeps out of the garments packed about it. The poor mother has been down at the lake since daybreak washing and drying the family linen (?) and is now lugging it back up the mountain-side while her lord and master trudges on behind, his pipe in his mouth and his lazy legs helped along by the stout alpenstock in his hand. If you could borrow that stick for ten minutes and lay it with no gentle hand just in the right place! But I reach at last the mountain-top with only God's own profound above me and round me the mountains, the Simplon range just before me, and beyond, far to the west, the mighty Monte Rosa, her eastern slopes already, at half-past two, purple with twilight cast by her own titan shadow. Half-past two! Just an hour in which to retrace my steps and catch my train to Como. And I tarried not in my going, for the thought of spending the night in one of those houses I had passed lent wings to my feet.

Como I reach just in time for sunset on the lovely lake. But, alas, Como, with all its beauty, is for the tourist, not for an old dreamer of dreams and lover of the cool sequestered paths of life. Steamboats line the lake-front, motor cars are whizzing by; a gay throng of men and women make the twilight noisy with chatter and laughter; and up the height yonder a cable car is slowly creeping to the lookout above.

My ticket carries me up Lake Como and across to Lake Lugano. The boat leaves at eight, and I make the gangway just as it is about to be drawn in. And once more I have a morning sail on the lake. It is half-past nine before the sun breaks over the mountain-tops, and keen and nipping the early morning air. But a young Austrian—fine fellows, these Austrians—and I have the upper deck to ourselves and with much beating of the arms and stamping of the feet we manage to keep the blood going until the sun at last reaches us. At the head of the lake we take the little car which carries us over to Lugano. The tiny engine and single coach look like toys, but how that little creature did grip the rails and scramble up that steep mountain-side! Once we stalled and I thought back we must go into the lake far below. But no; wheezing, snorting, and with wheels whirling round and round we stood stock-still for fully five minutes and then slowly, painfully crept up the mountain-side. The descent on the other side was equally thrilling, but at last I am on the limpid waters of Lugano, the most beautiful of the lakes. At Lugano, the town, I land but find only hotels and pensions and once more climb the heights, this time to watch to sunset. And here I have one of those visions of perfect loveliness, of perfect peace, of flawless satisfaction, such as come to one only a few times in life. When I returned to the hotel at twilight, my friend met me with the exclamation, "Man what is the matter with you? Your face *shines!*" "Well," I answered, "it has a right to shine. Haven't I been up on the Delectable Mountains and had a vision of the City of God?"

It was late of a bitter cold night when we reached Milano. Next day dawned cold and foggy, and I saw the great Cathedral under most trying circumstances. It was my first and sorest disappointment, for the exterior was wrapped in a fog that London might have envied and the interior was unlighted save by a few flickering tapers; so I could only guess at the grandeur of this noble edifice. DaVinci's "The Last Supper" I could make nothing of, for the light was poor and the great painting has suffered sorely at the hands of time and decay. So I left Milano a little gloomy, but the sunlight came out before we reached Genoa, and my first sight of the Mediterranean was under a glorious afternoon sun. But stately, filthy old Genoa deserves a chapter to herself.

THE UNSEEN SCENE

A. Renard Whitehurst

It was one of those hazy afternoons not uncommon in the Metropolis, when the heavy mists drifted slowly over the jagged roof of the city. The monotonous hum of traffic was regularly punctuated by the dismal wail of fog sirens. From somewhere tug whistles announced the arrival of another transport from overseas.

With a happy sigh Juanita dropped her last letter and leaned back on the sofa. Every day upon returning from her duties she had read it over, now for the sixtieth time. "Two long months," she told the Woolworth building, dimly outlined against the gray distance, "since I have heard from him."

She was a typical American girl, or, to be more exact, a typical American brunette; a perfect oval face, set beneath masses of dusky hair, almost black, rested upon her delicately chiseled throat. The sparkling brown eyes—mirrors of her impulsive spirit—were softened by her present thoughts, and stared vacantly back to that May day when he had entrained for Paris Island, South Carolina. After all, had she been quite fair to him? She felt a guilty tinge in each cheek. She had let him go as though he were taking merely a week's vacation.

For twelve months previous to his enlistment they had known each other intimately, very intimately on his part, and though she admitted to herself her preference for him, she took a secret delight in keeping him guessing. But she was then only an impulsive girl, obedient to selfish whims. In the two years that followed she had blossomed into womanhood. She had never realized what his love meant to her until after he had kissed her good-bye at the train. "Wait for me,

little girl," had been his parting words. Then she had felt a strange loneliness, and a sense of her injustice oppressed her.

Before enlisting, Norman had been manager of a garage, and during the many times he had taken her out in his big car she had learned to handle it and make minor repairs. The day after he left she had offered her services to the Women's Red Cross Motor Corps of New York. She had never told him of it, intending it as a surprise upon his return. How proud he would be of her!

She rose and crossed the room to her dresser. Hidden away in the secret drawer lay a little package, marked and stamped until it resembled a traveling man's portmanteau. She slowly unwrapped a peculiarly heart-shaped bit of shrapnel which Norman had sent her, as he wrote, "for good luck." After the terrible fighting at "The Wood of the American Marines," a French surgeon had extracted it from a wound in his chest where it had stopped, just in time, against his pericardium. "Oh!" she cried, trembling, "what a narrow escape!" and pressed the metal to her lips. How terrible it must have been to lie unconscious in a shell-hole for nearly nineteen hours! And there a French courier had found him, whence he was taken to a field hospital behind the French lines near Soissons. She decided to have the shrapnel made into a watch-charm for him.

From the secret drawer also Juanita took a copy of *The World*. It contained a citation dated June 15. Her bosom swelled with pride as she read, "Sergt. Norman B. H——, 24 W——th Street, New York City, awarded the U. S. D. S. C., the French Croix de Guerre, and promoted to a lieutenancy, for conspicuous bravery under fire and initiative in leading his men after their officers had been killed."

It was from this French hospital, she was sure, that his last letter had been written, and that was two months and a half after he was wounded. He was then leaving the hospital,

"bound for Blighty," he wrote. He spoke warmly of the brave little French nurses, to whom he owed his health and strength.

The whir-r-r of the bell broke in upon her reverie. She hurried to the door. The evening paper. Among the first headlines to meet her gaze was "SIXTH REGIMENT MARINES FIRST TO RETURN," *"Northern Pacific* Docks, 7 p. m. tomorrow at Hoboken, Pier 1."

The next twenty-four hours finally dragged to a close, and none too soon for Juanita. She actually forgot to attend mass, so occupied were her thoughts with her approaching happiness. She was at Pier No. 1 long before time, looking very neat and attractive in her smart Motor Corps uniform. The noise of the harbor was lost in the deafening cheers and acclamations of the throng that lined the wharf as the big transport swung around to her dock. Juanita was in the very forefront, eagerly searching the faces of the heroes as they descended the gang-plank.

Suddenly a low cry escaped her lips. He had not told her about the crutches, nor had he mentioned the saucy little moustache, cut a la Chaplan. These items she noted at a glance. Then she saw a pretty French nurse steadying his descent, and they seemed to smile happily into each other's face as they talked.

Juanita's eyes flashed and her lips quivered. A great fear swept over her—and she jumped at a conclusion. In one impulsive moment all her blind love changed to an equally blind hatred. It was not jealousy so much as it was a feeling that she had been beaten at her own game.

She found herself hurriedly threading her way up town. "Pardon me!" she said to an astonished old gentleman whom she nearly upset.

She could understand now an apparently harmless statement Norman had made in his last letter: "You'll have to hand it to 'em," he had written, "but these French nurses are

some girls. I'm beginning to fall in love with them." Curiously enough, it had never occurred to her that *he* might be one of the men who were bringing back French wives. What a fool she had been not to suspect it!

Mechanically she turned in at her restaurant, having eaten nothing since morning. She was glad now that she hadn't told him what she was doing. She was satisfied that he could not find her, for she had moved farther down town since her last letter.

* * * * * * *

While the gang-plank swayed and groaned beneath the mad rush of the joyous heroes, Norman sat on a steamer chair behind them chatting with the little nurse. For an hour thus they had sat, reviewing the happy days spent in the small but comfortable hospital in the shell-torn fields of France. What a pleasure he had experienced upon regaining consciousness to find his fair companion smiling down into his face. When his puzzled wits attempted to question her she put a pink finger upon her rosy lips and shook her head, and he lapsed again into oblivion. They laughed heartily as they recalled the weeks of his convalescence when each was the other's language teacher. Thus they had learned to converse with ease. Little wonder, then, that he frequently praised her in his letters to Juanita.

Now the rush was over and Norman felt it safe for him to go ashore. He was anxious to see the "little girl" in whose eyes he had read the answer to his parting injunction. She would be there, for he had written her of his coming, and a torpedo-boat had taken the letter in to the harbor two days ago.

On the gang-plank his companion asked with a smile, "Did I ever tell you how it happened that you were my patient?"

"Why no," he replied, laughing, "I thought it just 'happened.'"

"When you were brought into the hospital," she proceeded, "I was standing at the door. Of course you were well covered

and your face alone was visible. When I saw that I nearly fainted. It was the very image of my only brother, who gave up his life at Verdun. So I begged the *medecin* to give you to me."

"Almost," Norman laughed, "except for a certain little girl who ought to be waiting for me in this crowd. So that is why you have been such a good little sister to me, is it?"

The nurse looked up into his face but he was searching the throng before him. Where was she? Surely she had received his letter.

A stretcher passed and was placed carefully in an ambulance. Norman's companion stood by him in silence, understanding and sympathetic. He came to himself with a start as she laid her hand quietly on his arm.

"Perhaps she is testing you," she smiled, "to see whether you have forgotten."

"Perhaps," he answered, and climbed into a waiting ambulance.

While he puzzled himself for an answer to her absence he reached the Brooklyn Naval Hospital.

The following week he sought Juanita in his thoughts. Was she ill; or had some one taken his place—some slacker? He couldn't bear the thought. He couldn't understand—but who can understand a woman? He secured a special leave for that week-end and spent it in a fruitless search. Upon inquiry at her last address he was disappointed to find that she had moved without leaving any word of her new location.

"Yes, a slacker," he groaned bitterly. "Well," he concluded, and returned to his station.

* * * * * * *

In her room on the night of the transport's arrival Juanita cut the citation from the paper, and putting it in the box with the bit of shrapnel, hid them away in the bottom of her trunk, determined to forget.

II

Two days later and the throbbing pulse of an unsympathetic city still throbbed as though nothing unusual had happened. The daily arrival of transports was now a common occurrence. To Juanita they were, it is true, a part of the closing chapter of the world's greatest struggle, a topic interesting to newspaper reporters and a fickle public—nothing more.

Each day she continued doing her little bit as before. She met the incoming transports with her ambulance, conveying the wounded soldiers to the different hospitals in the city.

But somehow her work had assumed merely the aspect of a duty, a necessary patriotic service. There is always a reason besides patriotism, and Juanita was having trouble with hers. When her work was finished she fled to amusement circles, in an effort to escape her own thoughts.

Sunday evening found her in the midst of a gay group at the W. C. C. S. Unit on ——th Street. It was a party for the benefit of the boys in uniform.

During a musical number Juanita fixed her gaze on a charming little mademoiselle across the room. Vividly the scene of a week ago stood out before her. Yes, she was sure that this was the little French nurse from the transport.

Juanita contrived to be near her as the music stopped and was surprised to see her surrounded by an interested audience. As the Motor Corps girl drew near, the *petite* nurse resumed the interrupted narrative.

"A brave boy he was," she was saying in very good English. "You girls should be very proud of your American boys. They speak much of you. I happened to come over with a fine young lieutenant. I had nursed him in my hospital. As we parted at the quay he exclaimed, 'The Belgian rose and your lily of France are great, but give me my American Beauty!' and he waved his crutches to me from the ambulance. I'd love to see his American beauty. She must be

very—*charmante,*" she finished sweetly, yielding to the clamorous calls for a song.

No one noticed her flushed cheeks as Juanita moved gracefully among the guests. She was curiously happy, and yet not entirely at her ease. During the intermissions she learned that the French nurse was interested in American medical methods and was going to continue her training at Johns Hopkins.

Alone in her room that night she gave free rein to her thoughts. And Norman wasn't married at all! For the second time she realized how unjust she had been. "But you shouldn't have been so mushy with that nurse!" she flashed impulsively at his picture on the dresser. He was smiling so frankly at her that she caught it up and covered it with a deluge of kisses.

She finally skipped into bed with a light heart and vague resolve to trace him up next day. "He will do the rest," she murmured, dreamily.

III

In the morning her newest uniform was forthcoming. Once more high spirits twinkled in those unfathomable eyes. She smiled happily in her mirror as she added the light finishing touches that make all the difference—to a woman.

She reported for duty an hour ahead of time. Her first mission was the transfer of eleven marines from the New York Naval Hospital. Upon questioning the soldier who shared her seat, she learned with delight that he was from Norman's regiment and had known him. He recounted vividly the events in that day of awful fighting at Belleau Wood.

"Yes," he said, almost sadly, "I was one of the lucky—or unlucky—fellows who got through. When the attack was over an under-officer assembled all that were left of us and took our names for decorations. Then, as a shell burst over our heads, he tore the sheet to pieces, exclaiming, "Aw, rats! you're not fighting for decorations, anyhow!" He was right. We went to our new positions feeling our unworthiness as

we looked down upon the men who had made the supreme sacrifice."

"Tell me about Lieut. H——," Juanita asked softly.

The marine glanced quickly at the girl. Her gaze was fixed straight ahead. The car swung recklessly around the curve.

"You should have seen our officers," he continued, proudly. "They walked calmly over the top swinging their canes, while the Boche machine guns steadily kept their tally. Anybody but Huns would have been ashamed to fire on them!" and his eyes flashed. "Nearly all had fallen before we crossed that unowned strip of land. Seeing our predicament, Sergeant H—— sprang to the front, yelled 'Forward, men!' killed a machine-gun operator with a hand-grenade, and trained the gun on its neighbors. We had then little more to do than take possession. That was the last I saw of him," he concluded, as he alighted at his destination.

When Juanita thanked him he could not help noticing her earnestness. "I'll wager she's waiting for that lucky rascal of a lieutenant," he declared admiringly, to himself, as she whirled back to headquarters. The others were just reporting for duty.

Three Fifth Avenue buses marked "Special" had been secured to take one hundred and fifty overseas men to a matinee at the Hippodrome. They were to come from the Naval Hospital at Pelham Bay Park. Juanita easily obtained permission to drive one of them. She had not seen the park since she had driven so many influenza patients there during the awful epidemic of a month ago.

She skillfully guided the big double-decker over the fifteen-mile run to the park, but her thoughts were upon her brave young lieutenant. "If I only knew where he was," she told herself.

"Chow" had just disappeared as she climbed down in the hospital grounds. She chatted gaily with the medical officers while the sailors and marines checked out and "got aboard."

Juanita's was the first bus to leave. She kept up a lively conversation all the way down. Her cheerfulness and her pretty face always won the respect and admiration of the men whom she carried. But this morning she could not induce them to talk of their experiences. They preferred a more peaceful subject, for a change. What normal man wouldn't, in the company of such a beauty?

But she soon caught the twinkle in their eyes. "Oh, you can't kid me," she declared. "I'm as 'salty' as any of you."

"How do you get that way?" they bantered.

"I rate it," she parried.

At the theater she assisted her crippled passengers, to their delight, up the steps to the first balcony. Again the gang-plank scene returned to her.

The last bus arrived just as the curtain rose on the first scene. Juanita stood at the head of the stairs, while the boys crowded noisily up.

"Pipe down!" she commanded, with mock severity, "you're disturbing the performance!"

The ushers were busy at their profession. It never occurred to Juanita that she might assist the last marine who was coming slowly up on his crutches. She stood in the dim light and gazed vacantly down on his bowed head, wondering why Norman hadn't told her about *his* crutches. She guessed—

The last marine "came" over the top with a sigh. He raised his head and looked full in her face.

She sprang back like a frightened doe, and stood trembling.

A silent second.

"Nita!" he cried softly.

"Norman!" she breathed, and flung herself into his outstretched arms.

The useless crutches fell unheeded to the carpet.

Why not?

SEA DREAMS

N. E. Gresham

I dreamed that a maiden wondrous sweet,
From out a Sea King's Hall,
Came while I slept beside the sea,
Heedless of fairies' call.

She knelt upon the glistening white,
Her hair streamed on my face,
Her arms were white, her lily hands
Held mine in fond embrace.

And then I dreamed I ope'd my eyes,
Dark ones peeped into mine;
Her heaving bosom rose and swelled,
Her lips were like red wine.

"Who holds me thus?" I fondly asked,
Nor did I ask amiss.
"'Tis I," the fair one made reply,
"Dying for mortal's kiss."

Oh dreams, sweet dreams, sea dreams,
Such blissful golden hours!
When I awoke, gone were my dreams,
As stars o'er woodland flowers.

But ever burned my flushed cheek,
A soothing warmth was there;
And if I cannot kiss awake,
Then dream for all I care.

THE RUSSIAN

I. E. Carlyle

The great war, involving intimate contacts and creating the warmest relations between allied nations, has thrown into greater relief national characteristics. Each government felt that a thorough understanding of the ideals, policies, government, history, literature and people of its enemy must be furnished to its own citizens as a necessary precaution in this most modern war. The more abundant the knowledge concerning the enemy, the easier it was to deal with him. Students and scholars were set to the task of interpreting and weighing the spiritual possessions of the enemy and the ally, in order that mutual understanding might be fostered and combative measures introduced against the insidious weapon known as propaganda, of which the unhappy people of whom we shall treat briefly in this paper were the most striking victims.

There is something inextricably enigmatical about Russia. Paganism and barbarism are of recent survival, along with the highest achievements of the human mind. Meekness of character and brutality of conduct to the extent that one writer has characterized the Russian as an angel and a brute at the same time. Utter devotion to a Tsar and a pervading spirit of democracy; advanced socialism and a staunch individualism; natures given to the deepest religious feelings and infested with the most abject superstition and fatalism—these and others are some of the inconsistencies encountered at first glance. The paradoxical has held sway among those so-called progressive elements represented by the long-haired, nihilistic-thinking students. In Russia revolution and counter-revolution have germinated and flourished in a most fruitful manner. In consequence of these contradictions it is

difficult to arrive at a true valuation of the Russian people; and yet it is imperative that we do so, and in the light of this valuation govern our relations and diplomacy with Russia.

Professor Simpson, writing in *The Nineteenth Century Magazine,* said: "The economic control of Russia is Germany's principal aim in the war." Robert Wilton expresses concern about the future of this complicated question in his book on *Russia's Agony* in the following words: "If Germany captures the Russian market it will not matter much to her what she may lose in the west. It is by no means certain that she will succeed in capturing Russia unless the Russians surrender their birthright." However, upon an examination of conditions in Russia, past and present, we become aware of the existence of an innate trait of the Russian people that predisposes them toward such a course of action. This besetting weakness of a benighted people we will charge to a lack of will power.

How did the Russian soldier bear himself amidst the sufferings and privations of war where a man's make-up is tested and his weaknesses exposed? An American soldier-author, to whom opportunity for first-hand observation was afforded by his service in Russia, places the following estimate upon his soldierly qualities: "The Russian soldier is dull and slow in initiative and self-reliance. He instinctively looks for orders, and obeys them with a blind instinct, without stopping to question their merit." This presents quite a contrast with the quick-witted, self-reliant, ingenious American soldier, to whom disicpline means the instant and willing obedience to orders, and in the absence of orders to do what he thinks the orders would have been. Thus we see that in the latter case some merit is attached to independent, individual action. There are at least two instances on record of a lack of decision and purpose in the Russian command which might account for their military disasters. One is a criticism of the general staff that blundered heavily in the face of the onslaught of

Hindenburg. The staff appear to have broken down at the crucial moment. Instead of hastening to join Samsonov, they issued orders and counter-orders, so that the bewildered commanders did not know what to do." The other concerns General Gutor. It reads: "He was a brave and gallant soldier who had never sought a higher command and accepted his promotion obediently, with much personal misgivings." It was no doubt the misgivings that proved to be his undoing. It may be a broad conjecture to ascribe to a weak will power failure of overwhelming consequences in these two cases, and yet we at once associate personal misgivings, crucial moment, delayed action, confused decision with that dynamic force in man resulting in a concerted, consistent course of action, and which Kant says is his very self. Kerensky was once referred to as the strong man of Russia, the man of the hour. In the midst of his triumph, however, we hear him uttering these words, occasioned by the perplexities of his task: "I have come to you because my strength is going, because I do not feel in myself my former daring. I have not got my old confidence that before me there are conscientious citizens and not rioting slaves. I am sorry that I did not die then, two months ago." Can we conceive of Roosevelt, the fighter; of Clemenceau, the tiger; of Lloyd-George, the diplomat, yielding to untoward circumstances as did this representative of Russian leadership? Kerensky was seen by a correspondent in Petrograd as "Fearful alike of being too moderate and too extreme, without policy or standard, he forfeited the support of every section of the nation and fell, an object of scorn and hatred to all."

For months Russia has been in the grip of a nightmare and moral sickness which were the outgrowth in the Russian mind and soul, in the face of defeat and the uncertainty of revolution, of those qualities of indecision, of vacillation, of lack of will power which sapped the manhood of Hamlet, and made of him a character that dealt in words and not in deeds. The

Hamletizing influences were to be seen in the effervescence of the revolutionary atmosphere, in the endless and perfervid speeches of the agitators which lead to nothing but uncertainty, in the stand taken against the stern realities of German propaganda. The old Russian interpreter of the novelist Ernest Poole was led to exclaim concerning the darkness and despair in Petrograd attendant upon the revolution, "How they talk and talk and talk and do nothing."

A glance into the conditions surrounding the life of the average Russian peasant should furnish us with some insight into the interpretation of his character. Ninety per cent of the Russian people belong to the peasant class, twenty-three millions of whom were released from slavery in 1861. Today 60 per cent of the adults are illiterate. From ignorance of this extent it cannot be expected otherwise than that bolshevism, nihilism, rampant socialism, anarchy, and revolution should thrive and spread. The sacred illumination of the printed word is above the comprehension of the peasant and he is denied a share in the great treasures of human knowledge which reinforce the virtues that are the foundation of character. One need only glance at the picture of a group of Russian peasants to be convinced of their thraldom in ignorance. The expression on their faces is stolid, impassive, dull, and unlit.

The government has long considered the masses as irrational beings unable to care for themselves. The continued sufferance by the peasants of such an attitude by the government for generation after generation is in itself enough to have removed all initiative and will power. It was the Russian poet Pushkin who said: "Russia can never have revolution. Russia can have only riot—merciless, bloody, and senseless." In a large measure is this true. All reforms, improvements, and innovations in the past have emanated from the government. In this way the country has been developed and the character of its people has been formed; and we have

as a product a docile, obedient, helpless type, lacking in initiative and individuality, reactive rather than creative. The manhood that results from the responsibility of self-government is unknown. Their very thoughts, of necessity and by decree, have been furnished to them, so that for generations they have been following the path marked out for them, without feeling the necessity until recently of deviating therefrom.

The literature of a people is usually a mirror of their souls from which much can be learned concerning their character. Russian literature has been termed a great literature of pity, of negation, which is an outward manifestation of the crude, superstitious, unthinking attitude of the Russian masses. The critic Weiner says of the characters of Tolstoy: "His intellectuals are always vacillating and undecided, although filled with the best of purposes." And he makes a further sweeping criticism of Russian fiction by saying that "All the heroes of the Russian novel suffer from the same shyness and vacillation, and their acts are seldom in keeping with their high purposes." In writing of the works of the novelist Dostoywsky he says: "Of the hundreds and hundreds of the various types and characters brought out by him in his numerous novels, sketches, and short stories, there is not one character whose tragedy one cannot trace directly to his deceased will power." Excessive self-pity is calculated to undermine any man's will power.

In early Russian history a legend has it that the people sent an invitation to the foreign Varyags to come and govern them, saying, "Our land is vast and plentiful, but there is no order in it." Nothing could be more humiliating or pitiful than this spectacle of a people surrendering its birthright, for which strong men through the ages have bled and died. And again today the government is under the control of a band of usurpers, mostly not of Russian blood. The instigation and responsibility for bolshevism and its horrors may

be largely placed upon the Jew Trotsky and his pseudo-Jewish associates. The Russian philosopher Berdyaiff says in this connection: "The Russian people do not wish to be domineering superiors: their nature is passive, rather gentle, ready to obey—more like that of a wife than that of a husband."

History also tells us that the Russian people were acquainted with Christianity, not through any volition of their own, but through a decree of the Prince Vladimer who was baptized in Constantinople in 988, and upon his return caused his people to undergo the same rite en masse. As there is no royal road to learning, just so is the road to moral grandeur and religious steadfastness not traversed by any such fashion as that traveled by the Russian people. Stability of character and a strong moral nature cannot be inculcated by any such measure.

Because the individual Russian has not had the light, the motive, or the opportunity for the exercise of his will, I believe that the Russian nation is a nation without the will to work out its own salvation in the most acceptable manner, and that it is only through the aid of borrowed leadership and more enlightenment that she will be able to weather the present storm.

AS A BOY IN FRANCE SAW IT

(Clippings from personal letters.)

"Papa, do you know what it takes to win this war? It takes the best that America can give. She has given France the cream of the country, whose fathers fought in our Civil War. When this war is over we will lay down our arms as you did at the close of the Civil War and take up again the pursuits of peace. We are in this war and must fight to a finish, and we must have courage to do it. Our fathers and mothers must have courage as well as we who are in it.

"The world's heroes have been men of courage. Heroism is courage. 'The world hates a coward' has come to embody lots of truth. Not one of us wants to be regarded as a coward. Who have made the greatest success—men of mediocre courage, men of worldly spines, men afraid to do and dare, men who hesitate to strike out from beaten paths? Nay, verily. What has won the world to Woodrow Wilson? Chiefly his quiet courage, his dogged firmness, his refusal to be overawed by the threats or acts of Prussianism."

"The men here have just finished a large Y. M. C. A. building and today was its 'Grand Opening.' At 2 o'clock this p. m. Miss Margaret Wilson sang for us. We all came off the field to the Y. M. C. A. to hear her."

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow like it is today. If it does I don't care to go to Paris. I hope it doesn't, anyway, as the Y. M. C. A. here is giving a 'Blow-out.' We will play football both a. m. and p. m. if it doesn't rain. Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock there will be communion services held in the 'Y' for the boys of the protestant faith, also one for those of the Catholic faith, and at eleven the Thanskgiving services. In the afternoon the 'Y' will serve hot drinks and cakes. In the evening there will be moving pictures and music by the band.

We are going to try to make tomorrow the best and happiest Thanksgiving we have ever seen; and why not? Last Thanksgiving we were looking forward to war and hardships but now we are looking forward to peace and happiness."

Wounded in a hospital after going "over" every day and night for fifty days.

"I like to think that the war will soon be over. I have had a lot of it but don't think though that I have had my share. I am willing to give all. Sometimes I have thought it was coming, and one time I thought it had come. Pretty close, Papa, but you know I am never afraid. I am always ready to go 'over.' I don't know whether I will ever get a chance to go 'over' with the boys again or not. I like those boys, Papa. They are the best and bravest boys living. I wish you could see them sometime. I believe every boy that dies on the battle front goes to heaven. I don't want to think that they don't for so many give their lives for their country."

"Thousands of parents are asking for what are we giving our boys? It is most essential that they see. They are not giving their boys to make America greater than her neighbors. We seek no foot of territory, we ask no added domain, no dollar of indemnity, nor military supremacy to threaten the world. The young men of America are going, not to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the Saracen, but to rescue the civilization which was the fruit of the Saviour's teaching. Until a man has found something worth dying for he has found nothing worth living for. You need to realize this. Every mother needs to feel that she is giving her boy to fight in the noblest conflict ever in history. The die is cast. We have entered the war. America's destiny is at stake. Democracy itself is at stake. The people—greater and more majestic name than the king—expect every man to do his duty. And out of it all shall come a better America, a truer and

wiser democracy. When the war cloud is lifted I am coming back to you and I hope to see you as I saw you last—with a smile.

"It is our dream to bring it to an end but we can never make things as they were before the war. God himself can never make things as they were. The paths to yesterday are irretractable—the ruins that line them irretractable. Yes, land can be returned, but who shall return the clean souls to these seized women? What of the Lusitania and the towers of Louvain? How shall spring be made to dance before blind eyes? How may the sweep of a pen decree Easter in Flanders and bid slain legions rise laughing from the sod? We American boys cannot repair the past but can fight and win the war and make its recurrence impossible."

August 27, just before the drive that broke the Hindenburg line.

"I haven't time to write anything. I just want you to know that I am well and no Boche has been fortunate enough to pick me off yet. You see it takes a good one to get me. I am just—I don't know—simply lucky.

"Read the papers and see what will be done tonight and tomorrow."

In camp behind the lines.

"At a distance I see a small French village asleep and nearby a boy ploughing. What did I say, a boy? Well it isn't, but a girl, a beautiful girl with black hair and large black eyes, pretty mouth with red lips and cheeks as red as a rose, perhaps caused by wine; her little feet enclosed in thick woolen stockings and wooden shoes. With her little bare hands she turns the plow at each end of the field with a man's strength. It is not a horse she is ploughing, neither is it a mule nor an ox but two cows. And as she follows the plough all day long you only hear her say *'Aller,' 'Aller,'* which means in English 'to go.' It is growing darker and darker, and I

must soon light my candle to see how to write. Yes, and the girl is leaving her field of toil and going home."

At the front.

"Mamma, I have been sad and lonely since yesterday, 3:20 p. m., when an awful thing occurred. You know how much I have said about my lieutenant friend? Well, while I sit here writing you he lies out on a little hill cold in death. It has been hard for me to bear. Sometimes I wish I could have taken his place. He has a young wife in America awaiting his return. She now waits in vain. Just a few hours ago he and I were up together over the trenches. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last we were up together and did almost everything that can be done in the air. But yesterday afternoon he went up and I stayed down. He came down—'My God!'—but it was something awful."

"On the night of July 14 I was called to go from my squadron on detached service. I was to serve with the Signal Corps on the front. I was tickled to death. I arrived in time for the big thing. I can't say that I was not scared at first. But on each side of me I saw my comrades ready so I made myself ready when the word was said.

"I was in the front line from July 14 to September 3. Fifty days I went through hell. Fifty days is a long time for one to stay with it and not get wounded. Fifty days is a long time for one to face the Hun anyway.

"I have sat nights before going 'over' looking out into No Man's Land and wonder 'would I come back safe.' I prayed that His angels would guide me through it and deliver me safe again to our lines. I have gone over with the feeling down in my heart that I was not going to get back safe. I felt as though it would either be a free ticket to 'Blighty' or another soul 'Gone West.' But I did come back safe for fifty days and nights. I have felt my prayers were heard. I got tired of it all. I was needing a rest. My mess kit was getting

too hard for a pillow and I had long since stopped using my helmet for a pillow. Dear old helmet! Kind old helmet! I did not think it right to use my mess kit for a pillow and eat 'Slum' out of it too. I didn't like to impose upon good nature."

After the Victory is won.

"Dear Dad:—Today is the day nominated as 'Dad's Christmas Victory Letter Day' for the whole A. E. F.; the day upon which every American soldier in France concentrates for a few moments the weak threads of good intentions into the composition of a letter to the best buddy he has in trousers. I have four 'Dad's Christmas Letters' to write today. We boys are to write to the fathers whose sons have been killed in France. I will write to Mr. Geyer of Blackstone, Va., whose son William was with me in the 82d Aero Squadron but now lies in the cold blue waters of the Irish Sea. Then I will write one to my lieutenant friend's father in Boston. He was killed in action and was one of the best aviators that ever lived. He was my real friend. And last, I will write to my boy chum's father in California. This boy fought bravely and died a hero. He kept a smile on his lips while I knelt beside him, holding his hand in mine until 'another soul had gone west.' I shall never forget those last words from his dry lips as I pressed them to mine: 'Give them hell, boy,' he whispered, and fell asleep."

NORTH CAROLINA POETRY

N. E. Gresham

A study of North Carolina poetry reveals chiefly three things: First, the poetic inclinations of North Carolinians resulting from the geographical situation and the physical condition of the State; second, the trend of patriotism running through the veins of the State's inhabitants; and third, the adept poetic sincerity which characterizes its poetry. The sadly remarkable thing about the State's literature is, that it is seldom read or known except by a few interested lovers who realize its present value and appreciate the possibilities for better work.

Do not mistake this paper as inferring that it is a literature of the first-water type. Perhaps some of the poetry will some time be thus conceived; at any rate, a few of the poems are extremely appreciable attempts.

For the sake of convenience in making this study, and from the three characteristics mentioned above, we may say that we have three classes of poetry—the historic, the patriotic, and the nature types.

The best known poems in the first classification, referring to the State's early history, are Joseph William Holden's "Hatteras," Henry Jerome Stockard's "In the Light-house at Lookout" and "Sir Walter Raleigh," and Dr. Benjamin Sledd's "The Vision of the Milk-White Doe." The first of these, "Hatteras," is rich in its imagination, vivid in its expression, and has a perfect, easy-flowing meter. The effect of it upon the reader is a weird super-awe feeling, mingled with admiration and reverence. We see in this poem the mighty things of nature harnessed by unseen powers and controlling much of that of which man is wont to boast. "Sir Walter Raleigh" is a poem commemorating Sir Walter

Raleigh. It tells of his influence in the mighty struggle for liberty which has been afoot these several centuries. "In the Light-house at Point Lookout" is a sonnet characterized by poetic profundity, emphasizing the danger of this point, incidentally; really expressing deep views on immortality. "The Vision of the Milk-White Doe," by Dr. Sledd, is in many respects the greatest work we have relating to this period of the State's history. Any one who has read "Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History" must certainly appreciate this poem, every line and every phrase possessing the charm which characterizes poetry. "The Legend of the Milk-White Doe" is beautiful and this poem is a fine glorification of the legend. "The Wraith of Roanoke," also by Dr. Sledd, might well be mentioned here. It is great to say the least.

Passing Colonial literature we come to the Revolutionary period. Space does not permit to be here mentioned all of the poems which should be mentioned in connection with the study of this period of history. The first poem and in many respects the best poem of this period is Seymour Webster Whiting's "Alamance," a very appropriate poem in commemoration of the battle which was fought there. The men who engaged in this battle were the first in the colonies to strike a blow for liberty, as the poet expresses

"In Freedom's cause they nobly dared to die."

Stockard's "Washington" and Clarkes' "Lines to the Old North State" are of especial interest also. The sonnet on Washington is a very admirable attempt at showing the appreciation for the

"Father of the Free."

Some excellent poetry has been written as a result of inspirations and thoughts received from incidents of the Civil War. Here we have Joseph H. Gillespie's "Chancellorsville," aboundingly rich in its vivid battle descriptions, the scenes

around which Stonewall Jackson died. In many respects this is a commendable poem and is worthy of recognition, as we observe in the last verse:

"None heard the rush of the waters,
None heard the plash of the oar,
But the leader forever departed,
And the army wept by the shore."

Plato Tracy Durham's "The Dream of Lee and Lincoln" is perfect in its meter and very pleasing, but as real poetry it does not convey a lasting impression. Its real worth lies in the memories which it awakens. But the one poem produced by the Civil War in our State is Dr. Sledd's poem "United." Two men, mere youths, have been battling all day and now the battle is ended. Both young men are killed and it so happens that they die in each other's arms:

"Around his lifeless foeman the arms of each are pressed,
And the head of one is pillowed upon the other's breast."

So much for the historical poems; let us now turn to patriotic poetry. The best poem of this class we have is "The Old North State," by William Gaston. E. C. Brooks, the editor of a volume containing selections of North Carolina poetry, says that this poem is the best-known state song in America. Almost every school child is familiar, or should be familiar with this song; grown-ups are presumed to have it always on their lips. Another familiar song is "Ho! for Carolina," written by William Bernard Harrell. This too is familiar and loved by loyal North Carolinians everywhere. Not so familiar are two other poems, "Mater, Mea Carolina," by Pattie Williams Gee, and "Lines to the Old North State," by Mary Bayard Clarke, each of these finely written and abounding in descriptions which awaken a strong feeling of love and patriotism for our State.

Professor William Lyons Phelps has said that the subject of all poetry is God, or Man, or Nature. So far in our study

we have been chiefly concerned with the actions of North Carolinians and the regard for the State. Let us now very briefly direct our attention to some of the poetry, the writers of which "found their inspiration in the soil and streams and mountains of North Carolina."

Perhaps the poem which characterizes the State most from one of its earliest attractions is John Henry Boner's "Hunting Muscadines," a poem of the Tennysonian type, and pictorially describing the luscious wild grapes of our virgin land. Sallie O'H. Dickson's "A Greeting to Father Mountain" is the best mountain poem we have, but we must confess that it is not as poetic as are the mountains. In other words, it does not take one into a rapturous realm of exaltedness which a poem with such a subject should. This is partly due to the fact that it emphasizes the moral. It is a lamentable fact that, as a whole, the writers in our State do this. A great many of the poems seem to be written expressly to convey a moral and not primarily from poetic impulses. Both the morals and the poetry would be better written for poetic impulses alone.

H. S. Ellenwood's "The Marriage of the Son in the Moon" has one commendable characteristic, namely, the unique manner of blending comedy with distant greatness. Too often such expressions as the glorious sun, the gentle moon, and the twinkling stars appear in poetry. Not a single time does Ellenwood do this. However, his poem is not especially cared for because it seems more like a profane reproduction of some familiar and beloved hymn than a poem. Things of Nature as great as are the sun and moon and stars should be reverenced always in words and actions. Unfortunately, this poet could not escape the opportunity for stressing a moral. Edwin Wiley Fuller has written two splendid poems—"Under the Pines" and "The Sunflower." The latter is a beautiful tribute to General James Johnson Pettigrew.

"When poets cull memorial flowers,
With which our martyrs' graves to strew,
They choose no one in Nature's bowers
For Pettigrew."

Charles Luther Greaves has written the State's best bird poem, "To a Snow-Bird," although Thomas Watts Harrington has two very good bird poems—"To a Wood-Lark" and "To a Mocking-Bird." Greaves' poem is characterized by a greater depth of thought, but "To a Wood-Lark" has a charming rhythm which adds greatly to its delightfulness.

Some of Dr. Sledd's poems have already been mentioned in the historic classification. Here let us mention some of his splendid lyrical poems and something of the feeling which they arouse in the reader. His poem, "The Mystery of the Woods," is a wonderful poem, incidentally referring to our pine woods; really a treatise in itself (if a poem may be called a treatise) on human nature. A little child discovering a mound in the woods, curiosity fills his breast as he remembers that somewhere, some time, the word "Death" has been said to him. Ceasing from childless play,

"Saying, 'Death—what is it, mother?'
Sadly she made reply,
Clasping her arms about me:
'Thou'lt find out by and by.'"

And then the years pass by and sometimes

"Life is good,"

the mound in the woods is remembered,

"And when I sadly question
What way beyond may lie,
A silent voice makes answer,
'Thou'lt know all by and by.'"

In "The Coccoon" something reminds us of the genius who wrote that admirable poem "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking."

"Swannanoa" is a river poem and one of the best in American literature. The author is unknown, but whoever was the author must certainly have felt an intense admiration for one of Carolina's loveliest streams. Swannanoa is a tributary of the French Broad. The Indians called the river "The Beautiful." The symphonious ring of the word and lines of this poem harmonizes with the ripple of the stream.

"Swannanoa, nymph of beauty,
I would woo thee in my rhyme,
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river
Of our sunny Southern clime!
Swannanoa, well they named thee,
In the mellow Indian tongue;
Beautiful thou art, most truly,
And right worthy to be sung."

Baylus Cade has written a poem for those who would insist on believing that the world is topsy-turvy with everything detrimental to progress either religious, social, or otherwise. In other words, the pessimist, the man who goes to bed at night believing that it will rain tomorrow if we do not need rain and will not rain if we do need it. He dreams while he is asleep that the sun has been blotted out of existence, the moon has disappeared in chaos, and all mankind is wickedly pricking him with the needles of fear and disappointment. General gloominess envelopes everything, and this man spends his happiest moments in imagining a gorgeous heaven closely akin to the Plutonian realms of Grecian mythology. "A Jolly Old Man" is the name of the poem and few poems are more enjoyable than this one. For the benefit of those who have never read this poem it might be well to quote here in order to give one an idea of it:

"I'm a Jolly Old Man! I'm a Jolly Old Man!
With my face to the future, my back to the past;
With the sun dipping low and the night coming fast
I will sigh if I must, but I'll laugh all I can."

One of the most noticeable characteristics of John Charles McNeill's poetry is his sincere admiration for Nature; nature

in its simplicity its grandeur, its unparalleled beauty. Human nature unaffected, generous, Divine. McNeill's two poems, "Sunburnt Boys" and "Holding Off the Calf," contain the best things we have said about boys in our State's literature. The latter, written in country-boyish dialect, gives to one who has never experienced or has long since forgotten a true insight to a boy's character. His hopes, smothered desires, intentions, are all interestingly portrayed. "Away Down Home" is a lyrical poem full of noble eulogies to the Old North State, while "October" fills one's mind with pleasant memories of harvests and other

"Old, dear things."

On the whole, McNeill's poetry is easy yet not of the type too soon to be forgotten. His pleasing, simple selection of words and their metrical arrangement add largely to the enjoyment of his poetry. The last verse of "Away Down Home" is quoted here:

"Then come with me, thou weary heart!
Forget thy brooding ills,
Since God has come to walk among
His valleys and His hills!
The mart will never miss thee,
Nor the scholar's dusty tome
And the Mother waits to bless thee
Away down home."

"Finis," by Sue M. Whitaker, is read and loved extensively. Some critic has said that it is "one of the finest poems we have ever read." The last verse will give one an idea of its sweetness.

"How sweet 'twould be—
My work all done—
To sit at eve, my threshold on, and see
Stars, one by one,
Flash into the dark heaven. Oh, happy rest!
My folded hands, how blest
But—'tis already night!"

Whatever impressions one may have entertained for North Carolina poetry the fact cannot be denied that it is worthy of attention. It may not be considered as great poetry but it suits wonderfully well in expressing the ideals, hopes, and character of a freedom-loving people. The autumnal climate, the picturesque scenery, the ethereal sweetness prevailing in the rocks and mountains and woods and sandy seashore of our State is blended in our poetry. The past literature is commendable; the future holds great things in store for the gifted men and women who may take advantage of splendid opportunities.

The Wake Forest Student

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

P. L. ELLIOTT, Editor

Blue Ridge

One of the most beautiful, inspiring, and helpful places in all our land is the Y. M. C. A. assembly grounds at Blue Ridge. There is a spirit of comradeship, enthusiasm for light living and genuine Christ-likeness that pervades the atmosphere and is scarce found elsewhere. The person who has the privilege of spending some time at Blue Ridge, and does not, misses one of the finest treats life has in store for him.

A little gem from an unknown hand, entitled "The Mountain Shrine," came my way a few days since which with pleasure is inserted here:

"Where fold on fold the ancient earth hath cast her rugged bosom up to meet the bending sky, and between long sheltering arms thrust forth to touch the racing waters of the upper Swananoa, she spreads a spacious lap to nurse a wild primeval forest.

"Beneath this forest's shade ten thousand rich ungarnered harvests of leaf and flower and seed have fallen into black decay that next year the harvest might the richer be.

"Here the native pansy lifts its freckled face beneath the hemlock's tapering spar, and modest violets offer incense at the great oak's altar rail; here orchids nod their curious heads beside the fronded ferns, and ebony stems of maiden-hair lean close to the giant poplar's bole; here laurel shrubs their waxen cups unfold, and rhoddodendron thickets sift their gorgeous petals down; here wild musicians of the cove select for each a swinging stage, and undisturbed by flattering plaudits of a giddy throng pour forth from feathered throats such melodies as heaven alone can comprehend.

"Here, too, the consecrated leaders among the students of the South have given to the kindly keeping of that ample lap a foster child—have builded there, by faithful prayer and unremitting toil, a stately shrine. A shine where waxen tapers never burn, nor broad phylactery leads to hollow prayer; where every soul is urged to seek a quick escape from guilt, and to enter unafraid within its Own Most Holy Place, a shrine where creeds are lost in a common zeal for the broad welfare of man, where another's need as a call for deeds and love is held supreme—Lee Hall, the Southern Students' Sacred Shrine; where inspiration leads to higher pinnacles of thought, that far above the vales, befogged by ritual, creed

or doubt, they may catch a fuller vision of the harvest fields of life, and, seeing, let their ardent zeal to firm decisions come.

"Fellow-men, in deep devotion, here will pray as they have never prayed before; may learn to live as they have never lived before; yea, a holy shrine! where every noble impulse of the human heart finds freedom in the atmosphere, and all the reverential anthems of the soul may rise in sweet accord with the invisible organ of God's great universe."

The Y. M. C. A.

THE STUDENT wishes to express its appreciation of the Y. M. C. A. and what it has meant to the college life this year. The programs have been of the highest order. We feel safe in saying that the Y. M. C. A. this year is far superior to any we have had heretofore. The new reading-room with the music, the splendid weekly programs, the office with diverse aids for the students, the study courses and the activities in general have been of a wholesome and uplifting character.

This is doubtless due largely to the fact that we have had a "Y" secretary to devote his entire time to the work. Heretofore the Y. M. C. A. has been entirely in the hands of the students. We do not wish to discredit the work of the students. That has been commendable. But no man can put across the Y. M. C. A. program and carry a heavy college course. The "Y" program, its ennobling and correcting influence should pervade every phase of college life. Everything that encourages or helps, harms or detracts socially, physically, religiously or otherwise the student life, should be of vital concern to the Y. M. C. A.

If we realize this broader service of the Y. M. C. A. at Wake Forest we must have a permanent secretary on the job all the time. We cannot pay him? Who ever accused Wake Forest of a thing like that? That a secretary has a very vital

and extensive place to fill here is no longer questioned by those who know the situation. We appeal to you who read THE STUDENT to lend your influence in helping us secure this much-needed addition to our student life.

Student Material

In the earlier days it was well-nigh the impossible for a freshman to get a publication in THE STUDENT. The upper-classmen always appeared enthusiastic for the literary medals and we always had a few aspirant writers. One of the astonishing revelations of the year is that upper-classmen are producing comparatively nothing. They seem not to be interested in that sort of thing. Only one story has been published so far written by a man above the Freshman class. This is especially promising for next year unless these men become infected as Sophomores with the same apathetic disease the upper-classmen now have. Have we lost our enthusiasm for the college magazine or are we incapable of producing anything worth while? I cannot believe the latter. Get the "Pep," men.

We are glad to have the Freshmen contribute to the magazine and would extend to them every inducement, but that does not remedy the situation. The magazine should represent the best the college has. Is that the Freshmen? Then give us the Freshmen, and RIGHT should be written in big letters across the hazers' program to change their objective to Seniors and Sophomores. But it does look like hitching the horse in backward.

Hazing, Why and Why Not

There seems to be an inherent feeling in all upper-classmen that the conduct of Freshmen should be regulated. Class distinction appears in every institution of learning either expressed in rules and privileges or cherished in the hearts of the students. On the

surface, at any rate, this appears just and right. Why should a fellow not have more recognition the higher he climbs? This feeling gives rise to hazing in its different forms and is not confined to the Sophomores but pervades even the Junior and Senior classes.

We conclude, therefore, that hazing in its origin was for the primary purpose of service to the person hazed by checking any unnecessary propensities toward self-importance that might harm him in his life, and to the institution by placing proper bounds to conduct. It often retrogrades, however (as all things founded on wrong principles or carried out wrongly), into the base and cowardly ends of personal revenge. This is illustrated very fittingly by the development of the Ku Klux Klan. It saved the South and almost disgraced her for all time. It is very doubtful, to say the least, but let us assume that hazing in some cases is serviceable. But what judgment do you pass when under cover of night, masked, armed to the teeth, full of whiskey to neutralize their cowardice, and impelled by the impulse of personal revenge, bands of questionable characters, who in daylight pose as gentlemen, take the upper hand of men to do them harm, thereby throwing a disgrace upon the institution and a reflection on the student-body? Often the most corrupt and unspeakable forms of hazing, purely an abomination, are carried on under the auspices of the literary societies and under guise of civilized initiation, while faculty, honorary members, either take part or look on giving their approval. When it comes to this it appears to be time to call a halt.

But the distressing thing about it all is that there seems to be no definite consciousness against such in institutions of learning. One college professor remarked a few days ago that he saw nothing to do but to endure it. If that be the way professors look at it the students may be assured that they will *have* to endure it. Too, where there is conviction against such there seems to be no backbone to substantiate the principle.

A man remarked a few days since, speaking of an institution where he had spent his college days, that "It is impossible to ship a man from there unless he is a poor devil who is neither loved nor respected in college or out." Another alumnus said, "The Student Senate is handicapped, the faculty is too tender-hearted, and the trustees only make suggestions." It is our sincere hope that the above quotations can never be repeated about Wake Forest. Because the parents of North Carolina will not be anxious to send their boys to an institution unless they have cause to believe that they will be respected by the students or at least shielded by the faculty so long as they conduct themselves as gentlemen. After all, the boy who participates in the crime is more to be respected than the person or persons who openly condemn it as a camouflage while by ingenious cunning or diplomatic manipulation steers clear of the concealed rock and because of family or any other consideration tolerates the act or is too tender-hearted to stand four-square.

ALUMNI NOTES

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, B.A. 1897, formerly a member of the Medical Faculty of Wake Forest College, has attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Colonel Carstarphen has been in service in France for the past eight months. He writes that his work is very interesting and his associations with the French people have increased his favorable impressions of them.

Rev. J. M. Tolar, M.A. 1896, has recently moved to Wagener, S. C., after successfully completing his work at Honea Path, S. C. Since leaving Wake Forest, Rev. Tolar has been instrumental in organizing and building churches in several parts of South Carolina where he has held pastorates.

Mr. C. C. Honeycutt, B.A. 1915, is elected mayor for the town of Albemarle, N. C.

C. H. Martin, B.A. 1897, LL.B. 1898, is practicing law in New York City. He is connected with C. C. Daniels, an attorney of that city.

B.S. 1918. The following men are continuing their studies in medicine at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia: J. F. Owens, W. E. Dawson, Lyle Ellis, H. B. Moore, S. A. Thompson, L. P. Martin, L. H. Hobgood, and Filadelfo Garcia.

Paul Daniels, B.A. 1917, is principal of Winterville High School.

Kyle Yates, B.A. 1917, is in Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky. Mr. Yates is leading his class in Senior Greek there.

Henry Faucette, 1909-1913, has safely arrived from overseas where he has been in service several months. Mr. Faucette was among the first American troops to participate in the actual battles of the great war.

Rev. B. F. Bray, 1900-1905, is now pastor of a Baptist church in Philadelphia, Pa. He will receive the B.A. degree at our next Commencement.

M. T. Rankin, B.A. 1918, also a student at the Seminary, was on the Hill recently. Mr. Rankin reports that Wake Forest men are doing well at the Seminary.

Rev. H. H. McMillan, B.A. 1909, has recently returned from China where he has been doing missionary work near Hong Kong. Rev. McMillan is very well pleased with the work done by Baptists in China, but he says that there is need for more workers in the field.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. B. WOOD, Editor

Our exchange continues to grow. Among the new publications are *The Criterion* and *The Chronicle.*

The March number of *The Chronicle* is well worked up. It contains several poems, essays, and stories. The poem, "Alma Mater," is addressed to Clemson and is very good indeed. The sketch of Benjamin Ryan Tillman's life shows careful and thorough research and investigation. "My Dream Girl" is a poem of beautiful thought, but the meter is not very good. "The Reunion" is a very enjoyable story but seems to be a bit overdrawn. We really liked it. "The Modern Good Literature" is an essay of no small importance. It contains some good advice to lovers of literature. The poem, "The Voice of Thunder," seems to be purely original both as to style and thought. "My Trip to the Association" is well written up. It is very typical of college boys' actions. "Love Before First Sight" is purely an exaggeration. It covers too much time and the end is too abrupt. "Living" is a short but good essay. "The Call—The Response" is a very good war poem but the meter is not regular.

The April number of *The Criterion contains* two essays, two poems, one recipe, and six short stories. We would be glad to see more essays and poems. "Will the High Cost of Living Come Down?" is a timely essay and appeals to the interest of us all. "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes" gives a vivid description of life among the hills. "Her First Love Affair" is a story of typical Southern life and portrays the Southern girl in a very unique way. "'N' Everything" lacks the smooth flow which poetry usually has. "The New World" is rather short but is good as far as it goes. "Last Recipe for Molasses Taffy" does not add very much to the contributions.

"Be a Man" is a beautiful portrayal of genuine manhood. "Jack's Reward" is the most interesting and the best developed story in this number. "A Psalm of (College) Life" has perfect rhythm and the meter is consistent but the poem lacks depth of thought. We hope to see more interest given to poetry and the selection of more profound subjects for poems. "Love's Reward" gives us another splendid description of the genuine manhood of our boys who fought in France. "Annette's Luck" shows how the French homes were torn up by the Boches. The hero of this story rescues the little girl and sends her back to his home and mother in America.

The Orion and *The Furman Echo* are two magazines that usually come to us on time.

The Orion for March contains a one-act play, a collection of song titles, three poems, and three short stories. We are very sorry to note no essays. The selection "When Dreams Come True" is an arrangement of song titles in such a way as to make complete sense. "A Prayer" is a very short poem but it is really worth while. It shows poetical talent. "And That Was Why" is a rather peculiar story. There seems to be no justification for the killing of Charles, and an accident is altogether uncalled for. "The Right Man After All" is a typical representation of war beaus. "Dreaming" is the best poem and perhaps the best contribution of this number. "A Story of College Life" is very thrilling, but it seems to have left undone some of the most important developments. "That Dear Old Alarm Clock" is a one-stanza poem—very beautiful yet very shallow.

The April number of *The Furman Echo* is the best number we have received on the exchange from Furman. We congratulate them for their splendid work, and especially for a goodly number of poems and essays. This issue contains six poems, five essays, and four stories. "The Mocking-Bird's Song" is a beautiful spring poem with perfect rhythm and genuine thought. "The Romance of Immutability" bears

out Shakespeare's statement that a course of true love never did run smooth. "The Public Career of Woodrow Wilson" is an essay of worthy mention. "President Wilson in France" is a beautiful sonnet and contains very rich thoughts. "Sidney Lanier" is a worthy tribute to one of our own Southern poets. "The World's Easter" shows more poetical talent than is found among the average person. "Democracy" is a short and helpful essay on the developing idea of democratic government among the peoples of the earth. "Be a Man" points out the two things that face us all: the call of duty and the call of pleasure. "The English-Speaking Peoples" is the most lengthy and perhaps the best of the essays. "England's Renunciation" is a lovely tribute to our mother country. "The Boy Who Fought for Us" tells its own story. "Theodore Roosevelt—The Typical American" is a well-planned sketch of our deceased "Teddy." "The Clouds" is good in every respect. "A Tragic Car Ride" gives a vivid picture of young manhood blunders. "Easter" is the last of this fine collection of poems.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. P. BURNS, Editor

Messrs. B. T. Ward and I. L. Yearby maintained Wake Forest tradition and reputation when, on the night of April 5th in Memorial Hall, they won a sweeping victory in the debate with Randolph-Macon College. The query debated was the compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes question. The Wake Forest debaters maintained the affirmative side of this question, and they presented their side of the question in an admirable manner, winning the decision of the judges entirely on superiority of argument and manner of presentation. The judges for the debate were Judge Connor of the Federal Court, Judge Calvert of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and Judge Winston, an ex-judge of the North Carolina Superior Court bench.

This debate was the third of the series with Randolph-Macon. Each college had won one of the series and this was the deciding debate of the series. Hats off to our representatives for winning for us! Now for the other two debates!

As this issue of THE STUDENT goes to press, the college Glee Club and Orchestra is preparing to leave on its spring trip. The itinerary which Manager Burns has arranged comprises the following towns of Eastern North Carolina: Weldon, April 24th; Rocky Mount, April 25th; Wilson, April 26th and 27th; Greenville, April 28th; Washington, April 29th; Elizabeth City, April 30th; Edenton, May 1st; Aulander, May 2d; Murfreesboro, May 3d. The club will aid in the music at the First Baptist Church of Wilson on Sunday morning, April 27th, and at the Emmanuel Baptist Church of Greenville at the night service on the same day. The director of the organization, Dr. H. M. Poteat, will

speak at the morning service of the First Baptist Church of Wilson. All prospects point to a fine trip for the club.

Concerts will be given in Wake Forest, Louisburg, and Oxford, after the club returns from this trip.

The college baseball team is making a record for itself as a team of sluggers and also as a first-class team in every department of the game. Just at present the prospects are very bright for the winning of the State championship, despite the losing of the Easter Monday classic to State College by the close score of four to three. Barnes has proved himself a sure and dependable pitcher. He fields his position in the box wonderfully and uses his head continuously. Besides this, he is a man to be feared at the bat. Much of the success of the team must be attributed to his work. Captain Blanchard thus far has clouted the pill at will besides catching a fine game. All the other players deserve praise for their excellent work also. There follows a brief account of the games played to date:

The first game of the season, a practice game, was played with Liberty-Piedmont Institute, and resulted in a victory for our team by a large score.

The second game was an exhibition contest with State College for the benefit of the soldiers of the 113th Artillery when they paraded in Raleigh. This game was lost by the score of five to four, but it did not count on the regular schedule.

Trinity was played here on the 5th of April, Wake Forest winning this thrilling and exciting contest by the score of three to two. Austin pitched for the locals until he was relieved by Barnes in the ninth inning with the bases full. Austin was unhittable but was very wild, walking seven men and hitting four during the contest. Barnes saved the game in the ninth by allowing no one to score after he went into the box.

A return game was played with Trinity in Durham on April 8th. This game was won by Trinity by a nine to seven score, although our team secured sixteen hits off the delivery of Southard and Carroll. Barnes' three-base hit, following several other hits, drove Southard, the pet of the Trinity fandom, out of the box in the fifth inning. Austin started as pitcher for Wake Forest but had to be removed on account of his inability to locate the plate. Barnes pitched a very creditable game after he was put in, although he was feeling unwell on that day. Errors combined with "boneheads" cost us the game. Duncan played particularly fine ball.

State College was defeated here on the 12th in one of the most exciting games ever seen on the local diamond by a four to three score. State maintained the lead all the way through the game until the eighth inning, the game being won by our players by one of those long-to-be-talked-of ninth-inning finishes. Burrus and Barnes both pitched fine ball in this game.

In a game characterized by the slugging of the locals, Wake Forest defeated Richmond College on the home diamond on the 14th by a score of 14 to 2. Austin and Ballentine pitched for Wake Forest. Ballentine did not allow any runs after he went into the box, and seemed to show promise of making a good pitcher.

At Camp Bragg, April 16th: Wake Forest 11, Camp Bragg 5.

The annual Easter Monday game was dropped to State College by a four to three score. The game was characterized by some startling plays by members of both teams. Ellis and Duncan both made beautiful stops of difficult grounders, and Gwynn and White made pretty catches for Wake Forest. Barnes did not deserve to lose this game. It was won on a lucky hit to left after Barnes had struck out two batters and had two strikes on the batter after the first two men up had got on bases.

The games which will decide the State championship so far as we are concerned are the one game each with State, Trinity, and Carolina, yet to be played. We should win them all.

The track team has lost both the meets which it has engaged in thus far, losing to Elon at Elon by the close score of 56 to 54, and to Trinity at Trinity by the score of 8 to 4.

The Oxford Orphanage Singing Class delighted a large audience when it gave its annual concert in Memorial Hall the latter part of March.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the season was the concert by the Glee Club of the Greensboro College for Women in Memorial Hall on the night of April 15th. Their concert was of a superior quality, consisting of choral numbers, vocal solos, guitar and ukulele selections, and readings. There are twenty-five young ladies in the organization, and their visit was indeed a pleasure. A reception was given the Glee Club by the local college Glee Club at the home of Dr. Hubert M. Poteat immediately after the concert. Another visit of this organization to Wake Forest will be welcomed.

Dr. T. W. O'Kelley preached at the night service of the local church on Easter Sunday.

Much excitement was caused on the night of the Randolph-Macon debate when the "movies" caught fire. It looked like it might be that the whole business part of the town would burn up, but quick work by the bucket brigade prevented the spread of the fire. So little damage was done that the "movies" was able to continue business uninterrupted. Ashley Fleetwood and H. M. Watson should be commended for their valorous services in the fire extinction. For what could we and they do without the "movies"?

The Y. M. C. A. is giving us a program which is indeed a pleasure and a benefit to all of those who attend the meetings. Every one should hear the speakers who are addressing the meetings of this body. Secretary Vann is proving a genuine asset to the college.

On Monday night Mr. D. G. Brummitt, Speaker of the State House of Representatives and an alumnus of this institution, spoke to the members on "The League of Nations." His address was indeed a fine one.

Mr. James H. Pou of Raleigh spoke at the night church service April 6th on the subject "Problems of Peace." Those who have heard Mr. Pou speak need not be told that this was a very able exposition, forcibly delivered.

Dr. B. F. Sledd addressed the Y. M. C. A. Monday night, April 7th, on "Russia"; and on Monday night, April 14th, Dr. W. L. Poteat spoke to the body on "Christianity and Democracy." Such a program as this cannot help but be attractive.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

R. G. GROSE, Editor

Newish Pearson: Why don't hobos ride aeroplanes?
Sky Hurley: They are afraid the tail feathers would pull out.

Sky Gresham: I'm going to stop studying for the ministry.
Clark: Why?
Gresham: Because I'm never called upon to pray. Why, they won't even let me return thanks at the mess hall.

It was luck for the Glee Club girls that they missed No. 12. They escaped about two hours of the *hot air* that the fellows had in store for them.

Wanted—to know if the *Cherokee Scout* chronicles the late ball game with Richmond College?

Old: One of the sham battle aeroplanes fell in Raleigh today.
Arnold: Was the machine torn up?
Old: Nothing was broke except one of the peddles.

When Knotty Lambert gives up reforming a man there is little hope for a reformation.

Cary Council expects to make the team before the season is over. He is practicing every afternoon trying to raise his batting average.

Please inform the *Raleigh Times* that we have identified the man with the smoked glasses—Bevan Wood.

Club Matron: What part of the chicken do you wish?
Newish Weathers: It doesn't make any difference which piece I eat first, I expect to eat it all anyway.

Carswell (teaching in graded school): Jenny, what is a hypocrite?
Jenny: A boy wot comes to school wid a smile on his face.

Prof. Lake (on Physics I): How do you tell the direction of the electric current in a wire?

Ben Dodd: Grab the wire with your right hand.

Newish Smith (at P. O. window): I want to get thirty cents worth o' stamps.

P. O. Clerk: What denomination?

Smith: Oh, I'm a plain Baptist.

Dr. Britt: Did you say that you were a hundred years old?

Old man: Yes, I'm a hundred and one years old.

Dr. Britt: But what are you crying for?

Old Man: My daddy slapped me.

Dr. Britt: Your daddy? Why, what for?

Old Man: Because I sassed my grandpa.

"Scranch" Monteith (to "Judge" Cowan in bathroom): "Judge," do you take "Gym?"

Judge: Yes, I take that "dad jim" psychology.

Beside a western water-tank
  One cold December day,
Within an empty box-car,
  A dying hobo lay.

Beside him knelt his partner;
  And lifting up his head
Listened to the last words
  That dying hobo said.

Tell my girl in Denver
  No more her face I'll view;
Say I've caught the fast train,
  And now I'm going through.

The dying hobo's head fell back,
  He had sung his last refrain;
His partner swiped his coat and shoes
  And caught an eastbound train.

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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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XXXVII May, 1918 No. 8

THE ANSWER

N. E. Gresham

"See yonder ghastly, ruined mound,"
A German soldier said;
"'Twas once a hill and city crowned—
Beneath it lie the dead.
How many dead, you ask?" quoth he,
"Ten thousand Frenchmen strong."
The American smote upon his breast;
His gaze was stern and long.

"See yonder woman pale and wan,
A cursèd Belgian she;
A million Belgians have been slain,
A million such you see.
Ten million dogs are ground to dust—
The Kaiser beat them bad."
The American looked with pitying eye
At the woman thinly clad.

"Some speak of ghosts," the German laughed.
"Who would believe a lie?
Why, I have seen a submarine,
A boom!—and then they die!
No ghosts or spirits haunt us then;
'Tis cruelty that we love."
The American, sickened, hung his head,
Then looked to heaven above.

"We fear no harm and have no dread,"
The German still spake on.
"For forty years we've looked for this,
And now we'll make it long;
We do not look for sweet-toned things;
'Tis Autocracy we seek."
The American brightly raised his head,
"And *Democracy* you'll meet!"

TESS

By JOHN DOE

Tess hardly saw the dishes she was washing, or the hot shabby kitchen reddened by the setting sun, or her Aunt Martha's sallow face. Tess's breath was coming fast, her heart was pounding, her pretty, sun-browned face was flushed with more than heat.

She started when she heard her father out on the front porch knock the ashes out of his pipe. He had driven to town that morning; he had said he would not be back until tomorrow; he had sent for Martha here to stay with Tess.

All unexpectedly an hour before he had driven into the yard. His face at supper had been swollen and red, his eyes hard and suspicious. Sometimes when he was this way he went to bed early, sometimes late. Tonight she hoped, as she had never hoped for anything before, that it would be early.

She waited breathless after the knocking of the pipe out on the porch, the water from her dishrag dripping idly into the pan. Her heart sank when she heard him strike another match. She went on washing dishes and handing them

silently to Martha. She dropped one, and as it shattered on the floor she almost screamed.

There was no occasion for Martha to stay now. She would be going home before dark. Tess started impulsively to beg her to remain, to confide in her, to ask her help. But Martha had been watchful that day, she thought. Tess had seen her talking secretly to her father before supper. Martha's days were spent in ceaseless rounds of drudgery; her mind was as colorless as her face, her spirit as shrunken as her flat chest.

Tess smothered the impulse quickly as if it had frightened her. She was afraid even to look at the woman. She followed her out on the back porch. Martha lived a mile away through the woods.

"Come again, Aunt," she said, mechanically.

Tess leaned against the support of the porch. She was a slender girl of eighteen, her bared arms shapely, her soaked hands strong with toil, her hair crisp and dusky, her eyes gray and brooding.

With a sinking sensation of loneliness and dread she saw this fellow-woman shuffle off by a path that led through the flat cotton field to the blue horizon of pine woods. She saw the dusk rise out of the ground and swallow up the drab figure. She looked up at the pale green sky, out of which came the twitter of a few belated bullbats. She was alone in this house with her father; alone with night at hand; alone with the consequences of the note she had written that morning after her father left—the note telling Tom she could see him that night.

She went silently through the hall to the front porch. She stopped in the doorway, breathless. Her father sat on the edge of the porch where he could see, across the cotton fields, the whole line of the woods—the woods in whose border she had told Tom to strike a match.

He was tilted back against the wall of the house. His bulk seemed enough to crush the chair. His clumsy shoes sat on the floor beside him. His head was bowed slightly forward on his chest. But she knew he was wide awake—wide awake and silently watchful.

She tried to make her voice casual and weary, as if with the strain of the torrid August day.

"I reckon you're tired, pa."

He did not reply.

"Ain't you goin' to bed?"

"No," he growled; "too damn hot."

She collected herself quickly.

"There's a nice breeze on the back porch."

Again silence. She had gone too far to stop. She went to the other edge of the porch and sat down on a bench against the wall.

"Seems like," she ventured, "seems like its cooler over here."

He looked toward her. In the weird mingling of moonlight and afterglow she saw the blunt heaviness of his face, the yellow underlook of suspicion in his eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "There ain't a leaf stirrin' nowhar."

She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees. The tune she tried to hum died in her throat. She felt, still on her face, the shrewdness of his eyes. She straightened up and looked languidly off toward the road with an air of tired indifference, her little foot swinging aimlessly. Still she felt those eyes on her. Her breath panting to be free, choked her. She could not sit out here.

She got up, and eyes straight ahead, walked toward the door.

"Guess I'll turn in," she yawned.

"Tess."

She turned in the door. "What is it?"

She knew he was trying to think of something ordinary to say—something that would make her think he hadn't noticed anything.

"What is it, pa?" she repeated.

"Whatever become of that old rattletrap shotgun that used to be about here?"

"It's in the plunder room. Why?"

"Sold it to a nigger today. He's comin' arter it tomorrow."

"It ain't any good, is it?"

"Well, I'll have to file down the lock. It'll go off if you look at it."

She went eagerly into the house and into the plunder room. If she could only start him working on the gun! He was a child when he was this way, and loved to tamper with things. She found the gun, a heavy old hammer and lock affair. She picked it up gingerly—it might be loaded. She was as afraid of it as of a kicking mule. She carried it into his bedroom and laid it fearfully on a table near the door, the muzzle pointing at the wall. She went back on the porch.

"I put the gun in yo' room, pa. The file's in there, too."

He said nothing.

"There's matches on the mantel."

He did not seem to hear.

She went back into the hall and leaned against the unfinished banisters of the staircase. She ought not to have let her Aunt Martha go; she ought never to have gone out on the porch. Her father had been suspicious of her ever since he drove Tom off the place. He was always doubly suspicious when he was this way, and doubly stubborn. She had done so much worse than fail.

"O!" she let out her pent-up breath. "O!"

She ran upstairs to her unceiled room under the hot roof. It smelled chokingly of the blistered turpentine of the shingles. She sat down in her only window and fanned her

face with her apron. She saw the dim, hot red above the horizon of pines fade, the moon begin to cast shadows across the fields. Its light fell softly across her slender hip, it made an aura of her cloudy hair.

She looked up at the moon, clear, hot, aloof. She could make out the elusive lady's head. She felt sorry for it, somehow, in its loneliness. It seemed to grow closer, to speak to her. The world shrank away; all its affairs grew small. Only she and Tom were realities. She felt a little calmer, a little less afraid.

The roar of a train on the railroad three miles away brought her back to her situation. Sometimes after this train Tom closed the station; sometimes he had to wait until the 10 o'clock passenger; sometimes he had to work over his yellow express book until midnight. Her hand slipped into her bosom and closed over his note that an old negro had brought her that morning. Tom knew her father had gone to town.

She would have found some excuse to go to the station that morning if her Aunt Martha had not been so watchful. Tom wanted to talk to her, he wrote, about the cottage he had bought near the station. She could see it now, with the small barn behind, the garden palings, the cool water oak in the front yard. Tom was going to have the house and barn painted white, he said, if she liked white. She thought of the furniture she would put in it: the new stove, the new dishes, the white bed, the red-shaded lamp.

Why did it have to happen? She had gone to the station with her father the day of the quarrel. She had sat in the waiting room and heard it in the office—though Tom had closed the door. It was about some new law, by which a person could order only so much liquor a month by express. Tom had tried to explain—he was obeying orders. But her father had been "off" that morning. When he burst into the waiting room his face had been crimson with rage.

She had tried to silence him, to get him away. Her cheeks had burned hot with shame that Tom should see him this way. She had thought Tom would never come out to their house again. But he had—the very next night. If he had only waited until her father was over his spell it might have been all right. No, she had not been glad to see Tom that night. She had been afraid it would happen just as it did happen. Her father had strode out on the porch where they were sitting. His voice when he ordered Tom off the place was the voice of a madman.

Tom had sprung to his feet white with anger. He had started to say something, had looked at her, and stopped. Her father had followed him down the steps; he had shaken his fist in Tom's face. He had bawled something after him; Tom had turned. "Good night, Tess," he said, and walked off down the road.

She had pulled her father in. She could never forget his face when he looked at her.

"If he ever comes on my place again I'll kill him, Tess—kill him!"

The distant puffing of the train as it pulled out from the station startled her. If Tom left now he might be here in half an hour. Sometimes he came on horseback, sometimes he walked. If she only knew, she would run out and warn him. But he might be detained at the station; her father might come up here while she was gone, looking for her.

The night had grown silent, the roar of the train died away. Tom might be on the road now, swinging along in the moonlight, tall and splendid. Maybe he was singing. He thought her father in town, and there he sat on the porch in his tilted chair, watching. Why hadn't she set a time, a place? Why had she let her Aunt Martha go? She was caught, trapped, with no help.

She jumped to her feet. She could not stay here. A sudden dryness in her throat gave her an idea. Her father was always thirsty when he was this way. She tiptoed down the narrow stairs, into his room. She picked up the pitcher from the washstand, and hurried out by the back porch, across the yard, to the well.

The squeaking of the chain as her white arms pulled hand over hand in the moonlight filled the air with an alarmed scream, made the night alive. Maybe Tom, if he had reached the woods, would hear this, would come to the edge. Then she would dart to him quickly, warn him, dart back.

The cold water was washing down the bucket over her hands. She listened painfully; she tried to pierce the darkness of those woods across the bright fields of open cotton. She poured the water in the trough, let the bucket down, and drew another.

She waited in the stillness that followed the squeaking of the chain. No sound. She filled the pitcher and hurried up the back porch. She stood panting, looking toward the woods. Then she went in, the water splashing on the floor of the hall. It soaked the hem of her skirt, it ran down her stocking and chilled her foot. She hurried into her father's room, set the pitcher in the basin, and turned.

The moonlight, falling at a sharper angle through the window than it had done formerly, shone on her father's new automatic shotgun. It leaned against the wall, near the bed. Her father would come after this if he saw Tom. She had seen it late one afternoon when a flock of ducks flew over belch forth a continuous stream of death. It glowed dull satiny, sinister, there against the wall. She ran out as if she had seen a snake.

Her father still sat glowering on the edge of the porch. He looked up at her underneath his eyebrows, and she tried to smile. It was too hot to sleep, she said, and leaned against the wall.

"I fetched some nice cold water in yo' room, pa."

He filled his pipe and lit it. "Bring me a drink."

She went in with terror. She was only increasing his suspicion. Everything she did was wrong. Her hand trembled when she tilted the pitcher and poured out a dipper of water. She hurried through the hall, the water splashing. She stood near him while he took a gulp, rinsed out his mouth, and spat into the yard. She could touch his bristly hair, thin at the top. He must hear her heart pounding above his ear.

He gulped down the remainder of the water and handed her the gourd. "More," he said.

"There's plenty in your room!" she flashed.

"More," he repeated.

He was holding out the dipper to her, his big blunt face raised to hers. He was a spoiled, dangerous child when he was this way. She must not look at him. She hurried back into the house. Everything she did! Everything she did!

He drank this dipperful and set the dipper down beside him. If he had told her to go after another she would have screamed. She walked over to the steps and sat down, her head against the post, her hands clasped over her knees. If her father were not as he was tonight she would tell him boldly that Tom was coming. She knew her father loved her when he was right—loved her and treasured her in his way.

But everybody was afraid of him when he looked as he looked now, sullen, heavy, flushed. Her mother had been afraid of him; fear must have been born in her own blood. Besides, she knew how far she could go with him. A kind enough man when he was right, too generous for his own good, impulsive, hospitable. He had liked Tom at first. But the animosities of his drunken spells remained stubbornly with him when he sobered. His worst moments more and more guided his life.

She was seized with a sudden loathing of him as he sat there, his sock feet up on the rungs of his chair. If only her fortunes were at stake she would tell him what she thought of him. But Tom might be out there in those woods. If he were he could see her, sitting here in the moonlight, so bright she thought she could feel its warmth.

"Are you goin' to set up all night?" her father demanded.

A flush of anger stiffened her nerves, a sharp retort came to her lips. She fought it down; it left her weak.

"It's hot," she replied.

He was lighting his pipe. She caught at the ray of hope offered by the act. If Tom had come out after the train left, if he were there in the woods now, he might see this pipe lighting. Her heart became light out of all proportion to the hope. A cool breeze fanned her body, dried the perspiration on her face. She took the only deep breath she had taken that night, and her hand fell limp on the floor.

Suddenly her body flushed—flushed with a sense of Tom's nearness; then went cold. Opposite where they sat, in the edge of the woods, a match had been struck. It flared quickly up; it was jerked quickly out, but it seemed to light the whole side of the house and her own face, like the flaring up of a rocket.

She looked at her father. He had not stirred. Perhaps if he had seen he thought it was a smoker passing along the road on the other side of the pines. They were thin here. But around them the road turned at right angles and passed in front of the house. Her father would watch for the appearance of the smoker.

She sprang up—sprang up too quick, and remained standing. She must not seem to hurry; she must not make any more mistakes; but Tom must not strike another match. She must warn him—now. She crossed the porch, her eyes

straight ahead. When she spoke her voice was so unnaturally calm that she wondered he did not look at her.

"Guess I'll turn in. Good night, pa."

She ran up the stairs, pressing heavily on them so they would creak. At the top she stopped, sick with a sense of the futility of this acting, with the dread that whatever else she did would be wrong. She tiptoed back down. She stopped in the hall.

Through the window of the front room she could see his broad heavy back, into which the head was sunk without a neck. The back was moving. Deliberately he was easing himself to the floor. He held his pipe in his hand as if he had just taken it guardedly out of his mouth. He was leaning slightly forward, like a man about to spring.

She tiptoed swiftly down the hall, and stopped at the bedroom door. Her father would come after that thing glistening there against the wall. Perhaps he had already risen—perhaps he would lunge through the hall and catch her like a thief. She darted into the room. Just a glimpse she got of the pool of water on the floor like a pool of blood. She grabbed the gun up. The barrel was warm as if it were angry.

She ran out with it. She glanced down the hall toward the front door. She darted out on the back porch, across the sandy yard, white as if snow had fallen, along the lot fence, into the shadow of the barn. She looked across the fields between her and the woods, white with weird secret brilliance.

Once out of the shadow of the barn the moon shone on her with bald brightness, revealing her flight. The cotton was up to her waist; the opened bolls scraped her free hand like fuzzy worms. She hugged the gun to her. It stood no more ready for her father's hand. This time she had not done wrong.

She ran into the shadow cast by the pines. She stopped and looked toward the house. She could see the end of the front porch. Along the straight edge where it joined the house she

made out a protuberance. She stared at it, she saw what it was. Her father had risen and was standing there against the wall.

She started to scream, but that would bring Tom running. She could only wait panting here. A stick cracked in the woods. Her father jumped off the porch. She could see his burly body above the hip-high cotton. He had on a white shirt, his hair in the moonlight was white like an old man's hair. He broke into a crouching run toward the match that had struck and the stick that had cracked. Maybe he had drawn his knife. He looked like a white ape, bent forward, running.

It would not stop him to scream. He would understand, he would rush on at Tom. She pointed the gun at the moon, shut her eyes, and pulled convulsively. The report shattered her ear-drums, the kick staggered her, the echoes rolled from the ampitheater of woods like an army firing. Her father had stopped when she opened her eyes. He could not see her here in the shadow. He turned and ran toward the house. She heard him stump up on the porch, down the hall, into his room. She heard his muffled, maddened voice calling her up stairs. She looked at the gun in her hand and smiled.

Somebody was running along the edge of the woods toward her. She could see him brushing through the cotton, see his white shirt, then his white face, then hear him panting. He caught her hard by both shoulders, his eyes burning down into hers.

"Tom," she whispered.

"Are you all right, Tess?"

She nodded and smiled.

He straightened up with a profound breath, brushed his hat off his head, ran his hand over his hair.

"I thought you had shot yourself, Tess."

"I stole the gun," she said proudly.

He was looking toward the house, his head and shoulders rising above the shadow into the moonlight. He seemed to swallow something hard down his throat.

"Here," he said quickly, "give me the gun. Stand aside, Tess; there, toward the woods."

She backed away like an unquestioning child, her eyes on his face.

"Here, Tom?"

"Yes."

He stepped out boldly into the moonlight. He was looking toward the barn, his head ducked, as if he were trying hard to see something.

"It'll be all right, Tess," he was saying out of the corner of his mouth. "Sure, it'll be all right. Don't move. Stay there."

His gun flashed an arc through the air as he waved it toward the barn.

"Stop, Bill Simpson! Stop, man!"

Out of the shadow of the barn her father had burst and was hurrying toward them, as she had seen him hurry toward cotton pickers when they were loafing. There was something in his hands, thrust forward at the hip. The moon flashed on it. The rattletrap gun!

She smothered the cry that came to her lips. She fought down the momentary dizziness in which the silvery field of cotton with the men standing waist high out of it, swam round and blurred. Just a wistful glance at Tom, standing there bareheaded, terribly tense, terribly watchful, his gun ready; just a longing in her soul that he should go back to his yellow express papers, to his cottage he wanted to paint white—and the girl had run out of the shadow ahead of him and was going toward her father.

"Git out of the way!" he yelled. "You fool!"

He went on filling the night with his yells. She saw his

mouth opening and closing; she saw him looking above her, beyond her. He raised the gun and lowered it with a choking oath.

She sprang suddenly forward and caught the barrel with both hands. She was jerked powerfully back through the cotton. He was twisting and turning the barrel viciously through her hands, his face horrible with its effort. She could see the sweat on his forehead, hear his wheezing breath, feel the muzzle dig into her below the breasts.

"I ain't going to turn loose!" she panted. "Never! never!"

She heard steps running up behind her. Again she was jerked back; again the barrel twisted this way and that. Then he had stopped, still panting above her, his protruding eyes on her face, on her hands clenching the barrel, on the muzzle pressed into her breast.

"Hit's the rattletrap!" he gasped. "Hit'll go off!" he roared. "Hit'll shoot you!"

"I don't care, pa."

He was shaking all over. His soaked shirt was clinging to his shoulders and arms.

"Look, gal—into your pa's face. You remember—the old gun!" He was pleading with her as if she were an uncomprehending child. "Won't you turn loose? Turn loose for pa, like a good gal?"

He was looking above her now, helplessly.

"Hit's a old gun, Tom," he was panting. "Hit's cocked. I'm afeered to let the locks down. Hit's wore out. Tom, you want to see her blowed all to hell? Don't touch her, man!" he screamed. "She might jerk! Here, gal; see? I turn loose. Easy, gal; easy. Throw it away from you. That-a-way. God A'mighty!"

The stock had come heavily to the ground. With a convulsive shudder she threw it away from her. A moment it pointed at the sky, and Tom sprang forward. Just in front

of his hand it tottered and fell. A flame shot along the cotton rows, the cotton mowed down tumbling in after it, the report shaking the ground under them.

Off there stood the old man, his chest heaving, his face flabby with sobered horror.

"Tom," he pleaded, "we couldn't kill the little gal, now, could we, Tom?"

He was staring at the girl. She stood slim and straight and palpitating, her eyes no longer on his face but on the moon above him. Again it seemed to come close to her, to speak to her. Somewhere in the silvery brilliance a mocking-bird began singing rapturously. She looked at the men before her with unfathomable eyes.

"Tom," the old man choked. "Look at her, Tom. Tess ain't a gal no more!"

He turned round and stumbled through the cotton toward the house, wiping his face with his sleeve.

"I ain't fitten to touch her—not me!"

OSCAR WILDE—A SKETCH

By S. F. Hudson

Some men receive attention and enjoy popularity because they can express better than others the longings and aspirations of the human heart; other men compel attention by being eccentric and extraordinary. To this latter class belong such men as Bernard Shaw, Teddy Roosevelt, Senator LaFollette, and Oscar Wilde.

But since Wilde is the subject of this sketch, let us consider him in detail. He was born at Dublin, October 16, 1854. His father was Surgeon Oculist-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and knighted by Carlisle, who was then Viceroy. But the father was notorious for his untidiness of both dress and habit. The mother was little better in personal appearance, and eccentric in the extreme.

Oscar Wilde had a singular reception into the world. His mother was disappointed with him because she wanted him to be a girl, and so hard was it for her to reconcile herself to the fact of his sex that she dressed him like a girl and treated him just as if he were one. His father selected for him a series of high-sounding names. He was christened Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wills Wilde. So in the beginning of his life his mother burdened him by singular treatment and his father encumbered him by unspeakable names. In later years it irritated him to be reminded that he had such a pentameter name.

Wilde's early education was received at home. He had tutors; he was taken while a child to France and there acquired that knowledge of French which afterward flowered in "Salome." He used to travel with his father in quest of archæological treasures. But it may be easily imagined that the childhood training of such an environment was not par-

LADD W. HAMRICK

Business Manager

ticularly conducive to the building of character. His father's escapades were a scandal.

At the age of eleven Oscar was sent to the Portora Royal School. He distinguished himself here more by wearing his tall silk hat on weekdays than by arithmetic, but he made extraordinary progress in his classical and English studies, and was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, when he was only seventeen years old. Later he went to Oxford.

Once while he was at Oxford he was hazed. A party of Philistines fell upon him, tied him up, and dragged him to the top of a hill. Though he was badly bruised he made no protest, but when he was freed he brushed his coat and remarked gently, "Yes, the view from this hill is really very charming."

At Oxford, Wilde dressed soberly enough. His hair was not too long. But when he went up to London as "Professor of Æsthetics and Art Critic" he deliberately attracted attention by the extravagance of his attire. He wore a velvet coat and knee-breeches, a silk shirt with turn-down collar, and a loose, floating tie of unusual shade. He carried in his hand a lily or a sunflower. His tall figure, his smooth-shaven face, and his long hair made him quickly notorious.

In July, 1881, David Bogue announced in the Athenæum, "Poems by Oscar Wilde." The volume was certainly æsthetic; but the critics did not at all spare it. The *Saturday Review* declared that the verses "belonged to a class which is the special terror of the reviewers—the poetry which is neither good nor bad, which calls for neither praise nor ridicule, and in which we search in vain for any personal touch of thought or music. . . . It is not without traces of cleverness, but it is marred everywhere by imitation, insincerity, and bad taste." This is just a sample shot of a broadside-volley of criticism against the volume.

But, popularly, the work was a success. Four editions were sold in a month. It also sold widely in America. In the

latter country some curiosity had been aroused in Wilde as the leader of the æsthetic movement. America had heard of "Patience," and it was supposed men would not be averse to seeing Bunthorne in the flesh. Arrangements were accordingly made for the poet to visit America and deliver lectures. He sailed in December, and on arriving in New York confirmed the popular impression that he was to the last degree conceited, by remarking that he was disappointed with the Atlantic. He was greeted by great audiences in America who were eager to hear the man express his odd ideas and see his peculiar fashion of dress.

He deliberately made himself an ass on many occasions just to show that he was smart. When he lived in Paris he had a suite of rooms on the second floor of the Hotel Voltaire on the Quai Voltaire, overlooking the Seine and the Louvre. When a friend remarked on the beauty of the view, Wilde replied: "Oh, that is altogether immaterial except to the innkeeper, who of course charges it in the bill. A gentleman never looks out of the window."

In spite of his references to Nature in his poems, he affected a disregard of Nature herself. This is expressed in the utterances of Vivian in "The Decay of Lying." Vivian, who is the poet himself, says: "My experience is that the more we study Art the less we care for Nature. What Art really revcals to us is Nature's lack of design, her curious cruditics, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. . . . Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place"; and then with characteristic assininity he says: "Nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of dreadful insects. Why, even Morris's poorest workman could make you a more comfortable seat than the whole of Nature can."

R. H. Sherrard, who became acquainted with him when he was living at Paris, helps us to see much good in Wilde by

the following statement: "The man, who was afterward branded as a corrupter of youth, exerted on me as a young man an influence altogether beneficial. . . . The example of his purity of life in such a city as Paris, of his absolute decency of language, of his conversation, in which never an improper suggestion intruded, the loftier ideals that he pursued, the elegance and refinement which endowed him, would have compelled even the more perverse and dissolute to some restraint." It is a lamentable pity that this purity which once characterized Wilde did not obtain throughout his life.

Sherrard declares that he was good-heartedness personified, and tells many stories to illustrate how he would sacrifice himself for his friends. At the same time, when he was once asked if he would go to the rescue of a man about to throw himself into the river, he declared that it would be an act of the grossest impertinence to do so. And in the same spirit he apparently made no attempt to save the poet Maurice Rolliat from ruining himself by drugs.

On May 29, 1884, Oscar Wilde was married to Constance Mary Lloyd. After a curiously bizarre wedding the couple went to Paris for their honeymoon. When they returned to London, Mrs. Wilde's dowry allowed them to take a house in Tite Street, Chelsea. Whistler took charge of decorating it. But it was incumbent on Wilde himself to work. While doing some lecturing and writing in pure literature he also engaged in journalistic hack-work.

In March, 1895, Wilde brought a suit for libel against the Marquis of Queensberry. In "De Profundis" he says: "The one disgraceful, unpardonable, and to all time contemptible action of my life was to allow myself to appeal to society for help and protection. . . . Society turned on me and said, 'Have you been living all this time in defiance of my laws, and do you now appeal to these laws for protection?

You shall abide by what you have appealed to.'" He almost won his suit, but during the progress of the trial he made a fatal admission and was himself sued.

On May 25, 1895, Wilde was found guilty and sentenced to two years hard labor. "There had been six counts against him," says Rober Sherrard. "He was asked after his release, by a very old friend, as to the justice of the finding, and he said: 'Five of the counts referred to matters with which I had absolutely nothing to do. There was some foundation for one of the counts.' 'But why, then,' asked his friend, 'did you not instruct your defenders?' 'That would have meant betraying a friend,' said Oscar. Circumstances which have since transpired—what for the rest was never in doubt in the minds of those who heard it made—have proved the absolute truth of this statement."

He was confined in Wandsworth Prison and later in Reading Jail. When he was released from prison he left England forever. He traveled on the continent, spending his meager but sufficient money extravagantly, and was reduced to desperate poverty. He died in Paris of cerebro-spinal meningitis. Thus closes the career of a man who had enjoyed great prosperity after the publication of some of his better known works and a man who suffered dire poverty after the extravagance that resulted from his prosperity.

Taken all in all, Oscar Wilde was one of the greatest men that Ireland ever produced; for in the short span of his life he showed himself a master in many domains of art. What he might have accomplished had his brilliant career not been interrupted no one can tell; but the body of his work, whether in poetry, in critics, in the drama, in fiction, or in the essay, while not extraordinarily extensive, has extraordinary merit. He had the soul of a poet, and the good that he did vastly outweighs the evil that may and should be forgotten, even as we trust it has been forgiven.

SONG OF THE EX-NEWISH

(With humble apologies to Campbell)

I had a heart that leapt up once at the Sophs' most gruesome yell,
And though the tyrants I abjured, I could not break their spell.
But now the Newish year is past, and ne'er can come anew;
I've bid to fear for all my life—good-bye, farewell, adieu.

I've known, if ever freshman knew, the spells of terror's thrall;
And if perchance I've told them not, I still have felt them all.
But Sophs now rob my sleep no more, and terror's witching sway
Is like a star that's fallen, a nightmare passed away.

Hail! welcome year of college where no Sophs plot for my fleece!
How wondrous seems this time to me when I can sleep in peace!
The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner quit its shore
Than I would live the year of school that time has brought me o'er.

Why say the fear is overdrawn? O spirits of the skies!
Can fear like this, that's based on facts, needlessly arise?
Ah, no! The hearts that best have felt its power the best can tell
That peace on earth itself begins when the Newish bids farewell.

THE RAT

M. B. Tolar

"The Rat" was in hard luck. His partner Skinny had bungled the last job hopelessly. Consequently the cops were hot on the Rat's trail. Only dire necessity had brought him out of his hiding place, an unheated attic room seven flights up. Food was a necessity, and his clothes did not protect him from the bitter cold. High over the narrow, gloomy street towered the huge outlines of Brooklyn Bridge, scarcely visible through the dense fog. Down side streets he could hear the grinding of the ice blocks in the river; but he glanced not at the river. He was on the watch for a chance blue-coat. Now they all knew him.

Already the street was stirring. The laborers of the underworld rise early. On all sides were alleys. Down one, then another scurried the Rat, not bad to look at. A casual observer would have thought him a son of wealth who had had a night of it. Only his eyes gave him away—black, quick, furtive, treacherous.

Mike O'Hallaran's place stood on a corner. It was a rendezvous for such as the Rat. Through the swinging doors he darted. There was Mike all alone, swabbing the bar with a wet towel.

"Mike, where's Skinny?"

"In the Tombs." Mike ceased his swabbing and listened.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Folks passin', that's all."

"Sounded like some of 'em stopped."

"I guess they're hot after me," said the Rat.

"Sure," assented Mike. "Hot."

"Well, they got Skinny. I'm glad. Saved me the job of gettin' him."

"Back door!" gasped Mike. "Quick!"

Out of the back door darted the Rat. Through the front poured the blue-coats. "There he goes!" cried one. "Scatter, men—head him off!" cried another with a star on his breast. Hurling Mike aside they rushed headlong after the Rat.

But the Rat had many times been in tight places, his very ability to escape had given him his name. He was headed for the river. He intended to cross the bridge and catch a south-bound freight.

Running and dodging pedestrians and traffic alike, the Rat reached the river ahead of the officers. The street was in an uproar. Shouts of "Stop thief!" and "Catch him!" filled the air. The Rat rushed onto the bridge. But the cries had attracted attention on the other side. The Rat was hemmed in.

The Rat, realizing his plight, instantly climbed through the intricate framework of the bridge. He must swim the river. He could not cross by the bridge.

Standing poised on the bridge he turned and bowed to the oncoming blue-coats. Then, as his sardonic laugh rang out, the Rat sprang outward and downward, his lithe body bending and straightening as he executed a perfect jack-knife into the freezing river. He started toward the shore with swift, sure strokes.

The disconcerted sergeant hesitated. He could shoot the Rat and thereby lose the reward. A patrol boat up the river caught his glance. He signaled it. Using his hands as a megaphone he shouted, "Get him! It's Rat!"

"Boys," gasped the patrol, "for the love ov hivin, look at Rat. 'Tis a nervy divil he is to be a-doin' a dive like that. 'Tis swimmin' for pleasure, he is not. Me heart says let'm. But Rat's after due a-takin' a thrip to the Tombs. So 'tis catch him we must. He's bin too free with the personals av

others. Be after him, O'Leary," commanded Flannigan, captain, to the pilot.

But the engine was sympathizing with the fugitive. It ran a few seconds then stopped. All persuasion was to no avail. It refused to go. "Begorra! and we will catch him yit," said the captain. "To the oars, boys." Again the boat was under way. But now the Rat was nearing the wharf and out of danger. The boat was too far behind, when—"Holy Mither of Hivin, boys, look!" gasped the captain.

A large steamer was slowly steaming up the river. A few well-robed people were exercising themselves on deck. Among them was a girl with a small child in her arms. Suddenly a sharp scream penetrated the air, for she had released her grip on the child and it had fallen overboard. This was the cause of the captain's oath. He and his crew were stupified with horror.

But the river captain was not the only outsider who witnessed the tragedy. The Rat heard the scream. He turned his head and saw the child sink. Instantly he turned from almost certain safety to capture. Instantly he began to retrace his course to the drowning infant. Again the captain swore, "May the Holy saints save us! Look at that nervy devil, Rat." They saw him arrive at the place where the child had sunk. He dived once, twice, and on the third time he succeeded. Welcoming hands were extended to relieve the Rat of his burden. He surrendered the child to them. But he had been in the freezing water longer than he had contemplated. Grasping at the rope ladder, he fell back into the river. But ready hands pulled him aboard. To him and the only child of one of New York's four hundred aid was alike administered.

The sergeant and his officers had departed from the bridge. They were jubilant at the thought that the Rat had at last been captured, and now in the hands of the patrol captain.

The captain turned to his men with a look of quiet resolve in his eyes. "Men, said he softly but tensely, "the report goes in tonight as follows: 'The Rat was drowned today while trying to escape capture'; with *your* signatures. Agree? By the great Gods I swear to make you, if you don't."

The men voted unanimously to sign, for they admired the Rat's daring bravery.

Every summer little Virginia Davis of New York goes with her mother to Palm Beach. She and Mary, her nurse, often go in the surf with a certain life-saver, whom her mother has employed there. Virginia loves to hear her Uncle Jack (as she calls him) tell her stories.

"Please tell me 'bout the little girl who mos' drowned, jus' one more time, Uncle Jack," and Uncle Jack smiles and begins.

Virginia never understands why Mary shudders each time the tale is repeated, for she does not know how great a part each one of them plays in the story.

On the police records of New York stands this report:

"The Rat, alias Jack Henderson, Tom Winston, James Madison, etc., was drowned on January 6, 1910, while attempting to escape capture by patrol-boat number 71.

(Signed) PATRICK FLANNIGAN,
Captain."

THE ALB

By Perry Y. Jackson

The cause of the accident which sent the aeroplane hurtling to the earth neither occupant knew. They were far over the interior of Germany, on the return flight of a bombing exploit, and were making over a hundred miles an hour when the engine stopped and the propeller ceased revolving. The minimum rate within which the machine could be controlled was forty miles an hour, and as the speed slackened the pilot pointed the nose of the plane downward to volplane to earth. If he should be able to make a secure landing and repair his machine with little delay he might be able to regain the air, and except for being separated from the other members of the squadron the affair would be of little consequence. There were no pursuers; but the twilight which already was rising upon the unknown depths below rendered a descent exceedingly difficult.

Six thousand feet below, dotted with villages, stretched a level plain, whose border was apparently buried in a deep cloud of fog. As the aeroplane, which had gathered an enormous velocity from its almost perpendicular plunge, straightened its flight as it approached the earth, there loomed suddenly ahead of the startled crew a high and precipitous cliff, rendered all the more forbidding by the thick mist which lay about it. The plane, though a two-seater, was built for speed, and with its light construction and present disability, the pilot did not dare attempt a spin or loop which might set the cliff behind him; nor was there space for such a maneuvre. Driven by the force acquired in falling, the machine darted upward more swiftly than the swiftest bird could fly. A turn to the left carried her diagonally upward across the face of the

C. E. Gooch
Assistant Business Manager

precipice. But instead of swerving completely away from the cliff, the plane cleared the summit, struck a wing square into the trunk of a giant tree, spun round, and, with the frameworks of the wings splintered by the shock, crashed to earth.

Fortunately, the speed of the plane had been reduced by the upward climb. Even as it was, both men were for the moment stunned by the shock of the fall. The pilot, when again he could lift himself, tore himself loose from the débris and moved to help his companion. LeBlanc, observer and gunner, lay pinned beneath the car. His head was bleeding and his right arm crushed to pulp; and when his fastenings were loosened and he was cleared of the wreckage he did not recover consciousness.

The wreck was hopeless; to remain long in this place, exposed to the full fury of a driving wind, with night already upon the plain, was clearly impossible. The pilot, dizzy from the staggering demolition of the airplane, as hurrriedly as possible bound the crushed and lacerated arm of his companion. Then for the first time he took note of his surroundings.

A path by which he might reach a town was what he desired. The height upon which he stood was apparently uninhabited. The only direction in which his view was not observed was that by which he had come; but the declivity before him fell almost perpendicular for five hundred feet, as nearly as he could judge. A strong man alone might well pause attempting that descent. About the spot on which he stood grew huge trees which thrust twisted giant roots between the interstices of the mountainous boulders. Almost above his head, so wild was the terrain, rose a rocky eminence. Toward this he clambered.

Several times the roughness of the way threw him from his feet upon the frozen earth of hidden ravines. He was almost

choked by the tangle of brush through which he forced his way. When he reached the summit he gazed upon a scene which was truly bizarre. Far below him to the west, where the sun, like a red ball, lay upon the horizon, stretched a level plain. Not less than two miles away was a village, already in the shadow, and already showing twinkling lights like fallen stars; but between this village and the top of the cliff the ground fell away so nearly perpendicular, while the slope was filled by chasms so vast and steep, and was overgrown so densely with thorny shrubs, that advance in that direction, even if he should desert his companion, was clearly impossible.

On the eastern slope, the wilderness of giant trees sprang up, so lofty that their summits almost reached his feet; but their forms were gnarled and twisted, and they derided him as they waved their bare skeleton arms in the wind. In the midst of these, almost hidden by their branches and by the gloomy shadow of the cliff, stood an edifice whose outline gradually spelled itself into the form of a castle. He ventured toward it; it was long deserted and in ruins, a miserable companion of the survivors of the romantic Schlösser which were the retreats and redoubts of the robber knights of the later middle ages. A part of the fortified wall which had once defended the stronghold was thrown into the abyss below by the crumbling of the cliff. Several rotting towers, now overgrown with climbing vines, had once been masters of the country about. Now, themselves but a memory of the past, they might serve only as haunts of the specters of a long forgotten race.

Of life, even of the wildest, there was no sign. Here, however, might be found a shelter against the night. Beyond were only precipitous depths; the world below lay motionless; cut off from the rocky island which reared its head above the sea of fog.

Not without difficulty did the pilot return to his stricken machine and wounded comrade. LeBlanc was conscious, but could not speak; and when lifted to his feet the pains and dizziness, together with the cold, caused momentary relapse into insensibility. The blood was congealing in his garments. The darkness grew dense about them and ever wilder raged the storm.

Over the excruciating roughness of the ground the pilot half carried, half dragged the helpless man toward the ruins. So dense were the thickets, so pathless was the way, that it seemed that no living being had trod those hights for ages. When finally the broken arch that once had supported a gate was reached, the pilot dropped his burden and fell panting beside it to the ground, himself scarcely more able to go forward than was his companion. Fortunately, this exhaustion, complete as it was, was temporary. The electric flash-light which the pilot carried enabled him to advance boldly. He helped his companion into the huge stone hallway which time or ravaging men had cluttered with stones torn from the wall. The icy wind rushed unimpeded through the hall, and whistled through a hundred crevices in the ancient pile. Here was no place to stop. A huge door stood before him. When he pushed against it, it resisted his efforts; with his whole strength he threw himself against it, and it splintered from its fastenings.

The chamber in which he found himself was lofty and cold. The light fell upon huge beams running across the ceiling, one of which had fallen, and, surrounded by the wreckage it had brought with it, blocked his way. The dust of many years lay undisturbed upon the walls and floor. A peculiar musty odor met his nostrils. But what attracted his notice more than all else was the fact that the room was furnished. A wooden table still bore many manuscript books, against the farther wall stood a couch. He stepped eagerly forward,

and stopped in mortal terror as by the wierd light of the instrument in his hand he made out the form of the occupant of the bed. It was the figure of a man. Yet many a year had passed since the flesh from that body had fallen away from the crumbling bones. A white beard lay thick upon the face of the skull, and extending above the ribbed chest, reached beyond the waist. The skull itself was pillowed upon a mass of snowy hair, the teeth were all missing, and their loss took away the brilliant grin characteristic of the human skull. The clothing which had once inclosed the body was completely decayed; a few ash-like shreds of what might have been cloth separated the bones from the wood. All this appeared to the living man in an instant, as though a supernatural luminescence emanating from these gloomy remains had branded the image upon his brain. But what caused the intensest terror of the moment was the half of a rusted dagger sticking up from between the ribs, and almost concealed by the matted beard which grew about it. Even as he watched, it seemed that the dagger quivered before his eyes; an unseen hand might be drawing it from its bony sheath. For a moment the pilot could not move a muscle; then with a cry of horror, he fled through the broken door.

Neither the pilot nor LeBlanc spoke as they picked their way through a narrow passage which branched from the main hall. At the end they found a flight of steps. Cautiously they picked their way upward, for the stones were loose in their sockets and a misstep might easily throw them from their feet. At the summit they entered another passage, and walking along this in the darkness they came to a chamber that was dark and still; and from sheer relief as they realized that the wind did not penetrate here, an oath was muttered by the lips of one, and a prayer by the other.

The heavy coats which the airmen wore furnished material for a bed for the wounded man, who was very weak and who

soon fell into a state which was either sleep or unconsciousness. The pilot, who had laid himself beside him, found the cold almost unendurable. Time passed, but he could not close his eyes. The door, a stout one, was barred on the inside, but he experienced an unaccountable fear of discovery, of invasion. He rose and walked about the chambers. Finally, hoping that he might find sufficient dry wood for building a fire within the room, he opened the door and descended to the lower part of the castle.

With the light shining brightly from his hand, he stepped carefully toward the portal. He did not understand how he had missed his way, but the light was treacherous among the wrecked walls; and instead of reaching the open air outside, he suddenly found himself in a wide vestibule, on the wall of which an ancient sword was hung. An empty doorway stood in the opposite wall, beyond which was a steep flight, so lofty that its bottom was not reached by the beams of the electric light. He stepped upon the crumbling stones which led to the cavern beneath, and a quivering nervousness seized him as he realized that he was probably entering the buried dungeons of the castle.

When he reached the bottom of the flight he stood within a square, low room, from which narrow tunnels radiated, each sloping downward into the bosom of the earth. He followed one of these a short distance until he came upon a powerful door of iron, which clanged as he stumbled against it. A ponderous bar lay securely in its socket. A curiosity which he had not attempted to resist had led him on, now, impelled by the desire to see what might lie beyond that door, he struggled to lift the heavy bar from its place. It yielded; the door shrieked open upon its unused hinges, and he gazed upon a squalid, dreary cell which might, long ago, have been inhabited. Bones whose arrangement suggested ghastly forms lay upon the floor. An uncontrollable shudder seized him;

he staggered backward from the aperture. As he did so he noticed that the light he held in his hand was growing dim. Suspecting that the battery was almost exhausted, and eager to conserve the light, he snapped the switch, cutting the electric current and throwing him into stygian darkness. At the same moment there forced itself upon his senses an odor so horrible, so hellish, that he gasped for breath, and trembling in every limb started backward along the vault. But a palpable form of a shape which no human soul could conceive, crept from the cell, and pressing its form against him in the darkness, glided past. An instant later the sensation of the presence of a living creature near him had vanished. He flashed the dimmed light about the vault. There was nothing. Suddenly he heard a sound upon the stairway. Apprehensive lest the creature—if creature it could have been—should escape before he could learn its nature, he turned the light in that direction. At the same moment there came the sound of an iron door clanging into position at the top of the stairway, and the light in his hand faded into total darkness.

Nightmare terror seemed to clog his muscles as he rushed to the stairway, so that he was scarcely able to mount the trembling stones. He stumbled, and the useless light clattered on the mason-work below. He groped his way upward in mortal fear lest he should find the way barred before him. He gained the summit. The door to the vestibule through which he had come stood really shut. He threw his weight against it, it opened, and he tumbled breathless upon the ground.

As he regained his feet, he tried to assure himself that his fear had been without cause. The wind, which rushed impetuously through the passages, might have been responsible for the closing of the door, for the sounds that he had heard; even now where he stood he was exposed to the full fury of the blast. For the rest, might it not have been a

phantom of his imagination, overwrought by the surroundings and by the events of the day? Of this he tried to assure himself, and cursed himself for a coward in an endeavor to recall his courage. But even as he said this he felt that he had been face to face with the supernatural; with something unreal, and therefore not to be combatted with human forces.

The darkness here was not complete. Perhaps the moon was shining through some rift in the wall, and the dim light was diffused throughout the surrounding apartments. Nevertheless, it was with infinite trouble that he picked his way back to the flight which led to the chambers above. Through the passage, surrounded by armed chambers in which fighting men once had rested, he arrived at the guarded room where LeBlanc lay. There, as though he had escaped a deadly peril which might spring upon him again, he quickly barred the door.

As he did so he felt a sensation shoot through him as though some one were looking at him from behind. Conscious of the absurdity of such a feeling in the almost pitchy blackness which surrounded him, yet terrified by the grip which he felt the unknown exercising upon his heart, he stared into the darkness. LeBlanc, roused, perhaps, by the shutting and barring of the door, or by the pain of his wounds, moaned slightly from his bed. Immensely relieved, satisfied that a noise from his companion, too slight even for him to recognize with what sense he had perceived it, had been what had startled him, the pilot laughed aloud. And it seemed to him that from an immense distance the laugh was echoed—dry, hollow, mirthless. Bitten by the cold, the pilot laid himself as close as he dared beside his wounded comrade, pulled a part of the coat which served as a blanket about him, and tried to forget his surroundings in sleep.

He woke gasping. His eyes were pressed tight shut, as though a heavy weight lay upon them, but he felt no pressure

upon the lids. He tried to cry out, but not a sound could he utter. Something was choking him—was stifling him with an irresistible grip upon his throat. He tried to lift his arms, but they were pinned to his sides, and the only movement which resulted from his efforts was a twitching of his fingers. He felt that he was dying; all sensation was gone; a cold, clammy, palpitating mass was forcing itself into his eyes, his nostrils, and his mouth; was gripping his throat; was crouching his chest. He could not recollect that he had ever been free from this presence, which appeared to be perfectly natural; it seemed to him that he had always been in this state, and that it would endure forever. But suddenly there was a movement in the body above him as it changed its position. All the consciousness of his being returned to him in that moment, and he realized for the first time to some slight degree his predicament. "God help me!" he thought, and by a superhuman wrench turned partly upon his side. One hand at least was now free, and he fought furiously, striking terrible blows and feeling for the throat of his assailant. Gradually he realized that the power which was drawing the breath and life from his body was loosening its grasp. A shrieking intake of breath gave him new vigor, and he fought with gaining strength. At the same time he became aware again of that horrible odor which had issued from the dungeon below. His adversary returned powerfully to the fray, repeatedly throwing his entire weight forward and downward upon the still prostrate Frenchman. Slowly, however, the man struggled to his knees. Feeling that he was gaining, he took the initiative, and with no thought but of saving his life, flung himself with grasping arms upon the unknown. Like water it flowed from his grasp. He clutched wildly—it was gone, and trembling violently, now that the ordeal was over, the airman collapsed upon the floor, struggling to regain his breath.

Filtering through the ivy window-shutter the light of the moon, which now lay low in the west, cast fantastic shadows upon the wall. The pilot, when he could rise steadily to his feet, looked about him for his defeated opponent. There was nothing—no sound, no movement. The entire chamber, except for the corners which remained in shadow, was dimly illumined; but no creature except the pilot and his companion occupied the room.

After he had satisfied himself, the pilot returned to his comrade. The light was reflected dimly upon his face. His throat livid and compressed, his lips bloody, lying directly upon his crushed arm, LeBlanc lay there. His left arm was extended and his legs were twisted fantastically—apparently he had struggled terribly and lost. As the pilot gazed upon him, terror returned; he fled to the door, threw the heavy bar from its support, and pushed it open. As he did so something huge and shapeless fled past him; its nauseating, sulphurous breath blew full into his face, almost suffocating gone.

Follow he dared not. Long he stood there, staring into the dark passageway where among horrible shadows he felt, he knew, was lurking *that* shadow, infinitely more horrible. "What was it?" he had asked himself. He had listened, yes, and laughed, long ago, at legends of the Alb, the nightmare-like terror which sometimes grew bold to attack sleeping men. Now he knew its strength, its cunning, and its maliciousness. As he closed again the door shutting himself in with the dead, he wondered if it had been through his fault that disaster had been brought upon himself and his comrade. He blamed himself bitterly that he had released the terrible thing from that dark dungeon where it had doubtless been imprisoned since it had made miserable the death of the last poor prisoner incarcerated there.

He shook with terror at the thought of remaining here alone; involuntarily he began to pace the floor, and muttered incoherent words. He wondered how he should escape from this tall summit, surrounded as it was by cliffs and apparently cut off from the world. He wondered how he should gain courage to penetrate that passage where the Presence was. He thought of that long solitary corpse in the chamber below. He, at least, had died suddenly, without pain, a knife in his heart. He wished immoderately that he too had a dagger.

The moon was setting, and the beam which had penetrated the chamber withdrew slowly; finally the light had disappeared entirely and a terrible darkness surrounded the man who was pacing the floor, now stopping against the wall, now beginning again. The darkness oppressed him, choked him. He could see long bony fingers reach out of the darkness, grasping at his throat; fingers terrible as the Alb; for they were not, and yet he saw them, while *that* was, and he saw it not.

Dimly he wished for dawn. He had no means of learning the time, for his watch had been broken in that long ago yesterday when his aeroplane had crashed to earth. But he felt that for him morning would never arrive.

Before he had pitied LeBlanc—pitied him, because, weak and broken as he was, he had not had strength to repulse the Alb. Now he envied him, for the terrors which beset this ruined place could trouble him no more. He had escaped.

His walk across the room had become a stagger. Soon he felt the couch which he had improvised for LeBlanc catching his feet. His full length collapsed square upon the form of his comrade. When he rose again LeBlanc's revolver was in his hand. He laughed aloud, for now he too could escape. The laugh was echoed from without—dry, hollow, mirthless.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Next day the fall of the aeroplane had been reported, and a company of Landsturm troops clambered up the little frequented height to investigate. The section on which the plane had landed was almost inaccessible, but they reached it, and also found the castle. This had been so well hidden that its existence was unknown to the people about, although there were many mysterious tales in the neighborhood of a great castle which once had stood thereabouts, but which long before had been destroyed by magic.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. A. McKAUGHAN, JR., Editor

The Senior Gift

For some years past it has been the custom of Senior classes to talk, but take no action, to substitute intentions for consequences and feel satisfied with the result. The trail from the conception to the consummation of a Senior gift has been blazed, but the markings have grown dim. It is, therefore, to the credit of

J. A. McKaughan, Jr.
Eu. Editor-in-Chief

the Class of '18 that it met on April 15 and voted to present to the College $500 in Liberty Bonds to be added to the endowment now being raised for a Liberty Chair of Political Science. The income from the bonds will be used yearly in the purchase of a medal which will be awarded to the author of the best essay written in the department of Political Science on some subject relating to the present war.

Such a gift by the class has a three-fold advantage: the Government will be loaned $500 that it would not have otherwise secured; the College will find its standard of scholarship raised by the stimulated interest in research work; and the name of the Class of '18 will be perpetuated as long as Wake Forest stands.

The Senior class of this year has been decreased one-half by the war, and its action is all the more commendable in view of this circumstance. A custom has been revived that should be followed by every succeeding class; and the graduating class of Wake Forest has given to all alumni a gentle hint to contribute their quotas to the fund for the endowment of the Liberty Chair of Political Science. The hint should prove effective.

Our Library

A college library is the center of the institution and the intellectual hub about which revolve classroom work and scholarly attainments of individual students. A copious use of financial oil on our own hub would accelerate to an unbelievable degree its revolutions per session. Wake Forest's needs are many; but no better use of funds could be made than in this way.

The reading-room is badly in need of rehabilitation and reëquipment. The heating system is antiquated and inadequate for present conditions; only those who believe that discomfort is a necessary accompaniment of an alert mental atti-

tude can find any virtue in either chairs or tables; and the bad lighting system provided for night reading is padding the pocketbooks of oculists and opticians. A more liberal financial policy is justified on these grounds alone.

Again, the library's influence is being needlessly circumscribed by the schedule of short hours that is now being maintained. A large percentage of the students are unable on account of class work to utilize the library before the closing hour of 4:30 p. m.; nor does the short period during which it is made available at night discount the afternoon closure. The addition of another assistant would enable the library to extend its service and usefulness to the largest possible number.

A more liberal financial policy would likewise provide funds for the binding of valuable and serviceable periodicals when the volumes are completed; for the addition of more important material in the form of complete sets of authors, new books of permanent value, and an increased list of well-chosen periodicals; and for other details that make for a completely equipped library.

Once these improvements are made, the library's sphere of usefulness and influence will automatically expand; the wheel about the hub will grow larger and stronger. The ideal of every student becoming familiar with books, through which alone knowledge may be appreciably increased, will be more nearly approached. For those expecting to continue their work at a university, the library will take on a new meaning.

True it is that the funds that can be given to the library are limited, and the Library Committee and the Librarian are due recognition for their effective use of their resources during the past session; but it is to be hoped that at the beginning of the session of 1918 the library will have received the financial attention which its importance demands.

A Last Word on the Campaign

So frequent have been the news items and editorials in the official Baptist papers of the State in regard to the Endowment Campaign which was launched on April 6 that further mention of it by the STUDENT may appear trite. But of such vital importance is the success of this campaign to the future welfare of Wake Forest and other schools of the denomination that we do not feel that a final appeal in the last number of the year will be amiss.

The organization of the Central Committee has already been perfected; the other districts have been satisfactorily modeled on this organization; the propitious moment for a united movement has come; and the forward advance, which *must not* fall short of the prearranged plans, has commenced and is gaining a momentum that should be accelerated until the goal of $1,000,000 has been gained and passed. No defect can be found in the plans. If the campaign fails, the fault cannot be placed with the leaders; the Baptist legions, which must give and give liberally if the campaign is to succeed, must bear the blame.

The bare mention of defeat chills us. No one knows better than Wake Forest undergraduates the imperative financial needs of the institution; and all know that it cannot exist and continue to count as a living force in North Carolina unless necessary funds are given for its maintenance by its supporters. Wake Forest alumni and friends must organize and subscribe without stint. The issue is clear. It is not a time for equivocation.

Adieu

Working throughout the year under the heavy handicaps of curtailed funds and few contributors, we have come to the end of the current volume. The war has been an ominous background for each number of the session. The space that it has been

possible to devote to contributions was necessarily limited for lack of funds; but at no time has that space been out of proportion to the available contributions, so many of those on whom we had depended for literary work having been called into the grim business of fighting. To those who have kept alive the spark of enthusiasm for things literary, our wholehearted thanks are due.

Cordial relations have obtained at all times among the Staff and the Faculty Editor; and, unhampered by petty jealousies and inspired by a love for the magazine and the College, they have tried to make the STUDENT the success that it deserves to be. During the year it has been the editor's endeavor to make the magazine a force for righteousness and growth in the College, as well as an expression of the literary side of the institution. He now bids farewell with reluctance and lays aside his pen with genuine regret. With all true Wake Forest men, his motto now is and will be:

"Here's to Wake Forest, a glass of the finest."

BLUE RIDGE

By E. M. Poteat

Blue Ridge grows upon me, and I say this after yearly experience of the place since it was first opened. I spent two weeks there in the War Work School for Y. M. C. A. Secretaries in March and April of this year, and saw the mountains in undress. The billowy foliage of the opulent summer-time had, of course, not come, and the everlasting hills were bare down to the ground; the trains which I had never seen before from a distance were plainly marked, and Lee Hall looked whiter than ever in the dark-gray frame of the winter woods. Perhaps this general exterior aspect added to the coziness of the big lobby, and certainly the log fires in the cottages gave one a new feeling of homeness.

But it was the schedule of the War Work School which gave me a new sense of the importance of Blue Ridge, for is there another place in the whole South that could have afforded just the opportunity for such a school? Or could have assembled it or could have made so direct a contribution to the winning of the war? Men went away from that school into camps throughout this country and overseas carrying with them undying recollections of Blue Ridge.

The young men who go up from the colleges to the student conference in June will pass into this atmosphere of higher consecration to the service of the country and of the world, and they must be stolid natures indeed who fail to thrill to the opportunities which Blue Ridge throws open to the student population of the South.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

ROBERT L. HUMBER, JR., Editor

On March the 14th and 15th the faculty and students of the College enjoyed the privilege of entertaining the representatives from forty-six secondary schools of North Carolina who had gathered for the purpose of engaging in the second Annual State High School Declamation Contest, which was of an unusually high order and showed evidence of superior training and preparation on the part of all who participated in the exercises. Mr. Conley A. Robinson, of Buies Creek, was awarded the first prize. The subject of his declamation was "The Boys of America." Mr. Jefferson Barefoot, of Benson High School, who had for his subject "President Wilson's War Message," was awarded second honors. It was quite a pleasure for the College to have the representatives here as her guests, and it is hoped that even a still larger number will respond next year.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the year was the banquet given by the Senior class at the Yarborough Hotel on the evening of March the 16th in honor of its sponsor, Miss Louise Fleming of Meredith College, at which time Governor Bickett, President Poteat, and Mrs. Poteat, President Brewer and Mrs. Brewer of Meredith College, and Mrs. James L. Fleming of Greenville, N. C., were present as guests of honor. Delightful after-dinner speeches and toasts were made by the guests and several members of the class. The occasion, which sets a precedent in the annals of Wake Forest, should be observed each year by the succeeding classes of the College.

Robert L. Humber, Jr.
Phi. Editor-in-Chief

Large audiences gathered to hear Dr. Harry A. Ward of Boston University from March the 17th to the 20th, at which time he delivered a series of lectures under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on Applied Socialism and Humanitarian Living as illustrated from the teachings of Christ. Dr. Ward is an authority on his subject, and his audiences heard him with pleasure.

The announcement of the baseball schedule was awaited with interest by the students of the College. It includes nine games on the home diamond, four games in Raleigh, and eight games on a southern trip that was arranged between the leading educational institutions of South Carolina.

Following is the schedule for the season:

March

15, Cary High School at Wake Forest
23, Buies Creek at Wake Forest
30, Holy Cross College of Mass. at Wake Forest

April

1, N. C. State at Raleigh
4, Guilford at Wake Forest
5, V. P. I. at Wake Forest
6, V. P. I. at Wake Forest
12, Elon at Elon
13, Guilford at Guilford
15, Camp Greene at Charlotte
16, Clemson at Clemson
17, Wofford at Spartanburg
18, Furman at Greenville
19, Univ. of S. C. at Columbia
20, Univ. of S. C. at Columbia
22, N. C. State at Raleigh
25, N. C. State at Wake Forest
26, N. C. State at Raleigh
29, Trinity at Raleigh

May

1, Elon at Wake Forest
2, Wofford at Wake Forest

Up to the time the Student goes to press, Wake Forest has played eight games, of which she has won seven, including the Easter Monday encounter with N. C. State. Our heartiest congratulations to the team and to its captain, L. G. Ellis.

On Monday, March the 19th, the following men were elected Commencement speakers for the approaching Commencement exercises: Messrs. J. T. Gillespie, G. C. Canipe, B. S. Liles, M. T. Rankin, L. V. Coggins, and R. L. Humber, Jr. The Commencement speakers are elected each year by the faculty from the members of the Senior class.

An excellent schedule for the tennis team has been arranged by Manager Rankin, who announces that Wake Forest will have to contest this spring with the University of North Carolina, Guilford, Elon, and Trinity for State honors. The matches scheduled are to take place about the last of April. The manager acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of a communication from Georgia "Tech" inviting Wake Forest to send representatives to Atlanta to engage in the Intercollegiate Tournament of Southern Colleges to be held in that city about the first of May. It is understood that Wake Forest will accept the Georgia institution's kind invitation, and will send a strong team to represent her in the tournament.

The *Howler* has gone to press. Such was the announcement a few weeks ago from Mr. L. W. Hamrick, the efficient and energetic business manager of the publication. It is understood that the annual will be ready for distribution by the 10th of May.

The Moot Court is to be congratulated upon the excellent work that it has accomplished during the present year. It has afforded students in the legal profession an unsurpassed opportunity for practical training and development, which they have heartily taken advantage of. Under the inspiring leadership of Prof. E. W. Timberlake, the Moot Court has grown to be one of the most useful and most important organizations of the student body.

A very delightful and interesting program was rendered by the Oxford Orphans in Memorial Hall on the night of March the 21st. The Singing Class showed evidence of excellent training and reflected honor upon the work that is being conducted by the Masons of the State.

Since the publication of the last Student, President Poteat has visited several cities of the State, among which have been Salisbury, Spencer, Greensboro, Dunn, and Buies Creek, from all of which he brought back pleasing and delightful reminiscences.

The Wake Forest College Glee Club and Orchestra, which is recognized to be the strongest organization of its kind in the State, enjoyed one of the most successful and delightful trips in its history from April the 5th to the 12th, at which time it gave concerts at Elon College, Lexington, Spencer, Mars Hill, Hendersonville, Asheville, Marion, and Hickory. The concerts were given under the auspices of the local chapters of the Red Cross Society, and the proceeds from the concerts were contributed to the Red Cross work in each community. Each member of the club brought back glowing reports of his trip through "The Land of the Sky," and Manager Warren is to be congratulated for arranging such an excellent itinerary. The high standard of excellence that the organization enjoys may be largely attributed to its director, Dr. H. M. Poteat, who is recognized as being without a peer among college directors of the South.

Very interesting facts regarding decisions of Wake Forest students on their life's work were revealed by a census recently taken by Dr. C. D. Graves. It was learned that a vast majority of the students decided upon their life's work between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. Another significant fact revealed was that during the vacation months of last

summer over three thousand people were led to profess Christ by the preaching of undergraduate ministerial students of Wake Forest alone.

On March the 25th Dr. Weston Bruner, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church of Raleigh, delivered a very inspiring address to the members of the Y. M. C. A. on the "College Man and His Place in the World."

It will be a matter of interest to the friends of the College to learn that the Summer School, which offers courses in the academic and law departments of the College, will open on June the 4th.

Prof. T. E. Cochran read a very interesting and instructive paper before the Cosmos Club on the "Application of Psychology to Vocational Guidance." He drew his illustrations from the field of practical knowledge and everyday experience.

By a two to one decision Baylor University of Texas won from Wake Forest on Easter Monday night in Raleigh on the query: *"Resolved,* That the short ballot system of elections should be adopted by the several states." The debate was hard fought and warmly contested by both sides. A third debate is to take place next year at Rome, Ga., to determine the winner of the series of debates that has been arranged between the two institutions.

Seldom has a Wake Forest audience had the privilege of witnessing such an excellent exhibition as was presented on April the 28th when a company of local talent played "Spreading the News." The play was given under the auspices of the local chapter of the Red Cross Society, and a very substantial sum was realized. The program of the evening was divided into two parts, the first of which consisted of Irish songs. The latter half was the presentation of the Irish play.

The third Liberty Loan Campaign was launched in Wake Forest with appropriate exercises, at which time Ex-Governor W. W. Kitchin and President W. L. Poteat delivered very able and thrilling addresses. Over $15,000 was subscribed to Liberty Bonds on the first day. Wake Forest is very ambitious to win a Liberty Bond Honor Flag, and indications now look promising for her to achieve that end.

As though bringing back reports from "the land that flows with milk and honey," the members of the Ministerial class returned to the hill on April the 13th captivated by their visit to Oxford, where the sponsor of the class tendered them a delightful reception at the Baptist college located in that city. It was an occasion that they will long remember with a great deal of pleasure.

The Devereux Players are to be at Wake Forest on May the 3d and 4th, at which time they are to present three very delightful comedies. The College extends them a cordial welcome to her midst again.

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, President of John B. Stetson University, closed an interesting series of lectures on April the 17th. During his stay at Wake Forest he discussed various phases of the present war and delivered lectures on Burns, Tennyson, and Kipling.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

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

It has been the custom for some time for three graduating classes to have a reunion at each commencement. At the Commencement this spring the classes of 1878, 1893, and 1908 will reunite. There follows a list of the members of these classes:

CLASS OF 1878: W. E. Daniels, F. R. Cooper, N. D. Johnson, W. T. Jordan, J. G. Bunch, J. C. Caddell, W. J. R. Ford, A. E. Walters.

CLASS OF 1893: J. E. Austin, J. W. Bailey, G. W. Blanton, C. H. Durham, D. M. Gaddy, F. P. Hobgood, Jr., W. H. Jones, J. C. Kittrell, E. B. Lattimore, S. McIntyre, J. D. Moore, I. C. Newton, D. M. Prince, G. H. Ross, C. P. Sapp, W. A. Smith, E. Y. Webb, C. W. Wilson, J. A. Wray, A. M. Yates, J. J. Young, Jr., S. J. Porter, R. W. Weaver.

CLASS OF 1908: J. E. Allen, E. B. Earnshaw, T. N. Hayes, H. F. Page, H. M. Poteat, R. G. Anders, C. S. Barnette, F. F. Brown, P. Q. Bryan, J. T. Byrum, J. G. Carroll, Oscar Creech, A. W. Dunn, O. C. Foote, Tom Gulley, V. F. Hamrick, T. Hendrix, A. T. Howard, H. A. Jones, W. J. Jones, J. F. Justice, F. D. King, W. D. Little, H. H. McMillan, G. O. Marshall, H. J. Massey, O. L. Moore, J. H. Nanney, J. C. Newell, H. E. Peele, J. E. Ray, Jr., J. R. Stewart, Benjamin Sorgee, P. C. Stringfield, E. N. Thorne, J. B. Thorne, B. Y. Tyner, L. B. Weathers, L. M. White, O. F. Couch, W. R. Griffin, J. A. Patterson, W. H. Furman, I. B. Hill, Jr., L. R. Brown, W. S. Britt, O. W. Clayton, W. C. Hamrick, Jr., J. L. Johnson, J. R. McLendon, O. J. Sikes, H. T. Stevens, J. A. Watson.

In accordance with the suggestion made by Governor Bickett in an address made at Wake Forest last October to the effect that the graduating classes of the last thirty to forty years purchase liberty loan bonds to the amount of $50,000 and turn them over to the College for the endowment of the Liberty Chair of Political Science, letters have been sent from the president's office to the leaders of these several classes

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asking them to undertake to raise not less than a thousand dollars in liberty bonds from their respective classes, extending to Wake Forest men not holding degrees the opportunity to share in this enterprise. It is hoped that the double appeal of the country and College will meet a cordial response and this much needed fund be promptly realized.

President Edwin M. Poteat, B.A. 1881, has notified the Board of Trustees of Furman University that he will offer his resignation as president of that institution at the approaching annual meeting of the board, to take effect June 1. He has been President of Furman University since 1903. In 1886 he was Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages in Wake Forest College. He will accept a position as lecturer with the Laymen's Missionary Movement with headquarters in New York City.

Mr. F. H. Baldy, B.A. 1917, who has been teaching French in the John Marshall High School at Richmond this session, has been appointed to the Rumrill Scholarship in Harvard University, and will enter upon graduate studies there next fall.

Dr. J. F. Royster, B.A. 1900, has been at Washington for several months, in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, engaged in preparing a history of the Navy in the war. He has returned to the University of Texas to resume his duties as professor of English.

Mr. W. G. Britt, 1874-77, is now with the mercantile firm of B. G. Thompson & Co. of Goldsboro. For many years he was Register of Deeds of Wayne County. His sons are also Wake Forest men. W. G. Britt, Jr., 1911-12, is head of a lumber business in Goldsboro, while Clarence Britt, 1908-09, is cashier of a bank in that city.

Mr. Fred S. Hutchins, B.A. 1917, is a lawyer at Winston-Salem. He will receive the Bachelor of Laws degree at the next commencement.

Mr. A. D. McFadyen, B.A. 1916, is teaching in the Blue Ridge Institute for Boys at Hendersonville, N. C.

Mr. S. A. Ives, B.A. 1903, who resigned some years ago his professorship in Ouachita College to enter upon banking business at Harrellsville, N. C., has taken up again his graduate studies in the University of Chicago and will later reënter the profession of teaching. His family is with him in Chicago.

Mr. J. W. Whisnant, B.A. 1904, who is in partnership with Mr. Squires in the practice of law in Lenoir, N. C., is one of the leading citizens in his community.

Rev. C. D. Greaves, B.A. 1892, has been asked by the central committee in charge of the Million-Dollar Campaign for public education to organize that campaign in the country churches of the State.

"WITH THE COLORS"

(Continued from last month.)

E. E. Wilson, 1912-14, is a lieutenant in the aviation corps "Somewhere in France." He is the only commissioned "observer" from North Carolina in France.

A. J. Harris, B.A. 1908, captain, U. S. A., Camp Jackson.

Milton Eliott, Aviation Corps, Texas.

Henry T. Shanks, 1914-17, Navy, Norfolk.

S. F. Horton, 1915-17, Aviation Corps, France.

B. S. Gay, Engineer Corps, France.

J. Ray Parker, 1915, Camp Jackson.

E. J. Williams, B.S. 1914, lieutenant, Medical Reserve, Oglethorpe, Ga.

Ned W. Jenkins, Aviation Corps, Texas.

E. B. Whitehurst, B.S. Med. 1915, lieutenant, Medical Reserve, Washington.

George James Brooks, 1907-08, captain, U. S. A., Kansas.

J. M. Hester, B.A. 1917, chaplain, Navy.

R. M. Buie, B.S. 1912, Medical Corps, France.

D. E. Buckner, B.A. 1917, Camp Jackson.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ROBERT P. BURNS, Editor

During the course of the year we have endeavored to criticize the magazines of our sister colleges in order possibly to help them to remedy defects which they otherwise might not see. We hope that our criticisms have been just and that we have to some degree accomplished our purpose. In turn it is only fair to see what our exchanges have to say about us and to get our lessons therefrom. The editors may well be flattered by the favorable criticism of the magazine, but still they may receive most valuable suggestions from the most favorable of criticism. We print the following exchange criticisms of THE STUDENT:

The Acorn, Meredith College:

So far, only one college monthly, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, has come to our library. We congratulate the editors of THE STUDENT on their promptness and on the quality of this first number. It contains two verse contributions, two etories, and two essays. All too often it is difficult to find such well-balanced material in a first number. The departments are well edited, as a rule. The various activities of the students along all lines are fully represented. On the whole this issue of THE STUDENT sets a good standard for the following numbers of the year.

The Tattler, Randolph-Macon Woman's College:

Seldom do we find such a eubject as "Various Conceptione of Hell," appearing in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, treated by a student in such an intensely interesting way. While we do not agree entirely with the theology, we have to acknowledge that the author has made some good points.

Davidson College Magazine:

. . . Strangest of the strange, however, is (WAKE FOREST STUDENT) "Various Conceptions of Hell." Now Milton or some hoary theologian might dilate on the prospects of the future world, might

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conduct a personal tour of the Infernal regions, but for a college magazine such a topic is hardly appropriate. Only the subject is to be criticised, however; the treatment is well done.

. . . THE STUDENT is a creditable magazine.

The Clemson Chronicle:

The contents of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for December is rather above the average. The stories are quite interesting and are fairly good, although "Dubs" strikes us as a trifle unusual. The characters in this story are just a trifle overdrawn. . . .

The two poems in this issue are both good in every respect. The first, "To England: Afterthought," appeals to every one; and who has not at some time felt the subtle charm to be found in strolling down an old road in the twilight?

The essays are unusually fine. . . .

Taken as a whole, this issue of THE STUDENT is unusually good for a college publication, and it is well balanced throughout. It would have been much improved, however, if some of the articles had been more appropriate to the Christmas season.

The Limestone Star:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT came at its usual date. On the whole this is one of the best publications we receive, and is also one of the most faithful. The subject-matter is always timely, well chosen, and ably treated. . . .

The Trinity Archive:

The January issue of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT is noticeably below the standard of the preceding numbers. The issue has four literary contributions, and they are far from excellent. . . .

"Nom de Plume" is the best contribution of the month. . . .

The Converse Concept:

The December number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, although short, is well balanced, and, with the exception of the stories, unusually interesting. The essay on Riley is especially entertaining, and shows that the author has a keen grasp of the subject. "Founders of Freedom" deserves mention also. The beginning of "The Season's End" is good, but the ending is too abrupt, and too much useless conversation is employed in "Dubs." Probably the most readable contributions are the poems. . . .

The State Normal Magazine:

We have been much pleased with the February number of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. The literary department, while not very full, is made up of well organized contributions. The two stories, "No Charge" and "When the Red God Aided," deserve especial mention, both for their style and their unusual plots. Although the essays are well written, we think that it might have been better had their themes been more varied. We noticed a lack of poetry in this number and hope that this deficiency will be supplied.

HORACE B. EASOM

Phi. Associate Editor

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

HORACE B. EASOM, Editor

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

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

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

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

AS A RULE

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

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

—*Ex.*

Scarborough: "Amos, why don't you speak to that girl? Don't you know you'll never see her again?"

Amos: "Yes; but I might see her daddy."

OXFORD REMINISCENCES

At 4 a. m., after his return at 3 from the Oxford Ministerial Reception, Woody, with a terrific look of horror on his emaciated face, exclaimed in shrill, penetrating feminine tones, "Feezor! Feezor! Feezor!——Billy! Billy! Billy!——Hold her, hold her, hold her."

While in this somnambulistic dilemma his pearly lips involuntarily emitted repeated sounds not unlike a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

"Red" Milton says the roads in Western Carolina are some crooked. Says he, "At one place I spat in my own face."

We are sorry to chronicle the recent illness of Shaw Pruette on the Glee Club trip. We are glad to report he is slowly improving.

If in need of an excellent porch-climber, see Rev. D. E. Hill. Rates reasonable.

Young Lady (in wee small hours of night): "Mr. Warren, how do you pronounce your name?"

Manager: "R-o-l-l-l-n—Rollin.

Young Lady: "You don't pronounce it correctly."

Manager: "Well, how?"

Young Lady: "Roll—in."

Yearby (in Asheville): "Keller, where are you stopping?"

Keller: "Grove Park."

Yearby: "It's mighty cold to sleep on a bench."

For various and sundried toilet articles and perfumes, see B. T. Ward. Hoight's a specialty.

Caldwell has never met his equal in falling down stairs.

Wanted by Freshman Briggs—A nice large doll to play with.

Clipped from speech delivered by "Sky" Davis at Mars Hill:
"Girls, Prof. Whittemore told me to kiss every one of you. And, let me say emphatically, 'Barkus is willin'.'"

Spurling: "Olds, do you go near your Alma Mater on this trip?"
Olds: "I expect to see my Alma sister."

Dr. Poteat (in Biology I): "What do we mean by metamorphosis, Mr. Feezor?"
"Bill": "I was just a fixin' to ask you, Doctor."

"Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting with the gift of speech."—*Simonides.*

Newish West: "Say, Milton, is there any English Lab. this week?"

Young Lady (at Mars Hill): "I want to talk to a red-headed man." Pointing to Ben Ward, she exclaimed: "Bring him to me."

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