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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXXIX

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No. 1

A HEART'S HOPE

E. J. TRUEBLOOD

My youthful heart was unperturbed;
A while I lived apart from care.
But soon my being was disturbed—
At first by hope, then by despair.

Your piercing eyes my soul enthralled;
Your tender voice, magnetic, sweet,
In wondrous accents softly called.
My happiness was then complete.

You're gone; you've left me here to yearn—
To live in silent misery.
Perhaps some day you will return
And lull me into ecstasy.

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THE TRIPLE ROLE OF JIM THAYER

G. A. MAESH, JR.

Jim Thayer, crook by profession and mechanic by occupation, was strolling through a residence district in quest of adventure. It was nearly midnight. The fashionable residents of the section were returning from the round of social pleasures. A fine spray of mist was falling and the sidewalk reflected the light of a dozen arc lamps. To Jim, the scenes of the night afforded a diversion. Of late he had been living off the fruits of his manual labor, which is a sad reflection on the professional skill of a gentleman of his calling.

He turned a corner. A score of closely parked cars caught his attention. At a considerable distance from the edge of the street, an imposing residence was seen. The lights were all aglow and the waiting cars bore evidence of the size of the crowd within. "A reception, or a dance, or maybe a wedding," muttered Jim. He trudged on without so much as a backward glance at the brightly lighted residence. Suddenly a big car flashed past. On the next corner it stopped and two men were seen to alight. They started up the street which made right angles with the one on which they had come up. Jim looked at them until the corner house shut them off from view. As he reached the corner, he looked again for them. They had disappeared!

"That looks peculiar to me," thought Jim. He placed one hand on his trusty Colt and turned up the street where he had seen them last. No houses faced this street and he wondered where they had gone. He walked on, trying to hold the leisurely stride which seldom causes suspicion. Half way up the street he came to an alley. To his satisfaction, it ran straight to the house with the lights aglow, and to his greater

satisfaction and surprise, he beheld two crawling objects, scarcely fifty yards from him. He passed on and swiftly turned back and knelt down at the end of the hedge that grew alongside a high board fence. The two strange men had passed beyond his vision.

He waited; and waited. Evidently they were slow workers. He grew tired of waiting and began to crawl slowly up the alley, the hedge screening him from the street. He feared the men had stopped and he decided to await developments again. A sense of guilt flashed over him as his thoughts were diverted from those of the scene around him. Until now he had scarcely thought of the motive he had in following the men. What strange thing or feeling was it that led him on? He had no definite plan in mind. So far as he knew, there was nothing to be gained by following two strange men, brother yeggmen, no doubt. But Jim Thayer possessed a curiosity and he had a yearning for adventure which always comes to a man after much experience in dodging cops, evading the law, and getting close shaves in general. Besides, he believed he would lose nothing by continuing his present course. He had been in tight places before and he had experienced the thrill that comes in getting out of them. So he decided to give his adventurous spirit free rein and pursue the men, regardless of the danger.

His second wait proved to be not so long as his first, for after a few moments' pause he knew the men were nearing the house. First, a low whistle was heard, and then someone turned off the lights of the room on the side toward the alley. Jim now slowly started toward the house. He had little to fear, now. Even if he was exposed to view, the probability was that the men were already inside the house. He made his way straight to the darkened room, he stopped; he had heard a faint sound of treading feet. He realized his time for action had come, so he jerked out his handkerchief

and with two short slashes of his knife quickly made an improvised mask. Another moment's hesitation and he was ready. He jumped, grasped the window sill by the tips of his fingers, and pulled himself up. Thus perched, he sought to observe the things around him.

Inside the room all was dark. Someone in the opposite corner was trying to strike a match. Suddenly it flared up, revealing the features of a man huddled over a dark lantern, and his companion, who stood guard at the door leading into the hall. Jim noticed that the room was large and that in the center was a table. By the soft, green rays of the lighted lantern, he saw that silverware, china dishes, and a few pieces of jewelry were on the table. From all appearances he gathered that a wedding had been celebrated; it had taken place earlier in the evening, perhaps. Due to the carelessness of someone, the presents had not been packed away. Although from his position he could make out but few of the objects lying on the table, Jim's eyes grew big as he marveled at the costly articles; at this small fortune that lay before his very eyes. Yes, he was glad, very glad that he had followed the robbers.

The two men within the room had not yet moved, but the babble of voices from the reception room reassured them that all was well. Deftly the one holding the lantern began to look over the things on the table. He seemed to be hunting for one particular article. At last the light shone on a brightly glittering object. A diamond brooch! Jim almost spoke the words aloud, so greatly was he astonished. And to his surprise, the man produced from a small hand-bag another piece of jewelry, which resembled the other in every detail—only it didn't glitter. This he placed on the table and then he put the real article in his hand-bag. Plainly it was a case of substituting a brooch set with glass or imitation diamond for one set with costly diamonds. "Wise guys," thought Jim.

"But there's a third guilty party somewhere. The jewelers that sold that thing must be at the bottom of this."

And it did seem that the yeggmen would succeed. Everything was in their favor. By the clever substitution, the recipient of the gift, if she should discover that the piece of jewelry was an imitation, would presume that a joke had been played on her. Thus, no one but the guilty parties would ever know the truth; at least this was what had been planned. To the robbers themselves, the way seemed open to a complete success of their scheme. They saw no obstacle ahead—but they hadn't seen Jim; and Jim proved to be an obstacle, and a great obstacle, too.

As Jim had calculated, the men took nothing else. Although other jewelry was on the table, some of which was as valuable as that which they had taken, not a piece was touched, for this would spoil the whole thing. And now the luck began to break in Jim's favor. The pair began a whispered conversation, nearly all of which he overheard. The one who had stood guard at the door was first to speak. "Bill," he said, "we'd better not carry this thing around by the back door. As likely as not, somebody will be prowling around the back yard."

"Let's go back the way we came," the other replied. "If we try to get out any other way we'll run into a chair or something, or maybe get trapped. I know how it will be. If you had your way, I bet we never would set foot on the ground without a couple of cops leading us."

"Well, let's do something and do it now," the first retorted. "Now you listen to me. I'm going to run around by the back door and come to this window. When I whistle, drop that bag out the window. Then you run, you hear me, run! Meet me at the corner where we turned to go up the alley."

This plan seemed to meet the approval of the other. "All right, go on if you've got to have it that way," he said, "and

don't stand there like you were at your grandma's funeral. Make haste, fool! I don't like this place; I want to leave here."

This ended the conversation and the shuffle of feet which followed assured Jim, who was still hanging by his arms and hands to the window-sill, that the men would try to carry out the plan last spoken of. To him the chance of his life had come—and he realized it. He knew he must get that diamond brooch, and that within the next sixty seconds. But how? A dozen schemes he thought of in the next few seconds. Could he hold them up after they had started to escape with the spoil? No, for he would never be able to make his getaway afterwards. Could he crawl through the window and risk a hand-to-hand scuffle with the yeggman who now held the coveted piece of jewelry? If this plan were followed, the odds would strongly favor his rival. Could he impersonate the man who was to receive the satchel when it was thrown through the window? This plan seemed somewhat more practicable, but he realized he could never escape with the loot; for even if he could get the jump on his rivals, he would certainly be pursued and perhaps caught. But why couldn't he play a double role? He could impersonate the one who was to receive the bag first, and then crawl through the window and personate the other. He could! He would!

He dropped down to the ground, waited for a moment, and then softly whistled. Presto! Out came the bag and fell at his feet. At the same time, he heard the man above him start for the back of the house. He quickly picked up the satchel and tossed it back into the room. Then, with all the strength at his command, he leaped again at the window-sill. He clutched it and one mighty heave landed him inside the room. But not an instant did he hesitate, for his work was only started. Hastily he picked up the bag from where he had thrown it and then opened it. To his relief, the diamond

brooch was there. With his trembling fingers he fumbled it for a moment and thrust it into his pocket. Just at this time he heard a whistle from outside the window. It had come sooner than he had expected it, but not to be daunted, he fairly slung the imitation diamond brooch, which was lying on the table, into the satchel and tossed satchel, brooch, and all out the window. The robber, who had now been robbed, snatched up the bag and started running for the street at full speed. A moment later his companion passed the window also in great haste. This ended the first part of Jim's task and so far he had won out.

He wanted to sit down and study out in detail the rest of his scheme. But it was a time for action, and his mind was made up; he must follow the two burglars and get them trapped by the police, which would leave him entirely clear of suspicion. So he once more lowered himself out the window to the ground and started in hot pursuit of the men whom he had so completely fooled.

Straight down the alley he ran. He fancied he saw the yeggmen turn toward the street from where they had come. He stumbled and fell once, but he kept on. He arrived at the end of the alley, stopped suddenly, and looked around him. The pair were nowhere to be seen. Not knowing which way they had gone, he stood still, afraid to go either way. He looked longingly toward the street on which he had seen the cars assembled. And as he looked, a car drove up to the curb, not more than two hundred yards away. It stopped and waited a moment, the door was slammed, and it was soon spinning down the street again. "The burglars!" said Jim; "it's bound to be them." He ran down the street as fast as his legs could carry him. There was only one thing left to do now and he meant to do it.

As he came to the street on which he had last seen the men, he looked around him for a car. On the corner stood a big

limousine without a driver in it. But he was glad that he could continue the pursuit alone. Leaping to the front seat, he soon had the high-powered engine fairly roaring as he sped down the asphalt street. He was well qualified to handle the big car, for among the various positions he had held during his life, that of chauffeur was not the least important. So it was with experienced hands that he now steered the speeding car. Two blocks he had gone and the needle of the speedometer was still moving to the right. Another corner he passed; then another, and he figured that it was time for him to see the car that he was pursuing. He looked up the street with straining eyes and, sure enough, he did see a red light only a few hundred feet ahead of him. He was satisfied; he would accomplish his purpose.

Jim had originally planned to notify the police of the burglary and, by some means, to set them on the trail of the burglars. He had figured that they would be caught with the goods and that no suspicion would rest on him. But, obviously now, such a plan could not be carried out. There was only one thing left to do: he must *pretend* to be trying to catch the burglars. Twice before, he had assumed the rôle of a burglar; now he must play the part of an officer of the law. When the guilty men should realize that he was pursuing them, why they would just open up at full speed. They would be compelled to go down Main street, a waiting motorcycle cop would see them exceeding the speed limit, and try to catch them. They would never stop as long as the car would run, and when they did stop, the policeman, if he did his duty and had no mishap, would nab them and that would mean their finish—all very simple, so Jim reasoned.

With this in view, he never slackened speed until he was within a few feet of the other car. He fancied he saw the occupants looking through the rear curtains. To carry out his plan, he pulled out his pistol and shot into the air twice in quick succession. It had the desired effect; the car ahead

of him shot forward with a fresh burst of speed. He was acting his third rôle successfully! On down the street the two cars raced. They were now in the business district. As they neared the police station, the hindmost car slowed down and turned into a side street. Jim cast a parting glance at the fleeing car and saw that it was still going at breakneck speed. With a sigh of relief, he stopped the car that he was in and alighted. But to his chagrin and surprise, another car drew up to the curb and a tall, well-built man stepped out and started toward him. He was being followed. The thought that flashed through Jim's mind mortified him.

Vaguely hoping that he might yet escape, he ducked into a nearby store. But no, the tall man followed close on his heels. Once in the store, he went straight to him and grabbed him by the arm. "Young man," he said, "I have a nice, clean cell reserved for you. Let's go now; it's already past bedtime.

Reluctantly, Jim obeyed. They walked briskly toward the police station. The captor was first to speak. "Thought you could get the jump on me, did you? Then I guess you figured you would double-cross me. Well, I've had some experience with your kind before. By the way, let me introduce myself. I'm Dan O'Neil of the plainclothes division. See this badge?"

Jim could not tolerate this talk. He always took his medicine like a man, no matter how bitter it was. He decided to confess, then and there. "All right, Mr. O'Neil," he said, "I'll admit I've lost tonight. It's right in my vest pocket. You take it, please sir."

The officer looked surprised, but withdrew from Jim's pocket a glittering object. "Great guns," he ejaculated, "I pinched you for exceeding the speed limit. But I'll tow in a regular prize to the chief tonight.

And Jim Thayer smiled, then laughed, but it was a hollow, sickly laugh.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

—
A. R. WHITEHURST
—

Unlike the earliest literature of England, of Greece, or of any other nation, American literature began on a fresh basis. It had no myths or legends, no heroes or dragons or fairy-ships. It must begin all over again, like Robinson Crusoe, not with fancy but with fact, not as a child but as a man full-grown. Isolated as they seemed, shut in by sea and wilderness and forgotten by the nations, our Puritan ancestors had the most compelling of all motives—a call from God; and deep in their souls was the unalterable purpose to found a new literature based upon the Puritan ideals of democracy and righteousness.

The writing of any people divides itself into two classes, known as primitive or folk-lore literature, and the literature of culture. The former consists of songs and legends associated with the early history of the race. The latter includes poems, dramas, essays, and novels, produced by the two forces of nationality and civilization. Hence from the latter our American short story has developed, since America had nothing upon which to base the songs and legends of the former.

But a literature of culture is not built in a year or a decade, especially since our Puritan ancestors were primarily engulfed by the hardships of pioneer existence. Thence we pass through a period of rhyming couplets and true narrative until we reach, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the beginning of American fiction.

The transition from the true narrative to the fictitious, from the descriptive and narrative essay to the moral or allegorical tale, was an easy one. In America, however, this

step was delayed by the Puritanic distrust of novels, which were supposed by many to be one of the pleasant devices of Satan.

The pioneer of American fiction was Charles Brockden Brown, a Quaker with a speculative, analytic mind. Owing to the school of mystery and terror then dominant in English fiction, Brown's novels are all studies in morbid psychology, yet they are unique and powerful. He inaugurated the Golden Age of American literature.

Thus have we traced the American short story from its remotest beginning to the unemphatic, non-centralized type of narration that preceded the short story of today. We shall now discuss the characteristics of the true American short story. The success of the modern narrative is due chiefly to its brevity. Business-like, bustling America has no time to read the long, laboring novel which preceded the short story. J. C. Lawrence says: "A short story is a brief tale which can be told or read at one sitting." This definition requires (1) that it shall be short and (2) that it shall possess coherence sufficient to hold the reader's interest from beginning to end. The short story, as to substance, consists of fact and of fancy. In the narration of a tale, what is not fact is fancy. This reminds us of the truth in the child's division of his world into two parts: "really truly" and "let's pretend." As to form the short story employs historic, dramatic and didactic methods of narration. The historic tends to produce a realistic effect; the dramatic seeks a single effect; while the didactic method involves the effort to teach a lesson.

Now we turn to Washington Irving (1783-1859), the first American man of letters to win the ear of Europe and take the sting out of Sydney Smith's contemptuous question, "Who reads an American book?" Irving replaced the easy-going tale of his time with the highly centralized narrative

of single effect. He began an era in literature which is marked by the romantic and realistic tale, mixed with the humorous and pathetic, the symbolic and impressionistic narrative.

Irving, like other writers of his day, wrote usually of the historic or the supernatural, but he always related his work to the facts of life. One delights in the remarkable originality, melody and charm of "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "The Sketch Book." In "The Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra," Irving's best story, modern narrative is crystallized. Here we find pure romance fancifully localized and definitely associated with history. Here also are portrayed touches of humor and good-natured satire blended into a background of mild Spanish melancholy. It is richly animated with flowing rhythms and poetic descriptions. It is old-fashioned, fragrant with charm and spiced with suggestive words, as the keyword "rose," which occurs repeatedly. Irving wrote, not in accordance with the principles of the modern short story, but after his own fashion and brought the tale to a high excellence. Before his time the influence of the short story tended toward form; with him it changed toward dignity and worth.

The next beacon light in the development of the American short story is probably Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). He, with Edgar Allan Poe, was the first to write the short story as a literary form. In their hands the short prose narrative became even more highly centralized; it harmonized perfectly in all its parts. In its characters, plot, details, and atmosphere, it aimed to produce a single effect and thus developed new artistic possibilities. Hawthorne, spending his early years in New England, felt the strong Puritan influence and his works are essentially products of the New England spirit. "Twice Told Tales," "The House of Seven Gables," and many other narratives are the work of his

fanciful, poetic soul. "The Ambitious Guest" is, of all American stories, one of the most nearly perfect examples of development, proportion and suggestive effect. It shows the vanity of earthly hopes. It is clear, stern, well-balanced and effective. Every play of fancy, every touch of irony, every description, every word, in fact, contributes to make it a masterpiece of literary art. It is an excellent example of realistic narrative.

Closely following Hawthorne is Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849), "The Father of the Short Story." The essential characteristics of the short story, as emphasized by the latter, are: brevity, single effect, direction of every feature to a preëstablished design, realistic appearance, and finality. Unlike Hawthorne, Poe's aim was artistic, rather than moral effect. As his life was one of struggle and misfortune, so his words are of a gloomy and terroristic nature. "The Masque of the Red Death" is one of Poe's most successful fantasies, at once gorgeous and spectral, ridiculously impossible, yet awfully real. Like the prince in the tale, "he had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the decoration of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre." "The Masque of the Red Death" has all the characteristics of a master story. It repeats colors and effects in new and varied ways, giving enrichment and power, and rising to supreme climax. The words compose a prose poem. Here one sees picture, music and writing combined in one. In this tale are found all those properties of ultra-Gothic romance of which Poe was the final master. As a work of art it is quite different from the realistic descriptions of actual pestilence by Boccaccio, Manzoni, Defoe, and Charles Brockden Brown, though at the outset it somewhat resembles Boccaccio's account. The "effect" story has always persisted as a recognized mode of literary expression and produces an excellent "coup de théâtre."

Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902) was one of the first Americans to choose American subjects, for which reason he is sometimes called the inventor of the story of local color. His best story is probably "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; written when Harte was about thirty. It is of a type at once realistic and romantic. It emphasizes a higher truth than mere realism—revealing goodness in seemingly hopeless characters. Like Poe's method, in its single situation it strives toward a single effect. The scene is romantic—laid among the mountains, in the shadows of sighing trees, in a snow-storm. "Simple, tender, poetic, elemental, 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat' is a noble story."

Under the pen of Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) the American short story made rapid progress; and in "The Lady or the Tiger?" he shows himself to best advantage. "The Griffin and the Minor Canon" is his best example of single effect. He was a patron of originality, imagination, and humor, with which his fanciful tales appear all the more real. He usually capped the climax with a surprise that induces more interest than ever. "The Lady or the Tiger?" is an example of this. "It has ingenious plot, is cleverly devised, clearly and briefly presented, and ends with an unexpected demand that the reader solve the problem." This fantastic story is founded ultimately upon psychology—upon analysis of human nature.

The next mile-post in the development of the short story is William Sidney Porter: "O. Henry" (1862-1910). From his store of wide observation, with disregard of literary conventionality, with humor, pathos, and real genius, he produced "The Gift of the Magi," one of his best stories. In it he has used the simple, humorous yet serious events of common life and has constructed, like Poe and Harte, a single situation with a single effect. As in the stories of Stockton, this effect is surprise: "that of being led to the conclusion

that self-sacrifice is the highest evidence of love." Written in a free and easy style, original and personal, quick, vivid and sympathetic, "The Gift of the Magi" illustrates an exceptionally artistic style of short story.

In his life and works Richard Harding Davis (1864-1916) combined the realism of yesterday with the romance of today. "A Wasted Day," like all of Mr. Davis' work, "is excellent in technique, condensed, suggestive, with events foreshadowed and demanded by character, rising in power, realistic in detail and idealistic in theme." It is a story of American social and political life, with touches of satire. Like Harte, the author shows that good exists in every type of man, and that knowledge of life creates sympathy. "A Wasted Day" is an example of what we call the higher type of modern realism—wise, hopeful, creative, and founded on fact.

The interest of the story whose chief characteristic is local color lies in the descriptive elements that give its setting; in its environment; in its peculiarities of speech and action, and more deeply still in fresh, original, unrestrained human nature. In stories of local color the emphasis is principally on primitive human nature—rough, crude, elemental, the basic life of humanity. Such a story, by interpreting all modes of life, brings us "to see oursel's as ithers see us."

In New England Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (1862—) reaches her height in presenting her native country life with sympathetic insight and profound character-reading. One of her most memorable stories is "The Revolt of Mother." It is simple but powerful, vivid yet unsentimental. "The appeal is universal—felt wherever selfishness and inconsiderateness exist." The tale is clear and decisive—every word in it has its own special mission and occupies its own place. It is pervaded with an almost pathetic humor. The independence manifested in the words of Sarah Penn, the

little gray-haired "Mother," might be an incentive to womanhood of today: "I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways; an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I have a mind to have him."

Thus we have seen that the American short story concerns geographically the old world, mountains and farms of New England, rough frontier life in the West, and the fortunes or misfortunes of the rich and of the poor in cosmopolitan New York. We have examined it from every view-point on its elemental foundation of "love, ambition, fear, self-sacrifice, jealousy, sympathy and anger." We have observed the general transition from the vague and faraway to the actual—"toward that higher realism that is a sympathetic understanding of life." Interest in the short story as an artistic form, new appreciation of our American writers, and a delightful refreshing of the memory will be gained by adorning one's margins of time with literary gems such as the eight great short stories in the foregoing discussion.

SLACKER

R. E. PORTER.

It is not given to man to see beneath the surface of things and to observe there the bonds and chains that invisibly link together the lives of his fellowmen. In His infinite wisdom, the Great Creator provided at the beginning that, however much man's deeds and his acts might be like an open book to the world, at least his motives and the most of his relationships might be his own knowledge which he should not have to share with the world.

Pick up any daily newspaper. It will be filled with news of the latest acts of men the world over—inventions, politics, bickerings, murders, accidents, new enterprises, bankrupts, divorces, social news, weddings—by-plays in man's eternal effort to better his condition though it be at the expense of his fellows.

Capitalizing that trait of human nature which makes man want to know what others are doing, men print these performances of their fellows in papers and sell them to the world. And now and then a superficial smattering of the supposed motive for the act and its relationship with other acts is dug out by some energetic reporter. Yet the rest of mankind can never realize all the secret inciting causes and the train of events that led to the act, be it murder or the founding of a new enterprise.

Who can tell the hidden ties that may possibly bind some of those newspaper stories together? Can there be any connection between that suicide on the first page and that story of the new enterprise in the inside news columns or that wedding in the social section? And this story today of the mysterious murder and that item of yesterday from another

city telling of a bankrupt or divorcee, can you be sure that they or their actors are not connected in some way?

As I put these questions, many of them perhaps sound far-fetched and strained to readers. And yet, who can tell? Far be it from me to judge. And to my readers I say, if there are any doubts in your mind, remember they arise from the frailty of your vision, in common with all mankind, and your inability to see more than the surface ripples.

When I ran across the following clipping sometime ago in a paper, it struck me so forcefully as having a good story behind it, should one ever discover it, that I cut it out and saved it. The following day I saw in another paper several days old the second clipping printed below. It had been written three days before the first clipping. And a few weeks ago, nearly two years later, I clipped the third from yet another paper.

In these three clippings I do not claim that I have the story of one of my fellows. I do not know, of course, that they were written about the same person. But somehow to me there seems to be a peculiar connection in the three clippings, an invisible thread, as it were, winding them together, although they were written by different reporters, at different times, in different places and, more than likely, about different persons.

Without further comment, I submit them to the readers of THE STUDENT for a possible concurrence with my opinion.

"Jaurez, New Mex., Oct. 22, 1917—Mystery surrounding the receipt here of a large wooden box which was taken from the express car of a train yesterday and placed in the freight office, where this morning it was found to be broken open and empty, is still uncleared by detectives who are working on the case.

"The detectives, who were sent here by the government on the possible theory that the box contained arms or ammu-

dition for Mexico, as Jaurez is only a short distance from the border, announce that it is one of the most baffling cases they have incurred.

"The box was large and of somewhat peculiar shape. It was consigned, according to the address printed on its side, to 'Mr. John Smith, Jaurez, New Mexico.' There is no such person known to be living in or near the town.

"The box was placed by the express agent in the station which was locked for the night. He stated that he thought the consignee would call, for it this morning. When he opened the office early today, the box was found broken open and empty. No clue as to its contents have been found by the detectives.

"According to the officers, the station house is made secure in the absence of the agent by a pad lock on the door fitting in a hasp, and by a stick placed diagonally across the window on the inside. The lock on the door had not been tampered, stated the officers, but the stick securing the window was found lying on the floor.

"The officers frankly admit that they are puzzled and are working without a clue. They point out that the station had evidently not been broken in but broken out. This eliminates the theory that the box might have contained weapons, they say. The only solution of the case, they say, is that the box contained a man or woman. But why anyone should have chosen such a method to enter the town is a puzzle to the officers."

"St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 19, 1917.—The sensation created yesterday by the disappearance of Maurice Lawrence, member of a prominent family of this city, developed today into a further shock to social circles in disclosures in the case,

which indicate, according to police, that the young man committed suicide. It is thought that he drowned himself in the river.

"Officers who are working on the case early dismissed the theory that he had met with foul play, or that he had left the city hurriedly without informing his friends or family.

"According to police, his last appearance was in the shipping room of a large wholesale firm located near the river. They say that employes saw him enter the room and engage in conversation with a negro, who was nailing lids on boxes to be sent out that evening, and with whom young Lawrence had evidently had previous dealings. At the beginning of the talk, the employes said, the negro seemed to be refusing what was evidently a request of young Lawrence. Then later he seemed to agree. The employes are not agreed as to whether he gave the negro money. The negro is missing today. It is thought that Lawrence bribed him to aid him in drowning himself.

"This theory of suicide is borne out, say the officers, by the statements of members of the family and friends that the young man had worried a great deal about the fact that he had received a card from the draft board stating he would be called into service today.

"Young Lawrence was a conscientious objector, his friends state, and the fact that he would have to enter the service, even against his will, had so preyed upon him that it seemed to have affected his mind. He had been heard to say, according to his friends, that he would never be drafted.

"Another statement Lawrence is alleged by his friends to have made shortly before his disappearance, that he would cross over the border into Mexico to escape the draft, is scouted by police. The officers think there can be no connection between the statement and his disappearance, as full investigation showed that he had not left the city by train

and had not taken any of his cars from the garage. Wires sent to border towns netted no results.

"Although dragging of the river had resulted today in no discovery of the body, the police cling to the theory of suicide by drowning. It is hoped that the body may be recovered today."

"Chihuahua, Mexico, July 30, 1919.—Ranchers arriving here today after crossing the great Death's Head desert lying to the west of this city reported the finding of a bleached skeleton lying in an arroyo and partly covered by the drifting sands of the desert. There was nothing to reveal the identity of the unfortunate man. The clothing was in rotten tatters.

"The bones were evidently those of a white man, the ranchers said, for nearby fastened to a mesquite bush was a scrap of paper with the following message scrawled in what appeared to be dried blood. The paper was dated nearly two years previously and had been placed by the writer in a sheltered position, which accounted for its excellent preservation. 'To the finder of my body or my bones—I think this is October 29, 1917—I am not sure—I am not sure of anything now except that I am dying—I have wandered for days without water and food—The sun is hot—I can get a little shelter from its fearful glare in this arroyo—This may be my last conscious moment—I have been a fool—Would that I might relieve the last few weeks of my life—That is too late—I am doomed—Doomed to die one of the most horrible deaths Nature can deal from her pack, friendless, countryless, a nameless traitor made an outcast by myself in a fit of insanity—God bless the boys who are doing their duty in France—They lose their lives to find them—I lose mine in vain—All in vain—I come to the end with all the bitterness of self-denunciation that any

other traitor of his country feels—I write this with what I think is the last few drops on my blood left undried within me—Blood that I should have, and would now gladly shed for my country—May my family and friends never know that I met this end—Thank God, I think my manner of leaving will prevent that—It is for that reason that I do not sign my name.’”

NOTHING AT ALL

(The editor, sadly in need of poems for *THE STUDENT*, approached one of the men in college and pleaded for his help. "What subject?" asked the student. "Anything," the editor replied. The following was what was received.)

Last night as I lay dreaming,
There came a dream so queer:
In my dream did a fairy seem
To whisper in my ear,
"Choose, Sir Sleeper, what thou wilt
Of anything thou may.
Choose tonight; at break of light
Thou shalt have what you say."

And then she vanished. In my dream
I worried through the night.
How hard I tried, but couldn't decide
What I wanted at daylight.
And then all through the pitchblack hours
It seemed I could not choose:
Now I'd begun to choose someone—
Came others I couldn't refuse.

At morn the fairy said to me,
"Sleeper, what shall I bring?"
"Oh Fairy, I pray, hear what I say,
I cannot choose a thing!
I've thought of money, men and power,
Of things both big and small.
And out of those, not one I chose,
Oh give me—nothing at all."

And thus the way with poesy:
No theme was given to write,
I worried a lot; my head grew hot;
I fell in a sorry plight.
I thought of money, men and power,
And others past recall;
Till des'prate then, I seized my pen:
And wrote this—nothing at all.

Hereafter, mind you, Editor,
The subject *you* must choose,
Unless indeed, you wish to read
Another like this "fuse,"
I do not chide you, Editor,
Or scoff at a noble dream;
The moral of mine is in this line—
"Tis you *must* choose the theme.

THE BUCCANEER

C. P. GREAVES

Scientists have probed into and explained many things to such an extent as to very forcibly illustrate the marvelousness of the human intellect. Indeed, their knowledge has extended beyond the bounds of this world into space and the worlds beyond, of which they know volumes of books. There is one thing however that is not far off, but yet has constantly baffled those who attempt to fully understand the human mind. In its intricacies, complicated structure, and peculiarities, it seems to be entirely free from the laws of reason. And because it is not understood, many occurrences, which it has given rise to, seem quite strange and supernatural. Such an occurrence I had the experience of witnessing.

One warm night in July I had not been able to sleep, but tossed about on my bed restlessly. All of the clocks, big and little, in the small town had just struck two in a chorus, when I at last, as a relief, got up and walked to the window facing the street. It was a beautiful moonlight night and I was enjoying the quiet solitude and beauty of everything when my eyes and curiosity were suddenly attracted by a figure dark and dim in the distance coming down the street rapidly. As it drew nearer I made out the outline of a man. He was running and soon he passed swiftly opposite my window.

As I have said, the moonlight was very bright and when he passed my window I was able to distinguish his appearance. The sight I saw was astonishing and amazing in the extreme. This ghost, or whatever he might be, seemed to have stepped out of some picture. He was in the complete attire of a buccaneer of the days of the Spanish Main, such

as Blackbeard himself must have been. He wore a large black hat with a feather of some sort stuck in it, shirt and pantaloons of a red kind of color, with a large yellow sash around his waist. On his feet were heavy black boots with big silver buckles. In his hand was clenched a large glistening knife or dagger with a wide curved blade, at least a foot long, I should judge. In addition to this terrible looking weapon the handles of two large old-fashioned pistols showed on either side above the top of his sash. The only feature of his face I could distinguish was a large, bushy, black mustache. Such was the description I could gather in a quick moment for, as I have said, this strange midnight apparition was running with a speed which seemed too swift for a human being. Looking straight ahead, and clenching his knife in his hand, he rushed silently on past, quickly enveloped in the dimness of the night.

It was some moments before I could recover from my amazement, gaping into the night as if stupefied. This sudden sight and its disappearance left my mind in a confusion of amazement, wonder and a great deal of fright. All the stories of ghosts, spirits, and others of the supernatural flitted through my mind. Then I began to wonder; what is this thing; is it really a ghost of some old buccaneer dead long ago; where did it come from; is it human?

But my thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a noise coming from down the street whence the figure had fled. It was very slight but enough to attract my attention and much aroused curiosity. I had, by now, somewhat recovered from my fright and had grown bold, so I hastily pulled on a few necessary clothes and started down the street, but not before I had taken the precaution to bring along my revolver. Small towns between two and three o'clock at night usually sleep their soundest, so I had the sensation of being in a place entirely deserted except by myself and the pirates' ghost or whatever it might be. I walked down the street rapidly and

nervously, holding my revolver in my hand with a finger on the trigger, and peering closely at every dark shadow and corner that I passed, hoping to come upon some clue.

I had almost reached the section where the stores were, when a figure ran out in the street a short distance in front of me, but I immediately perceived that he was a natural human being. He had come out from a tent situated in a vacant lot which I perceived to be that of a hypnotist who had been giving performances there for the past three days and had drawn large crowds. The man who ran out I recognized as his assistant. He ran up to me and, before I could speak, he asked me hurriedly and with much agitation "Have you seen it? Did you see it?" He evidently recognized me then.

"Oh, you are the doctor, aren't you, sir?"

Without waiting for an answer, he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to the tent and into a back section which served as living quarters for the two. When I entered I half expected to find someone lying dead or almost dead but, instead, I found the hypnotist himself quite composedly washing his right arm which had a long shallow cut near the shoulder. The assistant hurriedly introduced me as the doctor and without immediate inquiries I examined his arm but found it not serious. Having fixed it up as best I could, I then looked around me and at the hypnotist, seeking to satisfy my intense curiosity.

"I do not believe we have been introduced yet," said the hypnotist pleasantly to me, "Blenark is my name and you, of course, know my profession."

Mr. Blenark, the hypnotist, was a man of medium height and weight. He had a face of pleasant features lighted by twinkling brown eyes and his whole appearance seemed to belie his profession as a mere traveling hypnotist.

"These circumstances of our meeting are rather unusual. I suppose you have seen something rather strange to make you come here at this time and, if you are a man of ordinary curiosity, I suppose you are quite anxious to know what it all means."

I answered him in the affirmative, most emphatically.

"Well can you tell me just what you saw sir," he asked looking closely at me.

I quickly described to him the apparition I had seen and the reason I had seen it. He listened with the most fixed attention, frequently interrupting me with questions.

"Yes, yes," he muttered to himself when I had finished, "just as I thought."

He then related to me what had taken place in his tent. He and his assistant were sleeping soundly when the hypnotist was suddenly awakened by something running into the tent and jarring his cot. Before he could fully come to his senses, he had felt a sharp stinging sensation on his arm, which was the knife. But his strange assailant had gone before he could discover anything of his appearance. The assistant, however, had also awakened and had sprang out of bed and to the opening of the tent just as the visitor had run out. For a second in the moonlight he was able to see him, but the sight he saw was so strange and unreal that he thought his eyes had deceived him until my confirmation. At no time had the strange prowler made a sound except by the beating on the ground of his running feet.

"This of course seems very strange to you, doctor, and to my young man here, but, if you care to help me, this mystery can be cleared up and you shall have a very interesting tale to tell your friends when we get through."

To this I most readily assented.

"Then I shall appreciate it very much, doctor," replied Mr. Blenark. "It will involve some trouble but I think it

will repay you. Can you come here to the tent at one o'clock tomorrow night? You see, I have reason to expect my would-be-murderer again at that time. It is possible that he may not come. If he does not, he will be here the next, but I feel sure he will pay us a visit tomorrow night about this time. As you may already suspect, this man is a somnambulist, but the strange circumstances and appearance of this fellow you will learn when I have carried through my plans. In the meanwhile, please say nothing about this to anyone."

We bid each other goodnight and I departed to my room and back to bed, but it was a long time before I slept, for these strange occurrences that had fallen to my lot to see puzzled me much.

I saw nothing further of the hypnotist the next day but, when one o'clock that night came, I arrived promptly at his tent. Here I found Mr. Blenark and his assistant fixing a rope at the entrance.

"This is to trip the visitor when he enters," he explained. "It is very simple but it fully suffices. He is a somnambulist, you see, very dangerous while asleep, but the rope will stop him and by the fall wake him up. Then he will be a sane man again."

Having completed these simple arrangements, we sat down and awaited our company, keeping our eyes fixed up the dim street. As on the night before, the moonlight was very bright and the night, with its dim shadows and objects made grotesque in appearance, coupled with the expectancy of our strange visitor, seemed very weird indeed.

The clocks had just struck two as on the night before when we heard a noise of some one running and suddenly a figure, in a big black hat, pantaloons, and boots, clenching a big knife that flashed in the moonlight, bounded into the lot. In spite of all my expectancy, I was frightened badly. He jumped through the opening of the tent but Blenark had

jerked the rope and he fell to the ground with such force that I feared bones might be broken. The assistant quickly lighted up the tent and I was able to look closely at this strange figure. For some moments he lay still without making a move or sound. He had his eyes open and looked about him, at himself and at us in a dazed sort of way.

“What in the—what—uh—how’s this!” he finally muttered, sitting up and looking around him. “Why, is that you, Doc.?” he said, perceiving me.

At first I did not recognize him but Blenark, stooping down, pulled off the false mustache and then I immediately recognized him as a common laborer who had lived in the town only a short while and dwelt alone not far distant from the tent.

“You are not dreaming,” I replied, and I proceeded to tell him the circumstances of his finding himself in that unusual position.

“But,” I asked, “where did you get these clothes.”

To my wonder he did not know. He had had them, he said, ever since he could remember and that was all he knew.

But at this juncture, the hypnotist interrupted and looking closely at him asked, “My friend, how far back does your memory extend?”

The man replied quickly, looking back at him rather queerly. “Not very far, pardner, something happened to me when I was a young man. I can’t remember any further back than the year ——— when I worked on a farm. All else beyond is just a haze. I don’t know how I got there. I found myself somewhere, I do not remember the exact spot, in B ——— county of the State of ——— and I wandered to a farmer’s house who took me up and cared for me. Do you know anything about me, sir?” He was now talking rapidly and eagerly.

The hypnotist answered gently, “I think I can clear up that haze if you wish. May I?”

The man assented eagerly.

"Then it is necessary that you submit to my powers as a hypnotist. Are you willing?"

"I don't know anything about this hypnotism stuff, pardner, but I'm willing," he again assented.

"Then we will do it now."

At a nod, the assistant placed a comfortable chair in the middle of the room and a straight one facing it.

"You must sit in this chair," commanded the hypnotist, which the man did. The hypnotist sat in the straight one facing him.

"It is now my purpose to throw over you a very deep spell of mesmerism such as is not ordinarily used. When you arrive at the proper stage, I think you will be able, through my presence and mental influence, to see all your past life. When you come to again, what you have seen you will not forget and your memory will be restored. We will now commence. Surrender all your will power to me or it will not be successful. Now sit in as comfortable a position as possible, let your knees touch mine and look straight into my eyes. On no account move them."

The man did so and the hypnotist began to make passes forward and backward with his hands. At last the man became insensible but the hypnotist did not stop here. He had stopped the motions of his hands, but the knees continually touched and he continued to look straight into the eyes of the other, seemingly lost to the outside world.

At last, after a long time, he spoke "Do you know where you are? If you don't, answer 'no'."

"No," was the answer.

The hypnotist said nothing more but continued as before. At last he asked again, "Sir, do you know where you are?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Where are you?"

"In a dressing room of the Rolling's Theatre at D——," was the reply. The place he mentioned was a small city in one of the western states.

"What is your name?"

"Clyde Powell." This was not the name we knew him by.

"What are you doing?"

"Quarreling."

"With whom?"

"You."

"Who am I?"

"Jack Dillon."

"Who are we?"

"Comedians, Bates & Bates."

"What are you dressed as?"

"The Buccaneer."

To go all through the dialogue that followed would be too lengthy, but, when it was finished, the mystery was cleared. The two had quarreled over a trifle which, ordinarily, would have amounted to nothing. But the two were under a strain from overwork and loss of sleep and, I think, had been drinking, so it led to serious results. Powell had suddenly grabbed up the knife and started towards the other who was unarmed and had no recourse but to get out of the other's way as best he might. Just how it happened I do not understand but Blenark, or rather Dillon, which was his real name, was forced to flee outside through an extra side-door close by, while Powell followed. Close by was a railroad track over which, at this moment, a freight train was moving. Fleeing for his life and apparently realizing that his pursuer was a great deal faster than he, Dillon hopped the train as the only means of obtaining safety. His pursuer, half-crazed with anger, hopped the train also and began to hunt for Dillon among the cars, but he was unable to find him. As I afterwards learned from the hypnotist, he had, shortly

before the train reached the limits of the city, hopped off, thus eluding his pursuer. Finally Powell gave up the hunt but by this time the train was far from the city. It was also moving very rapidly so he was unable to get off, while he feared to meet any of the trainmen. At last, after he had ridden almost all night, the train slowed up enough, on account of steep grade, for him to jump off.

Here the dialogue ended and the hypnotist withdrew his spell of mesmerism but I was able to follow up the rest of the story by putting together facts and by what Powell later related. It seems that he fell in jumping off, striking his head on something and thus, through the injury of the blow, he lost his memory. He must have lain there unconscious for several hours for when he came to it was early morning. It was a desolate wooded country he saw and it was only after he had wandered several hours that he came upon a lonely farm house. The rest of the story is very simple. The farm house was inhabited by an ignorant farmer and his family who took care of him. It must be remembered that Powell had now lost all his past memory so he was well content to stay there, not knowing the outside world or anything about it. The city he had come from was far off, the farmer was ignorant, and thus he was never found or identified. He had lived for a short while on the farm, then as a laborer moving from place to place, and at last had come to this town. He had searched for a clue to his identity as well as he knew how but had been unsuccessful.

When Powell had recovered from the spell of the hypnotist, it was like the meeting of two long lost brothers and I and the assistant retired outside the tent. But when this was over, I sought the hypnotist again for I had many questions yet to ask in answer to which he gave me a full explanation which seemed to me very reasonable.

"Clyde's spells of this insane somnambulism last night and tonight were caused by a sort of mental telepathy from me on his subconscious mind. His memory had not left him but it had departed from his active mind so he was not sensible of it. The other day he came to a performance of mine and the sight and presence of me made an impression on this subconscious mind. In his sleep last night and tonight it took active reaction. Up to the time of the accident, you see, none of his anger, inspired by the quarrel, had left him, so it still resided in his subconscious mind. In his sleep, through the influence of contact with me, he went over the entire quarrel resulting in his spell of somnambulism and the following events. He put on his costume which he keeps packed away and mental telepathy between me and his subconscious mind guided him to where I was sleeping. I confess that I am not able to explain everything, but he went back to his room, after his attack on me, pulled off his costume, put it away and went back to bed. The next morning he was entirely unconscious of what he had done.

"This is the best explanation I can give. But all of that is over now. Clyde and I are united and our unnatural quarrel is forgotten. His spells of insane somnambulism will never come back. We two had lived together constantly and loved each other as brothers. Am I not right, Clyde?"

"You are right, Jack," was the hearty reply.

"We were two young comedians," continued Dillon, "who had had great success and we had been promised a trial on Broadway if we kept up our success on the road. Clyde Powell is his real name and Dillon is mine, and Blenark is simply fictitious. But then this happened and it of course ended all. I tried my best to discover Clyde but to no avail. I concluded that he feared to show himself so I soon gave up the search. But I did not get over the loss of my pardner.

I soon left the stage to try and forget. I had dabbled some in hypnotism in curiosity so now I became a professional hypnotist and continued so to this day, for I could not get the wanderlust out of me. It has happily resulted in our reunion."

"Clyde," he said, turning to his pardner, and I noticed his voice trembled a bit, "it will be pretty late but shall we take the road again as Bates and Bates?"

"We will, Jack," replied the Buccaneer, "Bates and Bates, the Comedians."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

WAKE FOREST STUDENT extends hearty
Welcome! greetings to the largest freshman class of its
history. We appreciate these men, their am-
bitions, their ideals, their dreams. The doors of the insti-
tution are thrown open to them, its rich stores are theirs.

Many changes have recently been made, all with a view
to the betterment of college life. The faculty has been

enlarged by the addition of able men. A new interest is taken in athletics. Movements are on foot to further guarantee opportunities for noble action on the part of Wake Forest men no matter in what line their ambitions may be. We are acting in conjunction with one another, still, we must seize, eagerly, every opportunity for our own well-being. The self-made man, however, is becoming extinct. Educational advantages are more open now than ever before, consequently men now have, more nearly, equal opportunities. The brilliant men of tomorrow will be produced by different machinery from that of old. The leaders of every phase of life will rise largely from organizations of men rather than from their initiative. By this is meant that man can no longer live and thrive by himself alone, but, as ever before, man can and does determine his own success in life.

Likewise, and with a warmer feeling, we welcome the many old men who have returned to college. Most of these men have been in service, many of them overseas where they nobly offered everything. It is a disappointment to them to return and find that their classmates are gone, and that the Freshmen whom they left three years ago are now Seniors. But there seems to be a smile of satisfaction upon the faces of them all. They have witnessed the strife between autocracy and democracy. They have seen autocracy perish ignobly! Now they return to their former duties cheerfully and with renewed intentions to make the most of life. Wake Forest welcomes them back!

**The Student
Pastor**

The student body has always been in need of a man who could direct his entire attention to the little wants and perplexities of the students; give them advice and assist them in solving the problems which are placed before them every day. They have their problems no less than the local congregation.

Recently, after considerable comment on the subject, the trustees decided to employ such a man. Each member of the board of trustees fully believes that the project will be a success and it is strongly endorsed by alumni associations throughout the State and elsewhere.

Some call the position held by this man, "Student Secretary," but a more appropriate name is "Student Pastor" for this really what the duties suggest. This man will foster every student activity, attend to the publication of *Old Gold and Black*, general director of Y. M. C. A. and B. Y. P. U. He will take a general interest in and have oversight of athletics, also the social life of the students. The town and student body need to feel a mutual interest in each other and the student pastor will direct his energies in furthering this relationship.

James B. Turner was the man elected for this position. He is a graduate of Wake Forest College, B.A. '07, LL.B. '11. His law license was granted him in 1909 but he never practiced; instead, he went to the Louisville Seminary where he won his Th.D. in 1916. When the U. S. entered the war, Dr. Turner gave up his civil duties and entered the service of his country. He went to France with Old Hickory, the Thirtieth Division, serving as chaplain of the One Hundred Twentieth during the war.

Dr. Turner has lived in Wake Forest practically all his life and is well acquainted with the local situation. The Y. M. C. A. is the main expression of his work and it is hoped that the boys will aid this organization in every way possible. The student welfare fund, inaugurated by Dr. Turner, purposes to support the publication of *Old Gold and Black*, to provide socials and aid men whom the student body will select to attend the Blue Ridge conference next June.

A Growing Spirit

We are pleased at the spirit of upper class men toward the freshmen this fall. So far there has been practically no effort to molest the new men. Even the harmless but senseless pastime of dancing, parading, etc., has been little engaged in. Every indication points to the conditions so long hoped for by the friends of the institution—to the time when the brutal, barbarous practice of hazing would be entirely done away with.

To the sense of honor of the upper classmen and their forbearance is due this favorable presentation of conditions at the opening of the new term. We must give these men credit for it. There has never been a student body in the past with a more generous spirit and more desirous of doing the right thing by everyone. The events of the past few years have helped to form a peculiar attachment or relationship between men and especially college men. It is that attachment that now practically controls every phase of community life. We trust that the disgraceful affairs of last year will not be repeated again at this institution.

Let us bear in mind, however, that practically every case of hazing is a result of some indiscretion, either wilful or negligible, one the part of the person hazed. Remember, when such is the case that the ones doing the hazing are not to be blamed for that. They can only be blamed for the mean, mob spirit that prompted the deed.

The senate committee is going to do everything possible to put an end to hazing. The student body must back it up. Owing to certain changes which have been made, freshmen are allowed privileges which until last year had never been allowed them. This is a result of the overflowing spirit of world wide democracy. We want every member of the student body to bear in mind that it is democracy, not red-handed socialism.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

All hail! THE STUDENT greets you one and all with a hearty welcome.

As THE STUDENT goes to press the new session is well under way, and the indications are that this will be a banner year at Wake Forest in many ways. To date 504 men have matriculated and others are arriving daily. No doubt we will pass the 550 mark before the session is over.

We welcome the news that *Old Gold and Black* is coming back to life and is soon to appear. Through the efforts of Dr. J. B. Turner this weekly mirror of college life has been placed on a dependable basis and its success is practically assured.

The interest in Sunday School manifested on the part of this year's student body is indeed gratifying. All classes report large enrollments. Besides the old classes, several new classes for students have been organized and it is hoped that every man in college will attend one of these classes. Dr. W. L. Poteat teaches the Agoga class; Dr. Nowell, the Berean; Professor Jones, the Sophomore, and Dr. Turner, the Freshman. Prof. White is the capable superintendent of the school.

Misses Winifred Royall and Josephine Reid left last month for Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Rev. C. D. Graves, pastor of the local church, is spending much of his time away from the Hill in the interest of the 75 million campaign. He is rendering invaluable service.

Prof. Hubert A. Jones spent an unusually active summer canvassing the State in the interest of securing new students for the college.

Although, as yet no definite itinerary has been announced for the Glee Club and Orchestra yet they have been organized and practices are being held regularly. The following men compose the Glee Club and Orchestra for this session: Dr. H. M. Poteat, director; R. P. Burns, business manager; E. Mills, E. J. Trueblood, G. A. Briggs, J. L. Jones, T. C. Burnette, J. L. Lovelace, B. T. Ward, S. M. Pruette, D. S. Ramseur, J. A. Davis, E. F. Cullom, B. M. Castelloe, C. C. Warren, V. Stringfield, R. A. Herring, J. L. Memory, J. Y. Old, L. S. Clark, C. H. Stephenson, Jr., H. O. Deaton, A. R. Whitehurst, J. C. Kesler, J. M. Scarborough, A. M. Moseley.

The prospects for a winning football team were never brighter than they are this season. About 40 men responded to Captain Rabenhorst's call for candidates and have been going through stiff practice each afternoon. A number of the men who reported are old men who can be depended upon to hold their own against any team, and among the new men there is a number who have had considerable experience on the gridiron. The schedule, which is one of the heaviest any Wake Forest eleven ever faced, follows: Sept. 26, Davidson at Wake Forest; Oct. 4, Georgia Tech at Atlanta; Oct. 11, Richmond College at Richmond; Oct. 18, University of N. C. at Chapel Hill; Oct. 25, Furman University at Furman; Nov. 1, Camp Bragg at Fayetteville (pending); Nov. 8, Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.; Nov. 15, Guilford College at Wake Forest; Nov. 27, North Carolina State at Raleigh.

On Friday evening Sept. 12, the people of the town entertained the student body in the basement of the church, at what proved to be one of the most enjoyable social events ever held on the Hill. A closer contact with the people of Wake Forest was established, and the boys feel more at home.

Dr. J. B. Turner, student secretary and alumni representative, organized during the summer alumni associations in the following counties: Forsyth, with Dr. W. M. Johnson, president; Cleveland, with Hon. O. M. Mull, president; Buncombe, with J. L. Jenkins, president; Scotland, with Hon. H. M. Weatherspoon, president; Robeson, with Hon. R. C. Lawrence, president; Harnett, with Hon. J. C. Clifford, president.

The Summer Law School ended its work just in time for the men to take the Supreme Court examination on August 18. Twenty-seven Wake Forest men went before the court and of this number twenty-five were granted license to practice law.

Dr. C. C. Pearson, of the Department of Political Science, taught history at the summer session of Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Prof. J. L. Lake, professor of physics, and family spent the vacation at the home of Prof. Lake's parents in Upper-ville, Va.

Prof. T. E. Cochran of the Department of Education and Philosophy was director of the summer school of Flora Macdonald College at Red Springs, N. C. He was also professor of secondary education and school administration.

Prof. F. K. Pool, professor of Bible has filled the following engagements: An address before the State B. Y. P. U. Convention at Asheville, June 11; taught the class in the "Atonement" at the Baptist mountain assembly at Ridgecrest June 26-July 3; held Sunday School Institutes at Olive Chapel August 19-20, and at White Oak, August 29-30; supplied at the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, July 13 and August 10.

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, professor of Latin, attended the Y. M. C. A. at Blue Ridge, June 13-22, as faculty representative. After this he went to Anderson, S. C., where he was professor of Latin in the Piedmont Normal Summer School, June 24-July 26. He made the following addresses: First Baptist Church, Anderson, S. C., July 6 and 13; Neal's Creek Church, S. C., July 6; Baptist Tabernaee, Atlanta, Ga., July 20 (two addresses); Baptist Church, Marion, N. C., August 10 and 24. In addition he gave an organ recital at Waynesville, N. C., August 27. Dr. Poteat has just been invited to deliver a series of four lectures on Hymnology this fall, to the faculty and students of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd, professor of English, has returned from the University of Virginia, where he taught English during both terms of the University Summer School.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., of the Law Department, made addresses as follows: Commencement address at Liberty-Piedmont High School, at Wallburg, N. C., May 12; at Glen Royal Church, May 18; address before Cosmos Club at Wake Forest, May 30; Masonic address at Oxford, N. C., July 9.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees on August 13, Prof. E. W. Timberlake was elected dean of the college to succeed Dr. N. Y. Gully who tendered his resignation in June.

Dr. George Alfred Aiken, professor of anatomy since 1916 tendered his resignation last spring and goes to Webb City, Mo., to engage in the active practice of medicine. Dr. Herbert M. Vann, of Danville, Va., an M.A. of Wake Forest and an M.D. of Jefferson, has been appointed professor of anatomy to succeed Dr. Aiken.

Prof. C. A. Rouse, for five years professor of English in Simmons College, Texas, and for a time of the teaching staff of the University of Illinois has been appointed associate professor of English.

Mr. Henry F. Shanks, B.A., '18, has been appointed instructor in the Department of Mathematics.

Mr. C. S. Black, B.A., '18, has been appointed instructor in the Department of Chemistry.

Mr. Walter F. Taylor, M.A., last session instructor in Biology and Physiological Chemistry, has recently been appointed associate professor of Bacteriology and Physiological Chemistry.

Mr. Henry L. Langston, assistant in gymnasium four years ago has been elected Director of Physical Education to succeed Mr. I. E. Carlyle, resigned. Mr. Langston is especially fitted for this work, besides having been assistant in gymnasium when in college, he has since that time, while in the army had exceptional advantages along this line, and has only recently completed a special course in Harvard University Gynasium.

The faculty, students and the entire community, sympathize with Dr. L. T. Buchannan, in the loss of his mother, who was burned to death at her home in Oxford a few days ago.

Dr. James B. Turner, B.A., 1907, LL.B., 1911, Wake Forest; Th.D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and chaplain in the U. S. Army, overseas, comes to us as student secretary. Already his presence has been felt. We welcome him.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

When the Wake Forest Alumni Association was organized, one of its primary objects was "To foster and extend throughout North Carolina the spirit of education." Since that time the possibilities of such an organization have been dawning upon the minds of our supporters until we read in the issue of *THE STUDENT* for March last, "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?" It also suggests that "This can only be accomplished by securing an efficient man to put his entire time into the work."

We now have such a man. On June 1, Dr. J. B. Turner, B.A., 1907, "crossed the Rubicon" as he expressed it and became student secretary and alumni representative. He has recently seen France as an army chaplain. During the past summer he was actively engaged in organizing associations in the following places:

Winston-Salem—Dr. W. M. Johnson, B.A., '05, president; C. L. Hall, vice president; E. P. Yates, secretary-treasurer.

Shelby—O. M. Mull, '04, president; B. T. Fall, B.A., '04, vice president; Lee B. Weathers, B.A., '08, secretary; J. P. Mull, B.A., '16, treasurer.

Asheville—J. J. Jenkins, —, president; W. O. Riddick, B.S., '91, vice president; E. N. Wright, B.A., '17, secretary-treasurer.

Lumberton—R. C. Lawrence, B.A., '97, president; T. L. Johnson, —, secretary-treasurer.

Laurinburg—W. H. Weatherspoon, B.A., '07, president; A. C. Hamby, —, vice president; O. L. Moore, '09, secretary; J. P. Jones, '17, treasurer.

Rocky Mount—Thomas A. Avera, B.A., '15, president; W. O. Howard, B.A., '91, vice president; Phil J. Thomas, 1906-'08, secretary-treasurer.

Dunn—J. C. Clifford, B.A., '92, president; J. A. Campbell, B.A., '10, vice-president; S. A. Edgerton, B.A., '11, secretary-treasurer.

Wake County—A. J. Fletcher, 1906-'09, president; P. J. Olive, LL.B., '03, vice-president; V. O. Parker, B.A., '93, secretary-treasurer.

Thus an important movement under competent and energetic leadership is being advanced. Men of Wake Forest! Can we afford to stand stupidly by while this progressive spirit flings the gauntlet at our feet in passing?

Thomas A. Avera, B.A., '15, an attorney of Rocky Mount, has recently organized the Twin County Real Estate Company is president of the organization. Mr. Avera is also vice-president of the Merchants and Farmers Bank.

Rev. Lee McB. White, B.A., '08, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chester, S. C.

R. L. McMillan, '09, was granted license to practice law in the August examination and has opened his office in Raleigh.

Dr. J. W. Vernon, '07, is connected with the State Sanitarium in Morganton. Dr. Vernon has recently married.

M. A. Huggins, M.A., '16, has become superintendent of the Scotland Neck schools.

C. B. Taylor, '07, is managing editor of the Asheville *Citizen*, having gone to Asheville recently from the Wilmington *Dispatch*.

Dr. J. A. Ellis, M.A., '12, former chaplain in the army, preached his first sermon as pastor of the Pullen Memorial Church of Raleigh on Sunday, Sept. 7, 1919.

Lieut. I. C. Woodward, B.A., '11, chaplain on the *U. S. S. Martha Washington*, died in the hospital at Charleston of appendicitis on July 2, 1919. He was said to be one of the most popular chaplains in the navy.

Dr. J. R. Crozier, '17, former physical director of Wake Forest College, has moved to Raleigh with his family and entered upon his practice as an osteopath.

Dr. L. L. Carpenter, B.A., '13, Th.D., at Louisville, '18, was married on Sept. 2 at Oxford to Miss Lucile O'Brian. He is pastor of Forest Avenue Baptist Church in Greensboro. Dr. Carpenter was formerly editor of *THE STUDENT*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOL, Editor

Eng. Prof.—“Mr. Brown, who was the greatest poet of the Victorian Age?”

Newish Brown—“Shakespeare.”

Prof. Pool on Bible—“Mr. Sowers, why was Samson so popular among the women?”

Sowers—“I suppose it was because he had long hair.”

Soph. Stephenson—“I could die dancing, couldn't you?”

Young Lady—No, there are pleasanter ways than being trampled to death.”

Question—Wanted to know where Gifty Frazier caught the poison oak?

He—“Like most men, I suppose, I have my shortcomings.”

She—“Oh, it isn't your shortcomings—it's your long-stayings that I object to.”—Exchange.

Notice—Ex-Gifty Carpenter refuses to keep Ellis and Averitt in school this fall.

Parents once summoned their children with a hickory withe; now, they coax them with cake.

Bible Prof.—“Mr. West, how many wives had Solomon?”

West—“Three thousand wives and seven thousand concubines—ten thousand in all.”

Newish Moser—“Can you tell me where the aluminum building is?”

L. B. Dawes—“No.”

J. Y. Old—"Do you think you could ever learn to love me?"

Lady—"No, nor hamburger cheese nor spaghetti."

Newish Carroll—Wanted to know; the date of the next annual "University Day."

Dr. Vann—"Mr. Hunt, which is the largest vertebrae in the 'Lumbar section'?"

Hunt—"The twelfth."

Trueblood—You look sweet enough to kiss.

Young Lady—Yes! that's the way I intended to look.

The night is dark and cold without;

I dare not think to walk about,

For there's a sound that's quite a bore—

The howling of a Sophomore—*Ex.*

It is the man with a defective vocabulary that swears—
Dr. Frank Crane.

EXPENSIVE

Teacher—"What is imagination?"

Pupil—"It's like losing five dollars and thinking you lost ten so you wont miss it."

R. D. Poe to Gifty Ellis—"Why are you hopping about?"

Ellis—"Part of my foot is sore."

The only Trinity that some men worship is wine, women and song. The women go to the ballot box.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

I stood upon the staircase
And gazed far down the hall.
I saw a bunch of green stuff
Arranged along the wall.
I looked again, and lo! it moved—
I thought 'twas waving grass,
But no! 'twas on its way to the ball—
'Twas only the Freshman class.

—*Selected.*

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. R. 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

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No. 2

THE OCEAN

E. J. TRUERLOOD

When boisterously your billows roar
And stretch toward the silent shore,
They beckon me to leave no more.

I hear, you, O ocean!

When in such accents sweet you call,
Whilst through the years you rise and fall,
Then all my heart responds—yes all.

I hear you, O ocean!

As angrily your foam is tossed,
The sands so countless are embossed—
In wondrous awe my soul is lost.

I see you, O ocean!

As o'er your crest the moon appears,
Inspiring joys, dispelling fears,
I burst into ecstatic tears.

I see you, O ocean!

For all the treasures that you bear—
Your isles so great, your jewels rare—
And for your soothing, cooling air.

I love you, O ocean!

For marvels that you boast alone
And for your glories yet unknown,
May all my gratitude be shown.

I love you, O ocean!

THE JUNIOR DETECTIVE

G. A. MARSH, JR.

"Hello, chief!" It was Detective Rand talking. "Just came down on the Limited awhile ago. I heard about the epidemic of safe-crackers infesting this region and got interested."

"John Rand, you're as welcome as a cold wave in July," said the chief, extending a large and calloused hand. "The 'dark boys' have been cutting up something fierce here lately. Black's Department Store was visited last night and \$300 and the manager's imported socks are missing this morning. Night before last another safe was blown at Bassburg. They are raking the country clean and don't even miss the one-horse towns."

And indeed the "epidemic" was serious. No less than four robberies had occurred at nearby towns during the preceding week. Always the safes had been blown open in an unexpected place and at an unexpected time. From all appearances, the robbers were bold and experienced men, and men who worked faster than the police authorities could think. Gradually the public eye had been focussed on these daring deeds and now the press had spread the news far and wide. The screaming headlines had reminded the people again and again of the success of the elusive crew of safe-crackers. The climax was reached when Black's Department Store at Hinton was entered and the safe emptied of its treasure.

It was that establishment that Chief of Police McNair and Special Detective Rand now visited. However, a thorough inspection of the safe revealed no clue that gave any promise of leading to the solution of the problem. It appeared that the store had been entered through a back win-

dow, a small hole bored through the door of the safe, and the explosives inserted. Not a trace of finger-prints was found and the ground back of the store revealed no foot-prints. For once in his life Rand was baffled, apparently. "We had better go back to headquarters and await developments," suggested McNair.

"Well," said the detective when they had arrived at the police station, "that's a good job that the crew has done. Something else will have to show up before I can get a line on 'em. They're strictly professional, all right. Farmers or carpenters or preachers couldn't do a job like that. It'll be a man's job to locate the gentlemen."

"There's another man coming today," responded the chief. He's W. B. Ralston of the South Atlantic Detective Agency. I don't know anything about him, but his agency is all right."

"What? Why you ought to have told me sooner. I'd rather not have anybody else on this case," protested Rand. "You see one man ought to have this job. When two men of rival companies work on a case you can't make 'em cooperate. They will conceal the clues from each other nearly always, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager that Ralston will be more anxious about his personal achievement than the solution of the problem."

"That may be so, but I can't turn him down now," replied Chief McNair. I telegraphed to his company this morning, asking them to send up a man. You came in unexpectedly and that brought about this balled-up state of affairs. I want to have your help, and I'll have to let Ralston work on the case too, since I sent for him."

"All right; if there's no way out of it, I'll have to let him help me," was Rand's final reply.

At two o'clock the twelve o'clock train arrived at Hinton and a medium sized, athletic-looking young man alighted.

"I'm Ralston," he said, as he approached the uniformed McNair.

"Yes, Mr. Ralston, I expected you earlier, but I don't suppose it would have been any better if you had come on the morning train. I've got one man helping me and we've looked about a good bit already."

They entered a nearby hotel and held a conference of twenty or thirty minutes. Later they emerged and Ralston made an inspection of the scene of the robbery. Again no clue was found. Then Ralston and Rand together made still further investigations, but with no better results. At supper both talked little, ate little, and thought much. Their work had proved fruitless so far. "I've decided that all three of us will stay together tonight," said McNair. "If anything turns up, we ought to be ready. I've engaged three rooms on the second floor of the Willard Hotel and you fellows may go up at anytime."

"I believe I'll go to my room now," said Ralston. I want to work my bean a little."

"Chief, there's one more thing I want to know," Rand spoke up. "Is there another safe in town like the one in Black's Store?"

"Oh, yes," replied McNair. "The First National Bank has one, and then there's Sanfords, and McKinley Realty Company."

"Well I'll try to get permission to examine these. I want to make a sort of investigation on my own hook before bedtime." A moment later he went into a telephone booth and McNair and Ralston sought the privacy of their own rooms.

At eleven o'clock Rand met Ralston and McNair in the latter's room. "I suggest that we get to bed immediately," was his admonition. Acting on this, each of the three repaired to his own room. But if they had contemplated a good night's rest they were doomed to disappointment, as subsequent events proved.

At exactly 12:30 A. M. a very excited negro porter burst into Chief of Police McNair's rooms. Shaking the bed of the officer vehemently, he called long and loudly to the occupant. "Boss! Boss!" he cried, "de Fust Nat'nal Bank is blowed up."

McNair turned over and without waiting further particulars awoke his colleagues. The three dressed hurriedly and were soon walking briskly to the scene of the alleged catastrophe. At a block from the bank they perceived a small group of "regular guys" and members of the night police force gathered around the entrance. Coming nearer, they saw that the the heavy plate-glass window had been broken. "Had to break in, Chief," the captain of the night force explained. "Those yeggs could go through a brick wall without making a hole in it."

The three men stood still, paralyzed beyond description. Hitherto they had believed that the only way the bank could be entered was through the front door. Moreover, an examination of the back and sides of the building revealed no sign of entrance. The Chief himself, now puzzled more than ever, ordered the policemen to remain outside the building. Then he turned the management of the investigation over to his aides, the two detectives. At once they decided that they alone would make the first inspection. The trim Ralston now slid through the crack in the front glass made by the police a moment before. The tall and stringy Rand next entered horizontally, with the aid of a man at each end of his person. The search now began in earnest.

What the detectives saw inside the bank was an orderly arrangement of desks, chairs, and other furniture and a large safe with the door standing wide open. A small hole had been bored in it. A thorough examination revealed nothing of value as a clue. Evidently the crooks had triumphed a second time. When Rand went outside, however, Ralston quietly slipped back to the safe and picked up something,

which he put in his pocket. No one had seen him do this, so he kept quiet.

Once outside, he heard Rand talking to McNair. "I examined that safe between eight and nine o'clock;" he was saying. "It was locked hard and fast, too. I'm also sure that I looked the front door."

"Mr. Rand, how did you get in there between eight and nine o'clock?" Ralston asked.

"I went to the cashier's house and got his key," was the reply. "That safe is the same make as that of Black's and I wanted to learn something about it that would help me in the Black robbery case."

"When did you return the key?"

"About nine o'clock."

"According to this, Chief, I guess the key is in the hands of the cashier now," explained Ralston. "Then those crooks must have had a key of their own to fit the lock."

"Undoubtedly that's what happened," added Rand. "I'll bet they had the plan all worked out a month ago."

"We'll discuss this later, boys," said McNair. "I'll have to phone to all nearby towns and tell 'em to be on the lookout for those gents." So saying, he departed.

"Let's go back to bed," said Rand. "There's nothing else to do tonight except detail a cop to guard this place."

"All right, we'll go, then."

The news of the robbery spread like wildfire and by ten o'clock practically every Hintonite knew of the details of this latest important event. The cashier reported that over twenty thousand dollars was missing. The event now assumed notorious proportions. And the detectives could make no favorable report so far.

To add to the perplexity, news came that at Unionton, forty miles away, a safe had also been blown the night before. According to the report, the watchman had been gagged and bound by two masked ruffians. They then pro-

ceeded to open the safe, relieve it of its contents, and make a quick getaway. The police did not learn of the event till ten hours later, when it was too late to pursue the men. Could this pair have robbed the bank at Hinton also? It seemed reasonable to believe that such was the case.

One day went by, and nothing had been accomplished by the detectives. Both Rand and Ralston reported that they were working on some "inside information," but this was thought to be totally unsubstantial. Moreover, the president of the South Atlantic Detective Agency, learning of the latest success of the safe-crackers, sent two more men to the aid of Ralston and Rand. Their arrival brought added hopes to many, but Chief McNair was not disposed to entertain hopes at this late hour.

Another twenty-four hours passed, but this day also proved fruitless. Ralston, ever on the alert, was doing more than all three of his colleagues but as yet his efforts had failed to materialize. No new robberies had been heard of and crooks had presumably made themselves scarce by leaving the State. Also the police authorities of other towns which had been visited by the robbers had accomplished nothing. Thus the mystery was shrouded into more mystery as the hours came and went.

The coming of the third day brought no better news to the populace; likewise the fourth. Some of the detectives were ready to vacate. Rand had already signified his intention to leave. "It's of no use to fool with a proposition like this," he told Ralston. "Besides, there are too many of us working on it already."

"No, you must stay a day or two longer, retorted Ralston. "I've got a little evidence that I've withheld while waiting for other things to happen. Stay till tomorrow and we will have a fine wind-up of the whole affair. Then we'll all leave."

But Rand could not at first be persuaded to abandon his

purpose. Only after Chief McNair's admonition would he consent to remain a day longer.

Accordingly, on the next day, the four detectives and the chief of police met behind barred doors for a final "summing up" of the case. McNair acting as chairman, called for a statement from Rand.

"Well, Chief, I've worked four days trying to find a clue that would lead me to the guilty parties. Not finding that, I can't state positively anything that will be of value to you. However, I believe I can tell you about what happened: Those crooks breezed in here last Sunday and tackled Black's Department Store that night. Doubtless they hung around here, or possibly went to some nearby town and stole a car to come back in, and blew open the First National's safe on Monday night. Then they either got a car somewhere and drove to Unionton, where they blew up another safe or the bunch divided and two or three of them remained here to rob the bank while the others went on to Unionton. That's the best solution I can give."

Two other detectives acquiesced in this and Ralston alone differed with them. He was the last called upon to offer his opinion. Rising to his feet, he began in an even, confident-sounding tone: "Gentlemen, my opinion doesn't coincide with the opinions expressed by you. And to relieve your feelings, let me state that the mystery of the bank robbery has been solved and I'll guarantee that the culprit will be in jail within twenty-four hours. In fact he is right now in my presence. I'll tell you who he is first, and then explain how I reached my conclusion. The man that robbed the First National Bank is none other than my former friend and colleague, Maurice B. Rand."

This announcement was received with the utmost amazement on the part of the members of the small audience. Chief McNair shook his head slightly and the other two detectives from Ralston's agency greeted the declaration with

wide-open mouths. Rand himself sat motionless, the color fast rising to his cheeks. At last, his mouth twitching, he blurted out, "That's a lie! You say that because we're competitors on this job."

"It's no time to play jokes," protested McNair. "This is serious business."

"The most serious that I have ever been connected with," continued Ralston. "But I have evidence to corroborate me in my statement, I assure you, Mr. Rand; and if you will let me have the floor for five minutes I will convince you and all present of your guilt. To begin with, I found something inside the safe on the night of the robbery which, some time later, aroused my suspicions against you. It was a small piece of paper with the combination of the lock written on it. Later, investigation revealed that you had, on Monday night, gone to the branch office of the American Safe and Lock Company, located here, and under the pretext of finding out the combination of the lock on the vault used at Black's, had examined the Sales Record and Specification Book and had made a copy of the combination of the safe of the First National Bank. But for the fact that you were careless enough to drop this piece of paper inside the safe, Mr. Rand, you would be above suspicion now.

"Also I found that the hole bored in the safe at the bank was one-sixteenth of an inch larger than that used at Black's Store. Now safe-crackers are always shy of extra baggage and never carry two tools when one will suffice. And then another safe was opened forty miles from here. You don't suppose that they, while fleeing from the officers at Hinton, would tarry long enough to rob another safe, do you?

"But not being fully satisfied with this evidence, I looked into your financial condition. According to numerous business men, you have recently been in financial straits, and the last payment on your suburban home is due next month.

And then your motive in this case is enough to excite suspicion. You *voluntarily* came to the assistance of Mr. McNair. I know something of your past record and, so far as I am able to ascertain, this is the only time in your career that you've volunteered to help anyone.

"Yesterday another link was added to this already strong chain of evidence and I saw clearly into the case. Through one of the merchants of the city, I learned that on Monday night about eight o'clock you went into the First National Bank, by means of the key which you admit you borrowed, and carried your *small valise* with you. Now I am sure you had a time-charge in that valise. Under the pretext of examining the exterior of the safe, you rifled it, placed your explosives inside, timed to go off at 12:30, and incidentally dropped this small piece of paper. As a further precaution, you bored a hole in the door, just as the safe-crackers had done the night before. Having done this, you came to your room and went to bed.

I now hope that I have refreshed your memory a bit. If I have not I shall be glad to reiterate in detail your actions during the last five days—I have spoken."

"You'll be a detective some day, Kid," Rand managed to gulp out as McNair snapped a pair of handcuffs on the erstwhile successful detective.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE

R. S. AVERITT

In every soul there is some trace of the sentimental, some human philosophy which distinguishes him from the brute. There are some who can express these elements of the sublime in words that find reciprocity in our hearts and which move and excite our admiration. The surroundings are often incentive to the production of a great literature. The invigorating climate and beautiful scenes of Greece awakened in her soul that love of the intellectual beauty which has lifted her above all other peoples. The splendor and daring of the Elizabethan age stirred the souls of men of genius, making this one of the brightest periods in the production of a great and lasting literature. Just so has the South, the land of sunshine and flowers enkindled bright fires of genius which will forever burn in the halls of literary fame.

In the early beginning our literature was started not primarily by men of letters, but by men of action who had to contend with the rough forces of a country in its primeval state. Although perhaps simple and rugged these efforts mark the beginning of a new literature.

We are prone in our contemplation of literature to become overcome with admiration of the productions of other peoples and localities, and overlook the fact that our own Southland has produced much lasting literature. While it is well and good that we should be cosmopolitan in our views and avoid all tendencies of narrowness, it is a depressing thing to note the almost prevalent ignorance of the works of Southern men of letters.

The South has been unfortunate in the premature deaths of some of its most promising literary men, and because of certain civic reasons the work of the South has been too

much ignored. Our northern friends have entertained to some extent the idea that nothing good can come out of the South, but happily the South is now becoming more a figure of importance, and it is well that we should study the literature of what is now probably the most promising portion of the Union.

First in the sketch of Southern literature John Smith is pioneer. He gives us an accurate historical account of the pioneers of the new country which had come under his observation, and with true Elizabethan style portrays their daring adventures and struggles with the savage. These accounts possess the vividness and charm of Robinson Crusoe.

James Audubon in his "Birds of America," which is the most thorough and accurate work of its kind, possesses much literary ability and shows us something of the true mettle in the man.

Among our earliest political and advisory literature are "The Declaration of Independence" and "Farewell Address," the work of Jefferson and Washington respectively. These are truly national heritages.

The orator is certainly a great contributor to the literature of any nation, and the South claims as its immortal contributors such men as Clay, Calhoun, Henry and Grady.

Among the short story writers of the world Edgar Allan Poe ranks among the highest. Confining his prose works to the short story he made a permanent place for this branch of literature. Never before had the world seen such a consummation in this line. Poe was somewhat of a gloomy or morbid and calculative nature, and we find these characteristics reflected in his productions. A tinge of hopelessness, gloom, nervous dread and a lingering gaze at the horrible seem to characterize his prose writings. Among his best works are "Fall of the House of Usher," "Gold Bug," "Descent into the Maelstrom," "Murders in Rue Morgue," etc.

Swinburne, the great English critic, has said of America, "Once as yet and once only has there sounded one pure note of original song worth singing, and echoed from the singing of no other man, a song neither wide nor deep, but utterly true, rich music subtle and simple, sombre and sweet of Edgar Allan Poe." Not only in England but on the continent, Poe is appreciated as the greatest poet in America.

Poe's skill in attainment of sounds is surpassingly great; under his manipulation words take on a new sound and seem to flow in a stream of harmonies. He stands unrivaled in his alliteration, gradual deepening of vowels, intensifying pause and sudden outbreak of startling sounds. He brought beauty, simple beauty of sound. "The Raven," "Annabel Lee" and others are universally read and admired.

David Crockett is one of those "pioneer souls that blaze their paths where highways never ran." He is probably the only backwoodsman who has contributed to the literature of the South. "Exploits and Adventures in Texas" and "Tour of North and Down East" are spicy and interesting.

Mary Johnston writes well of colonial and civil war times. Among her many works are "Audrey," "Cease Firing," "To Have and To Hold."

Any man who can produce such a vocal problem as "Star Spangled Banner" deserves a place in this sketch. This man is Francis Scott Key.

Abram Ryan voices the pent up feelings of the South after the civil war in his poems. Among them are "Conquered Banner" and "Sword of Lee."

The works of Henry Timrod are more and more appreciated. He is consistent with the idea of poetry in that his object is to convey a message to man, and he is never lacking in quality of expression. "Cotton Boll" is a typical Southern poem.

Sidney Lanier is another of our poets. He has accomplished descriptive and musical effects not often equaled, which is

shown in "The Betrayal," "Corn," "Marsh Hymns" and "Chattahoochee" which are synonyms of nature.

Paul Haynes' poetry has an atmosphere of refinement and dreaminess. His "Lyric of Action" will raise any man from despondency to a new realization of life.

Mark Twain, that immortal humorist, profound historian and thrilling novelist has charmed many and varied readers. Especially "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are universally read and enjoyed. His other works, too numerous to mention, are well worth the time spent in reading.

One of the South's best novelists is W. G. Simms. Truly he has been called "The Cooper of the South." And indeed he has surpassed his northern contemporary in refinement of words and thought. His productive pen deals mostly with the early period of our history. "Scout," "Yemassee," "Melichampe" are somewhat typical of his works.

Joel Chandler Harris excels in folk-lore, securing lasting fame among young people for "Brer Rabbit," and with gifted pen has painted old plantation life.

Among others who write of the South and its plantation life, Thomas Nelson Page ranks high. His Civil War stories and negro dialect have gained him eminence. The pathos and unconventionality of his stories are the essentials of their charm. "Mars' Chan," "Old South and Social Life in Virginia," "On Newfound River," "Little Confederates," etc., have found their way to every Southerner's heart.

With true genius John Fox paints mountaineer life, and all have read with thrilling interest the stories of "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Thomas Dixon has won an enviable place as a creator of fascinating fiction. His is the voice that upholds the traditions of the South, and his setting forth the evils of the North in the period of Reconstruction days is the answer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All Southerners are loud in their praise of

the genius that produced "Leopard's Spots," "Clansman," "Birth of a Nation," "Traitor," and "Southerner."

The sweet songs of John Clarke McNeil are deserving of mention among the poems of the South. We see here a promise of more and better things had not the Grim Reaper come too soon.

O. Henry is one of our best short-story writers. He has a marvelous grasp upon the nature of men and his stories are interesting. As to their permanence in our literature the test of time will only show.

In such a sketch the lack of time and space prevents the adequate discussion of Southern authors which they merit. With the advent of the War and the social unrest which seems to have followed, it is hard to tell what will be the future of Southern letters. However, let us hope that after the affairs of the world have settled and things become normal again, the past achievements shall be a mere beginning and incentive to the consummation of literary talent, similar to if not surpassing that period which came to the English after their political and economic successes under Elizabeth.

THE WITHERED ROSE

O. E. G.

Go pick it up, the withered rose,
Lift it with tender care,
For highest heaven only knows
What hopes were centered there.

Last night 'twas pinned upon my coat
By a trembling, lily hand,
My joys like vapors then did float,
As from a tropic land.

Alas, today, like vapors too,
The mists have cleared away,
They're floating now beyond the blue,
And the gold of a dying day!

While here I sit and moan and pine,
And bewail the lover's fate,
Rings in my ear the "Never thine,"
"My love has turned to hate."

THE THIRTEENTH NIGHT

H. M. WATSON

Sheriff Moss laid down his pipe and gazed thoughtfully across the valley. To the right was Georgia Ball rearing its granite head into the clouds. To the left Satula stretched along in perfect symmetry for many miles. Just back of the spot where the sheriff sat was a rocky eminence known to the natives as the Blue Ridge, and to outsiders as the Great Divide. The water that fell on its eastern slope emptied into the Atlantic, while the water that fell on the western slope drained to the Mississippi, thence to the Gulf of Mexico. Directly facing the Divide lay Cashiers Valley, and it was across this valley the sheriff was gazing. The object at which he gazed resembled a light cloud, but to his experienced eye, it was smoke. And smoke down the valley meant moonshine whiskey, and moonshine meant a raid. This might mean either of two things—a peaceable capture or fight.

Calling to a long slim man who was lounging about the postoffice, he showed him the spot and asked his opinion.

"Red Eye," the other replied laconically.

"Are any of the boys around town today?" the sheriff asked, meanwhile philosophically putting a chew of tobacco almost the size of a hemp rope in his mouth.

"All but Budd. His leg still bothers him where Dan Williams plugged him the day we raided over in Shakerag."

"Rustle them up and tell them to be here at six o'clock this evening. We're going to take Alec Edwards' still tonight and him with it, or I'll stay down the valley till the last trumpet sounds. This is the third time, and nobody can say that Sheriff Moss tried to get anybody or anything three times and failed."

Left to himself, Sheriff Moss thought over the events of the past months.

He had raided twelve stills, and in all but two he had been successful, and had brought his prisoners back with him. To be sure, one of his men had been shot in the leg in the last raid, but such things were expected and made light of by his posse of well-trained men. The two unsuccessful attempts had been directed down the valley at Alec Edwards, who with his three sons and two sons-in-law, were reputed to own and operate the largest still in the country. And it was against this band of lawless men his efforts were directed tonight.

Sheriff Moss knew the country well. The spot where the still was supposed to be located was in a narrow cove almost inaccessible except by way of a little footpath at the lower end. Here one man might hold his own against great odds for almost any length of time. And old Alec had a guard posted at this point with orders to shoot, to kill.

With this fact before him he began planning for the night's work. As a boy he remembered hearing of a daring adventurer climbing up the bare-faced mountain at the upper end of the cove. If a man could come up, a man could go down was his line of reasoning, and he decided to make the attempt.

The moon had risen and was shedding a mellow light over mountain and valley when Sheriff Moss gathered his posse at the head of the cove. Here he explained his plans in detail and told each man what was expected of him. Then in single file they moved to the edge of the precipice that overlooked the cove. Calling to one of the men, who carried a rope coiled about his waist, he bade him tie it about a short stumpy oak that hung over the edge. When this was done, the sheriff after testing its strength, swung over the side and lowered himself into the cove.

How it happened no one ever knew, but when the sheriff

was almost down a rifle barked from the darkness somewhere and the watchers from above saw the rope part some yards above his head. This was a dilemma, only one rope had been brought and it was in the bottom of the cove; the sheriff was also down there. Picking himself up unhurt but puzzled as to what had happened, the sheriff looked about him. He knew he was face to face with six desperate and lawless men who would not hesitate to kill him. Those above could not help him up, neither could they get down, so the battle was six to one with Law and Justice with the one.

Picking himself up unhurt, but puzzled as to what had given way, the sheriff glanced around him. No one was in sight. He looked up and saw the ragged end of the rope far above him. This brought the truth of the situation home and he immediately sought cover. Groping through underbrush and wading small streams he finally came to an opening that seemed to be the site of an old house, but upon examination it proved to be merely a cleared place in the forest. This he knew was where wood was cut to operate the still. Seeking cover once more, he continued around the clearing and finally came to a trail that led down to a small spring. Following this trail was a difficult job, but still more difficult was the position he would be in if he did not follow it.

Slipping quietly along and stopping often to listen, he finally came to an old moss-covered chestnut tree that had fallen across the path. With one foot raised he listened, then without the slightest noise the foot was lowered and his body followed it behind the log. He had not long to wait, a snapping of dead sticks was the indication of the approach of someone.

Silently, the sheriff raised himself and looked over the log. Not ten feet from him was old man Alec. Each saw the other and sprang forward, but the sheriff was not full

of mean liquor and the clean life he lived served him to a good purpose now. With a mighty effort he broke the other's grip from his throat and lunged a powerful blow at his head. Had it landed fairly there would have been no more of Alec, but it was a glancing blow and only stunned him. A sharp pain ran up the sheriff's arm, and turned him sick. He knew he had sprained his wrist and the fight was only commencing. Alec had recovered enough to draw his pistol and with a quick upward movement fired, but his stunned condition rendered his aim unsteady and he missed. Then both men fired together. Edwards fell forward on his face and lay still. Sheriff Moss reeled but caught himself, since Alec's bullet had taken effect in the sprained arm which now hung useless. The fight was on. With one man out of it, and he himself in a crippled condition, the situation was not improved and any minute he might expect an attack from the other five. This attack was not long in coming. Hurrying footsteps could be heard coming up the trail and angry voices wanted to know what was wrong. He dropped behind his log and waited.

"Halt in the name of the law."

"To hell with the law," someone answered.

The sheriff raised his pistol and fired. A groan and thud testified that another man had gone on that journey from which no traveler returns.

The fighting now took on the aspect of Indian warfare, each man behind a tree. Occasionally a gun spoke; in half an hour the sheriff had received three more wounds while two more of his assailants had followed the first two.

Weary and sick from loss of blood the sheriff waited; everything was quiet. Had the remaining two fled? He did not know. Presently a shout from above drifted down to him. This meant his men had at last found a rope and were coming down, but he was not the only one to hear that shout. The guard at the lower end of the passage had

heard it also. This was made known to him by the crashing through the woods which all the time came nearer.

"Who would get there first?"

The guard, accompanied by the sixth man of the outlaws, arrived first. They looked around and seemed about to turn back when one of them stumbled over old Alec. After a brief consultation they separated and moved cautiously about the battle ground. They were not long in discovering all four of their kinsmen. Then, after another consultation, they again began searching. Both came upon the sheriff at once. Springing at him, one was met by a bullet from his 44 between the eyes. He closed with the other and then began the most desperate battle of mountain history. Old people still tell the story of how they fought and died with their fingers gripping each others' throats, and how they were found by the sheriff's posse, each with a smile on his face—the sheriff, because he had upheld the law; the outlaw, because he had avenged his kinsmen.

AMERICA, MISSIONARY OF A NEW CIVILIZATION

LACY M. BUTLER

America in its present condition is a thrifty, progressive and inviting section of the world. The guiding influence in American progress has been distinctively American. The consciousness of inherent power equal to their responsibility has possessed the people, and a spirit of self-reliance and commercial and industrial self-direction without any show of arrogance, has become dominant. In the morning of a new era, America stands confident but modest, knowing its shortcomings and capabilities and realizing its possible mastery of both. Its people have their faces to the future, although they revere the past, honor the leaders of this old nation, and hold in becoming veneration their heroes of the rostrum and battlefield. They are awakening more and more to the priceless value of the magnificent heritage that has come to them in America's traditions and ideals, its natural resources, advantageous location, and vast possibilities of wealth and power; and above all the rôle which America is destined to play in the New Civilization.

A study of America today should bring to light its strength and weakness, its excellences, and its deficiencies, its powers and its perils, its potentialities and its possibilities. As in every country the chief interest is in its people—the fiber of its being—the ideals that rule them, the convictions that stir and stay them, and the hopes that inspire them. Since the human spirit finds expression in the institutions which it creates and maintains and since by man's efforts and achievements his motives and capabilities are revealed, a thorough study of America must deal with the industries and employments of the people and the educational pro-

esses and religious faiths by which they have come into their present social, intellectual, and moral life.

The true Americans, since the dawn of America's history, have stood firmly for patriotism. Patriotism is devotion to the welfare of one's country. That devotion should be intelligent as well as sacrificial. Every citizen should be made to realize that this nation has a mission in this world, a human task to perform, a spiritual end to reach. Without this nation the world would be greatly impoverished. God is setting forward Christianity through the instrumentality of America.

God chose Israel for a world service, to be limited by neither space nor time. Through Israel, as a vessel, the human race has received a purified, objectified, and unified revelation divine in content and priceless in value. Has not God chosen this American Nation to make known this revelation, interpret into living acts its supreme principles, and apply with a consistent humility the Divine Power that attends such human service? Nations speak as wholes and not as parts. America has spoken almost universally for morality, Christianity and virtue. What America continues to be in spirit, manner and action will have much to do with the New Civilization. The Christianization, edification and exaltation of a nation becomes a world service, and through that a human service.

The American republic stands for more than an Eldorado of wealth. In wealth there is power, but the highest values are not subject to the mint. The national resources may be turned into coin and currency, but unless they are also transmitted in great spirits capable of uplifting the oppressed and humiliated they become as dust and ashes. America with her coin and currency has made and is making a strong endeavor to let her light so shine that its rays will illuminate the remotest corners of the earth.

America's greatest day is in the dawning. Over the eastern sky the signs of golden promise spread with fascinating beauty and illuminating hope. Once this nation lay prostrate on her shield, when the dark clouds of war had descended and left her towns and cities in ashes, had laid waste her fair and fertile plains, and the Death Angel had smitten thousands of her promising young manhood. But, thank God, the long helpless years of dreary toil and meager returns have found their ending. There is daybreak everywhere. The song of the new morning has the note of good will and the cheer of buoyant hopefulness. Whatever task is ahead, the power to meet it is at hand. Problems may multiply and their difficulties increase, but if we use the light of education and Christianity, so that this light will be dominant in our hearts, I repeat, this light will become radiant in the remotest parts of the world. America is confident of developed ability to carry forward the mission committed to it. The church of America, whatever its name and order, was never more hopeful, more aggressive, more progressive nor more engaged. The great fundamentals in faith and the essentials in experience receive just emphasis.

We may well say that the past is in our keeping, but our future responsibilities are across the waters. To us the troubled peoples of the earth are turning their eager faces. Our task is not easy and only by Him to whom all authority hath been given in heaven and earth shall our tasks be accomplished.

Our responsibility is appalling. We stand in the pass behind which the world's interests are guarded. Henry W. Grady once said: "We carry the hopes of the human race in fulfilling the commands of the most High. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic, establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the

nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at peace in the harbor of universal liberty." Now it is for us—for America—to decide whether the beacon light—the light of education, Christianity, and Democracy—shall be established across the waters, thereby preserving the highest principles for which our boys laid bare their bosoms to Prussian steel. Shall the mission be fulfilled? That is the issue.

A CHINESE ROMANCE

S. E. AYERS

Kow Mai Li woke up with a start. Today was the time she would have to leave this room and this home which had sheltered her all her girlhood days. She had now been engaged more than eight years. As Chinese custom dictated, she had never seen the man who was to be her husband. The go-between had arranged everything with parents on both sides, and after much going backwards and forwards, plans had been completed for the wedding today. The fortune teller had decided that the horoscopes of the couple agreed; presents had been exchanged; and at last two of the three days of feasting, gaiety, and ancestor worship immediately prior to the wedding had been celebrated. Already the gongs and horns had started their third day's chant and her mother had called her to get up for the morning feast and ancestor worship.

As she lay there half awake, half asleep, an inexpressible fear came over her. She had never seen this man Lieu Kwang Chi, to whom the go-between and her parents had decided she should be married. She had heard he was very wealthy and had paid a high price for her hand. Also, it was whispered, he was many years her senior! And Dame Rumor had even gone so far as to tell her that he already had four wives, and that his mother was still living. She knew from common report what she might expect from the older wives, and from her poor mother's experiences that a tyrannical mother-in-law might cause endless trouble. For in this far off land of Cathay the highest ambition of a woman is to be a mother-in-law, because it is in this capacity only that woman is ever granted a place above her kind in any manner,

whatever, and here her power is absolute except when antipodal to the wishes of the son whose wives she controls.

Little Kow Mai Li's mind rebelled. Why must she be forced into such subjection to a man and woman she had never seen? It could not be right. True her ancestors were married in the same way and far be it from her to dispute the fact that they were right—that would be sacrilege and audacity of the worst character. However, she had heard that foreigners in other countries did not manage their matrimonial affairs in this manner. Could it not be possible, after all that they were right? She had heard that they did not even marry at all unless they desired. Surely they must live in an ideal country.

As she thought in this train, her mind reverted to Chang Liu Kong. She thought of the scandal he created when he left the year before. His parents had engaged him about ten years ago to a girl he had never seen. In his younger days he had not regretted it, but two or three years before the wedding was due, he had gone to school in a large port city where several hundred foreigners resided. Here he had imbibed ideas which were absolutely revolutionary to those of his ancestors, and when he came back, so shocked his old father by saying his ancestors were out of date and by refusing to marry, that he was immediately disinherited and driven out of the village in disgrace.

All this was well known in the village and was the favorite topic of conversation at the village-inn for many a moon. There were some of his ideas, though, which were known by only one. And Kow Mai Li's heart beat fast as she thought of these.

Mr. Chang's home was next door to her own and the two days he was home, absolutely defying precedent, they had held three conversations over the back yard wall. He had told her of how he had watched her from afar for many a year, but custom had forbidden him to speak. Now he had

thrown custom overboard and was living according to the dictates of his own will and conscience. He had long realized that she was the only girl he could ever love and he had decided that he would never marry without love.

"But," retorted Kow Mai Li during the last of these conversations, "it would be impossible for us to arrange a wedding and our parents would never agree to such a request because we have seen each other too often."

Whereupon Chang, undaunted, replied, "Why have an old-fashioned wedding? Let's run away and be married in Chefoo by a Christian pastor."

"*How kiah ho!* Run away! You speak rashly. The spirits of our ancestors would never finish reaping vengeance on us if we so broke their honorable precedent."

"Hang our ancestors!"

"Chang Liu Kong! It is a wonder the dragon doesn't devour you immediately!"

"Hang the dragon, too!" And Chang looked angry—but controlling his temper, said tenderly, "Kow Mai Li I see you have the same opinion of my ideas as the other people of the village. They have given me two hours to get out. I must now hasten. The time will soon be up. I hope you will excuse my audacity for even daring to approach this subject with you, but Mai Li, if ever you change your mind, if possible get someone who can write to drop me a few characters to the address on this slip of paper. In the meanwhile, good luck." And he was gone.

Kow Mai Li had often thought of this episode. In fact it was the biggest event of her life—as it would have been in the monotonous life of most Chinese women—but it never affected her before as it did this morning. It only took a few minutes for all the details of the occurrence to pass through her mind as she prepared for breakfast. She was wondering if, after all, he could not have been right. If only he could save her from the life she was about to enter

today! But impossible. It was now too late. And as she put the finishing touch to her hair and rushed out at the third visit of her mother to call her for breakfast, she tried to dismiss the picture from her mind.

Breakfast that morning was unusually quiet. They were really rather an affectionate family, but in China between man and woman affection is rarely openly expressed. However, tears were very near her old father's eyes. He loved his youngest child more than any of the others even though she was a girl, and hated to see her leave a great deal more than he would confess even to himself. Her mother, too, had to leave the table twice, and her brothers were unusually polite. She herself ate very little, and could scarce control her emotions during her short stay at the table!

As soon as the meal was completed, her attendants, two neighbor women, called in for the occasion, retired with her and her mother to prepare her for the wedding. Everything she wore, as custom required, was red and gaudy. Her feet were bound even tighter than usual, paint and powder were liberally applied to her face, and her hair was for the first time unbraided and done up on top of her head, signifying that she was married.

By the time this was accomplished, the procession of the bridegroom coming after her was already in sight, and the clanking music of the Oriental band opening up as it entered the village, could be distinctly heard. She only had time for a brief farewell to the family and friends who came to bid her adieu and to knock her head three times on the ground before the ancestral tablets, before a flourish of the bugles announced that the bridegroom had arrived.

No, she did not rush out to meet him. Neither did he seem anxious to see her. That would have been extreme immodesty. Instead she had a heavy red veil put over her face through which she could not see at all and was pulled through a passage lined by curious onlookers and noisy

musicians—so-called—to the sedan chair behind that of her prospective husband. And “pulled” is literal, because King Precedent said she should prove her gentle birth by being loath to break her virgin ties, but instead must be forced into matrimonial life. In this case the rule was true from whatever angle viewed.

Once seated, amidst harsh harsh clanking Chinese music, which reminds one of the infernal region itself, and amid the noisy gossipy chatter of curious onlookers, friends and relatives, the bearers picked up the sedan chairs of the bride and groom, the standard bearers their banners, the musicians their instruments and the long train started slowly down the dusty road on its three mile journey to the groom’s home in the neighboring village.

To describe the emotions of Kow Mai Li, as she sat silently in her stuffy, inclosed chair, would be a task impossible for the most fluent writer. The match held no charm for her. However, she had fully decided to make the best of it and to be as agreeable and pleasant as possible in her new home. As she sat there she was making plans of this kind when suddenly—

Bang! Crash! What was it? She heard loud shouts and excited scuffling! Men were running hither and thither. She was just pulling aside her veil to see if she could find out the cause when—Crash! Her bearers dropped her chair, and while she heard screams and fighting around her, some one snatched off the curtain from the front of her chair, grabbed her round the waist and pulled her out. She tried to pull off her veil, but it was caught.

The man who bore her first darted from one side to another, then straight ahead. Soon she heard the splashing of water. It sounded as though he were wading, then amid screams and kicks, she was deposited in a soft comfortable seat and someone was assisting her in getting off her tangled veil. It was now off! She gazed wildly about! All around

her was water. She was seated in the bow of a rowboat. Then centering her gaze straight in front of her, she gasped! Could it really be he or was she dreaming! She jumped to her feet!

"Chang Liu Kong!"

"Yes, Mai Li, what can I do for you?"

"What? How—"

"Don't be excited, Mai Li. I'll explain. I merely organized a little relief party to save you from Lieu Kwang Chi. I heard that he treated his wives very badly and resolved that you should not be doomed to live with him. So we attacked the wedding party on its way home and brought you here. However, you may have your choice. Yonder lies a steamboat. If you go with me in one day we will be out of the river into the ocean and in three more days safe in South China, where with their ancestral ways of transportation and communication, we will never be found by the people of this section of the country. Will you go or will you stay? Speak quickly for yonder comes the vanguard of Lieu's ruffians! Which?"

"I'll go!"

"Good!" And turning to his men Chang Liu Kong instructed them to push the rowboat off from shore. Then turning to Kow Mai Li, "Will you eh—eh—will you go as my wife or as my adopted sister?"

Kow Mai Li hung her head and blushing replied, "As you wish."

"Fine! There is a minister on board."

* * * * *

Here the curtain was drawn, but we learned that they are now living happily in their South China home, and as civilization is advancing fast in China, the people back in the little home village have changed their ideas greatly and peace now exists with parents of both the bride and groom.

CALLING

O. E. G.

Strange sounds do I hear in the dim, hollow distance,
A music it seems, a music vast, charming,
I know not its nature and yet it is soothing,
'Tis sweetly alluring, and strangely alarming.

Strange fancies I feel, arise in my bosom,
Afrightened I am, I tremble with fear,
For what mean those fancies, untinged by the sunshine,
And the sound of the music which comes to my ear?

Strange voices too, I hear in the distance,
And they seem calling, seem calling to me,
Oh, what mean the voices, I hear in the gloaming
And are they calling from over a sea?

I know what it is that comes from the shadows,
I know all the sounds—the music, the calling,
'Tis music from Heaven, the fancies are youth's
And the voices are HOPES to buoy my falling.

The Wake Forest Student

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VOL. XXXIX

NOVEMBER, 1919

No. 2

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

The Athletic
League

THE STUDENT wishes to give its hearty endorsement to the movement now being carried on among the colleges of this State to form a league of college athletics in North Carolina. The purpose of this movement is to effect some definite basis on which state championships in basketball and baseball may be decided without recourse to the "claiming" method, so long in vogue in intercollegiate athletics.

The operation of such a league as proposed is simple. Championships are to be determined purely on a percentage basis. Every college in the State is to play at least two games with every other college in the state; other games may be played but are not reckoned in determining the winner. As the season progresses the results are to be tabulated and from time to time published in the state press, to show the exact standing of each college in the league. The minor details have not yet been worked out, but it is understood that this will be done at an early date by representatives of the various colleges.

The advantages of such a league are obvious. Under the present system, or rather lack of system, the close of each basketball or baseball season finds at least two or more contenders claiming first honors. The natural desire of every institution to boast a championship team makes every contestant prone to assert its claims, however meager those claims may be. Last spring's baseball championship bears eloquent testimony to this fact: Carolina, Trinity and Wake Forest, each supporting what it believed to be its rightful claims, sought to hold the State championship as its own. The history of intercollegiate athletics in North Carolina is a succession of such disputes. Again, the task of declaring championships has been rendered more complex by the refusal of certain colleges to play other colleges. Due to various causes athletic relations have been severed; feelings not altogether pleasant have existed between institutions in this State. The league will serve as a panacea for these various athletic wounds and a more cordial feeling will be a natural result. The championship will be definitely declared and the winner will enjoy the unique satisfaction of being the undisputed champion of the State.

**The 75 Million
Campaign**

Of nation-wide interest is the 75 Million Dollar Campaign which is now being waged among Southern Baptists. So much excitement has this campaign created that from the lowliest hamlet churches to the great edifices of our beautiful cities, this is indeed the most interesting of all topics that Baptists now are wont to discuss. MILLIONS FOR THE MASTER is the slogan; millions not only of money but of souls for the enrichment of God's kingdom and it would seem from the earnestness of Baptist activity that the word "fail" is absolutely foreign to Baptist thought. And indeed it is. We are going about this work with a determination that will undoubtedly win. We are going about it systematically, sympathetically and, above all things, humbly, yet realizing that great are our responsibilities and likewise great our capabilities. We realize also that we are a powerful sect. Twenty-five thousand individual, self-governing churches and having three million members all united and pressing onward toward a great goal!

That Baptists everywhere have taken this thing seriously to heart is every day being demonstrated. Dr. Geo. W. Truett has made the assertion, verified by his own observation, that more was done by Baptists within two months after that memorable conference which was held in Atlanta last May than in the six years previous. Astonishing? Yes and no; yes, because in a sense it seems impossible that such a thing could possibly result; no, because it can result, for when earnest, Christian workers become thoroughly engrossed in the Master's business and talk about it, and work about and pray about it, something is certainly going to be done. This is what Southern Baptists have done, are doing, and will do.

Every one realizes that the need is imperative. Who has not heard within the past few months the cry for better accommodations in our schools, who has not heard the cry

for more missionaries in our foreign fields, who has not heard the cries of orphans, aged ministers, poor struggling students, every one worthy of aid? For these and other causes will this money be spent. May God hasten the day when Southern Baptists will go over the top and far over the top as already many of the local churches have done.

In looking over some of the copies of **THE STUDENT** which were published a number of years ago we find that nearly every copy contained very creditable work both in prose and verse. Comparing these issues with some of more recent date, the question unconsciously arises, are the students of Wake Forest exercising their ability to write as they should? We who are profoundly interested in that phase of college work are inclined to think that it is lack of interest which is the cause of the shortage of **STUDENT** material.

Certainly there are men in the student body who have a talent for writing even if there may be a limited number of geniuses among us. Writing upon the assumption that we do have a large number of talented men in the student body, we are prone to wonder why is the lack of interest. The assertion that activity and excitement are mortal enemies to the gentle muses can hardly be reckoned as a vital question with us, since the only commotion now in Wake Forest is on rare occasions a report of a clash with a Georgia Tech Tornado or an invasion of Meredith and Oxford dames, and surely these should be excellent themes for ardent young story writers or dreamy eyed poets.

Another notable aspect about **THE STUDENT** material is that it is nearly all contributed by the men of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. What is the matter with the Juniors and Seniors? Have they become so engrossed in science or something as to forget entirely the fine art of

writing? Lack of opportunity is certainly not a cause for lack of STUDENT material for, as we all know, the opportunities here are practically unlimited. The best essays, short stories and poems which are offered are published each month and a medal is awarded each year for the best essay and also the best short story. Are not these inducements golden enough to stop the cry each month for STUDENT material?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

The college authorities are much gratified over the registration for this fall. Hardly a day has passed since the opening that some new man has not registered. The latest report of the Bursar shows that 508 men have matriculated.

The local Y. M. C. A. was fortunate in having Lieutenant Governor O. Max Gardner to address the association at its regular weekly meeting on Monday night, September 22d. Mr. Gardner is a fine speaker and a large audience greeted him.

Mr. R. P. Burns, B.A., '19, has recently been appointed Instructor in History for this session.

Politics have been unusually active this fall. The following class officers have been elected:

Senior—President, O. T. Glenn; Vice President, R. T. Liles; Secretary, C. T. Wilkinson; Treasurer, S. M. Pruette; Historian, F. C. Feezor; Poet, J. D. Robbins.

Junior—President, S. A. Duncan; Vice President, E. N. Pope; Secretary, W. M. Watkins; Treasurer, R. B. Groves; Historian, G. B. Barefoot; Poet, T. O. Pangle.

Sophomore—President, O. O. Allsbrook; Vice President, T. J. Moss; Secretary, C. C. Carpenter; Treasurer, H. O. Pearson; Historian, H. E. Monteith; Poet, G. L. Edwards.

Freshmen—President, D. J. Lewis; Vice-President, R. W. Slate; Secretary, I. B. Hudson; Treasurer, R. K. Charles; Historian, H. O. Deaton; Poet, E. S. Elliott.

Medical—President, F. C. Wilkinson; Vice President, J. K. Outlaw; Secretary, L. A. Warrick; Treasurer, S. Chaplin; Historian, H. W. Lee; Poet, G. C. Mitchell.

Law—President, C. M. Austin; Vice President, D. B. Johnson; Secretary, T. B. Mauney; Treasurer, J. B. Odum; Poet, H. M. Watson.

Ministerial—President, W. G. Camp; Vice President, A. D. Kinnett; Secretary, H. M. Stroup.

We note with pleasure the presence of a new enterprise in our college community, known as the College Book Store. Already it has become very popular among the students, and it promises to fill a long felt need at Wake Forest.

At a meeting of the student body soon after the opening of college, Mr. C. M. Austin was unanimously elected cheer leader. Mr. Austin, with the approval of the student body, appointed Mr. J. B. Odum as his assistant.

The Senate Committee has been appointed, consisting of the following: B. T. Ward, Chairman; Seniors, C. R. Hamrick, W. M. Lovelace, F. W. Clontz, T. C. Wyatt, L. S. Clark, D. B. Johnson; Juniors, A. R. Whitehurst, L. Y. Ballentine; Sophomore, R. S. Averitt.

Quite a large representation of both the student body and the town went to Raleigh on October 7 to hear Dr. George W. Truett, when he spoke there in the interest of the 75 Million Campaign.

President W. L. Poteat has delivered a number of addresses during the last few months in behalf of the 75 Million Campaign.

The Wake Forest public school opened on September 15th with an enrollment of over 200. Mr. H. M. Honeycutt is principal of the school.

Class basketball will soon be in order. The various teams have been hard at work for several weeks, and the schedule of class games to be played to determine the class championship will be published at an early date.

At its monthly meeting held on Sunday evening, September 21st, the Wake Forest Missionary Society enjoyed the privilege of hearing Dr. B. W. Spillman.

The *Howler* staff has lost no time in making plans for the 1920 Annual. Work has already begun and Business Manager LeRoy announces that this year's *Howler* is to contain many new features. It is to come from the press at an earlier date than usual this year.

Members of the law class have manifested an unusual interest in moot court this fall. The court was organized early and several interesting cases have already been disposed of.

The following men are to compose the Honor Committee this year: C. C. Warren, Chairman; Senior Class, H. C. Brewer; Junior, J. L. Bundy; Sophomore, T. C. Allen; Freshman, J. F. Blackman; Medical, R. G. Sowers; Law, H. M. Watson; Ministerial, T. E. Walters.

The Knowlton Glee and Banjo Club delighted a large audience in Memorial Hall on the evening of October 9th, when, under the auspices of the College Glee Club and Orchestra, they rendered an enjoyable program.

Dr. W. L. Poteat spoke at the evening service of the local church on Sunday, October 5th.

Work in the Literary Societies is now in full swing. Both societies have taken in a large number of new men and the prospects for a successful year's work are very bright.

Beginning on Monday evening, September 22d, a B. Y. P. U. training school was conducted for a week. Dr. B. W. Spillman was superintendent and was ably assisted by Dr. J. B. Turner and Rev. J. D. Moore of Raleigh. The three classes, under the instruction of these men, were largely attended and untold benefit was derived from the work.

On Sunday evening, October 12th, the college and community were delighted with what, in the opinion of every one present, was one of the most impressive church entertainments ever attended. Under the direction of Mrs. E. B. Earnshaw, a pageant representing the causes for which the 75 million dollars of our gigantic campaign will be used, was given. Dr. R. T. Vann made a short but striking address relative to the campaign. On the whole, it was an enjoyable occasion and every one present was made to feel, more nearly, the importance of the campaign.

HEROES OF THE WORLD WAR
FROM
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

BERRY BUFORD BOST
ANDREW JACKSON HARRIS
PERCY C. HARWARD
AURENUS TILDEN HOWARD
HAYWOOD T. LOCKERMAN
THOMAS SIMS MAST
COLLIER CARLTON OLIVE
JOHN EDWIN RAY
GORDON L. RHODES
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KEMP BATTLE ROBERTS
TILTON YOUNG ROBERTSON
MAC CLAUDIUS ROBINSON
EDWARD HANSON SMITH
LLOYD WOOD SPEIGHT
PAUL EVANS SPRINKLE
ADLAI EWING STEVENSON
ROBERT HURST TURNER
HUGH DAVID WARD
SIDNEY W. WHITE

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

A. J. Hutchins, B.A. '14, was recently elected principal of the Asheville High School. The new \$300,000 concrete structure was dedicated and opened to students September 26, 1919. It will accommodate one thousand pupils, and is one of the most modern and convenient buildings of its kind in the South.

Henry A. Davis, for three years a student here, has recently married and is preaching in Virginia.

P. L. Elliott, B.A. '19, is principal of Mitchell Collegiate Institute at Bakersville, North Carolina.

On September 29th last Dr. C. B. Williams, B.A. '91, was inaugurated as president of Howard College, Alabama.

Dr. H. M. Vann, B.S. '16, has succeeded Dr. G. A. Aiken as professor of anatomy here. Dr. Vann made an enviable record in the medical corps of the A. E. F.

W. F. Taylor, who received both the B.S. and M.A. degrees here, was promoted to the associate professorship in the department of medicine.

Hunter Creech, LL.B. '14, is practicing law as partner to Hon. C. C. Daniels, brother to our Secretary of the Navy. Their office is located at 40 Broad Street, New York City.

L. L. Carpenter, B.A., of Wake Forest, and Th.D., of Louisville Seminary, is pastor of the Forest Avenue Baptist Church of Greensboro. He succeeds S. C. Hilliard, a young Wake Forest man who died a year ago of influenza.

Leon T. Vaughn, B.A. '02, is a prominent attorney in Nashville, North Carolina, and is associated with Hon. W. A. Finch.

Johnson J. Hays, LL.B. '09, is Solicitor of the Seventh District.

W. Harvey Vann, M.A. '08, is professor of English at Baylor College, Texas.

W. A. Queen, B.S., '19, is instructor of chemistry in North Carolina State College at Raleigh.

C. M. McCurry, B.A. '18, is professor of English at the Citadel, Charleston, S. C. Prof. McCurry was assistant in English at Wake Forest last session.

Gordon R. Herring, B.A. '19, is teaching in Soochow, China.

L. S. Spurling, B.A. '19, is assistant superintendent of the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton, N. C.

J. R. Crozier, B.S. '13, is practicing medicine successfully in Raleigh. Dr. Crozier was one of the most popular coaches who ever held that position at Wake Forest.

Robert R. Mallard, B.A. '19, is continuing his law course at the University of Virginia.

A. L. Fletcher, remembered here as a forensic artist, has recently returned from France and has accepted a commission as captain in the newly organized North Carolina National Guard.

Philip E. White, B.A. '19, is principal of the high school at Louisville, N. C.

It is interesting to note that Wake Forest College furnishes presidents for Wake Forest, Meredith, State and Chowan colleges in North Carolina, Anderson and Coker colleges in South Carolina, Mercer University in Georgia, and Howard College in Alabama, besides numerous high school principals in this and other states. For fifteen years Dr. E. M. Poteat, a Wake Forest man, was president of Furman University in South Carolina. Here's to Wake Forest!

John R. Jones, LL.B. '09, is becoming noted as a criminal lawyer in western North Carolina.

The sum of \$500 has been endowed by the trustees of the College, of which sum the income is to be used as a prize for the best paper on original research in the field of political science. This amount was contributed by the classmates of Mac C. Robinson, of Lunday, N. C., who died in the service.

Lawrence T. Gibson, LL.B. '19, holds a responsible position in the Bank of Gibson.

J. D. Cowan, B.A. '19, is assistant cashier of the Jackson County Bank of Sylva, N. C.

Phil H. Neal, B.A. '19, and Houston L. Gwynn are studying medicine in the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond.

Ennis Bryan, B.S. '19, has a position with the Bank of Scotland Neck, at Scotland Neck, N. C.

W. E. Jordan, B.S. '17, is instructor in chemistry at N. C. State College.

The Alumni editor would appreciate any information regarding the activities of Wake Forest Alumni.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOL, Editor

One attraction gone—"Farewell, dear, I will never be able to feel the same toward you again."

"O, George! What have you done?"

"Nothing, dear. I'm just going to cut off my mustache."—Ohio *Sun-Dial*.

Dr. Gulley (on Law): "Mr. Mann, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Newish Mann: "At the bottom."

Newish President, Lewis: "Who is Annie Versary?"

Newish Pollard (seeing the dome on the church): "What is that water tank for?"

Pat Gordon: "That is the baptistry."

R. D. Poe (hearing the dinner bell): "Which of Shakespeare's plays does that remind you of?"

R. S. Averitt: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Dr. Gulley: "Mr. Scarborough, what is a jury?"

Red Scarborough: "A body of men organized to find out who has the best lawyer."

Dr. Kitchen (giving a test): "In what states and conditions does Pellagra appear?"

Tatum: "In North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and in New York, under abnormal conditions."

G. N. Thomas (arriving late at Wake Forest-Davidson football game): "What quarter are they playing?"

Leroy: "Second."

Newish Moseley: "How many quarters do they play?"

Dr. Kitchen (at hospital): "Where has all the cocaine gone?"

Dr. Vann: "I had to operate on one of Ellis' toes."

Boylin: "What's the trouble Duncan, you look sleepy?"

Duncan H. H.: "I've just been on History I."

C. G. Pool (on Physics Lab.): "These shot would be good to shoot a rabbit with."

Prof. Lake: "O, no, no, no, no. Now, don't you talk about shooting a rabbit with my shot."

LEST WE FORGET

That we should keep quiet at the postoffice.

That the boys are still feeding their eyes at every passing train.

That "Glee Club" Jones is back in school.

That the Apex joke fell through.

That Gifty Frazier has fallen out with Pears.

That Gifty Carpenter likes a girl.

WANTED TO KNOW

Why on September 10th "Red" Allsbrook was asked if he was running a cigar counter in his room.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Published by the

EUZELIAN AND PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETIES
of Wake Forest College, North Carolina

PURE IN TONE and commendable in aim, it appeals for support to the Alumni of Wake Forest, to the friends of the College and to all interested in intellectual development.

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For further information, address

C. R. HAMRICK,
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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXXIX

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 3

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

—
G. A. BRIGGS
—

The summer sun has long since set,
The robins' "chirp" has left the lawn.
Nor sings the cheerful thrasher yet,
To soothe the eve or wake the dawn.

The North-wind breathes a chilling blast
Which orders: "Gay leaves, off to bed!"
Bare fields and forests stand aghast,
All Nature's train doth now seem dead.

"Too soon," the frosty morning tells,
"The white snowflakes to earth will glide."
But with them come the joyful bells
With glorious chimes of "Christmastide."

DOWN FROM DELPHI ON A DONKEY

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

"I get you donkey—safe, cheap. Bargain at five franc," said mine host.

Now, when a Greek offers you a bargain, be on your guard. You will be fleeced to your very skin. But without a knowledge of the language, the traveler is as a lamb dumb before his shearers; so there was nothing for me to do but plank down my money, and trust to my usual good luck.

"Voilà votre âne!" (Your donkey's come!) cried the garcon.

If mine host had searched Greece over he could not have raked up a more vicious brute. Beneath the mountain of a pack saddle, he looked all ears and nose. His color was a sandy-grey; his nose was a savage Roman; and his eyes were all white. At the very beginning, he resented having my grip strapped to his side, and when I dropped into place on the packsaddle, his great ears went back in angry protest.

The driver went away for his cudgel and we were left alone. The great wall-eyes were turned upon me maliciously.

"Have we been introduced? My name is Asmodeus Androgeroumenous, son of the same. What's yours?"

"My name is Benjamin, Son of the Strong Right-Hand."

"Well, Benjamin, Son of the Strong Right-Hand, have you said your prayers today?"

"Yes, Asmodeus."

"Have you confessed yourself?"

"No, Asmodeus. I am a Protestant and don't have any sins to confess."

"Humph! Better turn Greek and stop at the little church out yonder and confess yourself. I kill most of the people that try to ride me."

I reached back and seized the long bushy tail.

"Now, look here, Asmodeus; the very moment you begin cutting any of your capers, out comes this end of your anatomy. You understand?"

The great head went down submissively. "Well, you've got me on the rump, Benjamin, but I call that an asinine trick."

Here the driver returned with his cudgel and with much thumping, flying out of heels, and shrill shouting, we were off, down the village street, followed by a mob of jeering little boys and barking dogs.

Half-way down the street, Asmodeus, paused where the by-way sloped away as steep as stair-steps.

"I love to go down this place sidewise, Benjamin. Then if I fall, you'll be under the bottom."

I turned and quickly threw my legs over on the upper side.

"All right, Asmodeus; now fall if you dare."

The brute sighed and began to drop down the slope like a ball rolling down steps.

"Well, Benjamin, you're mighty cute, and I see you've been used to donkeys, but you just wait a while, Son of the Strong Right-Hand."

At every open gateway, Asmodens would make a savage rush to enter, and only the united pounding of driver and rider could induce him to forego.

"You are very cruel, Benjamin, not to let a poor donkey stop to call on his old neighbors."

"But remember my boat, Asmodeus, I must be at Itca by five o'clock."

"Oh, bother the boat. There'll be another one day after tomorrow."

Here a patch of greenness thrust itself up among the rocks by the way, and stop Asmodeus must and would, in spite of all our pounding.

"How long did you take for your lunch, Benjamin?" he asked between mouthfuls.

"Half an hour, Asmodeus."

"And you won't let a donkey stop three minutes for a mouthful or two of dirty grass. You're a Christian, Benjamin; a Protestant Christian."

"But my boat, Asmodeus!"

"Didn't I tell you there'll be another in a few days! What's a day or two in a lifetime?"

"If you'll go on, Asmodeus, I'll see to it that you have a whole bag of oats at Itea."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"Well, just one more mouthful."

"Now, scoot!"

Here the great head was turned up to me inquiringly.

"What was that last word?"

"Scoot!"

"What does it mean?"

"Skeedaddle! Be off! G'wan!"

"Say it in Greek!"

"*Anabasis!* That's all the Greek I know, Asmodeus."

"Oh, that means to turn 'round and go backwards. Do you want me to do that?"

"For heaven's sake, go on, Asmodeus, head foremost; or you won't get that bag of oats."

"All right, but I don't trust a Protestant Christian. If you were a Greek, I'd know that you were lying and would act accordingly. But a Protestant!—well, just one more mouthful and I'm off."

For half a mile all went well; then suddenly Asmodeus stood stock still and refused to budge, his ears pointing curiously at a bush growing in the trail.

"What's that, Benjamin?"

"Nothing but a bush. Go on, Asmodeus."

"Looks like something awful to me. We'd better approach it cautiously. I'll walk out here as close as I can to the edge of the cliff and if it rushes at us, why, we can escape over the cliff."

"For heaven's sake, don't go so close to the brink, Asmodeus, It's a clear drop of thirty feet."

"Oh, never mind, Benjamin. If we go over, do you just hold tight and we'll land somewhere."

Here the driver interposed and the brute approached the bush with head down and ears forward.

"Well, well! It *is* a bush! I've passed this thing a thousand times but really I didn't recognize it. My eyes must be getting weak," he snickered.

As we rounded a great rock that barred our way, another donkey and driver could be seen coming up the trail. Asmodeus was all attention and curiosity, turning his head to one side and tilting his ears at every conceivable angle. Suddenly he broke into a rapid trot, grunting and whickering with delight.

"Well, I'll be switched if yonder isn't my old flame, Jenniritisa Panagigiotis. Howdye, Jenni, howdye; how-do-you-do, my dear? My love! My own!" and Asmodeus broke out into loud and melodious salutation. The two donkeys met and touched noses in affectionate greeting.

"It's been a long time since we last said good-bye, Jenniritisa. How do you come on, these days, my love?"

"Poorly, poorly, Asmodeus. There's little to eat and much to do. How is it with you, Asmodeus?"

"So, so, Jenniritisa. For as you say, there's mighty little to eat these days and so little to steal. I ate up my stall door last night and two packsaddles last week. But you look very full and round today, Jenni."

"Oh that comes of two baskets of cabbages and carrots and turnips down at Itea. The old woman was asleep and so

I helped myself without waking her. Kind of me, wasn't it?"

"I see you're as smart as ever, my love. And how you do keep your good looks!"

"Oh, Asmy, I'm afraid my beauty is fading. I actually saw some grey hairs in my foretop as I stopped to drink down yonder at the brook. But what is this thing you've got on your back, Asmy?"

"Sh— sh—, Jenni. It's an American, I heard my driver say. But the thing has more sense than you'd imagine from its looks. It certainly knows how to stick on to a packsaddle."

"Have you played any of your tricks on it, Asmodeus?"

"Every one of them, Jenni, except falling and catching its feet underneath me. That's my last card and I'm going to play that pretty soon."

The drivers now came up and laid on with their cudgels furiously, at the same time making the mountainside alive with their weird shrill cries. Asmodeus moved away slowly and, turning his head to look back, broke out into ear-splitting lamentations.

"Asmodeus, if you'll just stop that diabolical hee-hawing, I'll give you two bags of oats."

"My heart will break, Benjamin, if I do not give utterance to my grief. Cruel, cruel men, to part two lovers so brutally."

"The course of true love never did run smooth, Asmodeus."

"Who did that come from—Homer?"

"No, Shakespeare."

"Who's Shakespeare?"

"An Englishman, Asmodeus."

"Don't believe it. That's good enough to come from Homer, and all an Englishman can say is, 'Gad!' and 'rotten' and 'quite so.'"

"Well, Shakespeare is our great poet, Asmodeus. Just as Homer is yours."

"Do you mean to say that you are English, Benjamin? I thought you were American."

"But Americans speak English, Asmodeus. Or something like English."

Here the donkey stopped and looked at me curiously.

"By the Delphic Oracle, but that's strange. I heard an Englishman say the other day that Americans spoke 'nigger' in the South and slang in the North. What does that mean, Benjamin?"

"Never mind what it means, Asmodeus. You look where you are going."

"Mine eyes are full of bitter tears, Benjamin, and I care not where or how I go."

"Look out, Asmodeus! Look—!"

I pulled frantically at the rein but it was too late. Right down a steep, rocky slope the donkey went stumbling, caught himself up, stumbled again, and ended by landing all in a heap among a pile of stones. I had drawn up my feet and clung desperately to the packsaddle. Dismounting, I pulled at the rein.

"Get up, Asmodeus. Are you hurt?"

"I'm done for, Benjamin. My knees are skinned. My shanks are barked. My nose is out of joint, and my ears are full of pebbles and dirt."

The driver now came up and what with kicking, beating, lifting, and pulling, the donkey was got to his feet.

"That was your last card, wasn't it, Asmodeus?"

"Don't hit a man or a donkey when he's down, Benjamin. Please don't mention the matter again, and I'll get you to Itea in donkey-quick time."

The steamer was coming in when we trotted briskly into Itea and as I looked back from the boat, Asmodeus, up to his eyes in a huge nose-bag of oats, waved me a genial goody-bye with his ears.

BAPTISTS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

D. T. HURLEY

As time is the only reliable interpreter of prophecy, so history best traces a Divine hand in preparing the hearts and the minds of men for great events. It was impossible for Baptists to understand at first why they endured so much for their principles and secured so little in return, from the settlement of the New World to the time of the Revolution. It is all plain to them now.

Through enduring for their principles to Baptists more honor is due for our independence than to any other body of people. And why should it not be so when it was they who preserved to the world the principles upon which the war was fought and why should it not be they who should take the lead in bringing about the Revolution?

Many of the colonists were moved to resist the aggressions of Great Britain, simply on the ground that they were the victims of political oppression. This the Baptists felt also, but they sought a higher order of liberty than that sought by their fellow-citizens. Whatever oppressions England inflicted upon the colonists she seldom deprived them of their religious liberties. Generally, the colonies and not the mother country, laid the heavy yoke of oppression upon the Baptists' neck. Hence, in the Revolution Baptists were to fight a double battle; one with their political enemies on the other side of the sea and the other with their religious tyrants on this side. The colonists were not about to begin a revolution for religious liberty; they had that. But Baptists demanded both and this accounts not only for their efforts to bring about the Revolution but for the earnestness and desperation with which they threw themselves into the struggle.

The Baptists were among the first to take up the cause of liberty against 'the mother country.' As early as 1766, Dr. Samuel Spillman, a noble and holy Baptist patriot, denounced the 'Stamp Act' from his pulpit. Again in 1770 he sustained the Colonial cause in a great sermon. Two months before the Declaration of Independence, and thirty-two days before Virginia announced allegiance to the Crown, Rhode Island repudiated all allegiance to George III, and immediately voted to send men into conflict to uphold the action she had taken. This was the result of the teaching of Williams and Clarke.

The Baptists of Virginia took an equally resolute step in favor of independence. Notwithstanding the persecutions by the colony itself, the moment that the State Convention met to determine the duty of the colony, sixty Baptist churches said to this civil body: "Strike the blow!" Make military resistance to Great Britain, again her unjust invasion, and we will sustain you, ministers and people." These words were taken to the Convention by Jeremiah Walker. So great an impression did they make upon the Assembly that the same body of people instructed its delegates to vote for a declaration of independence.

It has generally been held that the action of the Virginia Convention was among the earliest movements in that direction and exercised a potential influence in the action of Congress. One of the great paradoxes of American history has been that, despite the sentiment of many of its leading men thus loyal to the Crown, Virginia should have taken front ranks amongst the revolting colonies. Jefferson solves the mystery when he says that two-thirds of her population had become dissenters; for the most part they were Quakers, Presbyterians and Baptists. By the intolerable sufferings and the indefatigable labors of the Baptists they had diffused their own love of liberty throughout the whole colony. That Virginia cast her Royalist antecedents aside and loyally es-

poused the cause of the Revolution was largely due to the fact that Baptist suffering, Baptist preaching, and Baptist democratic practice had educated her people to the issue. And let it be remembered, to the honor of the Virginia Baptists of that day, that the action they took towards persuading the Convention was a year prior to that of the Convention, and undoubtedly exercised a potential influence in moving the Convention, and through the Convention the Congress. Thus did Baptists effect a mighty achievement for civil freedom.

Scarcely had the first shot been fired at Lexington, when every Baptist on the continent sprang to his feet and hailed its echo as the pledge of deliverance from foreign oppressors. They were amongst the first to suffer and to sacrifice. A volume would be necessary for a full detail of the services which they rendered to their country in her civil and military departments during the war. I can only mention a few individual cases to illustrate the general interest which they took in the issue. In Virginia Capt. M'Clanahan, a minister of Culpeper County, raised a military company of Baptists, with whom he served on the field both as captain and as chaplain. Semple tells us that Rev. David Barrow took his musket and did valiant service for his country in the conflict, winning great honor for himself also. Dr. Cone states that his grandfather, Col. Joab Houghton, while attending worship in the Baptist meeting-house at Hopewell, met a messenger out of breath with the news of the defeat at Lexington. He kept silence during the services, and when they were ended, he passed out, and mounting a great stone block in front of the meeting-house, he told them all the story of the cowardly murder at Lexington by the royal troops; the retreat of Percy; and the gathering of the Pilgrims around the beleaguered hills of Boston. Pausing and looking over the silent throng he said slowly: "Men of New Jersey, the red-coats are murdering our brethren of New England! Who follows me to Boston?" and every man stepped out in line

and answered: "I." Says Dr. Cathcart, commenting upon this scene: "The annals of the American Revolution cannot furnish in its long list of fearless deeds and glorious sacrifices, a grander spectacle than this Sunday scene in front of the Baptist church at Hopewell." Col. Houghton continued in the army till the close of the war and fought valiantly. Gen. Scriven, of Georgia, was a brave soldier. After Savannah fell into the hands of the British forces, the officer ordered him to give up Sunbury also, and received the answer, "Come and take it." He did not go. We have another great patriot in the person of John Hart, who was a representative in the Continental Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He risked and lost everything by putting his name to that instrument. English troops hunted him from house to house, and he was compelled to take refuge in hiding. For his loyalty and fidelity to the cause of freedom, his State has honored him and has erected a granite monument to his memory, at his grave at Hopewell, with this inscription on it: "Honor Patriots Grave."

These few instances show us the general tone of American patriotism amongst the Baptists, for we have no record of a single tory in their ranks. There are hundreds of other heroes whose graves have never been known, whose slumbering ashes are marked by no marble shafts of honor, whose names no poet has sung. They were heroes, none the less, because they breathed the breath of liberty, fought, bled and died, as well as lived and labored to wrap the world in the principles which they held dear to themselves.

We may well mention a few Baptist ministers who served as chaplains for out of twenty-one whose names we now know, six of them were of our own faith, who rendered valiant service, some of them being of national reputation and influence. Washington says: "Baptist chaplains were among the most prominent and most useful in the army." Lack of space will prevent us from mentioning but two of the six.

Hezekiah Smith, D.D., of Haverhill, Mass., entered the army in 1776, and so noted did he become as a patriot that he not only attracted the attention of Washington, but he became his personal friend. He set an example of bravery to the soldiers in battle, as well as of devotion to their country and purity of character.

Rev. John Gano was a patriot of best order as well as a good chaplain. In the battle of Chatterton's Hill the army was in a panic. With cool courage he took his post in what seemed to be a forlorn hope. Many were abandoning their guns without firing a shot, so that a mere handful was left holding their ground. He sprang to the front, organized the men and led them forward, marching in front, and saved the day for the Patriots. An interesting incident in his chaplaincy is related by Ruttenbur, in his 'History of New Burg.' When hostilities had ceased Washington had a great celebration of soldiers and chaplains. The celebration consisted of the firing of guns, the beating of drums and an invocation to God. When the two first had been done it was then that John Gano, having been selected by Washington to do so, led the prayer to the Almighty Ruler of the world. How fitting it was that a man of a denomination who had fought so bravely for our independence could lead in the thanksgiving to which this patriot Baptist chaplain gave expression in the presence of his immortal Commander-in-chief.

Now that Baptists had had much to do with the Declaration of Independence and with the winning of the war, the next great work for them was to make safe what they had fought so valiantly for by securing a constitutional form of government. In the North the form of government that would be adopted hinged around Massachusetts, in the South around Virginia. Let us see what the conditions in these two States were.

In 1788 when the people of Massachusetts assembled to consider the propriety of adopting the Federal Constitution,

there was serious danger of it not being adopted. If Massachusetts rejected it, it meant that it would fail in the adoption of the other northern colonies. It is here that Dr. Cathcart points out that it was mainly through the instrumentality of the Baptists, and especially through the untiring efforts of Dr. Manning and Dr. Spillman that it was finally adopted. When the votes were counted and the Constitution was saved, in the midst of profound silence, at the request of President John Hancock, Dr. Manning returned thanks to God, and it is said that the lofty spirit of purity and the patriotism which marked his prayer filled the Convention with reverence and awe.

Dr. Cathcart likewise points out the fact that the Baptists of Virginia took an equally important step on securing the adoption of the Federal Constitution in their own State. During the absence of James Madison, John Leland was appointed to the Convention in 1788 that was to ratify or to reject the Constitution. Upon Madison returning Leland resigned his place in favor of Madison. Leland threw all of his influence towards Madison and he was sent to the Convention. Patrick Henry was opposed to the Constitution because he thought it "squinted towards monarchy." He carried the people with him and could have defeated the Constitution but for the powerful influence of Madison. The honorable J. S. Barbour, of Virginia, says: "The credit of adopting the Constitution of the United States belongs to a Baptist minister named Leland." "If," said he, "Madison had not been in the Virginia Convention, the Constitution would not have been ratified, and as the approval of nine states was necessary to give effect to it, and as Virginia was the ninth state to ratify it, if it had been rejected by her, the Constitution would have failed. It is all but certain that the resignation of Leland gave to our country its famous Constitution."

Thus we see that with the origin and with the perpetuity of American liberty Baptists have had much to do. Thus the con-

demned, spurned and hated doctrine of the Baptists, for which blood had been shed for centuries, was not only engrafted into the organic law of the United States, but for the first time in the formation of a great nation it was made its chief corner-stone. There is little wonder then since Baptists played so great a part in bringing to pass the Revolution, since they wielded so great a power in the war, and since it was through their influence and labors largely that the Constitution came to be a reality, that a Baptist should give to us our national hymn:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring."

SHE PLAYED THE PART

SID SIDDELL

Lieutenant Frank Yorke, or Blondy Yorke, as he was best known locally, at home on furlough, stepped stealthily to the door of the home of his friend, Bob McCord, also a Lieutenant. Since boyhood they had been friends. Rivals in athletics, chums when fishing or swimming, they had engaged in many a friendly scrap and played many a joke on each other. Just now they were rivals more than ever before. Not in athletics, not for promotion, but they were rivals for the hand of a girl.

Helen Ward, for the past few years, had been the most brilliant and the most charming member of local society. Her youthful beauty had struck the heart of many would-be lovers, none of whom she considered worthy of herself, however. At last, it had been whispered that she was on the marriage market. An old friend had called Blondy aside that afternoon and whispered "You've put up a good bid, Blondy, but look out for Bob. Watch him, watch him, boy. He has called on her every evening for the past five days. His furlough allows him only two days more. Watch his every move until then."

And so Blondy, in his effort to shadow Bob McCord, stepped stealthily to the door. Inside the dimly lighted room he saw his rival in full uniform. He was leaning over his desk to a telephone. Blondy listened. "Is that you, Helen?" he was saying. "All right. Listen: made all arrangements. Meet me in front of your house at 9:45. I'll come in a taxi. What? Anything will do; yes, your travelling suit is all right. It is 7:10 now, so you have over two hours. Keep quiet, now. Good-bye."

Blondy, at the conclusion of his rival's message, stepped quietly back into the street. His mind was searching, searching for a scheme. He walked several blocks, almost unconscious of what he was doing. Persons hailed him, but, at most, they received only a meaningless nod from the lieutenant. At last he spoke joyfully aloud. "I have it," he said, unconscious of the nearness of other people around him.

As he came to the next block he turned up the street and hastened to the business part of the city. When there he stepped into a telephone booth and talked to another feminine member of the society set. "Hello, Lillian," he said. "Say, I have a business proposition to make to you. I can give you a husband within two hours, guaranteed to fit the sweater that I hear you are knitting. He is Lieutenant Robert B. McCord. The price is two hours of hustling."

"Terms accepted," came the answer.

"Good. Now for the details. You are to play the part of Helen Ward, tonight. Call Bob on the telephone and tell him that it is too risky to meet in front of the house, and that you will meet him—say on the corner of Warren and Park streets, at the appointed hour of 9:45. Then get a travelling suit and hat as near like Helen's as you can and meet him. It will be easy to fool him this evening. Put it through now and send all bills to me. I'll pay them if it takes a year's salary."

"Blondy, leave it to me," came the cheery reply.

At exactly 9:35 Blondy stopped a passing taxi. "816 Park Street," he directed the driver. The purring motor carried them through the business section swiftly and on to the home of Helen Ward. As they came in sight of the house, Blondy breathed a sigh of relief. *She* was there. The car drew up to the curb. Blondy wrapped his army overcoat snugly about him, covering his ears and, to some extent, his face; threw open the door of the taxi, and, with a voice as imitative as that of Bob McCord as possible, called

softly, "Get in quick." Blondy fumbled with his watch, dropped it purposely, and said, "To Preacher Clark's, Doc, and mind you, give your buzz-wagon all she'll take; let 'er out for one time."

"Just as you say, Boss," came the reply.

The purring motor now throbbed and roared; the car lurched forward, and, with ever increasing speed, fairly ate up the remaining blocks to the residence of Mr. Clarke. During this intercourse Blondy leaned forward and grasped the back of the front seat, his face kept out of sight of the girl. He was in a daze. Strange thoughts kept hurrying through his mind, commanding him, and telling him—"She must not see— eight blocks more, seven— now six, she must not see, five— now three, Whew, but that was a narrow escape at the last corner. Two more— no, one, here we are." The car drew up to the sidewalk, its brakes screaming as in protest to the sudden halt.

Ten minutes later the couple, united, emerged from the minister's house. Two blocks they walked and not a word passed between them. But Blondy was busy. His mind was filled with thoughts of himself. *He* had outwitted his rival. *He* had laid the plans which had tripped up his rival and laid him flat, a humiliated object of humanity; one to be pitied because he had fallen a prey to superior ingenuity plus a clever scheme. It was *the* joke of all jokes; a joke that would spread and grow each day, always bringing new delight to him. Half the men at camp would hear of it on the first day of his return. And it was *he, he* who had done all this. "Ah, this is the life," thought he. At the corner of the third block, the girl looked up, her eyes sparkling in the rays of the large electric street light. "Oh, Blondy," she cried, "have I played the part of Helen satisfactorily?"

"Helen? What the— Say, who are you?" asked Blondy.

"Why, I am er— er— Mrs. Yorke, of course."

"Who were you?"

"I was Lillian Hill a few moments ago," she explained.

"Well, you've certainly got my goat. I believe you are smarter than I am, though, so it'll be all right. But tell me, why didn't you 'phone Bob and meet him as I told you?"

"Oh, I let Helen do that," she explained. "And, Blondy, I saw your tailor this evening and got your measure."

"Yes, you got my measure in more than one way this evening," he retorted.

"And just think, Blondy," she said, sweetly, "that sweater will be a perfect fit. Think of it, a perfect fit."

HER SON

EDWARD HARDEE

My son, I hear that you're buried in France,
Killed by the treacherous foes,
And I see as I sit by the fire at night,
The graves laid off in rows.

And at each head to mark its fall,
There stands a wooden cross,
While the foot of the mound of my all in all,
Is softly spread with moss.

I see the poppies growing 'round the grave,
With petals tender and red,
I try—and try, but I can't be brave,
When I know that my son is dead.

I hear that the French, with pride, go out
And cover with flowers each day,
The graves of lads who are buried there,
Oh—so far away.

I know they're very kind, my son,
Gratitude plays its part,
Yet all their flowers cannot soften at all
The ache in my bleeding heart.

They love you for what you have done, dear lad,
Not what you really are,
I love you because you are my son,
Buried away so far.

I hear as I sit in the dim twilight,
Your call from across the sea,
And in my restless dreams at night,
Your hand is beckoning me.

I stand by the gate in the sun's last rays,
When the work of the day is done,
And looking beyond the golden clouds,
I see— My Son, My Son!

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

C. S. GREEN

It was the morning of April 6, 1917.

General Doughtry, and his daughter, Evelyn, were seated at the breakfast table. The General, contrary to his usual mood, was very quiet this morning and had little to say. Evelyn could see that her father was thinking—and thinking hard.

Benson, the faithful old servant of the home, broke the reign of silence. "The morning paper, sir," he announced and bowing politely, left the room.

"It has come, thank God. America is at last awake."

It was the General who spoke.

Looking over his shoulder Evelyn read in clear, black letters across the page: "President Wilson Asks Congress to Declare a State of War Existing With Germany."

"Oh, father!" was all she could say, and sank into her chair.

The General resting his chin on his hand and gazing into the fire, made no reply to his daughter's exclamation.

Minutes passed, and then she began: "War is a terrible thing. Isn't it horrible to think of men standing up and in cold blood, shooting down their fellow-men over mere personal grievances?"

"My dear, they are not merely personal grievances. The watchword of Our Republic is Democracy. Does that word mean that we should stand idly by and see small nations, who cannot protect themselves, fall victim to the barbarism of the Hun—see women and children murdered and lands ravaged for the selfish gains of one man?"

"But father—"

"Not only the people of far-off Europe are suffering but our own ships have been sunk—our own people buried in watery graves."

"Isn't there some way to stop this without our fighting. They are not bothering our homes and—"

"True, the Germans are not devastating our lands and wrecking our homes. But would we be so selfish as not to act for the protection of our brothers? Does Democracy mean that to you?"

"But father, isn't there truth in the saying that 'the pen is mightier than the sword?' Why doesn't the President have an understanding with the Germans without fighting them?"

"Truly, time and again our noble President has made demands and requests of the Hun but each time there came either no answer, or a promise that held good no longer than the time used in writing it. I tell you, there is but one course for us. And in the words of President Wilson, 'We must all speak, act, and think together.'"

The General rose quietly from his chair and getting his hat left the house. He decided to walk to his office this morning for he wanted to come in contact with men.

Everywhere, on the street corners, in the shops and stores, only one subject was on the minds of the busy throng.

The General, who was one of the leading lawyers of the city; had a very important case which came before the Supreme Court the following week but this was no time for study; everybody wanted to talk. So the morning passed swiftly and the General went to dinner a little earlier than usual.

"Evelyn, my dear," the General began as they seated themselves for the meal, "I was sixty-nine years old last November but today I feel just as young and strong as I did at

thirty. My Country is calling for men. I will not be a slacker. I am going to offer myself for service this afternoon.

"There is no need of that, father. There are others to go who are younger than you."

"My Country calls."

Already the sound of marching feet could be heard along the streets. Forces were being mobilized quickly. A large recruiting station had been opened down-town and crowds of men and boys were packing the room.

As proudly as a young man of twenty-one the old General of sixty-nine marched to the desk of the Recruiting Sergeant and offered himself for service.

The Sergeant smiled and replied, "General, I fear you are too old. Your days of active service are over. There is a great work for such men as you right here at home."

With a sad heart the General turned his face towards home. "It is true. The Sergeant was right. There is a great work for me as one who must stay behind. May God help me that I may do my part."

He found his daughter curled up in the big chair before the fire in the library. "Oh, father, just think of it. Harry just 'phoned me that he was going to enlist."

"How proud you should be of him, Evelyn."

"Well, I am not proud a bit. I don't want him to go to the war. We were to be married the first of June and if he enlists all our plans will be spoiled."

"But, my dear, you would not have him stay while others go. You would not have people sneer at him; call him a slacker—a man who's afraid to fight, because of you? No. You should be proud that you have one to give—to fall in line with the marching feet that go to defend our country and uphold the principles that lie at the very root of our Government. The greatest grief of my life is that I cannot 'fall in' too."

Months passed swiftly and October saw the whole Nation astir to the duties that lay before them. Old Glory was flying from every flag-pole. Patriotic banners were displayed everywhere. The afternoon Bridge Club had been turned into a Red Cross Circle. The women had put down their crocheting and all fancy work, and were knitting socks, sweaters, mittens, helmets and mufflers for the soldiers. Every one asked what can I do to help win the war. Each kitchen wall was bedecked with little personal hints from Herbert Hoover and the cry came from all corners of the streets, "Buy Liberty Bonds and make the world safe for Democracy."

Evelyn Doughtry had just finished reading her usual morning letter from Harry. But this was possibly the last she would receive in quite awhile for Harry had sailed for France the day it was written.

Wrapped in deep thought for several minutes, Evelyn said nothing. Then she rose and crossed the room to where her father stood looking out upon the garden. Placing her hand on her father's shoulder, she said, "Father, I am going to France. There is a work for me over there. Our boys need me; my own Harry needs me and I must go."

"My precious child," was all the old General could say as drew his only child to him and kissed her—then kissed her again. "How much I will miss you, but how glad I am that you are going. How proud your mother must be, as she looks down from Heaven upon you. I am sure she would not have you stay."

It was late that night when they retired, for plans had to be made for her trip. She was to go to New York with several other girls from the city and they were to sail from there, with a hospital corps, two weeks from that day.

The time passed rapidly and the day of sailing soon came. The General had gone down to New York to see his daughter off. As they stood on the deck alone, one shrill blast of the whistle told them they were soon to be parted. The Gen-

eral took her in his arms and said tenderly but with a quivering voice, "Evelyn we may never see each other again on this earth, but we may surely hope to meet in Heaven. That God may watch over you and keep you as you go forth to the field of duty, is my only prayer."

General Doughtry watched until the tiny speck on the upper deck of the great ship faded, and the ship itself sank below the eastern horizon, then started on his way back to the house in which he lived.

Ten months had elapsed since Evelyn Doughtry sailed out of New York harbor. They had been months filled with hard work—something to which she had never been accustomed. She had been stationed at a base hospital from the first and because of her diligence and proven ability she had now been ordered to take charge of an emergency hospital just back of the lines.

Now and then, since she had been over there, had come letters from Lieutenant Harry Grey, who was "Somewhere in France," but she knew not where. Each day she lived in hopes of seeing him on the morrow but he had not come. So she welcomed her new place with delight, for his last letter bore the news that his company was moving toward the front.

The terrible battle was raging and hundreds of men were brought daily to the emergency station to be dressed and moved on farther. Evelyn peered eagerly into the face of each man that came—half hope and half fear that one would be her Lieutenant.

The late October day had been a beautiful one and had it not been for all the sorrow, I might call it a perfect day—a perfect day, with men lying dead by the thousands on the battlefield; twilight, with a young moon; night and the stars.

"Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!" the call came three times from the corner of the still ward and Evelyn hastened to see what she could do for the comfort of the wounded man.

"Sing for me," was the simple request.

Evelyn sat down on the side of the cot and began to sing in her sweet, clear voice the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The man propped by her side murmured, "My lieutenant liked that—he used to sing it—"

"Yes?" She was listening with only half an ear. There were so many lieutenants.

"He was engaged to a Red Cross Nurse."

She listened now. "Your lieutenant—?"

"Lieutenant Grey."

"Harry Grey?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I— I am the girl he is going to marry—"

He froze into silence. She bent towards him. "What made you say—was—?"

"He was severely wounded in the battle this afternoon and was so near dead the men didn't think it any use to bring him in. I guess he's—gone west—"

Followed by two stretcher-bearers, Evelyn jumped into a motor car that stood in front of the hospital and drove as fast as she could to the battlefield the army had left as it passed on in its march towards Berlin. But they had left a field covered with men.

By the aid of the moon and a small flashlight Evelyn rushed from one man to another, looking into his face or examining the disc on his arm.

She came to a man who was still breathing, the first she had found who was not dead. Quickly she looked for the disc, for his face was covered with mud. In clear letters she read: "Lieutenant Harry Grey, No. 359716."

With as much care as possible they lifted the inert body into the car and Evelyn placed his head in her lap. She was breathing hard now and every breath was a prayer that it was not too late—that God might spare his life.

The head surgeon was waiting for them at the door and they carried the body into a separate ward from that occu-

pied by the other soldiers. The doctor turned to Evelyn. "Miss Doughtry, you must go to your room and rest a few minutes. I will call you in half an hour."

"But doctor, you don't understand. Let me stay, I am not tired."

She watched intently as the doctor carefully examined the lifeless body.

"Doctor, will he live?" she asked.

"I cannot say just now. He is suffering from a severe case of shell shock and there are several bones broken in his body but with careful attention, I can say there is hope."

Evelyn went to her room and knelt beside her bed and prayed, as she had never prayed before, that Harry might get well and strong again—and God answered her prayer.

It was three days before Harry gained complete consciousness, but there were never two happier people in all the world when he recognized her.

Evelyn stayed by his bedside every minute she was needed by new wounded men and the day came when he was able to walk around with her assistance. He gained strength rapidly and was soon strong enough to be transferred to another hospital.

Then came the morning of November, the eleventh—the armistice had been signed and hostilities were to cease at once. Evelyn sat down and wrote her father.

"The war is over—the victory is won. How glad I am to have been able to do my part. Harry is almost well again and we are to be married in Paris in two weeks. I know you would not have us wait until we get back to the U. S. A. We expect to sail from London December 12th and to be at home for a great Christmas with our dear old Dad."

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE

P. G. R.

For four hours I had been rambling alone over the mountains, and now, as the sun seemed to linger for a moment's rest on the summit of distant Mitchell, I fretfully realized that I was lost, with slight chance of returning to the Elf-glade Inn before dark. I was near the crest of a steep ridge, having climbed up in the hope that a good view of the surrounding country would enable me again to get my bearing. A vista of natural beauty was spread before me which, under other circumstances, would have evoked awe and admiration. But strain my eyes as I would, no sign of human habitation was discernible, and hungry, tired, and not relishing the prospect of a night on the ground in the wilderness, I was sadly lacking in esthetic appreciation. I started on once more and was nearly across the flat top of the ridge when I stumbled on a vine-covered root and fell, painfully bruising my right wrist on an outcropping rock. I straightway swore that I would never attempt another such trip without a companion. To think of the consequences in case I had sprained an ankle or broken a leg was not particularly pleasing. There was nothing I could do for my wrist, so I got up and began the descent on the eastern side.

I had gone hardly a hundred paces when I perceived a tiny weatherbeaten cottage clinging to the hillside a short distance to my left, seemingly in momentary peril of tumbling into the ravine below. Humble though it was, I gave a sigh of heartfelt relief in anticipation of shelter for the night. On the little stoop of the cottage a grizzled, cheery-eyed old highlander sat contentedly puffing at a stubby black pipe.

He hailed me as soon as he saw me:

"Good evenin', stranger. Come over an' rest awhile. You're a good ways out fer this time o'day"; and after I sat down: "Why, your wrist is bunged up purty bad, ain't it? Jest hold stiddy a minute an' I'll fix it up fer ye."

He went inside and came back with a clean white rag and some sort of pungent liniment. I marvelled at the dexterity and gentleness with which he applied the bandage, and told him so.

"Yas," he explained, "I've allus liked to doctor things since I wuz shoulder high to a houn' pup. When anything gits the matter in five mile o' here, from a hoss with the colic to a baby with the croup, somebody strikes out to hunt up Amos Burkham. That's me, an' it's the gospel truth that a lot o' folks'll send miles over these mountains a'ter me when they could git a sho' 'nough, college eddicated doctor, in a mile of whar they're at."

With the hospitality innate in those of his stock he invited me to share his frugal supper, which I was delighted to do.

The meal over, we returned to our seats on the porch. The old man had a really entertaining fund of anecdotes and reminiscences, and with the exception of an occasion remark or question from me to keep him "wound up," he talked continuously for more than an hour. In spite of my host's efforts at entertainment, however, I was getting drowsy, and was about to ask him to show me a place to sleep when he said something, up to which I have even forgotten how he lead, but which instantly stimulated my interest and curiosity.

"Do you know, stranger, you're near the only township in North Carolina, or the whole United States, fur as thet goes, thet boasts of havin' sent a soldier to France who died for his country two sep-rate an' distinct times?"

I confessed that I had not known it, and urged him to give me the particulars in the case.

"I never out an' out told you sech a thing aetually hap-pened, mind ye; but up to the present nobody has proved that it didn't, an' Beeky Stuek down here at Clovervale is gittin' the benefit of two ten thousan' dollar government insur-ance policies, both of 'em in the name of her brother, Ben Stuek. She's follerin' my adviece in not turnin' down one or the other of 'em, 'eause I told her if she stopped one, an' the other'n turned out to be in force through some sort of error, she might lose out an' not git nothin' at all.

"A queer thing about it is that back in the spring of 1917 this same feller said he didn't have no interest in the war, an' he wan't a-goin' ef Congress made draft laws 'tul it wuz blue in the face. He come up here on June the fo'th—the very evenin' before registration day. He said he wuz goin' 'whar he wouldn't hev to bother 'bout bein' tuek up an' sent off to fight.' With him wuz Bert Maclone an' a half-breed sealawag, named Jake Redwater.

"Bert lived right across the road from Ben. They wuz born the same day, an' from the time they could toddle I don't believe a whole day passed that they wan't together. Bert's ma died six year ago, an' ol' man Maclone bought a farm out West married agin, an' give the ol' place to Bert when he come of age. Ben wuz allus the brightest of the pair, but he wuz ever an' eternally up to some devilment, an' he wouldn't do a liek of work to save his hide. Bert was slow an' stiddy. Nothin' suited him better'n to be with Ben unless it wuz to be doin' somethin' for Ben's sister Beeky. He wuz plumb daffy about her, an' I couldn't blame him, 'eause she wuz purty as a pietur' an' smart as a briar.

"I sometimes suspieioned that the reason Bert stayed so clost to Ben wuz, thet knowin' all about Ben's wildness as he did, Bert just wanted to keep him 'way from harm an' mis-chief fer Beeky's sake. Anyhow, on this particular evenin' Ben an' Jake wuz purty well tanked up an had pistols to boot, but I could see Bert hadn't teched a drop. Him an' me

tried to sidetrack the two drunk fellers here 't'ul they sobered up, but Ben hed his mind made up to 'keep goin' as long as he could see straight.' So off they started agin'.

"Wal, along towards midnight I woke up. Somebody wuz hollerin' fer me. I jumped up an' lit my lamp. In the doorway wuz standin' Bert, fagged out an' most ready to topple. Over his shoulders wuz slung Ben with no more sign of lifo than ef he'd been a sack o' corn. I know that Bert must hev. come quite a ways, an' how he ever crossed them mountains to my place, in the dead o' night, with a full-grown man on his back is somethin' I ain't been able to explain short of Divine assistance.

"We laid Ben out on my bed an' undone the wrappin's Bert hed put on him to stop the bleedin'. Ben hed been shot at close range below the right shoulder, an' I wuz afraid the bullet hed punctured his lung; ef it hed I knowed he wuz likely to tucker out 'fore mawnin'."

The old man paused to fill his pipe. As he lit it the flare of the match gave me a fleeting glimpse of a drawn, intent expression upon his kindly face, such as I imagined must have been there when he ministered to the stricken youth more than two years before. He turned his head sharply to see if I were asleep, and satisfied that I was still attentive, resumed the narrative:

"When we hed done all we could fer Ben, Bert told me how it hed happened. I know he told the truth; thar wan't a man in the county I'd sooner hev trusted. He said thet after they left here they stopped at a shanty 'bout a mile further back in the woods. I knowed the place. A bunch of moonshiners use ter op'rate up thar, but they hed left, not because they wuz scared of gettin' caught but because the place wuz so confounded hard to git to thet they hed trouble marketin' their likker. Bert said they made a fire in the fireplace to see by, an' Ben an' Jake commenced playin' with a deck of cards Jake hed. Their likker wuz all gone

an' they wuz purty quiet, so Bert curled up in a corner an' went to sleep. The nex' thing he knowed the other two wuz snarlin' an' cussin', an' fore Bert could set up Jake hed shot Ben an' started fer the door with a handful of money. A secont more an' Redwater would 'ev got away, but Ben managed to git his gun out, an' before he keeled over he dropped thet half-breed stone dead with a ball through the back of his neck.

"Bert asked me if I thought Ben could pull through. I told him thar wan't one chance in ten of Ben livin' 'tul sunup.

"'Why, Uncle Amos,' he says, with a little tremble in his voice, 'it'd break Becky's heart ef she knowed Ben got killed gamblin' with thet low-down seum.'

"He come out here in the cool an' laid down. I don't think he slep' none, 'cause from whar I wuz settin' watchin' Ben I could hear him movin' 'roun', an' ev'ry now an' agin' he'd strike a match to light a cigarette. When it begun to get light he come in to see ef thar wuz any change. I tol' him Ben wuz still livin', but it 'peared to me he wuz mighty nigh done up. Then I found out part of what hed been goin' on in Bert's noggin whilst he wuz lyin' here on the porch. He begged me not to say nothin' to Becky 'bout what hed happened; to give Ben a decent buryin, an' he'd try to figger a way to straighten things out as best he mought. He wuz so downright in earnest thet I promised to do what he wanted even at the resk of gettin' myself tuck up fer murder. I asked him what he wuz goin' to do. He said he didn't know, but he thought he might cross over into Tennessee an' jine the army. I tried to git him to stay with me an' git some sleep an' rest, but he wuz boun' to be a-movin', so he got a snack to eat, shook hands with me, an' set out.

"Wal, Ben never died. I stayed right here nursin' him the whole of two weeks 'cept fer the time it tuck to make one

trip to Clovervale for some things I jest hed to git. But on the little trip the fust human that spoke to me wuz Becky Stuck.

"'Uncle Amos,' she says, 'whar on 'arth is Ben?'

"'Why honey,' says I, lyin' jest as sweet as I knowed how, 'he got rustless an' went off to enlist in the army.'

"'Thet seemed to kind o' worry her an' ease her fears at the same time.

"'I 'spose Bert went with him, didn't he?'

"'Yas, I reckon so.'

"'Fer two days it looked like Ben wuz goin' to flicker out any minute, but I kep' fannin' his little spark o' life an' after a while he showed signs of gettin' stronger. In a couple of weeks he wuz 'bout out of danger, an' in a month he could set up in a chair an' move aroun' a bit. He stayed here 'tul the middle of August, an' by thet time he wuz in as good shape as ever I seen him. Nobody hed found out whar he wuz an' he wan't hankerin' to show hisself on account of killin' Jake Redwater.

"'One Sunday night we wuz settin' out here when all of a sudden Ben says: 'Uncle Amos, I guess I'll be leavin' to-morrow. I jest want to tell you how much indebted I feel to you for takin' care of me the way you hev.'

"'Why Ben,' I says, 'you're welcome to stay here jest as long as you want to. Whar do you inten' goin'?'

"'I'm goin' to Knoxville to enlist!' he snaps, like he 'spected me to argue with him. Then he says with a husky ketch in his voice, 'Maybe I can find whar Bert is an' get with him.'

"'Yas, sir, thet draft dodger went off the next day an' volunteered fer service in France!'

"'Along in March Becky got word thet Private Ben Stuck hed been mortally wounded after puttin' a obstreperous German machine gun nest out o' commission singlehanded.

"Then, bless Pat, up in the latter part of July another notification come sayin' Sergeant Ben Stuck hed been killed gallantly leadin' his men at the capture of Crezancy."

For a few moments we sat in reverie, lulled by the numberless nocturnal noises of the wild that blended like pattering raindrops into soothing lullaby. Strongly suspecting that the old mountaineer had evaded a part of what he knew or believed to be the truth, I roused myself and inquired what had become of Maclone.

"Why, I ain't seen nobody thet raily knowed what become of Bert," he replied. "Some says he deserted and others thet he went to Canada, but my notion is thet Ben finally found him, and," extending a gaunt arm toward the starlit summer sky, "they're somewhar up yonder—together."

THE DAWN OF PEACE

T. W. ALLEN

Again they are sowing
In Flanders, and growing
Wheat for the harvest—
The war has been won.

On high the dove winging,
'Neath mothers are singing;
All happy and blithe,
That bloodshed is done.

Glad children are straying
In meadows, and playing
All over the landscape,
And ne'er more will cease.

Mankind, kneeling humbly,
Thanks Him, but 'tis dumbly,
Its heart is so full
Of the new Dawn of Peace.

NEVER A LINE FROM YOU

N. E. GRESHAM

Letter by letter the days bring on,
From friends tender and true,
But amongst the lines I gaze upon,
There's never a line from you.

Have you forgot that I love to hear
And know your slightest thought?
Is life so gay—dear heart, I fear,
That I am crowded out?

And comes there never a silent hour
When memory turns to me?
Is old time dead? has the present no power
To call back our days by the sea?

Letter by letter, day by day,
Longing I look them through;
But of them all, I only say,
There's never a line from you.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

Maynard Lieutenant B. W. Maynard, famous "sky-pilot," and student of Wake Forest College, first came into limelight near the end of the past summer. All the leading papers of the country at that time carried on the front page an account of the New York-Toronto race, of which he was winner. Before this, however, he had established in France the world's record for

looping-the-loop and even before that rumors of his skill and undaunted courage had reached America. He was a tester of new planes during the war and his marked ability and cleverness in handling the machines attracted considerable attention among aviators "over there."

But it was in the recent transcontinental air derby that the almost superhuman characteristics of the man became apparent. The story of the flight is well-known to every one; how Lieutenant Maynard braved every adversity and won a 5,400 mile race. He is the first North Carolinian to become a world figure. For ten days his name was before the public on the front page of all the leading newspapers of the globe. Everywhere he has been the recipient of marked honors. It is interesting to note that while in San Francisco the King of Belgium sought his acquaintance and invited him to dinner with him, but Lieutenant Maynard refused, deeming his duties as more important. This calls our attention to the most remarkable thing concerning the race, that is Lieutenant Maynard himself. The personality and characteristics of the winner are too obvious not to be mentioned whenever we speak of what the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* says: "As a demonstration of skill, courage, and endurance it was the most superb spectacle ever planned in the United States." Modesty, courage and simplicity are his chief characteristics, and whether in the presence of rulers of nations or the humblest of the land his lordly mien and simple esteem for mankind are alike predominant. Those are the characteristics which have aided him in climbing the ladder of fame from a poor college student to one of the first men of the land. No one can help admiring his personality and his examples of unaffected dignity, simplicity, unselfishness and Christian nobleness might well be emulated.

**Student
Coaching**

As this publication of *THE STUDENT* goes to press a remarkable football season is coming to a close. Surprises on every hand have come to the students of the various universities and colleges and to the supporters of athletics in the sport world. The result of practically every game has been unusual. Perhaps never before have there been so many piled-up scores as this year. Institutions of minor reputation in athletics have won victories over other institutions that seemed to have unwonted sway in the game.

We do not claim that this has been an unsuccessful season for Wake Forest. On the other hand, it has been successful even if we do not have a long list of victories ascribed to us. It has been successful in that it has opened our eyes to some of our necessities and pointed out the defects of our athletic machine. We feel that we voice the sentiment of every interested student of the College when we say that student coaching is rather dangerous business, nor do we make this assertion because of failure to make a brilliant record in football this fall, for last year, under student coaching, we were able to cope with almost any college team.

As we see it the main objection to student coaching is that it develops a lack of interest among the members of the team which would otherwise be maintained. And for this reason: A student cannot possibly hold himself aloof from other students and especially in a democratic student body like ours. Such an intimacy between students causes a lack of confidence or rather has a tendency to ignore the leadership of one student over others. Men do have favorites and favoritism in sports is a most dangerous thing. Together with unfeigned intimacy it creates a feeling of equality and that above all things is dangerous as is demonstrated in every phase of life's activity. It ultimately results in slack discipline and insufficient training.

We are not referring here to any past condition or even to the present situation. Our football team has been successful in accomplishing what other institutions in the same predicament would have probably deemed an impossibility. The coach, while a student, has maintained his official dignity and has also retained an unusual democratic demeanor toward other students. "Favorite" is a word foreign to his vocabulary.

But this is neither here nor there. Wake Forest is in dire need of coaches for every branch of athletics and without coaches we are almost positively a miserable failure. That means that ours is not a well-rounded college. That means that many men every year are going to other colleges when they might as well be here. The question arises: Can Wake Forest afford to struggle along year after year without coaches?

**About
Baptists**

In this month's STUDENT we are publishing an essay relative to the part taken by Baptists during the Revolutionary War. We do not mean to be boastful of our denomination and its accomplishments in the field of politics, or rather in the activities which have been afoot during the centuries past for world-wide freedom. What we would like to emphasize and impress more fully upon the mind of every Baptist in America is that ours is a powerful denomination and has always been foremost in any rank, whenever the questions of justice, freedom, brotherhood, progressiveness and everything of like nature, have been impaired. It is well for us to study such things, not with an intention of gloating over the denomination's individual success, for we are wonderfully successful in our undertakings, but to become informed just where Baptists stand in world-wide movements.

Just now our country is in an alarmingly precarious condition. Everywhere strikes, riots, and disturbances of every

nature prevail. The terrifying spirit of Socialism is reaching out its long arms all over the land and dragging into mud and misery the peace and prosperity of our liberty-loving people. What the outcome will be no one knows, but we do know that we can help a great deal towards bringing about a speedy end of the Red terror.

It is gratifying to note the action of North Carolina Baptists in the recent Baptist State Convention, where hundreds of the ministers and laymen of our State met in Raleigh to discuss the Lord's business. The spirit of the world's interest prevailed in every heart and we note with pride an inference made by one of the leaders when he intimated that a Christian was not a full-grown Christian until he had become fully saturated with a brotherly love for every human being on earth. But Baptists have always stood for this. Years ago missionaries were sent abroad imbued with the very spirit of the "League of Nations." The 75 Million Dollar Campaign is a proof of our growth and meaning. No longer do we think in terms of bounded territory for our vision now hath no bounds. Just as our country has outgrown the interests of a hundred years ago, when the League of Nations would have an impracticable and unpatriotic imposition upon American rights, even so our denomination has outgrown all the bounds which have a tendency to territorial or spiritual confinement. Let us always be proud of Baptists and let us study fervently the things which are characteristic of Baptist growth and development.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

About 150 men went to Chapel Hill on October 18th to witness the football game there when the Baptists held the Tar Heels to one touchdown. The majority of this number went early in the morning on a special train, which was secured through the efforts of Dr. G. W. Paschal, while others, leaving later in the day, motored through the country.

Hon. R. N. Simms, of Raleigh, addressed the Wake Forest Missionary Society at its monthly meeting held on Sunday evening, October 19th.

Under the efficient leadership of Dr. H. M. Poteat, a six weeks course in the study of the Negro problem was begun on October 19th. The class meets every Sunday, after the evening church service, and is largely attended.

The organization of the Teachers' class has been perfected with the following results: H. P. Smith, president; B. D. Bunn, vice president; E. C. Staton, secretary; L. R. Williford, historian; C. F. Gaddy, poet; E. M. Mitchell, prophet; H. A. Helms, honor committeeman.

The Wake Forest College Glee Club and Orchestra, after an eight-day trip through the southern part of this State and South Carolina, returned on November 16th from one of the most delightful and successful trips in its history. The itinerary was as follows: Cary, N. C., Rockingham, N. C., Wadesboro, N. C., Hartsville, S. C., Bennettsville, S. C., Dillon, S. C., Lumberton, N. C., Wilmington, N. C. The club was greeted by a large and appreciative audience at all of the towns visted.

On October 10th President W. L. Poteat spoke before the William E. Marshall Medical Society.

In an effort to make the fourth annual High School Declamation Contest the most successful of any one ever held here, the committee, recently selected to have charge of the contest this year, has already made extensive plans and will soon be in a position to give to the public the details concerning the coming contest. This committee is composed of the following: R. D. Poe, chairman; B. E. Morris, secretary; O. T. Glenn, D. B. Johnson, G. R. Sherrill, L. J. Dawkins.

Society Day was celebrated on Monday, November 3d, and the occasion was a distinct success. The annual debate was held at 3 o'clock P. M. in Wingate Memorial Hall with the discussion of the query, "Resolved, That the United States Senate should ratify the Covenant of the League of Nations as proposed in the Treaty of Peace with Germany." Messrs. R. G. Stephens and H. E. Monteith, the supporters of the affirmative won the decision of the judges over the representatives of the negative, Messrs. T. O. Pangle and W. W. Pearce. At 7:30 o'clock in the evening the audience again assembled in Wingate Memorial Hall, this time to hear the orations of Messrs. O. T. Glenn, E. H. Potts, R. T. Liles, and J. R. Odum, all of which were of a high order. Immediately after the orations the audience repaired to the gymnasium where the reception was thoroughly enjoyed until a late hour. A large crowd of girls from Meredith and Oxford colleges and many neighboring towns contributed largely to the success of the celebration.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., spoke before the Current Topic Club of Rocky Mount, N. C., on November 10th.

President W. L. Poteat delivered an address in Petersburg, Va., on November 16th. From there he went to De-

troit, Mich., where from November 19th to 23d he attended the Fortieth International Convention of the Y. M. C. A.

Dr. H. M. Vann, of Danville, Va., father of Dr. H. M. Vann, professor of anatomy, has purchased the residence on Faculty Avenue formerly owned by Dr. J. B. Powers, Jr., and will soon move here to engage in the practice of medicine. The entire community takes pleasure in welcoming the family of Dr. Vann to their new home.

Dr. J. B. Turner, Dr. J. H. Gorrell and Prof. F. K. Poole have recently supplied at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Greenville, N. C.

The Lavoisier Chemical Society has held several interesting meetings this fall, and the prospects for a successful year's work are bright. The officers of the society are as follows: R. W. Sullivan, president; H. C. Brewer, vice president; H. M. Thompson, secretary; B. C. West, treasurer.

Quite a number of students went to Oxford College on the evening of October 18th when the student body of that institution entertained the Senior and Junior classes of Wake Forest at a delightful Hallowe'en Party, given in their honor. It was an occasion that will be remembered with a great deal of pleasure by all those who attended.

Dr. W. B. Powell, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Asheville, delivered a very stirring sermon in Wingate Memorial Hall on October 31.

The entire college community was intensely interested in the epochal flight recently made by Lieut. B. W. Maynard, a former Wake Forest student, when he won first honors in the army's great transcontinental air race and reliability

test, and we take this opportunity to tender him our heartiest congratulations on his signal achievement. On Society Day it was our good fortune to be honored by the presence of this distinguished pilot. He visited Wake Forest, coming by from Raleigh, while on his way from Washington to the Sampson County Fair. An immense crowd gathered on the golf links to see him land but due to the smallness of the field he was unable to do so and was compelled to return to Raleigh before landing. However, he later returned to Wake Forest in an automobile, and was given a hearty welcome. He attended the debate in the afternoon, the orations in the evening, and later went to the reception held in the gymnasium. Here he was introduced by Governor Bickett, and after expressing his joy at again being in Wake Forest he delighted the audience with a brief account of his trip across the continent and return.

Wake Forest was well represented at the Baptist State Convention which met in Raleigh October 11th and 12th. Several members of the faculty and a large number of students were present.

The College Y. M. C. A. offered one of the most enjoyable programs of the year when on Monday evening, October 20th, a number of artists from Raleigh delighted practically the entire student body in Wingate Memorial Hall. The evening's entertainment consisted of violin solos by Miss Hope Portney, professor of violin at Meredith College; vocal solos by Miss Bess C. Johnson, professor of voice at the same institution; a brief address by Meredith's president, Dr. C. E. Brewer, and selections by a trio from the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, composed of Mrs. J. R. Crozier, Miss Ellen Durham and Miss Gladys Dewar. At the conclusion of this program light refreshments were served to every one present.

President W. L. Poteat has been appointed a member of the State Reconstruction Committee by Governor Bickett. This committee has been formed under a recent act of the State Legislature and has for its purpose the investigation of the economic, social and military needs of the State brought about by the Great War.

In the first intercollegiate tennis match of the year our team found no difficulty in defeating Guilford on the local court, on Society Day. Folk and Stringfield were at no time compelled to exert themselves, winning the doubles and likewise the singles in easy fashion. From the record this combination is making we confidently expect a number of such victories this year. They recently won the championship in doubles at the State Tennis Tournament held in Greensboro under the auspices of the North Carolina Tennis Association.

In celebration of the first anniversary of the signing of the armistice which brought to a close the World War, the students who were members of the American Expeditionary Forces enjoyed a very delightful smoker in the law room on Monday evening, November 10th. On this occasion speeches were made by Doctors N. Y. Gulley and B. F. Sledd.

Dr. J. B. Turner, student secretary, is highly gratified over the interest that the students have manifested in B. Y. P. U. work since the beginning of the term. During the last two months the membership of the union has greatly increased, making necessary the organization of two more sections of the union in addition to the two sections previously conducted. Dr. Turner attributes this increased interest largely to the B. Y. P. U. training school conducted here during the latter part of September by Dr. B. W. Spillman.

R. D. Poe is president of section one; J. L. Memory of section two; E. P. West of section three; and J. C. Kesler of section four.

Following the example of many colleges and various other institutions throughout our Country, Wake Forest has manifested her interest in the Roosevelt Memorial Campaign. On November 1st, at chapel, President W. L. Poteat made a short talk relative to the work proposed in the campaign and appointed as a committee to further the work the following: W. M. Edwards, D. R. Fouts, T. O. Pangle, N. E. Gresham, W. W. Williams, and Chapel Wilson.

His many friends here and at other places in the State will be glad to learn of the recent appointment of Mr. Robert L. Humber, Jr., of Greenville, N. C., as Rhodes scholar from this State. Mr. Humber was a former editor of *THE STUDENT* and is a young man of exceptional ability and we extend to him our hearty congratulations.

Old Gold and Black has appeared regularly each week since soon after the opening of the session much to the delight of both faculty and students, and each issue has shown marked improvement over the preceding one. This publication is a staunch supporter of all phases of college life, and *THE STUDENT* wishes for it a successful year. The editorial staff is composed of E. E. Folk, editor-in-chief; Benj. T. Ward, managing editor; associate editors, W. N. Williams, C. P. Greaves, J. S. Green and E. F. Holman; and art editors, E. N. Pope and T. E. Moore. Its managerial staff is composed of R. P. Marshall, business manager; W. W. Pearce, assistant business manager, and Dr. J. B. Turner, alumni editor, who has given generously of his time and means in making the publication a success.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

J. F. Carter, B.A., has accepted the pastorate of Waughtown Baptist Church, succeeding R. K. Redwine, B.A., who has entered the Seminary at Louisville.

J. A. Powers, B.A., is Solicitor of the Kinston district. He has recently married.

W. D. Adams, former Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Charlotte, was recently elected Secretary of the American Cotton Association at its recent convention in New Orleans.

Burton J. Ray, B.A., '03, is connected with the Camp Manufacturing Company at Franklin, Va.

S. Junius Husketh, 1903-07, is the efficient principal of the Bethel schools.

Geo. C. Pennell, LL.B., '15, has been appointed City Attorney for Asheville.

James Archibald Davis, 1917-'19, late pastor of the Pullen Memorial Church in Raleigh, was killed October 30th in an automobile accident in Forth Worth, Texas, where he had gone to enter the Southwestern Theological Seminary. Mr. Davis was a young man of rare gifts as a minister and as a musician. His body was interred at his home near Sanford, N. C. His many friends and fellow-students extend the deepest sympathy to his bereaved relatives.

Hon. Edwin Yates Webb, of Shelby, for sixteen years representative in Congress from the Ninth District, was on October 30th named by President Wilson for Federal Judge of the Western District of North Carolina. The appointment became effective upon the confirmation of the Senate on November 5th.

Dr. J. W. Dickie, B.S., '14, has received his discharge from the Navy and will locate in Asheville to practice medicine.

Lee B. Weathers, B.A., '08, is the able and versatile editor of the *Cleveland Star*, published at Shelby. Mr. Weathers is Secretary of the Wake Forest Alumni Association for Cleveland County.

In a recent issue of the *Star* was this paragraph: "Twenty-one men from Cleveland County are now attending Wake Forest College."

Lyle Ellis, B.S., '18, star pitcher on the Wake Forest team for four years, will get his M.D. degree at the Jefferson Medical College next spring.

Dr. "Mig" Billings, B.S., '17, former star athlete and coach, has located at Morganton to practice medicine.

Dr. B. L. Jones, B.S., '11, recently returned from France, is practicing medicine in New York.

Irving E. Carlyle, M.A., '19, is assistant principal of Liberty Piedmont Institute.

W. H. Hipps, B.A., '07, former Superintendent of Schools for Buncombe County, is Superintendent of the Johnson County Schools.

Marshall H. Jones, B.A., '15, is assistant cashier of the First and Citizens National Bank of Elizabeth City.

Julius C. Smith, B.A., '15, formerly of High Point, has recently moved to Greensboro to become the junior and executive partner in the law firm of Cooke & Smith. A. Wayland Cooke is the senior member and his participation is largely of an advisory nature.

Leslie Carter, B.S., '14, M.D. at the Medical College of Virginia in 1916, has been discharged from the Navy, where he held a commission as Senior Lieutenant. About a year ago he married Miss Juanita Horner and is now practicing medicine at Gates, N. C.

Percy Dawson (1910-12), once a famous center-fielder on the Wake Forest baseball team, is now ticket agent of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad at Portsmouth, Va. He greeted our football team on its arrival in Portsmouth for the game with the Sewanee Club and was a much-interested spectator at the game.

C. N. Bailey, B.A., '98, is Secretary-Treasurer of the J. P. Morgan Company of Norfolk, Va. In the days when intercollegiate football was under the ban at Wake Forest he kept the football fires burning by training class teams. He still keeps his former interest in the game, and sometimes when he watches the Wake Forest team play, he needs a policeman to keep him off the field. While in College Mr. Bailey was engaged in every kind of student activity and showed much enterprise in many new lines.

George A. Foote, B.A., '01, and Gaston Foote, B.A., '03, are engaged in a wholesale mercantile business in Norfolk.

Judge George J. Spence, B.A., '05, recently spent a few days in Wake Forest. He had his wife, a woman of charming personality, with him. Mr. Spence is City Judge in Elizabeth City, where he has long had a profitable law practice.

C. T. Goode, B.A., '05; M.A., '06, who has been professor of English at Sweetbrier College in Virginia, is now on the teaching staff at Cornell.

Robert L. Humber, Jr., B.A., '18, recently recommended by Wake Forest College, has won the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford from North Carolina. He was one of the sixty-three successful candidates from the United States, the quota this year including that of 1918. No selections were made that year on account of the war. The 1918 men will enter Oxford next January. Mr. Humber is now finishing a political science course at Harvard.

R. N. Childress, B.A., '19, is Supervisor of Public Welfare of Wake County under State Superintendent Rowland F. Beasley.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. A. HERRING, Editor

The Exchange Department thus far has had rather an inactive part in the composition of *THE STUDENT*. This department, however, is most helpful. Criticism given in a coöperative spirit is a forceful stimulant to improvement in any branch of work. Of course, it will be understood by all that our criticism will be given in that spirit alone. We would gladly exchange publications with any sister college and will appreciate the remarks which others may deem fit to make about our magazine.

The Lenorian was among the first to appear on our list of exchanges. At first sight, it would seem that "Hickory, North Carolina" has too prominent a space on the cover of the magazine. However, its contents are good. It contains an oration, a sonnet, an essay, a short story and some splendid editorials.

The Orange and Blue, a paper published semi-monthly by the students of Carson-Newman College, is one of the best papers which come to us. It combines in an interesting way, poems, essays, and college news. This, furthermore, can be said to its credit—it comes on schedule time.

The Trinity Archive contains a number of splendid works among which the poem, "To the Men of the Golden Star" and the short story, "The Sale," stand paramount.

The Blue and Gray is another very good paper, from Lincoln Memorial University. It combines short stories, poems, essays, and college notes. It should be congratulated for its successful composition.

The Furman Echo is well up to its usual standard. It contains some good addresses given at the memorial exercises

of R. B. Quick and Chas. Timmons. The poem, "Be a Man," shows good thought. "The Silent Part," "Inter Nos," "The Seventeenth Century American Historians," and "Twilight and You," demonstrate an unusual combination of literary ability. We would be glad to see more poems and essays in all our magazines.

The first number of *The Acorn* gives Meredith College a good start in the literary world of her sister colleges. Probably the strongest factor in making that number so attractive is the essay, "The Wide Influence of Popular Music and the Effect of War Upon It."

The Davidson College Magazine, *The St. Mary's Muse* and *The University of Virginia* magazine all show splendid literary taste. "Climax," a short story in the last magazine, shows true originality.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. S. POOLE, Editor

E. H. Potts, Esq., Book Agent, was looking at the baptistry in a newly constructed Baptist church in a certain town. "This is a nice pond, wonder if they have one like it over in the Methodist church."

Dr. Poteat—(On Biology I)—"What else can you do that the Amoeba cau't?"

Ex-Newish Edwards—"Smoke a cigar."

Dr. Poteat—"Ah! he has more sense."

She—My grandpa has reached the age of 96. Isn't it wonderful?

He—Wonderful nothing! Look at the time its taken him to do it.—*Boston Transcript*.

Eagle—(at supper table)—Prof. Jones, "did you see the play 'Experience' in Raleigh Friday night?"

Prof. Jones—"Yes."

Eagle—Well, I've just met the girl who shall take the part of character 'Love' in my Experience."

Thomas—(Recently married)—"You had better leave her alone. I epeak from Experience."

Wife—What shall we do to remedy the high cost of living.

Husband—I'll see if I can't get a job to assist in investigating it. Maybe the salary will be enough to help tide us over.

Grose— (After flirting for a few minutes with a young lady on Shoo-fly)—"May I ride with you as far as Youngsville?"

She—"Yes, meet my husband."

Question—What became of Grose?

An old couple from the country wandered into a moving picture show in town. As they entered a cowboy picture was being shown.

The old lady laid a restraining hand on her husband's arm.

"Bill," she said, "Lets not go too far down in front; the dust those horses are kicking up is something awful. My clothes'll be ruined!"

Newish Adams—Hough we're passing St. Mary's.

Butler—Why are so many girls out on the campus?

Ex-Newish Hough—Man, they're having recess.

If you can't put fire in your speech, put your speech in the fire—F. K. Pool.

"You certainly have a trim little waist," said her lover.

"You're right," she replied, "There's no getting around that."

Prof of Astronomy—"Is there anything now that isn't clear to anyone?"

Hurley—Yes Sir. "I don't see how they discovered the names of the stars."

(Barnes and Watson discussing Xmas) Watson—"Will a sock hold what you want Christmas?"

Saxe Barnes—"No." "But Stockings will."

(Over the Telephone) He—"Is that you darling?"

She—"Yes, who is this?"

(Moody White to stranger on train returning from the A. and E. Carolina football game)—"How was the score when you left?"

Stranger—"Six to Six."

White—"In whose favor?"

He pulled her to his side
The color left her cheek,
But on the collar of his coat
It stayed for most a week.

Son—What was it made you marry mother?

Pop—Are you beginning to wonder, too?—*Widow.*

Bill speaking of John)—I believe he would lose his head if it wasn't attached to him.

Pat—Yes, he's very careless. He just said that he had lost his health and was going west seeking it.

The Slacker—Its better to be a living coward than a dead hero.

He—Well, doctor, boy or girl?

Doctor—Both.

He—Hurrah! Two more income tax exemptions.

LEST WE FORGET

That J. L. Taylor is an Old Veteran.

That W. G. Pittman is a Senior.

That Pearson, H. O. leads the train crew.

That it is still noisy at the Post Office.

That Eagle was editor-in-chief of the Howler last year.

That Dr. Cochran allowed one week to pass without giving a Psychology quiz.

That Thomas has gotten off bones.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Published by the

EUZELIAN AND PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETIES

of Wake Forest College, North Carolina

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 4

DAWN

N. E. GRESHAM

Hist!
Lo, comes the rosy-fingered dawn,
And leapeth now the milk-white fawn
O'er mountain brooks and through deep glades
While darkness wanes and flees and fades,
And gold and crimson bars
Shoot upward and bedim the stars,
 And hark! I hear
 Away somewhere
The crowing of the chanticleer!

A SHORT STORY OF WAKE FOREST, TOWN AND COLLEGE

J. H. GORRELL

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—In an interesting biographical sketch of General Calvin Jones recently written by Mr. Marshall Delancey Haywood of Raleigh, it is stated that General Jones' residence, which is still standing, was built in 1820. The following article, taken in part from a paper written by me for the *Bulletin of Wake Forest College* of July, 1907, might appropriately be published in the first month of the year that celebrates the construction one hundred years ago of the first house within the bounds of the present town of Wake Forest.—J. H. G.]

In the report on Education to the Baptist State Convention at its second session, held in 1832, at Reeves' Meeting-house, Chatham County, the Committee stated that in order to establish a literary institution on the Manual Labor Principle, it would be necessary to purchase a farm "in a suitable situation, furnished with commodious buildings," and that "such a farm can be had in the county of Wake within 15 miles of the city of Raleigh for the sum of \$2,000." It was, furthermore, recommended that a committee be appointed to secure the necessary funds.

The Convention thereupon appointed J. G. Hall, W. R. Hinton, John Purefoy, A. S. Winn, and S. I. Jeffreys "to endeavor to raise \$2,000, with a view of purchasing a plantation for the accommodation of a literary institution."

In a short time the Committee so appointed purchased for \$2,000 the farm of Dr. Calvin Jones, embracing 615 acres, and having on it a magnificent growth of oak trees forming a veritable forest, from which fact it was popularly called the "Forest of Wake County," which name was afterwards abbreviated to Wake Forest. Hence the institution established on this farm came to be called "Wake Forest Institute" and subsequently "Wake Forest College."

The deed of the Jones farm, dated August 28, 1832, conveys the land to John Purefoy, William R. Hinton, Simon G. Jeffreys, Jr., and James G. Hall (as representatives of the Trustees). The description of the boundaries of the estate reads as follows: "Beginning at a stake on the Powel road, thence S. 75 degrees E. 34 poles to a sassafras; thence S. 73 degrees E. 72 poles to a maple on the spring branch; thence down the branch to an ash; thence East 63 poles to a pine on the ridge path; thence along said path to a pine on Powel's road; thence down the road 82 poles to a post-oak on the west side of said road; thence North 70 poles to a small red-oak; thence N. 60 degrees W. 13 poles to a small post-oak; thence S. 40 degrees W. 75 poles to a white [oak] and sourwood; thence N. 53 degrees W. 172 poles to a large ironwood tree on the east of Richland Creek; thence down the various courses of said creek to the road; thence up a large branch to the flat rock, white-oak and ash; thence up the various courses of the red hill branch to the beginning, containing 615 1-2 acres; also a small piece of land on the opposite side of Richland Creek, adjoining the aforesaid land, being the land which Dr. Calvin Jones purchased of Davis Battle and whereon the said Calvin Jones now lives."

By supplementing the information given in this vague description by the recollections of some of the older residents of Wake Forest, we may state with some degree of certainty that the original grounds of the College extended to the north as far as the residence of Mr. W. C. Powell, and to the east almost to the former home of Mr. W. O. Allen. Its southern boundary reached as far as the present residence of Mr. John G. Dunn, and its western limit was Richland Creek. The additional piece of ground mentioned in the deed lies to the west of the creek and is now owned by Mr. W. C. Brewer.

During the absence of the former proprietor, who had moved into Tennessee, the farm was in a poor state of cultivation, the fences and buildings out of repair, and the place was accessible only by the few roads that led from the north to Raleigh and Fayetteville. The main farm buildings, situated in the fine old oak grove, consisted of the two-story Manor-House, which occupied just about the same situation as the present Administration Building, a large carriage-house, placed a little to its rear, and a number of cabins built of white-oak logs. The flower garden of Mrs. Jones lay just in front of the present Chemical Laboratory, the only remains of which consist of a few stunted box-bushes that are carefully preserved as mute witnesses of olden days.

To provide for the increasing number of students in that early period a few frame buildings were constructed. Two one-story houses were erected toward the northern and southern extremities of the present campus, which on account of their peculiar form were called the "Long-Houses," and a larger frame building was placed in the grove of oaks opposite the residence of Mr. J. C. Caddell. The old carriage-house was transformed into a Chapel and recitation rooms, and the other frame houses furnished recitation and living rooms for teachers and students.

Of these buildings all have disappeared save two. The old Jones homestead was sold late in the '30's to Professor John B. White, who moved it to a lot which he had purchased on the west side of the present campus. This building, with the land of Professor White, was afterwards sold to Dr. W. T. Walters and is known today by the name of the "Old Walters' House." The North "Long Building" was bought in 1842 by President Wait, who moved it to a lot which he had purchased on Main Street. For many years it formed the rear part of the residence of Dr. Wait, and subsequently of Dr. C. E. Taylor. It was afterwards removed

by the latter to a lot situated on the corner of Pine and Middle streets, and forms the main part of the residence of Dr. L. T. Buchanan, Jr. Over the front door of this house may still be seen, cut deep into the wood, the name of a student of Wake Forest Institute in 1836, evidently one of the occupants of this first dormitory.

When the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad was surveyed application was made for permission to cross the estate of the new institution, the result of which may be noted by a resolution of the Trustees in a meeting of July 3, 1837:

"Resolved, That a privilege be given the Rail Road to run through the land of the Institute and also for a Depot under the control of the Trustees of the Institute."

Wake Forest, however, did not enjoy the accommodation of a station until 1873. It had only the privilege of a way-station, the nearest regular station being Forestville, a mile distant.

The advent of the railroad doubtless inspired the managers of the institution with the hope of the foundation of a town, for we read that at a meeting of the Trustees in June, 1838, the following resolution was offered: "That Brethren Wait, Justice and Meredith be appointed a committee to enquire into the expediency of laying off a town at the Institute."

The Chairman of this Committee, President Wait, at the next meeting of the Trustees in November, recommended the sale of lots, and the following resolution was offered: "That a portion of the land at Wake Forest Institute be sold in suitable lots for family residences and other necessary purposes on condition that no gambling house, that no house or shop where spirits shall be kept for sale, or that no other nuisance shall be put on them, and that a good building be erected thereon and inhabited within two years from date

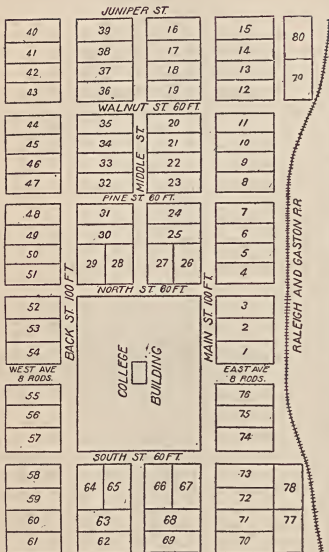


CHART OF THE TOWN OF WAKE FOREST, 1839

of sale." Brethren T. Meredith, R. T. Sanders and Wm. Crenshaw were appointed "to have lots laid off as above directed."

In the meantime the need of substantial buildings had forced itself upon the consideration of the Trustees, and in 1838 there were erected three large brick buildings: the dormitory, and the houses now occupied by Judge Timberlake and Mr. C. E. Gill, then denominated the North Brick Building and the South Brick Building respectively. The bricks for these buildings were made in the low-ground lying between the present campus and the railroad. To make an accurate account it is necessary to state here that the North and South Brick Houses were built not immediately by the Institute, but by Messrs. C. W. Skinner and Amos J. Battle respectively, but it was proposed by the Trustees to purchase them after completion. This purchase was made by issuing a bond to each builder. It was not found possible to meet the Skinner bond. The other bond was probably paid, for, as we shall see, the South House was sold by the College a number of years after this date.

The Committee appointed to plot the proposed town were furthermore instructed by the Trustees in a meeting in December, 1838, to have the lots one acre each, that the sale take place in the month of February, 1839, and that the value of the lots be fixed at not less than \$100 each.

Brethren Wait, White, and Meredith, the new Committee who had the matter in charge, went immediately to work and on February 4, 1839, they presented a chart of the lots to be sold. A copy of this chart may be seen on the opposite page. It may truly be said that the town of Wake Forest had its birth on this important day. It may be of interest to quote in full the report of the Committee in explanation of this chart:

"The survey was commenced at the North-West corner of Lot No. 76, marked A., on a line with the South end of the College Building, and the lots are eight rods by twenty. Main and Back Streets are each one hundred feet wide. East and West Avenue are eight rods. The other streets are sixty feet wide. Main Street runs parallel with the College Building. The South lots, to-wit, Nos. 61, 62, 69 and 70, are parts of lots. The four lots on the East side of the town are ten rods by sixteen. So also are lots Nos. 26, 27, 28, 29, 64, 65, 66 and 67. The centre of Middle Street passes through the centre of the College Building, North and South."

Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 74, 75, 76, 26, 27, 28, 29, 64, 65, 66, 67, 72 and 73 were reserved for the College, and the rest were offered for sale.

The first land to be sold was that upon which stood the North Brick Building, which was for many years the residence of Professor W. G. Simmons, for we note that at the same meeting the "President of the Board was authorized to convey to Bro. C. Skinner, by a good and sufficient deed, Lots No. 4 and 5, with the improvements thereon in consideration that said Skinner shall surrender to the Board the bond of \$3,000 executed in his favor."

A committee appointed for the purpose appraised lots Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 at one hundred and fifty dollars each and all the other lots at one hundred dollars each. This was surely a modest valuation and one likely to attract home-seekers.

The next purchaser of land from the institution was Isham Holding, who in 1841 received a deed for a considerable tract of land in the northern part of the estate.

In June, 1842, we learn that deeds were executed for lands purchased by Samuel Wait, John B. White and Wm. T. Brooks. Dr. Wait became the owner of a number of town lots lying to the west of Main Street. He also purchased

from the Institute a large tract of farm land extending to the western limit of the original farm. Dr. Brooks became the possessor of the land on which is situated the house of Mr. J. C. Caddell, with a considerable amount of land lying to the north and west. This is now the property of his daughter, Mrs. Caddell. Professor White bought the property lying to the west of the campus now owned by Mrs. I. O. Walters.

During the following years the College passed through a period of financial embarrassment; salaries were unpaid, the current expenses were increasing, and real property was of little value. From the scattered records of this period we are impressed by the desperate desire on the part of the Trustees to sell off lots and land, so as to make both ends meet. In all probability a good amount of property was sold during these years of which we have no information. In their effort to secure funds by surrender of land the Trustees came near ruining for all time the beautiful and symmetrical campus. It must be remembered that the campus in those days extended to the east only as far as the present middle walk, which was then a regular part of Main Street. In 1850 the Trustees agreed to sell to James S. Purefoy lots Nos. 74, 75 and 76. But four months later they secured the consent of Mr. Purefoy to have the contract rescinded, and in order that a temptation of that kind should never again present itself, they pledged themselves "that they will never dispose of or sell lots 1, 2, 3, 74, 75, 76, but use them for college purposes or campus." By this wise action the managers preserved for all time the integrity of the College campus.

Meanwhile attempts were made to dispose of the property owned by the College east of the railroad. A contract was entered into for the sale of this property to David Justice at \$7.50 per acre. The Trustees evidently did not approve

heartily of the business judgment of the Committee who arranged the sale, for we find that at the next meeting "without reflecting on the conduct or motives of the Committee in making the sale," they gently but firmly refused to ratify it, and the wisdom of this course is shown by the fact that the next day (June 12, 1851) this same land was sold to Wm. T. Brooks and N. I. Palmer at \$10 per acre.

It may be of interest to note that sixteen acres of this land, constituting the present business portion of the town, was bought from Dr. Brooks by Dr. W. B. Royall, and afterwards, by the desire of the Trustees and at great personal sacrifice, were resold to the College at the rate of twenty-five dollars an acre.

The next important piece of property disposed of was the South Brick House, then the residence of Prof. Owen, which was purchased in 1855 by Col. S. S. Biddle for \$2,000.

Although we are unable to find records of sales by the Trustees we know that there was considerable buying of town lots between 1850 and 1860. Shortly prior to that period Mr. James S. Purefoy had purchased a great part of the land that lay to the south of the College. He was also the possessor of the lots now occupied as residences by Professors Gulley and Lanneau. Dr. Wait and his son-in-law, the late Mr. J. M. Brewer, became the owners of the lots lying to the west of Main Street in the north end of the village as far as the residence of Mr. R. E. Royall. Most of the lots on East Main Street were bought by Dr. W. G. Simmons.

The number of town lots remaining in the hands of the College after the war was small, and very scanty are the records of their sale. We notice the disposition of a few lots to Prof. L. R. Mills in 1868, and a recommendation to sell the vacant lots in front of the residence of Prof. Mills in 1880. These were, however, wisely reserved as the Ath-

letic Grounds. The lots on West Main Street opposite the Athletic Grounds were bought by Dr. Chas. E. Taylor in the 70's, and a few vacant lots in the grove to the north of the College were delivered to Dr. Taylor some years later in lieu of salary, and it is probable that this transaction disposed of the last of the lots in the chartered town.

The land to the east of the railroad which still remained in the hands of the College was valued in 1874 at \$1,450, and after years of vain endeavors was sold shortly after the meeting of the Trustees in June, 1880.

That part of the College grounds lying between Main Street and the railroad was an eyesore to all who passed the place. It was an old field, uncultivated and full of deep gullies, submerged during the heavy rains and during the dry season an unattractive picture of barren clay, for there was situated the old brickyard. Accordingly the Trustees passed an order in 1868 that "the land between the College and Railroad be turned over to a Campus Committee to be improved as may be deemed expedient." Nothing came of this effort, and in 1869 the Board wisely placed the care of Buildings and Grounds in charge of the Faculty.

In the meantime, however, mainly through the influence and beneficence of Col. J. M. Heck, of Raleigh, a landscape gardener by the name of Major Engelhart was employed to rearrange the campus in such a way as to make for symmetry and beauty. The street running through the middle of the grounds was abolished and was carried eastward along South Street, gradually skirting the campus toward the railroad in the form of a curve. The lines of this curve can still be distinctly made out on the south by the row of Osage Orange trees opposite the residence of Mr. T. E. Holding. A close-set line of this variety of trees extended in those days around the whole campus. Many specimens of them are still to be seen.

The front of the campus was curiously laid out along the lines of two contiguous circles, the smaller circle with its circumference bordering on the Old Building, the larger with its eastern circumference forming the front of the campus. A large number of the elms that adorn the grounds were set out during this transformation.

A rough board fence was built around the campus, and for several years it became a grazing place for the cows of the town, the owners paying a nominal fee for this privilege; and the old negroes of the village still speak of the "sleekness" and sportiveness of the bovines which fattened on college grass. Later on the eastern part was planted in corn and cotton.

Long enough surely had taste been offended and the good name of the College injured by the disgraceful condition of the campus, and in 1885 President C. E. Taylor took the matter in hand and arranged the College grounds substantially as they are at present. He abolished the curves and made the campus a rectangular piece of ground. He changed the direction of the walks, for by that time the number of structures on the campus had been increased by two, viz.: The Library Building (built in 1878), and the Wingate Memorial Hall (built in 1879). That which, however, contributed most to the rustic loveliness of the place was the setting out from December 13 to 16, 1885, of 300 trees—100 magnolias, 100 maples and 100 evergreens. All these trees are now well grown and form one of the most admirable features of the landscape. The hundred magnolias were donated by as many friends of the College, and there is still carefully preserved among the archives of the institution a chart marking the position of each magnolia with the name of its donor.

In the spring of 1886 Dr. Taylor, who always took a deep interest in the beautifying of the College surroundings, set

out, with the help of our old servant, "Doctor" Thomas Jeffreys, 1,000 vines and shrubs, including 500 roses, "Doctor" Tom, in speaking of the old days, never tires of telling how "me and Doctor Taylor sot out all the bushes and scrubbery in de campus under de instructions of de Doctor." The beds of roses were set out on April 12th of that year. Ten pounds of grass-seed was also sown at the same time. This vigorous and intelligent treatment of the grounds has been amply rewarded by the continuous improvement in physical appearance during the last thirty years.

The last work we may note in closing was the building in 1890 of the rock wall which surrounds the front half of the campus. The rock was purchased at the rate of 25 cents a pen, and the arduous work of making the wall was done by the two faithful College servants Tom Jeffreys and Len Crenshaw. This wall, although thus simply constructed, gives to the grounds of the institution the appearance of solidity and dignity in keeping with the traditions of the College.

The present campus is a rectangular piece of land slightly over twenty-four acres in extent, with its ridge crowned by eight buildings, including the large and ornate Baptist Church which is the only edifice lying on the eastern slope and the Wake Forest Hospital—the ninth building—situated on the northwestern slope.

Its chief beauty consists in its uninterrupted stretch of lawn, adorned by a large number of trees and flowering shrubs, (over seven hundred in all), which by their apparently artless arrangement over a gently rolling ground make the Wake Forest Campus in all probability the most naturally beautiful college site in North Carolina.

SHANTUNG, THE EASTERN ALSACE-LORRAINE

S. E. AYERS

Imagine what Alsace-Lorraine means to France, what Antwerp means to Belgium, and what New York means to the United States, and an idea is gained as to what Shantung Province, the Alsace-Lorraine of Asia, means to China. Shaped like an irregular diamond, there are about four hundred and twenty-four miles from its eastern point to its western and about three hundred from its northern to its southern; and within its borders dwell 40,000,000 of the sturdiest, wealthiest, and most intelligent inhabitants of the Chinese Republic. It is not its size, though, or even its great economic importance which makes it so dear to the Chinese mind. These are extremely important factors, but the main reason for Japan's grasping attitude toward Shantung hurts, is because it was here that Chinese civilization originated; it was here all her sages and leaders were born; and it is here now that thousands upon thousands of her inhabitants journey yearly to worship at Tai Shan (meaning the Great Mountain), which is a majestic peak situated in the western end of the province and long taught by all Chinese historians and leaders in religious thought to be the most sacred spot upon the face of the globe. Fifteen hundred years before Moses received the Hebrew revelations on Sinai, Fuh, the first of the five "Great Emperors" sacrificed to Heaven on this mountain, and on the fertile banks of the Yellow River in the plain below, legend claims the dragon first appeared, rising from its waters, to impart to the Emperor the secrets of agriculture, government, music, philosophy, and finally that complicated system of hieroglyphics which compose the written language of China. In gratitude for this, the Emperor adopted the

dragon as the symbol of the Empire and gave the title "Dragon" to all its officers. This custom, originating nearly five thousand years ago continued till 1912, when the Republic was formed.

Emperor Fuhi was born near Tsinanfu, the present capital of Shantung, but established his capital at Kai Fung, on the western edge of the province where the dragon supposedly appeared to him. This city is the oldest of which we have any definite record in China, and if Chinese records are to be believed, when it was at its height, was one of the most wonderful cities that ever existed. It is claimed that at one time it attained a population of eleven million and was the center of Oriental culture. The old city, however, has long since been swallowed up by successive inundations of the Yellow River, and the city on its site is only of mediocre importance.

Although Fuhi worshiped on Tai Shan, it was to the great Emperor, Shun (B. C. 2255 to B. C. 2205), during a period when the religion was soundly monotheistic, that credit is generally given for initiating the mountain as a permanent place of worship. From that time till now, over four thousand years, probably not a day has passed but what some weary pilgrim has climbed to its summit to seek relief from some trouble or to put in a request for continued success and prosperity. It is said that at times during recent years as many as ten thousand have climbed to its summit in a single day. And even in the most remote parts of the land stones are frequently seen brought back as a proud relic of the trip to the Holy Mountain, and put up in front of the gate, bearing inscriptions of which this one would be typical: "Look on this and think of the Sacred Mountain."

About the year B. C. 551, at the foot of Tai Shan, near the city Tai-an, was born a boy by the name of Kung, later known as Kung Fu Tze or Confucius, who was to influence

his country more than any one had ever influenced it before, or has yet influenced it. From the start he proved himself to be an ardent student and a man of marked personality. He was only seventeen years of age when he entered public life, being appointed at this age as inspector of markets. In this capacity he proved so efficient in abolishing fraud and deceit and in inducing the use of honest weights and measures that two years later, when nineteen years old, he was promoted to a higher position in his principality which intrusted him with the restoration of husbandry and put him in charge of herds and flocks. At the age of twenty-three his mother died, and he retired from public life and went into seclusion for three years. Practically all this time was spent in study and reflection. When he came out again, he brought with him a great many new ideas, and when twenty-six years old commenced a tour of the principal districts of China preaching his doctrines of governmental reform and right living among men. When he finally returned to his home, he was followed by more than five hundred mandarins who came to study at his feet. Confucius did not claim to be the originator of the doctrines he taught, or did he claim them to be in any way divine. He merely regarded himself as a teacher of philosophy and political science, and as such he should be regarded as one of the greatest of ancient times. The Chinese have since applied to him a divine nature, and therefore it is natural that Western Shantung, where he lived and died, and where his principles of government were tried out, should be regarded as sacred ground. It means to the Chinese even more than Jerusalem means to those of the Christian faith. His birthplace is one of their shrines, the place where he taught another, and the place where he died and lies buried still another. Can it, therefore, be wondered that the Chinaman's blood boils at the suggestion of a foreign power, and Japan especially, coming in and controlling "the very heart of their country."

The people of Shantung, also are of the spice of the land. There are 40,000,000 of them. And a hardier, more healthy race could scarcely be found anywhere. They average five feet ten inches in height and are noted throughout the country for their wonderful strength and endurance. They differ from their neighbors in being of a fierce and warlike nature. The armies of China have long been recruited from among Shantung men, and the successive invasions from the North and South in ancient and mediæval times made little impression upon them. "Whenever foreign dynasties have ruled over China, the Shantung men have always been the irreconcilables, constantly stirring up rebellion and striving to establish native Chinese rule," says Guy Morrison Walker, expert on Eastern affairs. It was in this province that the Boxer Rebellion was started in an attempt to rid China of the invaders who had so infringed upon her National Sovereignty just prior to the opening of the twentieth century. This uprising was a protest from men accustomed to ruling themselves for the past five thousand years, against interference in their local affairs by foreigners. It was mainly on account of these physical reasons that 300,000 Shantung men were imported into France during the recent war to do the most strenuous of labor which only such as they could endure. It is extremely doubtful if the Japanese, whom they hate, could induce a race of people such as these to submit peaceably to their rule.

Among other things, Shantung is the home of silk culture. It was in her hills that silk was first discovered, first domesticated, and first manufactured into cloth. At present Shantung silks are famous the world over. Silk forms her largest export and thousands of dollars worth of both the finished product and cocoons may be seen at any time upon the wharfs of her seaports ready to be sent to all parts of the world.

Shantung has the longest coast line of any province in China. This is due to the jutting promontory extending far out into the China Sea. And on this coast there nestle several harbors of which any nation would justly boast. Chefoo, the first opened to foreign commerce, has long been known for the safety of its inclosed harbor and the beauty of its bathing beach. At present it is one of the favorite summer resorts for foreigners residing in China, and also carries on a lucrative export and import trade. On the extreme eastern point of the province is Weihaiwei, leased to England for a period of ninety-nine years as a vantage point from which to watch Russia, then entrenched across the bay in Port Arthur, Manchuria, now owned by Japan.

The part of Shantung, however, which has been most in the public eye during the past few years is Tsingtao, in Kiaochou Bay, on the southern side of the promontory. This was the territory the Germans demanded a lease on in 1898 when two of their missionaries were assassinated near here. Immediately she began the construction of the railway that now runs westward along the foot of the mountains in this part of the province, to the capital of the province at the edge of the rich plain to the west. It is because of the strategic and economic importance of this point that Japan is so anxious to gain control of the port and railway. But in addition to this, and beyond what the Germans had, she is also demanding economic control of the whole province. When we speak of Japan's Shantung claims, we very frequently forget that she is claiming so much more than she actually took from Germany. This seems especially unjust when we consider that China entered the war as her ally, confiscating all the German vessels in her harbors, and turning them over to the Allies for use; sending 300,000 Shantung men to France; and in every way that could be desired of her, giving her support to the common cause. No wonder we find Mr.

Hsu, one of the Chinese delegates at the Peace Conference, and said to be the cleanest politician in the East, saying before the Chinese Society of America, that the Shantung decision was merely a bribe to Japan to join the League of Nations in order that permanent peace might be established in the world. Mr. Hsu also says, though, that it is his firm conviction that the seeds of another war were sown in this decision. As to the opinion of America's stand in the future, however, Mr. Kung, another one of the delegates, is quoted as saying, "China has been a democracy in fact, and since America entered the war to make democracy safe, we cannot believe that America will abandon us in the saving of China for republicanism. It is the great single thing to be won by the war in the Far East."

Among the other assets of Shantung must be mentioned her natural resources. She possesses some of the most fertile plains of Asia on which practically every vegetable raised in China, is grown. Her chief crops, though, are maize, wheat, and corn. She is famous also as the originator and chief supplier of straw braid, which forms one of her chief exports. The following minerals are mined in her mountains: copper, lead, antimony, silver, sulphur, nitre, garnets and agates. Much gold is now being procured by placer mining in her streams. But above all in importance stands the large supply of iron and coal which exist in enormous quantities, and despite the fact that only the surface of the deposits have been scratched, the Chinese have been practicing the art of smelting for over five thousand years.

In addition to her coast lines and local products, much of Shantung's importance in Chinese commerce and industry is due to the fact that through its western borders first in one direction, then in another, runs the great Yellow River, together with the Grand Canal, which connects Peking and Tientsin with the Yangtze River. Hence, to give Shantung

over either directly or indirectly to a foreign power would mean to give them control over the Grand Canal and the Yellow River, and as they are the chief mediums of commerce with internal China, absolute control over the internal commerce and communication of the Chinese Republic.

In an excellent article entitled, "The Cradle of Chinese Civilization," in the September number of "Asia," the journal of the American Asiatic Association, Mr. Guy Morrison Walker sums up his article by saying, "The Western end of the Province of Shantung juts into China as does the State of Pennsylvania into our United States, and it cuts off all North China from the rest of China as placing Pennsylvania in the hands of some alien power would cut off New York and New England from our South. The port of Tsingtao lies in relation to Eastern China much as Philadelphia does in the United States. And the railroad built by the Germans, control of which the Japanese now attempt to seize, extends westward nearly three hundred miles as the Pennsylvania Railroad runs from Philadelphia to Pittsburg; while Tsinan-fu, the capital of Shantung, now held by the Japanese, lies at the western end of the province as does Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. You may thus get some idea of what the claims of Japan in Shantung mean to China."

THE MYSTERIOUS BELL

G. A. MARSH, JR.

In these days when proficiency in the arts and sciences has become widespread and general, we seldom hear of spooks, ghosts, goblins, haunts or kindred imaginary terrors which so effectually intimidated our forefathers. Enlightenment has decreed that ghosts shall no more exist, except in the realm of imagination. And so they, finding it impossible to live with Enlightenment, have retreated to the outer fringe of civilization, where aided by their great ally, Superstition, they still carry on their impious work among the youth of various nationalities.

But there is one thing closely related to ghosts that has weathered the storms of progress: that is mystery. Scarcely ever do we scan the day's news in our very modern way without finding an account of some mystery, or of the solution of some mystery. Of course Enlightenment has here decreed that all mysteries shall be solvable, but still they are mysteries until solved. And now we may proceed with the story.

The events which I narrate occurred as follows: In the fall of a certain year a certain family—let us call them the Abbots—moved from the country to the city. It being a considerable distance to move, they brought with them very little save the necessities of housekeeping, probably the only luxury being a turkey. And this really seemed a necessity, considering the fact that the Abbots had had a turkey dinner every Thanksgiving and Christmas ever since the oldest Abbott could remember.

The next morning, just at break of day, the call-bell rang. Mr. Abbott dressed hastily and went to the front door; but no one was to be seen. He then went back to bed and soon

the incident was forgotten. But not for long, for the next morning at daybreak the bell rang again. And again, Mr. Abbott, although half expecting to be disappointed a second time, arose to greet the supposed visitation. This time also he saw no one. "Well, I swan!" he said, "This has got me beat. All these here electric tricks are bound to play some tricks on a feller once in a while, though." And with that he went back for his morning snooze.

On the third morning again the little bell tingled just at dawn, but Mr. Abbott refused to leave his bed. Likewise, the fourth, fifth, and then the sixth. Finally, the head of the Abbott household, now in desperation, determined to put an end to the annoyance. He firmly believed that some boy or young man with prankish inclinations kept ringing his doorbell morning after morning, just to create a sensation. Accordingly, he prepared to frustrate the plans of the marauder. He wanted to take vengeance on him somehow, so he decided to scare him. With this in mind, one night he saw that his shotgun was ready for use and very carefully substituted little wads of paper for the shot in two of his shells. This done, before retiring he set his clock to alarm half an hour before sunrise.

The early dawn of the following day found Mr. Abbott, gun in hand, seated under the side steps of his house. His location was extremely advantageous. He was effectually concealed and he could easily spring out and pepper with paper bullets any would-be disturber of his quiet hours. For perhaps fifteen minutes he waited, shivering with cold. At last the bell rang and Mr. Abbott sprang to his feet at the first sound. But he had been a little too quick in his actions, for a nail caught his coat and held him. Try as he would, he could not extricate himself until it was too late to get even a glimpse of his prospective victim. Fate seemed to be

against him, but the failure of this last attempt gave him added determination to succeed in rounding up the object of his wrath.

The following morning the tableau was repeated with slight variations; the coat of the man in hiding had a torn place in it and his face wore a more determined look than it had on the preceding day. And events followed their usual course, for as it began to grow light the call-bell rang. This time Mr. Abbott sprang to his feet with alacrity. Nothing detained him today and he surged out from his hiding place and leveled his gun at—the atmosphere! For there wasn't a living thing in sight. He had fancied he heard some noise on the porch, but he now realized that he had allowed his imagination to lead him astray. "Well, now, if that ain't the limit!" he commented. "Bell ringin' and not a soul around that button."

The days that followed were days of publicity for the mystery of the ringing bell. The ladies of the neighborhood, naturally the best free advertisers imaginable, spread the news from clan to clan until practically every one in the community knew of the mystery. But the Abbotts themselves now resorted to a plan of patient forbearance, Mr. Abbott having repeatedly sworn that he was "through with the whole business now and forever." And, as will happen in most cases when the novelty wears off interest gradually subsided. People still asked about it every day and invariably received the same answer.

All through November the bell rang at the usual time every day. Thanksgiving passed, and the bell had kept up its periodic tingles for nearly a month. Then December days were ushered in and Christmas approached. Then Christmas day—and a strange thing happened. The little bell did not ring! Mystery of mysteries, a bell that recognized Christmas as a holiday! Some were prone to doubt this,

but no; five witnesses were arrayed against them. All the Abbotts declared that they had become so used to hearing the bell that they naturally awoke about daybreak every morning. This morning all were awake before sunrise, yet no one heard the bell. Thus the mystery deepened.

The Abbotts spread this latest news very little Christmas day, for they wanted to spend the holiday quietly, and keep the bulk of their turkey dinner within the family circle as well. However, a few friends heard of the interrupted series of rings and the news got noised around gradually, which gave added impetus to the interest in the case. On the day after Christmas, contrary to the general expectation, the bell again failed to ring. It now looked as if it were going to take a regular vacation.

The notoriety of the case was now increased tenfold by an account of the incident in the local newspaper, half a column long and written in the usual sensational style. The effect was far-reaching and immediate. During the day the Abbotts received hundreds of suggestions, explanations, proposed solutions and other free expressions of interest in the mystery—all appreciated but none applicable to the case at hand. Never before had people been so interested or puzzled over a really insignificant thing such as this was. A local electrician wanted to break into the walls of the house in order to see where the wire ran. This proposal was refused most vehemently by Mrs. Abbott.

At last the mystery was solved, purely by accident. Late that afternoon a friend of Mr. Abbotts came by and asked permission to examine the chicken house, he explaining that he was somewhat of a poultry fancier and expected to build a poultry house himself shortly. During the process of inspection the bell rang for the first time since the day before Christmas. The man soon returned from the chicken house and expressed his approval of the design and construction.

"And there's one thing that I was particularly struck with," he paused a moment, "and that is your burglar-alarm. When I struck the top step I heard a bell ring in here."

Amazement was shown on the faces of all those present. The story of the mysterious bell was then told to the visitor, after which he and Mr. Abbott returned to the chicken house. It was a two-story structure, the second story being the roosting quarters. Mr. Abbott crawled up there and buzz-z-z-z he heard the bell ring. He crawled back down. The bell rang again. He looked more closely and found a plank on the ladder to the roost which was loose. He pressed it down and the bell rang. He now tore the plank off, revealing the spring which held it up, and also a small electric switch which closed the circuit when the plank came down and sprang open again when the plank came up. The mystery was now solved.

The former occupants of the Abbott home, a Mr. Hunter, had been a breeder of fancy poultry. In order to warn him if burglars visited his chickens, he had fixed up the burglar-alarm, carefully concealing the wires and running them to his dwelling-house under the ground. The weight of a chicken would not press the plank down far enough to close the circuit, but the weight of a man would. So the turkey, in coming down from the roost in the morning, would jump down on the first step, ringing the bell. In going back at night he would reach the top step and fly to the roost, his own weight without the force of the jump not being sufficient to ring the bell.

MOTHER

EDWARD HARDEE

The fighting was fierce at Verdun that night,
The trenches were reeking in blood.
Shells were bursting to left and to right,
Scattering the dirt and the mud.

Out of the east came the cannon's blast
And shrapnel making its "claim."
I looked at the lads who had fought to the last
And died after calling Her name.

"Mother—Oh Mother," the cry of each man,
As the souls went back to the Giver.
The mud and the blood through the trenches ran,
As a fearfully mystic river.

Each died with a bright and a wonderful smile
And a hope of united love,
Where the shots of the Hun can never beguile,
The Peace of the "Great Above."

They lay as they fell, midst the rats and slime,
And my eyes fill up to the brim,
When I think of the men who died on the line,
With a brief appeal to Him.

And now that the guns are rusted and still,
She looks for the cross of the One.
At last on the western slope of the hill,
She finds the grave of her Son.

SCOPE OF THE RED CROSS

R. S. AVERITT

Centuries before the Red Cross was formulated and any systematic effort of any country was made to alleviate the pain and suffering of the victims of disaster and war, the germs of this spirit were growing. In the days of the brilliant Egyptian civilization skilled surgeons were held in high regard and they administered to the soldiers free. Physicians occupied the rear of the right wing in the sturdy formation of the Spartans. The true spirit of the Red Cross, as to caring for the wounded enemy also, was sometimes displayed, but not frequently enough to receive our attention. Yet we find a clear anticipation of the Red Cross spirit six centuries before the birth of Jesus Christ, when, as Xenophon tells us, Cyrus the Great commanded his surgeons to care also for the wounded of the enemy.

A manifestation of a humanitarian spirit was extremely rare in those days when the Feudal system was prevalent, and when every man made war upon another; yet the same love for the cause of Christ and a desire to administer to the needs of others, which led many gallant knights on successive trips to rescue the Holy Land, prompted the formation of many famous military nursing orders, somewhat similar to the Red Cross, and which have existed until the present time.

Behind every great movement there is woman. It was indeed a blessed day for suffering humanity for all continuing ages, when Florence Nightingale, a young English girl of wealthy parentage, entered a hospital in London. The filth, unwholesome and general unsanitary conditions which she found, filled her heart with a desire to make these hospitals

a more wholesome place for the sick, and it was here that she consecrated her life to the "afflicted ones that lie steeped to the lips in misery."

It was by inspiration that Miss Nightingale accomplished more than by her actual work. Her great work to relieve the suffering of the wounded men in the Crimean War, awakened in others a responsive chord of sympathy. Among these were Henri Dunant, a young Swiss, to whom came the happy idea of establishing some permanent international organization to carry on the noble work which Miss Nightingale had attempted alone. Dunant was present at the battle of Solferino, and he wrote a very informing book, "A Souvenir of Solferino," which pictured vividly the horrors and suffering of war. Dunant traveled much in order to interest others in his idea, and he secured the influence of most of the crowned heads of Europe.

An international conference was called and it met with the representatives of fourteen nations present. The Treaty of Geneva was formulated and the standard adopted was that of the Swiss flag reversed, a Red Cross on a white field. According to this Treaty the Red Cross should be guaranteed perfect safety on the battlefield, and that no consideration of nationality should interfere when its services were needed.

While the conference was being held at Geneva our own Civil War was in progress, and Secretary Seward, true to the advice of Washington, because he thought this to be an entangling foreign alliance did not send any but informal representatives.

The Sanitary Commission with the invaluable aid of Miss Dorothy Dix, Mother Bickerdyke, Miss Barton, and Miss Boardman did much to care for the wounded of the Civil War and to make conditions in the army better. Nor can we find it in our hearts to overlook the services which the noble women of the Confederacy did to care for the wounded and dying.

Our informal representative coming from scenes of war and its needs, had much influence in the conference. Due to the untiring efforts of Miss Barton, America became a participant in the Geneva Treaty in 1882 and she was elected the first President.

The American Red Cross soon found plenty of work to do. One of the great fires of the Northwest broke out in Michigan and thousands of people became victims to its destruction. The Red Cross rushed to the scene of devastation with supplies and did much to help the homeless victims.

The mighty waters of the Mississippi swept over one hundred square miles of cotton and rice fields, ruining the crops and driving the people to refuge on rafts and boats. Then as if not content with these poor unfortunates being left thus, a terrible cyclone swept down the valley in the wake of the flood, leveling everything. The Red Cross chartered a ship and it steamed up and down the river giving lumber, food, clothing and seed and everything necessary to rehabilitate the land made barren by the works of Nature.

When the gathering forces of South Fork Lake burst down upon the unconscious people of Johnstown, the Red Cross was quickly on the scene. It helped in the work of identifying the dead, and in feeding the people, and it expended vast amounts of money in behalf of the survivors.

Two years of poor harvest in Russia followed by complete drought reduced over two hundred thousand square miles to famine. The American and Russian Red Cross did much to feed these starving people and many were the Russians who owed their lives to this timely aid.

The great earthquake at San Francisco left thousands homeless and hungry. The Red Cross was here distributing food and money, and doing whatsoever its hands found to do in the work of rehabilitating that homeless crowd.

Due to a lack of coöperation the service of the Red Cross did not amount to much in the Spanish American War, but it was reorganized in 1900 on a new basis. Red Cross Stamps are sold every Christmas to help care for those who are suffering with tuberculosis. At the seashore Red Cross life savers are stationed to rescue drowning persons. Hurricanes, drought, fire, floods, earthquakes, famine and war have spread wide their work of desolation and death, but the Red Cross has always been present to do everything it can for the victims.

In Russia the Red Cross had an endowment from the state and was closely connected with the people. In the Russo-Japanese War the Russian Red Cross in coöperation with the German and Japanese Red Cross carried from the scene of battlefield many wounded soldiers in hospital cars. Countless lives which would otherwise have been lost were saved by the efficient work of these Red Crosses.

England was slow in getting the regular Red Cross organization on a working basis, but in the Boer War it proved itself to be a permanent relief organization for those in sickness and distress. How many poor wounded soldiers looked on those white hospital cars, as a starving man in a desert looks on a cold spring of water. How many sinking in death were recalled to life!

In fairness to the Germans we must say that the work and the organization of the German Red Cross is, or has been, the most constantly active of any Red Cross. All national disasters, from flood, fire and epidemic, have found ready and equipped relief expeditions. It has established open air schools for tubercular children and it aids laborers who are infected with this disease.

The French Red Cross has been active in its work in war and peace. In fact Miss Barton, after seeing the quick and

efficient work of the Red Cross in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, returned to the United States and persuaded us to join in this blessed work.

The Red Cross of Japan is operated in a highly commendable manner as well the Red Cross of Italy, Serbia, Portugal, Austria and other countries.

The various countries participating in the Treaty of Geneva have seen that it was futile to maintain such an organization just for war work and each have engaged in various peace activities to keep up public interest and efficiency. Universally the Red Cross goes into various fields of activity teaching lessons of prevention and first aid. Into the mines, the lumber camps, the fever-ridden countries, into the sea-coast towns, in all desolation wrought by God and man the Red Cross carries on its work of life conservation.

When Germany moved on Belgium in August, 1914, the Red Cross was first to the scene of carnage on its errand of mercy. The Red Cross, it has been said, is even more blind than justice, and amid accusations and recriminations by word and pen, amidst the suffering, misery and death of the battlefield and devastated lands it moves undisturbed on its merciful mission. It hears and heeds only the pitiful cry of humanity and cannot stop to question why.

"Oh Heavens, can you hear a good man groan and not relent, or not have compassion for him?"

Thus the Red Cross moved silently amidst the shell-torn men ministering to their sufferings. On the French Red Cross especially the burden of the war has fallen. The problems it has to deal with are almost beyond comprehension. In every large battle the evacuated town became a military hospital, and then every available space was utilized to care for the wounded. Old men, women and children hovered about the ruins of their humble cottages where the work of

the Hun exceeds a thousand times the desolation Sheridan wrought in the valley of the Shenandoah. All these must have shelter, food and clothing. The Red Cross of the various countries responded gladly to these appeals of woe. Ships were sent over laden with supplies, by the American Red Cross, protected by the sign of the Red Cross. The terrible work of destruction of property and lives had not spent its force, and the problems of the Red Cross grew greater and greater.

When we of America became engaged in the contest increased interest has been taken in the Red Cross here. The membership has increased from 400,000 to 5,000,000 since February and is growing larger. Money has been freely contributed, and the amount runs high into the millions and with more coming in. Men are giving financial aid while girls and women everywhere are at work in their local chapters making bandages, etc., as they are doing in other countries.

Ambulance corps are not hindered by darkness or shell-torn roads when the call comes to rescue wounded men. Dogs are trained by the Red Cross to go out to wounded men, with first aid kits on their backs. They bring back some means of identification so the nurses can go to his aid.

Large shipments of anaesthetics, medical equipment of all kinds, cigarettes, baseball outfits and other things were sent or carried over by the Red Cross for the benefit of the soldiers. At the front when the soldier came in from the trenches tired, dirty and hungry the Red Cross station was his refuge. Here he could get a good meal of soup, vegetables, beef or lamb, chocolate, etc., for thirteen cents. Then a shower bath, his clothes sterilized, go to the movie, and sleep in a bed free.

In England where the women are forced by necessity to work in the munition plants, Red Cross nurses look after their babies, and the families of soldiers are provided for.

The Red Cross organizations of all countries are aiding the governments in finding suitable vocations for disabled soldiers, and training them in these vocations. The blind are taught to read, write and knit, etc.; cripples are taught to do carpentry work, make toys, weave, etc.

Formally the Red Cross insignia furnished absolute protection but alas Germany violated the Treaty of Geneva as she has violated all other laws of civilization. Red Cross hospitals were singled out for bombardment. Some partially destroyed and many doctors, nurses and wounded men were killed. And yet it is interesting to note that Germany was influential in the formation of the Red Cross. The Emperor was heartily in favor of it, and the King of Saxony said, "Any country that refuses to join in this great organization deserves to be banned by public opinion in Europe."

The work of the Red Cross is so vast and its achievements have been so many that no mortal can do justice to this cause by pen or word. The Red Cross societies are busy in the work of alleviating pain, and making conditions more agreeable to the soldier boys who are giving their all for the inborn principles of freedom and justice. It is not so much the mission of the pen to write glorious eulogiums on the accomplishments of the Red Cross. It will lack the feeling of the heart which cannot often times be expressed in human words. This organization has established an everlasting monument to its glory in the millions of hearts, in the countless multitude whose tears have been dried and whose sufferings have been assuaged by its ministrations. This is a monument a thousand times more glorious than marble or jaspered columns to the skies could ever be. May all who have felt its ministrations, may all who love to heal the sick, to help the fallen, may all who try to serve their master, be grateful that there is an institution which is so like him.

The Red Cross has gone on thousands of fields of human

misery and distress bringing help and consolation. Today not only in war stricken Europe, but in troubled Mexico, earthquake countries, flood-ridden China, in storm-swept Samoa, in every place it can help humanity you will find the insignia which thousands upon thousands have called blessed. Long after the cause is forgotten the work goes on.

JOHNNY, THE KID

C. S. GREEN

The knights of the road were resting under a tree; its shade was grateful, for the September day had been oven-like. Even now the sun, hanging low in the West, was a huge, round ball of fire.

Solemn Sammy and Denny the Dip were coated with dust and weary of foot. Beneath the film of brown that they had gathered on country highways was still another coating, darker and grimer, beaten into the very pores of the skin, while they had risked life and limb riding the rods and brake beams of heavy freight cars.

Something like ten hours had elapsed since they had been discovered by a keen-eyed brakeman, in the gray light of early dawn, who very politely informed them that the next station was where they "got off" and had chased them away from the freight when it stopped at the watering station.

With his hands clasped beneath his head, Denny lay on his back and stared up at the drooping leaves of the tree, as yet unstirred by any welcome breeze of the evening that was drawing near. Close by, crickets chirped in the faded and dusty grass.

Presently Denny rolled his eyes sidewise to look up at his companion, who was sitting with his back against the trunk of the tree. "Dere's nuttin' to it, old pal," said Denny.

"Nothing to what?" grunted Sammy, who had apparently been deeply thinking.

"Dis goin' straight stuff. It's playing the 'boob'," was the answer.

Sammy frowned, scratching into the stubble of reddish-

brown hair that covered his head. "What's the matter with you now?" he demanded scornfully. "Tired of being as free as the birds, are you? Longing to feel the hand of a policeman on your collar? You're homesick."

Denny sat with his eyes fastened on a small blade of grass, thinking. He did not interrupt, and Sammy continued. "It has been three months since I got out of jail last and that's longer than I have ever been out at one time since I was a kid the size of Johnny. But it'll be three hundred years before I am in there again, or I'm a Dutchman."

Sammy paused for a moment, as if to let his resolution soak into the mind of any one who might be listening, and then went on, "I am tired of the same kind of food for dinner, supper and breakfast. I want to eat some sure enough food the rest of my days, and have a good bed to sleep on at night, instead of a bunk harder than the floor of a cell. I have been a fool long enough now, but I am going to be gentleman from this minute on.

"Same here," murmured Denny, with apparent approval of the decision of his companion.

They talked together for a long time of the life they had spent as robbers in the city and their free life of the country. Soon they were again plodding the dusty highway that wound over the hills and through a picturesque but thinly settled country.

Presently they came to a small farm-house, of poor but tidy appearance. The gate stood invitingly open and Sammy's knock brought a pleasant-faced, motherly-looking woman to the door. They impulsively asked for a drink of water from the tempting well, near by, and after quenching their thirst with many draughts of the cool, clear water the dipper was returned with bows and thanks to the kind old lady who had stood watching them from the door-way.

"You're strangers around here?" she asked a bit hesita-

tively. "I was wondering if you were looking for work. Our only hired man left ten days ago and my son, who is hurt, has not been able to find any one to dig the crop of potatoes, which will ruin if not soon dug."

They tried to explain that they were "not exactly proficient farmers" but were willing to talk to her son and would be glad to go to work. Sammy and Denny had started into the house when the shock came—the thunderbolt out of the blue.

A young man came swinging around the corner on crutches. His leg was bound below the knee. His face, tanned and healthy, wore a troubled, serious look.

"I thought I heard some one talking with you, mother," he said, without seeing the two visitors.

Solemn Sammy actually backed off a step. "By the shades of holy smoke, it's Johnny!"

"Dat's no dream," stammered Denny the Dip. "It's Johnny—it's Johnny der Kid."

Both of them grabbed Johnny's hand at the same time and shook it vigorously while he tried to explain to his mother, as much as he could then, who they were. And then they all set to work making arrangements for the two men to start on the potato patch the very next morning.

Sammy and Denny were directed to a small, neatly furnished room in the left wing of the house, which they were told was to be their room as long as they remained at Johnny's home. After an hour of hard work with soap, water and a clothes brush they finally made themselves half way presentable and were waiting in the room when Johnny's mother called supper—and such a supper, not elaborate in any respect, but just a plain country supper, daintily prepared, and arranged so home-like on the table that the minds of the visitors ran back to picture the home they might have had if their life had been different.

The whole evening was spent around the reading table in

the sitting room, where Johnny, with Sammy and Denny, related to his mother their experiences in New York. How Johnny while at work in the city had run across them in some act of meanness and had taken time to tell them of the enjoyment in the free life of the country and the relief of a clear conscience; how they had promised to "think it over" and that he had not heard of them again until the day he was run down by a motor truck, near the place where he worked, and Sammy and Denny were the first to come to his assistance and get help for him. Then months had passed until today.

Time moved rapidly on. The strangers became a part of the humble home of Johnny and became very much attached to his fond mother and thirteen-year-old little sister, who had suffered a stroke of paralysis when but an infant. On account of the heavy mortgage on the farm, money had never been available to have the little girl operated on and made able to work again. A famous doctor in Boston had promised Johnny that if he would save as much as five hundred dollars and bring his little sister to the city he would guarantee to make her able to walk, and this was the boy's one aim in all his work.

All went well among the household until one day as the men were returning from the field for the noon-day meal, they found two men in the front yard filling their car radiators with water. Sammy and Denny at once recognized them as two professional burglars from New York City. Far from friendly greetings were exchanged between the five men and the newcomers drove off towards the little village a mile away. But our friends knew trouble was brewing.

An hour later the sheriff of the county came to Johnny's home and said that two young men from the city had told him that the new help at Johnny's farm were up to some meanness and should be driven out of the community. "I'll

give you until four o'clock this afternoon to get out and if you are not gone by then I'll arrest you," he had added as he drove off. After consulting with Johnny they decided it best that they should leave the innocent. As they went, they vowed revenge on the two fellows that broke up their profound happiness.

Some two weeks later John Grant received a letter from a law firm, and with it a check indorsed over to him. The letter explained that the check represented the full amount of reward money due Dennis Reiley and Samuel Barden for catching two notorious automobile thieves. Attached was a letter from Sammy thanking Johnny for his kindness to them and for the privilege and honor of knowing his mother and sister. The check was to pay all the expenses for the operation upon his sister and he closed his letter by saying:

"We are enjoying the peace of contented life and the joy of honest work. We are strong for these forever now and you did it all.

'Yours to the end of the road,'

SAMMY."

THE KU KLUX KLAN

K. H. CRUTCHFIELD

The Ku Klux Klan appeared in almost every Southern State during the decade following the War. It grew naturally out of the chaos of society caused by the ordinary results of war and especially by reconstruction. The old order with its security and stability had disappeared and the people of the South were confronted with a problem which required immediate solution. One of the most pressing of these problems was the relation of the races, which had a very important bearing upon the labor question. The force of law and the power of government were largely in the hands of Northerners or their tools, and conditions grew so unsettled that the Government of the Southern States could afford no adequate protection for life or property. Liberty with the negroes rapidly degenerated into license, and negroes banded together into secret leagues and were instigated to violence by unprincipled adventurers, who had been lifted into power by the negro vote. Alienated from their former friends by slander they unconsciously set about the destruction of civilization in the South. Crime and violence of every sort ran so high that the South became a veritable hell through misrule. Called into existence by such a state of affairs the Ku Klux Klan lifted the South from its slough of despond by applying illegal force which overthrew reconstruction and restored law and order and political power to the South.

No people ever labored under more galling oppression than the Southern people at this critical period. It is clear at any rate that the movement was designed for protection and

its influence upon politics was purely accidental. The unfortunate thing is that such an extreme and under ordinary circumstances, indefensible policy should have been necessary. Whatever were its effects on the life and thought of the Southern people, the responsibility for it must ultimately rest upon those who planned and put into effect for partisan purposes the congressional plan of Reconstruction.

The Ku Klux Klan originated at Pulaski, Tenn., a town of about three thousand inhabitants. There, in 1866, the name Ku Klux first fell from human lips. There, a movement began which spread as far north as Virginia and as far South as Texas. It was organized by a band of young men of Pulaski who had escaped death on the battlefield. These young men returned home were forced to pass through a period of enforced inactivity which was in some respects more trying than the ordeal of war which lay behind them. The reaction which followed the activity and excitement of army scenes and service was intense. They could neither engage at once in business and professional pursuits or as in the case of many who did not have capital, they could not enter mercantile or agricultural enterprises. There was also a total lack of the amusements and social diversions which prevailed wherever society is in normal condition.

One May evening in 1866 a few of these restless young men met in the office of one of the most prominent members of the Pulaski bar. In the course of the conversation one of the number suggested that they get up a club or society of some kind. This suggestion was discussed with enthusiasm, and other names were suggested to join them and a meeting set for the next evening at the same place. At the appointed time eight or ten men were assembled and they effected a temporary organization by electing a temporary chairman and secretary. The evening was spent in discussing the best means of attaining amusement. Two com-

mittees were appointed, one to select a name, the other to prepare a set of rules for the government of the society, and a ritual for the initiation of new members. The club then adjourned to meet the following week.

They met the next time at a residence which had been left in charge of one of the members, and it was here that the name Kukloi from the Greek word Kuklos, meaning a band or a circle was suggested. At the mention of this some one cried out, "Call it Ku Klux." "Klan" at once suggested itself to complete the alliteration. The weird potency of the name Ku Klux Klan seems to have insured its growth and spread. Hundreds of other societies have originated just as this one did, but after a brief existence passed away. The members of the Klan were the first to feel the weird influence of the name and the original plan was modified to harmonize with the name. Although amusement was still the only end in view, the method by which they proposed to win it were those of secrecy and mystery.

The report of the committee on rules and ritual as finally adopted provided for the following officers: a Grand Turk or Marshal, a Grand Exchequer or Treasurer, and two Lictors. These were the outer and inner guards of the "Den," as the place of meeting was called.

The one obligation exacted from members was to maintain profound and absolute secrecy with reference to the order and every thing pertaining to it. They were not to disclose that they were members of the Ku Klux or the name of any other member. This was in keeping with the determination to appear as mysterious as possible and thus play on the curiosity of the public.

There were various ways of getting more members into the Klan without directly appealing to them. Though the Ku Klux did not solicit any one to join them, yet they had plenty of applications for membership. If they chose, the

members were allowed to say to prospective members, "I am going to join the Ku Klux." If the person addressed expressed a desire to do likewise, and was a desirable person the Ku Klux would say, "Well, I think I know how to get in. Meet me at such and such a place at such and such an hour and we will join together." Other similar plans were resorted to, and thus members could be let in secretly. A new member was led to the den blindfolded, and then initiated by the members of the Klan. The Klan, in its early history, was careful in regard to the character of men admitted. Rash and imprudent men, such as could not be relied upon to respect obligation to secrecy were excluded. Nor were those admitted who were addicted to the use of intoxicants.

The spread of the Klan was now insured. Its mysteriousness was the sensation of the hour, and every issue of the local paper contained some notice of the strange order. These notices were copied into other papers and in this manner the way was prepared for the rapid growth and spread of the Klan. Young men from the country who had read of the Klan in the newspaper began to flock to Pulaski and apply for admission and some of these were accepted. In a little while these members, from the country asked for permission to establish "dens" at various points, and this permission was granted. The movement was even more successful in the country than it had been in town.

By a sort of tacit agreement the Pulaski Klan was regarded as the source of power and authority. The Grand Cyclops of this "den" was virtually the ruler of the order.

Such is the account of the Ku Klux Klan in the period of its history from June, 1866, to April, 1867, but it was gradually taking on new features which finally transformed it from an organization whose sole mission was amusement, into a band of "Regulators." The transformation was effected, first, by the impression made by the order upon the minds of

those who united with it; second, by the impression it made on the public by its weird and mysterious methods; and third, by the peculiar condition of affairs in the South at this time.

There was a feeling among the members of the Klan, themselves that the Klan had some great mission to carry out. They noticed that wherever the Klan made its headquarters there was little or no stirring about of the negroes at night. They noticed also that a class of people who before had been very careless of their behavior were much more careful wherever the weird presence of the Ku Klux Klan was felt. Considering the unpunished crimes that were committed at this time, it is no wonder that these men should use this organization as a means of order and protection. This was also a means of protecting property.

The members of the Klan now began to urge propositions to this effect, and by 1867, although some opposed these measures, because of fear, they were decided upon without formal action. The organization was now used almost exclusively for the punishment of those lawless negroes who were insultingly insolent to white people, and even to chastise those white men who had a disposition to use these lawless blacks as a tool for their own selfish gain, and ultimately for the ruin of Southern society. There was also a violent and threatening organization of lawless negroes and bad whites, called the Union League, which met at times and went about armed to the teeth, not only breathing out violent threats against the persons, families and property of men, but in many instances executing these threats. It was partly to resist this belligerent organization that the Ku Klux transformed itself into a protective organization.

The effect of this transformed organization was very soon apparent. For a while robberies ceased, and the lawless class assumed the habits of good behavior. The Union League became more moderate, and the negroes made

more progress in the lessons of self-control, industry, respect for the rights of property, and general good behavior, than they would have done in many years, but for this powerful impulse. This was a dangerous experiment and many of the members of the Klan realized it, but it seemed to be the only possible way. However these men also realized that unless the Klan was brought under better control than the leaders of the Klan exercised at this time, it would cause many evils greater than the ones they suppressed. Until the beginning of the year 1867 the movements of the Klan had been characterized by prudence and discretion, but now there were exceptions. In some cases bad men had gotten into the order. It was hoped that the impending dangers could be effectually guarded against.

With this object in view the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski Den sent out a request to all the dens he knew, to appoint delegates to meet in convention at Nashville, Tenn., in the early summer of 1867. The convention was held and the territory covered by the Klan was designated as the "Invisible Empire." This was subdivided into "realms" coterminous with the boundaries of states. The "realms" were divided into dominions corresponding to congressional districts; the dominions into provinces, coterminous with counties, and the provinces into "dens." To each of the departments officers were assigned.

The officers were: The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire whose power was autocratic and his ten Genii. The Grand Dragon of the realm and his eight Hydras, The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies, The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks, A Grand Monk, A Grand Scribe, A Grand Exchequer, A Grand Turk, and A Grand Sentinel. The Genii, Hydras, Furies, Goblins and Night Hawks were staff officers. The graduation and distribution of authority was perfect. Also an emphatic

and positive declaration of the principles of the order was made in the following terms: "We recognize our relations to the United States Government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of the States thereunder." This declaration showed that the order was not maintained for treasonable purposes, but rather to aid the Government in keeping law and order.

After the convention the Klan, while it had heretofore shunned publicity, now courted it. An order was issued by the Grand Dragon of the realm of Tennessee for a general parade in the capital town of each province on the night of the 4th of July, 1867. Various devices were used to make the number appear much larger than it really was, and all of these were successful. There were four hundred in the parade at Pulaski, Tenn., and even the men of the most cool and accurate judgment estimated the number not less than three thousand.

At about this period and later the Ku Klux Klan took some radical measures for the punishment of wrong-doers.

Violence was never used when it could be avoided, but in most every case where criminals received severe punishment by the full consent of the members, it was well deserved. Negroes were whipped only for most outrageous offenses.

The favorite resort of the Klan, however, was to go to the wrong-doer in a body, give some weird exhibitions such as would work upon his imagination, and most of the advice given at such a time was closely followed. These steps were essentially necessary for the safety of society, but action was taken by some bad men which was laid to the door of the Ku Klux Klan. Bad men who had gotten into the Klan organized bands of marauders and accomplished many crimes which public opinion regarded as the work of the Ku Klux Klan. In spite of the disrepute of the Klan because of some unruly members, the worst days of Reconstruction were much more

safe and peaceful, because of the powerful influence of the Invisible Empire. In the year 1868 the country was once more on firmer ground. The Government was better able to enforce the laws, and the great mission of the Ku Klux Klan had been fulfilled. In March, 1869, an order was sent out by the Grand Wizard, General Nathan B. Forrest, to the effect that the Klan should be disbanded. Thus lived, and so died this strange order. March, 1869, marked the end of the organized existence of the Klan.

In the process of its existence it furnished protection to the oppressed, but degenerating from its high purpose as might be expected from the nature of its organization, it was often violent and even oppressive.

In the end it fell into the hands of reckless spirits who used it for private vengeance rather than for public punishment. But when this evil day came its purpose was in a fair way of accomplishment.

Southern women could once more leave their doors without the accompaniment of deadly terror. Property rights were respected and new life was put into the hearts of the better class of whites, who had been trodden under the heel of Reconstruction. They had also overthrown the wicked illegal government imposed on the people. There never was, before or since a period of our history when such an order as the Ku Klux Klan could have lived.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

It is good to dwell within white-washed walls,
In the home of the body content,
And be able to know, when the life is gone,
That it was a life well spent.

But give me a home unhampered by walls,
I covet realms broader and higher,
I would ever dwell in that bourneless land,
The region of Heart's Desire.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

The old year with all its perplexities and complexities has gone. The new year is before us, a year of tasks and opportunities. Last year was a momentous one in many respects. The World War had come to a close and the period of reconstruction had begun. In a way the year 1919 was a disappointment to the world. From a political standpoint there was

a limited list of material accomplishments. At first glance to an outsider, if such there can be in all the earth, it was a miserable failure. No peace terms were agreed upon. The "League of Nations" was rejected. Social unrest apparently became greater than ever before. In all parts of our country, disturbances of a barbaric nature took place. Shameful, disgraceful crimes were committed and sometimes by the leading citizens of the land. Most of all, one of the greatest questions that ever confronted mankind, namely, world peace, became in a sense in our country a party issue. Consequently, materially speaking, 1919 was a failure and now upon the shoulders of the new year are placed the burdens of the pent-up evils of the ages—the evils from which arise wars, strikes, riots and social degradation. Many questions must this year be settled, questions involving our relationship to other countries such as the Mexican question.

But if last year was a failure in the respect mentioned above, it was a successful year in other respects. Improvements, both national and local were made. The world became wealthier; the increase in production was astounding, and most of all, our eyes were opened to our duties. We realize more fully now the seriousness of the industrial unrest of our country. International complications have been brought to our view. We are now convinced that there are institutions in the land whose very purpose is to undermine the integrity, prosperity and development of our Nation. This year will determine largely whether or not these institutions will be allowed to exist. Every individual can and should have a part in building upon the ruins of the old world, a new world wherein justice is fairly meted out and peace and happiness reign supreme.

The present year promises to be an eventful one for Wake Forest College. The future success of the College depends largely upon what will be done within the next few months. If we keep pace with other institutions we will enjoy similar successes. If we become slack our's may become a secondary College. But we are not going to lose interest for a moment. Today Alumni and friends of the College every where are coöperating in a manner hithertofore unknown. Plans for improvements in a number of ways are being perfected. Athletics are being placed upon a firm and dependable basis and it is believed that our teams are to suffer no more on account of a lack of coaches. It is hoped that our new and splendid athletic field will be ready for use before baseball practice begins. We understand that another dormitory is to grace our campus before very long. In the near future our faculty is to be enlarged by the addition of a number of new professors. In short, the College authorities are planning to spend a large amount of money within the next few years for improvements which will enrich college life. We feel that the money will be spent wisely. The outlook is encouraging. If the present plans are carried out the College will experience an unprecedented growth during the next few years.

The Teachers' Society

THE STUDENT, ready at all times to encourage and support any movement or organization which tends to enrich college life and to give to students a better preparation for active life, wishes to offer a word of commendation and encouragement to the Teachers' Society. It is a new organization, recently perfected by the members of the Teachers' Class, and is a valuable addition to the activities of the College.

The object which the Society has in view is a worthy one.

It proposes to be of real service to the College and especially to the members of the Teachers' Class. Its purpose is to give intelligent thought and study to the problems and questions concerning the teaching profession. Members of the faculty and other distinguished speakers will be invited to speak at its meetings. From time to time as the professors need instructors and assistants in their respective departments the society will recommend to the faculty men who expect to teach and who are otherwise qualified. Thus men who contemplate teaching in after life may take advantage of this helpful experience while in College. In addition to this the society will render all the aid possible in securing good positions for the men who leave College to teach. Incidentally it is hoped that a greater interest will be stimulated in this profession.

This enterprise enters upon an important but much neglected field. Students in the Department of Education have wished for some organization in which they could come together both in a social way and for the purpose of studying their chosen profession. Without such an organization they have had no way in which they could feel the sympathetic touch of students of like desires and ambitions. Other departments have had such groups or bodies of students. Of these the College Moot Court was the first to come into existence. It was followed by the Medical Society, which was in turn followed by the Political Science Club and the Chemical Society. All of these have been of immense importance in their respective departments. Their value has been demonstrated. We live in a day of organization and this is true in life at College as well as in any other phase of life. The Teachers' Class has not until recently recognized this principle and in so doing it has not kept pace with other departments. As a result interest in teaching has steadily decreased.

We hope that this enterprise will soon become a powerful factor in college life. It is founded upon sound principles and should become such. We welcome it and shall watch its progress with a great deal of interest.

**The Alumni
Response**

It has been well said that one of the chief characteristics of Wake Forest is the loyalty of the Alumni to the College. And indeed this is true. Again and again it has been demonstrated. But probably this spirit of loyalty to the College has never manifested itself in a more conspicuous manner than it recently has. During the last few months the College authorities have received communications from a number of Alumni pledging various sums to the College for the purpose of securing coaches and equipment for our athletic teams. Not only this, but they have offered their services in securing the aid and coöperation of other Alumni as well. Alumni Associations throughout the State have signified their intention to contribute to this worthy cause. Indeed, our present basketball coach is being paid entirely by funds donated by Alumni. As yet no formal movement has been inaugurated for the purpose of securing pledges, yet there seems to be a general feeling among the Alumni, that if the College is to maintain its former standing and prestige in athletics, then they must come to its aid.

Our institution has for a number of years been in need of such funds. Lack of adequate funds has constantly hampered our athletic activities and placed on our teams a handicap which they have hardly been able to overcome. We have hopefully looked forward to the time when these conditions would be remedied and our teams could face the foe with even chances of victory. While at the present writing we do not know what proportions the movement will assume or

just what the final outcome will be, yet we feel confident that it will do much to remedy the present distressing conditions. These men have responded nobly. A word is due them. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without offering our sincere thanks to these loyal Alumni, who have responded so generously.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

The literary societies concluded their work for the fall term during the first week in December. No debates were held during the remaining two weeks of the term on account of the fact that the fall term examinations were in progress at that time. The work for the fall was highly successful and a number of spirited debates were held in each society. The work for the spring should be even more successful.

Dr. J. A. Ellis, of Raleigh, spoke before the College Y. M. C. A. on the night of December 1st. Other speakers who have recently spoken before the Association are Prof. F. K. Poole and Dr. J. B. Turner.

The employment bureau inaugurated here last fall by Dr. J. B. Turner, student pastor, has been rendering a very useful and commendable service. Through this bureau students, desiring work in the community to help defray their College expenses, have been able to secure employment easily and the people of the town who have needed such help have had no trouble in obtaining it. Wake Forest should have had such an organization many years ago.

The members of the Teachers' Class held a very important meeting on November 18th, at which time speeches were delivered by Dr. B. F. Sledd and Dr. T. E. Cochran. At the conclusion of this program the members of the class organized what is to be known as the Teachers' Society. The object of this society is to discuss from time to time the various problems relative to the teaching profession. This organization should meet with marked success.

In the annual Sophomore-Freshman football game played on December 5th the second year men realized their highest ambition and defeated the men of the first year class by the score of 19 to 6. During the early stages of the contest the Freshmen appeared nervous and the Sophomores found little difficulty in scoring, but as the game progressed the Freshmen settled down and the two teams were more evenly matched. The game was free from much of the unnecessary roughness which usually characterizes this annual struggle and was one of the best games played between these two classes in a number of years.

The law students who expect to take the Supreme Court examination January 26th for State license to practice law are hard at work in preparation for this event. Wake Forest will send an unusually large number of men before the Court on that day and we trust that they will uphold the record of our law department just as their predecessors have.

Wake Forest sent its full quota of representatives to the Eighth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which was held in Des Moines, Iowa, from December 31st to January 4th. The convention was one of the largest ever held by the movement and all those who were so fortunate as to attend brought back glowing reports of its success. The delegates from Wake Forest were: Prof. F. K. Poole, F. C. Feezor, A. M. Black, T. A. Pangle, F. T. Woodward, H. O. Monteith, R. A. McIntyre.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell spoke at Pine Ridge in Franklin County on Sunday, November 23d.

Mr. Edgar C. Raines delighted a large audience in Memorial Hall on the night of November 25th with an illustrated

lecture on Alaska. Mr. Raines has lived in Alaska for a number of years and was able to give an account of that country that was both interesting and helpful.

Mrs. Ethel T. Crittenden, College Librarian, attended the State Librarians' Association which met in Raleigh last month. Mrs. Crittenden was honored by being made President of the Association.

At a meeting of the student body held in Memorial Hall on December 6th, Mr. Clarence F. Brown, of Anderson, S. C., was unanimously elected football manager for next year. Messrs. Carroll W. Weathers, of Raleigh, and M. L. Gordon, of Nashville, N. C., were elected assistant managers.

A number of students attended a very delightful reception given at Oxford College on the evening of November 28th. The occasion will be remembered with a great deal of pleasure by all those who were present.

"Ted" Sullivan, scout for the New York Giants, delighted a large number of students on Saturday night, December 6th, with a lecture on the "History of Baseball." During the course of his lecture he gave an account of the tour around the world made by the Cubs and Giants early in 1914, under his management. His lecture was accompanied by stereopticon slides.

At a recent meeting of the Political Science Club Mr. F. W. Clonts read a very interesting paper on the subject of "Colonial Slave Laws." The Club this year consists of the following: F. W. Clonts, president; D. R. Fouts, vice-president; J. H. LeRoy, secretary and treasurer; B. T. Ward, H. M. Olive, L. B. Dawes, R. P. Burns, W. M. Lovelace,

F. C. Feezor, L. J. Britt, J. S. Green, C. P. Greaves, A. T. Glenn, C. Crittenden, Dr. C. C. Pearson.

Alumni and friends of the College in general, as well as the student body, were glad to learn of the selection of Mr. W. W. Holding, Jr., more familiarly known as "Bill" Holding, as basketball coach for this season. He was elected on December 1st and immediately entered upon the duties of the position to which he had been elected. Mr. Holding is especially qualified and should make an excellent coach. Developed and trained under "Dick" Crozier, who first introduced basketball into this State, Coach Holding played spectacular ball at Wake Forest for four years and was given a place on the All-State team for three years. His Senior year at Wake Forest he was captain of the All-State team. Under his coaching we expect to be represented by a team that will contend for State honors.

Dr. T. D. Kitchen recently read a very interesting and instructive paper before the Cosmos Club on "Modern Science and Food Values." Dr. J. H. Gorrell has also recently read a paper before the Cosmos Club.

With the close of the football season on Thanksgiving Day interest in athletics shifted from football to basketball and practice began in earnest a few days later when about twenty-five men responded to Coach Holding's call for candidates for this year's varsity. The prospects for a winning team are very encouraging, since there are five letter men and several experienced scrubs from last year's squad among those who reported for practice. A number of new men have also shown great promise and under Coach Holding should develop into valuable players. The schedule, although incomplete at present, is as follows: January 14th, Durham "Y" at Wake Forest; January 17th, Durham "Y" at Durham;

January 20th, Randolph-Macon at Wake Forest (pending); January 24th, Elon at Wake Forest; January 28th, Davidson at Wake Forest; February 2d, N. C. State at Raleigh; February 3d, Trinity at Raleigh (pending); February 14th, N. C. State at Wake Forest; February 18th, Lynchburg College at Wake Forest; February 23, Lynchburg Athletic Club at Lynchburg, Va.; February 24th, Lynchburg College at Lynchburg, Va.; February 25th, V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.; February 26th, V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.; February 27th, Hampden-Sydney at Hampden-Sydney, Va.; February 29th, Richmond College at Richmond, Va.

Victory Week was indeed victory week for Wake Forest. Every organization, both of the church and student body, went far over the top. The pledges of the church amounted to approximately \$60,000 while the student body pledged in round numbers the sum of \$25,000. The faculty pledged about \$12,000. Wake Forest always does its part in any undertaking to further the Kingdom of God. We can rightfully feel proud of what we have done in the campaign.

A great deal of interest was manifested in the inter-class and inter-department basketball game played before the Christmas Holidays. The Sophomores won the class championship, while the department championship was won by the Lawyers. These various games served to create a greater interest in basketball, and gave the coach a line on some good material which will in all probability find a place on the varsity.

On Tuesday, December 30th, Dr. J. B. Turner, our student pastor, was married to Miss Ruth Quattlebaum, of Aiken, S. C. Mrs. Turner is a graduate of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C. She comes from an old and aristo-

cratic family of that grand old State. Messrs. J. P. Tucker and L. W. White, alumni of Wake Forest, and friends of the groom attended the wedding ceremonies. The many friends of both the bride and groom extend to them their heartiest congratulations and wish for them a happy and prosperous life.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

To those in whom the spirit of old Wake Forest is still aflame: The following is an excerpt from a letter received November 6th, last, in answer to a statement of conditions regarding our need for a coach:

"Go ahead and get the coach [for basketball and baseball.] His salary is guaranteed and can be had at any time. Let the boys know that the spirit of loyalty is not dead, and that some of the 'old guard' believe in them. We will root and fight for them to the finish. And we are expecting winning teams this season. The *best* is none too good for old Wake Forest. If at any time we can help, command us.

"Three cheers for *Old Gold and Black!*

(REV.) "BRUCE BENTON, '96,"

Pastor of First Baptist Church, Rockingham, N. C.

Jesse Gardner, '07, president of his class, is a prominent planter in Warren County.

Claude Gore, '91, one of our most loyal Alumni, is a prominent cotton manufacturer of Rockingham, operating branch mills in South Carolina. He was at our Thanksgiving game, swinging his arms and yelling along with the boys.

Carl Betts, B.A. '12, who graduated from the Harvard School of Dentistry last year, is now practicing in Boston. His home is in Rome, Ga. Betts will be remembered among his College friends for his splendid backfield work on the football team during his last two years here.

J. H. Bunn, '17-'19, is Principal of Calvary High School and pastor of Calvary Baptist Church at Rocky Mount, N. C.

J. P. Massey, '16-'17, is now ticket agent for the Norfolk Southern Railroad at Zebulon, N. C.

N. E. Wright, B.A. '13, is Principal of the High School at Bunn, N. C.

H. W. Early is Superintendent of Schools in Bertie County.

Prof. C. W. Wilson, B.A. '93, of the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, saw the Thanksgiving game between Wake Forest and State College. Prof. Wilson was for three years a halfback on the Wake Forest team. He was pleased with the fighting spirit of our men.

G. A. Buck, B.A. '09, is Principal of the Salemburg High School.

Ladd W. Hamrick, B.A. '17, visited the College Thanksgiving, and saw the football game in Raleigh. He is in business at Boiling Springs, N. C.

Rev. M. A. Adams, '93, who has been working among the western associations for the 75 Million Campaign, recently paid a visit to the College. "Brother Mack" has a large number of friends in the College and community as well as in the various other parts of the State.

Wake Forest High School is to be congratulated upon having as superintendent Mr. M. A. Honeycutt, B.A. '15. Though handicapped by lack of room Mr. Honeycutt has been

successful in organizing the work of the school as it was never organized before. This school now seems to have what it has long needed—a master.

Geo. C. Pennell, LL.B. '14, Counsel for the City of Asheville, was a visitor at Wake Forest a few weeks ago. When in College Mr. Pennell was a most ardent supporter of Wake Forest athletics, especially football. Accordingly, though his visit was brief, he found time to go to the football grounds and to give the men on the squad a word of cheer. He is much interested in the effort to see that our men get proper coaching and has formed plans to secure very substantial contributions for that purpose from the Alumni of Asheville.

We desire to commend most highly those Alumni of Wadesboro and Rockingham for providing, at the solicitation of Dr. Hubert Poteat, the funds to employ a much needed coach for basketball and baseball. Such things make for college spirit as well as for better athletics. It is a great contribution these men are making to the future welfare of the College. Manifest interest of the Alumni in our college athletics has long been the thing we most needed.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. A. HERRING, Editor

Since only one December publication *The College of Charleston Magazine* has arrived, our remarks will be entirely about November issues. We are glad to see that our list of exchanges keep growing.

Among the first magazines to claim our attention is *The Acorn* from Meredith College. "Frankie's Birthday Gift" is rather a humorous short story. The essay, "Prehistoric Art" opens up an entirely new channel of thought. The habits and customs of our early forefathers are always interesting; their art is a splendid topic for an essay. In "No Girls Allowed" we have a short story which really entertains and fascinates the reader. Its plot is excellent and well developed. We have yet to read a better short story from college magazines this year. However, we are sorry to say *The Acorn* is not up to its usual standard. We would suggest the use of a few more poems and essays. There is only one short essay and no poems.

The Magazine, from the University of North Carolina, strikes us as being probably the best publication we have received during the month of November. The respect of the University student body for Mrs. Laura Caroline Battle Phillips and the honor of her memory are beautifully expressed in the article about her sweet life. A noble plea indeed is voiced in the poem, "To Our Stronghearts." What an helpful part women could play in the aftermath of war! "Mandy Gets A Melodeon," a story characteristic of our Southern darkey, is well written. "The Call of the Carolina Hills" is interesting also. The statement that it is true and the secrecy of the names lend to it a romantic charm. The maga-

zine is well balanced with essays, many good poems which show sparks of real genius, and splendid short stories. It may well be an example for the others of us whose publications are not seasoned with such pleasing and varied contents.

One of the best articles of its kind we have read in any magazine is "A Page From the Local Catechism," published in the *Trinity Archive*. In this, we are informed of the sins of the average college student in a unique and impressive manner. *The Archive* also has an essay of considerable worth, "War Poetry An Expression of War Thought." It discusses in a splendid way the relation of poetry to the great World War, or rather the effect of the one on the other. Many poems are also included, the reviewing of which shows careful study. It would be well for other magazines to emulate *The Archive* in its composition. Besides a good story it has some creditable verse.

In *The Orion* is a splendid story, "The Unexpected." It has a well developed plot; is written in a unique manner; and characters do not seem unreal. Besides the story, the magazine contains some excellent verse which show a marked degree of originality. All the departments are well edited, the joke department being above the average.

The College of Charleston Magazine deserves credit for its neat and prompt appearance. It contains two essays, two stories and a play of some originality, beside a fair collection of verse. The play, "Poor Mary," is especially worthy of mention. The plot is simple but not boring; the characters are true to life. The poem, "The Dancer," is one of the best poems we have read. Although some of the others seem very crude, yet in it the meter is pleasing and the poem itself seems to convey a volume of sunshine and gladness.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOLE, Editor

Bob Grose: "Everytime I go with Mary I think of her from a pecuniary standpoint."

Ben Dodd: "There you go again; you can't tell a thing without saying bad words."

They have closed saloons to save men—why not close garages to save women.

Dr. Gorrell: "Why were you late for class, Mr. Duncan?"

Duncan, H. H.: "Because the bell rang before I got here."

Prof. Rouse—(on Eng. IV.)—"Mr. Whitehurst, what line would you prefer in authorship?"

Whitehurst—"Well, I would write jokes but the public wouldn't take them seriously."

Whatever a man might do to make him stronger and better on Monday, that do on Sunday.—F. K. Pool.

Newish Berry—(Coming into the Stiff room and seeing bodies on the table ready for dissection)—"I surely would like to bisect one of those men and see how he is made."

Dr. Vann—(On Anatomy)—"Mr. Dodd, describe the rami of the mandible."

Ben Dodd—"Dr., I studied until 12:30 last night, and you know I never could find those 'ramises.'"

Note—The rami constitutes the most conspicuous part of the mandible

Willie—(Crawling up on his Uncles knee)—"Uncle, croak like a frog."

Uncle—"What do you want me to croak like a frog for, Willie?"

Willie—"Because every time I ask father for anything, he says, wait until your Uncle croaks."

Rivenbark—(While at work in dissecting room)—"Are you studying to be a doctor Eagle?"

Eagle—"No, eh, eh, I'm getting this course off to practice law."

Newish Stringfield in writing to his girl while away on the Glee Club trip, forgot to mail the first page of his letter.

My dearest little girl:

We are having a fine trip. All the girls we see on the train are "Vamps" but I'll be true to you "Honey." There are lots of "Hot Shots" here too. Next page ? ? ?

Postmaster At —— (To an old negro) "How do you like your Paper uncle?"

Negro—"Boss, dis is jes de best magazone in de hule anivuse an des soon as minstription respire I'm gwine er instribe right recently."

Prof. Rouse—(after entering dissecting room and looking at bodies on table)—"Can you tell me where these men's souls went?"

Thomas—"We haven't taken up the study of souls yet."

Moses—(In conversation about secret orders with Newish Brown)—"Do you belong to the Junior Order?"

Brown—"No I'm a freshman."

The world owes you a living, Bill,
Its human to expect it;
But you wont get a blame thing till
You get out and collect it.

Cheer up! Old Might-Have-Been is dead,
So be a good forgetter;
Count yesterday among the dead,
And make tomorrow better.

For the happy man is he who's bound
To meet Hard Luck with grins;
Don't cuss when Trouble comes around,
Be glad he isn't Twins.

A man always feels like taking a day off on his birthday, but a woman feels like taking a year or two off on hers.

A College Education is good stuff. But many a father has to support a son who knows twice as much as he does.

Just let your grins stay put, my boy;
Don't let your temper sour;
There are only sixty minutes in the
Very darkest hour.

When you mix inspiration and perspiration the result is success.

Marriage is a lottery. And a man usually draws a talking machine as a prize.

Lou Sowers—(Talking with Thomas)—“Who was King Albert’s father?”

Thomas—“It has been so long since I studied the U. S. History that I have forgotten.”

Newish Mitchell—(Going from Chapel)—“Cheves, I’m not going to Chapel any more.”

Cheves—“Why?”

Mitchell—“I’ve been going two months and they’ve never called the roll yet.”

Frazier—(At Depot)—“Give me a ticket to Meredith.”

Agent—“Return ticket?”

Frazier—“No, I’m not coming back.”

LEST WE FORGET

That Newish Carroll plays baseball.

That Pat Pearce owns a cane.

That the Shoo-fly still runs late.

That P. C. Newton is in love.

That the Sophs continued to bowl at night.

That the Freshman volleyball team practices each afternoon.

That we must get back to work.

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Manager, C. R. 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

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No. 5

SUNSET

G. W. BLOUNT

Above a field of azure blue,
Below a band of gold,
A thousand tints of richest hue
These colors manifold.

I gazed intently on the scene,
In rapture did my soul delight,
To look upon this wondrous sheen
Of day fast closing into night.

Then as long shadows draped the wood,
My mood changed with the flitting light.
As on its dark cool brink I stood,
My fancy turned in pensive flight.

Thus musing inwardly, I thought,
How oft we pass with careless eye
Such beauty as can ne'er be bought,
The grandeur of a sunset sky.

THE CREED OF BROWNING

R. P. M.

During his childhood and youth Browning was surrounded by an atmosphere devoutly religious and evangelical. The boy Robert, always of an inquisitive turn of mind, apparently did not embrace the doctrines laid down for his unquestioning acceptance, but pondered long and deeply for himself. When he had hardly attained manhood, under the influence of Shelley's poems, he broke away from the established order and declared himself an atheist. This youthful folly, however, was only a step—a useful step, indeed—in the process of crystallizing the beliefs to which he was to adhere more or less rigidly throughout the remaining years of his life. After he reached maturity and discarded many far-fetched notions of his younger days he settled upon a creed all his own; a creed not circumscribed by the precepts of any denomination nor fashioned in conformity to the dictates of some other's conscience; but a creed none the less beautiful and steadfast, that professed God, Christ, and immortality.

From his infancy Browning's desire for knowledge had been insatiable, and in all that he sought after truth was the inspiring incentive. In some of his matchless monologues he has given profound consideration to various beliefs. In all of this group, whether their conclusions are positive or negative, he brings out the universal yearning toward a Supreme Deity. Even the monster, Caliban, vaguely reached toward a mysterious Power, far off and unapproachable, but real and mighty. Cleon, the cultured philosopher, regretfully dismissed all expectation of a life after death when he said—

"Zeus has not yet revealed it; and alas,
He must have done so, were it possible!"

Only the word "yet," implying the remote possibility of a subsequent revelation, left a spark of hope. Karshish, another of the ancients, marveled at the works of Christ, but could not bring himself to believe them. In the mediæval Rabbi Ben Ezra is at last shown a man implicitly trusting God and confident of the soul's immortality:

"Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure."

In "Saul," the fifth poem of the series, there is a complete recognition of Christ.

Browning moralized little upon what man's earthly conduct should be. He was more interested in what would become of man after the cessation of his earthly activities, and in what manner of Being the Governor of the universe might be. He reached the conclusion that God rules by love rather than by might. The doctrine of future punishment has remarkably little place in his writings. He pictured God as a Friend, ever near, ever protecting; a God of Nature, present in the flowers of the woods, among the flocks on the hills, in the clouds of the sky: a compassionate God, ready to pardon the misdeeds of penitent humanity. At the same time he looked upon God as omniscient, omnipotent, and infinite. Some inference of Browning's idea of man's close relationship to God may be gathered from this line:

"God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls
should souls have place."

Though one might suppose from Browning's representation of the close bond uniting God and man that Christ, as an intermediary, would not be particularly stressed, such is not the case. It is true that mention of the name "Christ" does not appear nearly so frequently as "God," but wherever Browning does make use of the Christ Idea his thorough and reverent adherence to it is evident. Browning regarded Christ as inseparable from His Heavenly Father. His treatment of the God Idea frequently takes for granted the inclusion therein of the Christ Idea. Such an instance is in the "Epistle of Karshish": the Arab physician, almost ready to believe but prevented by his cold intellectuality, is deeply impressed by Lazarus' quotation—

"Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine:
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

In the closing lines of "A Death in the Desert" is reflected the poet's conviction that to be saved one must believe on Christ. Musing on John's story the sceptical Cerinthus says,

"Call Christ, then, the illimitable God,
Or lost!"

But—

"'Twas Cerinthus that is lost."

Browning's conception of the future life was unique. He looked forward to universal Harmony and Perfection. Yet, he did not conceive of a future of tranquil rest, such as so many idealize, but he conceived of a future of joyous activity and continuous soul development. Very probably he expected an actual physical incarnation in which one might carry on some task which the brief span on earth merely sufficed to begin: a life in which one might continue to strive

toward the still distant goal of his aspiration. Such an idea is expressed in "The Grammarian's Funeral":

"That high man, aiming at a million
Misses an unit."

But he—

"—throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find Him."

Accordingly, to the small man, the world and himself are all-sufficient, but the truly great man, though achieving no finite earthly ambition, is the one who really finds God.

The idea of an eventual perfect harmony finds expression in "Abt Vogler." The very discords of this life serve to make one the more keenly appreciative of the coming concord:

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? . . .

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence?"

And elsewhere in the same poem—

"On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
round."

In Browning's religion, just as in most of his poetry, there is a predominant note of optimism. No cloud is too dense to be penetrated by a shaft of light; no situation too dark for hope. This is strikingly illustrated in "Childe Roland," who is dauntless on the brink of inevitable destruction; and, in a different way, in the story of Pippa, who, though her lot is seemingly bleak and wretched, is nevertheless happy,

and simply through her cheery little songs is an agency for inestimable good. A sentence uttered by the wife in "The Householder" sums up Browning's attitude toward life, present and future, man and God—

"Love is all and Death is naught."

Mrs. Browning's death strengthened his faith in God and his belief in an ultimate reunion with his departed loved ones. Browning himself may be imagined to have spoken these lines from "Evelyn Hope," after his wife's death:

"I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,

.

But the time will come, at last it will."

So great was Browning's faith that death itself held no terrors for him. In his last days he pitied those who had no more wisdom than to pity him. He anticipated the approaching change in his existence with interest, even eagerness. Certain ideas seem to have been undoubtedly formulated in regard to what was coming. Not the least of these is conveyed by the glorious conclusion of his epilogue to "Asolando"—

". . . In the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

A TRUE PAL

C. S. GREEN

Several miles back of the first line trenches lies a beautiful little French village. At this village is stationed a small company of American soldiers—a unit in the Army of Occupation, which still is on duty over-seas. At the end of the main street of the little town, a moderately-sized frame building stands just back from the road and a red triangle bears to the wearied passerby a message of the warmth and welcome that awaits him within its doors.

Around this Y. M. C. A. building centers the whole social life of the American boys who are stationed there. Particularly does it serve as a means of dispatching and receiving mail, and for this reason a large crowd of men in khaki had gathered in the lobby of the "Y" building on the evening of January 12, 1919.

At the far corner of the reading room Private Edmund McCarthy was turning over, in a careless manner, the pages of a current magazine—listening with a moderately alert ear for a possible call of his name among the mail, which was being handed out. Letters had not been very frequent for the past month and he expected mail any day now.

He was not to be disappointed. There were two letters in the mail addressed to Private Edmund McCarthy. The first he recognized as the handwriting of a woman—that of his old pal and sweetheart back in the States.

Returning to his table in the corner of the room, he opened eagerly this first letter with thoughts of the one girl who meant all the world to him. If his companions had watched him as he read the letter, they would have seen at first a

radiant smile on McCarthy's face, but would have noticed also that this smile gradually gave way to a slight frown, ending in down-cast eyes and a lowering of the forehead, and the letter slip to the floor as he fell into a trance.

Years ago there stood in the forks made by two highways which led through the mountains of Kentucky, a little school-house. And every morning promptly at ten minutes to nine o'clock two little children plodded the weary road and came to this cross-roads school together. The girl was a beautiful child of ten, with flaxen curls and shining blue eyes and cheeks of rose-colored tint. The lad, a sturdy little fellow of twelve, had placed upon himself the duty of playing the big-brother to this little girl and never a morning did he fail to call at the home of his companion to help her with her books and lunch, on her way to school.

Though mere children, they were devoted to each other, and each afternoon the walk from school was spent in day-dreaming of the things they would do when they were grown.

The years passed swiftly and together they had gone each day to a near-by town to complete their high school work, after leaving the country school. Then the day of graduation came—a day stamped indelibly upon their minds. There was sadness in the thought that their school-days together were over but they promised that they should be the best of pals even if they were in different colleges.

The following fall a boy and a girl set out to begin their college life—the boy to his school, the girl to her's. They heard from each other regularly during the months of separation. Each found in the other a friend to whom they might tell all their trials and difficulties and in return receive sympathy and consolation. Their summers were spent at their homes back in the mountains of Kentucky, where she was the only girl for him and he was the only boy for her.

Then came the call for men to defend our country's cause in the fight for Democracy and the boy who had now become a man offered himself to his country. And the girl, who had now become a woman, sought a way in which she might serve. One year later finds them both engaged in the struggle—he a private in the ranks, she a nurse on the field of battle.

Letters did not come as frequent as before but each letter bore a message of love and devotion and a pledging of loyalty to one another. They come, in their individual line of service, to the end of the raging battle; and each with a medal for distinguished service. After the close of the war she had returned to the States and he had been assigned to further service in the Army of Occupation.

With a start, Private McCarthy aroused himself from his dream and casually opened the other letter that lay before him on the table. It was from his brother who had seen service in the war and was returned to his home early in '18 on account of injuries received while on active duty. The letter read:

"DEAR EDMUND:—I am almost too happy to write. I am to be married next month to the girl I looked the world over for and came back home to find. She was a nurse in the base hospital where I was treated and I loved her from the first time I saw her. I'll let you guess her name until I write again.

Fondly,

BEN."

The first letter recovered from its fallen position on the floor—Private Edmund read through eyes dimmed with tears—tears of happiness and tears of sorrow:

"MY DEAR EDMUND:—I have been terribly busy for the past month planning for a big event that is to take place in

a short while. I wish I had time to tell you all about it, for I have always loved to tell you my secrets. You have been such a true pal to me—I shall never forget. You have been my real friend at all times and I love you for it. Now here's another secret—I am to be married next month to the dearest man I have ever known and I want my dearest pal to be happy with me in my happiness. I wish so much you could be here for the day of the wedding, but when you do get back to the States, be sure that the first thing you do is to visit Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. McCarthy.

Lovingly,

CAMILE."

Early the next morning Private Edmund McCarthy signed up with his Commandant for an unlimited duration of service with the Army of Occupation.

THE SPIRIT THAT COMETH

EDWARD HARDEE

Sometimes as I sit in the evening,
By the light of the glowing coals,
And the smoke, from my pipe, that goes upward,
A vision there unfolds.
A face in the haze that is saintly,
And the voice of the dying fire,
Speak like the voice of a living soul,
That comes from my old black briar.

'Tis then that the Godly Spirit,
To my chamber enters in,
And we talk of life as it really is,
And of life as it might have been.
Then when the smoke has faded,
And I'm filled with the hope that She gave,
I forget my grief and my sorrow,
And the silent lonely grave.

I know that the flesh in the earth still dwells,
But her soul has passed in the night,
And it comes to my room at the evening tide,
To guide and to keep me right.
As the fragrance of flowers lingers,
After the plants have withered and dried,
So is the soul of my Saint still here,
Though years have passed since she died.

I see, as I sit, in the hazy smoke,
The face that is smiling, yet sad;
The face that I love and call my own,
The only sweetheart I've had.
And though she is wrinkled and gray,
On earth I would change for none other,
For She whom I see in the hazy smoke,
Is my first love, my sweetheart—My Mother.

THE SEARCHLIGHT ON SOCIALISM

D. T. HURLEY

We are living in the greatest days that the modern world has seen. Our customary habits of thought and our ordinary personal and local interests have been pushed into the background by great events that have justly absorbed the attention of the entire civilized world. Old forms of government that have existed for fifteen-hundred years have tumbled down in ruin before our eyes. Ruling dynasties which traced back their origin to Charlemagne have been driven from their places of power and authority that they have occupied for centuries. New nations are being born in our very presence and peoples who cannot remember the time when they have not been held in bondage by an alien military power are standing erect and making ready to march forward and take their respective place in the family of free nations.

And yet it is at this very moment, when our pride and satisfaction in America and its history are at their highest, that destructive and reactionary forces are actively at work to turn our representative republic into a socialist autocracy, to destroy liberty and equality of opportunity, and to paralyze the greatest force that the world has ever seen for the promotion of the happiness, the satisfaction, and the full development of free men and free women. What we have defended against German aggression and lust of conquest we must now band together to protect against those more insidious and no less powerful enemies who would undermine the foundations on which our American freedom rests.

The cornerstone of American government and of American life is the civil liberty of the individual citizen. It is on

this civil liberty of the individual as a basis that all American life, all American civilization and all American success have been built. We have offered the individual an opportunity to make the most of himself, to enjoy the fruits of his own honest labor and of his own just gains, and to hold whatever social position his personality and his education might enable him to command. Under this system we have not only prospered mightily but we have made a country that has drawn to itself the ambitious, the down-trodden, and the long suffering from every part of the globe, in the hope and belief that here in America they would find the opportunity that conditions elsewhere denied them. Under these conditions we have not only prospered mightily but we have become the envy and admiration of a watching world.

The most pressing question that now confronts the American people the question that underlies and confronts all problems of reconstruction and advance as we pass from war conditions to the normal times of peace, is whether we shall go forward by preserving those American principles and American traditions that have already served us so well, or whether we shall abandon those principles and traditions and substitute for them a State built not upon the civil liberty of the individual but upon the plenary power of organized government.

Those who believe in a government of the latter type are designated as Socialists. The words Socialism and Socialist, though less than a century old, have become so loosely and so variously used as to make it difficult to think clearly regarding the ideas for which they stand. True Socialism means social reform. It means that an individual must not live for himself alone, but must use his powers, his capacities, and his gains for the benefit of his community and his fellow-man. In this sense every intelligent American and every Christian man and woman is a Socialist, for these principles are funda-

mental to American life and to Christian teaching. But all this is social reform, not Socialism.

Socialism, in the strict and scientific sense of the word, is, however, something quite different from this. It involves not social reform but political and social revolution. It is the name for a definite public policy which rests upon certain historical and economic assumptions, none of which are true, and all of which are in flat contradiction to American policy and to American faith.

Socialism assumes, first of all, that all of man's efforts, both past and present, are to be interpreted and explained in his desire for wealth, and in the process which leads to the satisfaction for that desire. This excludes all moral, all religious, and all unselfish considerations from history and from life, and makes of man nothing but a gain-seeking animal, preying upon his kind wherever he may lay hands on him. To say that the whole human race can be brought under such a description is an outrageous travesty on history, on morals, and on religion. It even excludes from all human history all moral efforts and all moral purpose. Both history and experience contradicts so cruel and so heartless an assumption.

The second great principle of Socialism is that of class struggle which has proved to be the teaching of Karl Marx. For the first time in history, on a scale which the whole world can witness, the doctrines and theories of Karl Marx are being put to the test of practical application. In consequence, that once great country, Russia, of boundless possibilities, is now as helpless as a child, and lies for the moment, in social, economic, and moral ruin. Its reorganized schools now spend a part of each day to the instruction of atheism and to removing of what used to be proudly called civilization.

This doctrine of permanent economic classes and of class struggle is the absolute contradiction of democracy. It denies a common citizenship and an equality of rights and privi-

leges in order to set up a privileged and exploiting class by sheer force and terrorism. Here in America we have no permanent and conflicting classes. The wage-earner of today is the employer of tomorrow; the farmer's son becomes the leader of a learned profession in the city; and he who is now a signal boy is soon the directing head of a great railway system. The fundamental doctrine of American citizenship absolutely excludes the idea that men gain or lose anything by reason of occupation. In the Socialistic State permanent economic classes with differing and opposing rights and privileges are fundamental. From the democratic State they are excluded.

The third great principle of Socialism is that in the source of economic development there has come amongst us a great inequality financially, an inequality which, says the Socialist, should be remedied by an equalization of property. Where there is individual opportunity there will always be inequality. No two human beings have precisely the same ability, the same temperament, the same tastes or the same physical power. Therefore, it is that when individuals exert themselves freely some progress more rapidly than others, some secure larger rewards than others, and some gain greater enjoyment than others. The only way that this inequality can be prevented is to substitute tyranny for liberty and to hold all men down to that level of accomplishment that is within the reach of the weakest and the least well endowed. Such a policy would deprive men of liberty in order to gain a false and artificial democracy. The equality which democracy seeks to preserve and to protect is equality of opportunity, equality of rights, equality before the law. Democracy has begun to decay when it has as its aim the restraining and the punishing of the more able and the more progressive. Any form of privilege is just as undemocratic

as any form of tyranny. If men are to be free their bodies must be free as well as their souls and their spirits.

Now that we have seen the vast difference between social reform and political socialism and the vast difference between the operation of the forces and principles that have guided American life so long and so well, and those principles which the Socialist would substitute for them, let us turn now and notice another phase of Socialism—the aims by which he expects to bring into effect his ideas.

In the first place he would change our form of government under which we live. The Socialist Party platform of 1912 demanded the abolition of the Senate and the veto power of the President; the abolition of the Federal courts except the United States Supreme Court; and even a revision of the Constitution of the United States. It openly calls our Constitution dishonest. It openly denounces the fathers of our country as crooks, as grafters, and as attorneys of the capitalist class. In the making and building of America he can see nothing of idealism, nothing of sacrifice, nothing of high principle, nothing of love of liberty, nothing of aspiration for a freer and finer manhood.

This one truth about this party and its platform makes a sinister fact that must never be forgotten, that the Socialist is of necessity unpatriotic and un-American. He cannot be patriotic because he regards patriotism as an obstacle to the further extension of class struggle and of class rule. He cannot be a true American because American institutions and American ideals lie straight across the path which he would pursue. Republicans and Democrats differ as to public policy but both accept the principles of the Constitution and endeavor to apply and to improve them. Neither would change the form of government under which we live. The Socialist Party on the other hand openly declares its

purpose to wreck the present form of government, to undo all the work that has been accomplished for one hundred and fifty years, and to bring to an end the greatest experiment in republicanism and the greatest achievement in social and political organization that the world has ever seen.

The second great aim of the Socialist is to further his policy by bringing about a false internationalism in our country. He does not favor a closer, more kindly, and more constructive international relations as a means towards justice and the security of the world, but he would bring about that sort of internationalism that would extend class struggle and class rule beyond the boundaries of existing nations and so assist in breaking down those boundaries. Any plan for a society of nations that would destroy national initiative, national responsibility, and national pride would be merely a straight-jacket upon human progress. A true and wise society of nations will not be one in which historic nations will play but an insignificant part and in which patriotism and love of country shall disappear but it will be one built out of nations that are stronger, more resourceful and more patriotic because of their new opportunities for world service.

While the national vote of the Socialist Party in the United States is not large we must not lose sight of the fact that the theories and principles of Socialism are being eagerly and systematically spread amongst us. From many *school-rooms* and from many platforms agents are either unconsciously or willingly poisoning the minds of the youth of our country with them. We have only to call back two years and we see a man at Wake Forest College, under disguise as a Y. M. C. A. lecturer and even hiding behind the sacred Scriptures, preaching Socialism to the students here. The same has been repeated in a thousand other places. Let there be no mistake. The future of our country is challenged.

The challenge will not be faced by those who have only

contempt and respite for the founders and for the history of America, but it will be faced by those who look with respect and reverence upon the great series of happenings extending from the Mayflower to the achievement of the American armies upon the soil of France. To these men the Declaration of Independence rings as true today as it did to our *forefathers* in 1776. To these men our Constitution remains the surest and safest foundation for a free government that the wit of man has yet devised.

As soon as the American people are made to understand the difference between social reform and political socialism, and the distinction between an internationalism that is true and full of appeal to every patriot, and an internationalism that is false of patriotism they will stamp Socialism with all its false theories, its unjust principles, and its radical aims under their feet as something abhorrent to American life and to American principles. They will prefer to preserve the ideals which guided the founding of America and the altar of American freedom which our fathers so nobly builded.

DR. TOM ON SHAKESPEARE

 ROY C. BROWN

I'se done bin on de faculty, Lawd knows how many years—
 A-makin' fires, a-sweepin' floors, a-fixin' o' de cheers—
 An' observatin' all de time as 'bout mah work I goes;
 But from de 'sperience dat I'se gained, dis much I know I
 knows:

Whatebber yo' does, as Shakespeah said,
 "Be sho' yo's right, den go ahead."

Ef it's fo' athaleticks yo' has a hankerin' mind,
 Knuckle to 'er wid a grin an' 'low yo's gotter grind
 Lak de ole scratcher's atter yo' an' des won't let yo' stop
 Ter take a quid o' 'backer er drink a sody pop.

But don't forgit what Shakespeah said,
 Yo' knows yo's right, now go ahead.

Dey's anudder 'mentous question dat yo's bound ter decide,
 Whedder in 'nubial 'panionship thro' life yo's gwine ter glide.
 When yo's 'bout ter pick yo' helpin' mate, don't take her on
 de hump:

Look twice, sez I, an' dat right good 'fore yo' succeeds ter
 jump.

An' 'member well what Shakespeah said,
 "Be sho' yo's right, den go ahead."

"THE SIGNS OF THE NEW TIMES"

HUGH P. SMITH

The conviction is abroad in the world today that Democracy is the coming regime. Sir Henry Maine affirms that democracy "is simply and solely a form of government." While this is true we must admit that it is something more. It is a spirit which, in so far as a spirit can be embodied in a creed, may be expressed by the statement that not only government, but wealth, education, art, literature, religion—in a simple word, life—is, in the divine order, intended for the people, and, in the ultimate state of society, will be controlled and administered by the people for the benefit of all. Democracy is not only a political opinion, it is also a social force, it is without question a religious faith, and it is destined to become a world power. There is a certain spirit of good will which all the clearest thinkers are coming to agree is the essential factor in civilization. This spirit is growing. All the signs of the times go to show that the world is coming to demand this spirit of life and preservation.

Democracy is primarily the growth of humanity. It is the emergence of man from a state of pupilage toward the state of manhood, with all his animal appetites, as yet neither understood nor controlled. It is the spirit of growth, of progress, of development. It is not merely a phase of society; it is a spirit of life. Democracy, therefore, does not merely have to do with the political organization. It is the reign of the common people in every department of life. It means life for all the people.

It should be observed that modern democracy is rapidly coming as a real democracy which shall fuse all the states of

the world into a common unity. It is coming first, as a social force and we watch its coming with an eye singled to aggressiveness. The old-fashioned political economy made the mistake of looking upon a man as essentially a selfish and aggressive animal. We find the same defect in the old theories of government. "Expect men always to be selfish," they tell us. The more profound fact, and one to be prouder of, is that man is a social, coöperative being. The civilized human race that inhabits the universe at this hour is engaged in the pursuits of life that lead to better economic conditions. The average man of our common people is engaged in social pursuits more than he knows. He cannot even fight or compete without being urged to combine more closely with others. He cannot be selfish alone. He is full of susceptibilities to sympathy, pity, kindness, and love. He takes a profound pleasure in saying "we" and writing "ours" over a large realm.

You can and often do establish upon the basis of this fact a sort of fashion of sympathetic feeling among men. Strangely enough, whenever you come to the mighty issue over which men are ready to give up their lives, and do give them up as a ransom for democracy as they have recently done in the World War, men are such social and coöperative beings that they will die ever so much more willingly, and even with joy, for the sake of those principles, ideas, the institutions of which they have learned to say "ours," than they will die for anything on which they have written "It is mine."

Men's rights and morals belong to this social realm. Justice is not yours or mine. It is what we all conceive to be fair for all of us. Struggling for justice, we struggle for common property. Truth is not a matter of private conduct; it is the highway all nations must travel. Standing up for the truth, man recognizes that he is defending a common interest.

The very idea of democracy now changes its basis. It is not an external machine as it is, and ought to be, an inward and vital force urging men together. It is essentially the working of the social or coöperative spirit. Democracy, embodied in institutions, is the means whereby all men act together in winning and maintaining their common interest. It is the means whereby men can extend the broad humane title "ours" over a large range.

Men and women are daily practicing self-denial in our modern world in the hope of bringing about fairer industrial conditions for their fellows.

This bond of mutual coöperation arises out of the deepest facts that we know. We are born into a network of multifarious relations. A man hardly knows what portion of his being belongs only and wholly to himself. He has become what he really is through costly inheritance. He is bound with inalienable ties to parents, brothers, kin, his country. Do you say, "Give me my rights"? The world of men answers back, "Perform your duties—duties to your parents, duties to relations, duties to neighbors, duties to teachers, duties to the State whose laws and liberties you are eager to enjoy, duties to the ideal, the hope that shall bring men everywhere to recognize and support a living democracy."

The scene of Socrates illustrates this. "Come," say his friends, "assert your individual rights. Men are unjust to you. Athens threatens to put you to an ignominious death. Escape and take your liberty." And Socrates, the mightiest individualist of his time, replies, "I have no rights as against Athens and her laws."

In the second place democracy is coming as a religious force. The eyes of the world are watching its coming, for a good democracy instinctively allies itself with and expresses

idealism and religion. Democracy advances as fast as religion and no faster. We reach now the largest and most undogmatic thought of religion. Religion is that view of the world which regards it as the parable or expression of an overruling moral order, which finds a spiritual unity behind its shifting phenomena, which interprets the movements of history as the progressive discipline of mankind toward righteous and noble character. In this larger sense the child who has learned to enter into the organic structure of the home, the public school, the town, the State, and the Nation, as a legal member of each new social unity, who has thus become possessed of the ruling spirit of duty, truth, justice, patriotism, now at last finds himself the citizen of the universe. He belongs to the universal order, he shares its principles and ideals, almost as if he had helped to create them.

In this view and in this view only, is there any real unity of the human race. Germany lacked unity and her masses of people never knew the spirit of united brotherhood. Where there is unity, men are brothers, not because of any superficial or physiological resemblance, but by virtue of intellectual, moral, spiritual, and indeed wholly ideal and inward, but none the less actual, qualities, aspirations, possibilities shared by all.

Again, democracy is at one with religion in its conception of what the full-grown and civilized man ought to be. Churches have taught that nineteen hundred years ago there was one such complete man, brave, just, kind, reverent, unselfish, disinterested. How strange that aristocratic and priestly pretensions should have ever been set up in the name of this most democratic man! The doctrine of democracy is that the good or humane life is simply the moral fruitage of humanity. A whole harvest of noble lives is already on record. Democracy seeks nothing less than the development of just such upright, friendly, normal lives. The poor man today, at his best, wants nothing so much for his children as

that they shall become men and women of his character—just what men have liked to call "sons and daughters of God." The women of our land everywhere ask for nothing more than to see a true democracy dominate every land everywhere, and they call out to their sex in this busy life saying, "Woman, here is a new world." The broken autocracies of today are beginning to realize the idea of progress—amelioration, a law of uplift and growth, a coming commonwealth of nations, a parliament of the world—is essentially religious.

The very life blood of democracy is in this wonderful common ideal of human progress. If the spirit of democracy is more vital and buoyant in America than anywhere else, it is because this faith in progress is general among our people. Progress is really the motion of life itself, and there is surely something infinite and spiritual in the idea. Give us plenty of people who have caught this idea, and we will establish democracy everywhere. Give us its missionaries and we will convert the Dark Continents of the earth. Possess the humblest of people with this idea and they become fit to govern themselves.

In the third place democracy is coming to be a world force. The action of democratic principles does not stop at the national border, but passes on to nations beyond the seas and has found a resting place where the conflict of ideas results in a world war.

To understand fully the progress which democracy is making in becoming a world power, let us glance back for a moment upon one concrete example where it has triumphed over autocracy and has broken the fetters of imperialism. Apologists have told us—apologists for Germany—that in Germany the supreme conception is the dedication of Man to the State. This was not true of old Germany. Before the formation of the Prussian empire, her spirit was entirely individualistic. She stood preëminently for freedom of thought and action. It was this that gave her spiritual heritage. Goethe is the

most individualistic of world masters. Froebel developed, in the kindergarten, one of the purest of democracies and it was through such a spirit as this that Germany received her golden age of literature, her religious teachers, her pre-eminence in music.

Nevertheless, the Prussian state, autocratic from its inception, received philosophic justification in a series of thinkers, culmination in Hegel, who regarded the individual as a capricious egotist, the state, incarnate in its sovereign, as the supreme spiritual entity. He justified war, regarding it as a permanent necessity, and practically made might right in arguing that a conquering nation is justified by its more fruitful idea in annexing the weaker, while the conquered, in being conquered, is judged of God. Here is the philosophic justification of that Prussian arrogance which in Nietzsche is carried into glittering rhetoric. Thus the Prussian state from afar back was opposed to the general spirit of old Germany.

Since 1870, it must be admitted, that spirit has gone. With the formation of the Prussian Empire, and for a half century of its existence every force of social control—press, church, state, education, social opinion—was deliberately employed to stamp upon the German people one idea, namely, the subordination of the individual to the State, as the supreme and only virtue. The absolute control of the State over the individual in Germany was accomplished, and in the course of its progress the incessant surveillance, the petty regulations, the interference with private life caused many to leave their native land and come to the United States.

One of the fundamental questions in the great conflict that began in Europe in 1914 and extended into the whole world appeared to be whether democracy or autocracy was to prevail. No thoughtful man can longer doubt that an appeal is now being made to democracy to bring peace, order, and mental confidence out of the chaos that autocratic rule has

produced. Empires like Prussia and Germany have arisen, flourished for a time, but crumbled to earth in their attempts to conquer the world in the name of the Imperial King. Humanity shudders as democracy goes forth to the rescue. How can Europe be reconstructed? How can civilization be restored? Autocracy has no answer.

When President Wilson gave expression to the now famous phrase, "We are fighting to make the world safe for democracy," he uttered a profound truth. Evidently he saw the conflict in which America was engaged, a struggle between two political ideals. The one accepted by Germany was the "Law of the Jungle," the one accepted by the United States was, "A United Brotherhood." The action of democratic principles broke the "Laws of the Jungle," and crushed the spirit of imperialism. We recognize the fact that never before has there been so great a need of a great constructive principle in international affairs apparent. Never before has the opportunity for its employment been so auspicious. Today it is a fact that four-fifths of the habitable surface of the earth is dedicated to the aspirations of democracy, and included in this three-fourths of the human race. Democracy is surely becoming a world force.

Finally, the need of our time is democracy—intelligent good-will. The Bible mostly divides men into two kinds or parties, Jews and Gentiles, imperialist and anti-imperialist, saints and sinners. But the new thought is at the heart of all the bibles, for it is at the common heart of humanity.

What does the conclusion of this process mean? It means, does it not, the complete application to the relations of nations, of the moral order of the universe, of the moral principles universally accepted as binding individuals? If it is true that the moral order of the universe is one and unchanging, then "what is right for a man is right for a nation of men, and what is wrong for a man is wrong for a nation of

men," and no fallacious reasoning should blind us to that basic truth.

This would mean the end of empire building. Those empires that already exist would fall naturally into their component parts. If those parts remained affiliated with the central government, it would be only through the voluntary choice of the majority of the population dwelling upon the territory. Then every people would be affiliated with the government.

It would mean finally a voluntary federation of nations, with the establishment of a world court of justice; but no weak, spineless arbitration court: rather a court of justice, comparable to those established over individuals whose judgment would be enforced by an international military and naval police, contributed by the federal nations.

The coming of these democratic principles, the spark of civil and religious Liberty once aglow, is causing the nations of the earth to look westward and behold its splendor like a guiding star of hope. America was the auspicious land of the evening dream that lodged the westward march of civilization. This was the virgin soil that budded forth at last the germ of human freedom. This was the liberty-loving people who were willing to fertilize the seed of democracy with their life's richest blood. In that despairing struggle of young democracy with old autocracy the eye of Providence peering through the milky-way ordained that out of the iron tempest should come America. He ordained that out of the conflict—the World war—should come a United Brotherhood. So we awake to find the most ancient and conservative of empires and the most absolute monarchies casting off the shackles of antiquity and moulding their institutions after those of the West. And over all shines the hope that ere long the principles of Liberty and Democracy shall envelope the earth, that nations shall accept its coming, and become a common possession of the human race.

THE GHOST OF YESTERDAY

N. E. GREESHAM

Something is following me. Some spirit, some invisible, terrible something. I cannot eat or drink or sleep. Always it is pursuing me. Sometimes, I try to stop but it drives me onward. My heart aches, my head swims and I am hungry. Hungry and dying! But I cannot die, for death flees from me. I have tried, and ever it flees as a mirage before my eyes while the spirit follows me always, always, always. His cold breath, I feel on my bare neck and shoulders. His towering shadow overwhelms me. I enter cities and places where men and women are joyous but I am never happy. I sit down in brilliantly lighted dining-halls and across the table from me sits that awful being. I do not see him but I feel his presence. His eyes pierce into my very soul, his long, lanky fingers reach forward and seize my burning hands. Then we go out into the streets and pass along with the laughing, shouting crowd—the throng of care-free and happy men and women. Sometimes they enter theaters and beautiful buildings within which can be heard the sound of music and dancing.

We pass on to the end of the street and into the open country. There about us loom up tall mountains and naked trees for it is winter. Dead leaves lie upon the ground and crackle under the feet of myself and my pursuer. He makes no noise, yet I hear him. He speaks not; yet to me his voice is as the sound of dying music mingled with groans. Above, the sky is hazy and a red sun hangs in the western depths. Only in the South and in the East float thin colorless clouds. The North is barren and chill. I gaze about me and see bleached skeletons, while overhead circle black

vultures. A bleak gray rock is on yonder hill-top and upon it are perched two or three of those ominous birds. I pause. In the valley below I see other sad, dejected persons stalking slowly toward a dark cavern, over the entrance of which is written in pale letters DISAPPOINTMENT. The sound of a groan ascends from the depths of the mouldering forest and the cries of birds and sick beasts come to my ear.

I run, run, run! Ah, down the mountain slope do I run! Past the dark cavern, past all the sick ones, past all the dangers, away from the groans of the dying forests and away from the lure of the witching music which is as the sound of sweet lyres mingled with rushing storms. Before my eyes stretch miles and miles of sand, white, glistening sand and I run toward the South but the spirit follows me. For days and weeks it follows until we come to wildernesses and on past to cities. Sometimes it is night, black, evil night, and the pursuing spirit is joined by others who torment me to my very heart. I enter my room and all about me they point their long fingers. They are clothed in clinging cerements—the black and white apparel of the dead. I sit and watch them, drawing nearer, nearer, nearer. My hand is on the glass but I dare not lift it to my lips. Heaven! See that one coming toward me. He emerges from the door and is stooping and grinning as he approaches. "O God, give me time to cover my face!" And I jump onto the bed. I lie with my head covered for a long time. Then I peep out and there, still there, is that spiteful being motioning his fellows to surround and capture me. But they cannot capture me, for I jump out of bed and flee again into the city and into the night. Day comes. The East is flooded with a golden light but I stand facing the West, longing for the day just past while near me crouches the grim spirit.

Oh life is so distateful and I want to die but I cannot; I cannot! My eyes grow hollow and red, my cheeks are

sunken, my hair is silvery white and my shoulders are stooped but I am not old. I dream of yesterday, the dim yesterday, now so far away and I am listless. Ah, now I am resting but above me is my enemy, eager and smiling. Yes, I am in his clutches. He has caught me. He carries me in his bony arms out into a land of semi-darkness and despair. Then we sit down upon cold sands and he chuckles. Above and about me hover spirits of the nether world. My captor lifts a veil from his face and I look upon his forehead and read.

He is LOST OPPORTUNITY.

THE APPROACH OF NIGHT

N. E. GRESHAM

The shadowy folds of the starlight night,
Steal silently over great earth plains,
And the mystic echoes of day's sad flight,
Sound soft and low like silvery strains.

I hear in the distance the murmuring brook,
And the cries of lonely, lost night-birds;
The crickets are chirping in many a nook,
While lovers are whispering loving words.

Now I see the gold in the western skies,
Fading and dying. Now all is dark
And I hear in the gloaming the piteous cries,
Of lambs who hear the far wolf's bark.

The Spirit of Night now enfoldeth the earth,
And babes of the world begin to nod,
Hushed alike are the sounds of sadness and mirth,
All nature doth sleep in the arms of God.

The Wake Forest Student

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No. 5

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

Anniversary is here again. The years just keep on rolling by as fast as they can. Each anniversary brings us nearer our life's goal. We are richer or poorer this time only as we have used our talents wisely or foolishly. The ways we have used them are causes for joy or sorrow. If you can honestly hail, with a happy smile, this anniversary, then it is a pretty sure sign

that you have accomplished something during the past twelve months. If you cannot, then for Heaven's sake, man, get busy!

Of course we will smile and be happy, though, for aren't we going to have as our guests our very, very best friends? Yes indeed, the girls are coming from everywhere and who will not have cause for rejoicing? Besides them, alumni and other friends of the institution are coming and they may decide to do some great things when they get here. It would not be the least bit surprising if they didn't start right to work on our new athletic field and how happy we would be if they would only complete it by the football season next fall. Oh yes, the trustees will be here too, or let us hope so at least. They always come at the opportune time and this strikes us as being the most opportune of all times.

We are in need of a whole sight of things at Wake Forest. Suppose we enumerate some of them. We need dormitory space for three hundred men, we need a new library with modern heating conveniences, we need a Y. M. C. A. building, better equipped laboratories, athletic improvements of every nature and many other things too numerous to mention, such as, regular coaches, stricter rules, and STUDENT material. Last but not least are the individual needs of the students, chief among which are energy, enthusiasm and responsiveness. Certainly we do not expect the trustees to supply us with all those things, or the alumni, or our friends, or any one else. We must all take a hand in making ours the great institution we wish it to be. Let every man of us just "buckle in" and as Uncle Abe sez: "Make the fur fly!"

For eighty-five years and through the severest tests that anything could encounter and live, Wake Forest College has lived. Yes, and prospered too. Not a single time for anything has the Old Gold and Black banner been lowered. We might well pause just a moment and offer a word of gratitude for

the preservation of our great college and make a plea also that its work will be more far-reaching in the future than it has ever been in the past. Hurrah for Anniversary!

The Intercollegiate Referendum Of tremendous importance was the student intercollegiate referendum held January 13th. The returns of the votes brought forth some important facts which seemingly many eminent men throughout the land have failed to recognize. Although, materially speaking, the votes did not count for anything, yet they were of untold value. College students have better opportunities for studying the momentous questions of the day than practically any other class of men, hence they were in a position to vote intelligently on the gravest of all questions of the present time. The fact that a very large majority of the voters expressed themselves as being in favor of the League of Nations was not surprising. A large per cent of the men who voted were only a few months ago actively engaged in the bloody struggle for the repression of the spirit of autocracy. No wonder these men are in favor of peace, even if some minor sacrifices must be made!

Besides learning the attitude of college men toward this great question, another truth was revealed; namely, the confidence Americans have in the great chief of our Nation. A movement has been on foot during the past several months to make his untiring efforts seem small in the eyes of the people. Some of our best magazines have adopted rather unfair methods to bring about these opinions. But youth is rarely ever selfish or biased in the strict sense of those words. Youth dreams of great things to be done and admires men who do those things. The greed for political power has not become engrossed in the minds of young men and conse-

quently they approve most emphatically of the noble ideals of our President, as well as his earnest and wise efforts in accomplishing what he has proposed to do.

A prominent business man recently in an **Americanism** article in one of our leading magazines made the statement that he was and had always been "bull" for America. This man implied in his article that he was for America and America alone whether or why. Such a love for one's country is certainly always to be admired but the question arises: Can a man be for America alone when the whole world is groping in the darkness of anarchy, heathenism, and political upheaval, calling continuously for our aid? It rather seems that too much Americanism has a tendency to breed within our land that most detestable of all disease germs, selfishness.

It is becoming more and more a fact, demonstrated every day by the actions of selfish politicians of both parties, that after all some Americans are not so much concerned about the outside world except only when there is a practical gain in view. We cling to the Golden Rule when a coveted object is before us but when not—Ah, see the rule flit upward to a serene and peaceful sky and see men of every vocation settle comfortably down to a quiet smoke while his neighbor just across the seas continues to moan and beg for the crumbs that fall from the table.

In advocating the spirit of Americanism, which will probably be one of the issues in the next political campaign, there are two grave dangers to be considered. The first of these is the danger of making the world an enemy. Already other nations have noticed our actions in regard to the peace treaty and have come to the conclusion, as certain prominent men have several times intimated, that we are not so much a peace-

loving people after all. They have seen that many of our most noted leaders are not willing to make even a minor sacrifice in order to make the world safe for democracy. They have seen that some Americans, as one of our professors recently said, are in favor of "America for herself and the rest of the world to damnation by lots." The situation is alarming. Just now our noblest ideals are being exchanged for certain principles which unless checked will wreck not only nations but individuals as well. The time has come when the thinking men and women of our country must get busy and eliminate those ill-meaning propagandists, who seem to be waiting to bite deep into the vitals of our Government. Cannot we eliminate those too who wrap themselves in the priceless robe of Americanism and go about over the land seeking whom they may devour?

We have published in each of the last three issues of *THE STUDENT* some fine poems which have for their theme "Mother." We say they are fine poems not especially because of any degree of poetic talent being apparent, or that in quality of thought, uniqueness of composition, selection of words or style they are any better than hundreds of others that amateur poets are writing daily. This comment is not intended to praise in any sense either the author or his poems though they are creditable. The thing that is most worthy of notice in the poems is the theme. What subject is more fitting for a poem? What subject inspires more pure and holy thoughts than Mother? The subject is world old but ever new and interesting. Its sacredness keeps it from being talked of only to the closest of friends and in the holiest of places. Perhaps the poem in this issue has Mother in a rather unsacred place, but a closer reading shows that Mother alone shares companionship with

one's nearest friends and in this case it is the poet's pipe. She is present none the less because her body has long since been returned to the dust. The spirit of Mother always hovers near, chiding us for our unfaithfulness, sorrowing because of our shortcomings, speaking words of cheer in our loneliness and encouraging us in our weakness. She is always loving and always inspires in men the best that they do. If you have not read those poems, read them. They will do you good. They will freshen in your mind the memory of her who has prayed and toiled and suffered for your sake. They will make you more appreciative of the one friend who still has faith in you though you are forever down and out with the rest of the world.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

Plans for Anniversary are rapidly going forward and the indications are that the coming event, which is to be held on February 13th, will be an unusually successful celebration. The usual program consisting of a debate in the afternoon, followed by orations and a reception in the evening will be observed. We hope to give a more detailed account of this occasion in our next issue.

Prof. I. E. Carlyle, of Liberty-Piedmont Institute, spent the Christmas vacation in Wake Forest with his people.

Prof. E. W. Timberlake and Dr. H. M. Poteat attended the Shriners' meeting in New Bern last month.

The Young Men's Christian Association carried out a very interesting and helpful program on Monday night, January 12th, when an open forum meeting was conducted for the purpose of discussing the "League of Nations." The discussion was very ably led by Dean E. W. Timberlake. A large number of students were present and the enthusiasm which they manifested went to show the keen interest which the students feel in this great question now facing our country.

Dr. J. B. Weatherspoon, an alumnus of the College and at present pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, was the speaker at the meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society on Sunday night, January 18th. On the following night he addressed the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Students' Baptist Young Peoples' Union was very fortunate in having present at its meeting on Sunday, January 18th, representatives from the Union of the Tabernacle Church, of Raleigh, who gave a very entertaining and helpful demonstration just before the evening church service. Immediately after the church service a delightful social hour was spent in the basement of the church. In addition to the visitors from Raleigh several of the young people of the community were present. The Tabernacle Union is one of the best unions in the State and we were happy to have its representatives with us.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Nowell visited friends in Raleigh during the Christmas holidays.

According to the announcement of the committee in charge of the contest, the fourth annual High School Declamation Contest is to be held on March 11th and 12th. The various high schools throughout the State have been notified of the approaching contest and the rules and regulations governing it will be forwarded them as early as possible. It is expected that a larger number of contestants will take part in this contest than have taken part in any of the previous ones. The committee is doing all in its power to make the occasion a success, and it should have the coöperation of every man in school.

Manager Gresham is not yet in a position to publish his schedule for baseball, but he hopes to be able to do so at an early date. A number of games for the home grounds have been secured, and a trip through Virginia and Maryland is practically assured. We await the publication of the complete schedule with a feeling of interest.

At the last meeting of the Teachers' Class, held on January 13th the members of this class had the privilege of hearing Dr. J. H. Gorrell.

Dr. N. Y. Gulley spoke before the Woman's Club, of Raleigh, on January 9th.

The members of the local church gave Rev. C. D. Graves, their pastor, a "pounding" on December 25th, as a token of their appreciation of his services.

Moot Court activities have been rather limited since the holidays. The majority of the men who take part in the work of the court are men who belong to the Supreme Court Class. During the last few weeks the members of this class have been very busy preparing for the Supreme Court examination, which was held on January 26th, and consequently the activities of Moot Court have necessarily been suspended. Now that the examination is a thing of the past the court will be reorganized for the Spring Term.

Christmas services were held at the local church on the afternoon of December 25th. The worship consisted of a beautiful song service. Dr. H. M. Poteat was in charge of the music.

On Sunday afternoon, January 18th, the members of the Freshman Sunday School Class carried out a very enjoyable program in the nature of a social event. The program consisted of music and a number of short addresses, at the conclusion of which light refreshments were served. This class is one of the largest student classes in the local Sunday school and under the efficient leadership of Dr. Turner it is doing splendid work.

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, during the early part of last month, delivered a series of four lectures on Hymnology at the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

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The vote on the Peace Treaty and "League of Nations" taken January 13th under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Treaty Referendum, revealed the fact that the majority of the students of Wake Forest are supporters of the views of President Wilson as regards the Treaty. Of the 386 votes that were cast 231 were in favor of the League and Treaty without reservations or amendments; only seven were opposed to the Treaty in any form; while 22 favored ratification of it with the Lodge amendments; and 126 favored a compromise between the Lodge and Democratic reservations in order to facilitate ratification of the Treaty.

A simple but very impressive ceremony was held on January 19th in Memorial Hall, in honor of the Wake Forest men who died in the World War, at which time a bronze memorial tablet bearing the names of those who made the supreme sacrifice was presented to the College. The presentation was made by Captain L. T. Stallings, son-in-law of President Poteat, who was wounded at Belleau Woods and Hon. Gilbert T. Stephenson, president of the Board of Trustees, received the tablet in behalf of the College. Brief addresses were delivered and glorious tribute was paid to the College's dead who sleep in France.

THE STUDENT wishes to congratulate Dr. H. M. Poteat upon the appearance of the second edition of his Latin textbook, "Cicero's Letters," which recently came from the press of the publishers, D. C. Heath & Co.

The Debate Council announces that two intercollegiate debates have been scheduled for this spring and that another, which is now pending, will probably be arranged within a few days. The two debates which have been arranged are

with Colgate University and Randolph-Macon; the debate now pending is with Baylor. An interesting fact about the Colgate debate is that it will take place in Washington, D. C., on May 12th, the day before the Southern Baptist Convention meets in that city. At present neither the time nor the place of the Randolph-Macon debate has been agreed upon. The Council also announces that preliminaries will be held on Friday and Saturday nights, February 27th and 28th, for the purpose of selecting speakers to represent Wake Forest in the coming debates. It is earnestly hoped that a large number of men will try out for these places.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

On December 29th last Dr. Oscar E. Sams, '98, who for the past two years has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Johnson City, Tenn., entered upon his duties as president of Carson and Newman College at Jefferson City, Tenn., Dr. Sams is a native of this mountain country and passionately loves its people. He hopes to make possible an education under distinctive Christian influence for every mountain boy and girl in the land.

P. C. Burrus, '17, is assistant principal of the Wingate High School. Another Wake Forest man is principal.

Jackson Hamilton, '97, is principal of the high school at Pineville, N. C. He is said to be one of the best teachers in the State. While in College Mr. Hamilton acquired fame as Anniversary debater, representing the Euzelian Society.

J. A. Powers, LL.B. '09, makes a skillful prosecuting officer as solicitor of the Judicial North Carolina district. His home is in Kinston.

E. L. Morgan, Jr., '16-'17, is advertising manager of the El Paso (Texas) *Herald*.

J. M. Broughton, a Raleigh attorney with offices in the Citizens National Bank Building, is behind the movement to get his class of 1910 together commencement for a reunion. A worthy effort and one we feel sure will succeed. If you are a member of this class get in touch with Mr. Broughton at once. In a recent letter from "Mel," he says: "Learning to write it '1920' instead of '1919,' reminds me of the fact

that the coming commencement will mark the tenth anniversary of the Class of 1910. The importance of this great class need not be argued; it is admitted (at least by the members of the class). At any rate, I am one man keen on having some sort of a reunion of our class. I have had correspondence with Roger McCutcheon and others, who entertain the same views."

On Friday evening, January 23, the Wake County branch of the Alumni Association met in Raleigh with Secretary V. O. Parker in charge. The basement of the First Baptist Church was the place and the refreshments were only a part of the enjoyment.

On the Clemson College faculty are three loyal alumni: Dr. A. M. Redfern, '84, is college physician; W. E. Speas, '07, is associate professor of physics; and John G. Carroll, '11, is assistant professor in the same department.

J. C. Dockery, '95-'97, is one of our Alumni who does not allow his college spirit to die after he leaves College. He has taken a most active and substantial part in providing a coach for our basket-ball and baseball teams for this season. He is a large planter and is besides interested in several industrial enterprises in Rockingham, N. C.

F. A. Bobbit, '15, is pastor of the Baptist Church at Drake's Branch, Virginia. The Virginia papers speak in the warmest praise of Mr. Bobbit's work. It will be remembered that Mr. Bobbit won for his wife a Wake Forest girl, Miss Emma Jessie Lassiter. Accordingly his success is not surprising to those who know.

Recently a prominent Superior Court judge, who has as wide a knowledge of legal matters and persons as any man in

the State, remarked that the two ablest lawyers in the State are both Wake Forest men, who also got their training in law at the Wake Forest College School of Law. The men he named are Robert C. Lawrence, '97, and L. R. Varsar, '99. The latter made the best speech, in the estimation of competent critics, at the last Baptist State Convention.

C. D. Moore, '15-'17, is engaged in the banking business at Shelby, N. C. He recently sent a substantial contribution to the new athletic field fund.

Carey J. Hunter, Jr., '16, has a position on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*. The *Post* recently carried an editorial by Mr. Hunter that drew wide and favorable comment.

Rev. Sidney A. Edgerton, '12, is now pastor of several churches in the Buies Creek community.

O. M. Mull, '02, has a large and lucrative law practice in Shelby.

Dr. Hubert A. Royster, '91, is doing a great work as chief surgeon at the Rex Hospital in Raleigh.

Ex-Gov. W. W. Kitchin, '84, will dissolve his law partnership in Raleigh and return with his family to his former home in Scotland Neck next fall.

R. R. Lanier, '13, is doing things as pastor of the White Oak Baptist Church at Greensboro.

On December 22d in Brooklyn, New York, Dr. Herbert M. Vann, '15, was married to Miss Carlotta Mildred Arzani, of Ansonia, Conn. Dr. Vann is one of our able professors in the School of Medicine.

On December 23d, in the same city, Dr. George Hamilton Davis, '14, who acted as best man at Dr. Vann's wedding, was united in marriage to Miss Margaretta Henderson Carleton, of 417 Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn.

Dr. James B. Turner, '07, our Student Secretary, went to Aiken, S. C., after school closed last fall and on December 30th was married to Miss Ruth Quattlebaum, of that city. Mrs. Turner is a graduate of Winthrop College at Rock Hill, S. C.

Joel I. Allen, '19, was married during the holidays to Miss Edna Earle Harris. Mrs. Allen taught for some time in the Wake Forest schools.

J. D. Cowan, '19, was married on January 1 to Miss Mary Reynolds, of Cullowhee, N. C. Mrs. Cowan was a senior in Trinity College.

Rev. R. N. Childress, '19, of Raleigh, was married on January 14th to Miss Grace Reynolds.

Next! We are sure that Wake Forest Alumni are always glad to welcome such pleasant additions to their membership.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. A. HERRING, Editor

The *Magazine* from the University of North Carolina was fully up to its usual standard; it keeps its place among the best college publications of the State not only in quality but in quantity. However, we feel that its contents are not well balanced. With five short stories, five poems and a sketch one feels the need of a good essay or two, but it would take an essay above the average to keep pace with the contents. "Other Judases," a short story, has a well developed plot which is very interesting. Although dealing with simple mountain folk, far back in the mountains, yet it brings a message which may well be applied to every community. The poem, "December," expresses in pleasing meter a description of that month that would chill even the reader beside the warm fire. "The Call of the Bells" is another short story which deserves recognition. The first few paragraphs strike the reader as being a trifle rough and broken in their sentence structure but as the writer continues his theme one forgets sentences, absorbed in the fanciful account of Poe's Christmas gift to the world—"The Bells." The theme in "The Robber House" is an old one but is well reproduced in negro dialect.

The outstanding need of *The Acorn* for December is more—not to say better—material. Aside from the editorials it contains a short poem, one story, one essay and a brief sketch. The poem, "The Wind of Long Ago," is pleasing to read, conveying a delightful Christmas wish. "Belles, Bells, Bells!" is a story which entertains the reader, furnishing quite a pleasant surprise at its close. To those

interested in economics, "The Rise of the British Trade Unions and the Labor Party" would be a mine of information to others, however, it is entirely too much informational to be interesting. Worthy is he who reads to the end! The sketch, "Christmas Eve," is mediocre. We heartily sympathize with the editorial staff in the necessity of filling up space. Nobly did they respond, half the magazine being occupied with sketches and editorials. While the departments are good, yet we feel that the magazine would be greatly benefited if more contributions were given from the student body. It would not be hard to find more helpful material from a literary viewpoint than the "Stunt Night" program, which occupies three pages. Nevertheless, as we all know, Meredith is capable of putting out a good publication. Luck to her!

The *Davidson College Magazine* is unusually well edited. "Dusk and Dawn," a short verse, is refreshing with original thought and pleasing in its presentation. The interest of the reader is at once captivated in the story, "Fickle Fortune," and held to the very end where there is a surprise worthy of its title. "Peace on Earth," while not altogether impressive from a poetical viewpoint in its selection of words and in meter, expresses good thought. The stories are just a trifle short of the standard set by the essays and poems. The publication is nearly a model in the selection of its material, containing four essays, four poems, three stories and a ballad.

We are favorably impressed with the *St. Mary's Muse* for December. "Christmas Voices," a poem, merits congratulations from us all. Placed at the beginning of the magazine it lends a charm to the remainder. However, we feel again the need of an essay, since there are three stories and two poems. Although the articles are not numerous yet they are worthy of recognition in the form of a table of con-

tents which would facilitate finding them. With this feature, and an essay added, the value of the publication would be greatly enhanced.

Criticisms from any college will be appreciated for through our mistakes we rise. We are grateful for the receipt of the following magazines which time and energy prohibit us from more than mentioning: *The Lenorian*, *The Chronicle*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Furman Echo*, *Isaqueena*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Orion*, *Winthrop Journal*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *Daytonia High School Porpoise*, *The University of Tennessee Magazine*, *The Grinnell Review*, *The Blue and the Gray*, *The Periscope*, and *The Messenger*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOLE, Editor

Ex-Newish Council—"I never have been fresh although I have had curious ways."

It is dangerous to borrow money. We know a lot of men who borrowed money from us and are now suffering from a total loss of memory.

A pure, sweet man is Mr. Hipps,
One of the prudish faction;
He won't look at a battleship,
When she is stripped for action.

An empty wagon doesn't make half as much noise as a man who is full.

Newish Galloway—"Darn this Anniversary business! I hope we wont have another one till next year."

The knocker I am here to can,
For I believe, my brothers;
There isn't much good in the man
Who sees no good in others.

Some men will short-change a newsboy out of a nickel and drop a nickel in the collection plate on Sunday and imagine they have paid their fare to Heaven. Anon.

Many a man is wearing a Hero Medal because he didn't get scared until it was too late to run.

When a girl's face is her fortune and a man is in the same fix financially, that doesn't prevent them from putting their fortunes together every now and then.

Lou Sowers—"It is reported that football will be abolished next year."

Barefoot—"Why is that?"

Sowers—"Because there is a kick in it."

Dr. Poteat on Biol. I—"What is the matter with boots in the closet in warm weather when they turn green?"

G. L. Edwards—"They have spores."

We are told that love is blind,
 Yet we know 'tis true
 That love can see upon one chair
 Sufficient room for two.

Ben Dodd (In a crowd discussing their Alma Mater)—"Eh, I got one of those Alma Maters when I finished High School, but I lost it."

Fats Bundy—(Discussing causes of death of various Stiffs in the dissecting room)—"I know this one died with tuberculosis because I can see the tubercles on him."

"Never stop and wonder why the old black hen lays a white egg, get the egg."—Lou Sowers.

When Nature made some men she gave them too much jawbone and not enough backbone.

Lost! Strayed or Stolen, a picture while calling at the State Normal. I also found the picture of a baby. The loser or finder will please call at my room and receive reward.—J. E. Frazier.

Prof.—What are you doing—learning anything?

Student—No Sir, listening to you.

(Stranger on train talking to Newish President Lewis)—"Do they have student government at Wake Forest?"

Newish Lewis—"I don't know, but they have the student body."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 6

LIFE'S FIRE

T. O. PANGLE

How I love to muse at evening—
Past the golden set of sun,
Snows of winter crown the twilight
And the day of work is done.
So I sit in love's glad mem'ry;
Winter's grate is all aglow.
But there comes a change of feeling
When the fire is growing low.

There I see familiar faces
Of my friends gone on before,
Beckoning with wistful longing,
Smiling to me more and more.
In their fancy do they linger
Waiting for me, this I know,
For I see them, still more plainly
When the fire is growing low.

But the cold is creeping 'round me
And the snow is falling fast.
Death, life's victor, waits to crown me
When all life is of the past.
And life's pendulum in cadence
Speaks times passing to and fro,
"Now it's time to sleep—forever,
For your fire is growing low."

RACE RELATIONSHIPS

J. L. KESLER, B.A., '91

(An Address delivered before Young Men's Christian Association.)

This, it seems to me, is the supreme hour of the world in its opportunity and peril. It is the supreme hour in race relationships as in other relationships. In reality, however, there is but one race—the human race. Closer than that there is but one family—the human family. We have one Father and we are brothers. Bishop Brent says, "The only relationship big enough for any one man is all the rest of mankind." And yet as we face "all the rest of mankind" today, what a diversity of feeling, what alien animosities, what a welter of wickedness and blood! The world throws its envelop of gloom over every phase and locality of human life. From how many of the splendid relationships of race and nation, to which we fall heir, are we ourselves shut out! The races are here, and unprecedented opportunity, and yet we face every alien emotion. The fires burn hot. The cries of the world are tragic! A great unrest smoulders and threatens with suppressed violence and volcanic fires. Rupture and unreason hold humanity in hostile camps, while vengeance and slaughter wreak their wreckage with unabated fury, and the time has long overpassed the promises of peace with its optimism of ideal world democracies. The deep disallusionments breaking forth after the weird storm of a world war confuse and paralyse the participants and threaten the stability, if not the very existence of our political and industrial order. The ferment is already brewing in our social vats. The storms break fearfully on the high seas. The tides run wild. The great deep is broken up. In recent

months murder and robbery have made unprecedented records in all the nations associated together against the Central Powers. The Manchester Guardian, England's great liberal paper, attributes this to the education in violence of the recent world war inevitable to the training for efficiency and victory. It goes on to say that it was worth it. And yet this is an inevitable aftermath which every country must face and meet with adequate understanding and with suitable measures of suppression and control, or, better, as it seems to me, by far-sighted methods of education and prevention. Say what we may by way of explanation, still the clouds are black, and turbulence and deep darkness cover the sky. Men are being lost and the progress of the centuries sunk in the wild waste of waters, because men forget God and hate one another. Wherever love is, *there* are righteousness and peace. Wherever hate is, *there* are crime and war. It is inevitable. Life and democracy fail because love is lost. Personality does not count because hate is blind. Nations do not understand each other and individuals are as blind as the nations. Racial prejudices grope in futilities and shadows of lost perspectives and half-remembered wrongs. Class aversions, labor and capital, the partisan spirit can neither see nor hear. What foolish things and futile are done—how discreditable—and men applaud. While we sit complacent under our own vine and fig tree, knives are whetting for human throats. Look around you—Instead of the spirit of democracy which we have guaranteed to the world at so great a cost, instead of the spirit of confidence and brotherhood and freedom for which America stands god-father to all the world, the spirit of suspicion, of conspiracy, of spoliation leer and threaten. The way out is confused abroad and blocked at home. Are we to be driven to sedition laws in time of peace like some Russia under the Czars? It looks like it. Some time ago Attorney General Palmer was driven to recommend such

laws to Congress, and two such bills have been introduced. But many besides Mr. Gompers and the labor unions, on sober second thought, doubt the expediency of these measures. They fear that alien and sedition laws may be more dangerous than the disease and tend to spread the fever and contagion. They have never worked well in a free country like ours. They are, to say the best for them, only tools of autocracy or expedients of war. The unusual is happening. And unsteadiness and confusion of thought mingle with alien and industrial unrest. Faith, at an unexpected hour, strikes a backward trail toward vanishing empires and deleted autocracies, and militarism, vanquished and abolished in one country, threatens to raise its hydra-head and have dominion and dis-service in others. Evils there are, 'tis true, in plenty, and they must not be minimized, but what we need is not chiefly repression, but the removal of their causes. It is a time for the strong and steadying hand of the law, but friendly and not alien to any of its citizens. It is not a time for fear and cowardice and the closed fist. It is not a time for the appeal to hate, to vengeance, or to any vindictive measures. It is a time to be sensible and to shed our prejudices, racial and national, and to be patriots and to think big in terms of our own and world interests—not to be mean and little and paltry for after-generations to despise. Hate, the aftermath and inheritance of all wars, is blind and stumbles into pitfalls and writhes in the toils of its own fatalities like a coiling brood of Egyptian vipers, and odious life looks out into starless night. The racial antipathy and tension in the South today belong to and are a part of the general peril.

We are living in very unusual times, and aside from being stirred by incident and adventure most of us are unaware of their deep significance. Dr. Moton of Tuskegee said in Lynchburg, Virginia, a few weeks ago: "There is more of

misunderstanding, bitterness and strife among men, races and classes in our country than we have faced for many years. We are in the midst of a period which requires the greatest sanity and good judgment; a period which calls for men of faith and men of courage—faith in themselves, faith in other classes and races, faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness.

“Here in the South the question that is uppermost in our minds is one of race relations; whether black and white people can live in peace and harmony and in natural helpfulness toward each other, whether there is patience enough, democracy and Christianity enough to accomplish this great end of helpful human relationship.”

These words of Dr. Moton raise the most fundamental question for the South in this unprecedented hour of the world's crisis. *Can we? Can two races, so unlike, with such deep prejudices—and so unreasonable—live safely and comfortably and helpfully together?* The air is heavy with charges; and clashes, discreditable enough to all of us, have left a trail of crime in Washington, Chicago, Omaha, and Arkansas; and individual mobs and lynchings with unspeakable terror and frightfulness have left their shadow and blight on all our land like some weird and unaccountable night. And in the midst of this unrest and riot Attorney General Palmer made recently a preliminary report of radicalism among negro leaders:

“First, the ill-governed reaction toward race rioting.

“Second, the threat of retaliatory measures in connection with lynching.

“Third, the more openly expressed demand of social equality in which demand the sex problem is not infrequently included.

“Fourth, the identification of the Negro with such radical organizations as the I. W. W. and an outspoken advocacy of the Bolshevik and Soviet doctrines.

"Fifth, the political stand assumed toward the federal administration, the South in general, and incidentally, toward the peace treaty and the league of nations."

All this, no doubt, is true of a few Negro leaders and a few racial Negro newspapers; but the rank and file of the Negroes of the South are unaffected. The radicalism of the few should not be visited upon the many either in our thought or our treatment of them. The Negro is conservative. He is a patriot by nature, and loyalty is spontaneous and temperamental to him. Inter-racial war may threaten from back alleys or from hidden recesses of alien radicals, but it will never be precipitated by the Negro if we let him alone. Industrial war is integral and incorporate in our competitive life, 'tis true. All the autocracy of the centuries cannot prevent an eruption and readjustment. The democracy of industry is coming. The standpatters for profiteering are the junkers of a dying cause. But the Negro will not initiate the disturbance and reform.

It is our own race we need to look to. The government must check violence and steady the boat. We need the strong hand of the law and law enforcement. Restraint is necessary, but restraint and every form of frightfulness and force should be reduced to a minimum. Force is the tool of autocracy. It breathes the air of suspicion. It watches for a lurking foe. It feels the hot breath of hate. It seeks revenge. It suits the unspeakable Turk in Armenian atrocities better than splendid Americans against a helpless race. It finds fellowship in partisan diatribes in separatist groups. We shall have peace, if we ever have it, by conciliation, not suppression. Suppression is, and can be, only a temporizing expedient. What if alien races do submit to compulsory forms of justice or forms of loyalty without making them their own by experience and choice, without coöperative appreciation or understanding, they still live an

alien life with stacks of unreality between them and the love of allegiance of the nation. It is the friendly hand that wins. Force is futile. It plants the seeds of violence. It multiplies dissension and sedition. Its children are alien and disloyal. It seems to master and subdue when, in reality, while it still drinks its wine from sacred silver, its kingdom is parted and dismembered. The handwriting is on the wall of autocracy and force while they are still drunk with power.

The American slogan, "No government without the consent of the governed," is only a half-way house. The new hour requires no government without the coöperation of the governed. It means willing hands as well as consenting intellects. It means active participation, "open agreements, concert of action. This is democracy, and it is impossible amid partisan diatribes of alien cults. There must be a conscious sense of interest and solidarity. There must be training for citizenship if we would avoid class and race clashes. Education is the final word for fellowship and freedom among all classes and races in a republic like ours.

It is the atmosphere that flavors and conditions everything. A fine sense of citizenship which pervades the whole community—all races and classes—is the finest aroma of the national life. To whom may I appeal with such confidence as to College men in this great prophetic hour of democracy! How may it be developed and conserved? It cannot be done by proxy. It can be done only by participation, by use, by the law of habit, by established nerve paths and associations—with heart allegiance and life allegiance and coöperative and reciprocal tasks—an indissoluble oneness of life and loyalty to one another, group to group and race to race.

In the ancient days of English common law, when one committed a felony, it was the duty of an officer and a private citizen alike to raise the "hue and cry," and with "horn and

voice," with horseman and footmen to pursue the felon till he was taken or driven into the sea. And the "hundred," or district, was held responsible for all damages if the felon escaped. Every man was a private officer of the peace and the good order of his community, and was responsible in the most direct way to all the interests of society. As every man shared the injury, so every man had an interest and every man took up actively the cause of good government both in making and executing the law. This was the spirit of democracy. The fact is, every man of every race, whether in Saxon hundred or American community, when anything goes wrong in the community life, suffers with the officer his weight of shame and loss, personal and financial, or sense of freedom and peace. If we are sharers in the result, honor or dishonor, the atmosphere with flavors and aromas of the skies or boiling vitriol and sulphur fumes, then we ought to be sharers in the enterprising of means to ends—consciously and vitally and voluntarily so—all of us; nothing imposed from above and none in a corner—all training for citizenship as we coöperate in service. It will be a democracy of all citizens and races and classes or disaster. Segregated groups working against each other mean unrest and mean revolution.

That community in which every man, black or white, none standing sullen or aloof, raise the "hue and cry" at every violation of law, is healthy and normal. That community in which men are indifferent or alien, wait for the officers to find out, refuse to give evidence, or give it reluctantly as none of their business, is pathological and full of the seeds of all deformity and crime. It is built over a volcano and founded on disloyalty. And we can never have loyalty to each other in action till we have loyalty to each other in feeling.

Any race, incorporated but taking no responsible part in citizenship, is a dangerous element. Any people from whom rights are withheld or disabilities imposed are likely to give

trouble in proportion as they approach the ideals and intelligence of the ruling class. That there should be any ruling class, or dependent, is incompatible with democracy itself. Syndicalism is a perfectly natural child of Proletariat and ruling class. For anything that breaks the solidarity of the community life or a deep sense and consciousness of a community of interest, or weakens in any degree its program of good will to all of its citizens, imperils the hope of democratic ideals. The South, therefore, faces a grave situation—a situation in which there is no hope of adjustment except on grounds that are fair and just and generous and in which all take part. It is not a theory but a condition that faces us. No partisan bitterness, no sectional bias, no racial prejudice, no selfish insolence may enter into this larger hope. A general friendliness must take the place of racial and industrial antipathies. All citizens must be given the privilege of rising to their full height as human beings. Intelligence must dominate public sentiment and a kindlier religion must rule in the minds of men.

There is no hope for the South if the Negro, one-third of the population, is to remain undeveloped and inefficient. If the submerged third is to remain ignorant, the South will not only fail of one-third of its potential, the other two-thirds will descend in the scale. If unsanitary conditions and disease are allowed to plague one-third of the population, the other two-thirds cannot escape the contagion. No community is safe so long as there is one neglected spot within it. No race is safe from every wretchedness so long as it allows a wretch of alien race beside its door to remain uncared for and unprotected. This is true economically, industrially, socially, morally. Every injustice to the Negro is an injury to the white man and imperils the best interests of the national life.

If the Negro is to live among us, then we must give him a chance and an equal-chance with all others—not by handing

things down to him, but by helping him to get up, not by working *for* him but *with* him, not by tips and charity but by a fair wage, just treatment, and proper recognition of his worth.

Some Negroes are criminal and degenerate, just as some white people are—alas, too many—but some are intelligent and clean and moral and progressive and splendid. There is hope.

The Negro is here to stay. He touches at every angle every public enterprise—business, industry politics, education, religion, courts of justice, public welfare organizations, social work. He is already related to all of our life, inseparably so. This we cannot escape if we would. What we want to do is to get him rightly related. Living together we have innumerable contacts which must be mediated for the mutual advantage of both races. It is necessary that this shall not only be fair and just but coöperative and efficient. It is a mistake to suppose that “just anything” will do for the Negro, that he does not understand, does not see. He does see, and he does not forget. Nature does not forget either. She fixes the penalty on the spot of the crime. “The moral law, the nature of things,” as Emerson says, “keeps her eyes wide open.”

1. EDUCATION

Our educational policy is fundamental. We must henceforward think of education as an investment according to needs and not according to tax receipts. As a citizen the Negro deserves and necessity requires that he should have educational opportunity with white citizens. This he has never had. The average educational per capita, 1911-12, between the ages of six and fourteen in the South for white children was \$10.32; for black children, \$2.89. In one state it was \$13.73 for every white child and only \$1.31 for every black child. In that state white illiteracy was 14.4 and

black 48.4 per cent. The situation has improved since 1912, but the inequality is still too great. What does the Negro want? A Mississippi white man answers: "As good a chance for his boy or girl as you or I want for ours." "In his own crowd, to be sure," but "reaching up toward white standards." The Mississippi man is right. No wonder that the Negro is crying out for better protection, for better education, better economic and living conditions. No wonder that he is migrating North half a million strong to better his own chance and the chances of his children. I think he is making a mistake. We need him and he needs us. But this is what is happening.

Those who want to give to Negro education only "the crumbs that fall from the white man's table," need to finish the story—"and he lifted up his eyes in torment."

Private and denominational Negro schools represent over \$28,000,000, with over \$3,000,000 income annually. But only 4 per cent of Negro children attend these schools. What does this mean? It means that if Negro children are ever to be educated, they will have to be educated in public schools by public taxation. This is the heaviest responsibility and obligation of the educational forces of the South—providing adequate schoolhouses, equipment, money, teachers, and keeping the standards high, not alone to eliminate illiteracy, but to overcome ignorance and to provide training for appreciation, character, efficiency; to develop good citizenship in the Negro, not simply for safety and suppression of crime, but for race realization is sanitary, moral and industrial progress, making crime impossible by eradicating or leaving behind the criminal instincts.

2. SOCIAL EQUALITY

Those who want to keep the Negro down need to get up themselves. Those whose social position is unquestioned

need not be concerned about "social equality." It's an *ignis fatuus*. Neither Negroes nor white people in the South want to intermingle socially. Racial integrity and social separateness are desired by both. The question of "social equality" belongs to the junk heap, to a few radical Negro leaders, and to the low politician.

3. EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

What the Negro does want and what the best white people of the South want for him is an equal chance for personal and social development, equal protection and security under the law, equal opportunity, economic, industrial, educational; equal courtesies, equal conveniences and comforts in street cars, railway coaches, Pullman and dining cars. And this he has never had. When he pays the same fare, he wants the same service. He ought to have it. He likes a separate coach among his own people just as we do, but he does not want an inferior coach. What he loathes and detests is the constant reminder that he is inferior (You wouldn't like it yourself—nobody does), that anything is good enough for a "Nigger," that sanitation and sewerage and police protection and paved streets and parks and playgrounds are not necessary for him; that moral leprosy and segregated vice may preëempt territory in his neighborhood and be safe from civic interest and disturbance—nobody cares—that he is discriminated against not on account of merit but on account of color; that his wife or daughter is not safe from improper suggestions on account of the lack of racial respect and honor.

4. INTER-RACIAL RESPECT

Here is the solution—here in inter-racial respect. For lack of it both races are in peril. Without it, between the two races a great gulf is fixed. Who is in danger? Not the

Negro man alone. Sons of white men walk the danger zone where respect is lacking, and noble natures fall under the paralysis of passion. Moral safety demands a deep and abiding respect for personality, inter-racial and among all intergraded social levels, if we are to escape the moral backwash between races and classes of society. Here we need a wider and deeper democracy. However separate as races or classes or crafts, we must be one as human beings. But in all cases mutual respect is the center and citadel of our safety and life. This conscious democracy of the rights of mankind *as human beings* is fundamental and final. Jesus is right.

5. BETTER TIMES COMING

A large number of the Negroes are accumulating property, are living in good homes, clean, sanitary, with the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. They love music, they appreciate art; they are educating their children; they want a clean, moral, and wholesome community in which to rear their children and enjoy the safety and comforts of home life. They expect this and as citizens they have a right to expect it. It is coming. Every drop of the best blood of the South stands pledged to it. As they prove themselves capable of laying hold of and of improving opportunities there is a company of white men and women in the South, daily growing larger, who are demanding these opportunities for them. More than that, they are helping them to become capable and to take advantage of these opportunities for the benefit of the whole community and of the whole nation. It is our safety and our opportunity and our task. These are the men and women who have social sympathies and social interests. They face toward Christ. It is true that we have not yet gone far in coöperative social work. The juvenile Negro criminal and delinquent girl are not sufficiently provided for by either private or public institutions; nor is there sufficient provision

for the juvenile offender of the white race. But the old way of making confirmed criminals out of this raw material is to yield to educational and preventive measures. It is cheaper. It is more permanent. It is better and more satisfactory when it is done. It is true also that sanitariums, fresh air funds, day nurseries, sanitary prison reforms, settlement work, and public welfare enterprises generally have too largely left the Negro out of count. Coöperative welfare agencies, however, have made helpful beginnings in Louisville, Nashville, Atlanta, Richmond, Columbia, S. C., and a few other places. We are beginning to wake up. We are moving toward a better day. We are beginning to see that the Negro is our asset or peril as we help him to rise or let him alone; that he is to be an intelligent and efficient citizen or the nemesis of our neglect; that we'll help him or he'll hurt us. Black morals stamp themselves on white life; low intellectual standards insinuate themselves into the corporate character of the whole community and disease knows no color line—this we are beginning to see—not even do venereal diseases know any color line—after dark. They get across, and it is the white man, I'm sorry to say it, that crosses the mark into black territory.

Better times are coming just as we dare to face reality and be fair, just as we see straight and do right, just as we become conscious that every life is sacred and that we are trustees to make it safe—black and white alike. As we would protect the virtue of the white woman, so we must protect the virtue of the black woman.

6. THE NEGRO AND LABOR

The Negro has been discriminated against in industry, but the clouds are lifting. Labor unions have refused him admittance and mobbed him as a scab. But times are changing. As he becomes skilled and efficient and feels the new breath

and apostolate of freedom, he cannot be industrially neglected, discredited, or disregarded. This I've tested out for every community in the South. White men say that the educated Negro, the efficient Negro, the property-owning Negro, the self-respecting Negro, the home-building Negro is an asset, a desirable citizen; he keeps the laws and has the respect of the people. Men who build homes, live right, and are industrially independent will be respected, no matter of what race or color. We prefer them to the ignorant, the worthless, the vagrant, the criminal. May their tribe increase. If the South is to make the most of its industrial opportunity and democracy, it must conserve its working force, white and black. Intelligence and self-interest require it and humanity requires it. Even here in this competitive strife where life calls for coöperative friendliness the human way makes its divine appeal. The human way is the way out.

7. BEFORE THE LAW

We have justified shady practices in politics on the ground of the necessity of securing a white man's government. And when we got it, it was not a *white man's* government. The crooked politics reacted on the integrity of the ballot against the very people who forgot to do right. The moral law never sleeps and never forgets.

In too many ways the Negro has toiled and got nothing because he did not know and was helpless to defend his rights. But the most outstanding atrocity and crime is lynching. From 1885 to 1916, thirty-two years, there have been about 4,000 lynchings in the United States, three-fourths of them in the South. In the first sixteen years of this time there were never less than 100 a year, and twice the number rose above 200, the average being 150. In the second sixteen years the number reached 100 only twice, the average being 70, less than half. This is hopeful. 'Tis true

we hear more about it in recent years. The tragedies seem to thicken. The fact is we are simply waking up. Our consciences are quickened. It is the hour before sunrise. In 1917, 224 were lynched—including war mobs—but only 44 were Negroes; in 1918, 68, and 64 of them were Negroes; in 1919, in this war afterwave of human alienation and social rupture, of class conflict and racial tension, with wildness and unreason holding high carnival over fallen civilization, the tragedies accumulate, burden our conscience and defeat our hopes. Still the number of lynchings did not reach the hundred mark. The sentiment is rising and organizing against this hideous savagery and orgy of beastliness. The battle is joined, but the fight is not over. There is a respectable number of people who do not belong to the underworld, but who, if they do not openly advocate lynch law, excuse it. They will not bring an offender to justice. They are not moved with moral passion and indignation against it. If they do not start the mob, they follow it, and enjoy as high sport this American diversion. Such men are not peculiar to the South, as recent events have proven, but the South has suffered most from their atrocities. Nor is the Negro the only victim, though he has been the chief sufferer.

Finally, we may as well remember that we can never develop in another race respect for the laws we make by violating them ourselves. We will never cure brutality by exhibitions of brutality ourselves. We will never teach self-restraint by uncontrolled and explosive violence ourselves. Every white man, every man who has any respect for his race, and most of all College men, the leaders and the hope of the future, must heed the challenge from this good hour to stand four-square against all forms of mob violence and revenge. Mob violence and all brutalities of hate beget alienation. Violence and mutilation and compulsory kissing the flag develop no love scenes and no loyalty. Hate defeats.

Love wins. Christianity itself is love in pursuit of the friendly life. It forgives. It goes in search of its enemies to do them good. Where we put hate out of our vocabulary and heart, and put a great friendliness there, like the friendliness of Jesus, then the healing of the breach among alien races will be complete and the peril of racial and alien relations will vanish away.

I close as I began. This is the supreme hour of opportunity and peril—opportunity to save the world from the unbrotherly life, and peril, "lest we forget." You, as College men, who wear the "Old Gold and Black," I call on to bear forward the flag of this new democracy and loyalty.

"AND JAMES SIGHED"

BY 556

As he made the final flourish to his signature at the bottom of the armorous masterpiece he had just finished, James Drew sighed—one of those long-drawn out sighs that set apart a man wearing a wound stripe on his arm for stopping one of Cupid's darts from regular human beings.

Why he should have heaved that particular sigh at that particular time may perhaps seem a bit strange, except to another lover. It was not because he was sad. For why should he be sad when he was in love with the most wonderful little girl in the world, and when the letter he had just finished was a perfect piece of art expressing his love? And it was not because he was especially happy. For why should he be happy when two whole bocks were separating him from his sweetheart? No, the sigh just came, unconsciously, as the sighs of all lovers come.

There are two distinguished trade-marks that brand the lover as he is portrayed by printers' ink and by film, in scenarios and in novelettes. On the screen he may be recognized from his fellow actors in the *dramatis personæ* by one lone action, or rather lack of action: a dreamy, far-away stare at the nothing in the distance. That stare is an infallible sign of love. In the novelette the action is somewhat swifter, but just as certain. Here it is just a sigh, a deep subterranean, profound sigh that comes welling up with irresistible force from the artesian depths of a man's soul. That sigh, as the stare in the picture, is a true test of whether the author means for his hero to be really in love.

It was just such a sigh that James Drew heaved now as he finished his masterpiece. And in the same way he sighed

again as he placed the letter in the envelope. He picked up the pen to address the letter.

But as he repeated to himself the name of the girl to whom the masterpiece was dedicated, he forgot that there was such a thing in the world as a pen.

The vision of his wonder girl, as She had looked when he saw Her last, sprang before his eyes. When was that? He looked at the calendar; then at his watch. O yes, it was this afternoon. There She stood before him with Her five and one-half feet of languid, willowy, wonderful form terminated at one end by a magnificent fluff of golden hair, and at the other by a tiny pair of Cinderella slippers. She was dressed in white with blue frills, just the combination that brought out best Her wonderful beauty—unless She had on some other color. Her eyes were of the blue of Heaven. Her lips were red as two cherries—lips, he told himself, that were made just to be kissed—by him. And Her shoulders, ah, those frail shoulders that were made just to be embraced and to nestle closer to him as he put his arm around them.

The vision was vivid. He put out his arms to draw Her to him, and to feel those marvellous shoulders crunch in his powerful clasp. Ah, this was Heaven. He clasped his hands together and pulled Her toward him, closer and closer. Her looked into Her eyes trying to fathom those depths. He puckered his lips to meet those of Hers. How red and luscious they were. He couldn't be patient longer. With a convulsive motion, he drew in his arms to bring those lips nearer to his own.

Something fell into his lap. At first he did not notice it. It was all so realistic that he expected something to be in his lap. Then the thought struck him that the something did not feel as She would. He could feel that it had weight, and he knew that She was lighter than a feather.

He looked down. In his lap was the ink bottle. As all ink bottles, when they are in places they should not be, it was upside down. And its blue-black liquid was running down the white trouser legs of his new flannels.

There are a few things which will drive, at least for a time, thoughts of love from the brain of even a lover. This was one for James Drew. He had bought the trousers that morning. With manlike confidence in his handkerchief, he pulled it out and tried to wipe away the widening stains. The handkerchief aided them to widen yet more. He seized his hat and started to the drug store, which is man's next best bet after the failure of his handkerchief.

For the first block he thought of nothing but the contrariness of all ink bottles, and this one in particular, and of his ruined trousers. Then as he came to the second block, he remembered that he would pass by Her home. Forthwith ink bottles and trousers were relegated to second place in his thoughts. As he drew nearer the house, such worldly things were pushed even further down the rungs of the ladder of his thoughts. And as he came before the house, thoughts of Her pushed, shoved all other thoughts off the ladder completely. He remembered only how badly he wanted to see Her.

He turned in at the gate.

Suddenly he started as he looked up. There was another man on the porch, ringing the bell!

Who was he? What business had he here? Was he here to see Her? With the instant jealousy of a lover, he remembered that She had told him that She could not see him tonight. She had promised it to her father, she had said. "To her father?" whispered the green-eyed monster to him, "to her father?" Well, he would see. He stepped behind a bush.

The door opened, but the light in the hall was dim and he could not see who had let the impertinent stranger in. Our hero tip-toed stealthily up to the porch.

He heard a little glad cry such as a woman makes when she receives some big and pleasing surprise. Then the cry seemed to be smothered as if She had buried Her head against something. Was She embracing him? Was She so glad to see another man and to fling herself into his arms at the door and put Her head against his shoulder? Ye gods, *was* She doing it?

He heard them go into the sitting room. He tip-toed across the porch to the window. He peeped in. Then he fell back staggering.

Yes, She was! That man had his arm around Her! And She was holding him by the coat lapels as if afraid that he might get away!

Great stars, could he stand it? Why, hadn't She told him only that afternoon that he was the only man in the world for Her, and that She could never love another? And hadn't She promised that She would be always his only? Then, what right had this man in there? What business had he to put his arm around Her? What gave him the privilege to kiss Her?

He staggered over to the porch railing and leaned against a post. He was nerveless and limp. His inert form slouched lifeless around the post, and his look was of a man who has been struck a heavy blow over the head with a mallet.

Then he heard Her voice inside. It went all over him. He straightened up, and became as full of life as if a dozen bottles of Tanlac had been injected into him. He went to the window again.

She was kissing him! That filled him with determination. He must rush in and stop this. He must let her know that he knew all her fickleness. No, he must not. Yes, he must. No, he mustn't. Yes, he must, too. He was going to do it anyway. He started for the door.

But the god who watches over lovers, and who keeps them from committing some disastrous folly in their madness, was with him. When he came to the door, instead of tearing it open and going in, he plunged down the steps and fled out of the gate, toward home.

He could never recall afterwards exactly what passed through his mind on that walk, or rather, race home. His thoughts surged through his head in tumultuous black volume. But the burden of them all was that the whole world was crooked; everybody was trying to deceive everybody else; and nobody was true to anybody except he.

By the time he had covered the two blocks to his house, definite thoughts began to sift through the confused mass.

Well, he thought to himself, he would show this little snip of a girl, if she wanted to do him like that. Who was she, anyway, to be treating him so—she who had moved into town with her father only two months ago an absolute stranger, and to whom he had been kind enough to go to see, to take to dances and to show a few courtesies?

Well, she had showed tonight what kind of a girl she was. After all he had done for her, to let this man, probably some rube from the town she came from, actually put his arm around her! Was that what she called ordinary decent gratitude for all he had done? Well, he would show her.

He walked over to the table. There was the letter he had written a few minutes before. He picked it up and turned it over. It is well that the Great Creator provided at the beginning that our thoughts alone cannot harm others. For what James Drew thought then, if it had come true, would have sent to everlasting perdition every girl in the world and every man who was "always trying to slip in between a fellow and his girl, when he hasn't got any business around."

Then the sudden bright thought struck him that the letter was not addressed. He stiffened, and a cunning smile spread

around his mouth. He remembered that he hadn't used her name inside, either. He had only begun it, "My own precious sweetheart darling," and that might apply to any girl he wanted it to.

Yes, that was what he would do. He'd just show her by sending the letter to some other girl. There were plenty of others as good as she, who would be glad to have him pay them attentions. He'd show her.

He picked up the ink bottle from the floor, and tilted it to dip the pen in the little of the fluid which had refrained from joining in the conspiracy to ruin his flannels.

The telephone rang. He laid down the pen and went to answer it. From the receiver came the voice of the girl from whose house he had just fled. She was speaking rapidly, so that he had no recourse but to listen.

"Jim, that you?" it asked. "Jim, I am so happy. I just couldn't help calling you up and letting you know, for I know you will be glad, too. And you two can be just the best of friends."

James gullped.

"Did you say anything?" the voice asked.

And then, with true woman habit, she went on without waiting for an answer.

"You know, I told you that I couldn't see you tonight because I had promised it to father. Well, he had told me that he had a surprise for me, but I couldn't imagine what it was. I wondered why he went back uptown right after supper, and left me alone, and I was just going to call you up, when the door-bell rang. And when I opened it, a man jumped in and grabbed me, and . . ."

"Gr-r-r-r," came in guttural tones from the throat of James Drew.

"Beg pardon?" asked the girl.

"Nothing!" James said curtly. He felt that he was about to reach some climax in the tortures of the damned through which he had been passing. Why didn't she go on, and get through with it? He wondered vaguely why he didn't have the determination to hang up the receiver.

"Yes," she continued, "he has just gotten back from overseas where he was a newspaper correspondent with the army. He and father had planned to surprise me, and I didn't know he was even in this country. Father let brother come home alone, so . . ."

James heard no more. Some things were beginning to soak in.

"Your brother?" he shouted.

"Yes," she replied. "He rang the bell just like a stranger. And Jim . . ."

But here we must draw the curtain. For only small brothers can get any pleasure out of listening to the conversation of a pair of lovers.

When James Drew came from the telephone exactly forty-three minutes later, he dipped the pen in the tilted ink bottle and addressed the envelope containing his masterpiece. And when he had finished writing, he sighed—one of those long-drawn out —————.

REDEMPTION

EDWARD HARDEE

"There is no God," said he,
 As he cursed and raved, profane;
 "I will, if I choose," said he to the priest,
 "Speak of your God in vain."

The priest looked sad and went his way;
 "The man is a fool," he said,
 "Who stands and sneers at the Holy God,
 Until his soul is dead."

"There is no God," said he,
 To the girl (to become his wife),
 "'Tis all a myth, an idle tale,
 Of a Christ who gave his life."

The girl smiled and went her way;
 What cared she for his doubt?
 "I have dress, I can dance," quoth the silly maid,
 "What else should I think about?"

"There is no God," said he,
 As he sat alone in the night,
 And Lo! as he gazed to the stars above,
 The sky was filled with light.

And out of the clouds a voice spoke,
 "Has my lad that I left behind,
 Grown to a man who doubts in God,
 And sneers at all mankind?"

"There is a God," said he,
As he knelt beside his hearth,
"I have heard the voice of an angel,
The woman who gave me birth."

"And I know there's a Lord of All,
I will believe, and I can,
For She beckoned to me through the floating clouds."
Spake the Re-Created Man.

THE FALL OF TRICKEM AND SHARPE

R. S. AVERITT

They were partners by all laws of affinity, mutual tastes and talents. Their wits had always been their resource for the necessities and superfluities of life. Shrewdness was their criterion. Trickem left home early in life, due, as rumor has it, to a quarrel with his father, who had reproved him for feeding the chickens sawdust and selling the wheat for pin money. Less is known of Sharpe. He had acquired some of his razor qualities by working for a short period in a barber shop, but nature had endowed him with most of them on his natal day. But investigate their occupation and no more need be said. "Trickem and Sharpe" were real estate agents in a certain town in Pennsylvania.

However wise, however careful, no one is infallible. One careless act, one small deed has often affected the destiny of nations. Napoleon, trusting to the report of a shepherd lad, went to his Waterloo. As to Messrs. Trickem and Sharpe—they, too, had evidently made some grave, some serious mistake.

Mr. Sharpe, a tall, angular man, with keen gray eyes and sharply defined features, was pacing the office floor in great agitation, some great trouble of soul. Mr. Trickem was seated at his desk. Some where, at some time, some progenitor of the Trickems had been of the Hebrew strain, and this noble scion of the family did not belie his pedigree. He was short, he was fat, he was bald—when this word is used it is not meant to imply a complete absence of hair. Only that portion of his head nearest points celestial was bare, and Mr. Trickem regularly visited the barber for a rim cut.

As Mr. Trickem sat at his desk he nervously crunched between his teeth the end of a cigar. The odor that pervaded the room bespoke its brand—El Reeso. The cause of their distress evolved into one single word—stung! Leaving out the money consideration, the reputation of the firm was sullied. Without impeaching the character of the firm of Trickem and Sharpe, the observation can well be made that even notorious crooks are envious of their reputation. The fact that they had been deceived in a transaction filled their hearts with chagrin and their souls full of rancor.

There is a type of land known to agriculturists which is a rich black color, but excessively humid, soggy or gummy. When dry and light the soil is incapable of supporting roots properly. Such a land is practically worthless, as it is almost impossible to produce commonly cultivated crops. A farm of this quality had become the property of Trickem and Sharpe. Now that it was in their possession, and their anger cooling down somewhat, their Lobo instincts began to revive. They were not of the caliber to let the mantle of defeat rest long upon their shoulders. Hence on this morning we find them groping for a solution.

Mr. Sharpe wheeled around toward Trickem and for the fiftieth time said: "Trickem, we must get rid of that land."

Now Trickem had a logical mind, and to him this fact was self evident. Hardly had Sharpe's words died away in the vapors of the room when the bell aroused Trickem from his lethargy, with a ring of startling clearness. With action born of habit Sharpe quickly dropped into his seat and assumed the air of a man deeply engrossed in work.

Trickem looked up from a paper and said, "Come in!"

The door opened and a young man of about thirty years walked into the office. His looks and manners were synonyms of rural life. He refused to be seated, but stood nervously fingering the edge of his hat. He had spent several

years, he said, in the lumber camps of the extreme North, and had saved enough money to buy a small farm. He had drifted into this country and was desirous of settling down.

No sooner had this been said than Mr. Trickem looked over at Mr. Sharpe. Here was peaceful dawn after a long night of indigestion! Their problem was solved. Their conquest was to be too easy, as their victim had all the essential requirements of a sale—money, desire and ignorance of the land which they had in mind.

All this young man knew about farms had been rocks and clay, and he at once became very enthusiastic over the farm which Trickem and Sharpe proposed to let him have at a reasonable price. Here maybe in days not far removed he could begin an humble nest, while the rich black soil would respond to his touch with an immense yield of its golden treasures. Trickem and Sharpe emphasized the fact that they were anxious to help young men get started and consequently were willing to do all they could for him. They mentioned the figure seventy-five hundred. (This was in the day of low prices.) He finally decided to pay it. That very day this farm of one hundred acres changed hands from Trickem and Sharpe to Silas Peyton.

The souls of the partners were at peace. They were happy and contented. Never before had the stars shone quite so brightly, the world had never been quite so kind. They dined at the best hotel in town. This time, as Mr. Trickem pushed himself back a little from the table, slipped his belt a notch or two and lit up, the fragrant odors exhaled from his cigar bespoke the costly Havana.

Peyton began work on his farm with much enthusiasm. The joy of possession would sweep over him when he looked about the place. Too soon were his illusions to be shattered by the stern hand of reality. The farm, far from being the verdant island of prosperity that he thought, turned out to

be an iceberg of disappointment. His neighbors consoled him by the pleasing assurances of the smartness of Trickem and Sharpe in getting rid of the land, and, as some people are wont to do, offered a sympathy calculated to rub more than to soothe. The actual testimony of the land bore out their statements. It was as sterile as Washington monument. He had to go off the place to raise an umbrella. It was so poor he had to fertilize it to make brick.

Peyton was not slow to grasp an idea. He saw that he had been grossly deceived. He saw no way out of the predicament, but he followed the policy of wisdom and, like Br'er Rabbit, "he laid low." He felt that his time would come, but how? If he was only certain he would be willing to wait. He decided that the bump on his head commonly known as the cranium, was designed for a use besides ornamentation. He began to think. His eating became irregular, his manner thoughtful. Plan after plan was rejected as unsuitable.

One day while in town he bought a newspaper, and as he glanced over the headlines something interested him. Returning home he sat down to think. That night he rummaged around in his cellar awhile and then when he emerged from the cellar he went no one knows where; but when he came in about two o'clock and went to bed he looked tired. However, he slept well. The next morning he went to his work whistling and he seemed to be care-free. Now he could afford to wait.

Some little time had passed and no change had come for Peyton. In the city things continued about the same for the firm of Trickem and Sharpe. They had expected some complaint from Peyton and had secured themselves against it. When no complaint was made their curiosity began to work.

One day they drove by Peyton's place and saw Peyton seated on the fence by the road. Their curiosity got the best

of them, and so they stopped to talk with him a bit. Perhaps, too, the spirit of the cat playing with the mouse she has captured, was a prompting for them to probe their victim.

Peyton greeted them cordially and expressed his entire satisfaction with the farm. "Queer thing though," he said, "since I done a little blasting t'other day the water in the spring has had a queer sort o' taste. Got time to examine it?"

True enough they conceived of Peyton as a colossal bone-head and thought they would humor him. Mr. Sharpe tasted of the water which was slightly muddy, and could hardly keep back the exclamation, "Oil!" Mr. Sharpe's mental organs began to perform their functions faster than an electric dynamo. He must get away and think. "The water is just muddy, old man," he said, and giving Trickem a wink to keep silent he insisted that they must be going at once.

In his excitement he almost dragged Trickem to the car. When they were out of sight Sharpe slowed the car up and drew a sigh of relief.

"Trickem," he said, in terse, drawn tones, "there is oil on that land. If we get that land back our fortune is made!"

And together they discussed it. Taking some investigatory steps they recalled the discovery of oil on a place not over a hundred miles distant. It was in all the papers. After thought and consideration, it became a certain fact in their inflamed minds, that there was oil on the land. Sharpe was pleased with himself. To him was the credit of the discovery.

Slapping Trickem on the back he indulged his humor. "Old man, it looks as if we are destined to spend the rest of our days at Newport and Palm Beach."

The following day found them early at Peyton's home. If he was displeased with the farm they would take it back to oblige him, they said. He expressed his entire satisfaction. They used all sorts of arguments, and their reasons for wanting the place ran from the desire to build a club

house, to the intention of founding an orphan asylum. But the place appealed to him and he did not wish to sell. Here was a problem they had not anticipated.

Mr. Trickem, unable to contain himself longer, exploded with, "Well, what will you take for the place?"

Peyton assumed an air of mental calculus and finally replied in a lazy drawl, "Well, I kinder reckon twelve thousand would be an inducement."

They finally came to his terms, with the condition that he clear out at once.

That evening the papers were again shifted, and the farm was again the property of Trickem and Sharpe. The bulge made in Peyton's pocket by the money was not annoying to him, and as he boarded a Pullman for the West he had the look of a man who was satisfied.

The following clipping, taken from the columns of a Pennsylvania newspaper, throws some light upon the story:

"Drilling for oil on a tract of land owned by Trickem and Sharpe was discontinued yesterday, when a rusted oil can was found imbedded in the ground a few feet above a spring. It is thought that oil running out of the rusty can contaminated the water, as no traces of oil could be found except in the water of the spring."

THE SPIRIT OF THRIFT

C. S. GREEN

He who weaves into his life the sterling qualities of economy, perseverance, industry, frugality, self-control, foresight and individual efficiency has learned the true definition of Thrift.

The conditions of the day demand us to look after the small things. We should not look with contempt on little things, but instead we should cherish them and allow them to develop. The applying of thrifty principles to little things makes success in business and success in life. Waste material counts up fast, but savings count up faster, nevertheless people do not realize the large amount of actual money wasted each year. The wasted material is more than that consumed, and with this waste great development could be accomplished.

The exercise of thrift should be begun early in life for at that time in life necessary expenses are smallest. No fixed habits have been forming that need to be broken, and it is then we form our habits. We are more apt to form good habits then, for we have impulses that are strong and ideals that are higher, and if these ideals can be made ideals of thrift, we build character as we build them. The school-room is a fine place to teach thrift to the children. If we are to revolutionize the America of today and make the America of tomorrow thrifty, we must teach thrift to the children of today. The teaching of thrift in the schools of America cannot fail to make the coming generation thrifty, for true thrift can come only through the processes of education.

Abraham Lincoln said, "Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money."

But by no means does it end there. It means the conservation of all the fundamental qualities of success—the conservation of your time, mentality and labor. Lincoln, with his genius, lived decades ahead of his time, and in the work of impressing thrift on the minds of the younger generation and getting them to practice it we are just catching up with the teachings expounded by this great American statesman more than half a century ago.

One of the best ways to create a savings account is to lay by a small sum each day. The thrifty man will always keep money ahead and pay cash for everything he buys as far as possible. By paying cash he can get things cheaper and establish a good credit for himself.

Before one can exercise real thrift one must distinguish between necessity, comfort and luxury—that which we must have, that which is quite desirable and that which we can easily do without. And because people cannot form a standard as to what are luxuries, the high cost of living is becoming in reality the cost of high living. There is a thrift in buying as in spending; in using as in saving; in giving as in getting, and it is indeed lots better to be generous and not grasping.

Learn the art of doing without and practice it day by day. The thrift habit is merely doing without until it becomes a habit which is profitable to all who practice it.

There are many things which develop a tendency to spend and if we are not especially careful, our checking account is one of the greatest hindrances to thrift. We must also watch the charge account and not allow it to get out of proportion when we are shopping.

The cry of the day is National Preparedness. This is indeed important, but there is something which should come with this national preparedness—individual preparedness.

Being prepared to live useful lives and withstand the temptations which may present themselves. Individually, we are not a prosperous nation. We have grown rapidly, developed vast resources, but are not rich. We have failed to lay by for a rainy day. Time will change but whatever comes, we must be individually prepared.

There is a higher and nobler thrift than merely saving money, it is the having a purpose and disciplining all the powers of the soul and mind to accomplish that purpose. We need to apply the spirit of thrift to our time, and see that it is used to best advantages in carrying out that purpose. We should also apply this same spirit to building up confidence. A young man needs to establish confidence in his honesty, good judgment, loyalty, for these are the elements which make a man trustworthy. We need to apply this spirit of thrift to our friendships, for no man is so rich as he who makes many friends and never loses one.

Thrift is a composite virtue and it means better homes, better citizens, more comforts, more enjoyment, little waste, little anxiety. Out of it grows productive energy, steady courage, opportunity, independence, self-respect, aimfulness in life, manhood. It is acquired little by little—a steady pressure, in the right direction, until it becomes a habit.

Thriftiness is summed up in "the great business of life, to be, to do, to do without and to depart," and we find that the thrift we need is the broader thrift that works hard, spends wisely and saves consistently, and not the narrow thrift that merely saves money at whatever cost of comfort and convenience.

The America of tomorrow is calling us to perform the broad principles of the greater thrift and of personal economy in their most comprehensive sense. Let us be loyal and true to the purposes of this republic, and let us feel that

as this nation goes forward we shall be known throughout the world as a people who save and do not waste their substance in debauchery—a nation of men and women who are happy in the peace, prosperity, and joy that come to those who live the lives of the greater thrift.

THE DEBUTANT

LEX MARSH, JR.

"In love": a short but truly most applicable phrase which befittingly describes the cause of many an unfortunate man's doom, and the salvation of an equally great number of other men. These lovely, artistic, irresistible, indefinable, ornamental, and charming creatures are—well, just girls, that's all.

But this is not a discourse on girls, or feminine attributes; rather it is a story dealing with individuals. And with respect to his attitude toward girls, Philip Douglas was distinctly individualistic. For the nineteen years of his life, or existence perhaps in this case, the tantalizing flames of love had never scorched his heart. He had respected girls *en masse* and liked them as individuals. But he had shunned them, made fun of their petty idiosyncrasies, and had generally, in so far as possible, confined his activities to the realms of men. Girls looked upon him as being peculiar, of course, but the rest of mankind as a normal being.

But that silent summons which comes to a man once, twice, or a dozen times had made its presence felt in the heart and mind of Phil. Actually it had arrived, and only the shyness of his nature had prevented a manifestation of that emotion.

If Lillian Mason had taken active steps to precipitate that discrepancy in Phil both her subject and the public at large were ignorant of it. But she was one of those girls who were "born to conquer." That she was attractive was universally conceded—yes, even beautiful in the way of those women who habitually magnetize the opposite sex, and the most extravagant-minded society editor could have ascribed his usual stock of adjectives to her without the slightest pang of conscience.

But Phil Douglas was by no means the only aspirant to the affections of this bewitching young feminine autocrat. Besides several "friends," she had at least one self-confessed suitor. The villain—if there be a villain in this tragic tale—is one John DuMont, or, as his card reads, John Van Landingham DuMont, Jr., who of course is recognized at once as the son of the senior DuMont, famous for years as the "Snow King" among the great cotton interests of his section. He was an industrious suitor, which is probably the best that can be said of him. Oh, yes, he had various other qualities. His hair remained parted with mathematical accuracy from ten in the morning till midnight; he had a form a la Fairbanks; and a skin which the fair sex of Brunswick apparently "just loved to touch." He was a master linguist when it came to profane language; an amazingly graceful dancer; and, on the whole, a very efficient advertisement of his father's wealth and social prestige.

Just how to successfully compete with an opponent of such varied accomplishments was a problem to Phil. Naturally of a timid disposition, he had neglected to participate in most of the numerous social functions of the gay young set, really his own, and who admired him as a hard-working student and adored him as the athlete who had pitched Brunswick High to many a diamond victory. So the gulf between him and Lillian was not impassable, for she, as well as most of his schoolmates, thoroughly admired him. His aloofness they never once suspected was caused by timidity; rather they regarded it as exclusiveness, which really gave added charm to his personality.

Because of Phil's quiet and manly poise at all times; because of his unruffled and distinctive personality, he had always been a kind of hero to Lillian. More than once while in high school she had experienced various love affairs of no great consequence, but toward Phil she had always felt some-

what different, he himself being so different and seeming so much older than he really was.

If Phil had approached Lillian Mason in the usual mode of procedure, most of his troubles, both fancied and real, would have been avoided. But he hadn't. For months he had loved her intensely and no one knew it but—not even Lillian herself. For a while he had seen her almost daily, for they had both been members of the Senior Class. But commencement had come and gone, and vacation days were ushered in. And, although he saw her often and his modest amorous advances had given him some slight satisfaction, he was sure that, with her, he was still in the "conventional friend" class.

One of the most brilliant social fêtes which takes place in Brunswick each year is the annual masked ball, which is staged at the country club in midsummer. Phil Douglas looked forward to it with unusual interest this year, and for the first time in his life resolved to attend. For here he could dress so as not to be recognized, which appealed to his peculiarly timid nature.

The date set for the ball was the last day of July. On this particular morning Lillian Mason strolled leisurely and rather dreamily down the brickwalk, leading from the old Mason mansion on South Boulevard. If one had observed her closely he probably would have guessed that her mind was either revelling amid real pleasures or with pleasant anticipations. Her face, as she walked along humming a gay little air, was a priceless portrait of contentment. She was at peace, a beautiful peace, with all her world, which world had surely been kind to her. And—well, wasn't the gayest affair of the season on for this very night? Then, too, being one of those real lovers of the art for its own sake, she was very, very happy.

However, there was one thought that seemed to come up repeatedly in her otherwise complacent mind, and judging from the frequency with which it returned, she at least regarded it as serious. Probably she could not have explained it herself, but the object of these recurring thoughts was none other than Phil Douglas. The trend of her deliberations was along this wise: Why was it that she knew him so differently from the other boys of Brunswick? Surely they had all grown up together; and hadn't they made toadhouses when it took six pairs of feet to form the framework of the edifice? Why had Phil, who seemed so fitted both by appearance and personality to be the leader of Brunswick society, never entered into it? She marveled also at the fact, which was a matter of course, that he could, even yet, claim his true place among them.

And so Lillian, after her errand was finished, little dreaming of the true state of affairs, but still pondering over them, continued her progress toward home. And probably because he was even then in her mind, is why she recognized him so quickly as he now turned the corner ahead of her and walked on in the same direction without seeing her. But just here Phil was very timely stopped by Mrs. Duncan, prominent as a chaperon and promoter of various social functions of Brunswick, among them the masked ball to be staged tonight, and to which she extended him an urgent invitation to attend. As he passed on again he at once recognized Lillian, who was almost abreast of him when she spoke.

"Why, Phil Douglas! Did I really hear you tell Mrs. Duncan that you are coming tonight? Why—er—congratulations! What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing at all," smiled Phil, somewhat abashed. "Am I too old for a debutant?"

"Indeed you are not!" replied Lillian forcefully. "And, believe me, I'm glad you are converted, Phil. I'd be charmed to save a dance for you if I were urged."

"Don't worry," said Phil. "You may be called upon to donate more than one if I happen to guess the particular costume which hides your identity."

"Well, you were my pal through high school, and I still claim all the privileges of that relationship."

"It isn't much of a privilege; but you will be responsible for me, won't you?"

"However that may be, pals must play the game always—and together. So I receive my responsibility with pleasure," she responded. And then as he left her at the gate, with a tantalizing little ripple of laughter she called to him, "If I don't get a dance with you I shall always believe it was intended."

"Impossible!" retorted Phil; "there isn't a chance." And Phil Douglas, as he rapidly returned up town, was more pleased and convinced of his social talents than ever before in his limited experience. But this buoyancy rarely comes thus to remain, as was fittingly proven on a later occasion when he wanted so much to be aggressive and confident.

Ten o'clock that evening found the old Brunswick clubhouse enrobed in all the age-given splendor of its many seasons of service. Tonight, almost overburdened with extravagant decorations it seemed to look down upon these gay and laughing guests with almost a filial affection for them, growing from its long, patient years of unchanging interest.

The couples were arriving now; girls gay with excited laughter and brilliant costumes; men also in gaudily-colored costumes, with buoyant spirits guiding them to the ballroom. Near the main entrance of that great reception hall stood Phil Douglas, among several of the fellows who had arrived earlier. Presently, as he watched the gathering crowd, he observed a large, blue limousine drive up to the curb. He recognized the motor at once as belonging to John DuMont. And he also knew that Lillian Mason was with him.

Phil took particular pains to notice the couple as they, emerging from the car, came up the walk. They were now nearing the entrance. Yes—surely that was Lillian. Hadn't every little idiosyncrasy of her personality been a mental picture before him for months? And there she was, chatting gayly with John and tripping along as lightly and as beautifully as the real butterfly whose sumptuous coat had provided a pattern for her masquerade costume. John, too, was very elaborately dressed for the occasion, wearing an "impossible" clown costume that would at least do credit to a performer in a three-ringed circus.

And so entering the brilliant old hall, well in the wake of Lillian and John, Phil soon found himself lost in a wilderness of festivity and mirth. The excited murmur of the gay crowd amid incoherent notes from the orchestra, now tuning up, did not fail to have its effect upon Phil. Walking along among the crowd, bowing and exchanging pleasantries with every one, he felt much more at ease than he had hoped to. The masked features of all the participants appealed peculiarly to him, and neither recognizing nor being recognized was certainly not annoying to him.

So now, as the signal for the orchestra to begin was given, Phil was by no means disconcerted. Rather, he had caught with remarkable aptitude the spirit and glamour of the occasion. And as the couples, already formed, began gliding out across the mirror-like floor, he proffered a dance to the first feminine costume he encountered. The effect of this dance upon Phil was little short of magical. And acting under the old, old spell of music and of mirth, forgetful of his timidity, he guided his partner through a veritable ocean of lace and perfume.

But Phil Douglas was by no means alone in his yielding to the goddess of gayety and festivity. To Lillian Mason the fascination was all the more real because of past experi-

ences of similar occasions. And now as she was having the last dance before intermission with John DuMont, her surroundings had never seemed more beautiful to her than at this moment. Delightfully tired but happy as the orchestra ceased, she locked her arm in John's. "If we are to get a breath of air we'd better make a strategic retreat toward that veranda," she exclaimed.

"Yes, we had better move along too, for it'll be a popular place tonight and I just—"

"Say, DuMont, there's a telegram in the office for you," said Tom Leslie, interrupting. "Urgent they say, but not bad news I hope."

"Thanks. Will you wait for me down there, Lillian? Suppose you go star gazing on that veranda for a while. I'll join you in a moment."

A short time later John DuMont was seen entering the dressing room with a telegram in his hand. Wearing an anxious look on his face as he removed his mask, he quickly began changing his costume for evening clothes. At this point Phil Douglas also entered the room for a breath during intermission. Removing his mask to mop his perspiring brow, he at once saw John, now dressing frantically. "Hello, Douglas," he ejaculated. "Man, but you are just in time to help me out of a bad plight. Got a telegram here—Father is worse, and I have only ten minutes to catch that Washington train. Lillian Mason is waiting for me on the south veranda. Join her and tell her why I can't wait here a minute; and take my dances with her, will you? I think she wants to see you anyway."

"Why—why, yes. Sure, I'll go," Phil managed to say absent-mindedly as John, casting his costume aside, hurried out and away.

When Phil had sufficiently recovered from this sudden change of circumstances, speaking aloud he reflected, "I'll

be hanged if I do." And from the expression of dismay on his face it would be inferred that he meant it literally. As he stood there, motionless for a few moments, his mind was a billowy turmoil of incoherent thoughts.

"Man!" he exclaimed to himself, "I can't face Lillian Mason in that rôle," and then soliloquizing; how could she understand the workings of those meshes of the fates which had decreed this great reward for indiscretion. Why the devil had he come to this ball anyway? The discarded costume fell within his vision. Now almost in disparity, it meant little to him at first; but soon its possibility dawned upon him. Well, if he must go he would go in John's costume fell within his vision. Now almost in despair, it thought, he quickly donned the costume, and, adjusting his mask, passed out into the lobby and began his seemingly simple, but what proved to be a most eventful, mission.

He had almost forgotten his conversation with John, hardly five minutes before, and the significance of it. Steering himself deftly through this wilderness of chiffon-clad beings and their escorts, he made his way through the lobby and then out upon the spacious veranda.

Yes, she was there and waiting for him—no, not for him at all. If any one, it must be John DuMont; but he could hardly imagine Lillian Mason "waiting" for any one. Standing dreamily there among that assemblage of palms and ferns, she presented a picture that Phil was never able to forget. To him she seemed as beautiful as the firmament upon which she was now gazing—and as far away, so far as he was concerned.

"What a pity to interrupt," Phil found himself saying aloud, almost in her ear. With a little start she turned to him.

"Why, John, where on earth have you been? I've been waiting ages. It's perfectly lovely out here, though. But

everything is lovely tonight. I've had the grandest time, and I'm ready to agree with you that this is the nicest party we've had this summer. Did you see that would-be girl who was a boy and who lost his wig?"

"Oh, yes," said Phil, none too easily. "And I also saw the very attractive gentleman in the George Washington costume that you were unmercifully flirting with. Now speak for yourself, fair lady."

"Oh, I'm flirting with everybody tonight, John. I'm having such a great time. I'm not responsible, you know; it's the old, old story of music, of lights, of laughter, of love. You know it, Silly, and you aren't blaming me, are you? Because you're its victim too, you must remember."

For several moments neither of them spoke. Presently a big limousine, backing, turning, and honking, apparently meeting much difficulty in freeing itself, threw its light squarely upon the veranda where the couple stood. The light fell directly upon Phil's face and he shuddered, being sure he was now recognized. Lillian too gave an inward start as the light fell upon his face. But if she recognized him she gave no outward sign of it, and as the silence continued Phil felt much relieved. But his peace of mind was short-lived. Though neither of them had spoken a word, a vague sense of fear seized him and he thought he observed in the dim star light a look of concealed understanding on Lillian's face. And even the atmosphere about them was filled with a kind of indefinable uneasiness of deception or, more correctly, of understanding beneath an external camouflage. He was sure she had recognized him; yet surely she had not. Wasn't she still beside him, gazing nonchalantly, even a little wistfully, at the stars?

When Lillian broke the irksome silence a moment later, if she did know him she certainly did not reveal that fact. But it was obvious that her mood, or perhaps her attitude toward

him, was a little different now, and Phil felt it keenly. "I did go star hunting while you were gone," she began musingly.

"Is the large, brilliant one your star?" he asked as they turned toward the star-lit heights above them.

"No, it isn't; mine is the dim steady one hiding its face behind that cloud. It's masked now, but on emerging it shines all the more brilliantly because of its imprisonment, you know."

And for a moment Phil had an intense longing to be a star. "I wonder who it represents on earth?" he asked.

"I wonder," she repeated, rather low and avoiding his eyes. The trailing sweetness of her voice almost overwhelmed Phil, filled him with a confidence, yes, almost a recklessness, such as he had never known before. Seizing her hands and turning her face toward him he caught a sparkling glance of "blarney" in her eye. Now he knew she had recognized him in the light and also that she had not committed him, the full significance of which came to him a moment later.

"You adorable little minx," he burst forth, "what a fool you have made of me. I couldn't come to you 'on my own,' so came in this," motioning to his camouflage costume. "But Lillian, don't you see how it is with me? I've loved you so long, so hopelessly, Dear. Dare I hope for the future?" And after a moment of silence he continued, his old fear rising within him, "But, I suppose a bashful George Washington boy—couldn't become a star man in real life? I've been dreaming."

"I've been dreaming too," she said, softly. "Why couldn't he?"

And the two shadows on the wall beyond promptly faded into one.

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With a startling blast the orchestra announced the end of the intermission, and 12 P. M. "Why it's time to unmask," Lillian exclaimed.

"Dear girl," said Phil, drawing her very close, as they stood again facing the night, "I'm afraid we have unmasked too soon!"

"Yes," she whispered softly, "we are unmasked, faces and hearts, but not too soon, do you think, Phil?"

The next moment, tightening her grip on his arm, Lillian exclaimed, "Look, Dear, our star is unmasking, too!" And as it floated leisurely above the passing cloud it had never cast its beams upon a happier pair.

THERE'S ONE WHO CARES

N. E. GRESHAM

One by one I've seen them crumble,
Sink and moulder into dust,
And I've asked, so often, often,
And the answer is, "You must!"

"Must I lose my every treasure,
This one, surely I may keep?"
But there comes a sly thief stealing
All my dreams while I'm asleep.

First are dreams of golden childhood,
Mother helped me dream them, then;
How I dreamed of little ponies,
Driven by my Fancy's men!

And the other things that children
Like to own and love and cherish;
All my houses blown away, now;
All my goods, I've seen them perish.

Then came youth with courage, dauntless,
Building castles lofty, high;
I have seen my castle topple,
Fall, and I could only sigh.

Yes, I'm looking in the future,
Bright and golden, let it seem;
Though I'm often disappointed,
I shall ever dream and dream.

For I know, there's One who watches,
In a mystic realm somewhere,
And I've felt His precious presence;
Heard the tender words, "I care."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

The annual High School Declamation Contest has become an established affair in the activities of Wake Forest. To our minds hardly any event in the College year is of more importance or of any more far-reaching effects than this contest. We realize that the occasion is a profitable one to the College in that it furnishes a medium of contact with the high schools of the State; it serves to make Wake Forest really mean

something to North Carolina's high schools. But the contest is of practical value to the participants and thus indirectly of value to the schools which they represent. Training in public speaking is very essential to the full development of the faculties of any person and the participants in this contest are afforded a rare opportunity to secure such training both while preparing their declamations before their arrival here and in delivering them while here. This benefit alone is well worth the effort put forth by the contestants. In addition to this we believe there is another and possibly a greater benefit to be derived from the visit here at this time. The high school representative who comes here as a declaimer is thrown in touch with College men and thus is able to get an insight into College life which he never could obtain otherwise. This should certainly be an incentive to higher ambitions and more earnest efforts on the part of the visitor when he returns to high school.

As this number of THE STUDENT goes to press preparations for this year's contest, which comes on the 11th and 12th of this month, are nearing completion. The various high schools in the State have been informed of the contest for some time and literature concerning it has been sent them. Responses indicate that more contestants will take part in this contest than have taken part in any of the previous ones. The committee in charge has given unsparingly of its time and energy to make the event a successful one and the outlook is that success will crown its efforts.

Wake Forest welcomes the young visitors who are to be with us this month. For months we have looked forward with pleasure to their coming. The College and community will unite in an effort to make their brief stay with us both pleasant and worth while. Each student feels a special interest in their visit. Again, we welcome them—as brothers in whom we are deeply interested.

During the past several years many libraries have been built and equipped throughout our country. Some of these are handsome structures, costing millions of dollars; others are humble, meagerly equipped rooms costing comparatively little. Men of influence have seen the need of libraries and have used amply of their means and ability in erecting them. The good accomplished is obvious to every one. In all colleges and universities there are good libraries, some, of course, of more value than others. But the cost of a library does not have so much to do with the value one derives from it. The thing of importance is the manner and extent to which a library is used.

Observing the students of Wake Forest as a whole, we are sorry to say that the per cent of habitual readers is very small. Many students know practically nothing about what our library contains. In fact some do not know enough about it to be in the least interested. A Senior some time ago, remarked that he had never read, "Rip Van Winkle," and from the expression on his face he was surprised to learn that there was such a thing in literature. The idea of a man taking the B.A. degree and never having read the one most popular story in American literature! It is impossible, of course, to read all the books in the library; it is hardly possible to read even all the best books; but it is possible to spend a large part of one's time in reading and the results will be surprising. Men while in College have an excellent opportunity—an opportunity which cannot be equaled in after life—to do a large amount of reading and every one should make the very best possible use of this opportunity.

We have been particularly well pleased with the enthusiasm and College spirit which has been displayed on the part of this year's student body. It has been one of the outstanding features of

Keep It Up!

the present session and is to be commended. During the football season the practice each afternoon was eagerly watched by a large number of students. The games on the local field and those in hostile territory, where distance permitted, were quite well attended and always the rooting and cheering was of a high order. In a word, every one was interested in the team and sought to encourage the players. What has been said in regard to the football season applies equally as well to the basket-ball season which has just closed. Our representatives have had the support of practically every man in College and they have realized this. Such a realization has served to strengthen our teams and has contributed much to our success.

This month we witness the opening of the baseball season. The call for candidates has been issued and in a few weeks the season will be in full swing. Wake Forest is usually represented in this branch of athletics by a team that more than holds its own against any College team in the State. Our teams frequently compete for State honors and only last spring we won the championship of the State. This year we have with a few exceptions the same team which we had last season. Only three varsity men have been lost and we have abundant material from which to select men to fill their places. In this connection it can also be said that we have an excellent schedule of twenty-one games arranged for this spring, the majority of which are to be played here. With the approaching season the prospects for another championship nine are indeed hopeful. The men who try out for the team are going to do their best; the men on the side lines must not fail them. Let us keep up the same enthusiasm and spirit which we have manifested thus far and if possible add to it. Do everything you can for the men; watch them each afternoon; attend the games; talk up the team, and above all things, keep the "pep."

Here's to another championship!

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

The imperative need of relief in the Near East was very forcibly presented to the student body at the chapel hour on February 10th, when Mrs. T. P. Harrison, director of the Armenian and Syrian Relief campaign for Wake County, delivered a short address relative to the drive now under way. The students responded in true Wake Forest style, nearly every man in College making some contribution to this worthy cause.

Dr. W. L. Poteat attended the mid-winter conference of the Southern Baptist Educational Association, which met in Nashville, Tenn., from January 29th to February 1st. While there he led a discussion regarding fraternities in Baptist colleges. Dr. Poteat was also honored with the presidency of the Conference for the next two years. It is interesting to note that this is the fifth consecutive time that a Wake Forest man has been elected to this position.

The Teachers' Society, which was organized some time ago, meets regularly twice each month. Dr. T. E. Cochran spoke before the society on January 27th. The meeting of February 10th was in the form of a smoker which was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Brief addresses were made by members of the society and at the conclusion of these fruits and cigars were served in abundance. The society hopes to have a number of speakers of prominence within the next few months.

Dr. W. L. Poteat spoke at the evening service of the local church on Sunday, January 25th.

Manager C. F. Brown has lost no time in making preparations for next year's football season, and has already announced his 1920 schedule, which consists of ten games. The schedule is as follows:

- September 25th—Georgia Tech at Atlanta, Ga.
- October 2d—University of N. C., at Chapel Hill.
- October 9th—Washington and Lee, at Lexington, Va.
- October 16th—Davidson, at Charlotte.
- October 23d—Furman, at Greenville, S. C.
- October 30th—Guilford, at Wake Forest.
- November 6th—Emory and Henry, at Emory, Va.
- November 13th—Richmond College, at Richmond, Va.
- November 20th—Sewanee, at Portsmouth, Va.
- November 25th—N. C. State, at Raleigh.

The Young Men's Christian Association continues to give us programs that are indeed worth while. On January 26th, Dr. J. L. Kesler, an alumnus of Wake Forest and at present of the faculty of Vanderbilt University, read a very able discussion on "Race Relationships." We take great pleasure in publishing this paper in this issue of THE STUDENT. An address by Rev. W. Marshall Craig, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Kinston, featured the meeting of February 9th. His subject was, "Fitness for Service."

A very enthusiastic meeting of about 175 students was held in Memorial Hall on February 6th at which time a "Gardner-for-Governor" Club was formed. The gathering was addressed by Hon. D. G. Brummitt, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Mr. B. W. Parham, a former member of the General Assembly. Immediately after these speeches the club went into the election of officers with the following results: C. C. Warren, president; Carroll W. Weathers, vice-president; C. R. Hanrick, secretary; and N. E. Gresham, publicity manager.

Since the last issue of *THE STUDENT* went to press the Debate Council has arranged a dual debate with Baylor University of Waco, Texas. The debate is to take place this spring and marks the beginning of the fourth series of debates between Wake Forest and Baylor. According to arrangements the dual debate will consist of two forensic engagements between the two institutions on the same night, one being held at Baylor and the other at Wake Forest. The same question will be discussed at both places and each institution will have an affirmative and a negative team. Speakers for the Baylor debate will be chosen at the same preliminaries at which the representatives for the other intercollegiate debates this spring will be selected.

The efficiency of the Wake Forest Law School was again demonstrated on January 26th when 25 out of the 26 men from Wake Forest successfully passed the Supreme Court examination and were granted licenses to practice law. This is an excellent showing and entirely in keeping with our former record. The following passed: E. D. Banks, P. G. Crumpler, L. B. Dawes, C. B. DeShazo, D. R. Fouts, O. T. Glenn, I. B. Hudson, D. B. Johnson, J. H. LeRoy, Jr., V. C. Banks, W. M. Lovelace, W. M. Mann, H. E. Olive, C. H. Ragland, G. T. Robertson, J. C. Rudisill, A. E. Spivey, H. M. Watson, G. F. Washburn, C. E. Brewer, L. J. Britt, C. E. Blackstock, E. E. Wilson, and C. B. Woltz.

At a recent meeting of the Political Science Club, Mr. B. T. Ward read a very thorough and interesting paper on the labor movement. Mr. C. P. Greaves has also recently read an interesting paper before the club on Bolshevism.

Dr. T. D. Kitchin recently read an instructive paper before the members of the John Marshall Medical Society on the "Growth of Medicine."

We are informed that the *Howler* has gone to press and that it will be issued about the first of April. Many changes have been made in the annual, in an effort to make it more representative of College life and it is believed that the 1920 annual will be far above the average in several respects.

Following the completion of the work of the Supreme Court class and coming almost on the eve of the departure of the class for Raleigh to take the Supreme Court examination, a smoker was held in the law room on January 22d complimentary to the members of the faculty of the law school. Words of encouragement and congratulation were given the members of the class by members of the law faculty and various members of the law class spoke words of respect and appreciation of the invaluable assistance given them by their professors. The class presented to Dr. N. Y. Gulley a beautiful gold watch; Prof. E. W. Timberlake was given a Shriner's pin; and Prof. R. B. White received a pair of cuff buttons. Fruits and cigars were much in evidence. The presence of "Dr." Tom, who spoke in his usual characteristic style, added much enjoyment to the occasion.

It is to be hoped that with the coming of spring weather greater interest will be taken in track work. Due to various causes this important branch of athletics has been somewhat neglected. This year we should have a good track team for we have some very valuable material in school. Manager Smith has been working on his schedule for some time and he expects to have a number of meets scheduled for this spring.

From all reports it now appears that Wake Forest is to have one thing which it has long needed—a College band. At a recent meeting of the student body sufficient funds were raised to finance the band and as soon as the needed instruments can be secured practice will begin. We hope to hear

much from this new organization on the side lines at our athletic contests this spring.

Although inclement weather and the influenza epidemic which was raging in many parts of the State from which visitors were expected, did much to mar the pleasure of the day, the Eighty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary societies was celebrated here on Friday, February 13th, according to plans. The annual anniversary debate took place at 2:30 o'clock p. m. in Memorial Hall with a very interesting discussion of the query, "Resolved, that labor through representatives of its own choice should have a voice in the management of industry." The representatives of the negative, Messrs. L. R. Williford and J. C. Kesler won the decision of the judges over Messrs. C. M. Austin and A. P. Stephens, who spoke on the affirmative. At 7:30 o'clock in the evening orations were delivered in a very able manner by Messrs. W. M. Edwards and I. L. Yearby. Mr. Edwards spoke on, "Roosevelt, the American," while Mr. Yearby chose for his subject, "World Citizenship." The orations were followed by the annual anniversary reception in the society halls. The marshals for the occasion were: Euzelian—B. E. Morris, Chief; J. G. Murray, J. F. Hoge. Philomathesian—H. H. Duncan, Chief; C. N. Stroud, A. M. Burns, Jr.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

Thirty-nine Wake Forest alumni, now at the Louisville Seminary, gathered February 13th for their annual banquet. They were V. L. Andrews, J. M. Adams, C. E. Byrd, R. E. Brickhouse, M. F. Booe, Oscar Creech, L. V. Coggins, E. L. Collins, H. J. Davis, W. L. Griggs, W. Y. Henderson, O. F. Herring, C. F. Hudson, S. F. Hudson, E. V. Hudson, T. C. Holland, H. I. Hester, J. S. Johnson, B. O. Myers, H. H. McMillan, S. J. Morgan, W. V. Nix, G. B. Nance, C. S. Norville, L. B. Olive, A. R. Phillips, W. C. Raines, R. K. Redwine, M. T. Rankin, L. Sasser, C. H. Stevens, E. F. Sullivan, E. R. Stewart, M. T. Tanner, J. U. Teague, O. G. Tillman, J. A. Ward, E. R. Whedbee, and Kyle Yates. This is the largest representation we have had at the seminary in years, and exceeds that from any other college. Among this number are fourteen seniors; three candidates for the degree of Th.D.; three fellows, J. M. Adams in New Testament Interpretation, Kyle Yates in Old Testament Interpretation, and M. T. Rankin in Church History.

Col. R. H. Ferrell, '07, is meeting success in the practice of law in Albany, Ga. He received his license in North Carolina in August, 1911, after a year at Harvard.

R. T. Daniel, '92, an architect of Weldon, has a head full of plans for successful athletics here and will be present at commencement to put them in action. Mr. Daniel used to "buck the line" with John E. White, E. W. Sikes, and others. He was also an artist at the baseball game.

R. L. McMillan, '09, entered the service after two years at Columbia and a few months later was commissioned First

Lieutenant at Camp Lee. Last summer he received his license to practice law, and occupies an office in the Citizens Bank building in Raleigh. Announcement was made recently of the birth of a son, Archibald Alexander.

C. S. Sawyer, '15, is now pastor of South Norfolk Baptist Church. Under his leadership the people are paying a \$12,000 debt and increasing the membership, besides pushing the campaign for a cleaner town. Mr. Sawyer has an M.A. from the University of Pennsylvania and a B.D. from Crozier Seminary.

F. B. Ashcraft, '16, is in business at Monroe, N. C.

M. W. Edgerton, '17, is practicing law in Knoxville, Tenn. He will be remembered by old members of the Glee Club as the "long horn artist."

F. H. Baldy, '17, and L. E. Griffin, '14 (after two years in the Army), are second year students in the Harvard Law School.

E. F. Aydlett, M.A. '79, of Elizabeth City, was recently appointed United States District Attorney for eastern North Carolina.

T. A. Avera, '15, was married on February 12th to Miss Fannie Hill Herring, of Newnan, Ga. Mr. Avera is a promising lawyer in Rocky Mount. His friends will remember him as a first class debater and Glee Club man.

Judge Charles M. Cooke, '60-'61, passed away at a sanatorium in Morganton, January 16th. In the words of the *Recorder*, "He was a man of high ideals, broad culture, and deep convictions." He was often a member of the Legisla-

ture, and was for several years Superior Court judge. He was a citizen, not of a town, but of the State. In every sense, he was a Christian philanthropist.

R. F. Hough, '16, was made principal of Sylva Collegiate Institute at the first of the year.

C. J. Whitley, '14, is principal of Oakboro High School.

Robert Marsh Dowd, 1900-03, a prominent plow manufacturer, of Charlotte, died on February 12th of pneumonia following an attack of influenza.

G. P. Bostick, '83, has been a missionary in China for thirty-one years, working with the Interior Mission, youngest of the four in China. He occupied pastorates in Concord and Durham before leaving, and gave up the latter under many serious difficulties. He was a school-mate of Tom Dixon, N. B. Folk, Jno. A. Beam, Ed. S. Alderman, W. F. Marshall and others.

At the age of twenty-eight, with the brightest prospects before him, Dr. Henry Conrad, M.A. '13, died on January 29th at South Bend, Indiana, in the presence of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Conrad of Winston-Salem, N. C. The body was interred at his home there the following Sunday. Dr. Conrad was an interne of the Harriet Lane Home at Johns Hopkins, from which he received a degree in three years. He was a Sr. Lieutenant in the Navy, where the Government had him specialize in the diseases of the heart, for which he rapidly acquired a wide reputation. He specialized originally in babies' diseases and after his discharge he went to South Bend and joined a clinic similar to the Mayo clinic. While a student here, Dr. Conrad was interested in all phases of college activities. He was assistant in Modern

Languages and in English, and won THE STUDENT essay and fiction medals. He was married in October of 1918 to Miss Hally Hester of Tryon, N. C. He leaves his young wife, and a little daughter three weeks old.

The Republican Congressional Convention of the Tenth North Carolina District held at Hendersonville on Saturday, February 7th, looked like a Wake Forest day.

Hon. L. L. Jenkins, '83, was unanimously selected as the choice of the party for Congress, while W. R. Chambers, '14, was elected Presidential Elector, after a hard fight, succeeding J. M. Pritchard, '15, another Wake Forest man, who was a candidate for Presidential Elector in the campaign of 1916. Fred D. Hamrick, '02, of Rutherford County, was chosen as Chairman of the Executive Committee for his county; Clyde H. Jarrett, '12-'15, was Chairman of the Credentials Committee and appointed a member of the Executive Committee from Cherokee County; J. M. Pritchard of Asheville, nominated Chambers for Presidential Elector and was one of the leading spirits in the Convention.

Of Hon. L. L. Jenkins it may be said that he is one of the ablest men now before the people. He has conducted several branches of business with much success and is now a banker of Asheville. His interests are manifold and his sympathies large and embrace all classes of people. He has always been generous. As an example of his generosity we have at Wake Forest the excellent piano in the Woman's Parlor of our church. If elected he will, we are sure, make a representative in Congress, who will do much for the best interests of the State.

W. L. Poteat, B.A. '77; M.A. '89, is rounding out his sixteenth year as President of Wake Forest College. The only criticism we have ever heard of his administration by those immediately concerned is that he cannot be in more

than one place at one time. He is wanted here and there. The outside calls for his services are so persistent that he finds it impossible not to respond to some of them, while we at the College want him with us all the time. He has been a fit leader for young men; the ideals that he sets before them make for cultured Christian citizenship and service. Hence, as students of Wake Forest College we resent the scurrilous series of articles with reference to President Poteat that have recently appeared in the *Western Recorder* from the pen of Evangelist T. T. Martin. The articles are full of innuendoes and forced and false interpretations that are a disgrace to the paper in which they appear and to the name of evangelists that their author assumes. We are fully competent to judge our own men here in North Carolina. We do not propose to have ranters who know nothing of us, and who play fast and loose with the truth instruct us as to our duty. Least of all, can such a man as Martin and his abettors tell us anything about President Poteat. We, like all Wake Forest men, have confidence in him.

G. W. P.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. A. HERRING, Editor

It seems that certain criticisms in this department are rather severe. Yet they are honest and impersonal, written not with intent to destroy, but to improve the productions of our sister magazines. We realize, as do most other colleges, the need and scarcity of good material. If our criticism is scathing, redouble your efforts toward perfection. When we make mistakes (and we are very fallible), don't hesitate to let us know. THE STUDENT reaches you before we get your magazine, so fire away.

The January *Acorn* contains a fairly interesting story, "Much Ado About—a Date," and a good essay on Wordsworth. The poem is thoughtless and the other two stories are dry and have no plot. The sketch department is interesting.

The Furman Echo has a couple of good essays and a good story. It presents quite a variety of productions, in fact, too many to allow individual criticism.

The Bashaba from Coker College is neat and, on the whole, very entertaining. *The True Artist* is an effective story. The essay on ancient mathematics is good, and doubtless interesting to some. Would it not make your pages seem less crowded, let us suggest, if you allow each article to begin at the top of a page, and give a whole page to a poem? In this issue that would require only seven more pages.

For lack of time and space, we can merely acknowledge the receipt of *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Criterion*, *The Radiant*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Lenorian*, and *The Clemson Chronicle*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOLE, Editor

The influenza epidemic kept the Freshmen from pulling the usual number of bones on Anniversary.

Newish Deaton—"Collins, who's vice-president of Wake Forest?"
"Dr. Pearson?"

And "Brute" Pearce is really in love!!!

Note:—On February 8th Lorenza Edwards went to supper without powdering his face. He forgot his cane, too.

He was seated in the parlor,
And he said unto the lights:
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."

Dr. Kitchen—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?

Fats Bundy—Give him something to make him sick and then administer an antidote.

Dr. Kitchen—Don't waste any more time here; hang out your shingle.

Ark Williams, being asked why it was that most medical men dressed in black, replied: "The meaning is obvious; they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects."

C. C. Carpenter is representing a high-class spring shoe, and he guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

THE KISS

A kiss is a peculiar proposition, of no use to one. Yet it is absolute bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, the old man has to buy it. 'Tis the baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To the young girl it is faith, to the married woman it is hope, and to the old maid charity.
—Norman Star.

Senior Teague to Prof. Pool—"How long was Queen Elizabeth King?"

"This is a bitter loss," said the man when he found he had misplaced his box of quinine.

"I have a hennery at home," said a Meredith girl to her room-mate. "Dear me," replied her room-mate, "I thought his name was Herbert."

Jack Boylan (at postoffice)—Olive, wonder what causes this bad smell in here?

Olive—I don't know, but I suppose it is caused by "the dead letters."

"I'm weary of well-doing," said the bucket.

A young man came into the car in haste. "Anybody in here got any liquor?" he said. "A woman in the other car has fainted."

A traveling man opened his suitcase and gave him a bottle of "Kentucky Rye."

The young man turned up the bottle and drank it all. "Thanks," he said, "it always did make me feel bad to see a woman faint."—Student.

Though all other things may go higher and higher, writing paper will always remain stationery.—Bill Ellis.

Highest ambitions are never reached. Though we reach one goal, there is another just ahead.—Anon.

Parker Pool—I feel sorry for Rockefeller.

Hinds—Why?

Pool—Because he has to pay so much income taxes.

A dressmaker is never what she seams.

LEAP YEAR

"I wish I had your head," said a lady from ——— to Bob Grose, who solved a way to hold her on the rear end of a fast running roadster, while four others stood on the running board. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," she said, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

Perry—"Earp, how do you like Burn's poems?"

Earp—"Pretty good, Scottish dialect is pretty hard."

Perry—"I don't know about the Scottish dialect. I have never read it. I've been wanting to read it for a long time."

Kinnett (lecturing to Gresham)—"Gresham, don't you know you ought to stop using tobacco. You can't conceive of the harm it does—even your ancestors will be affected by it."

And must I go away, away
Into a cold and silent world?
Ah, bid me, fair one, bid me stay,
And be again mine own sweet girl!

No joys I count, no gains are there,
Tho' fortune gave me all her blisses;
I do not count on fame, I swear,
For life is naught but for your kisses.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. R. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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Always notify Business Manager when you change your postoffice address.

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

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INFINITY

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, '92-'94

Out of the dark a trembling star;
Blown from the sea a mist;
A whisper of night-wind tossed afar,
And a rose by the sunlight kissed.

Up from the earth a glimmering spark
Out of the sky a gleam;
The choirs of Heaven in the song of a lark,
And love in a maiden's dream.

Out of the filth a lily white;
Out of the winter spring;
Something that times the wild bird's flight
And a mock bird caroling.

—*From The Bells.*

WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

C. P. GREAVES

At the outbreak of the Revolution, there were in Russia three main political groups destined to play the major roles in the events thereafter. These were: the Constitutional Democrats, better known as Cadets; the Social-Revolutionists, and the Social Democrats. The Cadets were composed of the wealthy but progressive classes, such as manufacturers, merchants, bankers and professionals. Unlike the other groups, they derived their ideas from English institutions. The Social-Revolutionary Party was the largest single party, its great strength lying in the peasantry. Their program was a socialist one for industries and a nonsocialist one for the land, wishing it to be privately owned by the peasant. To this party belonged all of the famous revolutionists of the present and past, such as Prince Kropotkin and Catherine Breshkovsky. The party was divided into two factions, the Minnanalists and the Maximalists, the former advocating gradual and peaceful change, the latter advocating immediate and violent change. To this latter faction belonged the notorious Terrorists.

It is the last-named party, the Social-Democrats, which interests us, for it was as a faction of this group that the Bolsheviks originated. This party is the true Marxian Socialist group of Russia. Marxian Socialism in Russia dates back to the reign of Alexander III, when Russian industry began to develop to noticeable dimensions, which meant the development of a city proletariat. About this time young revolutionaries were returning from exile in Germany imbued with the theories of Marx, and among this element they began to work with great success. The first Marxian Socialist

organization was the "Group for the Emancipation of Labor," formed in Geneva, Switzerland, by a group of exiles in 1883. Their leader was Plekhanov, the greatest exponent of Marxian Socialism in Russia. Among his followers was a young man named Valdamir Oulianov, later known as Lenine. The aim of the society, as announced in the manifesto, was to conduct pacifist propaganda among the working classes. Shortly thereafter several independent groups sprang up, advocating revolutionary methods. Among these was the "Union of Struggle for the Liberation of the Working Class," organized in Petrograd in 1895 by Valdamir Oulianov in association with his close friend Martov.

Thus we see that from the very first, Lenine has had a leading part in directing the extreme wing of Socialism in Russia. Even more than Louis XIV could say, "I am the State," Lenine can say, "I am Bolshevism," for in its form and creed it is essentially his work. Long ago he made himself notorious by his relentless hostility to all, even among ardent Socialists, who did not favor his particular methods of establishing a Socialist State. He himself professes only one principle—absolute domination of the proletariat over all other classes. Abstract justice and morals play no part in his system. He has always been strictly a theorist, and not a practical man of affairs. He is highly educated and comes of a family of the minor nobility. While he was still very young, his brother was hanged for revolutionary activities, and this may account somewhat for his unyielding bitterness to government. He has become well known to the people of Russia as a thinker and writer, being the author of several books of an economic nature. Several times he has been banished to Siberia, and has lived a life of exile in various foreign countries. It is interesting to note that he has little use for the Anglo-Saxons, since they set the example of commercialism.

In 1898, under the leadership of Plekhanof, all the various groups were united into the Socialist-Democratic Party. The different elements, however, were too widely separated in their views for the bond to hold long. A cleavage divided the party into two factions, moderate and extreme, the former led by Martov, the latter by Lenine. The former wished gradual change and compromise with other parties. It was composed of the skilled workmen and small tradesmen. The latter advocated change by violence and no compromise. It was composed of the poorest classes—the proletariat.

This division was definitely revealed at a congress of the party in London in 1903, where, for the first time, they undertook to draw up a party program. The immediate cause was over a seemingly trivial matter. The right wing held that any one who gave the party sympathy and support should be considered a member of the party. The left would further require formal membership. The latter faction won out and hence were coined the nicknames Bolsheviki and Menshiviki from Russian words meaning majority and minority. The issue had deeper significance than appeared on the surface; it was the division of two ideas, "centralism" and "federalism." These two tendencies persisted and became more pronounced. Each faction set up its own offices and published its own literature.

Various attempts were made to reunite them, but in vain. In a congress, in 1904, the differences became more complicated and pronounced. The question raised was: "In case of a political revolution in Russia, what attitude should the party adopt?" The Menshiviki held that the creation of a Constituent Assembly would constitute a victory, and that the party should not attempt to eliminate the other liberal parties from participation in the provisional government. The Bolsheviki maintained that the fulfillment of their aims was possible only through an uprising of the people, estab-

lishing a revolutionary government in which the bourgeoisie should be eliminated. They further advocated merciless suppression of any bourgeois counter-revolutionary measures. Thus we see that fourteen years before the coup d'etat of October, 1917, the main lines of the Bolshevik program were already drawn up.

The antagonism between the Bolsheviks and the moderates became more pronounced during the Revolution of 1905. The Bolsheviks, gaining control of the central labor organizations in the big cities, especially Petrograd, sought to take the government into their own hands. This led to violence and bloodshed, so that many people became frightened and withdrew their support, thus enabling the government to easily suppress the movement. Both groups blamed the other for its failure, the left blaming the right for their timidity, the latter blaming the former for their uncalled-for violence. The attitude of the Bolsheviks became more openly hostile, and the first Duma they refused to have anything to do with. When they did send delegates to the second Duma it was, as they said, only for the purpose of more effective propaganda.

The revolution had a disastrous effect on the strength of the Bolsheviks, for the working classes, their main support, became afraid of what such a program as theirs would lead to and turned to the Mensheviks. At a congress of the party in Stockholm, in 1906, the Mensheviks were in the majority and not the Bolsheviks. From 1911 onward, however, because of the increasing discontent, they grew stronger. They started the first Socialist daily paper, *The Truth*, which had great influence on the masses. In 1913 they sent six representatives to the Duma.

At the beginning of the Revolution, in 1917, the labor organizations were dominated by the Mensheviks. This is due, however, to the fact that all the influential Bolshevik leaders were abroad in exile. Trotsky, for instance, was in

New York, while Lenine was in Austria. They soon came back and, under their shrewd guidance, the Bolsheviki rapidly became a factor to be reckoned with. At first they pretended to coöperate with the other parties, several Bolsheviki being at one time ministers in Kerensky's cabinet. As they became stronger, however, they defied openly the Provisional Government, and at last proposed "All power to the Soviets," at that time mere central labor organizations. They gained complete control of the army and navy, and these were the instruments with which they forcibly took possession of the government.

At this time, through the force of events, we find a new division of the Socialists, the Menshiviki and the Minimalist against the Bolsheviki and the Maximalist, a division much more logical than formerly, for the difference between each of the two is very slight. This redivision took definite form when a large group of Maximalists, in the latter part of 1917, formally adopted the name of Bolsheviki.

At present, the Bolsheviki form a separate party organization, the Communist Party. This party, through the Soviet government, sent out a call in 1919 for an International Communist Congress, a meeting of the extremist parties of all countries, the I. W. W. of America being especially mentioned. The Congress met at Moscow on March 2, 1919, and inaugurated the "Third International," the present international organization of Revolutionary Socialists.

In theory, the Bolsheviki consider themselves simon-pure, orthodox, Marxian Socialists. Other Socialists deny this, it is true, as shown when the Berne Conference repudiated them. But the objects are the same; it is the method that differs. Socialists may be broadly divided into two classes, evolutionary and revolutionary. The first believe in gradual attainment of their aims and peaceable political action, compromising with other parties when necessary. The latter are

"whole-hoggers," believing in immediate change by violence and in making no compromise. Political action they use only as a means of more effective propaganda. Their great fundamental doctrine is the "class struggle." According to them, there are two classes resulting from our economic system, the exploiter—the capitalist, of which the middle class is composed—and the exploited—the proletariat. Between these two there can be no mutual interest but relentless struggle. It is the Socialist mission to imbue the masses with the realization of their oppression and a hatred of their exploiters; this they call "class consciousness." As misery and discontent increase, the day will come when the masses will rise up, overthrow the capitalist and take the utilities of production into their own hands. This method they call "mass-force." The first step is the ordinary strike. Then will come the general strike which becomes of a political nature. Finally these strikes will culminate into a revolution, thereby bringing in the new heaven-on-earth.

When the proletariat victory is completed they would not simply take the existing institutions of the bourgeoisie and reform them; these would be destroyed. There would exist a "dictatorship of the proletariat." All other classes would have no political rights. Thus we see that the system they would establish is most emphatically not a democracy, and it is useless to reproach the Bolsheviki for this. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" would exist only during the transformation stage; gradually, through suppression and the new economic order, the bourgeoisie would be absorbed into the proletariat and there would be only one class.

The government resulting would not be a government in the old sense. Police courts, the army, etc., would be abolished. Their government would be only for the "management of things"; that is, to confine itself to regulating the

economic life. This is, in brief, the essence of extreme Socialism, the same in all countries.

The turnover the Bolsheviks have brought in Russia is not all Socialistic. Syndicalism has played a big and unexpected part. According to Socialism, the workers would seize the industries through the government which they would first seize. The industries would then be controlled through the State. Syndicalism would have the industries seized directly by the workers, and the government would fall to them later as a result. The industries would then be run directly by the workers and representation in the government would be fixed with each industry as a unit. It was syndicalism pure and simple when the workers were put directly in charge of the industries; and representation in the Soviets in many cases was determined by the factory as a unit. "Triumphant Syndicalism," *The Truth* calls it. It is easy, then, to understand the close bond of sympathy between the Bolsheviks and the I. W. W., the syndicalist organization in this country.

When we consider how the Bolsheviks have conducted themselves since in power, we can see how close they have conformed to their doctrines. In abolishing the Constituent Assembly and suppressing the bourgeoisie, in which class they put all other Socialists, they are simply putting into action their ideas as to noncompromise. The Soviet, a workers' council, was made a vehicle for bringing in "the dictatorship of the proletariat." It may be said in passing that the Bolsheviks and all extremists consider the moderate Socialists their worst enemies, since it is with them that they must contend for the hold on the masses. In addition, the moderates are largely nationalistic, a cardinal sin to the extremist.

Internationalism is a prime feature of Bolshevism and all extreme Socialism. Nations, they teach, are only another class division, peoples having been bound together by economic forces; cultural and racial characteristics follow as a

result. The necessity for them has now passed away since industry, once national, has become international. The division of peoples into nations is now a hindrance to production, for it leads to strife for economic advantages. This war they point to as a proof. Boundaries would be abolished so that industry would be no longer cramped by national restrictions, but would be conducted for the good of the whole world. Wars and economic strifes, hindrances to production, would be abolished. Another reason for their belief in internationalism, is their fear that should one nation turn socialist, it would be endangered by the hostility of the other capitalistic states.

This feature of Bolshevism gives a clue to their arrogant hostility to the western democracies and their peace with Germany. Extremists view the war as a final collapse of capitalism, after which the masses of all countries, goaded by its attendant miseries, would rise up and overthrow the old order. The Bolshevik revolution they saw only as the first step. Trotsky, in his book, "Bolshevism and the World War," told their real objects when he said: "The real task of the proletariat is to create a far greater power of resistance (than the Russian Soviet government)—the republican United States of Europe, as the foundation of the United States of the world." Shortly after the armistice, Trotsky predicted Soviets in Berlin, London and Paris in a few months. To them the Bolshevik success was only a prelude. Lenin, when asked whether his experiment would not be dangerous to a backward agricultural country like Russia, replied: "Let it be so. Let her perish, but we will kindle social revolution throughout the world and we will, if necessary, hand over its banner to other countries." To use the words of Gorki at the time, "the Bolshevik leaders regard Russia as a surgeon regards a horse which he inoculated with a certain virus in the interest of scientific research. They are exponents of theories

and not lovers of Russia." Since then the Bolsheviki expected the other governments to be overthrown shortly, they could easily afford to treat them with scornful contempt.

The Bolsheviki, however, did not remain passive, but made active preparations for what they expected to come, because to them the revolution was imperative; besides meaning a new socialist era it would insure their own safety. "To be sure," Trotsky admitted, "a proletarian Russia cannot get very far in realizing its aims if all the rest of the world remains under the capitalistic regime. But that will never happen." The first step they took was to work on the minds of the people in the other countries. It was with this directly in view that they published the secret treaties and flooded the rest of Europe with propaganda. One of Trotsky's objects in the Brest-Litovsk negotiations was to expose the Teuton autocracy and thereby to instigate revolution in Austria and Germany. He did succeed to the extent of causing a series of very serious strikes in the munition plants of Austria. Their next step was to get properly organized and strengthened in order to meet the hostility of the other states after peace and to help bring on the revolution. To do this, peace was imperative, and so they made their disastrous pact with Germany.

At present, the Soviet Government has adopted a much more friendly attitude in foreign affairs. The revolution did not develop and they deem themselves strong enough to resist any attempt to overthrow them. It is for these reasons, as Martens, their ambassador, testified before a Senate committee, that the Bolshevist government is anxious to enter into friendly foreign relations and claims to have ceased its foreign propaganda.

If it would be known why the Bolsheviki came into power, the great underlying reason is to be found in the Russian people themselves. Eighty-five per cent of the Russians are peasants, almost wholly illiterate and deeply ignorant. The

remaining fifteen per cent is composed of the city workmen, middle class and nobility. Thus we can judge how small is that part of the people who should by right take the leadership. But still, it was the middle class in the past who had brought revolutionary ideas into Russia and had shown discontent among the masses. Why did they fail in the crisis? The reason is that they had changed. Formerly they had been the leading revolutionary element and, realizing that their aims must be accomplished through the masses, they had studied and knew them. The revolution of 1905 marked the change. Its bloody failure apparently discouraged and disheartened them so that they lost all interest in the revolution as a hopeless task. They turned to the numberless opportunities awaiting them in the rapidly developing industries of Russia and wrapped themselves up in business, seeking their own comfort and welfare. Inevitably a rift was brought about between the middle classes and the masses in their ideas as to what a revolution should accomplish. The former wanted only a political revolution. The masses, living in misery, wanted social and economic revolution. Political theories they neither understood nor cared about. This difference in aims was brought out in the revolution. The Provisional Government, in the hands of the middle class, made the political side of the revolution paramount. The masses wanted economic betterment and, because the existing government did not satisfy their wants while the Bolsheviki promised them, they turned to the latter.

The primitive state of the masses must also be taken into account. The promises by the Bolsheviki of immediate attainment of all their wishes by direct force naturally appealed to them far more than the less comprehensible appeal of the moderates for gradual change. The result simply proved again a long known truth expressed in the words of Jefferson to Lafayette, "Liberty becomes with an unprepared people a tyranny still of the many, the few, or the one."

The immediate reasons were several in number, all arising from the difference in aims of the masses and the middle class and the political inexperience of the latter.

The first was the land question. The Provisional Government was too slow in handling the problem. They would have done it gradually, making careful investigations and collecting full data.

The peasantry could not understand this and grew impatient. The Bolsheviki came along with a formula, "Seize the land," telling the peasantry to take it by force at once. The peasantry, however, were never converted to Bolshevism beyond the land question. After they had got what they wanted they lost all interest in the maze of Bolshevist theories.

The next reason lay in the fact that the Bolsheviki promised the masses peace, while the middle class, running the Provisional Government, wished to carry on the war. The masses could not understand why they should continue to suffer with apparently nothing to gain. Such ideas as "Making the world safe for democracy" was unintelligible to them. Even patriotism did not mean much; because of long ages of oppression they knew little of what love of country was.

The third reason of the success of the Bolsheviki lies in the nature of the Provisional Government. Here is an example of the sins of the past. The Russians were inexperienced for they had never been allowed a share in the government, but were confined to theories. It is not strange then that the government made a series of disastrous blunders directly calculated to arouse popular hostility. A few of these were the tardiness of the land solution, the attempt to carry on the war, and the delay in convoking the Constituent Assembly. The Bolsheviki made capital of this last especially.

There is another feature about the Provisional Government which weakened it; it was conciliatory. It attempted to compromise between two groups, the wealthy classes and the

masses, but the gulf was too wide. In Kerensky's cabinet there were several Cadets whose presence aroused fear among the people of reactionary tendencies. It was this element that constantly hindered the efforts of the other members of the government to solve the land problem. On the other hand, the extremists were allowed entire freedom in spreading among the masses and army seditious propaganda directly calculated to overthrow the Provisional Government.

The breaking point which gave the Bolsheviki their excuse for ousting the Provisional Government was the Korniloff rebellion which caused the masses to lose all confidence in the existing government. Even if it were not reactionary itself, they asked, could it resist any reactionary movement?

Though it was the Soviet which the Bolsheviki made their instrument of government, they had nothing to do with its origin. The First Soviet was the "Council of Workman Deputies" of Petrograd, organized during the revolution of 1905 by moderate Socialists. This was the central organization of all the workmen of Petrograd for political expression and guidance. It was rapidly copied in all other cities. In the course of the revolution it fell under the control of the Bolsheviki who attempted to make it a governmental body. We have seen the result. Trotsky was its president during the latter part of the revolution. In 1917, at the beginning of the revolution, these councils were again formed in the cities, composed of representatives of the workmen, revolutionary leaders and, in addition, representatives of the soldier garrisons. These local organizations were later united together into the All-Russian Congress of Soviets. Thus we see this system was already formed when the Bolsheviki made it a governmental power. At the start, under the control of the moderates, its purposes were two; first, to give organized expression to political and social wants of the working people; second, to cooperate with the government. Its necessity

passed away when the Constituent Assembly was provided for, but by this time the Bolsheviks were in control and they had other plans. They perceived in this body an instrument to establish the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and planned to eventually openly proclaim all power to the Soviet; which was accomplished by breaking up the Constituent Assembly with bayonets. Just before the fall of Kerensky these councils, especially the one at Petrograd, were their main instruments for bulldozing and intimidating the government.

As at present constituted, local Soviets send their representatives to a Provincial Congress; the Provincial Congress is represented by delegates at the All-Russian Congress, and this last body elects the Central Executive Committee, which is the real power in Russia. Lenine is president of this body. It is made up of the Commissaires, corresponding to our cabinet officers. The beauty of the system to the Bolshevik is its immediate response to public sentiment, since a delegate can be recalled at any time. The Bolsheviks, of course, take care to keep out all members of other parties through the suffrage restrictions and their ability to declare an election void.

The Soviet idea is also used in the minute regulation of economic affairs. Each factory has its own Soviet, which, along with the peasant Soviet, sends delegates to a Regional Board of National Economy, which controls local economic affairs and carries out the orders of the Supreme Board of National Economy. This last body is established under the Central Executive Committee. "It is given the right," to quote the Constitution, "of confiscation, requisition, sequestration, and compulsory syndication of various branches of industry and commerce and other measures in the domain of production, distribution, and state finance." It undertakes to control output, allotment of raw materials and prices, so that we see economic life would be arbitrarily regulated instead of being left to natural laws. Needless to say, the at-

tempt has resulted in complete failure, as the Bolsheviki themselves admit.

It is a much debated question as to whether the Bolsheviki represent the people or not. The attitude of the masses at present in regard to the Bolsheviki can be only a matter of conjecture. While probably not in the majority, they are much stronger than formerly. It is well known that they are regarded with increased favor by the peasants on account of economic advantages given to them. At the time of the Bolshevik coup d'état and for a long period afterward, the Bolsheviki were a very small minority. Conclusive evidence for this is found in the fact that, by elections based on universal suffrage after the Bolsheviki had seized the government, the Constituent Assembly turned out to be three-fifths anti-Bolsheviki. It was only in the cities that the Bolsheviki had a strong hold, and even here they were very few. According to the *Truth*, the official paper of the Bolsheviki, there were, in 1918, only 9,000 members in Petrograd. According to figures given at the Second Moscow District Conference of the Communist Party, there were only 2,881 members or only seven per cent of all proletarians in the most industrial district of all Russia. Sixty-three per cent of these joined since November, 1917. The peasantry is the most hostile element. We have seen that once they obtained the land they lost all interest in Bolshevism. Their hostility was then aroused by the disadvantageous price set on their farm products as compared with the fabulous wages of the city workmen. It was only by restoring private trade in foods that they would sell their products. The hostility of the peasant is still further proved by the disadvantageous representative apportionment, as compared with the cities. At one time the Bolsheviki, to retain their hold, were forced to substitute for the ordinary village Soviet a special "Committee of the Poor," composed of the poorest and most worthless elements.

It may be asked, then, why the Bolsheviki still manage to keep in power? In the first place, the anti-Bolshevist elements are not strongly organized. The great mass of the peasantry are inert and lifeless, politically. The leaders are divided, as illustrated in the many anti-Bolshevist movements we know of. It seems as if no one faction is itself strong enough to take over the government.

Lenine expressed it properly when he said: "They call us political corpses, and that may be true, but I want to ask who is going to bury us—who can?" The Bolshevists are, on the other hand, and always have been very strongly organized. Their strength lies in the politically strategic places, the cities and army. Besides being by nature more radical, the city must adhere to the Bolshevikist whether they would or not, because of the latter's control over the food supply. This reason also applies to the army, which is composed of men who are in it because there they get better food than anywhere else. The army has served the Reds as usefully for waging their tyranny as it did the Tzars.

To give an idea of the personnel of the Bolsheviki, it would be easier to tell who are not, for not a single Russian is found among their ranks who is eminent in other fields. Evidently Lenine himself did not think much of his compatriots when he said: "Among one hundred so-called Bolshevikist there is one real Bolshevikist with thirty-nine criminals and sixty fools." Many of them are fanatics from all the capitals of the world, while others are shrewd adventurers. Gorki, himself a Bolshevikist adherent, said that there are only a few thousand deeply sincere men in the party. "The new men coming into power are less fine and idealistic than certain old leaders who have lived themselves out. Some of the new leaders are cruel and uncultured. Most of them will not compromise because they are fanatics." The internationalistic beliefs of the Bolshevists are certainly well expressed in

personnel. Many of the highest leaders are from the cities of the United States. Visitors have noted the fact in going into Smolney Institute, the Bolshevist Capitol, very little Russian was spoken. Jews are found everywhere from the lowest to the highest places in the government, which fact has caused much unjust criticism of the Jew. It must be remembered that the Jews form the most educated and politically conscious single element in Russia and so, naturally, their proportion of leaders in any such movement would be large. The rank and file are Bolshevists for the reason that it gives them abundant opportunities for graft, laziness and big pay.

The Truth, in speaking of the Soviet employees of Petrograd, asks the question, "Are the nine thousand upholding the cause of Bolshevism acting in accordance with their convictions?" and answers, "No, most of them are in ignorance of the principles of the Communists which at heart they do not believe in, but all the employees of the Soviet study these principles much the same as under the rule of the Tzar they turned their attention to police rules, in order to get ahead."

The principal leaders, however, such as Lenine and Trotsky, are really men of high education and seriousness of purpose. Both the two mentioned have served terms in prisons and have been exiled to Siberia, which, as in the case of others, sufficiently demonstrates their earnestness. They generally come of middle class families. Lenine is of the minor nobility.

In reaching a conclusive estimation of Bolshevism, let us not imitate the sneer of the Pharisees, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Their most conspicuous failure is in their economic experiment, which was the primary thing extreme Socialists have been fighting for; but much that they have done is good and must be retained. It is even unfair to denounce the Soviet system as an evil form of government, because it can be made as democratic as ours without changing

the structure. The evil consists rather in the spirit with which the government has been imbued by the faction in power; it is a spirit derived from a distorted idea of humanity.

An analysis of this underlying spirit of Bolshevism is its indictment, and we can see how it will inevitably fail. In the first place, it has no regard for moral standards. Their philosophy consists in "The end justifies the means," and with this they cover up all their sins. Instead of teaching love for fellow-man, they teach hatred. In the next place, Bolshevism is not human. It would make each person simply a cog of the state, with no personal initiative or individuality. It looks with hostile eyes upon what is dearest to the heart of man—the church and the home. Chichermin, the Commissaire of Foreign Affairs, declared that the church and the home stood in the progress of modern society and must be swept aside.

A conclusive proof of the erroneous principles of Bolshevism is the fact that the Soviet Government is slowly evolutionizing, their most cherished theories being thrown aside. It is very likely that there will be no sudden collapse of the Bolshevik regime and perhaps there will finally emerge from the chaos something in government better than the world has yet seen.

SO SOON COMES DEATH

A. P. P.

A new young life, a golden strand,
A hero now is knighted,
A far off hope, a distant land
A vow—'tis made and plighted;
A longing heart, a warrior bold,
A wish for earthly treasures,
A shaded pool, a bulk of gold
A span, is all life measures.

A tuft of grass, a flock of geese,
A skylark soaring high,
A rushing train, a dream of peace,
A life and then we die.
A vision, sweet, of future years,
A fond hope of "to be,"
A host of smiles, a flood of tears,
And then a wide, wide sea.

A silent look, far, far ahead,
Dark waters, heaving, rolling,
A mass of creatures, cold and dead,
A word of truth consoling;
A puny bark, a splashing oar,
Beyond is hell or bliss,
A chilling breath, another shore,
And gone the sweets of this!

THE IMPETUOUS JOURNALIST

C. S. GREEN

"Call for Mr. Beckwith! Call for Mr. Beckwith!" The cry rang up and down the corridors of the Copley-Plaza as the gray-coated page searched here and there for an answer to his call.

From the far end of the extreme east corridor there emerged out of the shadows the figure of a man. Standing about six feet, with broad shoulders and head erect, James Fenimore Beckwith presented the appearance of a young man of twenty-five—whose life's work he had yet to begin.

Could it be so? Was he to start so soon at the work he considered his calling? Truly such luck was his, as he found from reading the contents of the yellow envelope which was handed him.

"Your application for position on staff of *The Globe* received and accepted. Please report at my office on Monday, June 23."

JAMES R. GARLAND, *City Editor.*

On Thursday evening, June 19th, James Fenimore Beckwith, boarded the Overland Express that was to take him to that great western city, San Francisco. To one who had never before traveled this beautiful portion of our fair land, the scenery along the line from Boston to San Francisco was indeed entrancing. As the heavy train zig-zagged up the long, barren slope of the mountain, there could be seen far to the east, the shimmering sun-filled haze that lies, always like a veil of mystery, over the vast reaches of this mountain valley.



C. R. HARRICK
Business Manager

Down the steep grade of the narrow canon on the coast side of the mountain pass the Overland thundered, and from the car window Beckwith caught tantalizing glimpses of bright pastures with their contented dairy-cows and with their white farm houses set in the shade of giant trees. On the rounded shoulders and steep flanks of the canon, the barley fields looked down upon the meadows; in the whirling landscape, winding side canons, beautiful with evergreen and laurel, led the eye away toward the pine fringed ridges; while above, the higher snow-clad peaks and domes of the mountain range still shone coldly against the blue.

It was Monday morning when James F. Beckwith hailed a taxi that was to take him to the offices of *The Evening Globe*, one of the leading dailies of the city. His heart was "bubbling over" with happiness at the realization that he had attained his ambition—that his opportunity had come.

His first week was trying in every detail. He found it hard to adapt himself to the style of writing of this particular paper and in the process of adaptation was doomed to many abuses and "kicks" from his city editor. But his ability to express himself with such ease and preciseness, and his use of such an unlimited vocabulary, won for him a place of dislike in the jealous minds of his associates. And had it not been for this jealousy there would never have been this story which I am telling you.

It was not long after Beckwith began his work as reporter that he was assigned by his city editor to an interview with Jonathan Aulander. At this time this famous financier was approaching the zenith of his power over Wall Street and Lombard Street. During the previous week the leading journals of the country had announced that he had "absorbed" the Great Eastern and Western Railway System—by methods which had won for him the title, "The Royal

Bandit," whenever he was spoken of by some prominent men and some newspapers.

The city editor had two reasons for sending Beckwith on this interview—first, because he did not like him; second, because he knew that any other man on the staff would walk around for an hour and return to report that Aulander had refused to receive him, while Beckwith would make an honest effort.

Seeing Beckwith saunter out of the building and down the street—tall, slender, calm, cheerful—you would never have thought that he was on his way to talk with one of the worst-tempered men in the whole of San Francisco, for a newspaper which that man peculiarly detested, and on a subject which he did not care to discuss with the public. Beckwith turned in at the Trust Building and went up to the floor occupied by Aulander, Upchurch, and Blakeny, Brokers. He nodded to the attendant at the door of Aulander's own suite of offices, strolled tranquilly down the aisle between the several rows of desks at which sat Aulander's personal clerks, and knocked at the glass door on which was printed "Mr. Aulander" in small gilt letters.

"Come:" It was an angry voice—Aulander at his worst.

Beckwith, without hesitation, opened the door. Aulander glanced up from the mass of papers before him. His red forehead became a network of wrinkles and his scant eyebrows bristled.

"And who are you?" he snarled.

"My name is Beckwith—James F. Beckwith," replied our young reporter, with a gracefully polite bow. "Mr. Aulander, I believe?"

It was impossible for Mr. Aulander altogether to resist the impulse to bow in return.

"And what the dev—what can I do for you?"

"I am a reporter from the—"

"What!" roared Aulander, leaping to his feet in a purple, swollen-veined fury.

"Quite true, sir, I am a reporter from *The Globe*. I have only been on the staff a few days and the city editor sent me to interview you that I might have in the beginning of my journalistic career a presumably difficult task."

As the youth stood boldly before him, looking clearly into his eyes, a slight smile was seen creeping over the face of the financier as the young man continued.

"I was told before I left the office that every young man starting his work on the staff of *The Globe* had been assigned to an interview with you, and after a few hours had returned stating he had not been received."

The eyes of the financier twinkled as he recalled to mind various instances when men from different papers had attempted an interview with him, only to be refused even admittance to his office.

"I determined as I came here to show you what an interview with so great man as yourself would mean to a young reporter—"

"Well, what do I—"

"And that it was no more than right that the general public upon whom you were absolutely dependent for a living should know something of your life and success in the financial world."

"And where is there any reason in that?" he queried in a slightly calmer manner.

"That they may be induced by an example set by you, and by the lessons your experiences have taught, to become successful also."

The old man's face was aglow and he responded in a tone which he had never before been heard to use.

"Well, now, my young fellow, I have never had it put before me in just that manner until now, and I really think

I have been very stubborn in the past and almost impudent to the people who were most interested in my business prosperity."

Mr. Aulander dropped into the chair at his desk, and resting his feet on a stool near by, turned to the young man, who was still standing, studying with a keen eye the man in the chair before him.

"Have that seat, Mr. Beckwith, and let me tell you something about myself," he said politely.

The impetuous journalist had won. Mr. Aulander had hardly begun to speak before the swiftly moving pen of Beckwith was putting on paper the story of the life—failures and successes—triumphs and defeats—of this well-known financier.

An hour later, Mr. Aulander, with head thrown back, and eyes sparkling, turned to Beckwith.

"Well, young fellow, you think you have it all there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"All right, suppose you read it then. I would like to hear of myself as others will read of me."

After the story had been read, the old man slapped his hand on the desk, and ejaculated, "My, that's a bully story, Beckwith, let me congratulate you."

All eyes were turned on Beckwith as he entered the editorial rooms of *The Globe* and walked briskly to his desk. The rapid clicking of the typewriter told his associates that he had succeeded—where they had failed.

As time passed on, each Monday morning was spent by Beckwith in an interview with Mr. Aulander, who always received him gladly and talked freely to him of the plans he had for his future business projects and the things he hoped to accomplish. Sometimes, too, they discussed together prospects for the future of the life of our young friend.

But all this time, Beckwith's work with his paper, though not so difficult as at first, was at times very trying, and it took "the best that was in him" to hold creditably his "exalted" position on the staff. But success comes to those who strive, and nine months from the time he first began his work as reporter, he was selected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Garland, the city editor.

But even this position did not prevent him from spending many evenings by the fireside or on the porch of the Aulander mansion, and with this routine of regular living and writing the years were destined to glide swiftly, but not silently by, while Aulander and Beckwith became stauncher friends than ever. And in becoming interested in the career of the man, the financier became interested, also, in the paper for which this young man was working, which he himself had mortally despised only a few years before.

And then came another Monday morning. A beautiful Monday morning in May. For some weeks since Beckwith had become city editor his regular calls at the office of the financier had been abandoned, but this morning he decided to drop in on his old friend. When he had walked slowly through the crowded streets and still more slowly strolled into his friend's office, he was surprised to find the financier in such an unusually happy-go-lucky mood.

"Beckwith," began the quiet, businesslike voice, after greetings of the morning had been exchanged, "I have quite a surprise for you. I have just bought the entire plant of *The Evening Globe*."

"What's that?" asked the bewildered Beckwith.

"Yes, and I have already completed the selection of my staff, which I have headed with James Fenimore Beckwith, editor-in-chief."

To the young man, too shocked for expression, Mr. Aulander continued.

"For the past three years I have had an excellent opportunity to observe your make-up, and ever since your first interview with me I have known that you were cut out for something more than a mere reporter, or even a city editor, so I have bought the paper that you might have your chance."

Young Beckwith was dumb-stricken. Was he dreaming? Could it be possible? He, a few years ago, an insignificant reporter, now editor-in-chief of a San Francisco evening daily.

"But, sir, I do not understand why you should do all this for me," he finally managed to say.

The financier rose and took Beckwith's hand, placing his own left hand on the young man's shoulder, he began to speak.

"You have been good to me, young fellow. You have shown me your best qualities, and they shall be rewarded. My lawyer left this on my desk this morning."

As he spoke he pointed to a large envelope lying on his desk, inscribed, "The Last Will and Testament of Jonathan Aulander."

The old man continued: "I am getting old now. I can't live many more years, and I have no near relatives who have ever taken any interest in me, and you are the only one to whom I feel in the least indebted. So I have written that all that I have shall be yours at my death, to do with as you please. I hope you will use it wisely and bring glory and honor to your own name and respect for the name of the man whom most people despised, but whom you helped in enjoying the life of this world."

PHASES OF EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS

A. P. STEPHENS

The fact that all colleges and universities are filled to an overflowing capacity is one of the long looked-for attainments. Not occasionally, even in the less frequented haunts, are members of this or that denomination heard relating joyfully the crowded conditions that exist at his or her Alma Mater. This situation, which only a few years ago was a dream, and less vivid at that—but today an outstanding fact—is subject to present or even now presents a precarious condition as regards education.

The question automatically comes, are the colleges willing to content themselves in the fact that their adequacy is satisfied? The preceding question, answered in the negative, is augmented, we hope, to a compelling force, as students are turned away because of the lack of room. After all, then, it is not wholly consoling to know that the facilities of colleges and universities for accommodation are utilized in a major way. Perhaps the casual observer is satisfied with the present enrollment of the various educational institutions, but when the man appears who is conscious of the needs of higher educational efficiency the casual observer's mediaeval conception of betterment fades intractively into utter insignificance. The need then, it seems, is men who have education at heart, not in a provincial way, but rather in a cosmopolitan way; men who are willing to impart to those with whom they come in contact, even at a sacrifice, the importance of college training.

There is a growing tendency on that part of some to lull in their activities, inasmuch as their immediate associates, friends, and relatives are among the even now fortunate few,

comparatively, who are enjoying the privileges afforded by higher educational centers. There are unearthen treasures, in the way of boys and girls, sufficient to warrant educational leaders in providing better, more complete, and more enticing accommodations about the several institutions throughout the country. Not only are the prospective students numerous enough to warrant such a forward step, but if our fancy is not too illusionary, they are strong enough if only interested, to coerce the heads of the several denominational institutions to "prepare a place" for their educational safety. But they would not stop here; they would force the heads of State Education, who have made more adequate preparation, to behold the onflow of tenacity for educational advantages and make provisions commensurate with the demand. If it is the desire of educators to see masses educated where few have enjoyed these rights, which are inherently the property of mankind, there must be the kindling of interest among the uninterested and a rekindling amidst the careless. If maximum preparation is provided, or even successfully striven for, some determinants must be taken into consideration. Just so far as these determinants are ignored, so far is the condition dangerous; the extent these needs are remedied, just so bright or brighter become the possibilities of the civilized world.

I shall now name some of the needs as I see them. To some they may appear obsolete and unimportant, and even others may suggest that a remedy is impossible, but in this age of forward strides we should consider the worth of the old adage, "Do the impossible." I contend, however, that they are not impossible, rather very probable, and only await the manifestation of the proper interest in the proper sources.

In almost numberless homes throughout the fertile farming sections and mill districts of our country are boys and girls whose visions are dimmed by the lack of interest of parents, sometimes unfortunately, with whom they are associated. It

is not at all seldom that parents of such an attitude are heard to say, "I ain't got any education and I have made a living. My children, they can do likewise. Too much work to do to send them to school." Again do we hear words like these from parents who are a little more considerate, yet visionless, "I am going to give my children enough education to read and write. That is more than I had." Only those who have associated extensively with men who have this contempt for education can fully sympathize with the child who is robbed of its heritage by, at present, irresponsible parents, at least partially.

May the time soon come when parents of this type shall have a deeper insight into the fundamentals of life; may they hear the call that has for so long a time found no response within their bosoms—the call that seeks admittance to inform them of the equal opportunities that are ungrudgingly held out before all mankind. If it is impossible to instill into the minds of parents the possibilities, once unchained never conquerable, that are seeking recognition in the better nature of their children, may those sources in which rests their only hope become so interested that their work shall cease being community-like and be individual. If parents fail to provide, upon what sources, mainly, are the children about whom we are talking dependent? They are dependent upon the college men who yearly leave our colleges.

The question quickly arises: have we the fortunate and providential ones properly considered the class that is the theme of this article? The foregoing is answered when the following questions are answered. When the college student returns home for the vacation season, with whom does he associate chiefly? Is it true that students in general seek the fellowship of the upper class to an uncalled-for degree? To be more specific, it seems that the students who come from the better homes are, with few exceptions, inclined to shun

their inferiors, so far as wealth and prominence are concerned. As previously intimated, some thoughtful ones break this apparently jeopardizing precedent. It is indeed encouraging to see students occasionally from homes of the type named above, who during their vacations expend unintermitting efforts to make some visionless boy or girl catch a glimpse of the better things of life, which are an outcome of education.

Then what about the average student that comes from the more conservative homes, the farm, etc. ? It must be astonishing for the neighbors of some students, not to say anything about the parents of such students, to behold their contemptuous disposition after attending college. It remains a fact, that the boy or the girl who spends even one year in college has a new conception of life, is a bigger person, but how pathetic it is to see the sole purpose of education thwarted, as in many instances it is, by the student who fails to glimpse vividly his never ceasing duty towards his fellow-man. College training should make a man sympathetic; it should make him aspire for an opportunity to help the one that is unavoidably suppressed. It is obvious that those who are mentioned are the most sensitive and critical people anywhere, but with the proper ideals coupled with like determination we can prove to them the sanity of college training.

Many students leave homes of moderate means, at that time very intimate with the families in that neighborhood, which families rejoice in their young friends' decision to enter college, only to have their interest subsided upon their return by the students' forgetfulness of their past relationship. Numerous affections, love and all best wishes have been effaced by ungrateful students. More than that; such an attitude upon the part of students brings embarrassment, sorrow, and disgust to their friends of childhood days. Statements like these are oftentimes made by an embarrassed and sorrowing old lady: "I wouldn't have thought that George would have

treated me like that, as many times as I have rocked him on my knees. He used to love me, but he don't now." On the other hand, statements like this are uttered by the disgusted parents who are neighbors to the father of George: "If that is what a college education does for a boy, I don't want mine to go to college." They continue, "An education makes a fool of a boy. Why look at Sam Jones, there wasn't a friendlier boy in this whole community before he went to college last year, and now he hardly turns his head when passing." Students can bring about a revolution in this respect. Shall we or shall we not continue our carelessness?

There is another phase of the question partially discussed in the preceding paragraph. Students who have acquired such a disposition while at college, after their return home become narrow and even selfish in their narrowness, because of their promotion to an association with the better class in their community. A student rightfully rises in the estimation of any class when he proves that he has a vision which he is striving to make a reality. The result is that such a student is invited to attend social functions in homes, in which he was never admitted before leaving for college. Such a promotion sometimes makes him cranky and despicable. After such an introduction comes the feeling on the part of some, "Now if I associate with John Little's family down the road, who live in a small three-room house, the well-to-do Smith family will no longer invite me into their home." How fallacious! The boy or the girl that assumes such an unbecoming disposition loses the esteem of both families more times than they think for. Incidentally, is this spirit or any of its deplorable kindred ever demonstrated around college? The students have a distinct part to play in arousing interest among the nonaspiring.

There is dire need of a revolution of ideas among public and high school teachers. It is surprising, nevertheless true,

to observe the position of no small per cent of teachers on the vital subject of education. Some of these have never entered college, hence they do not have colleges at heart. They fail to lay stress on the importance of college work because it reveals to them so strikingly, the seriousness of their mistake. Such folly should bring about remorse of conscience, but in the meantime such delinquents should profit by their mistakes, if in no other way, by showing others the handicaps brought about by the go-easy course they selected. Are such teachers afraid that if pupils of theirs attend college that they will return to the community with an increased appreciation of learning and lower their estimation in the eyes of the committeemen? The preceding question, in some instances, is suggestive.

There is another class of teachers who have spent one or two years in college, but for some reason failed to return. In many cases teachers of this unfortunate class are kickers, principally, due to their own hard luck, and thus discourage their students in their lofty ideas of college life. The teacher who fails in this class needs an infusion of the qualifications of manhood or womanhood as the case may be; they need a thorough examination and this examination should be conducted by the afflicted, after some person of a loftier aim has inculcated into the afflicted at least a spark of genuine manhood or womanhood.

A class yet remains, honorable generally, that needs the enrichment which comes as a result of unselfish consecration, linked with concentration on the components of effective leadership. I allude to the ministers. Certainly no class or sect, unless it be the teachers, has more to do with shaping the ideas of young men and women. Thus no class should have greater educational ambitions than the clergy. Numbers of ministers in North Carolina, among the Baptists especially,

have but a faint idea of what college life actually means. Many of these are noble propounders and endeavor to convince the young men and women, with whom they are in personal contact, of the imperativeness of education. To our regret a few among this number are still clinging to the detrimental idea that education is for the select few; good for those of the higher social circles, etc. Such ministers seldom mention education in their sermons. Some are even tempted to sneer at such ideas. How can we hope to attain the standard of efficiency that is now within our grasp unless such men in such influential positions are persuaded of the fatality of their ancient views?

There is another class of ministers, who, like the teachers already described, have spent one, two or three years in college, but for some reasons peculiar to themselves never finish their college course. These often become incessant kickers. Pitiably is it today, to hear some of this type kick education and the leaders in this field. Some absolutely refuse to preach on subjects relating to the betterment of so noble a cause. The clergyman who has never been to college is not so much to blame for his ideas, at least we sympathize with him, but the man who has spent even one year at an A-1 college should cherish the increase of usefulness that such a reservoir pours out to earnest seekers. Is such a lack due to lack of appreciation, or is it due to cultivated selfishness? The first is deplorable; the latter is disgusting! Only a short time ago I heard a very able Baptist preacher make some erroneous remarks concerning the head of a North Carolina institution of learning. He doubted his orthodoxy. He didn't do it while in college, why does he do it now? Is it because the pendulum is hanging so low in his direction after a comparison of himself and the president? The least that can be said of such divergent ones is that they need to awake. Whence cometh the awakening power? It will never come from the lack of just criticism.

In conclusion education has made a stride within the last few years that is encouraging, but the fact is more noticeable today than ever that it is only the beginning of an awakening. The real awakening will be reached when thousands of boys and girls, who are as yet visionless, are ushered in upon the threshold of their possibilities and caused to see that none of them is beyond their reach, if the proper determination is enthroned within their bosoms. They need, too, to realize that the lack of finances is no barrier to the one who is determined to give right away to educational aspirations. The revolution must be wrought by those who are in contact with the youth of today, and those upon whom rests such a pleasant undertaking are principally parents, teachers and ministers. Others must do their part, and their importance is not minimized by a discussion of the named potent agencies. When these controlling agencies are aroused to their duty, then it will be that instead of between five and six hundred students at Wake Forest there will be, let us predict, double and later even treble this number. Such a renaissance will demand increased educational facilities, which will easily be possible, when the proper enthusiasm is kindled among the people, among whom a revival is so greatly needed.

FO'GOTTEN?

ROY C. BROWN

I des so pow'ful lonesome
I don't know what ter do;
De days is weeks a-passin',
Won't drag deyself on thru.

Mah playmate done fo'git me,
Ain't call sence Lawd knows when
Ter set mah heart a-floppin',
Er ax me how I bin.

Dey sho' is curyous feelin's
Ter be fo'got straight out,
Unknowin' what de cause is
Er what it's all about;

But somehow hope ain't lef' me,
'Pears lak dey comes a call:
"Come, play, my little playmate,
Yo' ain't fo'got at all."

FOOLISH PETER

N. E. G.

"What in the thunder air you doin'?" It was a harsh, screeching voice which Peter heard as he was standing by the pile of stovewood with his rusty wood axe. The speaker was a red-haired woman altogether of the Amazon type both in appearance and disposition, with apparently thirty-five winters behind her and twice as many more ahead of her. She had two peerless, greenish, flint-like eyes and a deficiency of ten or a dozen teeth. She needed no painting, her cheeks were red enough. Eyebrows, she had none, so why the penciling? She was queen, farmhand, cook, nurse, washwoman and wife of a sadly mistreated husband. She had been married for upwards of fifteen years and held unwonted sway in the daring game of matrimony. Eight freckled children graced the home and a loving father (the hen-pecked husband) provided, when he was not out of a job, the finer ornaments.

"You've bin standin' right thar ten minits and hain't cut a stick o' wood yit," screeched the better half. "Why in the name o' Jupiter don't you git to work? Here it is Saturday evenin' and you standin' there gapin' and scratchin' your head like a bloomin' fool."

"The lazy good-for-nothin' scoundrel! Nobody but a stark-natal fool 'ud do like he does," she hissed under her smothered breath as she went back into the kitchen.

The husband looked at her and snarled. Of course he was insulted; his feelings had been sorely wounded. Sullenly he picked up his axe and began cutting again, muttering now and then some threat or rebellious intention. He thought of her and his brow darkened with anger. He thought of the years to come and grew faint at heart. He thought of the task



I. K. STAFFORD
Assistant Business Manager

ahead of him, the towering pile of stovewood to split, and sat down in despair. Then he thought of the possibility of spying, fiery female eyes, and went to work again, though somewhat slower than before.

Presently, he stopped still. He recalled his wife's hissed remark and remembered the words clearly. "Nobody but a stark-natal fool 'ud do like he does." He now remembered that yesterday practically these same words had been addressed to him by his employer.

"Peter," he had said, "you are not fit to perform the duties of assistant janitor and I think best to discharge you. You are careless and lazy. Most any boy could do the work better than you do. You don't work half your time and just stand around like a silly jackass. Nobody but a fool would do like you do."

He then thought of his former employer. With practically the same words had he been dismissed from his workshop. Instance after instance loomed up in his mind. Year after year, he backward turned his eye and beheld the host of men and women calling him a fool. He was a fool when he moved to town, a fool when he moved to the country, a fool for keeping his farm and a fool for selling it. He was a fool for getting married, a fool for not marrying sooner, a fool for leaving school, and a fool for ever going. Everybody said he was a fool. He was a foolish child, a foolish boy, a foolish youth, a foolish man. At work he was a fool, and at play he was a fool. Always, forever, and eternally at everything he tried to do, did or didn't do, he was a fool. In fact, he was nothing but a fool, pure and simple.

This terrible realization almost overpowered him. "Was he really crazy?" he repeated time and again in his troubled mind. Sometimes he thought he was, and then he thought he wasn't.

Why he had done some things that had been commended by every one. In school there was not a boy in his class who could work arithmetic better than he. One of his teachers had said that he would some day be a great business man. And yet the boys and girls called him a fool! Perhaps it was because he could not learn anything else under the sun. They had laughed when he spelled or read. On history he failed point-blank. Not a place in geography could he remember, while his English career culminated with the following poem, written to this woman who now screeched at him:

“I’m a bloody worthless hero,
With a goose-hoe in my hand,
But my arms would make for Sally
A great entwining, circling band.”

Yes, he must be a fool, for who else but a fool would ever have thought of wanting to make of his arms a great entwining, circling band for Sally? Wearily he laid down his axe and stalked slowly toward the kitchen.

He must be crazy. His mind now filled with the horrors of life within the insane asylum. The danger seemed imminent. He fancied himself tearing his hair and screaming foolish things. He would be chained and left alone in horrible darkness. People would peep at him. Children would be frightened at the haggard form and the wild meaningless eyes. His own children would hate to claim their father. The keepers would treat him mean and everybody would despise him. More than this, the spirits of another world would tantalize him with their haunting presence. Bony fingers would point accusingly at him and empty eyesockets would gaze upon him by day and by night. Already he felt their presence about, above, and below.

But was he really crazy? He couldn't be. Why he knew everything. Knew where he was, who he was, what day of

the week it was, and in fact everything about him was just like it was yesterday or any other time in all his troubled life. No, he was not crazy. Yes, he was crazy; no, he wasn't. And debating thus in his mind he reached the kitchen door.

"Sally," he said tremulously, "do you think I am a fool?"

His wife was bending over the bread tray humming some song in a drooning, tuneless, monotone. On the floor were two or three bawling babies.

"Of course you air a fool. Hain't I told you time and agin that you was a fool? How many times do you expect me to tell you 'bout it? Now you go back yonder and git to cuttin' that thar stovewood," said she, flinging a sprinkling of wet bread-dough on his face and clothes.

And wearily the poor man went slowly back to the detested wood pile. He picked up his axe and energetically began chopping, still debating his deplorable condition in his mind.

"If I'm a fool," he said to himself, "I wouldn't know to cut wood or do nothin'."

Suddenly to his great surprise the pile of wood began growing. Slowly, slowly, slowly, it grew, taller and broader and all the while he became smaller. His axe was but a straw beside those huge pieces of wood. He was frightened, sickened. Maybe he was mistaken, and he rubbed his eyes. But there, still there, was the monstrous wood pile. He looked imploringly toward the kitchen and called for his wife. "Sally, Sally, for heaven's sake come here!"

"I'm coming, don't you worry 'bout that," and out of the kitchen door stepped a towering woman with a rolling pin in her hand.

Onward came Sally and larger did she grow. With every step she grew taller, stouter and fiercer. The rolling pin grew in proportion, while poor Peter became smaller and smaller. He must escape this flaming, blood-thirsty woman. Speedily he betook himself to the nearby garden wall and hid among

the swaying Jerusalem oak weeds. On came his wife, bellowing and thundering. Her heavy tread was terrible to hear, her countenance fierce to behold. She looked high and low for her husband, but all in vain. Then uttering words of contempt and threat, she started back toward the kitchen. And the haunted vagabond emerged from the Jerusalem oak weeds to see his diminishing wife enter the kitchen.

Then Peter sat down and would have cried but couldn't. For hours he sat there bewailing a lunatic's fate. Gradually he took the situation in. Fully he pondered in his racking mind if he were crazy or not. Sometimes he thought he was and then he thought he wasn't.

It was getting late in the afternoon when Peter awoke and stared about him. He had dreamed that he was crazy, and it frightened him. He remembered now that it was Saturday and all his friends would go down to the store. They would be talking about him. Poor crazy Peter: But was he really crazy, again popped up in his mind? Perhaps not. He would see what his friends thought about it.

Like a guilty cur he sauntered down the road. A woman and a little girl stopped to look at him. Then they began laughing and they laughed and laughed.

"Peter, you're a fool," said the woman, while Peter stood staring at her. "Why don't you wear your hat, instead of carrying it along in your hand?"

And Peter for the first time noticed that he had his hat in his hand just as when Sally was after him with the rolling pin.

At the store he conversed but little with his friends, fearing lest they should discover that he was crazy. He had been sitting on a fish box and hadn't spoken a word for at least an hour. Then Jeff Porter came up where he was sitting.

"Why in the h—l ain't you talkin' today? Peter Simpkins, you're crazy."

This banished all doubts from Peter's mind. He was indeed and in truth a crazy man, for Jeff Porter had found it out without his saying a word. He might as well go on to the asylum, for he was a doomed man. So without heeding Porter's remarks and never saying a word he started toward the station. But the question again came in his mind, was he really a crazy man? Sometimes he thought he was, and then he thought he wasn't.

Just then he saw John Smith and Felix Edwards coming down the road in a top buggy and driving a bony old gray mule. Now, Peter argued that a crazy man couldn't make a trade, and so at last he had a chance to convince them that he wasn't crazy.

"How much will you take fer that thar mule," he asked Felix.

"Hundr'd and fifty," said Felix. "Why?"

"Ain't that too much?" Peter asked.

"Dunno, 'cordin' how bad you want him."

"I'll take him," said Peter to the astonishment of his neighbors. "Come on, let's fix up the note."

So they went back to the store and made out the note, while the group of astonished men stood and gasped at Peter Simpkins, calling him a fool, for the mule had sold for fifty dollars only yesterday.

But Peter cared not for their taunting remarks. He had sense enough to make a trade. Of course he wasn't crazy! There was but one thing to mar his happiness. That was Sally when the mule got home.

However, the events of the day and the continuous remarks of his neighbors had their effect. Peter remembered that in school there was a debating society. "Now," thought he, "if I can debate I certainly ain't crazy. I'll show these people that I'm not." The opportunity was not long coming. As the men sat around talking and whittling some one remarked that

Bill Hawkins was coming down the road in his new wagon. Immediately Peter was on his feet and addressing a bewildered audience.

"Fellow Citizens: I'm here to discuss the object which we now see coming toward us. I denounce emphatically that the vehicle you see is a wagon. It is not. It is a rubber-tired carriage with velvet cushions. The animal pulling it, gentlemen, is not a donkey, but two dapple gray mares, and I defy any one to deny it. While sitting thereon is none other than the lordly Jim Larkins from Haw Creek Township."

"What's that you're sayin' 'bout me?" enquired a voice, coming up in the crowd.

"He said that that wusn't a wagon comin' yonder, but a carriage, and that Bill Hawkins is you," shouted a score of men in a chorus.

Now Hawkins and Larkins were sworn enemies, and Larkins was insulted because he had been called Hawkins. He therefore fell upon Peter and the poor fellow was well-nigh beaten to death. What Larkins failed to give him, Hawkins did when he came up a few minutes later.

The evening sun was fast sinking now behind the distant mountains. Peter's last card had been played. He had lost hopelessly every time. There was nothing for him to do but to submit to the dreaded fate. If he was not crazy, he soon would be and he knew it.

A beaten man, he went over to the little ash tree, untied his mule, mounted her back and started for the *Devil's Inn*, where Sally reigned. He would not allow himself to think of the meeting with her. In fact, he could not think, for his mind was occupied with thoughts of another matter.

Perhaps we had better draw the curtain just here for a few minutes, as Peter is now in the barnyard with his mule and Sally is there, too. Refined ears must not hear their conver-

sation. We can only imagine that Peter was undergoing some of the very experiences of poor Rip a hundred years previous.

The battle with words and pitchforks must have lasted nearly an hour. It had grown dark. Peter was lying on the bed in his own room and around him there was a group of excited men and women. Yes, he understood. They were discussing his case. It was all over with him.

So he was crazy. They put handcuffs on him. They hauled him to the asylum. The walls loomed up ominously. The gates were ajar. They talked to the gatekeeper. They went in. Then click—and Peter awoke.

"Oh," muttered the tired bookkeeper, rubbing his eyes.

Sally was in the adjoining kitchenette cooking supper. He noticed to his surprise that she was slender and beautiful. The red hair was a mass of fluffy gold.

"Peter, will you please go down and ask the janitor to give us more heat?" she entreated sweetly.

"Sally, do you think I'm a fool?"

"Why, what put such an idea in your head, Peter?" she asked with surprise.

"Well, I thought—when I came home and told you—I had bought the farm," he stuttered, "you called me—"

Sally smothered the rest of the sentence, as she flew into his arms, with apologizing kisses. They had been married only three months.

CONFUCIUS, THE SAGE OF CHINA

R. A. HERRING

In order to appreciate the life and doctrines of any teacher it is necessary to know first something of the conditions under which he lived. The twenty-five centuries between the time of Confucius' birth and the present day reveals, in comparison with the history of the majority of ancient nations, nearly a prehistoric age. However, the chronicles have been so well preserved that our early history of one of the oldest governments in the world is regarded as accurate. We find China at the time of Confucius a feudal nation, differing with feudal Europe primarily in the absence of a unified religious zeal. The third dynasty, that of Chow, was waning; the thirteen feudal states were in confusion, each struggling to gain the supremacy; and the ten million or more people were in a state of degeneracy. Yet feats of arms, heroic virtues, great battles, and the devoted patriotism of some of the rulers combine in making the annals of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries B. C. as interesting as those of Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries A. D. At such a time then of chaos and of hero worship came Confucius, the Eastern sage and reformer.

Confucius, or Kung Fu-tze, was born 551 B. C. in a little village in the center of the province now called Shantung. His father was a renowned military leader distinguished for his powerful physical—as well as mental—strength. Because of the prevalent idea in the East of the inferiority of woman, we know little of his mother, except that she was a woman of high rank and was dearly loved by her son. The death of his father left Confucius, three years of age, and his mother in rather distressing circumstances despite their rank.

While a mere boy "he delighted to play at the arrangement of vessels and postures of ceremony." He determined at fifteen years of age to become a scholar and began acquiring the best education then available. During this time of more or less financial strain, he formed by actual contact the knowledge of the different classes of people and their various trades, which served him in such good stead in his term of power. He admired the great characters in ancient history, and on them he fixed his ideals. At eighteen he became manager of a large estate. He married a year later. Little is known about his wife or domestic life. However, we have reason to believe that, like that of Socrates, it was not one of tranquillity. Confucius was the father of one son and two daughters, whose descendants now constitute a great sized city in the home of their ancestor. A year after his marriage his mother died. His devotion for her is illustrated by the fact that he spent twenty-seven months in mourning for her death. Furthermore, he raised a great tumulus over her grave as a mark whence he might return during his wanderings. The long seclusion gave him good time to think; at its expiration he was fully determined upon his course.

At the age of twenty-two he had gained prestige enough to select a few followers. This band was chosen for their intellectual ability. Confucius himself said, "When I have presented one corner of the subject and the pupil cannot make out the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." For a while he continued his study of music and ancient history in his own district, then called Lu, engaging slightly in the politics of that time. He soon became disgusted with the bloody methods which the tyrannical rulers then employed, and determined to better them if possible. He diligently pursued his studies in the ancient methods, forming his ever-increasing band of followers into a government school with the glorious China of centuries past as the ideal. This system was entirely

successful. At the age of fifty he was made governor of the town, Chung-tu, and a year later became Minister of Works for the State. Of his good reign it is said, "He strengthened the rule and suppressed the barons. A transforming government went abroad. Dishonesty and Dissoluteness hid their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of men, and chastity and docility those of women. Strangers flocked to Lu from other states."

This Utopia could not exist long. The jealousy of neighboring states was aroused. A shrewd marquis sent in a "lure of beautiful courtesans and fine horses, which caused a breach between the sage and his ruler," who had thus far been working in such harmony. He left his beloved Lu and with a few of his closest disciples wandered over the states for thirteen years trying to put in practice their noble doctrine. During his travels, Confucius was often in imminent peril, at all times, however, he showed himself a man unafraid of danger and placid before death. Bravely he struggled against the tide of disorder. Despite the overwhelming odds he never deserted his purpose. Returning to Lu, he spent the remaining three years of his life in retirement. The death of his son and a favorite disciple, commingled with his crushed ambition, made his declining days ones of sorrow. Shortly after the death of his next beloved disciple, Tze-lu, he is quoted as saying:

"The great mountain must crumble.
The strong beam must break,
And the wise man withers away like a plant."

Seven days later, 478 B. C., he died without any outward fear or apprehension of the future. His weeping disciples buried him under a great tumulus, which, to this day, remains as the Mecca of Confucianism. His tomb is situated in a grove of cypress trees; near it are marble tablets of suc-

ceeding Imperial dynasties glowing with tributes to the one man whom China delights to honor.

It might be well to consider the teachings of this great sage as he himself advanced them, and as they came to be interpreted in later times. The reader will bear in mind that in referring to the Chinese religion it will be considered as it was twenty years ago in Imperial China. Since then a vast step has been taken—a step from the ancient into the modern.

It is already evident that Confucius was no religious leader. Confucianism is merely classicism. He was an intensely patriotic political reformer emulating the illustrious examples of antiquity. He could proffer no help from above. However, Confucius did not deny the existence of a Supreme Being, he ignored it. His purpose was to show men the paths of rectitude and to teach man the things which would contribute to his personal happiness, and to the uplift of the community of which he was an integral. This sage maintained that men were born good, dividing them into four classes: those born with the possession of knowledge; those who learn and thus gain knowledge readily; those who are dull and stupid and yet learn; and those who are dull and do not learn. Thus, with Confucius, knowledge was the fundamental basis of everything. To rule, he advocated, the state well one must control his family; to control his family one must cultivate his person; to cultivate his person one must rectify his heart; to rectify his heart one must be sincere in his thoughts and must acquire utmost knowledge. In furthering this belief he gave many codes involving every moral relationship of one with another which could well be adopted in modern life.

The worship of the "Perfect Sage" is universally performed before tablets by which the spirit is represented. Animals and silk are sacrificed before his shrine in the numerous provincial temples. Although his most magnificent temple is

in Shantung, his worship reached its height at the Confucian temple in Peking, where the Emperor goes out twice a year to worship, sacrifice and pray to the "Teacher in virtue equal to Heaven and earth, whose doctrines embrace the past times and the present."

CONTENTMENT

N. E. GRESHAM

Theres a tale that is told of a land somewhere,
Abounding in the good things of life,
And its sands are pure gold and there is no care,
No pain, no anguish nor strife.

There's a city they say, far up in the clouds,
Walled in with marble so white,
Where there is no death, no clinging white shrouds,
Nor ever doth come the dark night.

But I dwell in a land far dearer to me,
Than any such regions, I know,
For I have all the earth, both land and the sea,
Ah, beautiful earth here below!

And when life is good I revel in song,
I drink of the fruits of the vine;
The cares of my brother to me all belong
And likewise his pleasures are mine.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

—
N. E. GRESHAM, Editor
—

Dr. Potcat The discussion in several of the denominational papers throughout the South concerning Dr. Potcat's views on certain theological questions, has created not a little excitement among southern Baptists. Mr. Martin, an evangelist of some distinction, has made a number of statements regarding Dr. Potcat's religious ideals which are, to say the least, severe and antagonistic. Just what he is driving at we have



N. E. GRESHAM
Phi. Editor-in-Chief

so far been unable to discover, nor does the accuser attempt to give us much light on the subject. The biggest thing we can learn is that "Dr. Poteat, as president of Wake Forest College, is poisoning the minds of the young men who come here, with some sort of infidel doctrine." In other words, he is not conforming to the A. B. C.'s of the Baptist Creed. He has, at some time during his career, made the statement that God is the father of all men, rich or poor, young or old, white or black, and has insinuated

"That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

To be frank, the whole trouble as we see it is the result of either one or all of three things. First, Mr. Martin is too narrow and bigoted to grasp the full meaning of the great things Dr. Poteat has said and taught. Secondly, he is unable to see why a denomination, even through careful research and prayerful study, should form ideas differing from those a century, two centuries or five centuries old. Lastly, Mr. Martin is possibly seeking some selfish aim, either in notoriety or something else which necessitates the downfall of this great and good man.

Whether Mr. Martin is correct in his views or not, we know not, neither do we care, so long as Dr. Poteat continues to instill in our hearts lofty ideals and noble purposes; so long as he continues to preach the unfailing love of our Master and our redemption through His spilt blood.

There are some things which even the world's greatest scholars cannot understand, some things beyond the grasp of Dr. Poteat's powerful mind and far, yes, far, beyond that of Mr. Martin's. Those things are the unexplainable. One of them is the relationship between God and man. We can never, until we have fully realized our dependence upon God and felt in the hour of despair His strong care bearing

us up, understand its meaning. The bereaved wife and mother can in part understand it, the saved sinner can understand it, the returned prodigal can understand it, the little child playing among the woodland flowers can understand it, but the theologian—never!

We feel that we voice the sentiment of the student body when we say that Dr. Poteat has been unjustly censured. There is not a man in college who seems to be very much alarmed because of the information that his mind is "being poisoned," and we have some pretty good fellows here, too.

**Douglass'
Poems**

Wake Forest College views always, with a feeling of peculiar pride, the achievements of her sons in the literary world. Nothing speaks better for the worth of the college than the works of those men who have, during the past years, won a name for themselves and made worthy contributions in the field of literature. Year after year, we learn of some Wake Forester publishing a volume of poems, work of fiction, or something of the kind. To prove that former students of the college have been successful in this line of work, to say nothing of other lines, we have only to glance backward and behold the host of men who have been successful—Dixon, McNeil, Poe, and others.

A recent publication of poems, "The Bells," by John Jordan Douglass, seems to be expressive of the high standard set by previous writers. It is a very beautiful book, neatly bound and containing a large number of lyrics and other poems, some of which are destined, we believe, to win a high place in the field of literature. The book is dedicated "To those who fought and those who fell to make the world safe for democracy," and, of course, has poems written in memory of the

heroes and martyrs of the late war. Besides those, there are a number of lovely nature poems which are expressive of the physical characteristics of our own State and Southland. The "Bells of the Sea" are admirable, the "Bells of Destiny" are characterized by a sincerity and profoundness of thought rarely touched except by the world's greatest poets.

On the whole, all the poems convey a feeling of poetical sweetness such as only the noblest of bards can sing, besides having a clear spiritual appeal to the reader, whoever he may be. The little volume is in itself a plea for a world peace between world brothers.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

The College was very fortunate in having only a few cases of influenza and pneumonia during the influenza epidemic which appeared in many parts of the State during February and March. Although it was necessary to suspend services at the local church and other public gatherings in the town, the various activities of the College moved along without interruption.

Prof. Hubert A. Jones made a short visit to Fayetteville about the last of February. While there he had the pleasure and distinction of taking a flight with Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard in his famous DeHaviland 4 with which he won the great transcontinental air derby. Professor Jones was delighted with the flight and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Dr. Hubert M. Poteat spoke before the Ministerial class on February 26th.

Mr. Edward Brigham, basso, of New York City, gave a song and dramatic recital before a large audience in Memorial Hall on Monday evening, February 23d. His program was varied and interesting. The Lecture Committee expects to have a number of other attractions this spring.

The members of the Ministerial class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at Oxford College on Friday, March 5th, the occasion being a reception given the class by its sponsor, Miss Cornelle Cain, a student at that institution. The class was well represented at this event, and a delightful occasion was the unanimous report of those present.



C. L. WEATHERS
Eu. Editor-in-Chief

The work of remodeling the room in Memorial Building, commonly known as the small chapel, which has been in progress for some time, is nearing completion. This room has been divided into two much needed recitation rooms. It is understood that the work of remodeling the old Powers' Building, adjoining the campus, will soon begin. The first floor of this building will be converted into class rooms, and the second floor will be used as a dormitory. While these additions will do much to relieve the present crowded conditions here, considerably more building must be done to completely relieve the congestion.

Wake Forest sent representatives to the North Carolina Student Volunteer Convention, which met at Davidson College, March 11th to 15th. The delegation was composed of the following: S. E. Ayers, T. C. Allen, J. R. Nelson and C. B. Howard.

On Monday and Tuesday nights, March 8th and 9th, the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies held the intercollegiate preliminaries to select speakers to represent them in their intercollegiate debates scheduled for this spring. Quite a large number of men entered and the contest in each society was spirited. The following first speakers were chosen: E. D. Banks, F. C. Feezor, I. L. Yearby, C. M. Austin, W. M. Edwards, and L. R. Williford. At the same time B. E. Morris, D. T. Hurley, and R. C. Brown were selected as alternates. Banks and Feezor will meet Colgate University in Washington, D. C.; while Yearby and Austin will debate Baylor University at Waco, Texas; and Edwards and Williford will remain in Wake Forest for the other Baylor engagement. With such able representatives we look forward to these forensic engagements with the expectation of three victories for Wake Forest.

At a meeting of the letter men in football on March 6th, Harry A. Rabenhorst, of Baton Rouge, La., was again elected captain of the team for the season of 1920. "Harry" has played on the Baptist eleven for three years, two of which he has piloted the team, and during this time he has made a record as a football player that can hardly be equaled in this section of the country. Every one feels that the team made a wise selection.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra will leave April 8th for its spring trip. The itinerary which Manager Burns has arranged for the club includes a number of the best towns in the western part of the State.

Rev. Gordon Poteat, a returned missionary from China, visited the College from March 15th to 20th in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement. While here he addressed a large gathering at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The class contests for the various medals given by the literary societies are scheduled for this month. A large number of men are expected to enter the contests in each society and the competition should be vigorous.

The fourth annual High School Declamation Contest was successfully held on March 11th and 12th, with a total of twenty-six contestants participating in the exercises. The preliminaries were conducted on Thursday night in the two society halls and Memorial Hall, at which time ten speakers were selected to compete in the finals on the following afternoon. At the conclusion of the preliminaries an informal reception was given in the society halls in honor of the visitors. On Friday afternoon the finals took place in Memorial

Hall, with Mr. H. E. Bradley, of Mars Hill, winning the first prize, a gold medal and a scholarship to Wake Forest and Mr. H. M. Hicks, of High Point, winning the second prize, a gold pin bearing the emblems of the two societies. The College was delighted to have the contestants as its guests on this occasion, and regrets that the suspension of a number of schools due to influenza prevented a larger representation.

Speakers for the approaching Commencement have been announced. Dr. A. C. Dixon, formerly pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London, will preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. He will also deliver the Literary Address. The Alumni Address will be made by Hon. S. M. Brinson, congressman from the Third District of North Carolina. It is interesting to note that both of these speakers are Wake Forest men.

An announcement has been made that Mr. James L. White has been secured to coach athletics here next year. He is at present coach of baseball at the University of Virginia, where last fall he served as assistant football coach. The new coach will come to Wake Forest in September.

The Senior smoker, held in the law room on the night of March 5th, was one of the most delightful events of its kind ever held on the Hill. Brief speeches were made; refreshments were served; and a spirit of good fellowship prevailed throughout the evening. At this time the class decided to erect upon the campus, as a gift of the class to the College, a monument in honor of the Wake Forest men who gave their lives in the World War. This action is very commendable.

Since the last number of THE STUDENT went to press the Political Science Club has held two meetings at which

members of the club read papers. On February 26th Mr. J. S. Green read a paper on "The Veto Power in North Carolina." Two weeks later a paper was read by Mr. L. J. Britt on "Presidential Possibilities." Both of these discussions were interesting and helpful.

Members of the football team were rewarded for their service on the gridiron last fall at the chapel hour on March 5th, when sweaters and letters were given them. Sweaters bearing letters were presented to the ten men who played on the eleven for the first time last season. Ten other men who had previously won their letters were given stars. Dr. G. W. Paschal, chairman of the Faculty Athletic Committee, with a few brief words in which he explained the meaning of a Wake Forest letter, made the presentations. The men receiving sweaters bearing letters were: G. W. Blackshear, G. B. Heckman, R. B. Benton, C. B. Johnson, W. C. Jennette, J. L. Taylor, T. J. Moss, F. M. Pearce, J. C. Boylan, and W. L. Tatum (manager). Stars were given the following men: H. A. Rabenhorst, F. C. Feezor, J. L. Bundy, S. M. Pruette, F. L. Fulton, H. E. Olive, and J. H. Floyd.

Prof. C. A. Rouse read a very entertaining and instructive paper before the Cosmos Club on February 20th. His subject was "The Life and Works of Charles Dickens." On March 19th the club heard Dr. J. B. Turner, who read an able discussion on the subject of "North Carolina's Contribution in the World War."

Baseball practice began on March 1st, when forty-five men reported at the athletic field for practice as candidates for the team. Of the number reporting ten are men who have already played on a Wake Forest team, and the new material contains a number of men who come with brilliant records. "Bill"

Holding will coach the team. The outlook for one of the best baseball teams in the history of the institution is very promising.

Manager Gresham has arranged the following schedule for the season:

- March 25th—Baltimore Orioles, at Goldsboro.
- March 29th—Guilford, at Wake Forest.
- March 31st—Elon, at Wake Forest.
- April 3d—Trinity, at Wake Forest.
- April 5th—N. C. State, at Raleigh.
- April 10th—Elon, at Elon.
- April 14th—N. C. State, at Wake Forest.
- April 15th—Guilford, at Guilford.
- April 16th—High Point League, at High Point.
- April 17th—Davidson, at Davidson.
- April 19th—University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.
- April 20th—Rocky Mount League, at Rocky Mount.
- April 22d—Davidson, at Wake Forest.
- April 24th—Camp Bragg, at Fayetteville (pending).
- May 5th—Trinity, at Durham.
- May 8th—University of North Carolina, at Wake Forest.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

C. W. Mitchell, Jr., B.A., '14, has been general manager of the Bertie Cotton Oil Company, of Aulander, N. C., since 1916. He was married in November, 1915, to Miss Mary Alma Elliott, of Mackeys, N. C., a 1914 graduate of Meredith College. We are taking the liberty of quoting from Mr. Mitchell's letter, in which he says, "I am deeply interested in the rapid strides that are being made at present by our dear old institution in practically every line of endeavor." What a help it would be if all our Alumni had this spirit!

Robert G. Anders, B.A., '09, is principal of the West Buncombe High School, near Asheville, N. C.

On February 14th John C. Dockery, '98, died of pneumonia at his home in Rockingham, N. C. His father and grandfather were trustees of Wake Forest College. Mr. Dockery was one of the three men who were responsible for our securing a basketball and baseball coach. He was one of our most loyal Alumni. In Rockingham he was, upon the death of his father, elected as deacon in the First Baptist Church. He leaves a wife and four children, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.

A. C. Dixon, B.A., '74, preaches our Commencement sermon on Wednesday evening, May 26th. He will deliver a literary address the next morning. Dr. Dixon was formerly pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle of London, popularly known as "Spurgeon's Church." At present he is engaged in holding Bible conferences in this country, serving between times as pastor of a Brooklyn church.



A. R. WHITEHURST,
Em. Associate Editor

S. M. Brinson, '91, congressman from the Third District of North Carolina, will make the Alumni address on Thursday evening, May 27th. Probably following the address the Alumni banquet will be held. All Alumni are cordially invited to be present at both occasions.

Marion B. Tolar, '19, has been reëlected to a position in the Albany, Ga., high school at a substantial increase in salary.

C. W. Wilson, '93, Dean of the East Carolina Teachers' Training School at Greenville, N. C., was elected to the Board of Trustees at the last State Baptist Convention.

Edgar E. White, '09, for several years a pastor in Philadelphia, recently came to Nashville, N. C., to preach. He is a native of this State, a graduate of Crozier Seminary, and did post graduate work in the University of Pennsylvania.

Eugene A. Turner, M.A., '06, for the past seven years engaged in religious work in China, will sail for home June 26th. 'Gene was an athlete of the all-round kind while in college. He served as Y. M. C. A. secretary at Georgia Tech. for seven years before going to China. He is a brother to our Student Pastor.

Gordon Potcat, B.A., '11, for four years a missionary in China, is on a furlough in this country doing special work among the colleges for the Southern Baptist Board of Missions. He was at Wake Forest during the third week in March. Mr. Potcat is the son of Dr. E. M. Poteat, formerly president of Furman University, and is the nephew of Dr. W. L. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College.

Dr. S. J. Porter, '89-'92, of Oklahoma, assisted the pastor in a successful revival here the latter part of March.

J. H. Highsmith, Professor of Education at Wake Forest College from 1907 to 1917, and now on the State Board of Examiners, has been appointed State Inspector of High Schools, succeeding Mr. N. W. Walker. We desire to congratulate Mr. Highsmith on this recognition of his ability.

Ira T. Johnston, '13-'15, is now principal of the Newland School in Pasquotank County, described in the *Elizabeth City Independent* as a model school. In the first place it is a school for the whole township. Many come to school in buggies and in automobiles, finding stables and a garage on the school grounds. The old school building has been surrounded with a fence and made into a teacherage, where the principal lives. The new building is well provided with class rooms and has a large auditorium which is utilized for community meetings. Domestic science is taught in free lectures and demonstrations by a public-spirited woman of the township. A large athletic ground is provided and the students have superintended sports. A picture of Mr. Johnston is printed in the paper in which the work of the school is described. After leaving college Mr. Johnston taught for several years in the high school at Jefferson, county seat of Ashe. Then he went to the war. While at college Mr. Johnston was distinguished for his clear English style, and he still retains the art.



R. A. HERRING
Phi. Associate Editor

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

R. A. HERRING, Editor

The *Magazine* from the University of North Carolina strikes us as not being quite up to its usual high standard. The contents, however, are interesting and deal in a helpful way with conditions of college life. The tribute, "Edward Kidder Graham—Teacher and Interpreter of Modern Citizenship," is very ably written, increasing our admiration for the man held so high in esteem by all who knew him. The poem, "Love and Friendship," is good, pleasing to the reader in meter and in its true-to-nature subject. The other poem, "Waiting," is also well composed, but it seems a trifle mechanical in construction and trite in subject. "He Believed in Signs" and "The Key" are two short stories which deserve credit for their plot and development. Aside from the article about the late Mr. Graham there is no essay. Numerous sketches however, atone for this deficiency. The story, "The Confederate Statue Speaks," is good in its presentation, but does it not indicate that Carolina's victory over Virginia Thanksgiving Day should be classed as the eighth wonder of the world?

The very first article to attract the eye of the reader of the *Trinity Archive* is the poem, "My Birthright." The sentiment is unusually fine, couched in very expressive words. Of interest to every Carolinian is the historical essay, "Naval Operations Along the Coast of North Carolina During the Civil War." Although it is continued, yet it is rather lengthy, but the information is interesting and helpful for us all. "Foolish Time" is a poem which appeals especially to the young, advancing the "*carpe diem*" idea so often expressed by Horace. "Shark's Teeth" is an intensely exciting account of a sea adventure. The story differs from those in most

magazines in blending horror with excitement. On the whole, the *Archive* is quite as good as usual. The departments are well edited and the magazine in the selection of material is well balanced.

The St. Mary's Muse contains two stories, two poems and some good sketches. However, we feel that without an essay the publication is not quite balanced. Let us suggest again that a page for the beginning of each major article would add to the attractiveness of the magazine at little extra expense. We are glad to note a marked improvement during the year in *The St. Mary's Muse*, and wish it the best of success.

Although *The Blackstonian* is just beginning its career, yet it appeals to us as being a very creditable magazine. The departments are good and the contents are well balanced except, possibly, a short story would add to its value. THE STUDENT is glad to welcome the appearance of *The Blackstonian*, and wishes it a splendid future.

We are grateful for the receipt of the following magazines: *The Lenorian*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Crothesian*, *The Orion*, *The Chronicle*, and *The Winthrop Journal*.



B. B. POOLE
Phi. Associate Editor

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

B. B. POOLE, Editor

Note—That on the night of March 14th, Newish Deaton beat all former track records. The Sophs. were left.

A Doctor who was Superintendent of a Sunday School in a small village asked one of the boys this question—

"Willie, will you tell me what we must do in order to get to heaven?"

Said Willie, "We must die."

"Very true," replied the doctor, "but tell me what we must do before we die."

"We must get sick," said Willie, "and send for you." Non.

The fellows who had to get married to avoid being drafted are now willing to admit that war is hell.

Judge—The police tell me that you and your wife had some words.

Prisoner—I had some but didn't get a chance to use them.

An old negro in the court for blockading:

Judge—"What is your name old man?"

Old Negro—"Boss, my name is Joshua."

Judge—"Are you the Joshua that caused the Sun to stand still?"

Old Negro—"Naw Sah boss, I am de Joshua dat made de moon shine."

Maw, where does the tide go when it goes out?

No use to ask me such a question as that, Son. I can't even tell where your father goes.

C. C. Carpenter was awakened a few nights ago by a murmuring sound made by his old lady, R. D. Poe. The following words were heard: "Overton, dear, why did you leave me for that Raleigh fellow, when you know you belong to me?" In order to sleep in peace Carpenter reached over and began to shake him, but got the following reply. "Don't put your arms around me now, because I don't believe you love me any more."

First Lawyer—Did his speech carry conviction?

Second Lawyer—It did; his client got five years.

1st Man—Hello, Sanders: How's your cold? 2nd Man—Very obstinate.

2nd Man—How's your wife? 1st Man—About the same.

Teacher—Johnnie, how did they discover Iron Ore?

Johnnie—I heard Daddy say they smelt it.

It is foolish for a man to boast of being boss in his own house when his wife is present.

The use of verbs manufactured out of nouns is satirized in the story of the city boy who wrote to his brother on the farm: "Thursday we autoed out to the Country Club, where we golfed until dark. Then we trolleyed back to town and danced till dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there." The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then piped for a while. After that we staired up to our room and bedstedded until the clock fived.—The writer.

1st Party—"Seen Ai?"

2nd Party—"Ai who?"

1st Party—Alcohol.

2nd Party—Kero—Sene him Jan. 16th and he ain't Benzine since.

Can you believe it? While doing some research work Judge Butler found something in Law that he didn't know before.

If you can't help any other way, you can keep quiet.

Reward—For the Freshman who persists in painting his 23's.

Which—would a girl choose a clear conscience or a clear complexion?

If a man tells you that water, leeches through ashes, is fit for a beverage, don't believe him. It is a iye.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, C. R. HAMRICK, Wake Forest, N. C.

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

Always notify Business Manager when you change your postoffice address.

If a subscriber wants his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent, otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

Subscriptions, payable in advance one year, \$1.50.

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

ACADEMY BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
O. ALSTON, Wake Forest.
BANK OF WAKE, Wake Forest.
C. R. BOONE, Raleigh.
J. C. BRANTLEY, Raleigh.
THOS. H. BRIGGS & SON, Raleigh.
DR. E. H. BROUGHTON, Raleigh.
M. J. CARROLL, Raleigh.
CAPITAL CLUB BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
COMMERCIAL PTG. CO., Raleigh.
CITIZENS BANK, Wake Forest.
CROSS & LINEHAN, Raleigh.
CROZIER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Chester, Pa.
DICKSON BROS., Wake Forest.
DARNELL & THOMAS, Raleigh.
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GEM THEATRE, Wake Forest.
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HUDSON-BELK CO., Raleigh.
W. W. HOLDING, Wake Forest.
C. J. HUNTER & BRO., Raleigh.
JACKSON & POWERS, Wake Forest.
KING & HOLDING, Raleigh.
KING CROWELL DRUG CO., Raleigh.
W. H. KING DRUG CO., Raleigh.
H. MAHLER'S SONS, Raleigh.
MASONIC TEMPLE BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
POWERS DRUG CO., Wake Forest.
RALEIGH CAFE, Raleigh.
ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Rochester, N. Y.
SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Louisville Ky.
SPINGLER OPTICAL COMPANY, Raleigh.
H. STEINMETZ, Raleigh.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF COLGATE UNIVERSITY, Hamilton, N. Y.
TUCKER BUILDING BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
TUCKER BUILDING PHARMACY, Raleigh.
THE VOGUE, Raleigh.
JAMES E. THIEM, Raleigh.
WIGWAM NEWS STAND, Raleigh.
R. W. WARREN, Wake Forest.
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, Wake Forest.
WAKE FOREST SUPPLY CO., Wake Forest.
WAKE MERCANTILE CO., Wake Forest.
WHITING-HORTON CO., Raleigh.
YARBOROUGH BARBER SHOP, Raleigh.
YARBOROUGH HOTEL, Raleigh.
YATES MOTOR CO., Wake Forest.

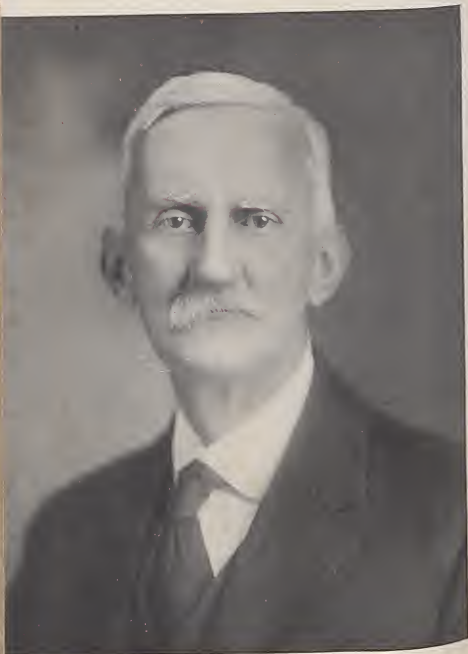
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NEEDHAM YANCEY GULLEY, M.A., LL.D.,
Dean of the Law Department, Wake Forest College.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 8

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAKE FOREST LAW SCHOOL

DR. N. Y. GULLEY.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees in June, 1893, the late Dr. Charles E. Taylor, then President of the College, recommended to the Board that it take steps to establish a Law School in connection with the College. This suggestion met with considerable objection on the part of some members of the Board, but was advocated by three lawyers on said Board, W. E. Daniel, of Weldon, the late J. N. Holding, of Raleigh, and N. Y. Gulley, then residing at Franklinton. The question was settled by the appointing of these three lawyers on a committee with full power to act in all matters connected with such School, with one single limitation, which was, that the College should incur no financial liability for the project. This committee met in Raleigh shortly thereafter, and the late Dr. C. Durham, a member of the Board, co-operated with them. They made arrangements with two prominent men of Raleigh to do the teaching. Due publicity was given the subject in every part of the State.

Several former students of the College had expressed their desire for such a school, in which they might study law. But when the opening time came they did not enter. They were uncertain whether the young enterprise would succeed, so they took no risks. Not a single student appeared, and the beginning of the Law School seemed its end. During the

year 1893-4 N. Y. Gulley came to the College once a week and lectured at night. The students paid no fees and the lecturer received no pay. Attendance was purely voluntary. The lectures were based on Blackstone. Under all the circumstances the attendance was much larger than was expected, for about forty usually came out. The writer never has been able quite to understand why they did it. But the results were such as to make the Board more hopeful as to the work, so at the meeting in June 1894 it made arrangements with N. Y. Gulley to come to the College three days in each week and teach Law and Economics.

In pursuance of this arrangement the Summer School was opened in 1894. Two students were present, and the teacher was very much encouraged. In two or three weeks one of them left.

But the teacher was not disheartened. During the session of 1894-5 the numbers increased greatly, and the enrollment reached the number of fourteen. At the end of this year it seemed as if the school had begun to be, and it seemed that the man who had been at work on it might go back to the practice of law and leave the Trustees to provide a teacher who should devote his entire time to this work. Much to his surprise the Board insisted that he go on with the work. So, in June, 1895, N. Y. Gulley was made full professor. A little later he moved to Wake Forest, and has since that time been at work here.

In September, 1895, the first students from this school applied for license to practice law. They were three in number and all passed. Only one man from this school failed prior to the adoption of the system of written examinations in September, 1898. Since that time a number of classes have lost only one man, and twelve have passed without the loss of one.

From 1900 to 1904, S. F. Mordecai, Esq., at that time a leading member of the Raleigh bar, aided in the work; then our sister institution, Trinity College, made him Dean of its Law School.

In 1906 E. W. Timberlake, Jr., was elected Professor of Law, and has done admirable work from that time to this. "Apt to teach," he is a prime favorite with the students, as well as an efficient worker.

In the fall of 1916 it became necessary to have additional teaching force and the Trustees were fortunate in securing the services of R. B. White, Esq., then practicing law in Franklin County. Prof. White had spent several years as a teacher in the high schools of the State before he began the practice of law. He was in partnership with Gov. Bickett and they had a large practice in Franklin and adjoining counties. His work had been fine training for his new position, and his success here in the class room has come fully up to the expectations of his friends. He is popular and powerful as a teacher, and as a man.

Prof. Gulley has taught in this school continuously from its beginning to the present time. No other man has ever taught so long in a Law School in this State, nor has any man taught so many students.

The School continued to grow in numbers and popularity, till at the end of the tenth year we had an enrollment of eighty, and one hundred and seventy had been licensed. The enrollment during the twentieth year was one hundred and sixty-seven, and the number licensed was five hundred and forty-six.

In the spring of 1917 the bugle call to war depleted our ranks and the school was almost without students, for the law schools everywhere suffered greater loss in that way than any other schools. When the boys came marching home in February, 1919, we had only three men for the bar examina-

tion, exactly back to the first class in 1895. But new growth has come rapidly and this session the total enrollment is one hundred and eighty-one. The class in February, 1920, contained twenty-five men, about two-thirds of whom had seen service overseas, and all passed except one.

The total number licensed to date is seven hundred and sixty-six. They are widely scattered over the whole nation, but the bulk of them are in North Carolina, as will appear from the following:

Roll of Licensed Lawyers

*Dead †Not practicing.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1895.

†Durham, Walters, Raleigh.
Kerr, J. H., Warrenton.
Taylor, J. R., Martinsville, Va.

Lee, R. E., Lumberton.
Long, Hugh, Aiken, S. C.
*McNeill, J. C., Charlotte.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1896.

Beasley, L. A., Kenansville.
*Cox, E. Victor, Greenville.
*Gore, J. H., Wilmington.
Meekins, I. M., Elizabeth City.
McIntyre, S., Lumberton.
*Pendleton, W. S., Washington.

†Matthews, P. V., Enfield.
*Oates, D. T., Fayetteville.
Vann, P. S., Elizabeth City.
†Watkins, J. C., Winston-Salem.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1897.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1896.

Clifford, J. C., Dunn.
*Farthing, A. C., Hattie.
McLendon, H. H., Wadesboro.
*Newell, G. W., Williamston.
†Prichard, J. H.
Wishart, Wade, Lumberton.
White, R. B., Wake Forest.
Winburne, Charles. 96
Ausley, P. A.
*Snider, E. H.

Blue, F. L., Raeford.
Braswell, W. R., Nocata, Fla.
Cannon, L. S., Washington, D. C.
Campbell, E. L., King's Mountain.
Carlton, D. L., Warsaw.
Gavin, J. A., Kenansville.
Giles, J. A., Durham.
*Kenny, J. N., Windsor.
†McGlammary, A. C., Mocksville.
Medlin, A. J., Wake Forest.
Sapp, H. O., Winston-Salem.
Simms, R. N., Raleigh.
Thurston, D. J., Clayton.
Weeks, C. D., Wilmington.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1898.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.
Caudle, T. L., Wadesboro.
Hall, S. E., Winston.
†Leary, L. J., Morehead City.

†Alderman, J. E., Greensboro.
Bryan, A. B., Waynesville.
†Cannady, A. B.
Edwards, C. J., Franklin, Va.

†Fort, D. F., Raleigh.

*Kellinger, F. W., Norfolk, Va.

†Mangum, N. P., Wake Forest.

Martin, G. P., Knoxville, Tenn.

Norfleet, P. J., Franklin, Va.

†Stallings, R. E.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1898.

(First written examination.)

Hines, H., Lancaster, S. C.

Hobgood, F. P., Greensboro.

Johnson, J. McN., Aberdeen.

Lawrence, R. C., Lumberton.

McNeill, G. W., Carthage.

McNeill, R. H., Washington,

D. C.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1899.

*Grandy, W. H., Elizabeth City.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1899.

Boyles, N. E., Pilot Mountain.

Badgett, W. R., Mt. Airy.

Bridger, R. C., Winton.

Craig, F., Windsor.

†Cooper, R. W.

Etchison, W. P., Branchville, S. C.

Haynes, F. W., Yadkinville.

Johnson, W. R., Ahoskie.

LeGrand, J. W., Bennettsville, S. C.

Moss, C. R., Banquo Benquet, P. I.

Rodwell, T. O., Warrenton.

†Stephens, B. F., Lumberton.

Turner, R. W., Elizabeth City.

*Wright, J. C., Albemarle.

Williams, H. S., Concord.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1900.

Bullard, V. C., Fayetteville.

*Holbrook, J. A., Wilkesboro.

Midyette, G. E., Jackson.

Murphy, T. J., Greensboro.

Quinn, J. H., Shelby.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1900.

Cooke, A. W., Greensboro.

Cheek, Geo., Sparta.

Dunning, A. R., Williamston.

Godwin, A. P., Gatesville.

Hoyle, T. C., Greensboro.

Kornegay, H. A., Zero, Miss.

†Morris, J. P., Columbus.

Spence, J. W., Greenwood.

Smith, T. L., Sparta.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1901.

Garland, G. W., Lexington.

Green, C. H., Bakersville.

†Harrell, A. B.

Hatcher, M. F., Salisbury.

McCullen, C. E., Burgaw.

Johnson, N. H.

Peterson, W. M., Portland, Ore.

Peterson, S. D., Athena, Ore.

Rosser, C. K.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1901.

*Bolton, J. W., Fayetteville.

Dingelhof, O. F., Atlanta, Ga.

Dickinson, O. P., Wilson.

Glidewell, P. W., Reidsville.

Hasten, G. H., Winston-Salem.

Hamrick, F. D., Rutherford.

Justice, A. B., Charlotte.

Little, J. C., Raleigh.

Stringfield, D. M., Fayetteville.

Varser, L. R., Lumberton.

Worrell, J. A., Jackson.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1902.

Cranor, H. A., Wilkesboro.

Duncan, N. G., Fayetteville.

AUGUST TERM, 1902.

Allred, L. H.

Dye, R. H., Fayetteville.

Britt, E. J., Lumberton.

*Carter, J. G., Dobson.

Kittrell, J. C., Henderson.
 Koonce, C. D., Cronly.
 Leigh, J. A., Columbia.
 Muse, C. M., Carthage.
 †McDuffie, D. L., Fayetteville.
 †Newton, W. L., Arlington, N. J.
 Reynolds, G. D. B., Troy.
 Reynolds, H., Pilot Mountain.
 Upchurch, E. F., Yanceyville.
 Williams, L. B., High Point.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1903.

Allen, R. C., Coweto, Okla.
 Beckerdite, H., Winston-Salem.
 Carlton, P. S., Salisbury.
 Harwood, J. H., Murphy.
 Maness, T. D., Concord.
 Rogers, W. W., Ahoskie.

AUGUST TERM, 1903.

Allen, T., Anderson, S. C.
 Averitt, H. S., Fayetteville.
 Collier, J. L., Bradentown, Fla.
 Dunn, R. C., Enfield.
 Dunn, S. A., Scotland Neck.
 Gilreath, R. C., Wilkesboro.
 †Keener, W. N., Durham.
 Larkins, E. L., Burgaw.
 Lyon, W. H., Raleigh.
 *Moore, L. J., New Bern.
 Mull, O. M., Shelby.
 †Morris, R. E., Rutherfordton.
 Newell, S. A., Louisburg.
 Pierce, C. C., Greenville.
 Privott, W. S., Edenton.
 Reavis, Wade, Hamptonville.
 Ritter, C. D., Birmingham, Ala.
 Sams, A. F., Winston-Salem.
 Sikes, J. C., Monroe.
 Vaughan, L. T., Nashville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1904.

Allen, T. A., Albany, N. Y.
 Bell, W. C., Dunn.

Brooks, J. C., Olive Branch.
 Bailey, L. J., Marshall.
 Carson, J. M., Rutherfordton.
 Cashwell, D. J., Rockingham.
 Dunn, W. A., Greenville.
 Harris, C. U., Raleigh.
 Jones, W., Swan Quarter.
 Little, J. E., Charlotte.
 Martin, V. B., Elizabeth City.
 Moore, E. V., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Tilley, A. E., Jefferson.
 Toon, E. M., Whiteville.
 Wagoner, W. M., Sparta.
 Wagoner, J. M., Sparta.
 Wike, C. B., Webster.

AUGUST TERM, 1904.

Anderson, J. B., Asheville.
 Britt, E. M., Lumberton.
 Bryan, R. K., Scott's Hill.
 Critcher, B. A., Williamston.
 Fortune, R. B., Lowndesville, Ga.
 Gulledege, J. W.
 Honeycutt, A. C., Albemarle.
 Jackson, W. M., Dobson.
 Johnson, Hugh, Scotland Neck.
 Medlin, L. L., Hamlet.
 Morgan, J. R., Waynesville.
 Olive, P. J., Apex.
 Roberts, E. G., Asheville.
 Sigmon, R. L., Lincolnton.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1905.

Anderson, J. G., Halifax.
 Crumpler, B. H., Clinton.
 Markham, T. J., Elizabeth City.
 McDuffie, P. C., Atlanta, Ga.
 Pace, W. H., Raleigh.
 Spence, G. J., Elizabeth City.
 Whitley, T. F., Scotland Neck.

AUGUST TERM, 1905.

Bellamy, W. M., Wilmington.
 Brock, W. E., Wadesboro.

Bower, J. C., Lexington.
 Chisholm, W. A., Sanford.
 Cloud, E. B., Columbus.
 Dixon, R. H., Siler City.
 Ferree, T. S., Greensboro.
 Long, J. V., Monroe.
 Long, I. F., Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Martin, C. H., Washington, D. C.
 Ryals, N. T., Benson.
 Skipper, C. B., Lumberton.
 Swindell, F. D., Wilson.
 Webb, W. P.*
 Whisnant, J. W., Hickory.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1906.

Cohoon, W. L., Elizabeth City.
 Dunn, D. W., Spray.
 Henderson, J. R., Wilkesboro.
 Hairfield, E. M., Morganton.
 McKinney, T. S., Spruce Pine.
 Picot, J. M., Littleton.
 Petree, F. H., Dobson.
 Scull, J. H., Wilmington.
 Timberlake, E. W., Jr., Wake
 Forest.
 *Vernon, J. H., Burlington

AUGUST TERM, 1906.

Davis, M. L., Beaufort.
 Duncan, J. S., Greensboro.
 Gulley, Donald, Sumter, S. C.
 Hall, C. A., Greensboro.
 Hobbs, E. C., Gatesville.
 Powers, A. K., Sanford, Fla.
 Scarlett, Chas. Durham.
 Weatherspoon, W. H., Laurin-
 burg.
 Wilson, S. F., Portland, Ore.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1907.

Brummitt, D. G., Oxford.
 Bryan, S. C., Waynesville.
 Goodwin, G. T., Laurinburg.
 Holding, B. T., Louisburg.

Horner, G. T., Lynchburg, Va.
 Holloway, A. C., Lillington.
 Hall, J. W., Danbury.
 Lyon, T. A., Fayetteville.
 Outlaw, N. W., Greenville.
 Pait, A. H., Norfolk, Va.
 Radford, S. W., Asheville.
 Ramsay, J. C.
 Woody, T. K., Wilmington.
 Zollicoffer, D. B., High Point.

AUGUST TERM, 1907.

Bunn, J. W., Raleigh.
 Clayton, O. W., Brevard.
 †Fletcher, A. L., Raleigh
 Hendrix, Tillet.
 Hooks, W. J., Kenly.
 Huffman, R. L., Hickory.
 †Jones, H. A., Wake Forest.
 †Josey, E. B., Wilmington.
 Lennon, W., Lumberton.
 McMillan, N. F., Kings Mountain.
 Saintsing, J. E., Winston-Salem.
 Smith, J. C., Robersonville.
 Sykes, C. L., Raleigh.
 Vaughan, W. L., Washington.
 Wheatley, C. R., Beaufort.
 Wooten, J. F., Jacksonville.
 Westfeldt, Gustaf R., Asheville.
 Ward, E. F., Smithfield.
 Peterson, J. M., Burnsville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1908.

Britt, W. S., Lumberton.
 Bland, D. H., Goldsboro.
 Bailey, J. W., Raleigh.
 *Blackmore, E. B., Lenoir.
 Brewer, W. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Brown, R. L., Albemarle.
 Butler, J. S., Clinton.
 Barker, A., Roseboro.
 Gardner, W. S., Burnsville.
 Johnson, R. L.
 Johnson, T. L., Lumberton.

McBrayer, C. B., Shelby.
 Meekins, J. C., Jr., Columbia.
 Powers, J. A., Kinston.
 Richardson, H. C., Monroe.
 Sharp, J. M., Reidsville.
 Sikes, O. J., Albemarle.
 Turner, R. A., Yadkinville.
 Watson, J. A., Burnsville.
 Whitener, C. L., Hickory.

AUGUST TERM, 1908.

Bagby, Chas. W., Morganton.
 Bodenheimer, L. F., Greensboro.
 Bonner, H. M., Raleigh.
 Buchanan, Stokes, Burnsville.
 Clark, A. L., Roanoke Rapids.
 Dulin, P. P., Statesville.
 Falls, B. F., Shelby.
 Hardy, L. C., Tucson, Ariz.
 Harkrader, L. L., Albemarle.
 *Hayes, T. N., Wilkesboro.
 Holt, S. S., Smithfield.
 Jones, J. R., Wilkesboro.
 McNeely, C. V., Monroe.
 Newell, J. C., Charlotte.
 Parham, B. W., Oxford.
 Ray, R. L., Selma.
 Weatherman, R. T., Jennings.
 Wilson, M. L., Burnsville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1909.

Burleson, I. R., Albemarle.
 *Clark, W. A., Elizabethtown.
 Dunn, R. M.
 Geiger, H. H. D., Orlando, Fla.
 Hayes, J. J., Wilkesboro.
 Johnson, J. E., Waynesville.
 Johnson, R. D., Warsaw.
 *McDearmid, T. N., Lumberton.
 Mills, J. G., Wake Forest.
 Tilley, L. L., Durham.
 Williams, B. F., Lenoir.
 *Wood, T. C., Hamlet.
 Wrenn, E. H., Reidsville.

AUGUST TERM, 1909.

Bristol, W. A., Statesville.
 Brooks, R. F., Currie.
 Cole, J. W., Lexington.
 Daniel, T. M., Mullins, S. C.
 Gasque, C. J., Florence, S. C.
 Halsted, W. I., South Mills.
 Hardy, C. L., Tucson, Ariz.
 Kallum, T. W., Pilot Mountain.
 McLendon, J. R., Mathews.
 McMillan, A. H., Wedgefield, S. C.
 McNeeley, C. D., Waxhaw.
 Pratt, W. J., Monroe.
 Ray, E. Z., Marshall.
 Sawyer, P. G., Elizabeth City.
 †Saintsing, G. W., Wake Forest.
 Sherrill, W. R., Webster.
 Sutton, Geo. W., Webster.
 Tillet, D. H., Bartlett.
 †Turner, J. B., Wake Forest.
 Wilson, R. W., Asheville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1910.

Benton, H. C., Charlotte.
 *Bell, C. T., Beaufort.
 Berry, W. C., Burnsville.
 Bennett, F. T., Fayetteville.
 Clark, E., Halifax. [D. C. P.]
 Hampton, W. B., Washington.
 Kinlaw, J. E., Lumberton.
 McBee, J. C., Burnsville.
 Powell, P. E., Whiteville.
 Staton, C. L., Tarboro.
 Suskin, A. L., Baltimore, Md.
 Stewart, J. R., Mocksville. [D. C.]
 Van Hoy, J. W., Washington.
 *Whitaker, H. G., Pilot Mountain.

AUGUST TERM, 1910.

Benson, W. C., Wilmington.
 Broughton, J. M., Jr., Raleigh.
 Buchanan, C. C., Sylva.
 Burnett, J. H., Troy.
 Clement, J. H., Winston-Salem.

- Critcher, P. V., Lexington.
 Douglass, W. C., Durham.
 Dunn, Ashby W., Scotland Neck.
 Edwards, Franklin, Franklin, Va.
 Forehand, R. E., Edenton.
 Ferrell, R. H., Albany, Ga.
 Farrell, L. B., Hubert.
 †Higgs, W. H., Smithfield.
 Hutchins, Chas., Burnsville.
 Leggett, L. W., Hobgood.
 Mitchell, B. G., Youngsville.
 †Martin, J. S., Winston-Salem.
 McLean, A. M., Lillington.
 Oates, J. A., Fayetteville.
 Powell, R. B., Silver City, N. M.
 Prevette, J. M., Wilkesboro.
 Redding, C. H., Asheboro.
 Royall, J. H., Philadelphia.
 Saintsing, J. B., Wake Forest.
 Stephenson, G. T., Winston-Salem.
 Salmons, W. M., Winston-Salem.
 White, T. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 *Wood, J. W., Benson.
 Brown, C. V., Asheville.

✓ FEBRUARY TERM, 1911.

- *Bennett, G. D., Wentworth.
 Darden, A. W., Greenville.
 Grady, P. D., Kenly.

- Justice, J. F., Hendersonville.
 Martin, R. T., Robersonville.
 Massey, L. L., Wakefield.
 Prevette, J. G., Wilkesboro.
 Stringfield, J. H., Sanford.
 Smathers, J. B., Canton.
 Stras, B. W., Winston-Salem.
 Williams, Philip, Winston-Salem.

✓ AUGUST TERM, 1911.

- Adams, J. B., Smithfield.
 Bonner, A. M., Winston-Salem.
 Bennett, S. J., Winston-Salem.
 Bogle, W. E., Hiddenite.
 Bryan, P. Q., Washington.

- Bryan, F. H., Washington.
 Clark, D. M., Greenville.
 Copeland, J. T., Troy.
 Chalmers, A. C., Wilmington.
 Draughan, Eugene, Rusk.
 Fletcher, A. J., Fuquay Springs.
 Gore, A. D., Raeford. [S. C.]
 Hutchinson, A. E., Rock Hill,
 Hunter, Louis J., Charlotte.
 Hurley, B. S., Troy.
 Horton, A. W., Burkeville, Va.
 Jones, C. W., Rich Square.
 Lewis, D. J., Waycross, Ga.
 Lemmond, W. A., Monroe.
 Leary, H. R., Edenton.
 Lindsay, R. C., Madison.
 McGowan, W. T., Swan Quarter.
 McPhail, S. C., Fayetteville.
 McKaughan, L. C., Winston-Salem.
 Nance, D. A., Winston-Salem.
 Richardson, S. A., Monroe.
 Ritchie, O. D., Richfield.
 Stewart, J. A., Stony Point.
 Spencer, C. B., Fairfield.
 †Vinson, H. P., Enfield.
 *Williford, J. M., Fayetteville.
 Whicker, J. H., Winston-Salem.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1912.

- Brown, E. G., Winston-Salem.
 Bunn, A. A., Henderson.
 Gay, P. W., Seaboard.
 Goodwin, J. J., Lumberton.
 King, G. H., Asheboro.
 Knight, W. L., Weldon.
 Martin, Wheeler, Jr., Williamston.
 Moose, R. R., Newton.
 Pierce, L. R., Statesville.
 Spencer, W. L., Fairfield.

✓ AUGUST TERM, 1912.

- ✓ Bernard, A. C., Petersburg, Va.
 Broughton, C. C., Troy.

Breece, A. C., Fayetteville.
 Bingham, T. E., Vilas.
 Best, J. J., Warsaw.
 Cline, J. S., Fallston.
 Evans, J. L., Greenville.
 Fezor, P. L., Linwood.
 Ferguson, A. E., Winston.
 Harmon, E. M., Beach Creek.
 Harrill, E. A., Hamlet.
 Howard, C. C., Fayetteville.
 Johnson, J. T., Aberdeen.
 Miller, H. C., Charlotte.
 Moss, J. M., Raleigh.
 Moss, O. B., Spring Hope.
 Ray, A. C., Pittsboro.
 Pruette, R. S., Wadesboro.
 Robinson, J. Q., Rocky Mount.
 Stewart, H. G., Charlotte.
 Strange, R. W., Wilmington.
 Scarlett, H., Durham.
 Simmons, R. F., Fayetteville.
 Swaim, W. J., Winston-Salem.
 *Wilson, E. R., Mt. Olive.
 Walker, R. E., Windsor.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1913.

Bailey, G. D., Burnsville.
 Blanton, R. R., Forest City.
 Davis, G. C., Waynesville.
 Herring, R. L., Clinton, N. C.
 Hughes, Chas., Hughes.
 Johnson, E. M., Lumberton.
 Knott, L. D., Wilson.
 Mayberry, D. F., Reidsville.
 Ramseur, B. F.
 Royal, W. S., High Point.

AUGUST TERM, 1913.

Allen, C. M., Goldsboro.
 Ashcraft, F. W., Marshville.
 Bobbitt, M. T., Rowland.
 Bare, A. T., Jefferson.
 Brown, J. C., Madison.

Beckham, V. C., Hiddenite.
 Boon, W. D., Winton.
 Bland, J. T., Burgaw.
 Craver, J. B., Winston-Salem.
 Cox, W. D., Moyock.
 Cashwell, C. C., Wilmington.
 Chandler, B. C., Sumter, S. C.
 Dickens, A. O.
 Edwards, J. S., Marshall.
 Eddinger, W. L., Middleburg.
 Glover, J. B., Statesville.
 Goodman, J. P., Portsmouth, Va.
 Guy, Chas. L., Dunn.
 Lee, C. C., Four Oaks.
 Oliver, C. M., Mt. Olive.
 Simpson, M. B., Elizabeth City.
 Stillwell, E. P., Webster.
 Stringfield, P. R., Fayetteville.
 Tyler, W. H., Goldsboro.
 Voyles, W. R., Murphy.
 Whitaker, F. G., Hendersonville.
 Watson, E. T., Mount Olive.
 Wellons, E. J., Smithfield.
 Whitehurst, H. P., New Bern.
 Williams, L. C., Chapel Hill.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1914.

Burton, E. T., Wilmington.
 Edwards, G. W., Forest City.
 Hannah, H. B., Siler City.
 Jackson, D. R., Raleigh.
 Kitchin, L. M., Scotland Neck.
 King, D. B., Sanford.
 Kluttz, L. F., Hickory.
 Morris, W. L., Winston-Salem.
 Rowland, G. B., Durham.
 Taylor, H. P., Wadesboro.
 Wilson, J. T., Dunn.

AUGUST TERM, 1914.

Adams, J. A., Greensboro.
 Alexander, J. J., Stony Point.
 Avera, T. A., Rocky Mount.

- Bridges, W. M., Hendersonville.
 Duncan, G. W., Beaufort.
 Fisher, W. H., Roseboro.
 Grindstaff, G. H., Asheville.
 Guthrie, T. C., Jr., Charlotte.
 *Harris, A. J., Jr., Henderson.
 Hollingsworth, J. W., Newton.
 House, A. R., Middlesex.
 Henry, O. L., Wadesboro.
 Gilman, T. E., Jacksonville.
 Jarvis, G. L., Shelby.
 Jarrett, C. M., Sylva.
 Johnson, H. P., Smithfield.
 Joyce, J. R., Reidsville.
 Joyner, G. H., Woodland.
 Keith, V. W., Raleigh.
 †Marshall, G. O., Vanceboro.
 McLeod, J. A., Buies Creek.
 Mitchell, A. S., Winton.
 Millsaps, L. H., Charlotte.
 Nance, J. H., Winston-Salem.
 Parker, R. H., Enfield.
 Paschal, R. F., Siler City.
 Roberson, A. G., Staunton, Va.
 Snider, W. O., Winston-Salem.
 Sherrin, M. B., Wingate.
 Schulken, F. J., Whiteville.
 Strawn, J. A., Marshville.
 Sanders, W. H., Hamlet.
 †Sustare, B. T., Mathews.
 †Strickland, H. C., Raleigh.
 Wallace, J. C., Winston-Salem.
 Walls, M. A., Winston-Salem.
 *White, S. W., Elizabeth City.
 Yates, E. P., Winston-Salem.
- FEBRUARY TERM, 1915.
- Abernathy, J. A., Charlotte.
 Adams, C. M., Statesville.
 Brassfield, L. S., Raleigh.
 Brown, I. Leavy, Burgaw.
 Braddy, G. W., Elizabethtown.
 Critcher, B. D., Williamston.
- Courey, R. C., Winterville.
 Davis, J. H., New Bern.
 Green, R. B., Raleigh.
 Gover, C. H., Charlotte.
 Herring, P. S., Clinton.
 Hood, J. R., Goldsboro.
 Ingram, R. R., Albemarle.
 Johnson, V. R., Pittsboro.
 Jurney, V. B., Statesville.
 Knott, E. J., Clarksville, Va.
 Lee, W. H., New Bern.
 Kelleher, G. E., Manhattan Borough, New York.
 Lewis, R. H., Kinston.
 Meyer, L. B., Enfield.
 Pernell, G. C., Asheville.
 Pritchard, J. M., Asheville.
 Rudasill, W. A., Iron Station.
 Smathers, C. C., Andrews.
 Smith, J. C., Greensboro.
 Singleton, H. J., Red Springs.
 Scott, J. H., Bennett.
 Ward, W. F., New Bern.
- AUGUST TERM, 1915.
- Arledge, A. Y., Hendersonville.
 Briggs, W. G., Raleigh.
 Bowers, V. B., Elk Park.
 Carpenter, C. J., Morrisville.
 Chambers, W. R., Marion.
 Creech, F. H., New York City.
 Denny, R. E., Greensboro.
 Davis, E. P., Charlotte.
 Dolley, S. B., High Point.
 Downing, W. C., Fayetteville.
 Dozler, R. C., Norfolk, Va.
 Feree, I. A., Asheboro.
 Harrington, H. G., Lewiston.
 Hart, J. G., Winston-Salem.
 Harris, N. C., Rutherfordton.
 Johnson, D. M., St. Pauls.
 Johnson, J., Yanceyville.
 King, J. C., Wilmington.

Levinson, L. L., Coates.
 Limerick, T. F., McBee, S. C.
 Mebane, B. H., Greensboro.
 Mull, J. M., Shelby.
 Pruitt, T. P., Hickory.
 Pegg, H. D., Gullford College.
 Pittman, K. A., Louisburg.
 Pou, G. R., Smithfield.
 Roper, P. R., Lexington.
 Scott, L. V., Siloam.
 Slawter, J. D., Kinston.
 Shell, O. P., Dunn.
 Sloan, R. S., Kernersville.
 Stubbs, H. W., Williamston.
 Stroup, Rush, Shelby.
 Valentine, I. T., Spring Hope.
 West, E. C., Dunn.
 Williams, A. L., Fairfield.
 Wilson, R. T., Yanceyville.
 Strole, G. F., Chadbourn.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1916.

Ashcraft, F. B., Monroe.
 Bellamy, E. H., Wilmington.
 Beckwith, C. W., Raleigh.
 Costeen, Jacob, Hallsville.
 Cox, E. B., Wilmington.
 Clayton, M. D., Brevard.
 Dixon, L. P., Siler City.
 Franks, C. R., Hiawasse, Ga.
 Grimsley, H. B., Greensboro.
 Galloway, T. C., Brevard.
 Gatling, J. M., Windsor.
 Hair, G. W., Stedman.
 McDuffie, F. J., Sanford.
 Mott, M. L., Asheville.
 Murphy, Joseph, Hickory.
 Olive, B. R., Fuquay Springs.
 Pou, J. H., Jr., Raleigh.
 Perry, H. W., Louisburg.
 Warren, C. C., Wake Forest.
 Whitley, E. P., Raleigh.

Whitley, J. B., Zebulon.
 *Wright, J. L., Greensboro.

AUGUST TERM, 1916.

Aronson, A. A., Raleigh.
 Bogle, W. S., Hiddenite.
 Brickhouse, E. L., Columbia.
 Craig, G. W., Asheville.
 Covington, B. M., Wadesboro.
 Eddins, G. E., Palmersville.
 Edwards, S. E., Mars Hill.
 Hines, P. R., Ayden.
 Harrell, H. B., Weldon.
 Jones, E. C., Gay.
 Little, R. E., Wadesboro.
 Lewis, R. M., Whiteville.
 Matthews, E. A., Atkinson.
 Manning, J. R., Henderson.
 Midgett, W. F., Elizabeth City.
 Shaw, A. T., Raleigh.
 Sandrock, C. W., Fayetteville.
 Stevens, L. G., Smithfield.
 Spears, M. P., Charlotte.
 Turner, Alon, Statesville.
 Wilson, L. T., Littleton.
 Williams, T. L., Raleigh.
 Woodland, E. H., Wilson.
 Wellons, R. A., Smithfield.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1917.

Arledge, R., Columbus.
 Blanton, A. B., Wallace.
 Boyd, B. M., Charlotte.
 Cannaday, J. D., St. Pauls.
 Cole, N., Four Oaks.
 Egerton, M. W., Hendersonville.
 *Farmer, H. S., Halifax.
 Fisher, R. R., Brevard.
 Foreman, W. T., Oaksboro.
 Holding, R. P., Smithfield.
 Hutchins, F. S., Winston-Salem.
 Jenkins, T. M., Robbinsville.
 Jones, E. C., Mt. Airy.

Kidd, W. T., Greensboro.
 Lambert, F., Bakersville.
 McDuffie, D. P., Henderson.
 Normon, S. S., Halifax.
 Pritchett, J. T., Lenoir.
 Stevens, J. A., Wilmington.
 Tarlton, A. A., Wadesboro.
 Tomlinson, G. W., Lucama.
 Taylor, R. H., Hookerton.
 Taylor, R. E., West Asheville.
 Tally, J. A., Fayetteville.
 West, F. E., Franklin.
 Wall, T. R., Greensboro.
 Watkins, B. M., Durham.
 Woodward, F. H., Bryson City.

✓ AUGUST TERM, 1917.

Castelloe, A. T., Aulander.
 Harris, W. C., Farmville.
 Howtin, L. P., Brevard.
 Jackson, J. T., Fayetteville.
 Kelley, Miss Lassie, Franklin.
 Sharpe, T. H., Harmony.
 Zollicoffer, Allen, Weldon.

✓ FEBRUARY TERM, 1918.

Beachboard, A. W., Asheville.
 Croom, P. D., Kinston.
 Gay, A. C., Jackson.
 Grant, H. S., Rocky Mount.
 Jolly, D. M., Vineland.
 Koontz, H. L., Greensboro.
 Reaves, C. H., Graham.
 Sink, H. H., Lexington.
 Thorn, S. T., Rocky Mount.

AUGUST TERM, 1918.

Best, C. G., Warsaw.
 Edgerton, J. A., Rocky Mount.
 Hedgpeeth, N. B., Louisburg.
 Meyer, M., Enfield.
 Nimocks, Q. K., Jr., Fayetteville.

Privette, Earle, North Wilkesboro.

Robinson, E. C., Roseboro.
 Williams, A. R., Greensboro.

✓ FEBRUARY TERM, 1919.

Gooch, C. E., Badin.
 Page, Joseph, Marietta.
 Scarborough, J. M., Charlotte.

AUGUST TERM, 1919.

Alken, J. W., Hickory.
 Allen, J. I., Jr., Dillon, S. C.
 Bailey, C. L., Roper.
 Cullom, E. F., Raleigh.
 Edwards, W. M., Asheville.
 Finlator, J. H., Raleigh.
 Franklin, A. J., Jr., Bryson City.
 Holland, R. C., Edenton.
 Ivey, W. B., Orrum.
 Keller, W. W., Lebanon Church, Va.

Lee, J. I., Four Oaks.
 Leily, E. B., New York City.
 Lewis, M. L., Rocky Mount.
 Manuel, J. W., Reidsville.
 Moose, G. K., Concord.
 McMillan, R. L., Raleigh.
 Nettles, T. V., Asheville.
 Odum, A. D., Nashville.
 Privott, W., Edenton.
 Sams, E. E., Winston-Salem.
 Scott, L., Rocky Point.
 Spurling, L. S., Morganton.
 Sudderth, G. M., Boone.
 White, W. P., Jr., Hobgood.
 Young, D. C., Asheville.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1920.

Banks, E. D., Raleigh.
 Banks, V. C., Grantsboro.
 Blackstock, C. E., Asheville.
 Brewer, C. E., Reidsville.
 Britt, L. J., Lumberton.

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| Crumpler, P. G., Clinton. | Ragland, C. H., Oxford. |
| Dawes, L. B., Elm City. | Robertson, G. T., Henderson. |
| De Shazo, C. B., Franklin. | Rudisill, J. C., Malden. |
| Glenn, O. T., Apex. | Watson, H. M., Walhalla, S. C. |
| Johnson, D. B., White Oak. | Spivey, A. E., Rocky Mount. |
| LeRoy, J. H., Elizabeth City. | Washburn, G. F., Marion. |
| Lovelace, W. M., Mooresboro. | Watkins, I. B., Henderson. |
| Mann, W. M., Enfield. | Wilson, E. E., Rose Hill. |
| Olive, H. E., Lexington. | Woltz, C. B., Gastonia. |

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO THE LAW STUDENT

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON.

If I were asked to give some practical points to the young man preparing to enter the profession of the law, I should offer the following:

Take your Moot Court work more seriously. The young man who has just got his license and opened an office is one of the most helpless-feeling human beings to be found anywhere. However much he may know about the principles of the law, he has not and has little right to have confidence in himself in the practice of law. I have in mind a man who is now a very successful practitioner who told me that one of the biggest shocks in his life was when he realized that he could have a summons issued that would bring a man into court; he said that after he had had his first summons issued, he went to the sheriff instead of the magistrate to see if it had been returned, that he thought the man to whom he had delivered the summons was the man to go to to find out what had become of it. I recall also that in one of my first cases an older lawyer, appearing for the defendant, came in and pleaded the Statute of Limitations. I saw at once that the claim was out of date and when the magistrate asked me what I had to say about it, I replied, "I am like the little boy the calf run over; I haven't anything to say." I had studied about the Statute of Limitations in the books; but not until then did I realize its practical workings.

Now, the Moot Court is to the law student what the hospital is to the medical student and ought to be taken just as

seriously. In my opinion the law student ought to have experience in following the cases from the Justices' court on up through the Supreme Court. That is, he ought to have practice in starting a suit, in preparing pleadings, in making up the case on appeal, and in preparing the brief quite as much as in arguing the case to the jury. In most of the law schools, I know, it used to be the practice of the Moot Courts to pay most attention to the preparation and presentation of cases to the jury. In the law schools of the North the Law Clubs, which take the place of the Moot Courts, pay most attention to the preparation of briefs and presentation of cases on appeal. It seems to me that a combination of these two practices and the giving of credit to the student for his work in the Moot Court would be an improvement to the Moot Court system. I am sure that the young lawyer would feel very much more at home in the practice if in the law school he had taken his Moot Court more seriously.

I am informed that the Moot Court work does play a much more important part in the course than it did in my day; and the purpose of this suggestion is to encourage the student who is inclined to ignore or minimize the Moot Court to regard it as a vital part of his law school training.

Acquire and practice the habit of doing independent thinking on points of law. That is, when a proposition is put up to you, try to think out what the answer ought to be before you undertake to find a statute or decision on the point. The other day I heard a professor in a great university say that the aim of university training is to get young men to disagree with their teachers. What he meant by this is that it is the aim of the university to get men to think for themselves. And one of the aims of a law school should be to get law students to apply their own powers of reasoning to propositions of law. No man can become a really great

lawyer who depends upon his memory and not upon his reason. One of the finest practices that a law student can engage in is to take a proposition and, without going to the authorities, make up his mind what the answer should be and then, after he has reached his own conclusion, hunt up the authorities on the point. If he is right, then he will be very much gratified. If he is wrong, he will have the principle doubly impressed upon his mind.

Now let me make it clear that in urging law students to acquire and practice the habit of independent thinking I am not encouraging them to acquire or practice the habit of giving horseback opinions. The horseback opinion, which usually doesn't cost anything, is the most expensive advice a client ever got. The most satisfactory and usually the best advice that a lawyer can give is advice in which he can not only state what the statute or the decision holds but can also explain the reason for the rule or decision.

Seep your mind in legal lore. It isn't enough for a law student to read and study and, insofar as he can, master the statutes and reports. If he would acquire the legal mind, and this is prerequisite to becoming a great lawyer, he should become a master of the literature of the profession. In his hours when he can read books not applying directly to his course of study—and every law student should have some such hours—it would be well for him to read the biographies of great lawyers and judges. One of the most fascinating things I have read in a long, long time was Beveridge's *Life of John Marshall*. Several years ago I saw a list of standard fiction of special interest to a lawyer. I wish that I could lay hands on this list now or tell where it could be found, but I cannot. It would be well for the law student during the time he gets to read novels to choose the books in which a lawyer plays a prominent part. There was published a few years ago a several-volume set of legal essays which can

perhaps, be found in almost any college library and in the home library of a great many lawyers in the state; this is unusually interesting and valuable.

Sit at the feet of the great lawyers of your day. This suggestion is along the same line as that of seeping your mind in legal lore. I do not know of anything that will be more inspiring to a law student than to be brought into direct contact with the few really great lawyers of his time. Only a few young lawyers can ever hope to find a place in the office of such lawyers, but all of them can sit at their feet for a while, at least.

What I should like to see at Wake Forest would be the establishment of a lecture course for the Law School and the bringing to Wake Forest from time to time of the leading lawyers of the State. I should like to see the law students have a smoker once a month, say, and invite some leading lawyer who has been notably successful in one or another branch of the practice meet with them and in an informal way talk to them about the actualities of the practice, answer their questions, and fellowship with them. Wake Forest has an especially good opportunity to get the best lawyers in the State because of its nearness to Raleigh, to which nearly all of the leading lawyers in the State go sometime or other during the college year to appear before the Supreme Court.



EDGAR WALTER TIMBERLAKE, JR., A.B. LL.B.
Professor of Law, Wake Forest College.

THE LAWYER'S SERVICE IN WAR

E. W. TIMBERLAKE, JR.

The lawyer is, and always has been, a useful citizen, and his public service has been no less important in war than in peace. The lawyer's professional activities afford him a natural training for war. In the battles of the forum he must know where, how and when to attack, and must know equally well how to establish and maintain his lines of defense. If a retreat becomes necessary, he must know how to conduct it. For these reasons, as well as for patriotic reasons, lawyers have always taken an active part in conducting wars, both on the battlefield and at the home base. In all democracies the raising and equipping of armies, the mobilization of the nation's resources, and the enactment of such legislation as is necessary to the accomplishment of these purposes and to conduct the war to a successful conclusion, is largely in the hands of the legal profession.

It is frequently, and in fact usually, the voice of the lawyer that awakens the nation. In the French Revolution lawyers played a prominent part, and in the struggles of the English people for the overthrow of the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings lawyers played an equally prominent role. In the American Revolution it was the voice of a lawyer that sounded the note of freedom, and it was the pen of a lawyer that wrote the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Lecky says, "Lawyers contributed more than any other profession to the revolution. Jefferson, Adams, Otis, Dickinson and many other minor agents in the struggle were lawyers." Edmund Burke is quoted as saying, "The profession is numerous and powerful, and in most provinces it takes the lead." It is a notable fact, and can hardly be regarded as a mere coincidence, that

Madison, Polk, Lincoln, McKinley and Woodrow Wilson, Presidents of the United States during the wars in which this country has engaged since the formation of the Union, were lawyers.

Not only has the legal profession furnished the Presidents in all our wars, but it has likewise furnished the other statesmen who have guided the nation's affairs and carried each of these wars to a successful conclusion. They have been found in the Cabinet, in the halls of Congress, on diplomatic missions, and have occupied other important positions too numerous to mention. As typical of the war services of the legal profession there may be mentioned the fact that, during the World War, the Secretary of War of the United States, under whose administration more than two million American soldiers were sent to the battlefronts of France, is a lawyer. The Secretary of the Treasury, who, as has been strikingly said, "made the words 'billion dollars' as common as 'two bits,' " is a lawyer

Not only in our own country, but among our Allies as well, the members of the legal profession have been foremost in the great struggle just closed. Mr. Asquith, "under whose leadership," as has well been said of him, "Great Britain refused the bribe offered for her neutrality, espoused the cause of France and saved the world," is a distinguished barrister. Mr. Lloyd-George, England's great war Premier, and ex-President Raymond Poincaire, of France, are lawyers. These are but illustrations of the part done by lawyers in helping to make the world safe for democracy. Hon. Thos. J. O'Donnell, of Denver, Col., said in 1918:

"It is safe to say that if lawyers exercised the same influence in the government of Germany that they exercise in the governments of our Allies, a solemn treaty would never have been termed 'A scrap of paper,' and Germany would not have made herself an outlaw nation."

But not only has the lawyer done his part—a tremendous part—in patriotic service behind the lines, but he has given himself freely in active service in battle. Of the twenty-seven Presidents of the United States, twenty-three have been lawyers, and of these twenty-three six have distinguished military records. They are Andrew Jackson, Franklin Pierce, Rutherford B. Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. In the late war the members of the profession answered the call to the colors, freely and without stint, and at a greater sacrifice perhaps than any other profession. As the Attorney-General of Great Britain said during his visit to this country in 1918:

“When a lawyer enlists he leaves everything. His is a single-handed business; in other words, no member of the bar has any practice which lasts for one moment after he, as an individual, disappears from the scene of his efforts. If a member of the bar goes, as thousands have gone, his business disappears from the very day he takes up his hat, on the day he leaves his chambers, and nobody can keep it alive for him. Of all the young lawyers who have gone to the war there is not one who left anything behind except the hope that his colleagues would treasure his memory and his countrymen would attempt to make good, as far as in their power, the sacrifices he had made in behalf of the common cause. If you take all the businesses of the world, and all the professions, you will not find any profession that has made more gladly such bitter sacrifices for this war than the profession to which you and I belong.”

In this connection it should be noted that a very large part of the administration of the Draft Law has fallen to the lawyer. On the Exemption Boards, Legal Advisory Boards, in filling out questionnaires, he gave of his time and talent freely and gladly, and without compensation. The Bar of America placed itself absolutely and unqualifiedly at

the disposal of the Government and of every department of it. Not only so, but the profession placed its services at the disposal of the soldiers and their families, and saw to it that their business and their property were protected, and this without fee. It should be noted, also, that the author of the Selective Draft Act, General Enoch H. Crowder, is a learned lawyer as well as a distinguished soldier. This Act in itself is sufficient to give him lasting fame. In speaking of this law, in an address before the Kentucky Bar Association, in 1918, Hon. John W. Davis said:

"It may be said for this statute that it has not only given us an army such as could have been assembled by no other method, but it has done even more. By its equal distribution of the common burden it has unified the country, wiped out discord and disloyalty, and aroused the courage and earnestness of the people as nothing else could have done. One of the most distinguished Englishmen who has visited us since the war began recently expressed his deliberate opinion that this act, in the promptitude with which it was adopted, the readiness with which it was accepted and the efficiency with which it has been administered, was the greatest single achievement of the entire war. I do not believe this to be the language either of compliment or exaggeration."

We are now entering the period of reconstruction following the termination of the greatest war in history. In this period of new and unsolved problems the lawyer will find opportunities for service greater than ever before, and his obligations will be correspondingly greater. It is safe to predict that he will measure up to those opportunities and respond to those obligations, as he has always done in the past.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

THE LAWYER AND HIS PUBLIC RESPONSIBILITY

JOHN H. KERR.

"In the practice of law some men do well; others do good." In all forms of government the lawyer must of necessity have a prominent position. Ours is a lawyer's government. It was the agitation by the patriotic members of the profession which brought on the Revolutionary War. It was the conservative wisdom of the lawyers which framed the Constitution of the United States; the master minds of lawyers harmonized the Pinckney, the Jay, the Sherman and the Madison plans, and it was John Marshall who interpreted this Constitution, and it has been well said "breathed the very life into it." Twenty-four of the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five members of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States were lawyers. Twenty-one of our twenty-seven Presidents have been lawyers. It is of the real lawyer and his relation to the public of which I wish to speak; I am compelled to admit that all gentlemen who have license to practice law are not lawyers. A large per cent of the gentlemen who secure license to practice law never intend to practice the profession, some of them only want to learn of the principles and science of law; I do not believe that a man can be highly educated unless he knows of the growth of the law and its application to the science of government. The checks and safeguards against revolutionary action which distinguishes the institutions of the United States from those of all other democracies, are the fruits of the wisdom and foresight of great minds trained to the law.

A great many men secure license to practice law in order that they may use the law and this knowledge to aid them in prosecuting business successfully; this is all right, if they do not debauch the profession as a means to get money.

In my opinion there are two classes of real practitioners: the first is the lawyer who studies and plans to use his profession to the end that he may become prominent; he wants to be a great jury lawyer, or he wants to have some intimate connection with some great corporation, or he wants to attain unto political prominence; now I would not entirely criticise this kind of a lawyer, some of them have been most useful in the great uplift of our country, but I will say that this kind of a lawyer is usually not the great maker of public sentiment and his influence does not mould our highest ideals. The spectacular jury advocate is often deficient in the real learning of the profession, the corporation lawyer is frequently helpless when he comes to consider the fundamentals of the profession, and the political lawyer generally needs somebody to try his eascs for him.

COUNTRY MAN FOR THE SUPREME COURT.

I want to say right here that I wish we had some President who would come back to the country and get some great country lawyer, fresh from the streams of human life, a man who has intimate knowledge of the real wants and conditions of his fellows, and put him upon the great Supreme Court bench of this United States; it would have a wholesome effect; I am getting tired of every vacancy upon this the greatest court on earth being filled with some lawyer who has spent his life in the twentieth story of some city law building, studying to advise a corporation, not how to obey the law, but how to break it and not get caught.

The second class of real practitioners, and the class which I wish to call, for want of a better name, the modest lawyer,

is the one who has grown into the confidence and life of his community. Say what you may, the real sentiment of almost every community and county in this State and in every other State, reflects the life and character of the lawyer who has the confidence of that community and who does the business of that community. If he is vicious and stands for low ideals, the citizenship of his community will be sordid and depraved, and there will be no moral progress; if this lawyer has high sensibilities with a conscience attuned to noble ideals, the community will respond to this sentiment, and you will have a righteous people, armed with truth and in the van of material and moral progress.

Of course I want to commend to you this upright lawyer, with the highest ideals, the lawyer who has the confidence of his community, and whose influence stands for the best things of life, the lawyer who advises his people and keeps them out of all difficulties, who each day steers them around the rocks and through the breakers and anchors them safe from trials and conflicts of life. This is now my ideal lawyer; this is the lawyer worth while. Did you ever think of the confidence which men put in their attorney; there are hundreds of lawyers in North Carolina who today have in their possession the last wills and testaments of men worth thousands of dollars, these locked in their safes until the messenger shall come. There are hundreds of lawyers who absolutely have entrusted into their keeping hundreds of thousands of dollars without a receipt or a bond; this confidence extends to every phase of life; we are entrusted with all the sacred secrets of our clients, and these are rarely betrayed.

LAWYER'S GREAT INFLUENCE.

No other professional man has such an influence. The preacher comes and stays a few years, does a great service, but he is not a fixture; if he is a Methodist, four years soon

roll by and he must make a new home; if he is a Baptist, he generally stays until he shakes up his old morally stunted deacons right good, or possibly builds a church, and then he has to go. The doctor never takes the same interest in public matters as the lawyer, he operates in a smaller sphere, the fact is he is busy relieving human suffering and the public has never depended upon him for leadership, as it has the lawyer. The influence of the teacher comes nearest to that of the lawyer; in my opinion there are men and women in North Carolina today, whose names you will never hear called, who are doing a service to humanity which will be felt throughout the ages to come; Christian teachers who are building their lives and their ideals into the lives of our children.

But what about this upright lawyer, this modest lawyer, whom you rarely hear about away from his community? I should like for Wake Forest to make a specialty of this class of practitioners. Say what you may, the State of North Carolina looks largely to Wake Forest College for public men to shape the ideals and make public sentiment in the State; send the men from this college wherever you may, and you will find those men occupying a large place in the political, religious, business and social life of their community. The Wake Forest lawyer is a factor in North Carolina; go into any county and you find him now, and I'm glad to say that he is securing his part of the business, and I think most of them are entirely loyal to this institution; they should be, it is undoubtedly characteristic of North Carolina Baptists, that they love Wake Forest College. You will not go far in life until you find out that this college lies close to the hearts of many men and women in this State; there are thousands of North Carolinians who never saw these splendid buildings and never had a boy educated here, who have possibly invested

one dollar or more in the fund which enables the college to maintain itself, and this investment has made the donor have a real lively personal interest in your institution.

TWO THINGS TO BE DEMANDED.

Let me suggest to my ideal lawyer at least two things which, in my opinion, he should distinctly stand for at this time. First, there is a growing idea that a lawyer takes an active interest in politics for selfish motives, the public generally thinks that he wants an office. I never expect to see the day when the lawyer is not interested in politics, but I want him to remove the idea that this interest is personal; he must do it; he can do it; if he can make public sentiment, and if he has the confidence of his people, he can dissipate the idea that he is in politics for his own aggrandizement. A man can be of more use in the building of character, and in the promotion of high ideals, when he strives unselfishly for the uplift of his fellow man; we will have to make the laws, and we will have to interpret them; we will stand for the great fundamental principles which have entered into the making of this government; and we must do and be unselfish in the act.

NO PLACE FOR DEMAGOGUES.

Second, I beg you to respect our institutions; the cynic and the demagogue has no place in a healthy community. There is a tendency abroad in the land to depreciate the real merit of our jury system; we hear often that the jury system should be abolished, that a court of judges could administer justice much better. We must not be indifferent and let this sentiment grow; it strikes at the very vitals of our jurisprudence, and I believe the abolition of our jury system would disorganize our whole system of government. We must not forget the bitter struggle our fathers made to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people; it must not

be forgotten that the whole body of the people is the source of justice, as the people are the source of authority. We remember that the people are the source of authority because Mr. Jefferson wrote it down for us at Philadelphia in words that—in Adams to Rufus Choate—are unquestionably fine and noble. We have had no great leader, however, to immortalize in any solemn declaration of rights the equally great truth that the people are the source of justice.

Blackstone declared that the jury system was the chiefest glory of the English law. It seems wisely ordered that men do not require a special education to do justice; you have to teach a man what a right-angled triangle is, but you may be sure that every man comes into this world with a knowledge of what is good and what is evil, what he ought to do and what he ought not to do.

I believe I may say, in conclusion, that the greatest lawyer, and the one that does most good in life, is the one that realizes his responsibility to the public, on account of his great profession and position, and simply serves in a modest way his day and generation, and lifts them up to larger visions and thereby makes life nobler, sweeter and truer; this is the lawyer who does good.

Let us strive with a sincere purpose to preserve our institutions, and make the truest ideals in life; then we will have done our full duty and life will not be tiresome.

"Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk."

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT

JUDGE ROBERT W. WINSTON.

You ask me to write something, connected with my life, as Judge and Lawyer, which may interest, and possibly benefit mankind. But—am I qualified to do so?

Like most young Lawyers, I began life without clients or worldly goods. The Courts of the Justices of the Peace and of the Mayor were my forum. Here I touched life in the raw—courageous but poor and narrow—bar-room and brothel-brawls, and drunken-rows and gougings; the larceny of a pig; dispute about a wagon-load of shucks or claim and delivery for a yearling. Afterwards in the Superior Courts the stakes were larger and human passion not so elemental. Going on the bench, at an early age, I rode the circuit, from sea to mountains. Resigning, and returning to the active practice, the field widened; and I now followed cases on appeal, to Raleigh, Richmond and Washington, and did much advisory and first-hand work in the office. The mainsprings of human conduct, the workings of the courts, the jury system, neighborhood disturbances, church and school rows, strained domestic relations, unbridled passions, murders, the unwritten law, folly and insanity, dealing with the young, the derelict, the egotist and the paranoiac and yet protecting society, suits for all sorts of torts and wrongs, unearthing frauds—what a raging, seething sea is this! I have divorced people, broken wills, given the child to the most worthy parent, hung men, presided when humanity was lashing itself into a passion, the foundations of the deep broken up, and generally I have done the things incident to an active, busy, tireless, ambitious and successful nisi-prius, as well as office and advisory judge's and lawyer's life—and this I have to say: *Fifty per cent*

of the cases in court have no business there. A great deal of law, like a great deal of war, is useless and should not be. Obstinacy, pride of opinion, lack of sense of proportion, a false public sentiment, Ransy Sniffles, the need of some strong personality, some Horace Bentley, to act as arbitrator, one whose life teaches that evil is only overcome by good. Oh! the lost motion, the wasted energy, the worse than uselessness, of the legal affairs of the ignorant and superstitious. As I look back over a life full and rich with legal experience and adventure, it is not, I trust, the thrilling moments when the jury looked upon the prisoner and said whether he was or was not guilty of the charge; nor when, at my end of the phone, eagerly I listened to catch the magic word "Affirmed" or "Revised" from the Appellate Courts, it is not these times and these fees, the recollection of which gives me most satisfaction, but it is those other, and after days, when some good woman or good man pressed my hand and said, "I will never forget you," "You settled that awful school row for us." One ounce of civet kind apothecary. To my thinking, thirteenth of first Corinthians is the best thing we have. And so, John Ruskin thought; and his good mother had him commit to memory this and many other chapters.

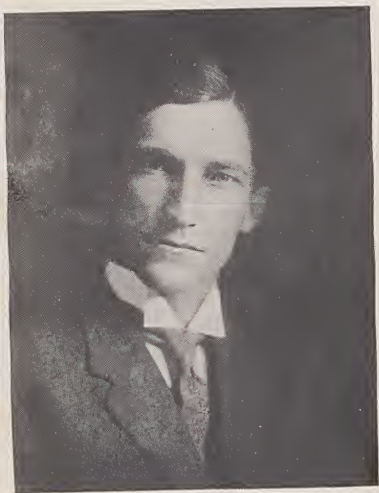
Consider the example of Judge Badger and Judge Ruffin in their old age. Great as they had been in high places, were they not greater and more useful as magistrates, administering the neighborhood law in Wake and Alamance, keeping down disturbances, protecting the weak, overcoming evil with good? We have much yet to learn, I fear, many prejudices to overcome, many changes to make. Judge Ben Lindsay, the queer, judicial dreamer from the Denver juvenile bench, told us lots of things in Raleigh this month; 700 prisoners, desperadoes many of them, sent by him to prison—alone, no one to guard them, and only two escapes—nine-tenths of the cases in his court with no lawyers, no written pleadings, liti-

gants come voluntarily into his court and air their grievances which he settles with no appeals. And the secret of his success, so says Judge Lindsay, is "Overcoming evil with good." It staggers one's imagination to watch the human family, all over the world today, blindly surging, surging, surging forward. "The laborer will no longer remain a cog in the wheel of machinery," says Gompers; and the challenge of the powers of anarchy must be met by legislation giving our surplus wealth and earnings to uplift mankind and equalize the burdens of life. And when we think of the Colorado maternity laws, which award \$1,200.00 to the new mother in that State, of the North Carolina Juvenile Court Law, just affirmed by our Supreme Court, of Dr. W. S. Rankin's marvelous work to stamp out typhoid and the like; of the abundant labors of Governor Bickett, dreamer and utopian, no doubt, but in the goodly company of men far, far ahead of their day, we must conclude that the "Shaving of Shagpat" is not such a job after all.

It's pride of opinion that hurts and hinders. Think of the cases, without merit or of those other cases without defense, and of that large, very large, class which a word in season would have ended, before the fire got out. And in many such matters the bill of cost is more than the judgment.

There are times, and many times, when one must fight and fight to a finish. If one deliberately sets about to injure or damage you, to crow over and run over you and yours, you must let him know that you are there. But this happens only now and then. Hear the other side. You may be wrong. The other fellow may be right, listen to him a moment. He has to live, too. Maybe he did not really understand the verbal contract as you did. He understood you to say that *you* would pay for the paint which the painter purchased to paint your house. But you say that you "did not do any such-a-thing." The painter is insolvent. Who

shall lose the \$100.00? Why, divide it, of course. Suppose the paint dealer sues, there's the cost and lawyer's fees and the bad-blood-stirred-up, and lost time, and continuances and the risk of a jury trial; so that, whether you win or lose, you lose. I dare assert that I can name fifty families in this State today that have wasted their substance in "lawing" and being "lawed"; they must be in the courthouse, if not as parties, as witnesses. They love it. They can't get away from dealing in liquor, making it or selling it, or having it about; they fight; they do not know the meaning of compromise; they sue for trifles; they leave all contracts in doubt; they are careless; they sue their tenants; they are not prompt in meeting their obligations; and the pity of it is they cannot afford it; they are poor, and they must toil for a livelihood. These are Shaggypates, they need Shibli Bagarag! It is said, "Overcome evil with good." Perhaps we cannot attain unto this. Then put the matter on a simpler a business-like basis: "It *pays* to keep out of trouble, to have saving common sense!



ROBERT BRUCE WHITE, M.A.
Professor of Law, Wake Forest College.

LAW AND LEADERSHIP

R. B. WHITE.

The two men who, so far as I have known, exercised the most potent influence on a whole county were George M. Duke and Charles M. Cooke.

Both had been Confederate soldiers. Both have recently died. Their working life touched and affected over two generations in the same county. In speaking of the influence exerted by them, something is meant different from a local or temporary effect, however dramatic or powerful.

It was the kind of influence which is constant, pervasive, becoming a part of the moral atmosphere so that children, grown up, found a manhood partly shaped by it.

One of the two was a preacher; the other was a lawyer. But, in this world of things as they are, the fate of the preacher is almost stranger than that of the lawyer. Dr. Duke possessed genuine ability as a preacher with character fine as gold. His churches, however, were always country churches and the fifty years of his ministry were almost altogether spent within a radius of fifteen miles. His influence became cumulative. The habit of looking up to him was an inheritance to each new generation. All in all, it was a wonderful life.

But seldom is it given to any preacher to stay long in any one section. The lawyer locates permanently as a rule. His business brings him in contact with every section of his county. He comes to know and be known by all its people. Then, if built that way, he can become a big factor in shaping the ideals and aspirations of his people. Of course we are considering the North Carolina lawyer who does a general practice.

Judge Cooke was a sufficient proof. Beginning soon after the civil war, he was for the thirty-odd years before going on the bench that kind of a lawyer. Professionally, he set a standard by which others were judged. Successful, no rumor ever connected him with methods that were not above reproach.

But he was more than a lawyer. He made folks think about the things that were of good report. He was not ashamed to be genuinely religious. He was a continuing influence that helped put public opinion on a sound moral basis.

The North Carolina lawyer of ability is a leader whether he wills or no. His leadership may be a negation and therefore backwards, or it may be positive.

He has to deal with folks; he knows the fifty-seven varieties; he touches them at sensitive points of contact. The dominant place in such contact is his and inevitably there is a reaction in others.

The natural result upon him should be a gain in understanding, a broader sympathy and finer tolerance. He should become even more of a human being. That in turn deepens the strength of his influence.

We have grown used to the talk about the lawyer's dominance in politics. The thing is practically inevitable, whether liked or not. Nobody else knows so much about everybody's business.

His leadership in civic matters is strong. It could be stronger and should be better. It is not always untouched by a money consideration. The young lawyer who aspires to a full success should never accept a fee for his attitude toward a measure of public concern. There his interest as a citizen should be sufficient.

In the field of moral and even religious leadership, the lawyer has one real advantage over the preacher. All of us

are more or less prone to take a preacher's life and teaching as a matter of course. It is his business, we think. But a lawyer certainly does not suffer from this handicap. When he talks morality and religion, folks take notice, provided his life backs it up.

He is one of the crowd that makes its living in a workaday world. He has seen life from the level places. He knows folks, he speaks as one of them and they recognize their own language.

It is, perhaps, the greatest opportunity that comes to the lawyer. The excellencies of his profession will all be his aids. His aptitude at public speaking, his touch with matters of interest, his necessary understanding of human nature, his acquaintance with folks, all furnish a capital too valuable to waste. And it is well to remember that the great lawyers of North Carolina who are remembered with affection were leaders here as well as at the bar.

Of course the limit of a lawyer's achievement is fixed by his ability. It is equally obvious that ability without work gets nowhere. And if not so obvious, it is equally true that no near approach to that limit can be had unless he possess the continuing confidence of the people with whom he lives.

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE

FREDERICK DUDLEY SWINDELL.

He was a very young attorney, and today a very despondent one. He had sat for an hour or more in his office chair—a handsome one and very new—resting an arm on his desk, which desk was likewise very new and shiny, and gazing reflectively out of the window on a world that was not new. And, speaking of worlds, we have stumbled upon his very thoughts. It was a strange world, he felt; a hard-hearted world, and withal, a cruel world. His boyish chin quivered a little and a lump found lodgment in his throat, for he was indulging in the bitter-sweet of self-pity.

A month ago his perspective had been rose-tinted. The world was not then a cruel or hard-hearted one, but a vast storehouse of treasures, of opportunities for glorious attainments. He had sought to disguise the jubilation and buoyancy of his heart with a new-found, and therefore a tremendously fascinating dignity, while he fitted his office with books and table and desks and many other impressive looking things. He had indulgently permitted his mother and sisters to stand admiringly by while he filled shelves and books and directed the furniture man, in tones of courteous authority, to place this article here and another there. And finally, when every book and every chair and every rug was in place, he had seated himself with slow and serious movement at the imposing desk, and gently but firmly suggested to mother and the girls that his time was quite valuable. The girls had been inclined to be resentful and even sarcastic at his summary dismissal of them, but the mother, smiling tenderly,

drew them away. He had not observed that smile, although it was a wonderful smile, full of tenderness and love and understanding and hope, and perhaps, a bit of apprehension, for he was only a boy and this was his first day of greatness.

A month had passed since then. A month full of hurts and insults to his pride. He had vaguely known of the hazing months, which come to all beginners in his profession, but he had not realized their depths of misery. Keen of imagination, he had assumed the toga of manhood and dignity and importance, and, with reckless optimism, expected immediate adoption in the realm of affairs. He had been treated as a boy. He had been addressed as Kid and Sonny; had been patronizingly encouraged by some and discouraged by others. He had sat in his office day after day, conscious that passersby smiled at its newness, at its lonely occupant. And, in his self-consciousness, he had exaggerated trivialities into tragedies. So today, he was miserable, very, very miserable.

He did not know that the little mother had divined, with the instinct and intuition which only mothers have, the soreness in the soul of her boy, or that behind her daily smile was sympathy and tears. Nor did he know that on yesterday she had visited the office of another lawyer, a much older lawyer, and had a long, long talk with him. What he did know was this.

He saw some one coming, and, as the some one came, he saw him looking intently at the bronze sign, in flagrant evidence over his door. He heard a step in the hallway and then a knock. Suddenly he felt a thrill, a thrill and then a strange nervousness. His hand shook and his voice quivered as he bade the some one enter. With a herculean effort he assumed an air of repose and calm, a business-like attention. He frowned a little, believing it would make him seem wiser and older. He wondered what to say. His brain reeled with

excitement. He hesitated to speak, fearing the sound of his voice, and so sat silent.

"Boss," began the newcomer, wholly oblivious to the excitement he had occasioned, "me and another fellow has had a little fracas and I kinder wanted a lawyer to look out for me."

In an instant the wretchedness of thirty days vanished. One sentence from the lips of a dirty, ragged negro had rehabilitated him in pride and hope and importance. He asked question after question. He took a long memorandum of the facts in the case. He expressed profound convictions of his client's blamelessness in relation to the "fracas." And, at last, when a fee of five silver dollars was paid him and his client shuffled out, he viewed the future as in a blaze of glory.

So engrossed was he in his own thoughts, so absorbed in newly assumed responsibilities, and so elated at the first visit to him of the chance he had desired, he failed to catch the glance of interest and expectation in the mother's eye, when he returned home for dinner. When the family gathered about the table the sisters were conscious of a subtle change in their brother. He was quiet and preoccupied. He replied in monosyllables to all remarks addressed to him. At last, when general attention had been directed to him and he saw that the dramatic moment for his act of announcement had been reached, he glanced glowingly over the group, and a bit sheepishly, a bit exultantly, stated, "I have a client."

The effect was magical. Mary and Jane laughed with delight and asked a hundred questions. Lizzie, the quiet one, walked over and threw her arms about him. Mother's face radiated gladness and father beamed in satisfaction. The attorney for the defense revelled in the pleasure of it all for a few minutes and then hurried back to the office.

The trial was to take place before a justice of the peace the next day. Meanwhile time was precious. He pulled down encyclopedias and turned to the head of Assault and Battery. He read industriously. He made notes of cited cases and then traced them up in various reports. He called in his father's stenographer and dictated a lengthy brief. At seven he hurried home for supper, and, scarcely touching his food, rushed back to the office. His brief was complete, but there was his speech to prepare. He sat at the desk and wrote for hours. He weaved in his argument bits of humor and touches of pathos. He told how his client had fought in defense of his honor and life. He described the scene of the fight, near the little cabin that was the home of his client. He pictured the home life in this cabin; the happy children and the loving wife. He attained dramatic fervor in relating the approach of the criminal who forced the fight. The challenge on the threshold, etc. He shook sympathetic tears from his eyes as he wrote or ground his teeth in rage as he ranted of the injustice done this unoffending man in being haled before a court of justice. "He should have been awarded a medal for bravery. His should be the universal approbation of a fair-minded community. Instead of censure he deserves reward." Thus he wrote until the night waxed late.

Eight o'clock was his accustomed hour of arising, but this morning he was up at six. Up and out and down at his office, memorizing as best he could in so short a time the speech he had written. So deep was his interest and so important his task he neglected his breakfast. At nine-thirty he laid his manuscript on the desk. The trial was to be at ten, and he felt it wise to compose himself a little. He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and was trying to still the whirl

of thoughts in his brain when a knock on his door sounded and a small, kinky-haired negro boy entered. "Is you Lawyer Burns?" he questioned. The attorney bowed. "Well, pa says please, sir, send him that five dollars he giv yer. He says tell you Lawyer Jones told him to git yer, but yer was so young he 'lowed he'd git another lawyer."

WILSON, N. C.

NEEDHAM YANCEY GULLEY

C. P. GREAVES.

The Wake Forest Law School and its dean, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, are synonymous for its successful start and development to the largest law school in the State has been primarily due to him. He became the college's first professor of law when the law school was started in 1894. Ever since that time he has devoted all his energy to it constantly and faithfully. In the beginning, there were only a few pupils under Dr. Gulley's tutelage, but the school's growth has been as that of an acorn to an oak, for, as the fame of his ability as a teacher spread, the number of students increased until more professors had to be added.

Now the Wake Forest Law School holds a record that any school may envy and Dr. Gulley is the man who has had the major share in placing it so high. A larger percentage of students from here are admitted to the bar than from any other law school in the entire South. In this State more Wake Forest students pass the State examinations than those from all the other schools of the State combined. After studying under Dr. Gulley, seven hundred and forty-seven men have obtained State licenses and, of this number, five hundred and twenty are now practicing attorneys in this State. How is this for a record and how many men will be found who can point to such an achievement?

With only a few years interval, Dr. Gulley has been connected with Wake Forest College ever since 1878, when he came here from Johnston County. While a student, he distinguished himself as a debater, winning society honors in

1878. In this year he received his A. B. degree and an A. M. degree in the year following. The next year and until 1881 he taught at the State Normal School, then located in Raleigh. The following year he was at Smithfield. Dr. Gulley entered the legal profession in 1883, when he began his practice at Franklinton, but for the next four years he was editor of the Franklin Weekly. At the end of this period he resumed his practice of law, which he continued till 1894, when he began his long career as a teacher at Wake Forest College. The following year he was sent to the State Legislature. From that time until the present his work has been that of teaching law.

The reason for this remarkable man's success is found in his scholarly ability in his field of learning and in his high integrity of character as a Christian and gentleman.

Dr. Gulley's thorough knowledge is unquestioned. Teaching law for twenty-six years, he has come to know it from top to bottom, such as few men can ever hope to, both in its theoretical and in its practical aspects. His ability has been abundantly recognized, both in and out of the State. He was one of those picked to revise and compile the statutes and laws of the State which were embodied in the Revisal of 1905. He was chosen to write a chapter for the American Encyclopedia of Law, a task given to only the authoritative.

Besides from a theoretical side, Dr. Gulley knows law from its practical side. Those seven hundred and twenty-four lawyers who have listened to his lectures will readily testify to that. His ability to present law in the light of its practical application is indeed one of the chief secrets of his success in turning out good lawyers. Some one, who should know, has said that the reason Dr. Gulley sometimes loses his cases in court is that his argument of the case is too practical; he tells what the law says instead of going off into flights of

flowery oratory, which, while it may sometimes influence the sentimental among the jury, has no solid reason in it.

Dr. Gulley is a good judge of human nature and indeed any person would be who has taught boys as long as he has.

Kindred to this quality, is his unusually keen sense of humor which, rather than law itself, has been the drawing card for some to his classes. His many stories which he uses to illustrate his points to his classes and the style in which he tells them have that rare quality that we call rich. From the memories of his pupils many things will fade away before his "brindle bull Ben."

In studying the character of Dr. Gulley there cannot be overlooked that invaluable quality of broad-mindedness. Teaching in a college for so many years, he has been in a position to view life from many angles, for the college is a kind of observatory, from which to view the rest of the world. In such a community are gathered together people of all kinds, differing socially, in wealth, in ideas and in aims. With students varying so widely, Dr. Gulley has been dealing and it is because of his broadness of outlook that his dealings have been so successful. In turn, contact with these diversified elements has developed this innate broad-mindedness.

The Wake Forest Law School stands in very serious danger of suffering an irreparable loss in the next few months in the person of its dean. And not only will the law school feel the loss, but the entire college as well, for Dr. Gulley is one of the most beloved and honored members of the faculty. If he is lost, and we are quite sure this will happen, consolation may be found in the fact that the State will have this man and scholar for its servant.

Wake Forest men throughout the State may give their fullest support to him in his candidacy for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, not because they are

Wake Forest men, but because he is the best qualified for the place. The most important requisite is thorough knowledge of the law, and there are not half a dozen men in the whole State that know as much as he does, and none who know more. As for the other less important requisites, which lie mainly in personal character, Dr. Gulley stands high above the average.



LAW CLASS, WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

WHAT ALUMNI SAY ABOUT WAKE FOREST LAW SCHOOL

ALLEN, THOMAS A., Albany, N. Y.—Wake Forest College, A.B., 1903;
B. L. 1904.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is in its thoroughness of instruction, the accuracy in teaching of the fundamental and elementary principles of law, as well as the scope of its work, equal to any of the other law schools of the country. This was impressed upon me by the fact that in my course at Union University there was only one subject not covered in the course at Wake Forest, that of Federal Practice. In my class there were men from reputable Northern universities who did not seem to have as clear an idea and application of the elementary principles of the law as it is presented by the professors of the Wake Forest Law School."

ALEXANDER, J. J., Stony Point, N. C.—Class of 1914.

"The able and efficient teachers of the Wake Forest Law School are not surpassed by any of the many great lawyers of the State in their knowledge of the law. Wake Forest has given to the bar of North Carolina some of its ablest members, and its influence is just now beginning to be felt."

AVERITT, H. G., Fayetteville, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest College during the years of 1895-1896 and 1903.

"I have always regarded Professor Gulley as the finest lecturer I ever knew on class. I am of the opinion that the Wake Forest Law School has done a great deal for the bar of North Carolina in the way of elevating the standard of the lawyer's requirements."

BEASLEY, L. A., Kenansville, N. C.—M.A., Wake Forest College.

"The Wake Forest Law School is without doubt the best in the State, if a school is to be judged by the number of its students who have successfully passed the rigid examinations of our Supreme Court. The success of the school has, in my opinion, been due in a great measure to the unique personality of its dean, Prof. N. Y. Gul-

ley, a man of profound scholarship, rare attainments, a genial nature, an ability to impart information even to the dullest intellect, a *sui generis* in his chosen field."

BENNETT, S. Q., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Class of 1911.

"The Wake Forest Law School is unequaled in the State. It has been a great factor in the progress of this and other States."

BENSON, WALTER C., Wilmington, N. C.—Class 1910. Degree, LL.B.

"Wake Forest Law Department stands high. Its teachers are gems. The men Wake Forest Law School has turned out with few exceptions have made great successes at the bar of this and other States."

BLANTON, R. R., Rutherfordton, N. C.—Received B. A. Wake Forest, 1912.

"I consider the Law Department at Wake Forest one of the best not only in the State of North Carolina but in the entire Southland. I often think of the remark Professor Gulley would make, 'The man who slips into some other lawyer's back door for advice will never succeed.'"

BOBBITT, M. T., Rowland, N. C.—

"Professors Gulley and Timberlake are not only learned lawyers, but teachers in the truest sense of the word."

BOONE, W. D., Winton, N. C.—A. B., Wake Forest College, 1911; LL.B., 1912.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College has set a high standard of completeness and efficiency. The real secret of the success of the department lies in the strength of its teachers. The Law School of Wake Forest College has given to the bar of North Carolina men of ability, efficiency and integrity."

BRIDGES, MARSHALL W., Florence, S. C.—Summer Law School of 1914.

"Where two or more men are associated together in the same work 'team work' is absolutely essential to success. Whoever heard

of a more wonderful 'team' of teachers than Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake? The work of the one dovetails with that of the other. Gulley and Timberlake! Two greater teachers of law cannot be found anywhere than Professors Gulley and Timberlake. I believe that the Law School at Wake Forest has influenced the legal profession of this State and other States to an extent equal to the influence of Wake Forest generally upon the Baptist denomination of North Carolina and other States."

BROCK, WALTER E., Wadesboro, N. C.—In class of 1905.

"Wake Forest law teachers are as good as the best. The school is democratic. The Wake Forest Law School has furnished to the State some of its most brilliant lawyers."

BROUGHTON, C. C., Troy, N. C.—Wake Forest College, class of 1912.

"Teachers have the reputation of being the best in the South, and I believe it. I think it can be rightly said that Wake Forest has sent out more strong men from its Law Department during its experience than has any other college in the South."

BROUGHTON, J. M., Jr., Raleigh, N. C.—Class of 1910, A.B. degree.

"The Law School's two really great teachers deserve the grateful appreciation of every alumnus of the college, and they also deserve a building and a library. The Wake Forest Law Department has given to the bar men who possess lofty and unflinching ideals."

BROWN, E. GARLAND, Winston-Salem, N. C.—Class of 1912.

"I owe more of what I am to Professors Gulley and Timberlake than to any other living men. I feel like Wake Forest Law School has done more to eliminate shysters and the class of lawyers that desire only wealth from the North Carolina bar than any other institution in the State."

BROWN, JUNIUS C., Madison, N. C.—B.A. and LL.B. Class of 1913.

"The professors in the Law Department are, in my mind, due the credit for the unparalleled success of the Law School at Wake Forest. They are not only thoroughly equipped but they show a personal in-

terest in the students who attend Wake Forest Law School. In every nook and corner of North Carolina you will find the Wake Forest lawyers standing at the forefront in the legal profession."

BRUMMITT, DENNIS G., Oxford, N. C.—B.A., 1907.

"I was much impressed at Law School with the magnificent manner in which Professors Gulley and Timberlake complement each other. Timberlake teaches the theory of the law in logical, consecutive order, developing the principles underlying it, while Professor Gulley gives one a practical, working knowledge of the things he will meet in practice."

BURNETT, J. H., Bragaw, N. C.—LL.B. degree, 1911.

"The Wake Forest Law School is one of the best in the South. The Wake Forest Law School has helped to make the North Carolina bar a great force for good in the necessary and indispensable place which it holds in the affairs of the State."

CARLTON, P. S., Salisbury, N. C.—Member of the graduating class at Wake Forest College in 1899. Took the degree of M.A.

"Accuracy and precision were emphasized daily by Professor Gulley, and under him, more than at any other time or place, I formed my ideal of a lawyer. In my opinion Professor Gulley, in teaching law to his students, has a greater personal influence over their lives and characters than any other teacher I have known. Wherever I have gone in North Carolina the lawyer who obtained his training at Wake Forest stands high in his profession and in the estimation of the public."

CASHWELL, C. C., Wilmington, N. C.—Class of 1913.

"The success of the Law Department and the excellent character of her sons, I think, are due to the deep personal interest its Christian professors take in those whom they teach."

CHALMERS, A. C., Wilmington, N. C.—Summer School, 1911.

"The instruction I received at Wake Forest has been of great help to me since I received my North Carolina license, and it was certainly largely instrumental in helping me to pass the bar examination."

I would like to state my appreciation of the lectures delivered by Professor Timberlake; they were always clear and concise and brought out plainly the main points of the subject under discussion."

CHEEK, GEORGE, Sparta, N. C.—Was in classes from spring term, 1898, to and including summer law class of 1900.

"My law studies were under Prof. N. Y. Gulley, whom I regard as a thorough instructor and a most excellent man. The kindly spirit and the personal interest shown me by Professor Gulley was a great help, and is to this good day one of the dearest recollections of my college life. So far as my observation goes the men of my class, as well as those of other classes, have been able to amply care for themselves and for the interest of their clients in all legal conflicts, and on the whole have done much to raise the standard of legal ethics."

COOKE, ARTHUR WAYLAND, Greensboro, N. C.—Class of 1900; A.B., A.M., B.L.

"The Wake Forest Law School has my highest commendation. Its teachers rank with the best. Not only have they the scholarship, but get a grip upon their students and give them incentives and ideals which are inestimable. Not only do they prepare students to pass the examinations for license but for the active practice of law. Its contribution to the bar of North Carolina has been invaluable. The men it sends out are taking rank with the foremost lawyers of the State. The Wake Forest men are usually men of democratic ideals, active, energetic, bold alike in the assertion of right and denunciation of wrong."

CRAIG, FANNING, Windsor, N. C.—Took law course at Wake Forest 1898-99.

"The Wake Forest Law School has had much to do with elevating the bar of North Carolina, as it has turned out some of the brightest members of the profession, who are leaving their imprint upon the civilization of the State, and shaping and molding sentiments that will last for all time."

CRAVER, J. B., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Summer Law School class of 1913.

"Nothing too good can be said of Wake Forest Law Department for its great strength and power cannot be expressed in words, and

only eternity will reveal its character building, its soundness of learning, efficiency of preparation, the greatness of work and the goodness of spirit of Dr. Gulley and Professor Timberlake and the Law Department."

CRITCHER, P. V., Lexington, N. C.—Class of 1910; B.A. degree.

"I still hear the sound of Professor Gulley's and Professor Timberlake's voices guiding me in the principles of law."

CRUMPLER, B. H., Clinton, N. C.—Entered the Law Department of Wake Forest at the beginning of the fall term, 1903, and stayed until the end of the spring term, 1905. Took the LL.B. degree.

"Professor Timberlake was not at Wake Forest while I was there, but I do not think Professor Gulley has an equal in the State in preparing young men for the examination of the Supreme Court. I believe no practicing attorneys have a higher regard for the ethics of the profession than they, and the training which they get at Wake Forest is, in my opinion, as good as can be had anywhere."

DICKINSON, O. P., Wilson, N. C.—Was in the class of 1902, taking the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

"The Wake Forest Law School, for thoroughness of equipment of its graduates, stands second to none in the South."

DUNN, ASHBY W., Scotland Neck, N. C.—B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908.

"The same impressions engraved on my mind as a student in the academic course, so far as the college and its teachers are concerned, I received as a student in the Law Department, both with respect to the department itself and to its teachers. The true spirit of democracy was one of the distinguishing traits of the department. The department was distinguished for the *men* at its head, not machines, and *men* went out from its halls into the larger world. As they have gone out and become a part of the bar of North Carolina they have left the impress of their personality and individualism upon communities, and where they have gone there has the spirit of democracy been—teaching friendship, fellowship and brotherhood."

DUNNING, A. R., Martin County.—Class of 1900. A.B. and M.A. degrees.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is as good as any school in the South. The teachers have few equals and no superiors in this State. The Wake Forest Law School has been a blessing to the bar of the State. It has turned out more successful lawyers than any law school in the State."

EDWARDS, G. W., Forest City, N. C.—In class of 1913.

"The Wake Forest Law School, in my opinion, has given to the North Carolina Bar the greatest majority of learned counsel."

FERRELL, R. H., Albany, Ga.—A.B., 1907; A.M., 1909.

"The Law Department enjoys the same enviable reputation that the other departments at Wake Forest enjoy, not only in the State of North Carolina but throughout the South."

FISHER, WALTER HARRISON, Roseboro, N. C.—

"The inexhaustible and practical training of Dr. Gulley and the diligent and thorough work of Professor Timberlake can be equaled by few men and surpassed by none. The great number of students in attendance each year attest the present and growing popularity of the school."

GLIDEWELL, P. W., Reidsville, N. C.—Finished law course in the summer class of 1901.

"Am convinced that Wake Forest has the finest Law Department and law teachers in this State. The Wake Forest Law School has done much for the Bar of this State. Some of the strongest lawyers I know are Wake Forest men and the members of the profession of this State taking their course at Wake Forest College."

GODWIN, A. PILSTON, Gatesville, N. C.—In the class of 1900; degree of B.L.

"The Wake Forest Law School has made the bar of North Carolina more democratic. It has convinced the bar that Prof. N. Y. Gulley is second to none in the State, in his ability, assisted

by his able associates, in training students for active, practical practice, and that he himself is one of the best judges of law in the State."

GORE, ARTHUR D., Raeford, N. C.—Member of class which applied for license August, 1911. B.A.

"The Department of Law at Wake Forest attracted men to it who have since become Governors of the State, and continues to draw young men who will in due time be the leaders in North Carolina. Remember more of Professor Timberlake's ethical precepts and more of Professor Gulley's wit and wisdom than I do about the law. But that was not their fault. We remember what we most enjoy."

HAMPTON, WADE B., Washington, D. C.—Was a member of the law class of 1910. Took LL.B. degree, spring of 1910.

"I regard the members of the law faculty as being unusually well equipped by training and experience for giving instruction in their respective courses. In the process of making lawyers the Wake Forest Law School has also sought to make men, strong, virile, honorable, manly, serviceable men, men whose knowledge would command respect and whose integrity would demand confidence and trust. In both endeavors the school has been successful in marked degree. In no school in the land is the ideal of service so much emphasized, and this ideal has found and is finding expression in concrete form in the professional and public life of the State and nation."

HALSTEAD, W. J., South Mills, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest Law School, 1909.

"Wake Forest College Law Department is the peer of all institutions of its kind in the State."

HARDY, LESLIE C., Tucson, Ariz.—Member of the class of 1910. Received LL.B. degree.

"The Law Department of Wake Forest College is one of the best of its kind in the South. The teachers are profound thinkers, deep students and most excellent instructors."

HARRILL, E. A., Hamlet, N. C.—Finished with the class of 1911 with B.A. degree.

"The teachers of the Law Department are unquestionably of the highest type, and the influence of their teaching sticks. In my opinion the Wake Forest Law School has done more for the Bar of North Carolina than any other like institution in the State, in every respect."

HARWOOD, J. H., Murphy, N. C.—At Wake Forest 1902-03; no degree.

"I was impressed with the faithfulness and painstaking care with which the teachers in the Law Department instructed those under their charge. While the teachers are few, their work is thorough. The habit of thoroughness follows one into the practice."

HUFFMAN, R. L., Morganton, N. C.—Class of 1907.

"In my opinion the Wake Forest Law School has furnished to our State more able lawyers than any law school this State has ever had, the reason being that every law student is thoroughly drilled in the fundamental principles of the law and is not allowed to go before the Supreme Court until he knows something about law, and the ordinary man cannot stay around Professor Gulley very long without learning a great deal of law."

HUGHES, CHARLES, Hughes, N. C.—In school, Wake Forest 1912-13.

"The day I entered Wake Forest College will ever remain as one of the greatest epochs in the history of my life, and I shall never forget the kind and tender interest shown, and the courteous treatment extended the class by the law faculty. I believe that I can truly say, the Wake Forest Law School is the greatest of its kind in the South, and for this greatness the praise is all due to Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

HUTCHISON, A. E., Rock Hill, S. C.—Entered the Law Department Wake Forest College, January, 1911.

"The Wake Forest Law School has certainly elevated the personnel of the Bar of North Carolina, and its influences are felt in the adjoining States. I cannot say enough good things about the Law School and its professors."

HUTCHINS, CHARLES, Burnsville, N. C.—Class of 1910.

"I believe that there is no better law school in the country than Wake Forest Law School. There cannot be found in the country two better prepared and efficient teachers than Professor Gulley and Professor Timberlake. Even more than that, there cannot be found anywhere two better men."

HOYLE, THOMAS C., Greensboro, N. C.—Took law at Wake Forest in 1900.

"Professor Gulley and Mr. S. F. Mordecai were teachers in the Law Department at the time I was there, and I was greatly impressed with them, especially with Professor Gulley. He, I thought, could make a point as clear as any teacher I ever knew."

HENRY, O. J., Wadesboro, N. C.—Was in the class of 1914.

"The Wake Forest Law School for nearly two decades has had for its head that eminent scholar and lawyer, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, who has scrupulously watched the interests of every student, instilling into the hearts of all the dignity of the law and a firm determination to uphold its sacred principles. Prof. E. W. Timberlake, Jr., his able associate, has watched with a tenderness no less thoughtful, always willing, able and ready to explain the questions of all with the same degree of care. He has set for the students and the State an ethical standard to be admired and hoped for."

JACKSON, DONALD R., Raleigh, N. C.—LL.B., 1914.

"The fatherly interest of Dean Gulley in each student, and the unfailing knowledge and accuracy of Professor Timberlake, serve as a source of inspiration to every law student who goes to Wake Forest. The Wake Forest Law School has been one of the most potent factors in placing the Bar of North Carolina in the forefront as compared with the bars of other states."

JARRETT, CLYDE, H. Sylva, N. C.—Was in the class of 1915 but decided not to take a degree.

"I consider Wake Forest College Law School the best school of its kind in the country. No school can boast of a better corps of

teachers than can Wake Forest. The Wake Forest Law School has done more for the uplifting of the legal profession than any other one thing in the history of North Carolina."

JARVIS, G. L., Shelby, N. C.—Class of 1914, fall term. LL.B. degree, 1914.

"The enviable record of the Wake Forest Law School speaks for itself. The teachers are able, sympathetic and kind. For more than twenty years the school has faithfully and efficiently served the State. The service in training men for the law has proved invaluable to the Bar of North Carolina and elsewhere, and upheld a high regard for the moral and ethical standards of the profession generally."

JOHNSON, HARRY P., Smithfield, N. C.—A.B. degree, 1912.

"Wake Forest Law School has done more for the North Carolina Bar than all the other avenues for mastering law in the state combined. It has made it possible for the prospective lawyer to specialize in law. It is my candid opinion that the North Carolina Bar as a whole should show its appreciation for the splendid work done by Dr. N. Y. Gulley, its Founder and Dean, by lending its support toward aiding him in gaining the position as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina."

JOHNSON, JOSEPH E., Waynesville, Ga.—At Wake Forest in 1909.

"From Professor Gulley learned how to study law, how to find it, and how to love to do both. From Professor Timberlake learned the value of gentle argument, and what is equally as important, imbibed from then a desire for ethical principles that are of the substance and not of the shadow. So far as I have observed the Wake Forest lawyer holds his own with the best of them, no matter where made."

JOHNSON, THOMAS L., Lumberton, N. C.—LL.B., 1908.

"I think the success of the Wake Forest Law Department has been largely due to the fact that its teachers have been superior to those of other schools of the State. I hope the time will soon come when the law library will be more fully equipped. This seems to me to be the only point in which the school is deficient."

JOHNSON, RIVERS D., Warsaw, N. C.—Entered Wake Forest College. Took law in 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906. Returned to Wake Forest in January, 1909.

"The Law Department is doing a noble service for the State, because the men who go out from that Law School are being well prepared, and those of us who have met some of the men as adversaries can testify to their worth, even at the cost to some of our clients. The law instructors at Wake Forest are known over the State as efficient and capable teachers, and quite often I hear the members of the Bar commenting favorably on the work they are doing."

JOYNER, G. H., Woodland, N. C.—Attended the Wake Forest College Law School summers of 1908 and 1914, receiving license in summer of 1914. Received the A.B. degree in 1909.

"Have a very high regard for the Wake Forest Law School and its faculty of splendid teachers."

JONES, H. A., Wake Forest, N. C.—Took the examination before the summer court, August Term, 1907. College degrees: B.A., 1908; M.A., 1909; LL.B., 1909.

"In my observation of other law schools and their graduates would say that the Wake Forest Law School will compare favorably with any of them. Have sat at the feet of many teachers in different schools but from none have derived more information and inspiration than from Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

JUSTICE, J. F., Hendersonville, N. C.—B.A., 1908.

"The efficiency of the Wake Forest Law School is recognized by both bench and bar. One of our Superior Court Judges told me some time ago that he could recognize a Wake Forest lawyer as soon as he began to speak. The personal interest taken by Professor Gulley and Professor Timberlake in each student during his course, and also their willingness to give advice in matters of procedure which long after annoy, is, in my opinion, largely responsible for the success which the Wake Forest lawyer achieves."

KITTRELL, J. C., Henderson, N. C.—Class of 1893, A.B.

"The Wake Forest Law School is one of the best in the South. It has turned out some of the best and most thorough attorneys in the State."

LITTLE, J. C., Raleigh, N. C.—Belonged to the 1903 class; took law during the summer.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is well equipped for preparing young men to practice law. There is thoroughness about the Law Department that one might not expect where there is so much work to be done and so much ground to be covered."

MARKHAM, THOMAS J., Elizabeth City, N. C.—Degree of Bachelor of Laws.

"My impression is that the Law Department of Wake Forest College is unsurpassed by any law school in the State or surrounding States in its thoroughness in preparing and equipping students, not only for Supreme Court examinations but for taking up actual practice. As a law teacher Prof. N. Y. Gulley, Dean of the Department, has no equal. An able teacher and an excellent gentleman, in my mind he is unsurpassed, and in my opinion the faculty on a whole as now constituted could not be improved upon."

MARTIN, SANTFORD, Raleigh, N. C.—B.A. degree at Wake Forest in 1909; returned for the study of law in the summer of 1910.

"Professors Gulley and Timberlake are the most thorough and competent instructors I know, and, as both gentlemen and teachers, were a great inspiration to me all through my college life. The Wake Forest Law School has given to the Bar of North Carolina many of its strongest lawyers. But best of all, it has given to the State lawyers who are something more than lawyers. They are Christian gentlemen with the Wake Forest ideal—men with a vision of higher things which they never would have caught had it not been for Wake Forest."

MARTIN, WHEELER, JR., Williamston, N. C.—Was in the class of 1911, degree LL.B.

"Think the Law Department of Wake Forest stands for itself upon its record in the State and out. Of the men that have gone from there and have gone to the height of their profession, and also of the honors held by these men in public life."

MARTIN, R. T., Robersonville, N. C.—Class of 1911.

"Wake Forest Law Department, under the management of Profs. N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake, is one of the best law depart-

ments of the State, and means success and happiness to those who labor and follow the instructions given at the institution. Wake Forest Law Department is the storehouse of legal knowledge for the North Carolina Bar."

MEEKINS, J. C., San Antonio, Tex.—Class of February, 1908.

"I, like every other man who has attended lectures at Wake Forest, can only say that the Department of Law there is the acme of efficiency in every respect, and the training I received there has been of inestimable value to me. I can refer with pride to the fact that I have attended lectures at Wake Forest College under Professors Gulley and Timberlake."

McBEE, J. C., Bakersville, N. C.—Graduated with the class of 1911, and obtained the degree of LL.B.

"In my opinion the Law Department at Wake Forest is much superior to the same department in any other Southern college."

McBRAYER, C. B., Shelby, N. C.—Graduated in 1907 with the B.A. degree. Studied law 1907-08.

"I am very firmly convinced of genuine worth of the Department of Law at Wake Forest and consider it second to none in the South. Its teachers are thorough and capable and it is through their effort and ability that the Law Department suffers but few failures before the Supreme Court of this and other States. This department of Wake Forest College cannot be too pronouncedly favored, and it really deserves more praise and support than is forthcoming. The Wake Forest Law Department has naturally—like all other similar departments of law—numerically strengthened the bar of the State which per se is not necessarily praiseworthy, but aside from that the men turned out are generally hard workers, consequently winners and rapid climbers. Quite a few of them have won signal honors and reputations in politics and in the practice; in Congress and on the bench. I have had two Superior Court Judges of this State voluntarily state to me that they can always tell a Wake Forest man the minute he gets up and begins to address a jury; further, that the Wake Forest man is invariably the best speaker of the State; that his manner is courtly and that he has a real individuality. That's saying a whole lot, and while it is quotation it is the stamp of approval by another than a Wake Forester."

McINTYRE, STEPHEN, Lumberton, N. C.—Graduated at Wake Forest College with the degree of B.A. in the class of 1893, and was the first law student to enroll in the summer of 1893.

"I have never known one who, in my opinion, surpasses Dr. Gulley as a teacher. In my opinion no agency in North Carolina has done more for the uplift of the Bar of our State than the influence for good which has been exerted by the men who have received their legal training in the Wake Forest Law Department."

McMILLAN, HOYT, Mullins, S. C.—Came to Wake Forest in the fall of 1902. Took no degree.

"With Gulley at its head I do not feel that I would miss the mark in saying that Wake Forest has the best law school in the South, and for a Southern student, the best anywhere. Dr. Gulley teaches what he loves. His enthusiasm for and energy put in classroom work is never forgotten by a law student. I did not know Professor Timberlake long enough to give an opinion as to him generally. During the summer of 1909 I did some work under him. Permit me to say here that Wake Forest Law School should develop its Practice Course. Theory is aided greatly by practice. My first case cost my client \$469, and I gave the other fellow (lawyer) fifty dollars to let my client down for that sum. My pleadings—I did not take proper advantage of moot court work. Make 'em take it."

McMILLAN, N. FRED, Kings Mountain, N. C.—Law class of 1906 and 1907. Took summer law in 1907.

"To appreciate fully the real significance of Wake Forest one must know our much loved Professors Gulley and Timberlake, who have a warm spot in the heart of every Wake Forest man."

MOSS, O. B., Spring Hope, N. C.—B.L. degree, 1912.

"It is a recognized fact that Wake Forest Law School has more than done its part in making the North Carolina Bar the equal in integrity, efficiency, and brilliancy of any of the Southern states, as evidenced by the fact of the present number of men of note from Wake Forest in public life in the State and Nation."

MORGAN, J. R., Waynesville, N. C.,—B.A., 1905; LL.B., 1907.

"Professor Gulley is hard to beat as an instructor in law, and from what I know of Professor Timberlake as a student I consider

him a strong addition to that department. The Wake Forest Law School has furnished to the North Carolina Bar a great number of its strongest men. The Wake Forest men it seems to me are above the average in prominence."

MULL, O. M., Shelby, N. C.—A.B., 1902; LL.B., 1903.

"The courses of instruction in the Wake Forest Law School is so practical that its students can at once take rank with lawyers of experience, and so technically thorough that a Supreme Court examination might be mistaken for a class quiz. Its teachers possess the happy faculty of making their students love the law."

PASCHALL, R. F., Siler City, N. C.—B.A., 1914.

"While I was at Wake Forest it held the reputation of being the best law school in the State, and while many students came there from other institutions none of them ever seemed disappointed. The lawyers sent out from Wake Forest are the most courteous in the State, and while they have a high regard for legal ethics they are among the most able."

PAIT, ALBERTUS H., Norfolk, Va.—Entered Wake Forest College Law School fall term, 1905.

"Consider Wake Forest Law School and its very competent corps of teachers, not better than the best, but just as good."

PETERSON, S. D., Milton Ore.—Was at Wake Forest Law School in 1900-1901.

"There is no law school in this entire country that furnishes its students a more thorough course of instruction and preparation for the bar examination, or a better training and equipment for the practice of the profession, and but few that are its equal. Its teachers are the very best to be found anywhere. There is no school in North Carolina that has a record which equals this one, and none in the entire country of its size which have sent out as many young men who have made a real, genuine success in the profession."

POWERS, A. K., Sanford, Fla.—Graduated in the class of 1906. Bachelor of Laws.

"No days in my short life have been spent more pleasantly or more profitably than my three years at Wake Forest College under

Professor Gulley and the other professors of that college, and I shall continue to always sing its praises. Since leaving college have traveled considerably, and everywhere I have been I have run across some old Wake Forest student, and the influence of the Wake Forest Law School is not only felt within the boundary lines of North Carolina, but its sons are leaders in their professions in every State in the Union. Where a lawyer has received his training under Professor Gulley he has always made good, if not a success financially he is known as an absolutely clean and conscientious lawyer."

PRIVOTT, W. S., Edenton, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest 1899-03.

"The Wake Forest Law School has not only made good lawyers, but the high ideals and Christian life of their instructor has been reflected in the lives of the pupils so that they have become good citizens."

PRUETTE, ROWLAND S., Wadesboro, N. C.—A.B., 1913.

"In answer to your request for other details of my life, will state that nothing has transpired which would place me 'above the role of common men.' If I were superstitious might attribute this to the persistency with which the number 'thirteen' has followed me. Graduated in the class of 1913; was number thirteen when I stood the examination before the Supreme Court; came to the Thirteenth Judicial District to practice my profession, and when I came to Wadesboro I made the thirteenth lawyer in the town. Whether number thirteen will prove an evil or good omen remains to be seen."

QUINN, JACOB H., Shelby, N. C.—Secured license at February Term, 1900.

"Prof. N. Y. Gulley had no assistant in his department when I was there. Professor Gulley has no equal as a law teacher in North Carolina, whether we consider the matter from a standpoint of qualifications or from the ability to impart his knowledge to others, or from his ability to inspire his students to greater efforts on their part. Do not believe that any other factor in North Carolina has contributed as much during the last fifteen years for the strengthening and developing of the Bar of the State as has Wake Forest Law School."

RAY, E. Z., Marshall, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest College in 1909. Has no college degree.

"The Wake Forest Law School has been a great factor in lifting the profession up to a higher standard of ethics."

RAY, R. L., Selma, N. C.—In class of 1908.

"Professor Gulley always has something to tell you, and it is to the point. The blackboard exercises are fine. Professor Timberlake is a great teacher. Am partial to Wake Forest. Wake Forest is one of the best law schools in North Carolina."

RITTER, CLAUDE D., Birmingham, Ala.—Attended Summer Law School in 1903.

"Regard Professor Gulley as one of the ablest teachers of law in the country, and consider it an honor to number him among my friends."

RODWELL, T. O., Warrenton, N. C.—Attended Wake Forest Law School in 1900.

"The North Carolina Bar Association stands high in the nation. I consider that Wake Forest Law School has done as much or more than any other school to enable it to attain this high standing."

SHERRIN, M. B., Concord, N. C.—Class of 1914.

"Wake Forest Law Department serves a purpose which cannot be filled by any other school."

SIMMS, ROBERT N., Raleigh, N. C.—Class of 1897. Degree, A.B.

"Professor Gulley was my only instructor in law, and I regard him as the best in the State and the best I know. Wake Forest men are uniformly of good preparation and high moral character who, with admirable success, demonstrate their ability in the examinations of the Court and in the tests of actual practice thereafter. By their numbers, training and ability they have the opportunity to largely influence the ideals and practice of the Bar of this State. I believe they have worthily measured up to this opportunity and responsibility."

SPENCER, W. L., Swan Quarter, N. C.—Class of 1911.

"If called upon to name the best law school and the most thorough and capable teachers, would say Wake Forest and its teachers."

STRICKLAND, H. C., Raleigh, N. C.

"The Wake Forest Law School has done far more for the North Carolina Bar than that of any other North Carolina institution."

STEWART, J. A., Stony Point, N. C.—Class of 1911.

"I consider the Wake Forest Law School the best in North Carolina. Professors Gulley and Timberlake do make good with all students who come under their care and bind each and every one with lasting ties of friendship and good will, who are ever afterwards Wake Forest men. I consider the Wake Forest Law School of incalculable value to the Bar of North Carolina as well as other States."

STILLWELL, E. P., Sylva, N. C.—A.B., 1914; law class, 1913.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is certainly the citadel of the legal world in North Carolina, if not indeed of the entire South. And more and more, as time separates us seemingly from this department and its professors, the impressions and training received while there take fuller control of us."

SWINDELL, F. D., Wilson, N. C.—Class of 1905, B.L.

"Have studied under many instructors and at various colleges and universities and I have yet to see the peer of N. Y. Gulley."

TAYLOR, HOYT P., Wadesboro, N. C.—Class of 1914.

"The personal interest taken by its teachers in each and every member of the law school has, in my mind, been the greatest factor in building the Law Department to its present high standard."

TILLEY, L. L., Durham, N. C.—Graduated in 1909. B.A. and B.L. degree from Wake Forest College.

"I am sure that no school has better law teachers than Wake Forest."

VARSEY, L. R., Lumberton, N. C.—Graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1899 at Wake Forest College.

"The Wake Forest Law Department has impressed me as being the most practical law school within my knowledge or acquaintance. The air that pervades it is that of work and the necessity of work. There is no happier man in the art of imparting knowledge than Professor Gulley. If a student in his department fails to learn what he teaches it is not the fault of this veteran teacher. The Wake Forest Law School has done for the Bar of North Carolina a great service in many respects. Chief of these, in my opinion, is that it has established beyond cavil the fact that a law school can be a practical success and teach law so that a law student can come out of the law school equipped to begin practice."

VAUGHAN, L. T., Nashville, N. C.—Class of 1902; B.A. degree.

"In my opinion Wake Forest Law School has done more for the Bar in North Carolina than any other and has sent out more learned lawyers elsewhere."

VAUGHAN, W. L., Washington, N. C.—Was graduated with A.B., Class of 1902. Later received M.A., 1906. Studied law during 1907.

"The young man attending the Law Department of Wake Forest College, under the instruction of the present faculty, and applying himself, cannot fail to become well grounded in the law, while a great many novel and unusual cases are drilled into the classes."

WALLACE, JOHN C., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Attended the summer class for eighteen days and passed the Supreme Court Board August 31, 1914.

"Dr. Gulley and Prof. Timberlake are two of the greatest teachers that ever stood at the head of the Law Department of any college. In every town in this State or elsewhere you can find lawyers who attended Wake Forest College, and in most instances there are none superior in that profession."

WATSON, J. A., Burnsville, N. C.—LL.B., 1908.

"The Wake Forest Law Department is one of the strongest law schools in the South. The teachers who have charge of this department are among the ablest in the country. Believe this department has been the means of holding the high standard which the bar has over the entire South."

WILLIAMS, B. F., Lenoir, N. C.—Entered Wake Forest in the fall of 1904. Returned in fall of 1908 to Wake Forest.

"In my opinion a better law instructor than Prof. N. Y. Gulley cannot be found in the South."

WILSON, JESSE F., Dunn, N. C.—No degree; fall, 1913, and spring of 1914.

"The Wake Forest Law School did for me one of the greatest things in my life. I am confident that it is the best law school anywhere."

YATES, E. P., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Was in the Class of 1914. Took the A.B. degree.

"The Law Department has long been known to be the best law school in the State, and the Professors have bound their pupils to them with ties that can never be broken."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. L. WEATHERS, Editor

The Law Number

On this the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Law School we present this Law Edition of the STUDENT. The Law School is well worthy of special recognition. It is, in many respects, the most deserving of all the departments of the College. Each year it is sending out into the State and nation scores of men who not only have a knowledge of the law which surpasses that of the graduates of practically every other law school in the

South, but men who are imbued with moral principles and ideals which stand out pre-eminently as a force against evil and injustice. It has—but why say more in its praise? The foregoing testimonials from graduates speak in clearer terms of the value of the school than anything we could say.

We are glad to be able to publish this number. We feel that it may be of value and interest to the many friends and alumni of the Law School. It has, to be sure, caused us some little extra effort, but the members of the staff have not complained. The alumni of the Law School have responded generously to our requests for contributions. Our thanks are due them, for had we not had their support the success of this issue could never have been realized. We are also indebted to Mr. E. D. Banks and other students in the Law Department for their aid. It is true that this number is not all that we would have it be; lack of time prevented us from securing a number of articles. We feel, however, that we have done our best and have no apologies to offer.

This number would be incomplete without a word concerning Dr. Gulley. He has served the college for a quarter of a century. He has been faithful and unselfish; his high ideals and his kind and gentle disposition have been an inspiration to all who have come in contact with him. He is loved both as a teacher and as a man; and his recent resignation to become a candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court creates a vacancy that will be difficult to fill.

Although his resignation is to be regretted, yet we rejoice to see his campaign progressing so nicely. His election will mean much to the State of North Carolina. His vast knowl-

edge of the law and his rich experience, both as a teacher and practitioner, especially qualify him for the position which he seeks. Friends and alumni throughout the State are rallying to his support. His election is practically assured.

**A Final
Word**

Commencement is here. Another year's work is ended, and with this number another volume of the STUDENT is completed. The time has passed quickly since the present editors entered upon their duties and they approach the end with no special feeling of joy. As we look back over the past few months we experience a feeling of gratitude to the members of the student body. Answering the S. O. S. call for material which appeared in the first one or two issues of the magazine, they have responded nobly with the fruits of their minds. With few exceptions, according to our judgment, the contributions have been splendid. Of course the attempts are amateur for the contributors are amateur writers; but they have in them the making of the best. And the work which they have done this year will help them to discover their faults and serve to inspire them to greater efforts in the future. But, most of all, we appreciate the interest of the men in the magazine. It is their magazine. They have helped to make it good; they alone can make it better.

And now farewell! Yes, it is sad to leave those with whom we have associated and have learned to love; yet as we leave we carry in our hearts an abundance of happy memories to brighten our days when hopes have fled and when the dark clouds of adversity hang low above us. May health, happiness and prosperity be yours, is the wish of the retiring editors.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

N. E. GRESHAM, Editor

Dr. W. N. Johnson spoke before the Wake Forest Missionary Society at its regular monthly meeting on the evening of April 18th. Dr. Johnson is a former pastor of the local church and a large audience heard him.

Coach James L. White, who is at present coaching baseball at the University of Virginia and who has been secured to coach athletics here next year, received a rousing welcome when he visited the College on April 13th-14th. While here he called a meeting of the football men and made arrangements for football practice this spring. Coach White was impressed with the enthusiasm and spirit which the student body has and feels that with the proper co-operation he will be able to put out a winning team on the gridiron next fall.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell addressed the Young Men's Christian Association on April 26th.

A highly successful series of revival meetings was conducted at the Baptist Church during the latter part of March. The pastor, Dr. Graves, was assisted by Dr. Sam J. Porter, an alumnus of the College and at present pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oklahoma City, who delivered some very able sermons. The community was fortunate in having Dr. Porter here at that time.

The Singing Class of the Oxford Orphanage delighted a large audience when it gave its annual concert in Memorial Hall on the night of April 29th.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra, after a very successful ten-day trip through the western part of the State, returned to the Hill on April 18th. Concerts were given in the following towns: Roxboro, Durham, Winston-Salem, Lexington, Salisbury, Thomasville, Morganton, Waynesville and Asheville.

Dr. W. L. Poteat attended the North Carolina Social Service Conference, which met in Goldsboro, March 24th-25th. Dr. Poteat is president of the Conference and delivered a very able address before that body on the opening day.

Hon. Robert N. Page, candidate for Democratic gubernatorial nomination, spoke before a gathering of the citizens of the town and students of the College in Memorial Hall on April 12th. The Page element in the community is strong and the speaker was greeted by a packed house. At a later date a "Page-for-Governor" Club was formed with the following officers: M. L. Gordon, president; G. R. Sherrill, vice-president; W. J. Bone, secretary, and T. O. Pangle, publicity manager.

Members of the student body joined in the fight against the high cost of clothing on April 15th, when an Overall Club was organized with a membership of over 200. Since that date the membership of the club has continued to increase and the appearance of overalls on the campus has become a familiar spectacle.

Prof. F. K. Poole delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon at the Justice High School Commencement on April 24th.

The usual number of men spent the Easter holidays at home. The majority, however, returned in time to witness the annual Easter Monday game with N. C. State in Raleigh.

President W. L. Poteat has announced the selection of the following men from the Senior Class as Commencement Speakers for the approaching Commencement: F. C. Feezor, I. L. Yearby, C. M. Austin, E. D. Banks, W. M. Edwards and O. T. Glenn.

On March 24th the members of the 'varsity basketball squad unanimously elected George B. Heckman captain of the team for the season of 1921. Captain Heckman is one of the best athletes in College and besides being a letter man on the basketball, football and track teams, he is also a member of the gymnasium team. Since coming to Wake Forest he has won a host of friends, all of whom were glad to see him given this recognition.

Dr. Joseph Q. Adams, of Cornell University, delivered a series of lectures here during the early part of April on Shakespeare. Dr. Adams is an authority on the drama, and large audiences gathered to hear him.

The members of the Teachers' Class were delightfully entertained on the evening of April 10th, when a reception was given in honor of the class by its sponsor, Miss Iola Finch. The reception was held at Middleburg, where Miss Finch, a graduate of the Eastern Carolina Teachers Training School, is at present teaching in the Middleburg Farm-life School.

Up to the time THE STUDENT goes to press the track team has held three meets. Elon has been defeated twice, once by the score of 81 to 36, and once by the score of 96 to 30. The team lost to Trinity in a hotly contested meet by the score of 57½ to 67½. Heckman has led the team with the highest number of individual points to his credit.

The annual address to the members of the Senior Class was delivered by Hon. John A. Oates, of Fayetteville, who spoke before the class on April 29th. His address was heard with pleasure.

Dr. J. B. Turner recently visited Greenville, S. C., where he assisted in a series of revival meetings at the Immanuel Baptist Church.

One of the latest organizations to be perfected at Wake Forest is the "W" Club, which was organized some weeks ago by the letter men in the five branches of athletics here. The club promises to fill a long felt need, as it proposes not only to foster and encourage all forms of athletics, but also to promote a feeling of brotherhood between all 'varsity men. Officers were elected as follows: Harry A. Rabenhorst, president; G. B. Heckman and Saxe Barnes, vice-presidents; E. E. Folk, secretary; P. C. Newton, treasurer.

The gymnasium team made an excellent showing when it participated in the Society Circus held in Raleigh on April 12th, under the auspices of the Raleigh-Wake Shrine Club. The springboard and elephant act and the Roman ladders executed by it were two of the outstanding features of the program. Much credit is due Director Langston.

Several members of the faculty attended the inauguration of Dr. Harry W. Chase as president of the State University on April 28th. Among those attending were Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. B. F. Sledd and Dr. T. E. Cochran.

As the present session comes to an end the Young Men's Christian Association is bringing to a conclusion one of the most successful year's work in the history of that organization. Much of this success can be attributed to the efforts

of Dr. J. B. Turner, student secretary. The Association has elected officers for next year as follows: H. H. Duncan, president; G. R. Sherrill, vice-president; R. A. Herring, secretary; G. B. Heckman, treasurer.

Wake Forest sent an unusually large delegation to the Student Volunteer Conference, which met in Greenville, S. C., March 22d-26th. On account of the great interest which has been manifested in this work recently, the original quota of six representatives was increased to twelve. The delegates were: T. C. Wyatt, E. J. Trueblood, I. K. Stafford, C. C. Carpenter, C. F. Brown, C. Crittenden, E. N. Norwood, R. S. Averitt, E. L. Roberts, A. C. Hall, H. L. Jones and W. B. Austin.

Miss Minta Holding, sponsor of the tennis team, entertained in honor of the team at her home in Wake Forest on March 20th. The evening was one of pleasure for all those attending.

In a baseball game on April 29th between THE STUDENT staff and the staff of "Old Gold and Black" the former was victorious by the score of 8 to 4. Whitehurst, who pitched for THE STUDENT, twirled a good game and kept the members of the staff of the weekly publication guessing throughout the contest.

Perhaps this is not the proper place to make mention of the appearance of a new book, but for a number of reasons we wish to say a word about Mr. John Bland's recent book of poems, "These Lowly Lays of Mine." The first reason is that Mr. Bland is a brilliant young alumnus of Wake Forest and has the interest of his college at heart. His efforts have been and will be duly appreciated by every one who knows and loves the college. The second reason is that the book deserves

mentioning. To a higher critic some of the poems, in fact all of them may seem crude in their composition and commonplace in thought and sentiment, but on the whole they are very good indeed. Some of them especially show the marks of genius. None other than a man having a strong imagination, a deep poetical insight, and an intense feeling of love for the pure and beautiful—which qualities are always the essentials of good poetry—could produce the poems which the little volume contains. These poems are expressions of the patriotism, love and loyalty of one who is a representative of his people.

ALUMNI NOTES

A. R. WHITEHURST, Editor

Wade B. Hampton, B.A. '10, has been a member of the Claims Board, Transportation Service, in Washington, since March. Mr. Hampton served thirteen months overseas, leaving a position as Asso. Counsel, Federal Land Bank, Baltimore. He is Assistant Superintendent of the Calvary Baptist Sunday School in Washington. He is also an active member of the North Carolina Society of that city, having been its secretary in 1917. Mr. Hampton is one of our Alumni who is doing something and is not too busy to let us know it.

Hon. P. S. Carlton, '99, is a prominent attorney and city judge of Salisbury, N. C.

John Arch McMillan, '02, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of McCall, S. C. Mr. McMillan comes from an old Scotch family of Scotland county. His two brothers, Roy and "Hud," are also graduates of Wake Forest.

B. T. Holden, '06, is mayor of Louisburg and one of the town's leading attorneys. He has been appointed delegate at large from his district to the National Democratic Convention which meets in San Francisco.

Dr. John W. Carlton, '96, brother to P. S., is a leading dentist of Salisbury, and has a large and lucrative practice. It was the editor's pleasure to be a guest in his happy home during a recent visit to that city.

Hubert E. Olive, LL.B. '20, has begun practice of his profession in Lexington. At a recent banquet of the Chamber of Commerce he was one of the speakers.

J. M. Scarborough, '20, is practicing law as a member of the firm of Spivey & Scarborough, Rocky Mount. On April 26 last he was one of the speakers at the organization of a Gully Club. "Red" was one of the most prominent members of the Glee Club and Orchestra, and a cornetist of marked ability.

J. M. Brewer, '98, is cashier of the Citizens Bank of Wake Forest, and prominent in business circles. He is one of the four delegates at large to the National Democratic Convention.

J. Bun Rucker, '17, is teaching in the Newport News, Va., high school. While in college Mr. Rucker took great interest in society work, winning a Euzelian medal. This year the two debating teams he has trained have won against opposing high school teams by unanimous decisions and have gained the right to compete for the State cup. Mr. Rucker is responsible chiefly for the success of his teams, but to quote his words, it is due to their "incessant labors, bulldog tenacity, and invincible perseverance."

We mentioned in our last issue the political activity of certain Wake Forest men in connection with the Republican Congressional Convention in the ninth North Carolina district, where Hon. D. A. Jenkins has received the nomination for Congress. In the third district R. L. Herring, '13, has received the nomination. We used to call him "Big Herring," and we may expect big things of him. In the same district the Democratic candidate is likely to be Hon. S. M. Brinson, '91, to succeed himself. Hon. Claude Kitchen, '87, has been nominated again in the second Congressional district to succeed himself. Early in April Mr. Kitchen suffered a stroke of paralysis while making a vigorous assault as spokesman for the minority on the Peace Resolution in the House

of Representatives, even as the great Pitt fell in the House of Commons when combatting the foes of England's honor. However, Mr. Kitchin is rallying and his friends hope he may again be at his old place.

For Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, the founder and dean of our Law School, Dr. N. Y. Gulley, '79, is a candidate. There is no question of his superior fitness for the place among those who know.

Dr. E. W. Sikes, '91, visited Wake Forest on April 29th on his return from the Inauguration of President Chase at Chapel Hill. Dr. Sikes has for four years been president of Coker College at Hartsville, S. C., and has been most successful in building up the institution, having now all of its dormitories full to capacity. This college, founded by Major Coker, was the idol of his heart. In Dr. Sikes he found for it the executive for whom he had been praying, and on this account, according to the story told in South Carolina, died content.

During his visit Dr. Sikes said, among other things, that he was not surprised that Dr. Sam Porter could not control his emotion when he spoke in his sermon of Wake Forest College; that one had to leave Wake Forest to find out how much he loved the place; that this love grows year by year; that this love is characteristic, and that Dr. John E. White, '90, for instance, now gets beside himself when he begins to talk of the College.

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