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Vol. XL

Number 1

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT



OCTOBER, 1920

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XL

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No. 1

OCTOBER

A chestnut falls anon;
The birch and elm await a breeze
Upon whose breast their leaves of gold
Glide down to fleck the placid stream,
Whose mirror surface glows
From smiling at the azure sky.
Blue gentian bows her head before
A zephyr—summer's last caress.
Then fades away the purple mist—
Summer's afterglow.

SIDNEY LANIER

ALBERT D. KINNETT, '21

Perhaps no other American poet has contributed as much divineness and soul expression to American poetry as Sidney Lanier. To appreciate his work we must read it with the same diligence and reverence with which we read the Bible. In every one of his poems seems to be breathed a bit of the poet's soul. "My Springs," written after years of sorrow and sadness, gives expression to the richness of his soul:

"In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

"O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams."

Again, in "The Marshes of Glynn," he explores or enters into the sublime life of nature, even the life of the greatness of God. He makes his own soul cling closer and closer to the rock of safety. With faith he seems to get a firmer hold on the omnipotence of God:

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and
the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

Not only has Lanier laid open the heart of nature in this poem, which would do credit to Wordsworth, but he has also given a mastery of form. William Hayes Word points out that, like Milton and Ruskin, Lanier was dominated by the beauty of holiness and he also often used the phrase, "The holiness of beauty." Lanier's attitude toward religion seemed to grow more and more appreciative as he drew near the end of his life. While in college he professed the Christian religion and united with a Presbyterian church. In his college note-book he wrote, "Liberty, Patriotism and Civilization are on their knees before the men of the South and with clasped hands and straining eyes are begging them to become Christians."

Lanier never gave up the Christian faith, though he criticized to some extent creeds and forms of religion, as he did the forms of poetry. In his later life, however, he became skeptical regarding churches, denominations and creeds, though he never gave up his original belief with regard to sin and Christ and salvation. His life was made and controlled from within. He was greater than the man who could take a city, because he controlled his own spirit. In other words, the external gave way to the internal.

He depended less and less on himself and more and more on the greatness of God. Through the righteousness of his own life he had learned to love mercy and truth, which had been made known to him through the Spirit. He had but little to look forward to in this world for his pathway was blighted with disease, hence he yearned all the more for the better world to come. But few men have so strong a faith

in immortality as Sidney Lanier had. He had been struggling with disease for more than three years when he wrote to his wife this "Evening Song." With the very eye of his soul he seemed to pierce the darkness of physical infirmities and to see beyond the door of eternity.

"Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

"Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night; divorce our sun and sky apart;
Never our lips, our hands."

Dr. Strong said that Lanier's greatest poem is "The Crystal." He continued that it is the greatest because it combines the most critical judgment with the clearest confession of his faith in Christ. Lanier gave to us an appreciation of the world's most profound scholars and teachers. His estimation of them was mature and clear, and if he could have lived, he, too, would have made one of the world's greatest literary critics.

"Worn Dante, I forgive
The implacable hates that in thy horrid hells
Or burn or freeze thy fellows, never loosed
By death, nor time, nor love.

“And I forgive
Thee, Milton, those thy comic-dreadful wars
Where, armed with gross and inconclusive steel,
Immortals smite immortals mortalwise
And fill all heaven with folly.”

Here he showed himself to be a real literary critic, though he did it in a lovable and sympathetic way. In contrast to all these human poets and teachers, Lanier holds up the perfect teacher, Christ.

“But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest—
What if or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ?”

In the works of these wonderful men of literature, Lanier could find flaws which needed forgiveness, but the Man of Galilee was free from blemish or faults, so crystal clear that the rays of God's love and truth can and do shine through him without impediment. The perfection and holiness of the Master's life, both external and internal, proved Him to be divine, our only true Prophet, Priest and King. This seems to be the essence of Lanier's theology. There is no doubt that the poet believed in God's holiness, for his own

works reflected it; he believed that sin had but one end—shame, which would bring death and despair if given its unhindered way to the end. He believed also that sin grieved the holy God as it did the guilty transgressor.

Lanier was by no means a great poet, but he had in him the makings of a great poet. He made rapid progress in his art; his best work is not seen in any one of his poems, but scattered here and there in the entirety of all his poems. That is, in almost all of his works can be seen celestial flashes of true poetry, which burn deep into the heart of the earnest reader. This great man died with his head and heart full of poems. The end for Lanier was very different from that of Poe—Poe's life ended in doubt and despair while Lanier's ended in hope and joy. What Shelley says of Keats may be applied to Lanier also:

“He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.
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 .
He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais!”

SAILING

ROY C. BROWN, '21

Away let us sail in the boundless blue;
In my quaint dream-ship there's room for just two.
We'll shoot with the stars and mock at Mars
 Out in the open blue.

Our wee little world with a peering eye
Will watch with envy our flight so high,
As onward we go, now fast, now slow—
 Sailing the airy blue.

You shall be queen of the realms of blue.
With a lover's trust I'll crown you, too,
Queen of my heart in our realm apart
 From all save the royal blue.

Like wandering planets we'll spend our days
Seeking the wonders of starlit ways,
Loving and sailing, my love prevailing—
 Loving always you—just you.

"LIZ FER SHORT"

C. S. GREEN, '22

The deck of the *Kenilworth* was in a general commotion, following a night of storm, when the early morning sun peeped over the waves and cast its first faint gleams of light on the little yacht which lay in the still waters of the Gulf, grounded on an unknown island. It was difficult to imagine that the same waves which brought such promises of a bright day should, only a few hours before, have brought nothing but storm and destruction.

Since nine o'clock of the evening before the little pleasure yacht had passed through one of the most terrible storms ever known to the old seafarers of this region. For hours the little ship roeked and rocked—every minute in danger of being dashed to destruction. But the hours passed and with them the storm, until the early hours of the morning brought sleep to the pleasure seekers aboard, though the crew kept steady vigil through the night. The darkness following the storm, together with a disabled engine, prevented the helmsman from carrying his boat in the prescribed course and he was forced to let his boat drift until day should bring him relief. But one hour before the break of day found him aground—aground on a stretch of land he was not able to locate on the little map he carried.

By dawn the deck of the *Kenilworth* was in order again and plans were being discussed for the spending of several days on the island before they would be able to make the needed repairs on the engine and be off again.

The party of the *Kenilworth* was composed of eleven young people from a large Southern city, who had sailed north

for a two weeks yachting trip with no particular destination in view. Their first three days out had been very uneventful and the report that morning that they were stranded on an unknown isle was met with real delight by most of the party, for it promised to them at least a little excitement—a change of situation, and perhaps—a little romance.

Breakfast was served on board at nine and the guests were on deck at ten, but none of them cared to take an exploring tour so early in the morning, except Mr. McQuentin, the owner of the yacht and host of the party.

Leaving the yacht he crossed the little sand-bar and climbed the rock cliff beyond it and stopped there to take in a view of his surroundings. The top of the cliff led off to a flat surface about one hundred and fifty feet across and then sloped down to the water on the other side. Taken in length, the little island was about two hundred feet, forming to a casual observer, a broken square. The center of the flat surface was the location of a very well-built lighthouse, which gave the appearance of really being a guiding light to wandering sea-passers. The vegetation of the island was not very heavy, but here and there little bunches of wild shrubbery broke the bareness of the waste of rock and sand.

McQuentin started to turn when he noticed, a little way in front of him, a fresh foot-print in the sand—small enough to be that of a child. Curiosity led him to follow the foot-prints which led him across the sand, until just as he rounded a large rock near the edge of the water, he stopped suddenly. Seated on a ledge jutting out into the water was a beautiful little golden-haired girl. A falling rock, pushed down by McQuentin as he walked, caused the little girl to turn with a startled look toward the young man approaching. A visitor to

the island was very rare and it had been years since she had seen the face of any man, save her father.

"Good morning, miss," he addressed the maid.

"Mornin'," came the mumbled reply.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

A nod was his only answer.

"You are a mighty sweet-looking little girl," he began in another effort to start a conversation. "I wonder what your name is?"

Even to this little sea-island girl, flattery was a winning card and she brightened up with a smile, her timidity seemed to decrease slightly and she answered rather slyly, "Name's Elizabeth, but pa calls me Liz fer short."

"Oh, I see. Well, I am glad to know you, Elizabeth. My name is John Reynaud McQuentin. Your father is keeper of the lighthouse, is he not?"

"Yep, ye see pa, he's been at dis here lighthouse going on nigh thirty yers, long 'fore I'se bawn. He and ma lived over in the States onct, den the Gov'ment sent pa down here an' he ben here ever sence."

The young man was becoming interested now and it pleased him to think he had so soon gained the little girl's confidence.

"But ma she never could stand dis wot air, so she died few yers a'ter I'se bawn an' I ain't had nary ma, sence, 'cept pa. Me and pa's got along somehow all dis time, but we shore do need our ma."

The pathetic picture of the little girl in her loneliness, brought a faint, sad smile to the lips of her listener.

"Pa, he's ben good ter me. He tells me lots tales 'bout when he wuz little an' all 'bout dem other children way back yander. Now lemme tell ye a secret—he's gonna take me back some day and I kin have lots a purty things like the

ones I read 'bout in the books pa's got, an' I kin go to school an' git an ed'cation an' be somebody, pa sez. Now ain't dat gonna be nice?"

"It certainly will be, Elizabeth, and I am so glad that you want to get an education, and be somebody, as your father says. You have something to live for. You can look forward to a day like that."

"Is you much ed'cated, Mr. John?"

"Just call me John, Elizabeth, for I am only a boy myself. You mean, have I been to school much? Well, yes, I should say I have. I have only one more year at Harvard. That's a big school back home where you finish your education as far as school is concerned."

"Reckon I'd git dat fer, John?"

"Well, now, I don't see why you shouldn't, if you work real hard when you do start to school."

Time passed so swiftly that it was noon before McQuentin thought again of his yacht and the party. The beautiful girl before him had carried him back to the days of his first love—the only girl he had ever loved—and he lived over again the days when they were children together. But God in His all-seeing wisdom had taken her from him—and he had never loved another.

The whole afternoon, as he walked over the ship, where the men were at work or where members of the party, all older than himself, were enjoying the delightful sea-breezes on deck, he could not erase from his mind for the slightest moment thoughts of the bright-eyed little blonde—her uncouth manner, her dialect. He really caught himself looking forward to the promised meeting the next morning at the same place.

In the late afternoon of the first day the whole party visited the lighthouse and were received very cordially by the old

man in charge. But the little girl was not to be seen anywhere, though the living quarters of the keeper bore everywhere the mark of a feminine touch.

The first day's work of repairing the ship had been necessarily very slow and little had been actually accomplished toward putting the engine in running order again. They were destined to spend at least five more days stranded on this lonely isle.

To other members of the party, they were days of dreariness, monotonous in their length and activities, but to John McQuentin they brought new surprises, new hopes, new pleasures, new dreams.

The last day of their stay came rather quickly with him, and the morning of that last day found him rather reluctant at the thought of leaving the little girl he had actually grown to love. After an early breakfast he started off across the sand to the ledge beside the sea, where Elizabeth was waiting for him. Her appearance this morning was slightly different from the day before. She was even more beautiful than she had been the previous mornings. She seemed to him more and more like the girl of his fondest dreams. He asked the question of himself, did he really love this uncouth sea-island lassie, as she really was, or was it because of pleasant remembrances she brought back to him? He left the question unanswered, but his heart told him it was the girl herself that he loved and not thoughts of the past.

For several hours they day-dreamed together—this boy of twenty-one, soon to graduate from Harvard; this girl, a beautiful sea-island maid, uncouth, uneducated—and he found that his ideals were becoming her ideals, his thoughts her thoughts. Was it strange that two lives so far separated from each other in social life, should become so intimate when thrown together under such circumstances?

Each of the six days McQuentin and his party were forced to spend on the island, McQuentin had spent the mornings of those days with Elizabeth. On this last morning they were to be together, he came earlier and tarried longer than usual. The week had brought up a great love between the two—worship of the man, his intellect, his power, his personality—on her part; love of her beauty, her unselfish ways, her helplessness, and her desire for knowledge—on his part.

The yacht planned to sail at one in the afternoon and it was now twelve o'clock. For several minutes they had been sitting there on that ledge and neither had spoken—there was too much sadness for words.

"Well, John," Elizabeth began in a slow, faltering voice, "is ye sorry ter go an' leave me?"

"Yes, dear, I am. But I am glad that we must not be separated forever."

Her very soul thrilled with that expression of endearment, the first she had ever heard, and from her first and only love.

"An' I shore hates to see ye go, I tells ye. But I ain't gonna moan much cause ye done sed ye'se gwine ter come back an' I knows ye is. An' I'se gwine study most hard out a dem books what ye gonna send me so's I kin say purty talk like ye, when ye come back, an' den I'll be fittin' to go ter de States an' 'tend school, won't I?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I promise to come back to you just right here to this same ledge, where I first met you, and I shall take you back with me to school and to civilization—and then—"

"What den, John?"

"And then by the time you have finished your school, I will have finished and have been at work for several years and if you'll let me, why, I'll wait for you."

His outstretched arms pleaded for an answer and she dared not resist the pleading of her own heart, as she fell into his embrace—and he held her in his arms, close to him, not merely the image of the girl he had once loved, but the girl who now was all the world to him, the one girl of his life, and his lips met hers for the first time, in the fondest of caresses—a kiss; not a kiss in the ordinary language of men but a kiss that carried a meaning deeper than it is possible to convey in mere words: the pouring forth of deepest love, admiration and complete devotion of one soul to another.

Promptly at one the *Kenilworth* sailed off toward civilization and bore John Reynaud McQuentin on it—and back on the shore of the island of the sea stood a beautiful little bright-eyed, golden-haired sea-maiden bidding it a sad farewell, after which she must return to her lighthouse on the hill and the little ledge beside the sea—to wait for its return.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE

M. H. C., '21

I sat alone one evening
 'Mid the sunset's mellow glow;
An infant breeze blew softly
 Through the foliage bending low;
All Nature was reluctant
 That the dying day should go—
I held my breath in wonder
 And I thought
 'Tis good to live.

One morn I passed a hovel
 Where the rain had fallen long,
Above it smiled a rainbow
 And inside a buoyant song
Like heav'nly magic held me
 With its music sweet and strong—
I stood in silent worship
 And I felt
 'Tis good to live.

A chance belated traveler
 To friendly hearth I roam;
Here Love is ruling genius
 And his kingdom's Home, Sweet Home:
Here mother's knee 's the altar
 And the prayer "Thy kingdom come"—
I doze and dream of Heaven
 And I *know*
 'Tis good to live.

THE GOD IDEA IN BROWNING

T. B. O., '21

Robert Browning has given voice to five different expressions of the ancients' conception of God. They are found in his "Caliban," "Cleon," "Karshish," "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Saul."

"Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island" is a vivid picture of the Gentile or primitive idea of God. It is one of the most profound studies ever made on the origin of religion. It finds a kind of text in Psalm 50, 21st verse: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." It pictures the reflections of an acute but half-savage mind as to the nature of God. The phenomena and threatening aspects of nature overawe his undeveloped mind, and on a summer noon he sprawls at full length in a mudhole to ruminate upon the problem. He bases his conception of a higher power upon himself—a fanciful being actuated by likes and dislikes. Here again is an example of anthropomorphic reasoning, though of a lower type than that evolved by the Greeks. But even in this low state of reasoning Caliban shows a tendency of reaching toward something better. He supposes that behind Setebos is a power he calls the Quiet, indifferent to man and so far superior as not to be antagonistic to him. His idea of creation is derived from his own experience, indefinite as to origin. He believes that Setebos rewards or punishes man as the mood strikes him: "Loving not, hating not, just choosing so." His mother attributed creation to the Quiet, but they both really worshiped Setebos. Her creed was the higher because it included what his did not: the idea of a future life. Caliban caters to the

humor of Setebos, never allowing himself to appear too happy in the sunshine, and pleading for mercy in the face of a storm.

"Cleon" embodies the Greek idea of God, which was prevalent at the time of Christ. Cleon is supposed to be one of those Greek poets or philosophers to whom St. Paul refers in his sermon on Mars' Hill—"As certain also of your own poets have said"—(Acts XVII, 28). The Greeks of Christ's time had reached the stage of thought and culture when they began to look forward to immortality—to something better after death. "Cleon" protests against the inadequacy of earthly life without a hereafter. Like other Greeks, he believes in Zeus under the attributes of the one God. But this belief, too, was anthropomorphic. To them Zeus was immortal, and possessed the power of invisibility and instantaneous transportation. Beyond that, he had very little more power than man. Hence the Greeks knew not where to look for immortality.

Cleon is replying to the request of his patron and friend, Protus. This king believes somewhat as does Cleon concerning the philosophical significance of death. He thinks, however, that the latter's achievements in philosophy and art procure for him a more perfect and lasting existence. Cleon protests against this, though he admits that the composite mind, having built upon their separate points of perfection, is greater than the minds of the past. Thus he has progressed, though not attained perfection. Man's soul has the capacity for expansion, though his "physical recipiency" is limited. Cleon cannot conceive the soul as destined to survive the lower physical powers.

Why was the human soul and mind allowed to reach the possibility of realizing joy and then be cut short? In his despair and grief Cleon wonders whether it would not have

been better had man been endowed merely with brute sense. He dismisses the idea of attaining immortality through one's works, and concludes that had the future life he had sometimes hoped for been possible, Zeus would long ago have revealed it. Hence he dismisses as untenable the Christ idea, which was preached at this time by the "barbarian Jew" Paul. Perhaps the best obtainable commentary on Cleon is found in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," stanza xi:

"For pleasant is this flesh ;
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest ;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To watch those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !"

The Arabic conception of God is expressed in "An Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician." It is addressed to Abib, the writer's master in the science of medicine. In his Eastern travels, Karshish meets a "strange medical experience" at Bethany. A man named Lazarus claims to have been raised from the dead by one Jesus of Nazareth. Karshish is well versed in Eastern medical lore and tries to account for the extraordinary phenomenon according to his knowledge. He explains that Lazarus has been the subject of "a prolonged epileptic trance." Lazarus believes that the Nazarene physician was no other than God, who for love's sake had taken human form. Because he labors under "the madness of this idea" Karshish thinks that the resurrected man's reason is impaired, by too sudden an awakening from the trance. Yet the consistency of the idea puzzles and fascinates him. Lazarus' renewal of

life gives him a glimpse of it from the infinite point of view, which Karshish cannot appreciate. An inventory of all his scientific powers reveals no explanation. He betrays an unconscious desire to believe in this revelation of God as Love. He unknowingly seeks from Abib confirmation of his belief:

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?

So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—

The madman saith he said so: it is strange."

(Lines 304-12)

Karshish strives to invest his "experience" with an incidental character, though he is at the same time groping for the truth.

"Rabbi Ben Ezra" is the possible utterance of the pious and learned Jew of that name. From another point of view, it is the expression of Browning's own religious philosophy. Here is an example of that pure theism which recognizes the perfectness of the divine plan wherein love and power play equal parts. The poem is pervaded by the solemn realism which distinguishes the Old Testament from the New.

The philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra is remarkable in its estimate of age. The climax, and hence the fruition, of life comes at the close:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made."

Standing at this point and looking back at the failures, one is convinced that these very failures of the flesh indicate infinite possibilities of growth:

“What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:

.

For more is not reserved
To man with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today.”

And this fact alone removes man forever from the brute. His failure or success should be sought, not in that which he has done, but in that which he has aspired to do. His bodily powers can be used to no nobler purpose than that of assisting the soul toward a higher goal. There is the assurance both of God and of His eternal nature, of man's tendency Godwards and of the immortality of the soul, which is borne out in one of the grandest utterances of the nineteenth century, found in stanza xxvii:

“Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.
What entereth into thee,
That was, is, and shall be.
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.”

“Saul,” the most popular of the five poems, deals with the early times of the Jewish monarchy. Its religious sentiment anticipates Christianity. In I Samuel XVI, 14-23 Saul is described as being troubled with an evil spirit which David drives away with music from his harp. Saul is in the agony of a recurring spiritual conflict which renders him a creature dumb, sightless and stark. From the humblest pastoral melodies to the highest chords of human aspiration David soars, lifting the sufferer from his lethargy. He is aroused, but not comforted. The singer changes his theme and sings of the goodness of human life—the joyousness of youth, the

gratitude of old age. He shows that Saul's greatness is not in his mortal life, but in the far-reaching effect of his great deeds. Here is a beautiful picture of physical perfection in man:

"On one head, all the beauty and strength, live and rage . . .

.
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning
them—all

Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

The full cup of material existence has been poured forth, and still the king is despondent: without a consciousness of life, without a desire for it. Then, through David's inspired love for the king, the prophetic revelation of God as an incarnation of love in Christ dawns upon him. David yearns to comfort Saul with the assurance of a future resurrection of life, when suddenly the Truth comes to him. In a beautiful picture he portrays spiritual perfection in man. He cries in agony for a bridge between earthly existence and immortality:

"'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh, that
I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!"

In nature David sees God as the Almighty. But in his own love God is revealed as love, infinitely strong in his power to love, but infinitely weak in his power to be loved, through which weakness to become incarnate and be the salvation of mankind.

THOUGHTS O' LONG AGO

ROY C. BROWN, '21

De winds sound pow'ful lonesome
A-moanin' 'round mah do';
Startin' thought to comin'—
Thoughts o' long ago.

Thoughts o' long ago,
When de breezes 'mong de trees
Tol' me in a whisper
O' mah sweet Loueese.

Ev'ry night I'd meet 'er
Wid a step as light as air,
Fo' I knowed jes whar to find 'er—
At de cabin over dere.

But no mo' she waits to greet me
Wid de lovelight in 'er eye;
Dat's de reason I's so lonely
When de night-time's drawin' nigh.

Still not all de comfort's lef' me
As I set heah by mah do';
I can fancy dat de breezes
Whisper thoughts o' long ago.

THE VALUE OF VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

SYLVESTER G. ———, '22

Modern writers on vocational guidance are wont to point out that, though the term "vocational guidance" may be new, the thing for which it stands is as old as society itself. There were books in the eighteenth century on vocations. Plato's *Republic* is often referred to as one of the earliest recorded plans for vocational guidance. Passages in *Paschal* (1670) emphasize the importance of a wise choice of vocation. All of this is merely to say, that, although in some cases the plans have seemed notoriously narrow and restrictive, there has always been some kind of organization of occupations and an effort to direct persons into employment. Because of the narrowness in some particular instances, there is fear of infringement upon the rights of democracy, but on the other hand, all the old forms and caste-systems of apprenticeship have fallen and democracy sees the imperative need of a desirable means of distributing human service. It is to be naturally expected that there should be a conflicting of opinions as to just what is constituted in "vocational guidance" and to what extent it shall be carried out. The evidence furnished by a critical examination of the subject is reassuring, however, of a developing agreement in aims and methods.

There are numerous definitions of "vocational guidance," but it is significant that most of those who have achieved something in the study of the problem, confine themselves to a statement of what vocational guidance does or aims to do, rather than what it is.

Meyer Bloomfield, who since 1908 has been vitally connected with the first vocational bureau ever established—that

of the city of Boston—states the aim as follows: "Vocational guidance aims to make both school and occupation help boys and girls to discover and develop their powers through service, through school programs in charge of specially trained vocational counselors in school, and employment programs in charge of specially trained employment supervisors in the occupation."

A splendid statement of the goal set by promoters of "vocational guidance" is made in a report of the committee on vocational guidance of the National Education Association Commission on the reorganization of secondary education. The report asserts: "Vocational guidance should be a continuous process designed to help the individual to choose, to plan his preparation for, to enter upon, and to make progress in an occupation."

Probably on no single point is vocational-guidance opinion so sharply divided as on the question of possible contributions by psychology or other methods of charting individual aptitudes. There has been a large amount of investigation along this line, especially by Brewer, who is an expert on the subject. Quoting from his book, "The Vocational Guidance Movement," written in 1918: "Vocational guidance is not concerned with any system of character analysis, phrenology, physiognomy, or other short cuts. Neither is it concerned with bombastic talk about the race for success and getting ahead of the other fellow, or other questionable points of view. Neither can it yet find use for tests worked out in the psychological laboratory, nor for hasty generalizations based on such moot terms as the influence of heredity, natural aptitudes, innate qualities, and such like."

The National Education Association report recognizes three types of experimental work in the field of vocational psychology: (1) the attempt to supply the employer with tests that will enable him to select from a large number of

applicants those most likely to succeed in a given position; (2) the attempt to determine specific vocational abilities—that is, which of several occupations would be the best for a given individual to follow; (3) the attempt to develop tests for the measurement of general intelligence.

One effect of the emphasis upon vocational guidance as a movement affecting all education has been to create a prejudice in the minds of some workers against placement work in connection with vocational guidance. Warnings are being repeatedly sounded against a conception of vocational guidance which would merely strive to get jobs for children, and it must be said that the accumulation of information at hand about the jobs available, excuses if it does not justify, hostility toward anything that looks like the creation of mere employment bureaus for the marketing of children's services. But placement will go on and it is only a question for the vocational guidance movement to decide whether or not it will utilize an agency of growing importance and effectiveness in the promotion of the work.

But as stated before, vocational guidance does not have as its purpose the deciding for young people what profession or occupation they should follow, "nor to project them into life's work at the earliest possible moment, nor to classify them prematurely by any system of analysis, either psychological, physiological, social or economic." But it calls for a progressive improvement of the public-school system and a fuller and more intelligent utilization of its richly diversified offerings. A close relation of the schools to the child-employed industries should bring about an improvement of the conditions existing in those industries today.

There is an idea prevalent among employees and business men, as well as some teachers, that in some mysterious way we are able to look into the future of each child and prepare him specifically for that ultimate end. This is an entirely

false conception which neither psychology nor the principles of democracy will support. "Vocational guidance" properly conceived, organizes school work so that the pupil may be helped to discover his own capacities, aptitudes, and interests, may learn about the character and conditions of occupational life, and may himself arrive at an intelligent vocational decision. Since we cannot look into the future, we must attempt to prepare young people so that they can make each decision more wisely when the need for such a decision arises. So, vocational guidance, rightly conceived, does not involve deciding for young people what occupation they should follow, neither does it push them out into life's work at the earliest possible moment.

The school must teach the youth not only how to adjust himself to his environment, but also how to change that environment when the need arises. Guidance that helps only a few individuals to succeed might produce a competitive system even more relentless than that of the present day. "Vocational guidance" should help in bringing about a coöperative solution of the problems of economic and social life, and should help the largest possible number of individuals.

If wisely directed, "vocational guidance" will greatly improve the schools themselves, by making them more responsive to the social and economic needs of the pupils and of society. Like most educational advances, its chief dangers lie, on the one hand in the extravagant claims of too zealous promoters, and, on the other hand, in the unreasoning skepticism of the ultra conservative. Somewhere between these two extremes should be found a reasonable program that will command the support and respect of thoughtful educators everywhere and bring clearly to the minds of thinking people the value of vocational guidance of youth.

TO THE WHIPPOORWILL

I. K. STAFFORD, '21

Why, pretty bird, do you sit so still
And hide you away in some shady nook
The whole day long and wait until
The sun stops shining on the boisterous brook
To warble your song at a time so still?—
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”

Come forth and give us a song by day
Let the air resound with your notes so shrill,
Let your song ring out while we work or play;
But, if silence by day be your lordly will,
Come out and sing at the close of day—
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”

Then after the day with its toil and care
Far down the valley by the murmuring mill
Out through the stillness of the balmy air,
Let thy sweet song float, O Whippoorwill,
Let it ring in accents loud and clear—
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

As is its custom at the beginning of a new "Prospecting" scholastic year, THE STUDENT is optimistic about everything in general. We have more reason than ever for such an outlook: a number of new professors; new class-rooms, newly equipped; a regular football, basket-ball and baseball coach; football material gathered be-

twcen New York and Florida; enough "togs" to put three teams in uniform; and last but not the least refreshing, a large number of students who write '24 after their names.

We are expecting this year winning athletic and forensic teams. We are expecting more excellent service from the Faculty. As to what they expect of us—well, attend chapel daily and get it first-hand.

**Announce-
ment**

In order that some of his intimate friends may contribute a personal word in memory of the late Prof. Luther Rice Mills, our November issue will be a memorial number. The frontispiece will show his portrait, followed by two leading articles and the personal paragraphs. Contributions of such nature should reach the editor not later than October 10th. It is very appropriate that we pause to honor the life of a man, half of whose fourscore years were devoted to the service of his alma mater.

**College
Politics**

College Politics is a term correctly applied but often incorrectly understood. We think of it as the usual campus method of acquiring college honors. It includes more than that. College politics, State politics and national politics are all of the same species. Our political leaders, as a rule, are college-bred men. They follow the political standards which were set before them as students. Therefore, it is our business to make those standards clean, open and aboveboard.

Our students are unconsciously learning a system which is vulgarly but correctly termed "rotten politics." We all

know what that means. It is practiced year after year on the campus. The students, as a whole, secretly dislike the system. Yet, when one of us desires a certain position, he sees no way of getting it other than the time-degraded custom of "legging." Consequently he proceeds to slap a fellow on the back and inform him thus: "Old man, I'm in politics this year, and I'd like to get your vote." In spite of his familiar approach, frequently he and his victim are unknown to one another! Moreover, he boasts that this is the first time he has ever asked the society for anything, yet his tone of voice makes one afraid he's about to ask a loan.

In *The Howler* of 1917 may be found a poem—a very sensible piece of literature—which contains the following statement:

"If you have proved yourself the man,
You've got my vote without this 'legging'."

If every student would show that spirit when elections are in order, it would save the candidates some unpleasant canvassing. They would then have only to announce their candidacy, or have someone else do it, at a mass-meeting. No man who has behaved himself in such a manner as to deserve election would be ashamed to do that. Furthermore, the student body would have a fairer chance to select its ablest representatives. Under the present system we often elect men to positions in which they are altogether out of place. As was intimated in the beginning, "rotten politics" is a disease of the whole political world. Witness the recent case of Senator Truman H. Newberry. If we are to be clean men, we must be clean boys. If we are to become clean statesmen hereafter, we must practice clean politics on the campus.

A close observer remarked recently that **B. Y. P. U.** Wake Forest needs a large, energetic and representative B. Y. P. U. This phase of our religious life appeals, probably more than any other, to the majority of our students. The four sections last year comprised about one-third the membership of the student body—a decided improvement over the preceding year.

Our progress this session should be in the same ratio. The B. Y. P. U. must keep pace with our increasing educational and athletic advantages. Wake Forest is expected to send out leaders, and that is a part of the plan for training them. The Church, as well as any other institution, needs men who can "deliver the goods." All over the State and elsewhere last summer Wake Forest men were invited to take the lead—and they did. Our new men will find the same situation when they return home for vacation. Too much may not be said about the value of B. Y. P. U. training. It is a duty and a privilege we cannot well neglect.

In the past few years fortunes have sprung up, seemingly overnight, like the gourd of Jonah. The canker which is killing the modern gourd is the game of chance, under the guise of pleasure and profit. But what is more deplorable, gambling is one of the greatest demoralizing agents now at work upon our College life.

Football, basket-ball and baseball in themselves are excellent training. Their wholesome mental and physical competition furnishes qualities to be found nowhere else. But a man gambles away his hard-earned cash on a championship series. A college boy bets and loses on an intercollegiate contest the last check his stern father will allow. To both

these, who lose time and energy worrying over their misfortune, certainly there can be no pleasure. The average gambler himself will admit that, in the long run, there is no profit. The only remaining feature, then, is the fascination, which can best be described as treacherous. The effects of the gambling evil are being felt more and more. A college professor remarked recently that intercollegiate athletics is demoralizing the colleges, solely because of the attendant betting. The student who follows his team out of sheer love for his alma mater is not rare—he is extinct. But he who goes along merely to “collect the stakes” is a canker in our college life, and if allowed to multiply, will imperil even our national life.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

THE STUDENT welcomes each and every one of you. Let's make it the best year yet at old Wake Forest!

All indications point to a record session for 1920-21. Early in the second week of this term, as this issue of THE STUDENT goes to press, the Bursar reports over 460 men as having registered. The number is still on the increase.

We are looking forward with eagerness to the coming games in football this year. The steady and efficient training under Coach White promises to put a winning team on the gridiron. Practically all of our old eleven are back and there is some excellent new material. With fifty men doing their best under the leadership of Coach White and Captain Rabenhorst, why not anticipate a victorious season for Old Gold and Black?

The following is the schedule as announced by Manager Brown. September 25th, Georgia Tech., Atlanta; October 2d, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill; October 9th, Washington and Lee, Lexington; October 16th, Davidson, Charlotte; October 23d, Furman, Greenville; October 30th, Guilford, Wake Forest; November 6th, Elon, Wake Forest; November 13th, Richmond College, Richmond; November 20th, Sewance, Portsmouth; November 25th, N. C. State, Raleigh.

Several trips for the scrubs are being arranged. No definite announcement, however, is yet possible.

Although the Glee Club suffered heavily by losing some of its best members through graduation, yet Dr. Hubert Poteat, the director, has filled the vacancies out of the abundant new material. The Club promises to be fully up to its usual high standard. Manager Crowell is arranging to take a trip north extending possibly through Virginia.

We are happy to welcome among our ranks the new additions to the faculty.

Dr. Harley Nathan Gould, of West Springfield, Pa., was appointed Professor of Biology by the trustees of the College in special session July 20th. In 1910 he was graduated B.A. at Allegheny College, 1912-16 Assistant and Fellow in Biology, Princeton University; 1914 M.A. in Biology, Princeton; 1916 Ph.D. in Biology, Princeton. He was temporary instructor in Embryology and Cytology in the University of California 1916-17; Assistant Professor, Department of Anatomy, West Virginia University 1917-18, and the following year had the corresponding position in the University of Pittsburgh.

Associate Professor William Eugene Speas, of the Department of Physics in Clemson College, has been appointed Associate Professor of Physics in Wake Forest College. After four years of study in Wake Forest Professor Speas spent four years in Johns Hopkins University in the departments of Physics and Mathematics, receiving the Master of Arts degree in Physics 1913. For two years he was assistant in his subject in that university and completed all the Ph.D. requirements except the thesis work. He has been teaching in Clemson since 1913. The summer of 1919 he spent in special Physics courses in the University of Chicago.

Mr. Cullen B. Gosnell, of Inman, S. C., is Assistant Professor in the Department of Political Science. Mr. Gosnell is a graduate of Wofford College and has the Master's degree from Vanderbilt University, where he taught two classes in Political Science last session.

Mr. James Grover Carroll, B.A. '08, Wake Forest, was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics July 20th. For a number of years Mr. Carroll was Principal of the Wingate School. Later he studied Physics and Mathematics in Columbia University, receiving this summer the Master of Arts degree. For one year he taught in Guilford College, last session in Clemson College.

Professor Edgar H. Henderson, head of the Department of English in Coker College, has been appointed Associate Professor of English in Wake Forest. He is a native of South Carolina and an M.A. of Furman University. He has taken special courses in English in Harvard University, one in the summer of 1919, the other the summer just past. He is to work here in association with Dr. Sledd and Associate Professor Charles A. Rouse.

Dr. Chas. Phillips, who succeeds Dr. Buchanan, resigned, in the professorship of Pathology, is a B.A. of Richmond College and M.D. of Medical College of Virginia. For two summers he was assistant pathologist to the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn. He was Captain in the A. E. F. and at the time of his appointment here was pathologist at Stuart Circle Hospital, Richmond, Va.

Professor Robert S. Prichard, of the Chemistry Department of Pennsylvania State College, has been appointed Pro-

fessor of Chemistry here and has entered upon his duties in association with Dr. J. W. Nowell.

A. C. Reid, B.A. '17, M.A. '18, Wake Forest, Professor of Education and Philosophy in Anderson College, S. C., has been appointed Associate Professor of Philosophy for the session 1920-21.

Dr. H. M. Poteat was Professor of Latin in the summer school of Anderson College, Anderson, S. C., for the past summer. The remainder of his vacation he spent with his family at Marion, N. C. Dr. Poteat has also completed his manuscript for a book on "Practical Hymnology."

Dr. Benjamin Sledd was engaged during part of his summer vacation teaching English at the summer school of the University of Virginia.

Dr. J. H. Gorrell represented the Faculty at the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Blue Ridge in June.

Prof. J. L. Lake and family spent the summer in the home of Prof. Lake's father at Upperville, Va.

Dr. C. C. Pearson spent part of the vacation in doing some social service work in North Carolina under the Interracial Commission.

We are especially glad to see Coach White at work with us this year. Mr. White is a graduate of the University of Virginia, where he took a prominent part in athletics of all kinds. He is coach of all teams and in a way will fill the place of college secretary of Y. M. C. A., left vacant by Dr. Jim Turner.

The library has recently been recatalogued. Besides other volumes, 500 works of fiction, the gift of Mr. H. E. Porter ("Holworthy Hall"), have been received already.

The Chemistry Building, Lea Laboratory, will have two new wings, costing approximately \$12,600, added to accommodate the large classes.

The General Education Board of New York City has made a gift of \$100,000 toward \$300,000 to provide an endowment the income of which will be used for the maintenance in perpetuity of the recent twenty per cent increase of professors' salaries in Wake Forest College.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor.*

THE STUDENT takes this opportunity to commend most highly the Alumni for the splendid spirit of loyalty and progress manifested at their annual meeting during the last commencement. We are glad to note that they are now to have a man who will give his entire time to the work among the Alumni, and that the man secured for that work is Rev. Trella D. Collins, B.A., '10, and graduate of Crozer Theological Seminary. Mr. Collins has already entered upon his work and is doing his part towards accomplishing the worthy aims of those whom he represents. Efforts will be made to have an Alumni Association in every county of the State. Also steps have been taken toward completing the new athletic field and maintaining proper coaching for the athletic teams. Commendable indeed is the work they are doing for their Alma Mater!

Dr. J. B. Turner, B.A. '07, who was student secretary and alumni representative for the past year, has resigned to accept the pastorate of the Immanuel Baptist Church at Greenville, N. C. He did a memorable work among the boys last session in inspiring them to higher levels of living.

W. R. Chambers, '14, now practicing law in Marion, was married in June to Mrs. Faye Morgan Craig, also of Marion. While a student he was interested in every phase of student life and since then he has made rapid strides in his profession. He is also prominently identified with the civic life of

the community, having organized a large class of men in the Sunday school and was chosen Presidential Elector by the Republican Congressional Convention.

The many friends of Mr. Alexander K. Powers, LLB. '06, will be grieved to hear of his death on June 23d in a Wilmington hospital. Mr. Powers was a prominent attorney of Sanford, Fla. He was fatally wounded by an uncle who had lived with the family of the mother of the deceased, and had been deranged for some time.

Ray Funderburk, '09, was married in June to Miss Ruth Cleveland, of Wake County. Mr. Funderburk was for a short time student secretary at Wake Forest. He is now Superintendent of Public Instruction in Union County.

W. H. Llewellyn, '17, is Department Manager of Gilmers, Inc., at Durham, N. C.

A. P. Stephens, B.A. '20, is pastor of the Evergreen Baptist Church and Principal of the high school there.

Dr. W. F. Powell, '99, was a visitor here at commencement. The D.D. degree was conferred upon him at the graduation exercises. Few men have been more uniformly successful than he. In his present pastorate at the First Church, Asheville, he preaches to many visitors to the beautiful mountain country and influences the leaders of that entire region. In the midst of many duties he finds time for service to the youth of the State. He was speaker at large for every Liberty Loan campaign. The Government voted him a medal for conspicuous service. Loyalty to Wake Forest is a passion with him.

Dr. N. B. Broughton, B.A. '11, opened offices in Raleigh on August 1st for the practice of medicine. Dr. Broughton spent several months in special work at the St. Christopher's Children's Hospital, of Philadelphia, following an internship in the Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, also of Philadelphia. He will later on specialize in children's diseases.

There were forty Wake Forest Alumni in the Theological Seminary at Louisville last session, a larger representation than was there from any other college, the next highest representation being 21 from Richmond College. Of the forty from Wake Forest fourteen were Seniors.

Dr. Henry Conrad, M.A. '13, died on January 29th at South Bend, Ind. He was interested in all phases of college activities as a student, distinguishing himself in English. He had acquired a wide reputation by his knowledge of diseases of the heart. His future seemed most promising. He was married in October, 1918, to Miss Hally Hester, of Tryon, N. C.

E. J. Truoblood, B.A. '20, is Professor of Education and Psychology at Anderson College, Anderson, S. C.

Dr. G. N. Herring, B.S. '13, recently resigned his position as Senior Lieutenant, Medical Department, U. S. Navy, and sailed on August 17th for China to take up his work there as medical missionary.

F. K. Pool, B.A. '13, who held the Chair of Bible at Wake Forest during the absence of Dr. Cullom, is now Professor of Bible in Furman University. Mr. Pool was chosen as Alumni Representative to succeed Dr. J. B. Turner, but resigned to take the professorship at Furman.

Dr. Spright Dowell, B.A. '96, has been elected President of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Ala. Wake Forest furnishes presidents for ten other colleges of the South, these being Wake Forest, Meredith, N. C. State, School for the Blind, Oxford, and Chowan colleges in North Carolina; Anderson and Coker colleges in South Carolina; Mercer University in Georgia; Carson and Newman in Tennessee; and Howard College and State School for Deaf in Alabama.

It is the purpose of *THE STUDENT*, through this department, to keep its readers in as close touch as possible with the doings of the Alumni. We should like to request that friends of the College coöperate with the editors by reporting any items of interest concerning the Alumni.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

In most college magazines there is that department termed the Exchange Department and the amount of good to be derived from this department lies entirely with the other college magazines who are willing to make an Exchange really what it should be. There is much benefit to be derived from the criticism of our friends, as to the quality and general make-up of our magazine, and we are glad at all times to have these criticisms, that we may make the most of them. None of us are able to read our own magazine with the same critical eye of our outside readers and therefore we are glad to know what they really think of our publication. At the same time we shall feel free to offer any criticism of the exchanges that come to our desk and feel sure that these exchanges will appreciate the spirit of our criticism. An Exchange Department of a college magazine may be made one of its greatest assets, just in this way, while otherwise it would be of no value whatsoever.

We were glad last year to have on our exchange list the magazines given below and we hope that we may have the pleasure of reading these same exchanges this year. And to any magazine not on our list last year, we should be glad to exchange with them this year. We acknowledge receipt of the following during the past session: *Trinity Archive, Davidson College Magazine, The Acorn, State Normal Magazine, Guilford Collegian, Richmond College Messenger, Randolph-Macon Monthly, The St. Mary's Muse, The Furman*

Echo, The University of North Carolina Magazine, Red and White, The College Messenger, Pine and Thistle, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Tattler, Winthrop Journal, Lenorian, University of Virginia Magazine, The Ivey, Chowan College Magazine, Eastern Carolina Magazine, The Bashaba, The Concept.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

GREEN STUFF

Newish Stephens: "Say, Mr. Buck, can you tell me the way to the Bazaar's Office?"

Freshman Modlin: "Coach, is the football team going to shimmy this afternoon?"

Newish Brewton (he of the beautiful hair) wants to know where the Demonstration Building is.

Newish Howard: "What do you have to do in Gym, Hawkins?"

Bert Hawkins: "Work on the high bar, parallel bar, horses, etc."

Newish Howard: "Horses? Has the College a very large livery stable?"

Stacy Howard: "Moody, an A. M. A. man, was here today, looking over the Medical School."

Moody White: "Was there? I sure would like to go there when I finish here at Wake Forest!"

Tom Moss asserts that the height of nerve, or as he expresses it in his usual erudite style, "The absolute climax of brazen assurance" is reached when Happy Crowell swipes his books, and then asks for a pen to put his name in them.

Extract from a love letter written to his fair lady by Clyde Harris, but barred from the mails on the ground that it was dangerous matter to handle—the slushy stuff might not carry well in hot weather, they said:

STANZA 23

I don't care if your eyes are black, or green, or blue,
I don't care if your face looks like
A platter of Warren's stew.
Your voice may sound like a bull-dog's bark,
But it makes no difference in the side of a park.
For the park is always dark.
Hark the park.
The park is always dark!

Contributions are now being received to establish a fund for the purpose of placing Lou Sowers and Sky Eagle on pension. Address all subscriptions to "The Eagle-Sowers Pension Fund, Wake Forest, N. C. "

Newish Rainey says that he thinks it is all right for the Sophomores to make the first year Freshman bark at the moon, sing "How green I am," etc., but he does think it is a little too much to make a *preacher* dance.

Still the Freshman Class is a pretty good one; no one has yet asked where the Aluminum Building is.

Memory (talking in his sleep): "Did you put a semicolon after Dr. Cullom's name?"

Roommate: "What are you talking about?"

Recollection: "Well, you know, in that *Howler* stuff, Dr. Cullom was running for an associate's place in football, and—er—um-m-m—"

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Luther Rice Mills

Born August 17, 1840

Died August 18, 1920

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, 1867-1907

BURSAR OF
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, 1876-1907

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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LUTHER RICE MILLS, 1840-1920

BY G. W. PASCHAL

O thou, sent by thy mother forth to win
The meed of service; she in Heaven is nigh
To watch the Master crown thee; and her eye
Silent bespeaks the mother-joy within—

Well done! at her behest to quit the din
Of field and mart, ungrudging to supply
Strength to a cause high Heaven doomed not to die,
But, weakened sore, new triumph to begin.

Stout warrior of God, thy loftier task
Is done; thy wisdom and humility
Are shed abroad; in high and lowly place
How many a heart is quick with sympathy
Caught from thy tenderness; yet thou didst ask
But to be called "A Sinner saved by Grace."

LUTHER RICE MILLS

BY G. W. PASCHAL

Luther Rice Mills was born in Halifax County, Virginia, on August 17, 1840, and died at Wake Forest, North Carolina, on August 18, 1920.

On both his father's and his mother's side he came of strong Virginia stock. His father, the Rev. John Garland Mills, was an eminent Baptist minister and a planter with scores of slaves.

The older Mills was a man of considerable ability and influence in his denomination. His home was one of the regular stopping places of the missionary preacher, Luther Rice, on his Southern itineraries. On one of his visits Dr. Rice found a new child at the mother's breast. He came and looked upon mother and child and the happy parents called their new son Luther Rice Mills.

To his parents Professor Mills owed much. Directly to them, healthy in body, mind, and spirit, can be traced his own vigorous health, his clear and powerful mind, his pure and noble soul, his aversion to everything base and false, and prurient, his proneness to do good and gentle deeds, his sympathy for people in every station extending even to a passionate love for dogs and other dumb brutes, his devotion to duty.

It will help us to a better understanding of Professor Mills to consider somewhat in detail some of the formative influence of his early years.

In a large slave-holding household obedience had to be prompt and unquestioned, and it had to begin with the children of the master. What the father or mother said was

done. Professor Mills' father left his razor year after year lying on a table within easy reach of the children, but never once did they disobey the command not to touch it. But the parents knew how to be firm without being harsh, and for them their children had love as well as respect. Such discipline brought not only obedience but also a decision of character and a promptness in execution.

The father seems to have purposed to train his son for managing his estate, and with this in view he began very early to develop his son's self-reliance.

One day the father said to the young Luther who was then about ten years old: "Son, take a certain yoke of oxen and Jim—a negro boy—and take a load of wheat to the mill."

"Yes, sir," responded the son.

Now those oxen had a reputation on that plantation. They ran away every chance they got, and Luther knew it. But he went about his task. He and the colored boy loaded the wheat. Then the young master put the slave in the cart to hold the lines while he got a stout cudgel and took his place at the head of the mischievous team, where he walked the five miles to the mill. He returned the same way and set his grinding in his father's crib. For once the oxen had not run away.

On another occasion the father sent Luther and the negro boy with the same oxen and cart to the railway station for a hogshead of porcelain. The seven miles of road had many an uphill, many a downhill, many a slant, many a rut, many a root. With willful oxen it seemed that the hogshead of crockery would be tumbled out of the cart bed at the first hill and every piece broken. But again the boy was equal to his task. At the station he tossed the bed off the cart and to the frame with rope and bolt he securely fastened the hogshead. Again taking his place at the head of the obstinate

team he brought that crockery home without cracking a saucer.

As the son of parents of great piety and reverence and devoted to Christian work the young Mills had opportunity to see the influence of religion over the lives of men. There was the neighborhood drunkard and gambler converted under his father's ministry who afterwards lived a clean life. He saw the transformation wrought in communities where his father had organized a little church, and where he preached without money and without price. There was that orphan child in his father's home which sent forth his elder brother to become the "Orphan's Friend." Such things made religion a very practical as well as sacred thing with Professor Mills, as he often used to say.

The young Luther's school advantages were limited to the schools provided by his father at his own expense for the education of the children of the neighborhood.

Professor Mills' classes used to hear of two of his boyhood teachers. One was a big, fat man—the converted drunkard, I believe—who required his pupils to give the rule at every step of a solution of an example. The other, his successor, was tall and slim. When Luther began to cite rules to him the offended pedagogue, with a stern glance down, checked him, saying, "Young man, if you ever say 'rule' to me again, I'll whip you." From this slim fellow Professor Mills believed he gained much because he taught principles and the practice of independent statements.

In 1857 when but fourteen years old Mills became a student of Wake Forest College. He graduated at the head of his class in 1861. A few things stand out in his college life. He lived a clean, simple life. Being trusted with a liberal supply of money he always had a considerable balance to return to his father when the session was done. And this

was in the days of dandies, when every student was expected to have a pair of fifteen-dollar boots and six silk handkerchiefs which cost one dollar and fifty cents each. Again, the young Mills knew from the beginning how to study and never said fail. He always kept well ahead of his class and on the day before examinations would go out and listen to the birds sing and go to bed at eight o'clock. Once when Dr. Walters, his teacher of mathematics, assigned an example in Algebra, which he said he had never had a student to solve, Mills told him as he was leaving the room, "I will work it or die." And work it he did, and that before he slept.

Of his college life Professor Mills says:

"While a student of Wake Forest College, from 1857 to 1861, I enjoyed all my studies, but I took special delight in mathematics. I had planned to spend after my graduation two years at the University of Virginia, to be followed by two or more years at Cambridge, England, devoted entirely to my beloved study. I was graduated from Wake Forest College with the degree of B.A. the latter part of May, 1861. The same day the papers brought the news of the battle of Big Bethel, fought the day before. The excitement all over the South was intense, and, as in the case of Aeneas during the siege of Troy, *furor iraque mentem praecipitant*, and almost before I knew it I was a soldier in the Confederate army."

Of his life from this time on Professor Mills has told in his own charming style in an article published in volume two of the *College Bulletin* and entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness," from which the opening paragraph is quoted above. Accordingly, it will be necessary for me to mention in outline only the more important matters of his active years and to give other matters of which for obvious personal reasons Professor Mills did not write.

For four years he was in the army. His campaigning took him from Virginia to Florida. He was in that last year of trench warfare before Richmond, and though wounded in 1864 he saw the fall of Richmond and was captured on the retreat towards Appomattox. He was sent to prison on Johnson's Island; was discharged on June 19th and reached his mother's home on June 25, 1865.

As a soldier Professor Mills attained the rank of lieutenant. This rank, however, does not indicate the importance of his services. He was given the important place of commander of sharpshooters and was one of the most trusted men in this branch of the army. His brigadier had appointed him as his adjutant but was killed on the day after. Accordingly, Mills remained on the firing line. Many are the stories of his war experience, but I can mention only what are distinctively characteristic. For one thing he did not overestimate his own prowess or that of his comrades. Many a student of the College first learned from him that one Confederate could not whip a whole cow-pen full of Yankees; that man for man many of the Union soldiers were as good soldiers as the Confederates; that strategy plays an important part in the winning of battles. He came from the war with a good knowledge of military science. One other thing is characteristic: He lived a clean life during his four years in the army. As well as possible he cared for body, mind and soul. He carried a copy of Milton in his knapsack and read it in camp. Not even during the first days of the war when one who did not swear and swagger and drink was taunted as a coward did he live anything else than a simple Christian life. After the test came in battle there were no more taunts.

Home from the army Mills found himself reduced from wealth to poverty. His only property was a horse nineteen

years old and the suit of clothes which he wore on the day he graduated, now too small for him. His sweetheart soon afterwards married a Yankee! For the years of 1865 and 1866 he helped his mother run her farm. He had six horses and plenty of help. As he was with his mother these seem to have been delightful years for him.

In December, 1866, Dr. W. M. Wingate, then President of Wake Forest College, invited him to come to Wake Forest to teach mathematics. He would have declined the offer. His brother, John, then in charge of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, thought there was nothing in it for him. He had been successful in farming and was willing to continue the work. But his mother bade him go. Of this decisive event in his life Professor Mills says:

"I knew what that advice had cost her. I was the youngest child, and she and my father had told me that in the end I would have to come home and stay with them in their old age. During the four years I was at college she never packed my trunk for my return to college without a good hearty cry, and without winding it up by saying: "My son, you have got to come home and stay with your mother when you are done going to college."

It is to this great sacrifice of this noble mother that I refer in the verse at the head of this article.

Accordingly, early in January in 1867, Professor Mills came to Wake Forest College and took up his work. Nominally he was Professor of Mathematics, but he taught everything that came to hand, in those first needy years. He continued to teach until January, 1907, when acute sickness compelled him to desist from his labors. During nearly all of those forty years he had other important duties outside of the classroom. Of these I will speak below. Here I must not omit to say something of him as a teacher.

First, he was a live teacher, with an enthusiastic interest in his subject. He had not been able to satisfy the ambition of his college days and spend two years at the University of Virginia and two more at Cambridge in the study of mathematics, but he did not neglect to pursue the study on his own account. In both his classroom and his home he had a bookcase full of mathematical books. He could often be found reading them. Even to his last days he found great pleasure in this study. Hence to his classes he always showed that freshness and enthusiasm which are indispensable.

His classroom was a model of order. Every student knew his seat and took it, and made no unnecessary noise, not because Professor Mills enjoined it but because the natural dignity of the man called for decorum. But woe to the luckless mistrained youth who did not fall in with the situation. Without temporizing Professor Mills would order him from the room and the order had behind it compelling force that brought instant compliance. But never a student of any worth sat under Professor Mills without loving him with that strong love which begins in reverence and respect.

Though he taught what is generally considered a dry subject his students of the better days at least found his classes the most delightful they had in college. I have mentioned his enthusiasm for his subject. Sometimes this took the form of an anecdote. There are three really beautiful things in the world, said he, one is a pretty woman, the second is a ship in full sail, the third is the binominal theorem. Yes, his students took this as a joke, or affected to, but he had other jokes. The boys used to mark the books they were handing down to the next class with a schedule of the jokes that were to be expected. Right here will come the asymptote joke, here this joke, here that, and it was often so. But the joke was always well told, for the teller had a keen sense of humor. Besides he had a wonderful insight into human nature and

a wonderful knowledge of world politics and current events of which he would at times talk most lucidly and interestingly.

It was no part of the teacher's duty, thought Professor Mills, to coax a boy to study. If the student worked the teacher knew it well but indicated his pleasure only by the peculiar mellow manner in which he drawled "Yes, sir," when the boy had explained his work at the board, and by the final grade. If the student did not work the teacher knew that well also. But he did no coaxing. At times he would mention the approaching examination and make the remark: "As the tree falls so it will lie." At times, too, especially when talking to members of the faculty of lazy students he would express a longing for a guard-house.

From 1876 to 1907 Professor Mills was Bursar. Perhaps his work in this capacity was his most important contribution to the College. He was the first to keep accurate accounts and have them audited. He knew his sources of revenue and used his influence to keep expenditures within the income. He paid bills the day they were received. In this way he gained financial credit for the College which it had not had before, and also won the confidence of men able to give for equipment and endowment. In this way he laid the foundation for the financial strength and stability of the College. And he should have due honor for this great work. He kept well informed as to the value of stocks and securities and the fluctuations of the stock market. Accordingly, while he was Bursar, especially during the early days, he was the adviser of the Board of Trustees as to investments as well as to other financial matters, and in all his judgment proved remarkably sound.

Of the onerous and exacting nature of the work of the Bursar's office we judge from this statement of his:

"As Bursar I had charge not only of the money matters of the *Bourse* proper, but acted also as treasurer of committees

to erect new buildings and had charge for many years of buildings and grounds, servants, etc. As vouchers had to be filed for every expenditure, however small, I was like a slave chained to the old iron safe."

Another important service of Professor Mills was to put the work of Ministerial Education on its feet. Beginning in January, 1876, for two years he visited churches and associations making speeches and raising money. Often he met with much opposition and at times had to "run over" a moderator, but his fine sense of humor always got him through. During all this time he was doing his regular class work. "I usually," says he, "left College Friday afternoon, and on my return traveled the greater part of Sunday night and got to College just as the bell would ring for my first recitation."

Until 1878 the College had only one building for all purposes—the old Dormitory Building. In the erection of all the others, except the Alumni Building, Professor Mills had an important part. He was the representative of the College who saw Mr. and Mrs. Sidney S. Lea, of Caswell County, and induced them to use funds designated in their will for the College for the immediate erection of a chemical laboratory. This was done in the Christmas holidays of 1886, at the suggestion of President Taylor, when Professor Mills was returning from a visit to his mother.

On his walks with Professor Mills Rev. James S. Purefoy used to discuss the need of a hospital for sick students. The result was that Mr. Purefoy left with the College some six or eight hundred dollars to be used towards such a building. Shortly before his death Dr. John Mitchell came into Professor Mills' office with five hundred dollars, intending to leave it with him for a very worthy purpose, but one already fairly well provided for. At the suggestion of Professor Mills,

Dr. Mitchell added this five hundred dollars to the hospital fund left by Mr. Purefoy. This gave new interest to the question of a hospital and led to the canvass for other funds and the completion of the hospital in 1907.

In a small college the services of a teacher are not limited to a classroom, but every possible talent he may have is called into use and development, the only limitation being that of time. Thus it was with Professor Mills at Wake Forest. Besides being a member of numerous committees and serving as Bursar, and doing the work of the Board of Education already mentioned, he was often called upon to lecture. The students and people of the community always heard him gladly, for he always spoke from an intimate knowledge of his subject, sometimes from experience. His style was simple and direct without any conscious rhetoric; he was most human in his sympathies; he had a noble pride in good and true things; he had that sense of humor already spoken of which flowered out in frequent illustrative anecdotes, while his quiet dignity and earnest moral purpose gave a just appreciation of the importance of what he was saying. Sometimes he lectured on the weather, a subject which he studied from the formation of the U. S. Weather Bureau; sometimes on a current event like the Boer War; sometimes on his own experiences in the Civil War. I have often heard students say that the lectures of Professor Mills were the most interesting of the year.

Religiously Professor Mills was quiet and unostentatious. He sometimes taught a Sunday school class; he was so long as health permitted a regular attendant at the mid-week prayer-meeting, in which he would often talk. Rarely he would speak at the Sunday morning service in church. These were the externals of his religion. The esoterics were known only to a few. Not many knew that the closet back of his

classroom was his place of prayer. Here he went when troubled. He did not care for theology and detested theological wrangling. Religion with him was to love mercy and do justice and walk humbly before God. As he strolled with some trusted friend, he would often let the current of his thoughts break forth in speech, and most often it would be of some practical religious matter, the care of orphans, the reclamation of the prostitute and wayward, the care of the sick, the helping of the poor, the encouragement of young men to get an education. He never failed to cry out against bigotry and narrowness. With him it was only noble to be good, or obversely goodness was true religion, while his charity extended to men of all creeds. But withal he was a humble follower of Jesus—and he was a good deal like his Master. He has often said that he desired no other eneonium at his death than that he was “a sinner saved by grace.” He was a great admirer of Dr. Wingate and regarded him as the prince of preachers.

No sketch of Professor Mills, however brief, should omit some mention of his love for nature and animals. So long as his strength lasted it was his daily practice to walk abroad with his dogs and some companion of kindred spirit. No extremity of cold or heat, no sleet or hail or freezing wind deterred him. Then his pleasure was unbounded and wonderfully contagious. He found great joy just in being out in the open. He liked to look at the clouds and to interpret their portent. He loved the landscape and the trees. He would let his walks often take him by woods and springs and cascades, where Nature was in most pleasing aspect. And all the while his enthusiasm was as fresh and unconscious as that of a child. Rarely Professor Mills would walk alone. This was when a deep sorrow, such as the death of his brother, would be upon him. Then he wanted to be alone with Nature and with God.

Of all animals Professor Mills loved his dogs best. Turning to hunting about 1890 on the advice of his physician, he continued it for about twenty years. In this time he had several famous dogs, among them, Jake, a setter; Brownie and Trilby, pointers; Surry, Lannie and Roderigo. Jake was a very sensible dog and not only set birds for his master, but used to help him with his mathematics classes. To Jake the students on the sly would refer their work at the board. When he shook his head they knew it was wrong. This was the boys' tale. Brownie and Trilby, when puppies, went off and brought home to the helpless master his spectacles lost a mile or two from home, while fishing for horny-heads. This was the master's own tale, and only one of his tales to illustrate the intelligence of dogs. For he understood dogs and they understood him, and his love for them was strong. He shocked the good old Dr. Mitchell by advancing the theory that possibly dogs have souls. And his dogs he treated with all his characteristic tenderness. They had access to his classroom, learned to love his favorite friends, had a place by his winter fire, and accompanied him on all his walks. Once when he was making regular trips to Raleigh, Brownie learned to come to the station and to welcome him on his return.

The last thirteen years of his life were years of declining health. At times he was able to do some open-air work like surveying, but in his last years he had to give up even this. His wife, who was Miss Anna Lewis, had died about 1901. On this account after he gave up his college work he visited much among his children. Sometimes he was with his oldest daughter, Kate (Mrs. Claude Kitchin), at Scotland Neck or Washington; sometimes with his son, Luther; sometimes with another daughter, Luey (Mrs. John A. Wray), in Florida, or Monroe. Much of the time he was at Wake Forest, at his home, with his son, Mr. John G. Mills, and

his youngest daughter, Miss Anna Mills. Here he spent the last few months, suffering much in body, but clear and vigorous in mind, ready to talk with his friends in the old manner. Here he passed away, dying the death of a Christian. His friends laid him to rest beside his wife in the Wake Forest Cemetery.

His great work is done. He gave his life and all his talents to the College. He often had tempting offers to go elsewhere. Once he was invited to the University of North Carolina as Professor of Mathematics at nearly twice the salary he was then receiving. He considered the matter but his devotion kept him at Wake Forest.

LUTHER RICE MILLS

W. B. ROYALL.

Many tender memories, extending over more than sixty years, link themselves in my heart with the name of Luther Rice Mills. He was my classmate and in this relation we became the best and closest of friends. Our friendship ripened with the passing years, as he from the Old Dominion and I from the Palmetto State became more and more wedded to the good Old North State.

In 1861 we both entered the Confederate Army, he in the defense of the coast of Virginia and I in the defense of the coast of South Carolina. We gravitated each to the leadership of Robert E. Lee, and were in many of the campaigns of the great Virginian, the fall, winter, and spring of 1864-65 finding us near each other in those dismal days and nights around Petersburg, where, from fear of the deadly shot and shell, men almost forgot how to stand erect.

Lieutenant Mills was severely wounded in the battle of the Crater, but returned to duty as soon as possible, to find himself in command of his company, Captain Poindexter having been killed at the Crater. On the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, while leading a company of sharpshooters, he was captured and was a prisoner in Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated. It was a night of terror for the prisoners, since they could but think of the massacre that might come at any moment at the hands of infuriated men. With commendable promptness, however, a strong guard was placed around the Old Capital, whence to other prisons the guarded men were speedily transferred, Professor Mills, with other officers, being sent to John-

son's Island, in Lake Erie. He could give most graphic accounts of prison life. Dr. Girardeau, the eloquent preacher and professor, held men spellbound as he told them the story of God's redeeming love. Meantime, in another part of the prison men were out of their rations of meal, by some occult process of distillation, making a beverage that probably equalled that of the modern moonshiner. Others were engaged in making rings from gutta-percha buttons, studded with gold, or silver, or imitations of precious stones. From these pursuits not a few came to have well-filled pocket books. There was a class in Hebrew and classes also in other subjects.

I was spared the trial of capture and imprisonment, but I was not spared the pain of having with the peerless Lee and the little remnant of his army to surrender at Appomattox. I think I was the first of those who were in the service from Wake Forest or the vicinity to reach home with General Grant's parole.

Having taught in a private school during the last five months of 1865 I was asked by the few trustees of the College that could be brought together to join Prof. W. G. Simmons, and my father, Prof. Wm. Royall, in the effort to resume work at Wake Forest, after a suspension of nearly four years.

Upon this work I entered in January, 1866. I was glad to welcome as a colleague in January, 1867, my old classmate, Luther Mills, and it has ever been a source of gratification to me that I was in a measure instrumental in his coming back in this rôle to his Alma Mater. I knew how well adapted he would show himself to be for the tasks that might be awaiting him from the Rule of Three to Calculus, from Peter Parley to Paradise Lost, from "All Gaul" to Juvenal.

He caused many a peal of laughter at those rather informal faculty meetings that we sometimes had as he told of experiences that he had with raw material that he helped to

mould into men who were destined to become a part of the bone and sinew of a New North State and a New South.

Early in 1869 he invited me to go to Tarboro with him to witness his marriage to Miss Anna Lewis, in the home of her brother, Gen. W. Gaston Lewis, who was commander of a brigade in the Civil War, and was for sometime after the war Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, with his home at Wake Forest, where Professor Mills first met the bright and gifted woman who became his wife.

They were greatly blessed in the three daughters and two sons that were born to them, and between whom and the children of my household there has always been a most tender intimacy. His good wife went to her Heavenly home in 1902.

Of the Class of 1861 only two are left—Council S. Wooten, whom I love and greatly esteem, and myself. Professor Mills was my nearest neighbor for nearly forty-three years, and I am sure that few can miss as I do the familiar sound of his footstep and no one, perhaps, as much as I the spiritual communion that brought us near to God and created between us an indissoluble bond.

It may be said of him as of David: "After he had in his generation served the counsel of God he fell asleep."

PROFESSOR LUTHER RICE MILLS

WILLIAM LOUIS POTEAT

AN APPRECIATION

In the long and critical period of the history of Wake Forest College, which he himself called the "Forty Years in the Wilderness," Prof. Luther Rice Mills was an important factor. Graduating here in 1861 he went into the Civil War almost immediately, and hardly two years elapsed after the close of that struggle before he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics. He became full professor in 1870 and in a few years after Bursar, and retained both positions until a sudden illness, due in part to his excessive labors, in the spring of 1907, incapacitated him. He largely shaped the financial policy of the institution, for the Board of Trustees greatly respected his insight and practical judgment.

Professor Mills stammered in speech, and he once explained to me that the defect had influenced him deeply. He had read widely in the classics, but his literary style had suffered by the necessity of using the word which he could pronounce, rather than the precisely fit word. He explained further that the defect had made him a little reticent and shy, so that he shrank somewhat from public meetings and general company. And yet for some years he was corresponding secretary of the Board of Education and presented the case of the young ministers at College in many parts of the State and never ceased to recall with pleasure how he found promising young preachers in unpromising surroundings and induced them to come to College. His effectiveness in public speech was hardly at all impaired. In fact, when he was well launched he stammered little. He was original without

eccentricity, direct, practical, and tender. He had a keen sense of humor, which showed itself, however, most frequently and best in personal reminiscence as he talked in private.

He loved people, plain people perhaps best. No tale of sorrow or need failed to move him to sympathy and practical response. Backward students—"lame ducks" he called them—had a friend in this warm-hearted man. When others felt that money was wasted on men who flunked their courses, he would insist that there was such a fact as absorbing things from the College atmosphere and personal intercourse with teachers and successful fellow-students. He did not lose faith in the troublesome and mischievous boy. He would say, "Boys will be boys and energy must break out somewhere." A boy was like a bucket of water: if it could not leak out, it would slop over, and if it could not slop over, it would evaporate.

He loved Nature, and so was observant. He would ask you how many rows of grains were on an ear of corn?—even or odd? In which direction does a honeysuckle vine wind around its support? He watched the winds and the clouds and the movement of storms. He read every day his thermometer and barometer. One of the most interesting lectures of my experience was one of his on the weather. He was often alone in the fields and woods, now with gun and dog ("Old Jake" or "Gypsy"), now quite alone with his thoughts—and God.

He loved God and was at home with Him even while he walked the pathways of the earthly life. That secret fellowship explains his equanimity and simple-heartedness and that aura of other-worldliness which his friends saw enveloping him always and the most distant could see when he meditated aloud before the open Word of God.

LUTHER RICE MILLS

BY W. R. CULLOM

(The following article is reprinted from a recent issue of The News and Observer.)

In what is perhaps the most dignified and stately of all the observations of the frailties of life to be found in any literature we read this: "The days of our years are three-score and ten, or even by reason of strength four-score; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow." Prof. Luther Rice Mills passed his eightieth birthday on August 17th, and passed into what Dr. Lyman Abbott so fitly calls "the other room" on August 18th. On the following day the remains were laid to rest beside those of his beloved wife in the Wake Forest Cemetery.

The end came in his old home at Wake Forest where he graduated in 1861 and where he became professor of Mathematics in January, 1867. He was the son of a Baptist minister of Halifax County, Va., and brother of the lamented Mr. Jack Mills, founder of organized orphan work in North Carolina.

It will be observed that his graduation took place at the very opening of the Civil War. No man ever followed General Lee with greater loyalty and faithfulness through the great struggle than did Professor Mills. Nor did any man follow the great hero of the Confederacy with greater or more genuine affection through the subsequent years of his life than did he. If he could have added a chapter to Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worshipers," the subject of that chapter would have been Robert Edward Lee.

He was wounded in the battle of the Crater, and was a prisoner in Washington at the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The situation with the prisoners became so

grave and threatening that they were moved to Johnson's Island for safety. The reminiscences of the trials and sufferings of those horrible days constituted a favorite topic with him for many years. Nor were these observations mere idle talk: they were keen, discriminating and always informing and helpful. Three books he always tried to have near by him, whether in camp, on the march or in prison. These books were his New Testament, his Shakespeare and one of the Latin classics. One need not be told as to the quality of the culture of a spirit that fed on such food in the midst of an awful war.

Like General Lee, when he returned home, he began to help rebuild his beloved Southland by dedicating his life to the work of the school-room. The Royalls, father and son, Simmons, Wingate, Taylor and Mills are the sextette of heroes that created and fostered the post bellum Wake Forest. The names of these men should forever be household words in the homes of the lovers of Wake Forest.

Besides teaching mathematics, Professor Mills was for many years Bursar of the College. And who among the older alumni of this institution can ever forget the kindness, the accuracy, the patience and the helpfulness of the noble man?

It has been my good privilege to be associated with Professor Mills in several capacities. He was my teacher, he has been my colleague in the faculty, my neighbor, my personal friend. His was a rare and choice spirit. He had in a very marked degree the rare gift of making the Divine Presence seem to be the most real, the most vital and the most present of all the realities of life. Nor was this ever done in any studied, mechanical or perfunctory way. Of course it could not be done in that way. It came rather in the most natural, easy and spontaneous way in the course of every conversation. What a gift!

Professor Mills was a philosopher. Where others passed along without seeing anything, he saw the wonders of the Creator. The weather, little children, the simplest thing in Nature, an unnoticed verse of Scripture, a statement from Bacon, a choice poem—any of a thousand things—touched by him carried forever afterwards a new significance.

For the past few years physical infirmities caused him to lay aside his class-room work, but not his interest in life, in people, in progress, in all that goes to make a worthy world.

In his early manhood he married Miss Anna Lewis. The mother of Miss Lewis was a Battle, from Edgecombe County. Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of Chapel Hill, Elders Elisha and Amos Battle, Dr. Lewis, of Kinston; Dr. R. H. Lewis of Raleigh; and other distinguished Carolinians, have been glad to claim this gifted woman as belonging to their family circle. To Professor Mills and Anna Lewis Mills were born five children, all of whom are still living, and are glad to rise up and call their parents blessed. These are Mayor John G. Mills, of Wake Forest; Mr. Luther Mills, of Scotland Neck; Mrs. Claude Kitchin, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Jno. A. Wray, of Monroe, N. C., and Miss Anna Mills.

When General Lee was asked to become president of an insurance company at the close of the war, and was assured that his name was all they wanted, his reply was: "My name is all I have, and that is not for sale." Whatever else Professor Mills' children may possess or not possess, it is easy to understand that their proudest possession is their name.

Wake Forest, N. C.

THE LAST BUT ONE OF THE "OLD GUARD" GONE

J. C. CADDELL

In the past forty-five years, many and vital changes have occurred in and about Wake Forest College. Then, Dr. Wingate was its President, and associated with him, as teachers, Professors Simmons, Taylor, W. B. Royall and Mills—a galaxy of teachers, taking them all in all, we shall hardly see their like again.

All of these have paid the last debt, to which flesh is heir, except Prof. W. B. Royall, and so, the final reunion of these colaborers, never again to be broken, only awaits his coming.

Professor Mills, on a bright morning in August, in the full possession of his mental faculties and with the fortitude of the brave man he was, passed from his earthly home to the place prepared for him in the skies.

He had spent his entire active life in the service of his Alma Mater. After serving four years as a Confederate soldier, he was elected to the chair of Mathematics, in which position he served for more than fifty consecutive years. He helped to carry the College through that fearful transitional period at the close of the war, experienced by all of our southern institutions.

At the close of the Civil War, the former supporters and patrons of the College, many of whom had been large holders of property, suddenly found themselves penniless. The friends of the institution must now seek new sources for support, and a new class of patrons. Fortunately for the College and for the State, these were found among the plain people, the substantial middle class of citizens, from whom have always come a goodly share of the valor and the virtue

of human society. Professor Mills had himself lived *upon the earth*.

Brought up to labor on his father's farm, he had worked with the common people, had thought their thoughts, and talked with them about the common things of life, so, he naturally became the connecting link between the country boy, with his simple life, his timid and shrinking nature, and his new college environment, a new sphere of existence to himself.

Professor Mills was more than a teacher of text-books. He possessed a kind and sympathetic nature, and he so timed his scheme of teaching that he saved the honest plodder whom he considered the most hopeful member of his class.

Many of his former students, who read of the passing of their old teacher, will remember him for his kindly advice and for substantial aid when the days were dark, and the possibility for remaining at College had seemed to come to an end. Some who suffered from sickness while here, will hear over again, now that he is gone, his gentle rap at the door, and listen again to his cheering words of sympathy and hopefulness. He was often heard to say, "Boys will be boys," and true to his nature, and to principle, in dealing with the delinquent ones, he always tried to discover the one who was worthy of one more chance. And when, in his judgment he had found such one, he stood by him to the last.

His discriminating judgment, his determination always to err on the side of mercy, have served to the College some of its most brilliant representatives, and given to the State some of its best and most efficient citizens.

Professor Mills never exploited his learning, nor his religion. He did not wear his piety on his coat sleeve, he never carried his Bible under his arm, neither did he cast pearls before swine. But his daily walk and conversation, his honorable, upright dealings in all of his relations with his

fellow-men, were perpetual proofs of the righteous principles which guided his life. And now that he is gone from us, the life of labor and willing sacrifice he gave to his Alma Mater, the sensible, conservative loyalty he felt for his denomination, the heroic service he gave to his State in war and in peace, will be a memorial more lasting than any monument by human hands, however costly, or skillfully designed.

A TRIBUTE

R. T. VANN

When I entered Wake Forest in the fall of 1870, I found a faculty of four men: W. M. Wingate, W. G. Simmons, W. B. Royall and L. R. Mills; C. E. Taylor came a few weeks after the session's opening. Mills, I learned, had been elected Professor of Mathematics the year before, with the understanding that Simmons, who seems to have been carrying all the mathematical courses and a little of several others besides, should take the preparatory class which he was then carrying, throughout its entire course; and thus it came to pass that, entering that class in its Junior Year, I was never permitted to study under Professor Mills.

But it so happened that he and his young wife were boarding in the same house where I was boarding, so that I came into social contact with him; but only to a degree, both because of the necessary bar between teachers and students and especially because of the solemn awe in which one very green freshman held a college professor. And yet, in these two years his gentle spirit, unassuming simplicity, unaffected modesty, fervent piety and strong personality won my warm admiration.

When I went to Wake Forest as pastor of the church in 1883 I came to know him well, both as a deacon in the church and as my next door neighbor; and I write it down with all sincerity that under this closer intimacy all those early impressions grew into settled convictions. As I think of him now I feel that Jesus might have said of him as of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." He literally "loved righteousness and hated iniquity." Like Moses

in his meekness, he was no less like Paul in his steadfast strength. His was the faith of our fathers. To him the Bible needed and admitted of no amendments. His moral and spiritual perceptions were deep and vital. To him sin was "exceeding sinful," and he rejoiced in the exceeding goodness of His grace.

In such a man, therefore, religion was not a thing prescribed or governed by rule, but a life, a vital outgrowth of the Christ that lived in him. Having experienced the in-coming of God into his soul, he seemed to live day by day under a sense of the presence of God both within and without him, and thus he had the "peace of God guarding his heart and mind." No wonder one never heard him complain.

Beneath that calm, unruffled surface lay vast depths of emotion; and yet his was not a mere emotional religion. Quite to the contrary, his daily life and religious activities were based on a sure foundation. His spirit flowed on like a spring whose source was in the everlasting hills, little affected by visible phenomena. Instead of meteoric flashes, his piety shone with the steady and silent radiance of the good old sun.

And yet, with all his simpleness of spirit and a mind "which was in Christ Jesus," he was thoroughly human. In his tastes, in his sympathies and antipathies, his likes and dislikes, in his joys and sorrows, and in all human relationships, he was a simple and normal man of the every-day world, without a trace of cant or asceticism. Whether in the home or in the social or business life, he was the most genial and jolly of companions, with an inborn spirit of democracy that made him a comrade of all, and with a divine benevolence that made him the friend of all.

Such, all inadequately sketched, was that rare character as he appeared to me. And one could wish no greater boon for the old College of his labor and love than that it should

inherit in perpetuity a double portion of the spirit of L. R. Mills.

It has now been over 40 years ago, while I was a student at dear old Wake Forest College, that we read Cicero's *De Amicitia et De Senectute*, and, among other passages, one that has impressed me much throughout life was, where he said, *Civiles homines nascuntur non fiunt* (Gentlemen are born, not made). If a more perfect gentleman ever lived than Luther Rice Mills, I haven't had the honor to cultivate his acquaintance. He didn't know how to be abrupt. In the language of the immortal Shakespeare, "he was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, here was a man." I esteem it one of the most hallowed memories of my life that I have, since the halcyon days of my youth, regarded him as a personal friend. May God bless his memory. He has left to his offspring, and more especially to the entire student body of Wake Forest College, a priceless heritage—a good name.

H. MONTAGUE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

R. S. AVERITT

Those readers who have reveled in the subtle mystic charm of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, or followed with bated breath the unraveling of some tale of psychic imagination or terror, delight to do honor and reverence at the shrine of this man. He is the beacon light of Southern letters, diffusing a ray of pure intellectuality and genius over the whole civilized world. Some good is in Nazareth!

Until the advent of Poe, American writers were little known in Europe. His poems made a distinctive appeal to the Europeans, but his short stories made him famous among them. He opened a new field and gave the stimulus to many of the short-story writers abroad that have become famous.

The life of Edgar Allan Poe is a familiar one. As he says of himself, "one whose life has been a chaos of deep passion from his birth." The shadows, the unhappy mistakes should elicit our sympathy and pity rather than censure. It is his works that are monumental of the man. Time cannot corrode, nor tarnish the best examples of his art, while no time can ever obliterate the more apparent weaknesses of the human man.

The resources which Poe had at his command were indeed many and varied for the literary man. The benefits of a cultured home, high education and athletic body were his. His knowledge embraced navigation, astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, physics, entomology, conchology, philosophy and logic. He possessed the vivid imagination of the poet combined with the cold reasoning of the philosopher and mathematician.

The number of Poe's poems are small. This, far from being a fault, tends to emphasize the individual genius of the man—one who stands unique among his contemporaries. Swinburne has said, "Once as yet and once only has there sounded one pure note worth singing and echoed in 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." This in a degree is Europe's version of American poetry. While most too assertive it is a happy description, and is at least suggestive.

Poe's own version is that poetry with him is more a passion than purpose. He contended in the "Poetic Principle," that the object of poetry is pleasure, not truth; the pleasure must not be definite but subtle. The short poem was the only existent form, in his opinion.

A precocious expression of Poe's genius is found in his early production, "To Helen":

"To the glory that was Greece
To the grandeur that was Rome."

This has enrolled itself in the list of choice expressions of the language. Robertson says that to have produced this poem is to have done a perfect thing.

Poe's command of melody is well brought out in "The Haunted Palace." In the "City by the Sea" his shadowy perception crystallizes death, grief and pain into earthly beings.

"The Conqueror Worm" is in many ways one of the best poems of our literature. With master choice of words, he shows the hopelessness and inevitableness of death.

"Out—out are the lights—out all!
 And over each quivering form,
 The curtain, a funeral pall,
 Comes down with the rush of a storm,
 While the angels, all pallid and wan,
 Uprising, unveiling, affirm
 That the play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
 And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

"The Sleeper" is a gem of purest water. In the opiate vapor of the moon the melody, fantasy and vision is a charm:

"At midnight in the month of June,
 I stand beneath the mystic moon.
 An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
 Exhales from out her golden rim,
 And, softly dripping drop by drop,
 Upon the quiet mountain top,
 Steals drowsily and musically
 Into the universal valley."

"Annabel Lee" is a lovely and simple ballad, a dirge for his departed wife. It is musical in every line. This is probably the most popular of all Poe's poems. If possible, the last verse is the most beautiful:

"For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea."

In "The Bells" we have architectural construction for effect. The rhythm and delirium of the bells is ours when we read it.

"The Raven" seems to be a purpose and the work of Poe's maturer years. The poem is symbolic of night's Plutonian shore. It is a new and distinct creation. The poem is not flawless, but it shows more forcefully than any other the force of his intellect. He adds beauty to the grotesque, charm to the inevitable. It is a masterpiece!

In the closing lines of "Israfel" we have a suggestion of what Poe might have done under more auspicious circumstances:

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

Poe's fame as a poet depends largely upon his attainment of sounds. His themes are few, but appear in varied and beautiful garbs. Under his manipulation words take on new sounds and melody. In alliteration, gradual deepening of vowels, intensifying pause and sudden outbreak of startling sounds he is unsurpassed. One critic has said he added Greek perception to Oriental passion for decoration. Another, that he gave the ypress to love, the myrtle to death. He refused to let his spirit be confined. His poems are the outbursts of the inner man.

As a critic Poe was at times acrimonious and dogmatic. His best service was to weed out the trash. Those receiving

favorable criticism have justified it by their subsequent careers.

The greatest genius of Poe is exhibited in his stories. He had the power of dissecting the unreal, unraveling with infinite minuteness the most complicated mysteries. His themes were mostly weird, gruesome and abnormal, but they were treated in a realistic way. We are compelled to believe against our will. He produced tales of romantic horror, humorous and satiric, descriptive and fanciful. All will possibly fall under three heads—adventure, horror, and intellect.

In the first class "The Descent into the Maelstrom" is typical. No puzzles, social life or plot is evident—just pure adventure. Of course Poe speculates on the nature of the maelstrom and with conviction tells how it is. The abrupt beginning is an artistic effect.

Of the tales of horror "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Pit and Pendulum" and "Cask of Amontillado" are suggestive. "The Fall of the House of Usher" owes its effect largely to the strange situation, the mysterious hints, and fatal doom. Lowell says that this work alone is enough to proclaim Poe a man of genius.

Poe coolly analyzes the psychological effects of the descending blade in "Pit and Pendulum." It has all the terror of the Inquisition.

"The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge." These opening words of "The Cask of Amontillado" clearly show us what to expect in this weird and hair-raising tale.

Among the most prominent of his tales of intellect we find "Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," "Murders in Rue Morgue," and "Mystery of Marie Roget."

"The Gold Bug" combined Poe's power of analysis with adventure. The search for hidden treasure, together with the reason in working out the cryptogram, combine two of his powers, and consequently is more characteristic.

Poe has an inordinate passion for beauty. He never expressed vulgar surprise at great beauty. He could give beauty to things which without his touch would be repulsive. He never dealt with the commonplace.

The bounds of human understanding were galling to Poe. It would have been a treat if he could have, like Hercules or Orpheus, explored the unknown realms. These yearnings for the unknown lifted him from a weak man to a consummate artist, a man of noble gifts.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

In Memoriam

This issue of THE STUDENT is respectfully dedicated to the memory of Luther Rice Mills, for over forty years Professor of Mathematics in Wake Forest College. It seems altogether fitting that the deeds of this great character and the efforts he directed towards the uplift of his beloved Alma Mater be noted in this publication. In his death the community lost a valuable friend and Wake Forest College lost a devoted and loyal supporter.

"For him the teacher's chair became a throne."

**Dr. Gorrell's
Tribute**

The Faculty Editor seldom permits himself the privilege of contributing to the columns of THE STUDENT; yet in this issue which is dedicated to the memory of his dear and honored friend, Prof. L. R. Mills, he cannot refrain from testifying in some slight measure to a keen sense of personal loss in the passing of such a man.

As my college life was passed elsewhere than in Wake Forest (permit the Editor to lapse into the first person singular), I cannot speak of Professor Mills as a teacher, but from an intimate acquaintance with him as a colleague and friend of more than a quarter of a century, I esteemed him as one of the most original and helpful of men.

There were three topics into one of which every conversation with him would almost inevitably drift: the Civil War, the students, and religion.

Having passed through all the experience of a soldier from private to captain, from life in the field to life in a prison, and having read omnivorously from all the war writers that were worth while, he was able, as few men, to describe, to criticise, and to estimate at their real worth the men and movements of the four years of hostilities.

For the student in general and especially for the poor struggling fellow who had a hard time to learn to "make buckle and tongue meet," there was always a warm and sympathetic place in Professor Mills' heart. And his optimistic spirit even extended to the wayward and apparently hopeless man. It was with a characteristic sense of humor that he would tell of a careful perusal of all of Tennyson's poems in order to cultivate a taste for poetry and to find his whole labor "vanity and vexation of spirit," were it not for one redeeming verse:

"The young man will be wiser by and by."

Matthew Arnold, I do not know whether in praise or with a sneer, truly characterizes John Wesley as having "a genius for godliness." The same thing may be said of Professor Mills. No man in the range of my acquaintance could talk more helpfully and with deeper feeling about the great subject of personal religion or could interpret in a more original and sympathetic spirit the wonderful truths of Scripture. He would describe lovingly his own conversion and the mighty work of grace in the Confederate Army. All who talked with him remember the tender story of Joe Brown, the dying soldier, or of Bob Clopton, the converted drunkard, or of Bird L. Ferrell, the converted gambler. His stories of the wonderful revivals conducted by Dr. Wingate made that splendid era of spiritual activity of the College one ever to be remembered. But best of all, was his truthful, sometimes quaint, and always original and interesting explanations of Scripture: his illustration of the doctrine of Justification by the carpenter's measure, or of Regeneration by the conduct of his bird-dogs, of his definition of parables by the parabola, of his insistence upon David's being a mathematician, of his interpretation of that peculiar verse: "Issachar is a stout ass crouching down between two burdens," and especially his impressive and illuminating commentary on the conversation between Christ and Nicodemus, as illustrative of what he denominated "real conversion." A truly great and good man has passed away and I doubt whether we shall ever see his like again.

A Renaissance Time for sowing with the hope of reaping
at Wake this year is now far spent, yet a few seeds may
Forest fall on fertile soil and bring results. The
 apathy with which Wake Forest students regard college arts,
 debate, oratory and writing, is both appalling and distressing.

We pride ourselves upon enjoying an enviable reputation in forensic contests. We have been victors in this field far more often than losers, yet it appears that this heavy burden is to be borne by only a few. Poorly prepared speeches, fewer orations, negligence in attendance and general indifference in both societies are straws which show where the wind lies. In some cases the aspirants for medals given in oratory and debate are so few that the contest is barely interesting. The value of a medal is not intrinsic but extrinsic. A similar condition is the case in the other phase of college art, writing. A few days before the publication of each STUDENT we are in despair; the drought of contributions points to a dismal failure. We seize, as a drowning man grasps for the straw, nearly every offer, willing to publish anything to save our reputation and maintain appearances. The only remedy is in the student body and it is to you we appeal.

We are not pessimistic; on the other hand, we are optimistic, and firmly believe that the usual high standard of all college activities will be preserved. It is distressing, however, that out of the abundance of material we should gather so little. The pristine talent and ability is here in the same abundance, only fettered by indifference, carelessness, and apathy. Procrastination, too, plays its destructive part. Happy-go-lucky unconcern is a characteristic of students everywhere and we are no exception. The fact that "Virtue is indeed its own reward" and the awarding of costly medals do not seem stimuli strong enough to arouse us from the stupor. What we need is an awakening from within—a renaissance at Wake Forest College!

**Old Gold
and Black**

As this issue of *THE STUDENT* goes to press, *Old Gold and Black* is making its fourth appearance and each time has been gladly welcomed. We are pleased to note that this paper shows a marked improvement over previous years; the contents are well worth the reading. We recommend its hearty support by both the students here this year and alumni who wish to keep in close touch with the activities of their Alma Mater. *Old Gold and Black* serves in a unique manner the purposes of unifying the student body and promoting a healthy atmosphere at Wake Forest.

**College Cheer-
ing and Pep**

College cheering and pep are closely akin and both are vital to any institution. Possibly in no other way can spirit and feeling be better expressed. However, in our abundance of pep, there is danger in overstepping the line. This peril lies not in wholesome, enthusiastic sportsmanship, never! but in some of the petty, pusillanimous manifestations of our emotion. In the pep-meetings, which in themselves are altogether proper, and (it is rumored) even in a yell or two appears the evil, profanity. In these mass-meetings it would seem that practically the only method of giving vent to the ardent zeal pent up within the speaker is a tirade of abuse and profanity, together with a prophecy, sometimes rather false, regarding what we will do for the opposing team. Whether this calamity is a result of the method of expression adopted during the darker days of the war or whether it is thought to give the psychological effect of being "hard," we do not know. We are sure, however, that it is injurious. It engenders the wrong spirit for the team and also for its supporters. Enthusiasm is more effectively aroused by coherent

speaking and facts. These cheers, too, include only a portion of the student body, for there are a goodly number who refrain from using language unbecoming to a gentleman. Let us, then, make our yells full of pep, showing our team we are with them to the last minute of the game; abounding in enthusiastic sportsmanship, ready to answer cheer with cheer; such that may serve the purpose of voicing the sentiment of the entire student body.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

Politics is in vogue now among the students as well as statesmen. The officers of the various classes and departments have been elected as follows:

Senior: President, R. G. Grose; vice-president, H. J. Rhodes; secretary, T. B. Mauney; treasurer, H. H. Simpson; historian, L. Y. Ballentine; testator, I. B. Hudson; orator, R. G. Stephens; prophet, W. A. Sowers; sponsor, Miss Esther Kinney, of Oxford College.

Junior: President, H. G. Smith; vice-president, A. P. Rogers; poet, W. J. Cash.

Sophomore: President, P. Y. Adams; vice-president, A. T. Hawkins; historian, T. W. Allen; poet, W. F. Hester; secretary, I. C. Pait.

Freshman: President, O. B. Sikes; vice-president, W. J. Prevelt, Jr.; secretary, J. H. Ivey.

Law: President, H. C. Blackwell; vice-president, W. M. Mann; secretary, H. J. Rhodes.

Medical: President, J. K. Outlaw; vice-president, C. G. Pool; secretary, T. R. Bowers.

Ministerial: President, I. K. Stafford; vice-president, J. R. Everett; secretary, I. C. Pait.

The Lavoisier Chemical Society has organized and elected the following officers: President, K. H. Crutchfield; vice-president, R. B. Wilson; secretary, R. S. Averitt. With nine old members around which to build a nucleus the society anticipates a successful year.

On October 6th Dr. B. W. Spilman delivered a very interesting lecture on "The South's Greatest Story-teller," Joel Chandler Harris. The audience was especially pleased with Dr. Spilman's recitation of two of the "Uncle Remus" stories.

The Glee Club and Orchestra have been steadily practicing, and give indications of upholding their usual high standard. The fall itinerary permits a week-end trip to Zebulon and Apex on November 5th and 6th, respectively. The regular trip, beginning November 12th, includes concerts in the following places: Smithfield, Greenville, Williamston, Aulander and Roanoke Rapids in North Carolina; Petersburg and Franklin in Virginia, and Louisburg, N. C. The following men will take the fall trip: Dr. H. M. Poteat, director; O. B. Cromwell, business manager; T. C. Burnette, J. L. Jones, B. I. Mullinax, J. L. Lovelace, G. E. Still, S. M. Pruette, D. S. Ramseur, Jr.; D. M. Castelloe, A. D. Kinnett, T. B. Glover, S. N. Lamb, R. A. Herring, V. B. Stringfield, N. N. Harte, C. Robertson, J. L. Memory, Jr.; T. W. O'Kelley, Jr.; J. C. Kesler, R. W. Slate, A. R. Whitehurst, C. D. Riddle, A. M. Mosely, and W. J. Wyatt, Jr.

The B. Y. P. U. has adopted an unusually progressive attitude this fall. Study courses have been held which resulted in the awarding of many certificates. Plans are being made for a big social this month. A new section has been formed, making five in all. R. C. Brown is general president, working with the other five section presidents, namely: J. J. Tyson, T. O. Pangle, G. R. Sherrill, J. C. Kesler, and A. L. Beck.

The Y. M. C. A. program promises some good out of town speakers for the session. H. H. Duncan, the presi-

dent, announces plans which should make the Association a necessity to every student. Membership cards, entitling the holders to "Y" privileges everywhere, may be had upon payment of the regular fees.

The death on October 6th of Mrs. John M. Brewer spread sorrow through the whole community. She was the head of the Wake Forest Red Cross, and for a number of years had been at the head of the Y. W. C. A. We extend our sympathy to her bereaved loved ones.

The Debate Council is planning for joint debates with the following schools next spring: Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee; Brown University, in Rhode Island; and Davidson College, in our own State. The council is composed of Dr. C. C. Pearson, faculty representative; G. R. Sherrill, president; J. R. Nelson, secretary; L. M. Butler, P. C. Newton, S. E. Ayers and R. C. Brown.

On October 6th President W. L. Poteat delivered an address before the Union County Association in session at Wingate, N. C. His subject was "The Place of Our Christian ^{At} in the Christian ~~College~~ ^{Program}"

The Student Senate, our organ of self-government, is a representative body. R. G. Sowers, a post-graduate, is chairman. Senior members: H. H. Duncan, W. C. Furr, S. E. Ayers, T. B. Mauney, W. J. Bone, E. N. Pope. Junior members: T. T. Hamilton and W. C. Goodson. Sophomore member: R. L. Andrews.

The Marshall Medical Society meets regularly twice a month, hears lectures on research and discovery, and enjoys a smoker occasionally. The officers are: H. R. Parker, president; M. J. Rivenbark, secretary-treasurer.

The Education Club, under the direction of Prof. H. T. Hunter, has organized and adopted a constitution. Their aim is to promote interest in education. The following officers were elected: G. R. Sherrill, president; W. O. Kelley, vice-president; J. L. Jones, secretary-treasurer.

Governor Bickett spoke here on October 6th to an appreciative audience of five hundred. His appearance was made possible by the College Democratic Club. His subject was, "The Justness of Revaluation and the Necessity for a League of Nations." The Governor has probably never surpassed this speech in eloquence and earnestness. He paid a tender tribute to Wake Forest College, which he entered as a student thirty-four years ago.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor*.

Hon. E. F. Aydlett, M.A. '79, of Elizabeth City, has been appointed District Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina. Mr. Aydlett has for a number of years been one of the leading lawyers of his section, and prominently identified in the work of the denomination. He has served on the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College.

I. L. Bennett, B.A. '16, entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville at the beginning of the present session. He has served for several years as pastor of the church at Spray.

E. H. Potts, B.A. '20, is principal of Shenandoah Collegiate Institute at Shenandoah, Va. We are sure that Mr. Potts is fully as capable of looking after the intellectual needs of the young people of the Valley of Virginia as he was of looking after the caters of the Hodnett Club, when he was in College.

C. B. DeShazo, '20, and E. E. Wilson, '20, have begun practice of their profession in partnership. Their shingle hangs over a law office in the city of High Point.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of M. F. Hatcher, '06, to Miss Abby Treat Boody at New Brighton, N. Y., on September 25th. Mr. Hatcher was a captain in the army during the war.

The most ardent boosters of Carter Glass for the Democratic nomination at San Francisco were not confined to

Lynchburg and the senator's home state. Marshall H. Jones, B.A. '15, prominent banker of Elizabeth City, believed that the party should have nominated Mr. Glass and stated, "If Carter Glass had been born in Ohio or New York, the party would have to nominate him and he would sweep the country in the presidential election."

J. B. Davis, B.A. '17, is assisting in the teaching of mathematics at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Davis is also pastor of several churches near Chapel Hill.

Secretary Daniels has lost one of his ablest assistants in the person of W. H. Lyon, Jr., LLB. '16, who was Special Assistant in the Secretary's office. Mr. Lyon resigned his position in order to return to his own State and take up the practice of law at Smithfield. He had won many friends in Washington, who regretted very much his leaving. An article states that Secretary Daniels accepted the resignation only because he felt that Mr. Lyons was going back to practice law in one of the best counties of the State, where he can serve in a larger field of usefulness. We are sure that the people of that county are glad to welcome him in their midst.

On the stump for the interest of the Democratic party was Charles U. Harris, '04, prominent lawyer of Raleigh, who delivered in Baltimore and other places in Maryland a number of speeches during the latter part of October.

A. L. Carlton, M.A. '16, was married on June 17th to Miss Lillian Thompson at Scottsburg, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton are living at Clinton.

Col. Isaac M. Meekins, LLB. '96, prominent orator of Elizabeth City, has been speaking in New York and Maine in

the interest of the Republican national ticket. On September 26th he addressed the people of his own town on the subject of present educational needs. The meeting at which he spoke was held under the auspices of the Elizabeth City Housewives' League, but was not a political meeting.

H. A. Helms, '20, is principal of the school at the Thomasville Orphanage.

John Jordan Douglass, '94, poet and minister, visited the College recently and made an address at the chapel exercises. Mr. Douglass' volume of poems, "The Bells," was spoken of in an issue of *THE STUDENT* last session. He has presented the College Library with a copy of "The Bells." He is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Wadesboro.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

At this early date in the session, when the second issue of THE STUDENT goes to press, very few college magazines have been able to present their first issue. Therefore no exchanges have come to this desk up to the present time. During the past month letters were written to practically all of the college magazines in the South and West, but as yet only a few have been heard from. We feel sure, though, that we may expect this session one of the largest and most profitable exchanges that has ever been the pleasure of THE STUDENT to have.

Several days ago we had a letter from the Cary High School, asking an exchange for the *Cary Echoes* with THE STUDENT, which we shall be delighted to have. We shall be glad to have an exchange with any other High School magazine in the State and hope that we may be of some service to these magazines.

We have been favored with requests for exchange from: *Voices of Peace, St. Mary's Muse, Clemson College Chronicle, Trinity Archive, Richmond College Messenger, Davidson College Magazine, Mississippi Collegian, and Cary High School Echoes.*

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

Dr. Gulley (on Law I): "Did you say something, Mr. Hennessee, or were you just talking?"

(Apologies to Rudyard)

Oh, a Dope's a Dope, and a Jit's a Jit, and never the twain shall meet,

Till Shorty and Doc stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.

Dr. Paschal (before the Georgia Tech trip): "I'm mighty sorry, Mr. Brown, but you know this is a very expensive trip to Atlanta, and I'm afraid that both of us can't go. It may be that you——"

Manager Brown: "Yes, sir, Doctor, I'm sorry you can't go too."

AUTUMN STUFF

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
Shivering are the limbs of shameless trees,
The fields are bare, the grove unfrocked.
What wonder is it the corn is shocked?

—X-Ray.

From The Oracle of God (sometimes called The News and Observer): Wanted—A square piano by an old lady with mahogany legs. Apply 44 Oak.

Second-year Freshman DeShazo says that the only man in Wake Forest who doesn't try to kid him about trying to go to sea-saw the see is Tom O'Kelly.

It was dark. Ingraham and Mallory couldn't see who it was they were passing.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," they called out as they passed two men on the dark campus.

"Gentlemen," whispered the far-sighted Freshman Herren, "they are members of the faculty."

OUR BASHFUL FRESHMAN FACULTY

It happened at the golf links. Professor Henderson, by an unfortunate slice, had placed his ball in the middle of the branch, just beyond his reach.

"I believe you can reach it if you take my hand," spoke up the young lady who had been beating him at the lazy game. "Here, hold my hand."

"No, no," blushed the professor, "let me hold your golf stick."

Business Manager Stafford suggests that some of the professional honor-seekers around College run an ad in *THE STUDENT* occasionally—or do they want everything for nothing?

MUFFLER NEEDED

Mother: "I wish you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with that Junior when he brings you home."

She: "Why, I only stood there for a second last night."

Mother: "Is that all? I really thought I heard a *third* and a *fourth*."—Gargoyle.

A POET'S MAIDEN EFFORT

I love the music of thy voice,
I'd listen to it long.
I often think its gentle tones
Are like a dinner gong.

Yes, yes,
Are like to something wrong.

Thy wavy hair, thy cheery lips,
Thy merry silvery laugh,
But more than all, thy graceful form—
'Tis like a thin giraffe.

You know just what I want to say
I can't express it, half.

And so
I send these verses to you, love.
I hope that they will take:
For if you should accept my suit,
I'd have stomach ache.

Yes, yes,
I'd have the tummy ache.

—*Courtesy L. V. L.*

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 3

A CHRISTMAS VISION

—
A. R. W., '21
—

The heav'nly host, above His manger-throne,
Sang praises to the swaddled King at dawn;
We stood in rev'rence on the frosted lawn
And echoed back in serenade the tone
That bore the tidings to the shepherds lone.
Aurora, trembling like a frightened fawn,
Spread wide her dewy wings; her tresses, drawn
Apart by breezes, kissed our cheeks. Alone,
A wakeful form within arose, and, when
Our last note melted into silence, stood
Beside the door. Upon her ringlets fell
The flick'ring candle's rays. Methought 'twas then
An angel's smiling face. The vision could
But whisper "Thanks"—and gently broke the spell.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

"Hello, come in," said Dr. Troy Porter, attached to the 115th Machine Gun Battalion as chief surgeon. "Why, is that you, Captain Jones? I thought you were knee-deep in work, trying to get things ready for going over the top this afternoon."

"Well, I am busy, but I thought that I would come over and ask a favor of you. I know that you are tired and almost worn out by constant work, practically without sleep, but I want you to step over and see if a big, double-jointed private in my outfit has one cold chill or two cold feet."

"Certainly, I'll be glad to go, Captain. But you must revise your opinion about my being tired. You must be thinking about some slacker. I lack a lot of being tired yet. I have only been going now for twenty-three hours. It takes about thirty-six straight to get the best of me."

"Well, come on, I'll tell you about my invalid on the way over. Of course, I don't fear telling you. It is this way. We are a little short of men and it is going to be a tough scrap anyway, and I have a well developed idea that this guy is simply scared instead of having a chill. Now, here's the hut, so show your skill."

"All right, young fellow, stick out that tongue. Uh-huh. Now, hold this in your mouth a little while. How is that pulse? Let me hear a few beats of that old heart."

"What's wrong, doctor? Here, drink this sip of wine." You're not sick, are you?"

"Oh! no, I was just studying. Say, young man, what is your name?"

"Mc, why my name is ah, is ah, is James Dowless."

"Well, you look familiar. Who was your mother?"

"Ma's name is Mrs. Yates Dowless."

"Certainly her name is Dowless, but who was she before she married your father?"

"Why, it was Lucy Devane."

"Captain, I think this young man is sick enough to be excused from front line duty tonight. I'll see you later. Good luck."

"My, I am glad I can get out here in this cool air, where no one can see me. When I recognized who that kid was I came near fainting and me a man, too. I hated to tell the Captain that lie, but if he had been in my place he'd a-done the same thing. I just couldn't tell him that the kid was fooling, not me, after finding out that he was the child of the only girl that I ever loved. My, I did think something of her. Well, it may be wrong, but I just couldn't admit to the Captain that he was yellow. Why, he would have had him shot on the spot. Just think of Lucy being the mother of a coward. I just did not have the nerve. Why, it seems to me now as if I was back at old Wake Forest and she at Mccredith. We were both Seniors the same year. I do wish I knew why she turned me down. I haven't seen her since. Well, I do know one thing and that is that it shall never be known that Lucy's boy was a coward if I can help it. Here, I have it. Old coat, hang there on that nail where I have so often left you and while I am gone, I want you to pray that I get back all right. This is the only way that I can plan to even up with the Captain for lying to him."

"Say, here, Dowless, give me that coat of yours. Now, do I look like a first class private? Good enough, now keep your lips elosed about lending me your coat. I am going off on a little hunting expedition."

The fight was short and fierce. Soon the boys began to

straggle back. Among the first to return seriously wounded was Captain McIver. His first thought was of a doctor.

"Say, why don't some of you ginks hunt up the doctor? Do you think I want to bleed to death? Here's most of one arm gone and the Lord knows how many holes in my body. I feel like a fish net. Some of you fellows do something, won't you? I am dying. Oh! goodness, there's Pridgen with a leg gone. Handle him carefully, boys. Here, take my coat and put it under his head. Has anybody found that doctor? He ought to be here without any hunting. He's nothing but a slacker or he would be on the job. Here, get the company roll and let's see who's missing. Just think, one hundred and four fellows to start with and only seventeen of you back here. Confound that doctor; I know he's not hurt or wounded, for doctors don't have to fight nor go over the top like us fellows. Some of you guys go over to his tent and look in every crack. I have thought for some time that he was yellow. You may find him under the bed, but drag him out wherever he is. And when you find him, don't fail to handle him rough."

Hite, the leader of the squad sent to look for the doctor, soon returned.

"Captain, we couldn't find him, but here's his coat, if that will be of any service."

Just then a big strapping private came up and as he tenderly laid a half dead body down, said,

"Captain, I really wasn't able to bring this guy in because of this hole in my shoulder, but he looked strange with that private's coat and officer's leggin's on, so I thought there might be something wrong about it, and I brought him in."

"Good Lord, man! That's Doctor Porter. But, I don't understand about him having on a private's coat, and why in the devil was he out there fightin'?"

"Captain, maybo that's Dowless' coat. I saw him lyin' out in no man's land without any coat."

EDGAR A. GUEST
THE POET OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

C. S. GREEN, '22

In those thousands of American homes where his verses are welcomed because of their cheer, their homely philosophy, their rhythm and their sympathetic understanding of the joys and care of the common every-day individual, he is known as Edgar A. Guest, the Poet of the Plain People. In that more circumscribed area where he is personally known and where he has been making friends at the rate of four a minute for the last twenty years, he's just Eddie Guest, of the *Detroit Free Press*, a writer of verse that tugs at the heart-strings or bubbles over with merriment, a maker of epigrams that go to complete a daily column in the morning paper, under the heading, "Breakfast Table Chat," and an after-dinner speaker of great renown.

There was a time when Edgar A. Guest was a local possession — a Detroit-made and Detroit-owned product, but today this man looms large above the confines of the city of his adoption, and his thousands of admirers everywhere who have never met him wonder what sort of a man he is—how he combs his hair.

It is interesting to know the story of how Eddie Guest first came to be on the staff of the *Detroit Free Press*. Early one bleak winter morning in 1894, a thirteen-year-old lad answered an advertisement of a small drug store in Detroit and applied for a job shining soda glasses—which he told them he could do so well customers would have to wear yellow goggles to protect their eyes; thus increasing one phase of the

business by means of another, which is quite an achievement in the world of business. This lad was Edgar A. Guest.

After working at the first drug store for some time, during his spare hours and on Saturdays, he was offered a more attractive position with another drug store further up the street. This position he accepted and it was at this store that one of his regular customers was a bookkeeper employed by the *Free Press*. The two became very intimate and the boy confided in his business friend his soul's ambition to become a reporter. A vacancy in the business department of the paper, in the summer of 1895, offered the bookkeeper an opportunity to help his young friend, so Eddie landed the job as office boy in the bookkeeping department of the paper.

His winters were spent in school and his summers back at the same job in the *Press* office. This went on for several years until in the summer of 1897 Eddie was told there was a vacancy upstairs and in less than five minutes the boy of sixteen had sold himself for life to the managing editor, and he became office boy in the editorial room.

An office boy on the editorial floor of a metropolitan daily has rubbed life on the rough side and has had the corners of his character softened into sympathetic lines. He finds that there "is a little bit of good in the worst of us, and a little bit of bad in the best of us."

William E. Quimby, of the editorial chair, took an interest in the new office boy and when a vacancy occurred on the local staff, Eddie was made a reporter and started his career behind the scenes of the big city's life. In the course of time he was transferred temporarily to the exchange desk—a joy few people of this workaday world know or can appreciate. Everything is viewed by the eyes of the exchange editor, for he is supposed to read all of the four thousand papers that pour in a motley stream from the postman's pouches, and to glean from the four corners of the earth the particulars of the world's happenings that have been missed

by his own paper. And it was in the stuffy little room of the exchange department that Eddie Guest started to write verse and more verse, and those that got into print were read and then cut out and preserved in the family album.

For a year or so after this Eddie was used on the "crime beat." The crime reporter knows the side of life where the seam is; knows all the colorful population of the stratum of society that those near the top are in the habit of calling "the underworld."

In his spare minutes while on duty during the night, he wrote verse and shortly started publishing it once a week in a column headed "Chaff." A little later his verses became a regular feature, appearing every Monday morning under the heading, "Blue Monday Chat."

So the malady that started a year or two before became a fever and the time came when Eddie was taken off the crime beat and ordered to write a funny column for every day's paper. Many a reader enjoyed his funny sayings written, as they were, under assumed names, but they would have enjoyed them more had they known the real writer.

From that day to this, Edgar A. Guest has written daily, for the *Free Press*, a column of verse and anecdotes and epigrams and what-nots, published under the heading, "Breakfast Table Chat." His verses and writings are so enjoyed because of the life that is back of them. He writes his creed in the following lines:

"In all I say and all I do
To God and man I would be true;
I would be helpful here and kind
And clean of heart and broad of mind.
Surely for this brief day I can,
Whatever happens, play the man."

Eddie's first book entitled, "Home Rhymes," was published in 1910. No struggling poet ever brought forth his maiden effort through greater trials. Collecting his works and selecting the best verses, he planned to publish the book privately, as no publisher had yet recognized his ability. Working at night and at odd hours in the day, he and his brother, Harry, who is a printer by trade, set up the type and printed the book themselves. The edition of only eight hundred sold well. In about the same way they published, "Just Glad Things," in 1912—though they had more type and could make better progress—and they printed a thousand and five hundred copies.

In 1914, with the aid of his fellow Rotarians, he published a much larger book, "Breakfast Table Chat," which sold amazingly well. In this edition was printed that now famous poem, which is so often quoted, though few people know the real author: "It Can Be Done," the first lines of which run like this:

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That 'maybe it couldn't,' but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried."

And then in 1916 a publisher became enthusiastic and brought out "A Heap O'Livin'," and in less than twenty months over fifty thousand copies were sold. And the author and his book attracted favorable reviews from the whole gamut of literary editors, while people all over the country inquired when his next book would appear.

September, 1917, saw the publication of, "Just Folks," with a demand for it that was real and not forced. From this book, we select a few lines from some of his best verses. "Life's All":

“What more do you want from life than this—
The gentle thrill of a loved one’s kiss,
And the faith of all who love you?”

In the following lines he gives his definition of life in the poem of that name:

“Life is a blend of the good and the bad
A bit of the glad and a bit of the sad,
A pinch of contentment, a time of unrest,
A dash of the worst, a lot of the best;
A little of failure, a little of luck,
A bit of disaster and plenty of pluck,
And who would live long must be willing to know
Winter and summer and sunshine and snow.”

We have seen in this sketch, so far, that Edgar A. Guest, is truly a Poet of the Plain People. “We have noted the schooling of this man, and,” quoting from another writer, “know the well-springs of his wide sympathies, know what varied experience tempers his judgment, the understanding that makes him able to offer cheer to the lonely, encouragement to the down-and-out, hope to the hopeless. He makes no claims to profundity, assumes no lofty attitude for the doubtful distinction of being different.” All his writings are readable by any one, not a line need be skipped when being read by father to the family around the fireside at evening. Eddie Guest makes his appeal to the great masses—the plain people who “sit in front of the baseburners, who wear overalls and pay their grocery bills on Saturday nights, and say grace at meals and keep ferns, and stick up for the under-dog and fish for trout in brooks and live and die the

Great American Public." And in every line of his writings is portrayed his magnetic personality. He says:

"You can grow rich and rise to fame,
Life's brightest prize you can claim,
And prove your skill and prove your might
And still be kindly and polite."

Would that all of us might remember the truth of those lines—that our lives might be more a pleasure to our fellow-men.

It would be interesting to touch on the social side of the life of Edgar A. Guest, but that is a subject within itself. Let us read from another of his verses the accomplishment of a fruitful life and leave Eddie Guest in his climb up the ladder of success. From his poem, "The Book of Accomplishment":

"When you have written your deeds on the ledger of life
And the styles shall fall from your hand,
When your brief tasks are done and night shuts out the sun,
And all that you've graven must stand,
Think you that in pride you shall pass up the screed
And open it wide for the Master to read?"

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"He shall know as He looks on each pitiful smudge,
Of our failings and blunderings here;
But still, as He reads the great sum of our deeds,
The humblest of men need not fear,
If the Master shall find as He looks his life through,
That he lived to his best and he tried to be true."

THE DAWN

T. T. HAMILTON, JR., '22

Darkness, why do you linger in
This sad little home of ours,
Where brother lies with a fevered brow
And minutes are lengthened to hours?

Hushed the cry of the whippoorwill;
No hooting owls tonight.
Darkness reigns o'er hill and vale
Not even a spark of light.

Little by little the time goes by
As darkness fades to morn;
Then o'er the hills and far away
There comes the glorious dawn.

WARREN HENDERSON

J. J. M., '21

Warren Henderson was unquestionably a self-made man, which may or may not imply a reflection on his handiwork. At any rate, he was self-made; and, because he came to town a barefooted boy, he harbored a singular contempt for the more fortunate youth who grew up under more favorable circumstances. He thought that any one with a backbone should have begun like he did.

Warren was naturally the kind of a man who knows everything, and, what is worse, acknowledged the fact. He knew so much that a large proportion of the information was incorrect. It hurt him to be in any gathering of men and not be the one who was talking. But as time went on Warren built up a big business in reed organs. He began to believe that his theories and methods were the only original vouchers for success. You can imagine how Randolph—that was his son—looked up to him.

While Randolph was in school he never dared ask Warren about his lessons because Warren knew more than the teacher always; and when he was in college he never dared talk about his courses for fear Warren would think he was either studying too much or not enough. Yet Warren was very fond of Randolph and when he was through school he took him into his plant, gave him a job of doing nothing in particular. Randolph stood it two years, and then one day he walked into the private office hand in hand with the head bookkeeper, and announced that they proposed to get married at once.

Warren wasn't angry; he wasn't astonished. He merely leaned back in his swivel-chair and grinned sarcastically. He was persuading himself that he knew it all the time.

"You are too good a bookkeeper to make a good wife," said Warren to his bookkeeper.

She smiled hesitatingly.

"It's understood that I resign," said she tremulously.

"Perfectly," said Warren.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, Randolph?"

"I hadn't thought of resigning," said Randolph.

"Then I'll save you the trouble," said his father. "You are marrying without my consent, and you automatically win my consent to go out and earn a living for yourself and wife. I'll never consent to my son's marriage with a working girl."

As Randolph and the girl turned to go to the home of the justice of the peace, Warren said to his son in a most boisterous tone of voice, "You couldn't run a peanut gallery to a success. Your angles are all wrong. You couldn't learn to sell organs in twenty years. You're a failure already because you will not be told. And if you'd listened to me—"

The couple were out of sight by this time, so Warren turned to his desk, sent his clerk to get his will out of the safe, and ran a perfectly straight line through the second clause; after which he turned to his daily routine.

In addition to his wife Randolph had all the advantages of youth, including poverty and a conceited father. The word fail was not in his vocabulary. When Randolph left his father he was just learning that the best place to set a trap is in the woods. As soon as the justice of peace had finished the ceremony Randolph went straight to a struggling manufacturer of low-priced organs with his proposition, and the manufacturer was so weary of the struggle that he cheerfully exchanged a half-interest in his shop for a thousand dollars, which was all Randolph had in the world except a fertile imagination.

His father was perfectly correct when he said that Randolph would not learn to sell organs in twenty years, but he

made the mistake of thinking that he would try to sell them in the term that his father called selling them.

His scheme was as ingenious as you would expect from a man named Randolph. He simply loaded an organ on a wagon and went out to the suburbs. When he came to a likely looking house he drove in, introduced himself and asked to leave the organ for two weeks. Even a woman could not think of more than three answers: yes, no, and perhaps. Usually she glanced over Randolph's shoulder at the bright new upright and thought how grand it would look in the corner of the parlor. If this proposition was not accepted he presented an easy payment plan that sounded very attractive.

Four times out of five Randolph was allowed to install his instrument in the parlor, and in four cases out of four he was not out of hearing distance before the mother and girls had lost very little time in trying the foot-work and experimenting with the flute.

When Warren heard of Randolph's system, he said it couldn't be done; that he had been in the organ business for thirty years, and it had never been done; and he proved by statistics that it was impossible. In the meantime Randolph continued his new philosophy until his entire stock was sojourning in the suburbs. He disposed of seven organs during his first campaign, which was an increase of six over the previous month.

Two days later Randolph met Warren on the street.

"What's this game of yours I hear about?" snapped Warren.

"That's what I'm trying to find out," said Randolph.

"I can tell you," volunteered his father. "You're a radical. You can't succeed that way. Your angles are all wrong. This is no time for new ideas. It has never been done, therefore it can't be done. When people want to buy

organs they go and buy 'em. It has always been that way, and it will always be that way. Do you hear me?"

Randolph smiled and said, "Experience has proved to me that my methods are efficient."

The old man turned away, and as he walked off, he said sarcastically, "You are a radical. I tell you, you're a radical."

The new plan did very well, but Randolph wasn't satisfied. He wanted to progress faster; but his next innovation was so startling that some of his neighbors doubted his business ability as being sound. This move Randolph had decided to advertise; and when Warren heard of it he sent a boy with a message to make an appointment where no one could hear them talking.

"What's this latest radical idea I hear of you?" he demanded. "What do you mean by disgracing an honest business? It was enough for you to reduce parlor organs to the level of tinware in a peddler's cart without putting them before the public in any such fashion. It's well enough to advertise cough-drops and medicine and stuff like that, but when you implicate first class music houses in such a way you are a faker. I repeat it, you're a faker."

"What's that? Do you mean it's dishonest?" asked Randolph. "Why shouldn't a first class musical house advertise? Advertising is merely calling attention to yourself and your product."

"Rot," said the old man, impatiently. "The business won't stand. It can't be done. It's never been done. Don't I know? I've been at this game for over thirty years. I repeat it, it can't be done. You can peddle your organs if you choose, but you can't sell 'em through the papers. If you're forced out of business as a consequence of your foolishness, don't blame me. I have warned you. I wasted four years on your education, and—"

"And I'm beginning to think I've wasted half an hour this morning," replied Randolph, and he went over to 404 Dearborn Avenue and laid out an advertising plan that covered the state of Massachusetts like a porous plaster.

Now, old man Henderson was born in Massachusetts, lived there, worked there, and hoped to die there. He made organs to sell in Massachusetts, and if a citizen of another state asked for prices, Warren thought it disloyal to his Puritan ancestors to allow an instrument to leave the state. Randolph covered the entire state at one time with his silent salesman; and it wasn't long before he saw that all New England wanted, and might as well have the benefit of his high class goods at reasonable prices. His success was phenomenal. But other manufacturers followed suit and it was not long before Randolph's inquiries decreased.

"Well," said Randolph's partner, "what are we going to do now? Make organs to sell at a loss?"

"No," said Randolph. "We're going to make pianos to sell at a profit. We will begin the manufacture of pianos tomorrow morning."

When Warren heard of the new scheme he shook his head and groaned. "It can't be done," he said bitterly. "I told him he couldn't sell organs and he couldn't; and now I tell him he can't sell pianos and he can't."

When Randolph heard of the statements of his father he smiled. He had a new idea. To him it was progressive. He must strive now to make it a success. Instead of sending samples out on an express wagon he shipped pianos everywhere on one or two months free trial. He furnished them free to high school and college concerts, lodge entertainments, etc., and each time he got his money back because all the school girls and lodge men knew the Royal piano when they didn't know any other, and they always recommended it to their friends. Incidentally, it was as good a piano as there was upon the market.

Randolph had altered his policy at the right moment. The orders came in so generously that he could not manufacture pianos fast enough.

Again he met Warren.

"Well," said the old man, gruffly, "are you ready to quit?"

"Not exactly."

"I hear that you're making a success," said Warren, conservatively, "but I know you too well. I don't believe a word of it."

"Do you want to buy any organs?" said Randolph.

"What's that?"

"In our warehouse we've got sixty-two Henderson organs that we took in trade," said Randolph. "I thought you might like to buy them back from us."

"What are they worth?" said Warren with his eyes aglare with surprise.

"Ten dollars apiece," replied Randolph.

"I'll take them," promised Warren.

"Will you give me an order?"

Warren scribbled on a piece of paper and passed it on to his son.

"Thanks," said Randolph. "All I wanted was the order; you can have the organs as a gift." "You see, father, times have changed. Your organs are all right but I can't sell them, not even to you. Send around for the organs any time you like and take them away." Randolph walked away and left Warren standing on the sidewalk with his mouth wide open.

All this time Randolph had been building up a business from the inside out instead of from the outside in. He had a well equipped factory and his office was a marvel of efficiency. He was living in a better house than his father, spending more for the comforts of his family, and at the same time saving a great deal more.

Modern conceptions of manufacture, advertising, selling and office organization came along, and found the old gentleman clinging desperately to the pure thoughts of childhood. Instead of conducting his business according to present-day methods, he found himself struggling against a dozen competitors who could sell instruments at less than manufacturing cost.

You misjudge Warren if you think he was burdened by a molting conscience. When his orders fell to something less than a living wage, he sank back in the same old office chair he had bought in 1870 and criticized his son to his head bookkeeper for his radical ideas and methods. When the balance sheet showed a dead loss and the receiver put his umbrella in the corner and knocked on the frosted glass door, he found Warren explaining to an old enemy how Randolph had grossly neglected the sound principles of commercial life, and how much better he would have done if he had listened to sage advice from a man who knew all about it.

For some time Randolph had known how matters were tending, but he had no idea how critical the situation was until the crash came. Then he simply got out his check book and wrote the only kind of advice that is relished by a bankrupt. Warren accepted Randolph's assistance because he could prove conclusively that he himself had been largely responsible for his success, and therefore had a deferred claim to the unearned increment.

One spring morning, ten years afterward, Warren lay in bed and advised the surgeon how to administer an aesthetic to secure the best results. When he came out of the stupor he knew that it was all over. "If I'd wanted to," he whispered, "I could have been a doctor, myself. I know more about it than this little fool, anyway. Why, I'm old enough to be his grandfather!"

"Is there anything I can do, father?" begged Randolph.

"No, only I am so sorry you are so radical," my son.
"You'll have to run the business all alone, and I'm afraid
you can't make a success of it. You're too radical and your
angles are all wrong. You can't make a success that way."

Warren didn't realize that he had never earned the check
for ten thousand dollars, which Randolph had paid his debtors
ten years ago. He died two hours later lamenting the fact
that Randolph did not have the commercial ability to man-
age his business.

MY GOAL

P. J. W., JR., '23

I fain would look in my horoscope,
That ever-revolving kaleidoscope—
 To fathom my destiny;
A leaf on the wind, it flutters and then—
A thought on the brain, it turns and again
 Presents a new picture to me!

I ride on a billow and wavering there,
I'm dashed to the depths of its trough in despair.
 My compass is mocking at me.
I'm tossed on the foam as I aimlessly roam;
From full moon to wane I drift on the main—
 Though toiling, I still am at sea.

But see! there's a light from afar in the dark!
A haven to which I may pilot my bark—
 I toil *now* with something in view!
I fasten my eyes on the coveted prize
And cast o'er the wave for more billows to brave—
 I've a goal to attain, haven't you?

CHRISTIAN INTERNATIONALISM

R. A. HERRING, '21

The civilized world is in a state of transition. Melted in the crucible of universal war, nations are now in a plastic state. The present opportunity for social and economic reconstruction is unparalleled in history. This condition is necessarily the outcome of the religious, political and social steps in the past five centuries which together make up the modern age. By universal consent this crisis places the responsibility of future welfare upon the shoulders of our generation. The industrial and commercial life of the advanced nations is in its throes of transformation. In politics all issues and methods are undergoing upheaval and realignment, proving that past solutions and relationships are inadequate, demanding a new basis for new international connections. Is there such a thing as Christian Internationalism? Can Christian nations live together like Christian gentlemen? If not, we may as well stop dreaming of a "Christian Civilization."

Such a thing as Christian Internationalism is possible, however. The truths set forth in the Old and the New Testament warrant its coming. In the Old Testament there may seem at first little to indicate an international spirit. The Hebrews were intensely nationalistic in their feelings; so were their heroes. Moses abandoning Egypt, demanding the right-of-way through territories belonging to other races, led a war of extermination against the Amalekites; David exalted his people at the expense of other nations; and Ezra and Nehemiah taught rigid aloofness from the surrounding tribes. This policy, however, was necessary at that time but closer

and deeper study reveals certain facts in the light of which our estimate must be revised. It shows the great advancement we have made. The significance of the Bible as a revelation of God and of religion lies in growth, movement and development. In referring internationalism to the Old Testament we must bear in mind that the entire policy of exclusiveness and narrow nationalism was necessary at that time in order that men may be brought by them into wider and fuller development. Prophets, however, looking to the future saw that from the Hebrew people would come a blessing for all mankind. "Here and there throughout the Old Testament gleams a spark of faith in universal brotherhood, a light of true internationalism."

Turning to the New Testament, apparently one would have ample instruction for relationships between nations. Singularly enough, however, Christ in all His teachings and the apostles in leading the newly-founded churches, say very little of existing social or national conditions although life in both these respects was in a state of transformation. Slavery in Christ's time was a "hideous and monstrous evil—a curse both to the slave and the master." Certainly He saw what its danger was but nowhere can we find a clearly specific word which directly probes the ulcer of slavery. He assumes serfs and slaves as part of the order of society. But He instills into the hearts of men a new idea of brotherhood, a new realization of the worth of each man's soul in the eyes of God which slowly places it on the defensive and ultimately conquers it. "Christ has done it, yet He never definitely attacked the institution of slavery." Regarding international relationships, His teachings take the same aspect. He gave no instructions to His followers about war. Devout Christians have refused to fight because they felt it against their religion; others equally as sincere have gladly taken up the sword in defense of their rights. We firmly believe that as

slavery has been abolished as a discarded folly and crime by the leaven of our Master's teachings, so war in due time will follow it. His great principle of brotherly love is fundamentally incompatible with war—one or the other must go. Thus far more surely than by direct attack war is being vanquished. The Gospel gives wonderful aid in the solution of the world problem: "for it gives ideas and a spirit which ultimately demand a practical and universal internationalism."

In the early centuries of Christianity propaganda for social and economic reconstruction was impossible. Practically the entire world was governed by the Roman emperors who ruled with an iron sceptre. Every effort to reorganize on a moral basis was suppressed. The church, or the organization in which this movement was embodied, after three centuries of obscurity and persecution, rose in power superior to the tottering imperial government. So many churches had spread over the Roman empire that all final attempts to cast out the innovation proved futile; the empire capitulated and made terms. Henceforth Christianity, in organization, grew supreme. Its members filled the civil service. When the structure of Roman imperialism crumbled in the provinces under invasion of the barbarians in the fifth century, the machinery of the church remained unbroken. The bishops in all the cities were leaders, the protectors of the poor, and the champions of law and order. The church was also the centre of intellectual culture, the sole schoolmistress of the world. "Through her own laws and courts, which were supreme over the clergy, and had the rights of jurisdiction even over the laity, she could develop and give effect to her own ideas of law and right." Throughout the middle ages the Church had full sway also over the moral and spiritual life of the people and her power in directing their energies and moulding their conceptions

was unrivaled. The Church, however, fell from its high estate. Christianity was rising while the ancient world was breaking down into a ruinous mass of parasitic autocracy and hereditary pauperism. Nothing could be done with the people till an intellectual awakening wider and deeper than the monasteries afforded had been effected. This obstacle might have been overcome had the Church kept faith with its early ideals, steered clear of politics, held before the emperors the universal idea of brotherhood, instead of adopting their own crafty methods; and devoted more time to teaching men the will of God than to crowning and uncrowning kings. The fall from Ambrose to Hildebrand was a colossal tragedy. The Roman Catholic Church failed because it became imperialistic, resisting the healthy growth of nationalism and free thinking.

The Reformation, which immediately followed, is accomplishing its task. Leading powers of the world are now able as far as intellectual ability and an understanding of Christian ideals are concerned, to approach international readjustment on the correct basis. Over two thousand years ago Alexander the Great builded one vast empire, which shortly crumbled under the heel of Roman organization; Napoleon dreamed of universal rule and died an outcast on the lonely isle of St. Helena. Emperor William, who tried to put into successful completion the scheme of Frederick the Great, met unanimous resistance at the hands of all Christendom. "Imperial unity was and always must be a colossal failure." Nations, foreign in their customs, diverse in their history, "alien of end and of aim" must live together in a world community. Diplomacy with its deceit and checkmatings is not sufficient. Armies and navies will not avail. "A world community armed to the teeth means hell." The present crisis offers a challenge to Christendom. We must return to the principles laid down by the Teacher of Galilee, and apply ourselves to the world mission of the Church.

LIGHT AND LIFE

M. H. C., '22

One by one the twinkling stars are wrapt in sleep;
 The heav'ns are rent by shafts of silv'ry gray;
 From the depths of mountain fastness silent leap
 A thousand golden splendors of the day.
 Slowly, like a beacon light upon the hill,
 The brilliant orb begins his shining flight
 Through the morning's rosy portals; song-birds fill
 The fragrant air with greetings to his light.
 Dawn arrives; the dreaming world, so bled by strife,
 So full of pain and anguish, toil and care,
 Wakes to join the dizzy whirl of human life—
 To live and die in darkness and despair.

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Groping in the gloom of sin which floods my soul,
 No star, no light to guide my weary way,
 Lo! my wicked night is pierced by joy untold—
 The clouds before the Cross are rolled away:
 There, with boundless love and tender mercy crowned,
 The Son of Righteousness illumines my way.
 Now my guilty soul with chains of darkness bound
 Emerges from the slough to brightest day.
 Life begins; my burdened heart, with evil fraught,
 Is filled with His compassion for the lost.
 Now my being thrills with Life, for which it sought,
 And lives—a herald of His death on Calv'ry's cross.

THE FAIR MAID OF ABERDEEN

T. B. O., '21

"I gin I were where Ythan flows"—the notes of the old ballad rang crisply out through the mists above the moors on the Scottish Highlands. She sat on the bank of the winding stream, dabbling her little pink toes in the spray.

Suddenly the shrill neigh of a horse frightened her and, losing her balance, she slipped into two feet of water. Quick action saved her skirts from a ducking. Her Shetland pony grazing nearby raised his head and whinnied.

"A thousand pardons," begged a clear voice behind her.

She turned sharply. A youthful stranger was emerging from the bushes, his athletic figure clad in a light suit of armour, from which dangled a short sword. He had sandy hair, blue-gray eyes and clean-cut, laughing features, which wore now an expression of concern.

"Let me help you?" and he lifted her lightly to the bank. However, she refused his aid with her footwear. Anger at her predicament burned in her cheeks, and she turned it on the young stranger for being a witness.

"To whom have I the pleasure of being grateful?" she asked, coldly.

"I— my name is Graham and my father is Archibald Forbes, of Lumphanan," he stammered. "I hope I haven't intruded?"

"Then what are you doing here? We have already beaten you. Oh!— so you are spying on us!" Her curiosity mastered her pride.

He ignored her scorn. "And are you not Lady Margaret, the Fair Maid of Aberdeen?" he countered, with the old reliable weapon, flattery.

Her attack wavered. She whistled for her pony, and her blue eyes twinkled. "My father is merciless in anger; what if I tell him of your presence?"

"It is your privilege," he answered, steadily. "Lord Gordon is our bitterest enemy."

Margaret laughed and was gone, riding briskly up the western slope, beyond which the granite walls of Fyvie Castle glistened in the sun. Her bright curls stood out in the wind like golden streamers, now hidden, now reappearing among the scattered clumps of fir.

"What a vision!" exclaimed the young man.

Ere many rods curiosity again seized the maid, and she glanced over her shoulder. Graham was standing motionless, fascinated.

Once beyond his vision, she slackened her speed.

"No wonder we hear such tales of his valor," she thought, "he lifted me as easily as he would have—"

She drew rein, as the notes of a flute floated to her listening ear. It was the tune of the old ballad, though played in a plaintive tone.

"Why, that's the very song I was singing just now," she told the little horse, who pricked his ears in seeming recognition. The quaint melody was ringing in her mind when she reached the castle.

Stalwart young Malcolm Duval met her at the gate; he always did. "Methinks my lady has enjoyed her ride," he ventured, observing the color in her cheeks.

"Oh, yes," she answered, making mental comparisons. He was neither so strong nor so frankly handsome as Graham; but she liked him.

The reflective expression puzzled Malcolm. "Is there something my lady wishes?"

"No, thanks," she returned. "Where is my father?"

"Lord William is resting in his chamber."

Margaret passed into the castle, paused at her father's door as if to knock, and proceeded to her room in Preston Tower.

She sat and mused on her recent adventure. On the spot where now stands Fyvie, John of Fordun, chantry priest of Aberdeen cathedral, once exclaimed, "Ah! the very atmosphere smells of romance!"

Her window faced on the south the granite towers of Aberdeen, the "Silver City by the Sea"; she looked beyond o'er the hills toward Lanark, where the noble Wallace had fought and bled for bonnie Scotland; to her right vast herds of cattle browsed peacefully on the moors and meadows between the Don and the Dee; in the background ranged the Grampian Hills, where the snow-covered summit of Ben Macdhuì rested above more than four thousand feet of majesty.

In the evening Margaret slept lightly. Music from a flute seemed to bear her up and away on the wings of romance, even as the musician had lifted her that morn from the Ythan. The mellow rays of the moon fell full on her smiling face, changing her golden locks to silver.

She opened her eyes, arose, and went to the window. In the moonlight her green dressing-gown shone with a lustre like that of the dew-sprinkled meadow beneath.

This beautiful garment had been given her on her sixteenth birthday by old Mother Meldum, and was said to bring good—

Margaret started suddenly, stifled an exclamation, and sat spellbound. Up through the silence from somewhere floated the sweet notes of a flute. It was the same plaintive melody which had followed her from the banks of the Ythan.

When the last soft tone had died away she sat motionless, listening, but all was quiet save the occasional lowing of cattle and the murmur of the rapid stream.

Often, thereafter, was Margaret waked by love songs from the flute of the daring serenader; and even so often did the head of his rival, Malcolm, appear cautiously over the parapet, biding his time. But his silhouetted figure would have been too easy a mark for the knight of the flute.

It was an evening of merriment in the great assembly hall below. Many were the tales of heroism, as one after another of the old warriors rose around the festive board. All rejoiced at their success in the feud with Lumphanan.

Then came the turn of the young gallants, each proposing a toast to his mistress, to whom he attributed his measure of success.

Young Malcolm spoke: "For what fairer cause may one wield the spear and the axe than for the beautiful Lady Margarot?" and took his seat amid applause.

The old laird grew merry. "Ellen," he called to a servant, "where is the pretty bairn?"

"My lord, Lady Margaret bade me say she is confined to her chamber. Please, sir, she seems to be troubled."

"Say to your mistress," he commanded, "that Lord William requires her presence."

At that moment a sentinel burst into the hall. "The men of Lumphanan!" he shouted. "To the south gate!"

At her window Margaret breathed the odour of the heather-bell. Suddenly her reverie was broken by the call to arms in the castle below. Simultaneously the herd of cattle creeping silently up the slope sprang upright into warriors, whose armour rattled as they broke into a run. The old Highland feud thus suddenly became active, with all the fury of the eruption of a long dormant volcano.

A figure detached itself from the main attacking party and headed toward the east gate. Finding it closed he hurried on to the postern gate. The fact that it was open gave

him no surprise, for he seemed to be expecting the single defender who blocked his way.

"At last!" growled the voice of Malcolm, as Graham drew his sword. "You coward! You thief in the night! You—!"

He was cut short by a sweeping blow from Graham, which, however, glanced from the helmet. He rushed his antagonist to the wall, but staggered back under another terrific blow.

The struggle was brief but intense. The moonlight glistened on the armour of the two rivals. No sound was heard save their labored breathing and the clash of steel on steel.

With a double feint and a lunge, Graham finally drove his sword home, and dashed over the crumpling body toward the castle.

In her chamber Margaret drew her green dressing-gown more closely about her and descended the winding stair. As she entered the armory below, the trap-door to the courtyard burst from beneath and a mailed figure sprang up.

Without a word he seized the frightened maid firmly and bore her toward the assembly-hall, whence arose the din of battle. He stopped on the threshold, seeing that the issue hung in the balance.

"Peace! peace!" he shouted, and every arm was lowered. Lord William and Lord Archibald forgot their duel and stared.

"Lord Gordon," said Graham, drawing forward the blushing maiden, "I have the honor of announcing my unconditional surrender to The Fair Maid of Aberdeen."

Lord William turned gravely to his daughter: "What are your terms?"

"It is accepted—unconditionally," she smiled, slipping her little hand into the mailed fist of her lover.

The two old knights slowly faced each other, joined hands—and became friends.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES—"

—

—, '22

—

O weary sojourner, look up to the hills
Whence heaven-born zephyrs blow gently to you;
There sip limpid nectar from musical rills
Where God's crowning handiwork opens to view.

Your thoughts find refreshment in Nature's own art;
The morning dew sparkles; the evening sun fills
Your soul with a glow; and the lowliest heart
Finds rest and sweet peace in the beautiful hills.

THE SOCIETY OF OUR FOREFATHERS

ALBERT N. CORPENING, '23

In such a time as this, when every man has equal political liberty and can determine for himself what course in life he will pursue, we are prone to forget that man has not always been allowed to do this. We forget that the freedom of speech and the choice of vocation that we possess have been granted only in a recent age and that our ancestors have had to struggle for centuries to get them. Society as a whole has been revolutionized. Looking a few hundred years back a wholly different picture is thrown upon the screen. Yet, it is true to the life and customs of that time. The scene shows our forefathers in the twelfth century, and Europe is the stage.

For a long period of time the warriors and nobles of the various kings had been receiving land in payment for their services. With the disruption of Charlemagne's empire chaos reigned. There was no strong central government. Invasions were renewed. The lords held themselves practically independent of higher authority and determined to hold what they had and gain as much more as they were able. Their claims were often conflicting. As a result all was in a complicated tangle. It was in this chaotic condition that a peculiar form of society, known as feudalism, arose.

Feudalism was based on land tenure. It was the society and government growing out of the relations existing between the vassal and his suzerain. Often the name is applied to the whole course of society in the Middle Ages. Again it is limited to the fighting class and the land owners.

The term "feudalism" is derived from the word feud or fief. The fief was a vested right or a tract of land composing the feudal estate.

In theory feudalism was a form of stewardship. God, the owner, granted the land to the emperor. The emperor in his turn, divided the territory among the kings that were under him. They sublet their grants to the various subject lords, where again they were divided and subdivided until they finally reached the hands of the tenants.

The method followed in granting a fief was somewhat as follows: The person about to receive it knelt before the lord with bared head, placed his hands in those of the lord and swore to be his man, serving him faithfully. This, sealed with a kiss, constituted the oath of fealty. The lord by the act of investiture completed the ceremony. In this act he placed a clod or twig in the hand of the man receiving the fief as a symbol that he was granting by that act the land or right in question.

Each liegeman was directly responsible to his suzerain. Thus the emperor was expected to rule justly. The kings and lords paid tribute to their respective suzerains.

As has been suggested above, the duty of the vassal was to serve his lord faithfully. Often a man gave service of arms only. This was especially true of the higher classes. This service was finally limited to forty days each year, and they were not forced to go a long distance from home to fight. In case his lord or king was in danger it was his duty to fight for him even to death; if taken prisoner to ransom him. Again it was his duty to submit to the justice of his lord and aid him in court. Third, he was under obligation to render financial assistance whenever it was needed.

In feudal society there were three general classes. First, there were the people who were sold or transferred with the land, whose duty it was to cultivate it. Under most circum-

stances they were in very hard straits. They not only had to till the land for themselves, but they were compelled to do a certain amount of work each week for the lord or pay an enormous amount of rent. He was compelled to use the agricultural implements of his suzerain, grind his corn in his lord's mill, and buy other necessities of life from his master (who was his master in reality), for all of which exorbitant prices were charged. His home was the rudest sort of a dwelling, without much comfort and scarcely any convenience. He made barely enough to keep the wolf, starvation, from his door, and even this was at the mercy of his lord, who might hunt through his fields or carelessly allow some enemy to destroy the crops. It was usually to the advantage of the lord, however, not to treat his vassals too cruelly and to defend the fief. For the vassal was the one who made it possible for him to hold his position and supplied him with food and income. For a time at the death of the vassal the land and all that he had went back to the lord. By the twelfth century the custom was established that the heir might keep the land upon the payment of a relief as a token that he recognized the lord's ownership of the land.

As a matter of course, the lord's position in life, compared to that of his vassals' was the opposite extreme. Where the serf was a tiller of the soil he was a man of rank and honor. While the one lived in a miserable hut, the other dwelt in a mansion, faring sumptuously, and being entertained by his fool or by his guests. Power was in his hand. He could command and be obeyed. He could demand and the thing in question would be given. He was the law-maker. Court was held at which he presided, the fines going into his own purse. He could say whether or not a widow or daughter of a peasant should marry and whom. In other words, the lord was absolute sovereign in his sphere, with no one to question what he did. But in as much as he was sovereign and ruler

he was under obligations to protect his subjects from plundering bands or hostile armies.

The third general class in feudal society was that of the villeins. They were not attached to the soil, but were free. Yet they were under feudal obligations. Usually they had held land of their own, which they placed in the hands of the lord. In return he protected the person, thus commending himself and his property. The process which thus bound lord and vassal together was called commendation.

Another class of people existed during this period, who were not directly connected with the feudal state. They were a class who settled in various places without the regular understanding of land tenure. The lord had the right to chase them off, or they could leave at any time. However, they usually stayed on indefinitely. The name applied to this kind of land tenure was "precarium."

A custom also prevailed whereby a man might deed his land to a church and still retain the use of it during his life. Or on the other hand a lord might give his warriors or friends a similar grant, the land returning to his estate at the death of the person to whom it was granted. This practice came to be known as "beneficium." It was by this means that the Church acquired many large tracts.

Just how the Church could render feudal obligations was a problem for awhile since the clergy were not allowed to perform feudal functions. Because of the disturbed times and the invasions of the barbarians many of the churches were commended to some lord for protection. The lord receiving the church within his protectorate received little reimbursement. It is true the Church paid its feudal dues, but other sources as reliefs and escheats were cut off from the income of the lord.

Louis VII met this situation by taxing the churches heavily. Church councils were called, and they vigorously

opposed taxation of the Church without their consent. In 1188 Philip Augustus obtained the consent of the clergy and bishops and extorted large sums from them. Appeals were made to the pope. Sometimes he was willing to grant the payments and sometimes he refused them. Because of the small returns from the churches laws were passed in some places forbidding further acquisition on the part of the churches.

A scheme known as amortisement was put into effect about this time. It was for the protection of suzerains who held church property. It was a grant purchased by the vassal, whether a church or a lay person, wherein the suzerain renounced for himself and his heirs all right to put the property out of the possession of the said vassal. The purchase price for the amortisement was often excessively high. Besides this amortisement there were generally several others to be paid to the suzerains all the way up to the king. At one time the number of suzerains taking advantage of this was limited to four. But a later king decreed that the right of amortisement continued until he had granted it.

Fear restrained the churches from letting out land to knights. They feared to let in persons who might be a source of trouble. In Italy they also refused to let out as feuds land to another church on the grounds that it would not bring in as much income as when in other hands.

It has been said that the Church ever acquired land but never lost or sold its property. The clergy taught that it was very wrong to seize Church property and forbade the sale of it. In the course of time opposing opinions arose. Wyclif said that temporal princes might confiscate Church property if it were misused. John Huss declared further that any man who believed that priests and Levites could hold property were heretics.

It was remarkable that during the whole of the Middle Ages no feudal principles were brought into the church organization. Clergymen never received their offices from superiors as fiefs. But the monks had to render obedience to the higher clergy very much as a serf to his lord. The higher clergy also received offices from the king, and as such were vassals to him, often being compelled to lead forces in battle. Many of them, however, were not averse to war.

Feudal wars were common. The longing for power and wealth on the part of the nobles caused them to seek both by force of arms. This was the source of most wars during the period, the Crusades excepted. Guns had not yet come into use. Most of the fighting was done with swords and spears. While for protection the shield and armor were used by the individual combatants, and the feudal castle, as a stronghold for retreat and defense. The castle was usually built of stone, surrounded by a moat filled with water, having an entrance over a drawbridge and through a door or gateway, which might be barred by a portcullis and was so built that the besieged might have every advantage possible. They withstood both the invasions from without and the troubles within. They also helped to preserve literature and arts although the monasteries and churches did most of this. The use of the horse was realized while Charles Martel was fighting the Saracens in Spain. As a result of their use there they came to be used during the whole feudal age.

Closely connected with the expeditions against the Saracens in Spain was the origin of chivalry. It was a military institution whose members were called knights, pledged to protect the Church and to defend and protect the weak and helpless. It was indeed the "Flower of Feudalism," for it stood for the best there was in feudalism.

The spirit of adventure, the love of conquest, and the oath of the knight to defend the Church helped in making possible

the Crusades, whose importance cannot be overestimated. Because in them so many feudal lords were killed, and their holdings having again fallen into the hands of some greater suzerain feudal estates came to be considered minor affairs and strong states were built up instead. Along with the breaking up of the feudal estate might be mentioned the growth of cities and the introduction of firearms in war. The one took the serf from the fields and resisted the authority of the lord over them. The other made the knight as weak as other men when it came to fighting.

The greatest defect in feudalism was that it made strong central government impossible. It was for this reason that kings opposed it and did what they could toward its overthrow. It was also exclusive, dividing society into classes the lines of which were hard to erase. Neither was it conducive to the growth of a national spirit of progress. The selfish acquisition of power and the spirit of independence hindered the development of anything national.

Great good came from it, however. It fostered during this dark age a spirit of independence and self-reliance among the lords that resisted the encroachment of kings. It made possible the foiling of the invading Hungarians, Danes, and Saracens. It gave woman a more exalted position as was expressed in chivalry and gave in addition to these things an impulse toward literature.

There were objectionable features in the practices of feudalism. But the great good rising out of that stage of society has helped to make possible in our own time things we hold most sacred, honor, liberty and self-determination.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

**Our
Literary
Societies**

Lack of initiative is proverbial among college students. Very few of us have foresight enough to learn those things which will be our greatest assets in the future. This defect is deplorably evident in our attitude toward our literary societies. Every member of these societies knows that we are not doing the work we should do. He knows that less than one-third of us respond when our names appear on the program. Many

of this number respond, not in appreciation of the privilege, but only in obedience to compulsion.

This situation has arisen not in a day, nor in a year. Failure to grasp the opportunities offered by the literary societies seems to be the one regret of visiting alumni. Their excuse is invariably, "If I could have known then what I was missing, I would have prepared myself." They, too, lacked foresight and initiative.

Remedies have been advanced and plans discussed, but the societies are still mock institutions. If attendance should be made optional, the societies would cease to exist. This is proved by the fact that approximately half the members are absent under the present compulsory system. Appearance on the program is easily dodged, and heavy fines would only make matters worse. Very few will make serious preparation just to stand a few minutes before incompetent student judges; and appearance without preparation is equal to absence. We evidently need something we do not have. We have courses teaching us how and what to think. We need a course teaching us how to say what we think. Such a course could be established as a Chair of Public Speaking. It could be connected with the work of the literary societies and be prescribed for the B.A. degree. It would be equally as valuable as some of the courses now prescribed. How much literature would we read if we had no English professor and our work did not count toward a degree? How much philosophy? How much history? The analogy is perfectly clear.

If we assume then the advisability of establishing a course in public speaking, the cost must be considered. The trustees will doubtless tell us that all available funds have been used in adding new buildings and equipment and in increasing the membership of the faculty. Must our forensic ambi-

tions share the doom of the new athletic field, the new dormitory space, and the new society halls? Or shall we wait, like vultures, for the death of some kind-hearted friend, whose bequest may be used to endow a Chair of Public Speaking?

**A Belated
Awakening**

An Asheville man recently visited his son at the University and was amazed at the crowded conditions he found there. He went back and spread the news over Buncombe County, which is represented at Chapel Hill by quite a number of students. As a result a movement has been started to provide more dormitory space.

The conditions existing at the University are prevalent at Wake Forest and the other colleges of the State. If parents would occasionally visit their children in college they could better appreciate the pressing demand for greater space and more pleasant living conditions.

This is only the beginning of a greater program which will certainly be launched within the next few years. Parents will eventually realize the fact that in both public school and college their children are denied the high grade of scholarship that this modern age demands. We are behind the times. In 1860 the North Carolina school system was the best in the South, and compared favorably with the northern and western states. But today the Carolinas rank at the bottom of the list. We pay annually less than one dollar per capita toward the advancement of State education.

Conditions such as this are responsible for the scarcity of good teachers everywhere. Our rural communities are at present the greatest sufferers. Of the three hundred and fifty thousand teaching positions in the United States, forty thousand are vacant. Sixty thousand teachers are below standard.

Under such prevailing conditions education cannot hope to advance. A person can hardly be blamed for refusing to spend from five to eight years preparing to teach for a salary which will not support him respectably.

The sooner North Carolina awakes to the proper appreciation of her educational situation, the sooner a direct tax will be levied for its improvement. The State is not too poor to do this. If it were, the solution of the problem might indeed be difficult. But it seems that we must knock our citizens down with the facts before they will see their duty. Then, perhaps, we will want the best education enough to pay for it, like New York, Massachusetts, Indiana, Pennsylvania and a few other states that have awakened.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

The High School Declamation Contest Committee announces that the annual High School Declamation Contest will be held March 17th and 18, 1921. The committee consists of Prof. A. C. Reid, faculty representative; T. B. Mauney, chairman; I. B. Hudson, secretary; W. J. Bone, D. T. Hurley, A. R. Smith and J. L. Jones.

Professor Reid announces that plans are being perfected for carrying out the most extensive program yet launched. It is planned to enlist every high school in the State in this contest.

A \$25.00 gold medal and a \$50.00 scholarship will be awarded the best speaker, and a \$12.50 gold pin will be awarded the second best.

For information, address I. B. Hudson, secretary of the committee.

The Philosophy Club was organized Tuesday night November 9, 1920, for the purpose of extended study and research in the various branches of philosophy. As there have been very few Wake Forest men who have become students or teachers of philosophy, it is the purpose of the club to stimulate interest and enthusiasm in this branch of science. Some of the subjects for study and discussion during the present semester are: Spiritualism, Insanity, Heredity and Mind, The Evolution of Mind, Psychology of Religious Conduct, Hypnotism, and Psychology of Conventionalities.

The members of the club are: Prof. A. C. Reid, faculty member; G. R. Sherrill, president; P. C. Newton, vice-president; G. B. Heckman, secretary-treasurer; A. R. Whitehurst, L. Mallory, H. H. Duncan, J. C. Kesler, C. F. Brown, and I. K. Stafford.

After the club was organized, Professor Reid gave a very interesting and instructive discussion on Dual Personalities, which was followed by a smoker.

Mrs. N. Y. Gulley's death Thursday morning, November 4th, was the occasion of much grief in the community and in the student body. Her departure was not unexpected since her condition for some time had been extremely critical. THE STUDENT wishes to express its most heartfelt sympathy to Dr. Gulley and the bereaved members of her family in their great loss. Mrs. Gulley was the daughter of Dr. W. M. Wingate, for some time president of this institution, and from her father had inherited a strong love for Wake Forest College.

Students and townspeople were unusually fortunate in hearing Dr. Edward Devine in two lectures Tuesday, November 2d, on "Revolution, Reaction, and Reconstruction," and "International Relations," respectively. Dr. Devine is a student of social conditions and a welfare worker of international distinction. He was formerly professor of Social Economy in Columbia University; executive head of the Red Cross work among refugees in France during the war; is director of New York School of Philanthropy; and is now associate editor of *The Survey*. Both his speeches were thoroughly helpful, coming at a time when information about "Reconstruction" and "International Relationships" is deeply needed.

The Honor Committee, whose duty it is to investigate and punish all cheating, stealing and other violations of honor, has been chosen for the year. Mr. W. C. Byrd is president of the organization. The names of the men and the classes they represent are: G. R. Sherrill, Senior; C. S. Green, Junior; W. M. Nicholson, Sophomore; J. F. Roach, Freshman; L. M. Butler, Law; G. N. Thomas, Medical; J. L. Jones, Ministerial. The by-laws are adopted each year with or without amendments and a copy is kept posted in the library.

The students who have work under Dr. Cullom are fortunate not only because he is thoroughly competent as a teacher, but also because he takes an interest in each man individually. On October 15th Dr. and Mrs. Cullom entertained his married students, and the following Monday gave an informal reception at their home for the single ones. Though somewhat delayed on account of automobile trouble, the Seniors of Meredith arrived in ample time to add grace to the occasion. There were no formalities to hinder the class from becoming acquainted with the instructor. The social served to create a more intimate friendship between the students and their teacher, which has been somewhat crippled on account of Dr. Cullom's absence of two years from college life.

Society Day has come and is already a thing of the past, yet we feel that such an event cannot happen without a few words of comment from THE STUDENT. On the whole the entire day was a grand success. The speeches were good both in the afternoon and evening, and the delightful time the fair visitors afforded us will long be remembered. Of course, a few unpleasantnesses arose but we hope to eliminate

these and have everything in smooth running order before the day rolls around again. However, we feel that we can manage very well without the aid of self-appointed decorators of the campus.

Members of the Senior Class were given a most delightful reception October 30th, at Oxford College, by their sponsor, Miss Esther Kinney. After every one had been formally introduced time passed quickly with games, conversations and contests of various natures for which prizes were offered. Refreshments were served, adding enjoyment of another type. Conversations of the boys who were there furnish ample testimony of the genuine good time they had. The Senior Class agrees unanimously with Mr. Kinnett that Miss Kinney is "altogether capable" and welcomes her with joy into their number.

The Wake Forest tennis team proved its worth October 29th by winning from the Davidsonians in both the singles and the doubles. Stringfield and Crittenden are showing up very well and we rely on them to give us a creditable showing in that branch of athletics among the other colleges of the State.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor.*

With the help of Secretary T. D. Collins the Alumni Association is accomplishing real results. Mr. Collins makes the following report, which we are glad to reproduce here:

"The work of the Alumni Association is getting under way in good shape. A number of local associations have been reorganized and are engaged in a very definite piece of work in the interest of the College.

"Early in the season it was hoped that a new athletic field would be constructed this year, and plans were laid to that end. Circumstances, however, have forced the abandonment of that idea, and for the present the aim is to organize as thoroughly as possible all the centers of the State, in preparation for a big work later.

"This is a field which has been neglected too long and now we hope to make up for all this lost time. In the ten thousand Alumni of the College lies the greatest hope for an institution of first rank.

"The latent power in the devotion and loyalty of Wake Forest men is a force capable of infinite development. It is hoped that every Alumnus will catch a vision of these wonderful possibilities and lend himself to the glorious task."

Dr. J. B. Turner, B.A., '07, is one who has already caught the vision of which Secretary Collins speaks and his loyalty is a permanent testimony that he is lending himself to serve the College in whatever capacity he may. He writes from

Greenville, N. C., where he is pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church: "The old College is on my mind constantly, it seems. I find myself living over the days of last year more often than is good for my present work. But the recurrence is beneficial to me."

In the recent elections Wake Forest furnished a goodly number of successful candidates. She will have sons in Congress, the State Legislature, and State and county offices.

Hon. Claude Kitchin, B.L., '88, and Hon. S. M. Brinson, B.A., '91, were reelected to the National House of Representatives and Baxter Durham, '94-'96, was elected State Auditor. Among the Wake Forest men chosen to sit in the State Legislature are: H. L. Swain, B.A., '16; L. R. Varser, B.A., '99; Leon S. Brassfield, B.A., '15, and J. C. McBee, Senators; B. W. Parham, B.A., '04; Vann B. Martin, '04; Dr. W. A. Bradsher, B.A., '99; J. E. Spence, '88-'89, and L. T. Lane, '88-'90, Representatives. W. C. Brewer, '08, was elected chairman of the Board of County Commissioners for Wake County.

Robert N. Cook, B.A., '92, is vice-president of the Liberty National Bank of Louisville, Ky.

Rev. O. P. Campbell, B.A., '14, is now Student Pastor of the Baptists at Texas State College, College Station, Texas.

Theo. B. Davis, B.A., '03, is manager of the Kennedy Home, near Kinston, N. C., which is a branch of the orphanage work of the Baptists of the State. He is also clerk of the Neuse-Atlantic Association.

The death of Rev. A. McA. Pittman, '74-'77, occurred at his home near Carlisle, S. C., on February 9, 1920. Mr. Pittman was for a number of years pastor in this State and in South Carolina.

David Turner Wilson, B.A., '88, who lived for a number of years in Texas and Louisiana, is now one of the farmers of Granville County. His postoffice is Virgilina, Va.

Dr. J. W. Lynch, A.M., '88, recently resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, of Athens, Ga.

Hon. Claude Kitchin, B.L., '88, minority leader of the House of Representatives, who was incapacitated by serious illness, has sufficiently recovered to be at work on the organization of the Democratic forces in the House under the new regime, though his friends fear he will hardly be able to lead the strenuous life of former days.

H. L. Wiggs, M.A., '07, of Elberton, Ga., where he is engaged in the granite business, was a visitor to Wake Forest the last of October.

Robert M. Dowd, '03, died of influenza at his home in Charlotte on February 12, 1920. Mr. Dowd will be remembered by his college mates as having been active in college athletics.

On the occasion of the visit of our football team to Charlotte for the game with Davidson, the Alumni of that city manifested their loyalty in a splendid manner. H. F. Darsey, '10; H. C. Dockery, B.A. '09, and W. C. Dowd, '13, met the team at the train and took them to the hotel. The same committee carried the team to the athletic park in the afternoon and next morning took the men for a drive around the city. The team was also invited by E. B. Gresham, B.A. '98, to dinner at his cafe, but this invitation had to be declined on account of previous arrangements. In addition to these courtesies, the Alumni of the city were present at the game lending their presence and rooting to the encouragement of our team.

Ennis Bryan, B.A. '19, is with the Scotland Neck Bank. He takes a leading part in promoting the interests of the College in his section, and was especially helpful in advertising and managing the Armistice Day football game at Scotland Neck between Wake Forest and the Naval Air Station. Hugh Johnson, LL.B. '04, is assistant cashier of the same bank.

H. D. Powers, B.A. '20, is Professor of Science at Boiling Springs High School. He is also Director of Athletics in that institution and writes, "You may rest assured that I shall do whatever I can to line up our best fellows for Wake Forest."

Leslie C. Hardy, '09, was married on September 29, 1920, to Miss Nora McComb at Los Angeles, California. Mr. Hardy is a prominent attorney of Nogales, Arizona, where he and Mrs. Hardy have made their home.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

We are glad to welcome to our desk a large number of exchanges—some old friends but some new ones. We hope that our magazine may be as interesting to our exchanges as our exchanges are enjoyed by us.

The Lake Forest Stentor, published weekly, is very successful in combining news of the College with literary productions. We enjoy reading *The Stentor*; each issue is splendid. The story, "Aubrey Hastings, C.D.," was very good.

The Stanford (Cal.) Pictorial illustrates splendidly the advantages of using photographs in a college magazine. The editorials of the October number of the *Pictorial* are certainly above the usual standard of college publications.

"These Quiet Men"—a short story in the October issue of the *Dartmouth Bema*—is splendid. The style used and the development of the plot are commendable.

We are glad to see *The Erskinian* published again after a lapse of several years. The first issue is nicely gotten up—all departments developed in splendid style. We wish for *The Erskinian* a very successful year.

The Furman Echo is always welcome. The October issue bespeaks for the editors the very highest praise. The sketch, "College Spirit," brings out a splendid thought.

The Acorn was one of the best exchanges received during the month. The magazine as a whole is well balanced and the short stories are especially good, while the essays show some splendid work. The story, "Hallowe'en Magic," deserves special mention, and the verses "To Summer," are well written.

The October issue of the *Clemson College Chronicle* surpasses the usual high standard set by this publication. The poems of this issue are splendid. "A Memory," and "Mother Mine," are exceptionally good. "Home Life in the Time of the Confederacy," is very interesting.

The essay, "Walt Whitman—Poet or Fraud," and the poem, "Thanksgiving," are paramount in the November number of the *Davidson College Magazine*. The sketch, "The Spirit of America," is very good.

The Concept, October number, is unusually fine. The story, "Marjorie's Baby," is excellent, as is also, "Books or Automobiles." Both are well written and true to life. The poem, "Why," is very good, but the thought is not clear enough.

The Baylor Bear Trail is primarily an athletic publication, and the contributions are splendid. "Honest Value" is indeed a prize-winning story. The department, "Ages Ago in Baylor," is very interesting.

The essay, "Poetry, The Maker of Men," is the most prominent article in the October *Georgetown Journal* and is really commendable. The *Journal* as a whole is well gotten up and was very much enjoyed.

The Lenoirian for October lacks material, although the essay, "True Americanism," is very creditable. We would suggest that more emphasis be placed on the Literary Department and less on the miscellaneous departments of the magazine.

The first issue of "*Voices of Peace*" is of a very high type. Every contribution is worthy of praise. The verses are especially good. "The Soul of Peace" has a splendid thought.

We regret not being able to speak of other exchanges but we assure them that they are by no means ignored. We are pleased to acknowledge these: *Trinity Archive*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *Georgia Technique*, *Mississippi Collegian*, *N. C. State Technician*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Winthrop Journal*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Citadel Sphinx*, *Bethel Collegian*, *Howard Crimson*, *Colby Echo*, *Orange and Blue*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *Cary Echoes*, *Daytona (Fla.) Porpoise*, *R. H. S. Purple and Gold*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

You tell 'em, old preacher, you work to beat the devil.

A NAMELESS ROMANCE

It happened out on the porch, I'm told,
With a full moon swinging high.
He told her there that he loved her—
He was never known to lie.

He kissed her once, and then again,
The third time did the same,
When she suddenly jumped up and asked him,
"By the way, what's your name?"

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

It was during the days of the war that an old negro woman went into a store in a small Virginia town, and, approaching one of the clerks, asked him to read for her a letter from her son in France.

Obligingly the clerk started reading: "Somewhere in France, eleven a. m. "Dear Ma—"

"Wait a minnit, what's 'at?" broke in the old woman.

"Somewhere in France," repeated the clerk.

"Dar, now. I told dat fool nigger he was goana get lost."

—W. M. N. in *Life*.

Old version—Abeunt studia in mores.

New version—Abeunt pecunia in do-pes.

BEACH-NUT SWIMMING SUITS

"Mama, may I go to swim?"

"Yes, my Venus daughter.

Wear a suit that was made for a him,

But don't go near the water."

Each flea firmly believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.—*Ex.*

Mark Twain said that there were only six original jokes, and although a seventh had been added, he was too modest to say who did it. We, ourselves, are too modest to give more than the gentlest of hints—but perhaps you can find the eighth on this page.

Sweet Young Thing: "Mr. Conductor, does this car go to Riddick Field?"

Conductor: "No, ma'm."

S. Y. T.: "But it says on the front, 'Football Today at Riddick Field.'"

Conductor: "Yes, ma'm, and it says 'Boston Baked Beans,' too, but it doesn't go to Boston."

TIME TO GO

If she wants to play or sing,

It's time to go;

If o'er your watch she's lingering,

It's time to go;

If she wants your signet ring,

Frat house pin and everything,

(Speak of Death, where is thy sting)

It's time to go.

If the parlor clock strikes two,

It's time to go;

If her father drops a shoe,

It's time to go;

If she sweetly says to you,

"Stay a little longer, do!"

Get your hat and then skiddoo—

It's time to go.

—*California Pelican.*

Some men are born famous, some have fame thrust upon them, and some get in with the editors of the crack columns.

ONE ATTRACTION GONE

"Farewell, dear. I will never be able to feel the same towards you again."

"Heavens, George! What have you done?"

"Nothing, dear. I am just going to cut off my mustache."

—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*

- '24: "I believe I could kiss that girl."
 '23: "I don't believe you could."
 '24: "Why? You know her?"
 '23: "No, but I know you."

He asked a miss what was a kiss,
 Grammatically declined.
 "It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
 "And so can't be declined."

—*Ex.*

Tobacco is a dirty weed,
 I like it.
 It can fill no human need,
 I like it.

It makes you thin and long and lean,
 It takes the hair right off your bean,
 It's the derndest stuff I've ever seen.
 I like it.

—*Wake Forest Student*, Jan., 1914.

FAST WORKERS

They were introduced at 7:15.
 By 8:30 they were talking cozily in a movie.
 At 9:30 they were regarding each other intimately over the
 remains of a chicken sandwich.
 At 9:44 they stood wistfully near on the front porch.
 Promptly at 9:45 he kissed her.
 By 9:50 she kissed him.
 At 10:00 with a touch of sadness they parted.
 He walked down the steps dejectedly, but upon hearing the door
 close, he snapped out of it and walked briskly home and cut another
 notch in his military brushes.
 "How they fall," he murmured, "probably I am a handsome devil."
 She, sitting before her dressing-table, yawned.
 "How they fall," she sighed. "Perhaps, I am a sweet and delight-
 ful girl."
 And she put his name in a thick little book she had been keeping
 since she was sixteen!

—*Iowa Frivol.*

PHENIX OR ONYX

"Dear Jack: Your gift came today and I was awfully glad to get
 them. Mabel."—*Siren.*

NATURALLY

"Twas midnight in the parlor
 'Twas darkness everywhere.
 The silence was unbroken, for
 There was nobody there!

—Virginia Reel.

"My father occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge."
 "Dat's nuttin'; mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at
 Sing Sing."—Voo Doo.

Irate Mother: "Where was your head when you accepted Deputy-
 ster's proposal?"

Dear Thing: "On his shoulder."—V. P.

The most disagreeable guy in the world is the one who stands up
 for somebody you want to talk about.

A pair in a hammock,
 Attempted to kiss,
 And in less than a jiffy,
 They landed like this!

—Ex.

(Beg Pardon, Whitcomb, Old Dear)

When the Soph is on the war-path, and Freshie's in his hole,
 And you hear the war-whoops ringing, as shrieking forth they roll,
 And the night is dark and scary, and the wind sighs in the trees,
 And you hear the bone-like clacking of the knocking Freshie's knees,
 Oh, it's then's the time a Newish is a-feeling at his worst,
 With his creaking nerves to tell him that he may be the first,
 As he listens trembling madly, all fear down in his soul,
 When the Soph is on the war-path, and Freshie's in his hole.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although a number of complaints were turned
 in after the publication of the first two issues of THE STUDENT,
 setting forth the general punkness of this department, we are
 forced to admit that the most bitter complaint of all came from
 Freshman President Sikes. He had expected some free adver-
 tising, a little publicity on the side. We strive to please, and
 herewith hand the gentleman some. Page President Sikes.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XI

JANUARY, 1921

No. 4

NEW YEAR

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

Into the family of years one night
A blustering infant appeared—
Most promising child of the numerous brood
That yet Mother Nature had reared.
While gray Father Time looked agedly on
She wrapped him in swaddling clothes
Whose warp and woof were the moon's broad beams,
With the radiance of new-fallen snows.

The youngest son of a lineage long,
His days would be numbered, howe'er,
So the gusts and the gales to his christening came
To wish him success for a year.
Auspicious, indeed, were the blessings they blew—
Some whispered political fame;
Some augured a business boom, and a few
With literature linked his name.

The bells and the chimes announced his birth,
And the watch-parties, listening still,
Resounded his praises, and foolishly made
New vows that they'll never fulfill.
The shivering stars looked down and blinked,
And the winds blew taunts at the moon,
While the lusty babe in the cradle of time
Was rocked to their boisterous tune.

HIS PACKARD FOUR

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

"O! Margaret, come here a minute."

"What is it, mother?"

"Another automobile wreck and Claudius Smith was doing the driving, as usual. Let's see. That makes four wrecks and three arrests for speeding in the last three weeks, doesn't it? I just want to beat the life out of that man. But he is so nice and easy when he gets around you, you can't help but admire him. I don't see why in the world he wants to be forever risking his life speeding in an automobile. It says here that he was driving a Ford. I thought he called it his Packard when he was here Saturday night."

"Mother, I thought that you understood. It is a Ford, but he bought him a high speed gear and put on it and along with that he has put every contrivance that he can buy, such as shock absorbers, robe rails, demountable rims, electric horn, spot-light, and about a dozen other things that I can't remember. And because he has packed so many things on it, he calls it his Packard."

"Well, whether it is his Packard six or his Fordson four, I have been doing some real thinking for the last half hour and I have a request to make of you, daughter, and I hope that you will seriously consider what I say. It concerns you and your future happiness. I feel that if Claudius doesn't quit this speeding you would not be happy with him and, furthermore, your own life would often be at stake. Dear, don't you think that you ought to give him up? You'll soon meet someone else that you will like just as well.

"*Certainly*, I don't expect to give him up. We're engaged to be married. He has planned so much for us and I have

been doing some planning of my own. But I do agree that he ought to give up speeding with his old Packard Four and I just know that if I tell him that he must either give me up or that old rattle-trappy looking machine, he will drive it out on the side of the road and never touch it again. That is all that anyone could ask. I always have said that he was a perfect dear and if he does that, I shall know it."

Claudius Smith and his Packard Four, as he called it, were well-known characters throughout the community of Center-ville. To see them once was to remember them forever. Imagine, if you can, about the worst looking old Ford that you ever saw, brightly debeeked with yellow spokes, bent fenders, a curtain that reminded you of the distant past and a horn that was reputed to have Gabriel-like qualities. But as "fine feathers do not make fine birds," neither did the woebegone look of this Paekard Four allow any machine to leave it on the road. Whenever you saw a cloud of dust coming down the road with the speed of a spirit, nine times out of ten it was Claudius Smith and his Paekard Four. As regular as the new moon came once in twenty-eight days, so regularly, each Saturday afternoon, did this pair arrive at the home of Margaret Jones. The Saturday after his latest wreek was no exception. He recovered from his bruises suffieiently to get his Paekard running by Saturday afternoon. When he arrived Margaret seemed to be a little more reserved than usual. So, after looking at each other for a few minutes as lovers sometimes do when there is something in the air, he said:

"Sweetheart, something is wrong. Are you not feeling well?"

"O! no, there is nothing wrong with me. Yes, there is one thing on my mind, though. Claudius, you know, ah, ah,—

I do wish that dog would quit barking. Brother always would have an old dog tied around the house somewhere."

"Well, you know, boys like dogs. What did you start to say? I'm interested."

"I was just starting to say that—er—er—er——"

"Sister, have you showed Mr. Smith your new hat?"

"I wish everybody would leave here and stay gone for a while. Every time I start to speak, somebody has to come butting in."

"Things seem quiet now. Finish what you started a moment ago."

"Yes, Claudius. I have never doubted my love for you, but I want to talk to you about the way you have of constantly being arrested for speeding in your 'Packard' and not only that, but you average having a wreck with the thing at least once a week. Mother and I have been talking the thing over and I have decided that you ought to give up autoing. After our marriage, I would be constantly listening to hear that you were hurt. I certainly would not dare go riding with you, for I would expect to be killed every minute. Mother thinks that I ought to ask you to release me from our engagement, but I don't think so. I have a still better plan. Instead of asking you to release me, which I don't want you to do anyway, I am going to make this proposition. Either give up your 'Packard' and motoring or give me up."

"I know something like this would be the result of women's rights. The very morning I read that the women had had suffrage thrust upon them, I felt certain that they would try to take things in their own hands. It will soon be so that we poor men will have to ask permission of the Suffrage League to shave, smoke, get a new suit, or even go down town at nights. I am just as I have always been. I mean everything that I have ever said to you, and I would not have you think that I do not care for you for the wide, wide world, but

what you ask is going too far. I just can't give up my 'Packard.' Margaret, dear, do you know that that old road hog has been my constant companion for the last four years. I just could not get along without it. I'd sleep with it if I could. Why I never even think about getting a drink of water myself without putting water in the old radiator. And I would feel real mean to buy me a new suit and not put a new coat of paint on 'Packy.' You're asking too much. Please take back what you said. I just can't give up the old boy. I'll stop smoking, if you say so. I'm even willing to forever turn my back on tennis at your command, but I could never be happy and give up my 'Packard.'

"Claudius, please, for my sake, say that you will sell, burn or give away your 'Packard' tomorrow. Won't you?"

"I just can't do it. Are you going to take back your threat?"

"No, I can't do that. I promised mother that I would tell you that and stick to it."

"Well, if that is the way you feel about it, I will have to say good bye. You'll change your mind before long and when you do, drop me a note and me and my 'Packard' will come on the fly. And don't let Zack Carter be hanging around here too much."

"Goo-good bye, Claudius. I am a woman and I just can't change my mind. But, when you get off and think the thing over, I think you will, and remember that the latch string always hangs on the outside for *you*."

At the rate of speed that Claudius went down the road, it would not have taken him long to have reached Mars. If before this time he had been a speeder, now he was a speedster.

Margaret watched the little speck of dust that followed him until a bend in the road hid him from sight. With a sigh that was full of meaning, she turned and went into the house.

"Mother, I wish that there wasn't an auto in the world. I wish the house would fall down on me and crush every bone into bits. I'd rather be dead than alive. I can't understand why it is that I have all the trouble and other girls are always full of life and never have a thing to trouble them."

"Why, daughter, what is wrong?"

"What is wrong? Everything is wrong. I told Claudius that he must either quit motoring or else we would have to break our engagement, and he took me at my word and left. O! I wonder if he will ever come back. Do you reckon I could call Mrs. Leonard and get her to stop him and tell him to come back?"

"Listen, my dear, I am a wee bit older than you are. Don't you worry. I once heard a saying that went like this, 'They all come back.' Don't you worry. He'll come around all right after he sobers up a bit. I know men."

It had been a month since the troubles between the lovers began. Neither showed signs of relenting. So obstinate were they that neither would even intimate a wish for the other to relent.

It must have been the work of Cupid, but anyway it was on Saturday evening, just a month after the break up, at the same time when Claudius and his "Packard" usually arrived, that Margaret heard her mother scream. Running into the back yard, she found her mother lying prone upon the ground. Blood was spurting from a wrist. She quickly saw the trouble. While washing some kitchen window panes from the outside, she had slipped and fallen upon a broken bottle. An artery was severed. This she knew by the way the blood spurted. But what should she do. The phone was not in working order, due to the crossing of the wires at Smith's farm house. The doctor was seven miles away. Just as she was about to give way to tears and despair, she heard the toot, toot of an auto horn and saw a cloud of dust come around

the bend in the road. Quick as a flash, she knew what she was going to do. Running quickly to the road, she waved frantically at the speeding motorist. With a wheeze and a squeak and a rattle, a Ford stopped and behold it was Claudius.

"O! Claudius, please help me. Mother is seriously hurt. If you don't take her to the doctor and that quick, she will bleed to death. Please carry us. I am not as mad as you think."

"Why, certainly, I will do anything I can to help. Where is she and how did she get hurt and what kind of an injury has she?"

All this was said as they ran and stumbled toward Mrs. Jones.

With Margaret holding the bleeding wrist, they started for Centerville, seven miles away. Claudius put on all the "juice" his "Packard" would stand, but never a murmur from either of the two passengers. To Margaret it seemed ages. Both were too obstinate to talk. It might be characterized as a ride in silence.

Lucky for Mrs. Jones that he had put on speed, for just as they were almost at Doctor Kelly's office, his machine slowly backed out. But they were in time to stop him.

After the wound was dressed and he had heard all about the accident and the wild ride to town, Doctor Kelly said to Mrs. Jones:

"You had better thank that young man for saving your life, for if you had been five minutes later I would have been gone and as I am the only doctor here, you would certainly have bled to death. And if you had been five minutes later and I *had* been here, all the doctors in North Carolina could not have saved you."

Mrs. Jones was very profuse with her thanks and said everything that could be said of a complimentary nature. Claudius accepted them in a perfunctory manner, for it was hard for him to forget that it was she who was the cause of his broken engagement.

While driving them back home and speeding, as usual, Margaret leaned over from the back seat and said to Claudius:

"Dearest, mother and I have been talking and I have decided that you must disregard what I said about giving up your auto. Don't you think we had better drive your 'Packard' through the country to Niagara as a part of our wedding trip?"

THE JAPANESE QUESTION

ALBERT N. CORPENING, '23

During the last few years, and especially since the opening of the Great War, we have heard a great deal of discussion about the Japanese, and there has been some talk of a war with Japan. The politicians, as they went about the country urging the preparedness program, were constantly presenting the theory that war with Japan threatened. Why was all this discussion? Why were the American people constantly referring to a probable war with Japan? Was it that they had done wrong and knew it and expected Japan to declare war on us? Or was it that the Japanese had put, or were about to put, into execution a great aggressive movement that was destined to endanger our national life? We now know that many of the reports giving rise to suspicion were the result of German propaganda. This and plans for a greatly increased armament caused Japan to hold aloof in suspicion. To understand the situation clearly, it is necessary that we have a conception of the conditions in both countries that have gradually led up to the present issue.

For more than two hundred years the "closed door" was enforced in Japan. She not only refused to allow foreigners to come in, but she prohibited her own subjects from going abroad. They willfully kept themselves apart from the world. Here within her own confines her citizens lived in a barbarous state, gradually raising themselves, but still far below the civilization of the western nations. Why did they do this? Their statesmen tell us that it was from a sense of self-preservation. At the time the policy was put into execution the western powers were over-running all parts of the

world that were not yet occupied by civilized nations. America had been discovered; the Indians were being driven back and the country colonized. Africa was being divided among the nations of Europe. India was in the hands of the British. When the Japanese beheld the white traders coming to the Far East they feared that the scourge of arms and a yoke of oppression would follow; and they closed their doors in the face of the world. When at last they did throw them open, they opened themselves to the civilization of the world. In a remarkably short time they had advanced until they were alongside the white race in progress. Today they are equal to many of the peoples of Europe and are farther advanced than some.

Perhaps this rapid advancement on the part of Japan has caused some to fear her. The main source of fear, however, has been her military achievements. China has been called a sleeping giant. This giant, when she began to awake, expanded her territory. Her hand reached out after Korea. The Japanese looked with horror on that hand as it loomed up before them. For when it reached Korea, it was only a step to Japan. The instinct for self-preservation warned them. They drove back the Chinese and brought the giant to her knees. Then Russia, recognized as one of Europe's strong powers, overran all northern Asia and threatened the same territory that China had attempted to possess. With a few decisive blows the Japanese again had made their national life secure. These military exploits had demanded both an army and a navy. Their program for a navy has resulted today in a small but effective weapon. In the late war their navy destroyed the German ships in the Orient and allowed the Allies to retain their ships in the West. Their policy of universal military training has not only kept their army recruited, but it has helped to keep the physique of her citizenship in splendid condition.

The closed door had the inevitable effect of making social conditions on the few little islands in very close straits. The people became crowded almost to the limit. Not counting the northern island, which is not very desirable because of its soil and climate, there are four hundred and ten persons for every square mile. In the whole country the population averages three hundred and fifty-six to the square mile. Can we wonder that, when the western part of our country was opened, large numbers of them came to our shores because of better living conditions? Such was the case. When Americans began to realize the value of the land they brought over large numbers of Japanese to work for them. This was usually because the work was not the kind in which white men wished to engage, and because there were not enough white laborers to supply the demand. Today there are about 91,000 Japanese in the Pacific States, 70,000 of whom are in California. This comprises about two per cent of California's population.

We are now coming to the seat of the trouble. Perhaps the low wages at which they first worked was the beginning of it. They were preferred to white wage earners in some instances because they were just as efficient and worked cheaper. The white wage earners began to work against them, and the result was that laws were introduced in the early part of this century to prohibit laborers coming here from Japan. This touched the national pride of Japan. For laws to be passed discriminating against her subjects was to degrade her in the eyes of the world. For this reason she asked that America allow her to make laws preventing laborers from coming. This was followed by the "Gentlemen's Agreement," in which the request was granted. For a time laborers desiring to work here came by way of Hawaii and then to California. The Japanese government perceived

this; and, knowing that if it continued other laws would be brought up by our statesmen, refused to allow Japanese laborers to go to Hawaii who had any intentions of coming on here. The Japanese government also refused to permit students to come to the United States unless they were able to pay their way without working. This decreased the number of students from about two thousand per year to only a few hundred. The wives and children of men here were allowed to come.

The following are some of the complaints that have been made against the Japanese in this country: At first it was the wage question, but with the increased skill of the Japanese workmen their wages were increased until today they receive wages equal to the wages paid white laborers of the same occupation. The demand is now so great in California that laborers cannot be supplied at any price. Thus the wage question is no longer one of dispute. In fact, the white labor organizations receive delegates from the Japanese delegations and are, on the whole, friendly to the Japanese workers.

Various other reasons for discrimination are: First, the Japanese are a colored race. Second, the Chinese were disliked before them. This dislike is applied to them because they are from the same part of the world, and because they are of the same color. Third, they are frequently charged with dishonesty and as being unreliable. Quite often this is because of misunderstandings through ignorance of the language. Then, like some Americans, part of them willfully break their contracts. This charge is not so common now as formerly. Fourth, the Jap has enough ambition to learn a trade and go in business for himself instead of being a laborer all his life. This brings him in competition with his former employer and thus in his disfavor. Fifth, they live apart from the whites in settlements of their own when it is

possible. We cannot blame them for this where they are not well acquainted with the language.

On the other hand, it can be said of them that they are intelligent and studious. They are cleanly in their habits, generous and industrious. Where other immigrants would have set up a saloon, they set up a book-store. That, as a rule, they are moral, temperate, and law-abiding cannot be denied. To erase the charges made against them and to keep down causes of further legislation they took the initiative in keeping out "picture brides."

In the meantime the politicians of California found that anti-Japanese legislation was popular and began to make hot speeches against them. The more ardent a supporter a politician was of such legislation, the more bills he introduced that would deprive them of equal privileges with others, the more popular he became. At first he used Great Britain for his theme, then the Chinese. But for about fifteen years the Japanese have been bearing the brunt of the attack from the office-seekers. Many of the leading newspapers of California bitterly denounce the practice although some uphold it.

The question of land ownership is one which has caused the politicians to introduce bills by the score and make scathing speeches up and down the state against the threatened "Yellow Peril." In 1912 there were only three hundred and thirty-one farms owned by Japanese and two hundred and eighteen town lots, in all California. In other words, they held about 12,726 acres out of over 11,000,000 acres of improved land, or about one acre in every eight thousand. In order to keep it from becoming a peril, or menace, certain legislation was passed in 1913. It prohibits land ownership by Japanese. It prohibits the acquisition of real property by American born Japanese minors under the guardianship of their parents. (Children born here are

American citizens.) It deprives the parents of their natural right to be the guardians of their minor sons or daughters who own land, provides for the escheating to the state of real property upon certain presumptions, and prohibits Japanese from taking any interest in any company or corporation that own real property. It seems, however, that the law was not or could not be enforced as some thought it should be. So within the last few months the law, with an additional clause prohibiting leasing by Japanese, was passed again.

Thus far we have seen the character of the legislation that has been launched against the Japanese and some reasons why it was launched. It is now necessary that we understand how the Japanese government views this discriminatory legislation. It is no longer a question of labor immigration to the United States. Japan has kept her part of the Gentlemen's Agreement with all fidelity—at least she claims as much. The number of laborers going out annually now is greater than the number coming in. However, the continual introduction of measures into Congress barring immigrants of the Orient has hurt their pride. The real question of the hour is our treatment of the citizens of the Imperial Government who are here. They do not object to any measure that affects all immigrants alike. But measures that are aimed at the Japanese alone are considered by them as wholly unjust. Since immigration, by the Gentlemen's Agreement, has been cut off, at least to a large extent, they ask that those who are here be granted equal rights with other aliens. So sure are they that they are in the right that their national pride has been deeply wounded by the recurring measures against them. That antipathy should spring out of such friction was inevitable. The Japanese feel the thrust too keenly for them to pass it over. To them it is degradation in the sight of the whole world. Their progress in education, science, and gov-

ernment has placed them alongside the great powers of the world. In their ambition they have risen above the other Mongolian races, and hold themselves as a people superior to them and equal to the white race. Where their national honor is at stake, it is not to be supposed that they will not fight to uphold it. To the Japanese mind it is not so much that they might be whipped that would count, but that their cause, should it ever be necessary to fight, would be a just one.

A great many people look on Japan as the Germany of the East. Some think, since both Canada and Australia have laws stricter than ours regarding immigration, that Japan is making the immigration question and the treatment of her citizens here a screen behind which to carry out her plans in Asia. However, it is quite natural that any action taken against her by a country of the rank of the United States would be taken much more seriously, and, if any reflection was made, the reproach would be felt much more keenly than it would if it were from Australia or Canada. She is a military nation, and her dense population demands an outlet. But as to whether or not she will try any aggressive movements as Germany has done, is yet to be seen. Since Japan has joined the League of Nations, it seems that such a project would be suicide for her now.

One can now appreciate the position of the government of Japan as well as our own. What we shall do to bind together or separate our governments depends upon the settlement of this question. Japan was once America's most trusted friend. And as we look on her people crowded almost to the limit, we cannot but sympathize with them. Since we have only thirty-one persons to the square mile, we can hardly conceive of three hundred and fifty-six persons living on the same area. We do not blame her for seeking an outlet. And we admire her for stopping immigration to this country, as

badly as her citizens desire to come. We readily perceive that her national honor is involved by the treatment accorded her citizens in other countries, and we easily understand why she watches over them with jealous care. Our own country does the same. Then let us with the spirit of a free people, with the attitude of justice that has always characterized the citizens of the American Republic, do what we can to bring about an amicable settlement of the problem that now confronts us.

In conclusion, I quote from ex-President Roosevelt:

"This country should feel for Japan a peculiar admiration and respect, and one of the cardinal principles of our foreign policy should be to secure and retain her friendship, respect, and good-will. There is not the slightest real or necessary conflict of interest between the United States and Japan in the Pacific; her interest is in Asia, ours in America; neither has any desire nor excuse for acquiring territory in the other continent. Japan is playing a great part in the civilized world; a good understanding between her and the United States is essential to international progress, and it is a grave offense against the United States for any man, by word or deed, to jeopardize this good understanding."

The case has been put in a nutshell in Viscount Ishii's eloquent and appealing address at Fair Haven, Mass., on July 4, which he closed with these words:

"We trust you, we love you, and, if you will let us we will walk at your side in loyal good-fellowship down all the coming years."

All good Americans should act towards Japan in precisely the spirit shown toward America by this able and eloquent Japanese statesman.

DREAMLAND

R. C. BROWN, '21

I know a world called dreamland
With its fairy-guarded realms of blue,
Where would-be things of dreamers
Are the only things that are true.

'Tis a land of mystic beauty
Of dream-haunted woodland and vale,
Where summer time ever lingers
With the spell of a fairy tale.

None in its realms know sadness,
Not even so much as a care,
For the goddess of dreams placed Gladness
To live forever there.

Shall we go to that land called dreamland,
Where none who enter e'er sigh?
Its wonders are myriad for dreamers—
Shall we go there, you and I?

THE CHANGED ASPECT OF MODERN BUSINESS

LEX MARSH, JR., '21

We have a habit of speaking of the present as a time of transition; as the end of the old and the beginning of the new. In a certain sense every period is a period of transition. Social forces are always in motion, sometimes swiftly and sometimes slowly. It is manifest that the former obtains now; that at present we are progressing by leaps and bounds in practically every field of human endeavor. It follows then that changes, radical changes, even revolutions, are constantly taking place in this age of progress.

Not the least pronounced of these has been the change which has swept over modern business in its various aspects. Besides many important changes in business organization, policies, and relations, and others too numerous to mention, two outstanding tendencies, somewhat related, are noticeable. They are the application of science to business, and the professionalization of business.

In regard to the first of these tendencies we may say that although business may not yet be a science, it is rapidly becoming scientific. Scientific investigation and research are all the while giving the business man known facts by which he may be guided in the conduct of his business. When he uses scientific methods he takes account of all his known forces so as to reveal the bearing of every step in the process upon the final result. Thus he tries at every stage to build upon a sure foundation.

In so far as certain business enterprises have rested on such sciences as engineering and chemistry, a scientific method of approach has long been in use in business. But the scientist in business has been the hired expert, a man apart from the

management. We are now realizing that scientific method is the only sure approach to all problems; that it is of universal application, and should not be confined to the technical department of business, but may have its widest application in working out the problems of management.

Probably the greatest force making for a scientific approach to business is the realization that our resources, great as they may be, are subject to depletion. As long as resources could be had for the asking there was not the proper incentive to do things in a scientific way. But now it is realized that we need to practice economy in turning resources into finished products, and to eliminate waste in the distribution and consumption of these goods.

One result of scientific investigation has been a lessening of hostility between rival concerns. They have learned that it is not necessary to be always fighting each other in order to prosper. As one prominent business executive put it, it would seem that an established economic law is being abrogated. Writing in a recent number of a periodical, he says:

"Not so many years ago every man, when his business grew, hoped fervently that he might live to achieve a monopoly. . . . This monopoly idea grew out of the dicta of those economists who seem to regard markets as static and who cannot understand that . . . an increase or a decrease in the buying ability depends upon a greater or a less supply of wealth, or upon the lowering or the raising of commodity prices. . . ."

"We have now discovered otherwise, possibly through necessity; but anyhow it has been brought home very powerfully to me that a great business must diligently guard itself against becoming anything in the nature of a monopoly and that it is of the very highest importance to preserve not only competition in the general market, but also competition within the parts of a corporation itself."

A final influence making for the extension of science in business is the changed viewpoint from which our universities are educating men for business. Prior to the twentieth century college education for business in the few institutions that attempted such was confined to certain branches of economics, bookkeeping or accounting, and business law. At best there was little attempt at professional training of the kind given to prospective lawyers or doctors.

Within the past few years a number of American universities have undertaken to develop a curriculum which affords professional training for business. The result of this has been that through research by both teachers and students important scientific results are being contributed. In fact, within recent years an entirely new relationship between business and education has been created, and now business demands men with the qualities of mind which it is the work of the college and university to cultivate.

Regarding the second tendency enumerated, namely, that of the professionalization of business, we may say that it is hard, if not impossible, to draw a definite line of demarcation in distinguishing between a profession and other occupations. It has been suggested, however, that there are two peculiar characteristics of a profession. In the first place, a profession is an occupation for which the preliminary training is intellectual in character, involving learning as distinguished from mere skill. Then it is an occupation in which the measure of success is not the amount of financial return.

What has been said concerning the application of science to business and of the present status of business education might be repeated here to show that the first characteristic of a profession is found today in business. Needless to say, the business man of today must enter new fields of knowledge in order to achieve success.

And under these conditions, success in business must mean something besides mere money-making. Of course the able man will receive a larger income than one less able, but so does the able man in law or medicine. The demand for ability is so great that its price is high in every field of activity. However, the professions reject the amount of the financial return as the measure of success. As their test they select excellence of performance, and include advance in the particular profession and service to the community. These are the basis of all reputations in the professions.

To the business of today a similar test must be applied, although in business the earning of profit is more than incidental to success. It is an essential condition of success, and its absence itself means failure. But while loss means failure, profit alone does not necessarily mean success. In business, too, success must be sought in excellence of performance, and this manifests itself in the improvement of products, in perfect organization, in bettering the conditions of workingmen and promoting their happiness, and in countless other ways.

In the field of modern business, rich as it is in the opportunity for the exercise of man's finest mental and moral qualities, mere money-making cannot be regarded as the legitimate object. Neither can mere growth in power or influence. Real success in business may be found in achievements comparable with those of the artist or scientist. And the joys sought in business must be like their joys and not the vulgar satisfaction which is experienced in the acquisition of money, in the exercise of power, or in the pleasure of mere winning.

PERSPECTIVE

"161"

It was at an art exhibit. I was wrapt in contemplation of one of Ruben's vivid pastorals. It was a picture of a boy and his dog—a barefoot boy bending tenderly over his dog whose foot was injured. The expression on the boy's face was one of the most sympathetic that I had ever seen and, gazing upon it, I could but think of how our Savior must have looked at Calvary.

Suddenly a hand was laid on my arm and a husky voice spoke at my elbow, "Pretty poor windmill there; one of those sails is lots longer than the others."

Poor fellow! He didn't mean to be critical—he didn't mean that the picture was not a wonderful masterpiece; he had merely lost his perspective. Then, as I pointed out the foreground to him; the boy and his dog; the expressions, the tints, the wonderful symmetry and grace of the figures, I saw his face light up; a smile came—a smile of sympathy and understanding, an expression rather like the boy's in the picture, and I left him there sharing the compassion of the boy for his crippled dog.

And as I walked away I wondered if too many of us do not miss the finest and most beautiful things in life by losing our perspective; by looking into the background—into the distance—and picking out the petty, little faults and errors in our fellow men and in life itself; by judging the whole by a minute part; and by searching the face and not the heart.

IN WHICH HELEN STARS

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

John Wilton entered his office bright and early on the day before Christmas. His eye fell immediately upon a letter on his desk lying detached from the regular pile of mail. Except for a small black star in the upper left-hand corner, it resembled a self-respecting business letter. Ordinarily Wilton would not have been affected by such a trifle, but Christmas was very near, and with it a new existence for him. He opened rather nervously the disturbing missive and read the short message:

"If you value your life, don't marry Helen Frieland!"

He pondered a moment on the cryptic meaning and then took up the receiver. "Hello, Tom," he called, "I need some advice. Can you come over immediately?—Good!"

Thomas Carroll was Wilton's best friend, the two having been college chums. He entered the latter's office and found him pacing the floor.

"Why, what's wrong, old man?"

Wilton handed him the mysterious letter. "I have received one every morning since the papers announced my engagement last week. They all contain the same typewritten message, with the little black star for a signature. I've been ignoring them until today, when I began to wonder whether they are serious. Who in the world could have written them?"

Carroll, too, was puzzled. "I can't believe you have any desperate enemies," he meditated. "Perhaps Helen should be considered. She hasn't jilted anyone, has she?"

"No."

"Then I can't imagine who—look here, Jack, do you think Helen herself could have sent those letters?"

Wilton stared his surprise. "You—you think she is trying to shake me—that she—?" His eyes searched those of his friend.

"No, no," laughed Carroll, "but has she ever expressed any doubt about your love?" he persisted.

"Well," answered Wilton, reflectively, "she said in a rather joking way not long ago that she would really like to know how much I loved her."

"There you are!" exclaimed Carroll. "Was that before your engagement?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You see, Jack, Helen always was rather michievous. I know her—I used to carry her books to school. And now that she has a mortgage on you, she wants to satisfy her curiosity and have a little fun with you at the same time."

Wilton had somewhat relaxed his tension now. "I guess you're right," he admitted. "I have felt all along that Helen was uneasy about something. But what shall I do?"

"That's easy. Since she pretends to doubt your affection, why not give her a little cause for it? Turn the tables and arouse her jealousy. Let her see you with some other woman."

His friend was inclined to be skeptical. "I don't know, Tom," he said, slowly, "but perhaps you're right."

Carroll looked at his watch. "Well, I have an appointment now. You think it over, old man. If anything turns up, I'll let you know."

The day was one of December's best. Wilton dismissed the troublesome subject from his mind and cleared his desk. The telephone jangled noisily. "Yes?—Oh, is that you, Helen?—Sure, come on up about noon and we'll lunch together."

About eleven-thirty Jimmy, the office boy, announced a visitor. She stood hesitating in the doorway, a troubled expression on her face. A pair of lovely black eyes, now moist with tears, looked out over dark rings of suffering. "I am your brother David's widow," she said, advancing. Her voice grew tremulous. "He—he always told me to come to you—if—if I needed anything," she sobbed.

Memories of his beloved brother rushed into Wilton's mind. "Poor old Dave," he murmured. Suddenly he found her in his arms, her head on his breast. Perhaps he was moved by the spectacle of a woman in distress. What red-blooded man is not? Perhaps it was because David had been the black sheep in his family. He was spoiled when a child. He had gone west and married, and his death was still a mystery.

In the outer office Jimmy greeted Miss Frieland. They had become great friends, and he always admitted her when she came. She paused with bated breath on the threshold of the inner office. The couple within were oblivious. Fire kindled in her eye, but she turned noiselessly and started out. On the floor lay a letter, apparently just dropped. Instinctively she scooped it up and thrust it in her muff. She brushed past the astonished Jimmy with the warning, "Don't you dare tell Mr. Wilton I've been here!"

"Gee, whillikins!" ejaculated the youngster, when he had recovered, "I bet me bones sump'n's up."

Once out of the building, Helen examined the letter. It was addressed to Mr. John Wilton. Her attention was attracted to a small black star in the upper left-hand corner. Curiosity seized her and she tore it open.

Before she had recovered from her surprise at its contents a woman came out of the building. Helen recognized her as the one she had seen in Jack's office. She began to suspect a

connection between this woman and the mysterious letter, and determined to follow her. Their course led to a dilapidated lodging house in the suburbs. In a room on the third floor she heard the murmur of voices. Apparently, a woman was speaking to two men.

A few minutes of eavesdropping wrought a perceptible change in the girl's attitude. She barely stifled an exclamation, and her face showed angry surprise. She listened intently a little longer and then stole noiselessly to the street. In a telephone booth she called Carroll. "Hello, Tom—Helen speaking. I've something very important to tell you. Will you come over home as quickly as possible?—Thanks."

In the privacy of her father's study Helen unfolded her plan, which met ready acceptance in her friend. No sooner said than done. That afternoon a cordon of plain clothes men shadowed the old lodging house, noting all who entered or left it.

Mr. Thomas Carroll left the study with a confused brain. In all his comparatively versatile experience as a lawyer he had never been so completely deceived before. He thought things over and just after dinner hurried to see Wilton.

"Jack," he asked, anxiously, "have you done anything yet to make Helen jealous?"

"No. The fact is——"

"Good boy!" Carroll interrupted. "And it's a good thing you haven't. I've learned a lot about her in the last few hours."

The telephone cut short his explanation. Wilton took up the receiver: "John Wilton speaking—What!" he turned to Carroll, and his face showed a little alarm. "They hung up on me," he said. "But what the deuce can they want of me at police headquarters?"

"Come on—we'll go and see. I've a little business there myself."

John Wilton was the most astonished man in town when he entered the presence of the chief of police. His eye fell first upon his fiancée, then upon "brother David's widow." With her were two sinister-looking individuals who regarded him with a sneer. To these men the chief spoke, at a nod from Carroll: "Now tell us your story."

One of them, looking at Wilton, began: "When your old maid aunt died last summer my wife and brother here and I were employed in her household. Contrary to report she had made a will, which accidentally fell into our hands. By its provisions you and your brother David were each to get \$400,000, provided you were married by Christmas. My wife posed as David's widow and discovered that you knew nothing about the will. Then we figured that, since David's wife had mysteriously disappeared, if we could delay your marriage till after tomorrow, my wife would be in a fair way to get the whole fortune. The lawyer there has the will."

Wilton turned in surprise to Carroll, who smilingly produced the document. "Don't blame me," he laughed, in answer to the question in John's eyes, "it's Helen's fault."

"Be as easy as possible on them, chief," said Wilton, as the prisoners were led away. Then he turned to Helen. She had never seemed quite so bewitching as now. Her face was radiant, and her dark eyes moist and shining.

"Sweetheart, I—I—," he stammered, apologetically.

"Explanations are out of order!" she warned, placing a slender finger on his lips. "It was all very simple. I just picked up a black-starred letter dropped by the woman, followed her to the two men, and overheard their conversation."

"Who could help loving a girl like you!" he exclaimed. "About face! Tom," he commanded, and kissed her waiting lips. "Just for safety first," he suggested, "what say you to seeing a minister tonight?"

"Good!" she laughed, taking Carroll by the sleeve. "And we'll take our good friend Tom along as a witness."

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE SCHOOL

C. S. GREEN, '22

American public education is today facing a new variety of problems other than those growing out of public demands for the improvement and enrichment of the types of instruction already well established in the elementary school. These new problems are involved in the current social demands for forms of education not hitherto generally carried on in schools.

Of these new problems vocational education stands paramount. Every agency which tends toward the improvement of social conditions today voices the demand for better vocational education. The earnestness and magnitude of the public demand for genuine training for vocational usefulness greatly resembles the popular demand for free public schools for the teaching of all the people which manifested itself in civilized countries in the hundred years between 1750 and 1850. With such a coöperative movement as developed then vocational education will soon be part of the curriculum in every well-balanced public school.

Snedden says, "It is life which trains men—life abounding in deeds and thoughts, among men and things. Wherever there is vital interaction between a mind and its world there is real education." Educative power is, thus, broadly distributed. The social institutions of the community are its centers of influence. Together these social centers bear the total work of training men.

But the influences of these institutions vary with years and society tends to shift the heaviest burden from one institution to another and in all these variations of influences one fact stands out clearly: As the agencies for incidental and informal education become incapable of training men for their

complex environment, society, becoming increasingly self-conscious, gathers up the neglected functions and assigns them to the school, the one institution entirely under its control.

Just now the shifting of vocational education from the field of industry to the school is the crucial problem of our school organization. This new vocational training demands that our schools be practical rather than dominantly cultured in their aims, as they have always been. And then the old education dealt with a common stock of facts, habits and ideals necessary to all men; the newer type of training which is to supplement this traditional culture is as variable and as specialized as men's occupations.

Considering the entire educative process from the standpoint of the various ends and purposes, which may be kept in view in selecting and appraising means and methods, "all ordinary education readily lends itself to a fourfold division. (a) There is the kind of education whose chief aim is to produce and preserve bodily efficiency, such as health, strength and working power. This we may call physical education. (b) Next is the kind of education whose chief aim is to promote the capacity to earn a living, or, expressed in more social terms, the capacity to do one's share of the productive work of the world. This education may be designated as 'vocational.' (c) A third form of education is that designed primarily to fit the individual to live among his fellows. (d) There is, furthermore, the kind of education that aims to develop intellectual and aesthetic capacities, apart from any practical use to which these may be put. This education we term 'cultural.' The two last divisions, which contribute respectively to the improvement of social life and to the development of personal culture, are designated generally as 'liberal education.'" But we are to deal only with the second form, "vocational education."

In vocational education the choice of materials and methods is primarily determined by the necessities of some of the numerous callings or groups of related callings into which the workers of the world have divided themselves. That vocational education which is specialized to the preparation of lawyers, physicians, and teachers, we call professional; that which is designed to train the bookkeeper, clerk, stenographer, or commercial traveler, we call commercial; that which is organized with reference to the needs of the bricklayer, machinist, shoemaker, metal-worker, factory hand, and the higher manufacturing pursuits, we call industrial education; that which conveys skill and knowledge looking to the tillage of the soil and the management of domestic animals, we call agricultural; and that which teaches the girl dressmaking, cooking and management of the home, we call education in the household arts. Vocational education, then, has always existed in a more or less unorganized form and rested largely on native instincts and capacities. All through the ages man has been dependent upon some form of apprenticeship for training in his life's work. So we see that from the standpoint of social necessity vocational education given by some agency is indispensable.

In all civilized countries there is abroad a growing conviction that we need more efficient and better organized vocational education. If this conviction is well founded it rests upon one or both of two conditions: Either the older agencies—the home, the shop, and the other forms of participation in productive industry—have lost their efficiency; or else the demands of modern life are changing, and imposing requirements which can be no longer met by these agencies.

The evidence that the old agencies of vocational education are no longer sufficient, could be multiplied. There can be little doubt that, in the process of social evolution, the time has arrived when vocational education must be conferred by

institutions especially devoted to this end. And these institutions must be schools. They must be specially organized for the purpose of this education, and they must select their courses and methods and teaching staff with this end in view. In other words, the period when vocational education must, of necessity, be carried on under school conditions has arrived, so far as the majority of callings are concerned, as it arrived decades ago in the matter of professional education, which is only one division of vocational education.

The question is sometimes asked: Should the State support schools for vocational education? It is a significant fact that liberal education attained its profoundest development under the auspices of the State. As long as society in its corporate capacity refused to interfere in this field liberal education was a matter for the select few. But the State found that its future welfare demanded a guarantee of the opportunities of a liberal education to all. Hence, evolved the public school system which has grown, with the coöperation of the State, from its early beginnings in America into the magnificent institutions of today. But the modern State has followed with some exceptions if anything an opposite policy. Some steps have been taken by the State in the organization of higher agricultural and engineering schools, professional and normal training schools, but in most respects America and Great Britain have only grudgingly recognized any obligation on the part of the State to lend its aid to a development of vocational education, as it does to that of other forms.

Vocational education under school conditions presents a wide range of difficulties, many of which grow out of the peculiar pedagogy of the subject. It is well known that in vocational education, as carried on in the home and the shop, the strong feature is still to be found on the practical side; that is, most of what the student learns, he learns by actual participation.

In the study and practice which contribute to vocational efficiency, we may distinguish three aspects, each involving distinct pedagogical characteristics and special problems of administration. The first group of studies and practices may be called the concrete, specific, or practical; the second group, the technical; and the third, the general vocational studies.

In existing schools where a complete vocational education is carried on, these three aspects are already found. And we note that, historically, the institutions which in the past gave vocational education were especially strong in the practical or concrete aspect of their subject, and weak in the more abstract phases. The home, farm and shop have always provided an abundance of practical tasks and examples whereby boys and girls are taught simple vocational arts. On the other hand, the school has often been well equipped to give readily many of the theoretic or more bookish phases of vocational preparation. Many types of complete vocational education have involved the coöperation of these two agencies.

Experience already demonstrates that vocational education will prove to be expensive. Where past-time schemes do not succeed, the equipment of the independent schools will prove costly. But those who are interested in the expansion of vocational education must tend constantly to interpret it as a productive and justifiable form of social investment. It must be pointed out that already the American public expends upon a number of relatively unproductive lines of activity vastly greater sums than are expended for education.

In conclusion, let me note again that the demand for vocational education under school conditions is a widespread one and is rooted in the social and economic changes of the age. Rightly organized vocational education will prove a profitable investment for society. The pedagogy of this education will differ widely from that evolved for liberal education and especially in respect to making practice, or participation in

productive work a fundamental element. "Vocational education must be so conducted as to contribute to the making of the citizen, as well as the worker. In the course of the development of a progressive social economy, we may expect it to be made obligatory upon every individual to acquire a certain amount of vocational education, just as the present tendency of legislation is to prevent any one from remaining illiterate." Vocational education is not in conflict with liberal education, but it is a supplemental form, and may be expected to reinforce it.

HAPPINESS

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

On a mountain's crest a Joy was born,
In the valley below, a Care;
The one was kissed by the sun at morn,
The other by shadowed air.
Without the mountain no valley could be,
Without the vale, no hill;
Without the Care no good can live,
Without the Joy, no ill.

The summers came, and smiled, and fled;
The winters frowned between;
And Joy grew up as a frivolous maid,
On the breast of the lofty green.
Below, in the cool gray dews of dawn,
And the twilight murky and dank,
Was nourished the Care—a sorrowful lad—
Whose pages of pleasure were blank.

The frolicsome maid with a curious step,
At length penetrated the vale,
And the care-free girl with the joyless boy,
Lived again in the world's old tale.
Her sunshine melted his clouds of gloom,
Then down fell a shower of cheer;
In regions immortal as nectar 'tis known,
But we call it Happiness here.

MR. BUTTERNICK CURES INSOMNIA

GAY G. WHITAKER, '24

Mr. John Butternick, of Dunborough, had a fit of sleeplessness one night recently, and after vainly trying to lose himself in slumber, he happened to remember that he once read in an almanac that a man might put himself to sleep by imagining he could see a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and by counting them as they jumped.

At last he determined to try this experiment. Then closing his eyes, he fancied the sheep jumping, and began to count. He had reached his hundred and thirty-seventh sheep, and was almost confident this scheme would work, when Mrs. Butternick suddenly said:

"John."

"Oh, what?"

"I believe that old black hen wants to set."

"Oh, for mercy sake, don't bother me with such nonsense. Do keep quiet and go to sleep."

Then Butternick started the sheep over the fence again and commenced to count. He had seen only forty-six over when Mrs. Butternick broke the silence again:

"John," she began, "shall I wear that blue dress to the big Ivey fair?"

"Wear what you please, and let that blue dress go to thunder," returned Butternick, "I want to sleep."

He thought of the old proverb: "Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," and then he started his imaginary sheep again. He got up to one hundred and twenty, and was feeling as if he would drop off at any moment; then, just as his hundred and twenty-first sheep was about to jump that fence, one of the twins began to cry.

"Hang that child!" he shouted at Mrs. Butternick. "Why can't you tend to it and put it to sleep? Hush up, you little imp, or I'll spank you!"

When Mrs. Butternick had quieted it, John, although a little nervous and excited, concluded to try it again. Turning to his jumping mutton, he began.

Only sixty-eight sheep had slid over the fence when his mother-in-law knocked at the door, saying: "You didn't close the shutters and I'm sure I heard a burglar. I can't sleep a wink until you go down and see."

Butternick rose in wrath and went down to see about the noise. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned he resolved that Mrs. Butternick's mother would leave the house for good in the morning, or he himself would leave.

However, he thought he might as well give the almanac plan another trial, and setting the sheep in motion he began his counting. This time he reached two hundred and thirteen, and probably would have got to sleep before the three hundred sheep jumped, had it not been for Buckner's new dog in the next yard that suddenly became homesick, and began to express his feelings in a series of prolonged howls.

John Butternick was indignant. Forgetting the sheep, he leaped from the bed, and began to bombard Buckner's new dog with shoes, boots, books, and everything he could find loose in the room. He hit the animal at last, after which the dog thought it best to retreat to the stable and think about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous to return to those sheep again, but he determined to give the almanac man one more chance. Accordingly, as they began to jump the fence, he began to count, and after seeing the ninety-sixth safely over he was beginning to glide gently into dreamland, when Mrs. Butternick rolled out of bed and fell on the floor with such violence that

she waked the twins and started them crying, while Butternick's mother-in-law came down stairs, four steps at a time, exclaiming: "John, John, did you hear that earthquake?"

The situation was too awful for words. Butternick regarded it for a minute with speechless indignation and then, seizing a pillow, went over to the sofa in the back sitting-room and lay down on the lounge.

He fell asleep in five minutes without the assistance of any man's almanac theories, but he dreamed all night that he was being butted around the equator by a Montana ram. He awoke in the morning with a terrible headache, and a sincere conviction that sheep will do for wool and mutton, but not worth a "blame" as a narcotic.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

**Work
Again!**

Back once more for another term's work at old Wake Forest! We hope that the brief Christmas vacation has been the merriest one ever experienced. This wish is probably true if, indeed, we can rely upon general conversation and campus gossip to express the sentiments of the student body. At least there is no one now suffering because of over-work on text-books or because of a needed change of diet. A few weeks, however,

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and the joyous holidays will be only a pleasant dream, lost in the thronging duties and responsibilities of the year's most strenuous season. For the following months of steady grinding will be tedious indeed. Many of us, by our visit home, have been brought to realize that our presence here has entailed some sacrifice. The present decline in prices, particularly of raw material—called by the more pessimistic a "panic"—has had its evil effects upon us all. These conditions should make us appreciate our responsibility as students all the more and encourage us to make the best use of our time. The sooner we can make the transition from the happy-go-lucky spendthrift life of the past to the more serious and economical life of the present, the better it will be for us all. The coming term offers plenty of work for everybody in all phases of collegiate life. No doubt we have in abundance our proverbial New Year resolutions. Let us hope that they will not be so quickly forgotten.

Intercollegiate Preliminary.

The intercollegiate debate preliminary which will take place some time during the latter part of February offers to nine students probably the most coveted positions of honor this institution confers. Our forensic program for this year is heavy and our opponents are strong. Against them we should align the very ablest men in school. The selection of the best speakers through the preliminaries seems to be the only logical method. We sincerely hope that no one who feels he can speak will hesitate to make an effort to do his utmost for his Alma Mater. If you feel that you have been unsuccessful in the past because of hard luck do not let your misfortune grow into a despicable self pity and prevent your trying again.

Bores
Boring
Boredom.

We frequently hear those who have finished their college career and are well advanced along the journey of life express, with a sigh, their sorrow at having wasted so much time during their school days. The truth of our elders' statement we do not doubt—but we cannot appreciate its sad significance until we, under the strain and stress of life, suffer from the lack of more thorough preparation. Whether the fact that Wake Forest College students as a whole are not prone to squander their time "down town" or away from the hill is due to their own good qualities or to our location we are unable to ascertain. It is quite safe to say, however, far more time is wasted in the rooms while we are pretending to work than is at first apparent. This fact is due primarily to the general tendency of students to "cuss and discuss" (the more appropriate slang term is censored from the vocabulary of the elite) everything in general.

We are told that a bore is a "tiresome, wearying person, particularly one who persistently harps on one subject, in or out of season, whatever interest his audience may take in it." The appellation is merely a metaphorical use of the word "bore," to pierce. Our very best friends may bore us infinitely without even the loss of friendship and altogether at the expense of books. This, nevertheless, is harmful since our class work necessarily stands paramount, even if it is only one among the many blessings of college life. The friendly spirit of fellowship and brotherhood at Wake Forest is far-famed. We are proud of it. However, as we go from room to room to enjoy the "associations of college mates" it would be well for us to remember that "we may forgive those who bore us, we cannot forgive those whom we bore." And even though our work may not be heavy probably our companion has something important on hand, which, because it is irksome, might be neglected on our account. Prove the real

worth of friendship by observing deference to his obligations as well as your own.

To the chronic bores, of whom we are by no means free, there is little comfort in the application of the old Latin proverb, *dictum sapienti sat est*. It may be well, however, for their benefit to quote these lines:

Again I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

At a meeting of the Baptist State Convention last fall, the suggestion was made that a summer school be established at Wake Forest in connection with the regular college work. A committee, consisting of President Poteat and Professors Reid and Hunter, was appointed to investigate the matter and submit plans to the College Board of Trustees. The summer courses are expected to be beneficial especially to future secondary school teachers of North Carolina. The work will count toward the regular degrees. It may also be valuable to high school students who are deficient in units. The State Board of Education will possibly aid the movement for a summer school, which, it is hoped, will be open for students next summer.

On the first of December Rev. Trela D. Collins, of Louisville, now secretary of the Wake Forest Alumni Association, moved with his family to Wake Forest, where they make their home.

At a meeting of the football letter men in December, Fitzhugh Lee Fulton, of Wilmington, N. C., was unanimously elected captain of the 1921 squad, succeeding H. A. Rabenhorst, who graduates this spring. C. W. Weathers, of Raleigh, N. C., is manager for next year. For the past three years "Sol" Fulton has been a varsity backfield man, playing a fast and consistent game. He and Coach White are putting their heads together for a winning team.

The Freshmen won their annual football game with the Sophomores by the score of 13 to 6. They also won the class championship in basketball, but finally met defeat at the hands of the Law team, department champions. The lawyers, in their turn, surrendered to the Wake Forest All-Stars. It was a treat to see Bill Holding, Phil Utley and Coach White in action.

On November 21 Dr. Clarence D. Graves offered his resignation as pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist church, effective January 1. Since he had already arranged to take a Georgia pastorate his resignation was accepted. Dr. Graves succeeded Dr. W. N. Johnson in August of 1916, and has worked faithfully during a trying time of the church's history. The blessings of his congregation follow him to his new field.

The fifth annual State High School Declamation Contest will be held here on March 18th, the day after the preliminaries. Every accredited high school is invited to send a representative. The event this year promises to be the best yet.

The Wake Forest football schedule for 1921 indicates several interesting gridiron struggles. Arrangements for several games are not yet complete, however. A three-year agreement with Trinity for Armistice Day games, probably at Raleigh, is pending. The schedule is as follows: September 24th, Georgia Tech at Atlanta; October games, 1st, Carolina at Chapel Hill; 8th, V. M. I. at Lexington; 15th, Davidson at Charlotte; 22d, Furman at Greenville; 29th, U. S. C. at Wake Forest (pending); November 5th, Richmond at Richmond; 11th, Trinity at Raleigh; 24th, N. C. State at Raleigh.

On December 11th Mrs. Emeline Pankhurst, the noted English suffragist, spoke to a large audience in Wingate Memorial Hall. Her subject was "The Woman Voter versus Bolshevism." She warned her hearers especially against the menacing spread of Bolshevism. For the past year Mrs. Pankhurst has been in the United States and Canada. She has a home in Vancouver, where she will spend half her time in the future.

In October the literary societies inaugurated a system of monthly cash prizes amounting to six dollars, for the best essay, short story and poem in each issue of THE STUDENT. The essay prize for November went to R. S. Averitt, whose subject was Edgar Allan Poe. Since that was a memorial issue, no other student contributions were published. For December, prizes were awarded the following men: Essay, "Edgar A. Guest," C. S. Green; story, "Warren Henderson," D. T. Hurley; poem, "My Goal," A. R. Whitehurst.

Lieutenant Willard Vann, M.C., U. S. N., addressed the Medical Society in November on the subject of "Experiences in the Dominican Republic." His personal experiences were very interesting to the society. Lieutenant Vann graduated here in 1915, and is at present in charge of the Santiago Field Hospital. He was here visiting his relatives.

√ About forty soldiers and sailors, besides many members of the fair sex, attended the Ex-Service Men's Banquet at Forest Inn on Armistice Day. The chief speakers were Dr. W. L. Poteat, Dr. Phillips and Professor Gosnell. The event was decidedly a success and will probably be repeated next year.

The joint social given on November 12th by the B. Y. P. U., Y. M. C. A. and student body Sunday school classes was a pleasant occasion. The chief item of interest was an old-fashioned spelling bee. The spacious basement of the church, recently completed, was tastefully decorated, and ice cream and cake were served by the young ladies.

On November 29th the Devereux Players, of New York, gave two performances here, both of a very high class of acting. A triple bill was presented in the afternoon. The evening performance was "Her Husband's Wife," a three-act comedy by A. E. Thomas. The audience was especially pleased with the splendid work of Mr. Devereux, Mr. Forde and Miss Zinita Graf.

Manager C. P. Harris announces the 1921 basketball schedule, as follows: January games, 11th, Durham Y here; 15th, Durham Y, Durham; (13th-19th) U. S. C. here (pending); 22d, Wilson Y, Wilson; 29th, Trinity, Raleigh; 31st, Lenoir, here; February games, 4th, Guilford, at Guilford; 5th, Elon at Elon; 10th, Guilford, here; 12th, N. C. State, here; 14th, Richmond, at Richmond; 16th, Virginia, at Charlottesville; 17th, W. and Lee, at Lexington; 18th, Hampden-Sidney, at Farmville (pending); 19th, V. P. I., Blacksburg; March 2d, Davidson, here; 5th, N. C. State, Raleigh.

On December 8th Mrs. E. T. Crittenden entertained the Political Science Club at her home on Faculty Avenue. A five-course dinner was followed by a smoker and conversation. It was a rare treat for the members.

Dr. W. L. Poteat is kept busy filling lecture engagements in this and other states. Between November 23d and De-

ember 9th he spoke in Durham, Asheville, Raleigh, Fayetteville and Kissimee, Florida. He was the guest of honor and the principal speaker at the Philosophy Club banquet, held December 14th at the club house on the golf links. Dr. Poteat delighted the members with reminiscences of his student days, and ended by giving them a glimpse of some big things that are in store for the College.

The Glee Club and orchestra gave a performance here on November 30th, after a very successful trip through eastern North Carolina and Virginia. It was their first appearance in Petersburg, where they were heard by an enthusiastic audience numbering nearly a thousand. Of the concert here we quote the following: "From the singing of 'Alma Mater,' the opening selection of the program, to the closing one, 'Dixie,' the Wake Forest College Glee Club and orchestra furnished one hour and a half of crowded joy to the large audience in Memorial Hall."—*Old Gold and Black*.

The Supreme Court class has been working hard to prepare for the examination for law license January 31st. Twenty-four men expect to be permitted to hang out their shingles after that date.

The All-State football line-up includes two Wake Forest men: Heckman, left end, and Wall, right guard. Rabenhorst, Johnston, Moss Fulton, and Jennette received special mention.

The Y. M. C. A. had the pleasure of hearing Dr. T. W. O'Kelley, of Raleigh, on November 29th. His main thought was that a man's success depends upon whether he has a goal and a determination to reach it. Two weeks later the organization was addressed by Prof. R. B. White.

The Debate Council announces the following debates for the spring term: Davidson College at Raleigh, N. C., on April 1 (date pending); Mercer University, Macon, Ga., on April 21; Baylor University at Chattanooga, Tenn., on the evening before the opening date of the Southern Baptist Convention, in May. The query for Anniversary, Intercollegiate preliminary and for the Mercer debate is, "*Resolved, That the principle of the closed shop should obtain in American industry.*" Queries for the Davidson and Baylor debates are to be submitted by them and have not yet been received. In addition to the debate, Wake Forest will play two baseball games with Mercer University at Macon on April 21 and 22, respectively. Therefore, the first game will be played on the day of the debate.

The faculty editor announces that the prize-winning contributions of this issue are: "His Packard Four," "The Japanese Question," "Vocational Education," and "Happiness."

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor.*

The alumni of Durham are to be congratulated on the recent move which they have made. At the request of some of their number Dr. W. L. Poteat, Secretary T. D. Collins, Professors H. T. Hunter and A. C. Reid, and Mr. George R. Sherrill met them at a banquet given at the Malbourne Hotel in the city of Durham on the evening of November 23d. The purpose of the meeting was the organization of a local alumni association. Preceding the organization speeches were delivered by three of the representatives from the College. Dr. Poteat addressed the meeting on "The Expansion and Enlarged Program of the College." Mr. Sherrill, as representative from the student body, spoke on "The Spirit of the Students." Mr. Collins discussed some of the plans put in use by some of the associations and told also of plans being promulgated for the organization of the alumni throughout the State.

The Durham members then proceeded with the organization. Officers were elected and an executive committee appointed to raise the quota of the annual budget. The names of the officers and committee members will be published in a subsequent issue of *THE STUDENT*, when we purpose to give also some report of other local organizations recently completed. A notable fact in connection with this organization at Durham is that at this first meeting the members pledged \$500 to the Athletic Association. We commend them highly for the noble spirit of loyalty that exists among them.

At the recent meeting of the Teachers' Assembly in Asheville Wake Forest alumni who hold various position in the

State school work were present in large numbers. They took occasion while in the city to have a meeting all their own and so held a banquet at the Langren Hotel on the evening of November 25th. President W. L. Poteat acted as toastmaster.

"It developed during the evening that it had been officially determined during the recent educational survey in North Carolina that, with the exception of the State University, Wake Forest has more of its men in the public school work in the State than any other institution," is a statement which appeared in the *Asheville Citizen*. That the principal topic of discussion at this meeting was how Wake Forest can best meet the present needs of the State as regards the educational crisis, is an indication that her service in that direction is surely to be yet more extended. Professor H. T. Hunter was called on to make a statement of the needs as he saw them, and following his talk Professor A. C. Reid made a plea for the adoption of the motto, "Service to the people of North Carolina." Professor J. H. Highsmith, who, though not an alumnus, was formerly connected with the College, spoke of the need of linking up the College with the public school system of the State.

Those present at the banquet included three college presidents: W. L. Poteat, M.A. '89, of Wake Forest College; Chas. E. Brewer, M.A. '86, of Meredith College, and R. L. Moore, B.A. '92, of Mars Hill College; two college professors, A. C. Reid, M.A. '18, and H. T. Hunter, B.A. '12, both of Wake Forest College, and George W. Coggin, B.A. '14, State Supervisor of trade and industrial education, and W. F. Powell, B.A. '99, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Asheville. There were also five county superintendents, six city and town superintendents, twelve principals of graded and high schools and others too numerous to mention here.

Dr. Leonard G. Broughton, '84, for a number of years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Knoxville, Tennessee, is now pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church in Richmond, Virginia.

In the death of C. T. Bailey, B.S. '89, the College has lost a loyal supporter. Mr. Bailey suffered a fall in which he broke his shoulder, and several days later developed pneumonia which caused his death. He was well known throughout the State, having been prominent as a newspaper man, postmaster of the city of Raleigh for a number of years, and an active member of the Republican Party.

Lieut.-Col. O. H. Dockery, U. S. Army, B.A. '92, is now connected with the recruiting station at Seattle, Wash. He was the officer in charge of the American athletes on their recent trip to Europe for the Olympic Games at Antwerp.

M. W. Carmon, '71-'74, for many years prosperous farmer in the neighborhood of New Bern, is now a resident of that city.

R. L. Paschal, B.A. '91, principal of the Fort Worth (Tex.) high school, has organized for the Knights of Columbus a night school for ex-service men. He has already enrolled more than five hundred students.

H. C. Dockery, B.A. '09, of the firm of Morrison & Dockery, of Charlotte, is doing well in his business. Now that his partner has been elected Governor he will be left alone in his office.

Rev. A. Browne Cannady, M.A. '98, is pastor of the Baptist Church at New Smyrna, Fla.

Professor Charles M. Heck, B.A. '00, head of the Physics Department of N. C. State College of Agriculture and Engineering, is interesting himself in the religious work of that institution. He directed a movement to organize the students of the colleges of the State for relief work in China during the Christmas holidays. He visited Wake Forest in the interest of that movement on December 15th.

Dr. J. L. White, M.A. '86, holds a position of leadership among the Baptists of Florida. He is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Miami.

Dr. H. M. Poteat, B.A. '06, has a book now passing through the press on "Practical Hymnology."

Dr. H. S. Geiger, '09, who took his preliminary medical training in Wake Forest College, is now practicing medicine in Kissimee, Fla.

Rev. Gorden Poteat, M.A. '11, who with his family has been spending some months in this country, has returned to China, where he will be Professor of the New Testament in a Baptist College. He has written the biography of the late Dr. John Anderson, who lost his life by accident in China.

Rev. F. D. King, B.A. '08, continues to be the successful pastor of the Baptist church in Fort Myers, Fla.

Rev. T. C. Britton, M.A. '86, of Soochow, China, is on his furlough in this country. After his recent visit to Wake Forest he went to Richmond for the remainder of his rest period.

Dr. C. S. Farriss, B.A. '80, Professor of Greek in John B. Stetson University, Deland, Fla., presented to the late Florida Baptist State Convention the report on Christian Education.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

The October-November issue of the *Trinity Archive* is fully up to the *Archive* standard. All the departments are splendidly developed and the only possible criticism might be of the Editorial Department. The editorials seem to lack depth and thought. The story, "The Locket," though a little long, is very enjoyable and well worth reading. We can readily see in it the qualities of a prize-winning story. The sketch, "History of the Tobacco Industry in Durham," is quite interesting and "The Negro Problem" shows quite a bit of thought. The poems are above the average college poetry. "To A Fallen Leaf" is especially fine. We congratulate the staff of the *Archive* on presenting such a creditable initial issue.

The October and November issues of the *Richmond College Messenger* are both splendid numbers. In the October issue, "Men Wanted," is well written and conveys a splendid idea. "Pals" is developed with good thought and "Mother" gives a real picture of the poet's appreciation of true love. "A Crush for a Crush" is very interesting. The sketches, "Patres Collegi" and the story, "The Auburn Leopardess," are the most prominent features of the November issue. *The Messenger* is always well-developed and a much enjoyed magazine.

The Columbia Criterion — September-October issue — is splendidly gotten up. All departments are well written. "Mary's Fall" is a very enjoyable little story. "My Mistaken Identity" relates a rather interesting experience.

The initial number of the *Pine and Thistle* is commendable in all its features. "Unfortunate Mr. Burgess" has a rather odd plot but is well developed. The verses, "Autumn," are good. The essay, "A Group of Hoosier Writers," is especially fine, and shows splendid study.

The Coker Bashaba presents a splendid magazine for November. "At Dame Fashion's Court," "My Impressions of the South," and "My Boyhood Home," are all very interesting. The essay on "Mark Twain" is well written.

"The Lyre of Catullus" occupies the most conspicuous position in the November *Randolph-Macon Tattler* and fully deserves all prominence given it. The verses are splendidly written and very pleasing to read. "Priceless Possession" is decidedly the best story of the month. The department, "Daisy Ashford's Corner," is very unique.

The College of Charleston Magazine—November issues—contains two poems, two stories, and an essay. The essay, "The Workshop of America," is the main feature of the magazine. The stories are both good, but "Crazy Yin" is especially well developed—from a splendid plot. The verses, "Remorse" and "A Lover's Despair," have practically the same thought and are both creditably written.

"Autumn Leaves"—a few verses of rare poetry—introduces the second issue of *The Acorn* to its always interested readers. The essay, "Thomas Mott Osborne," is splendidly developed and quite a credit to the writer. The familiar essay, "On the Way to College," is very interesting and written in splendid style. The verses, "Smile a While," give in a charming manner some kindly advice. The Sketch Department in this issue is very enjoyable.

The *Tennessee College Magazine* gives the essay, "The Sea in English Literature," the paramount position in its first number. The essay is indeed very good and brings to light some writings very little known. The story, "Donald," is good in that it is true to boy life.

The editorials in the November *Furman Echo* are especially fine. The contributions, "The Political Situation," "The Ideal College Student" and "Our Pilgrim Fathers," were read with pleasure, both because of the excellent material and because of the clearness and unity which the writers maintain throughout.

Other exchanges received include: *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Carolinian*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *The Technique*, *Mississippi Collegian*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Grinnell Review*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Magazine of Oklahoma University*, *Winthrop Journal*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Lenoirian*, *The Concept*, *Stanford Pictorial*, *The Lake Forest Stentor*, *Voices of Peace*, *The Erskinian*, *University of Tennessee Magazine*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

'23: "You know what that fellow Stungem's address is?"

'21: "No, I don't. Why?"

'23: "He owes me a dime."

I went to my girl
And asked her to marry me.
She said, "Go to Father."
She knew and I knew that her
Father was dead.
She knew and I knew what
A life he had led.
She knew that I knew what
She meant when she said,
"Go to Father."

Krider: "What is the shape of a kiss?"

Garrison: "Give me one and we will call it square."

—*The Lenoirian*.

The Eskimos sleep in their bear skin,
Up in the North, I'm told.
Last night I slept in my bare skin,
And caught the deuce of a cold.

—R. M., '21.

He squeezed her in the dark and kissed her,
And for a moment bliss was his.
"Excuse me," he said, "I thought
It was my sister."
She smiled and cooed,
"It is."

—M. K., '21.

Gym Teacher: "Do you like indoor sports?"

Freshman: "No, but Miss Gee does not let us have dates on the campus."—*Converse Concept*.

The lobster blushed a scarlet,
 And said in tones distressing,
 "I really cannot help it,
 I see the salad dressing."

—M. R., '21.

Prof. of English: "If a woman were to change her sex, what would her religion be?"

Student: "She would be a he-then, of course."

—*Furman Echo*.

Now it came to pass that Tom Allen, of the class called, according to their preference, Lawyers, according to custom, various and sundry names, did go to the city by the name of Raleigh. Yea, he even went to the city to see the circus. And when he had come to the circus, it happened that he saw a huge animal, which in the language of the ring-men, is called, "Mary, the largest elephant in the world." Now Tom chews tobacco, and when he felt a strong physical attraction drawing him to the Mary, the largest elephant in the world, he knew of nothing better he could do to favor the beast than to give her a chew of the precious weed. But the animal, which is called Mary, the largest elephant in the world, did not like the gift, and picked up the surprised lawyer and gently rapped him against the terra harda.

The sorely abused Tom rose in his anger and might and shook the tangled locks from his manly forehead.

"You big son-of-a-gun," he screamed, "If I knew which end of you was the head, I'd kick you in the posterior."

And when he had said this, he went home.

THE NATIONAL PAST-TIME—A COMMENTARY ON ITS TECHNIQUE

(As various authors would write it)

Professor of Biology: By an amœboid movement of the labial processes they both extended pseudopodia, bringing them into physical coalescence, and the two dwelt, not in a state of parasitism, nor yet in a state of commensalism, but in an unmodified condition of mutualism (both organisms being benefited by the union.

Professor of Chemistry: $(LiPs)_4 + (ArMs)_4 = (KISS)_{10} + (SqZZ)_{124}$.

Professor of Economics: There was a decided downward trend in the current of his lip fluctuations, occasioned by bearish tendencies, but it was met by a corresponding upward movement of her

lips, the market resting steady in spite of the tense interest shown in the day's activities. The supply was fully equal to the demand.

Professor of Law: Inheriting from a former owner all grazing rights in the property, and by virtue of a free-hold estate in her lips, held as real property title arising out of contract, and with title ratified by her silent consent to his continued possession, he claimed the products of his property, personally collecting the *fructus naturales*, and issuing a receipt smacking of illegality.

Professor of Mathematics: Disproving one of the most fundamental laws of mathematics, he pressed out the full curves of her *el-ipse* into two parallel lines, and the two bodies went off at a tangent into infinity.

In English: He passionately pressed a burning kiss upon her ruby lips.

In American: Sweet Batootie, but he bipped her one on the mug—right on her talking machine. His finger tips played "Home, Sweet Home" on her backbone, and she was thrilled to a fare-you-well.

Puffs: "See that teacher over there? I call her chloroform."

Curls: "What's the idea?"

Puffs: "Well, she bores me so she puts me to sleep."

—*The Tatler*.

Finals, finals, everywhere,
With quarts and quarts of ink,
But not a prof. will leave the room,
And allow a man to—think.

Report of Court Proceedings, Chatham, Virginia: John Logan, colored, charged with causing the death of his wife, was fined five dollars.—*Danville Bee*.

STUDENT'S NATIONAL ANTHEM

We've slept on class in the morning,
We've slept in the afternoon,
We've dozed them through for hours,
Our snores raise a merry tune.

The prof. with the pep to arouse us—
He simply ain't to be had.
Most classes are easy to sleep on,
But in some the *chairs* are bad.

THE PASSIONATE ADVERTISER TO HIS LOVE

Dullest of poetasters I
 And weakest of elegiasts;
 Give me your lips. They satisfy.
 Kiss me again! The flavor lasts.

'Tis love that makes—you know the rest.
 Our love shall kodak as it goes,
 With pictures better than the best,
 Geared to the road. Ask Dad—he knows.

Our home shall be of softest stuff,
 Wooltex and Satin-O and such; you
 Shall never find the going rough;
 No metal, my love, can touch you.

—G. H. D.

I am the Better sort you need;
 I'm glad as a Contented Cow.
 My love endures. It's guaranteed.
 . . . Eventually! Why not now?

—F. P. A., in *N. Y. Tribune*.

Her head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way, she said:

"Do you know, dear George, that—"

"You mean dear James, I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.

"Why yes, to be sure. How stupid I am. I was thinking this is Wednesday evening."

—P. H. W.

Landlady at Boarding-house: "Mr. Newton, what is the easiest way to open oysters?"

Cousin Paul Newton: "Get Dr. ——— to tell a joke, and they will yawn themselves open."

He stood on a crowded pavement,
 She, twenty stories above.
 She sat in her window above him
 And waved him a message of love.

The crowding masses moved 'round him,
 But *him* she was able to find.
 He waved, she saw, she answered—
 And yet they say love is blind.

SUSAN SIMPSON

Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,
Stifing sobs, suppressing sighs.
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shier,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she sighed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

.....

Six Septembers Susan swelters;
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;
Susan's satin sofa shelters
Six small Slocums, side by side.



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THE OLD YEAR VANISHES

H. T. RAY, '21

O year, you have fled like a shadow,
Like a ghost you have glided away,
And the light that was yours has faded
And darkened before the day.

We follow you, will-o'-the-wisp-like,
Across the meadows of time;
In the weird wild night of memory
Your face oft glimmers sublime.

Oh tell us, where is your dwelling
And safe abiding place,
When your life in the world is over,
And run is your mortal race?

Are you buried in shadowy caverns
Where the thought of struggle and pain
Comes only in forespent thunder
Like the ripple of pattering rain?

Oh, carry us into your dreamland,
Oh soothe us to such a sleep;
And the wrangling sounds, and the rankling
wounds
Of the world in your silence steep!

WHITTIER, THE POET OF THE FARM

A. D. KINNETT, '21

Before Whittier's work can be appreciated, it is indispensable that we have a comprehensive understanding of his life and character. The life and works of his contemporary, Longfellow, need but little explanation. Longfellow's career was mostly that of a student, professor, and traveler. His admiration, his love and sympathy were close kin to men of letters who enjoyed universal recognition. With Whittier the conditions were wholly different. He came from a simple country home, where educational advantages were limited to those of the district school and the country academy. His experience of travel extended no further than the hills and valleys and fields of his father's farm. He sprang from the soil of New England, showing without stint the virtues and imperfections of his ancestry and environment. In a most extraordinarily successful way Whittier represents the country life in his own neighborhood—its faith in humanity, its repugnance to injustice and its wholesome ideals regarding labor.

Whittier was born December 17, 1807, at Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was twenty years old before he was given any educational advantages besides those offered by the ordinary public school. In 1827 and 1828, however, he attended the Haverhill Academy. For a year he was employed in a Boston printing house, where he edited a protectionist paper and a temperance journal. For another year he was the editor of the *New England Weekly Review* in Hartford. In 1833 he affixed his signature to the national anti-slavery declaration as one of the delegates from Massachusetts. Thenceforth his public honors multiplied. In 1835 he was elected to

the Legislature in Massachusetts; in 1837 he served for a short time in New York as one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society; from 1837-40 he was the editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a Philadelphia abolitionist journal. With the exception of the absences which are enumerated above, Whittier spent his long life in Essex County, Massachusetts. He died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 8, 1892.

Truly, Whittier had the spirit of the reformer. When a boy in his "teens" he wrote that he would rather have "The memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson, than the undying fame of Byron." His series of anti-slavery poems won for him an extensive reputation throughout the Northern States and to a great degree moulded public opinion. Beyond any other American poet, Whittier had the talent to express the thoughts and needs of the plain people. We should not forget the fact that the poems of Whittier which are now forgotten were not without a strong influence upon the rank and file of society, from the President down to the humblest citizen.

His religious poems repudiated every mystic or moral scheme which tended to make man sufficient within himself. They also had that unity of feeling in them which lifted every gentle soul to a higher plane of Christian experience. He taught that God revealed Himself to us through the mouths of prophets, poets and philosophers. Whittier's poems are essentially religious, true hearts of all sects and creeds finding in them restfulness of soul. At one time Whittier was the moving spirit of the Quaker Church in America. He won for it thousands of admirers, and denominations that had persecuted the Quakers severely repented through the softening influence of his writing.

Though Whittier was essentially religious in his verse yet he will not be remembered by his religious or political poetry

but rather by his verse on country life. It is important that we should know that Whittier spent most of his long life in Essex County, Massachusetts, a single county in a single state. This little New England shire in which he was born and reared is richly endowed by nature, free from big cities, yet thickly populated for a rural district. Wild seacoasts, long sandy beaches, forests with verdant trees and flowers, farms and orchards with their thousands of barefoot boys, and pastures with their lowing herds, were the influences of Essex County, the home of Whittier. Naturally surrounded by such favorable influences, Whittier had ample time for meditation. With a heart full of the reminiscences of old farm life and country ways he became the voice of multitudes who toiled in the fields. One of Whittier's outstanding themes is the joys of childhood, which is most clearly seen in the "Barefoot Boy":

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!"

No other American poet knew quite so much about the country boy and the outdoor life as Whittier. We, whose bare feet have traveled over hill and dale and down the long pasture lanes at setting sun to drive the cows home, will, as long as we live, remember this poem as a source of joy and a constant reminder of the days spent on the old farm.

In "Snow-Bound" Whittier with deep emotion recalls the family circle which once grouped around the hearth in the long ago, and now contemplates where these dear ones are:

"O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

This poem is read as extensively, perhaps, as Bryant's *Thanatopsis* or Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. It alone would have given Whittier a recognized standing among the literary men of America.

Whittier's fame is by no means world-wide. It has scarcely reached beyond the boundaries of his own country. He never wrote about deep philosophical subjects but rather

prided himself in his treatment of simple things such as the goodness of God; the freedom of man; the sublimity of independence, the grandeur of love, before which all are equal. To all these Whittier sings with freshness and simplicity. We do not believe that Whittier is the most American of all our American poets, but we do believe that he was truly Christian; none laid their gifts more completely at the feet of the Master, none sought to relieve the oppressed and suffering more than he. Like Abraham Lincoln, he was a man of the plain people and sought to lift them to a higher standard of life.

He lived to be eighty-five years of age, a bachelor, but tenderly cared for by affectionate relatives. His hymn entitled, "The Eternal Goodness," was written near the end of his earthly pilgrimage and is a simple confession of his faith in God:

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

IN THE DEPTHS OF A ROSE

HARRY L. R. ———, '24

I look into your tinted petals
And breathe the fragrance sweet,
Which thou hast gathered from
The balmy winds of Southern lands.

I look into your snowy depths
And written there is "Purity"
Which thou hast gathered from
Other realms than this of earthly lust.

I look, beyond, still deeper
Than your tinted petals and snowy depth
And there behold portrayed in you
The hand of God, Creator of the universe.

THE CONFLICT

I. C. PAIT, '23

Across the rocky valley from a near-by farmhouse, a large dark object clumsily made its way toward Mount Lookout. Old Bruin had just completed one of her numerous raids down in the fertile valley. She paid no attention to the blinding flashes of lightning, the rumble of thunder, and the torrents of rain driven by a terrific gale, but shuffled on toward the mountain, contentedly crunching between her sharp teeth a bit of flesh from the tender calf which had been her victim.

As she neared the foot of the mountain progress would have become difficult, but she had returned from too many raids on nights similar to this to lose her way. One flash of lightning would reveal her shaggy form upon a sharp rise, silhouetted against the brilliantly illumined heavens, while a second flash barely caught a fleeting shadow in the valley below.

When she reached the foot of the mountain the storm had ceased, and a moon in its last quarter dimly lighted her way, as the ever-changing clouds shifted northward.

In the deathly silence which followed the storm, she proceeded more cautiously, at the same time increasing her awkward pace. She seemed nervously anxious to gain some objective before her. Her animal instinct told her that the mountains would soon be alive with beasts of prey seeking the line of least resistance. She hurriedly splashed through a small stream, clambered up its narrow, rocky bank, turned sharply to the right around a huge boulder, and gained a narrow pass. Then her tensivity of muscles and nervous anxiety seemed to leave her. Emerging from the opposite side of

the pass, she came to a two-foot ledge of rock, stretching out into the night, and worn slick by the daily tread of her own feet. Turning around, she began to back out upon the ledge. To her right a wall of rough stone towered three hundred feet in the dim moonlight, and to her left—a yawning chasm, whose bottom lay a thousand feet below, seemed silently waiting to claim her.

Suddenly she paused, one foot in mid-air, every muscle tense, her beady, black eyes flashing fire. A low, harsh growl rose from her throat as she threateningly bared her sharp, gleaming teeth. Intently she listened, her breath coming in short, angry jerks. From the opposite side of the chasm came a menacing growl, followed by the blood-curdling scream of a male panther. Bruin knew that scream only too well, having had her lair robbed of its cubs two years before by this cunning king of the cat family. Breathlessly she waited as the scream came nearer and nearer to the pass, then into it, and finally out upon the ledge. She had waited silently, crouching against the overhanging wall, but the final scream of the panther brought her to an alert position, her huge form trembling with rage and hatred.

With a slow but determined tread she began to retrace her steps, her eyes fixed upon the shadowy figure advancing with such stealth. Slower and slower became their movements until they were separated by only ten feet, then they paused, each waiting for the onrush of the other. Bruin was as motionless as the stone on which she stood, but the panther crouched lower and lower, his fixed eyes glowing like live coals, and his slender tail beating measurably against the wall. With mechanical exactness he measured the distance, drawing himself together for the spring. The silence was deathlike. Not a leaf quivered. Not a breeze stirred. Not a voice of the night prowlers broke the stillness.

Without warning, and with the swiftness and accuracy of

an arrow leaving the bow, the panther sprang. However, the attack did not catch Bruin unprepared. With a nimbleness foreign to her kind, she stood upon her hind legs, hugging the panther to her hairy bosom. Enraged by this unexpected reception, the panther tore madly at Bruin's sides, each stroke of his sharp claws bringing a stream of blood. A howl of rage and pain rent the air as Bruin released her struggling enemy. In a flash the panther renewed the attack, striking Bruin squarely in the breast as she attempted to spring again to a standing position. For a moment she tottered, became overbalanced, and then fell. As she plunged over the precipice she struck out wildly with her front paws, caught the ledge, and scrambled back to a solid footing. Blood was flowing freely from the wounds in her sides. Visibly, she was weakening. Each succeeding attack was met by a weaker resistance. Bruin was playing the game and was losing.

For a moment there was a lull in the battle. The panther seemed to be preparing himself for the final rush which would send his adversary toppling over the precipice to the jagged rocks below, leaving the way clear to a delicious meal in the lair beyond. Bruin, too, was preparing for that last struggle. Gathering her fast waning strength, she waited. With a snarl the panther sprang forward. Again Bruin reared to a standing position, and with all her remaining strength hurled her bulky body forward. Just then a cloud covered the moon, but from the darkness there came a scream as though some powerful animal writhed in the throes of death. Silence followed; then a sickening thud on the rocks far below.

The cloud drifted away, and on the ledge where the battle had raged, bathed in her own blood, lay a motionless, grizzled heap. Slowly she came to her feet, and stretching her blood-soaked neck to its fullest extent, sent forth a withering chal-

lence. Painfully she continued her backward march, the rough stone wall to her right, and the yawning chasm to her left.

Somewhere out on the mountain side a whippoorwill poured forth his glorious song, and an owl chilled the night with his querulous challenge. A jack-rabbit hopped into the moonlight, and the owl swooped noiselessly upon him, missed, and as silently as a shadow, sailed back to his perch. A moon in its last quarter cast its pale rays northward, vying with the sickly display of lightning which occasionally played in the disappearing storm clouds. The stars paled and the East turned gray. The night prowlers slunk to their retreats, and a new day dawned.

RETROSPECTION

C. S. G., '22

From day's full measure of toiling,
As I lay me down to sleep,
My mind with fancy wanders
Into depths of dreamland deep.

Myself I see now returning
With a heart brim-full of glee,
To childhood's home of pleasures
And of times that used to be.

Where'er by chance we may journey,
As we tread life's stormy ways,
Our hearts will sing with rapture
Of the joys of boyhood days.

But those bright days were so fleeting,
From our youth we soon must turn,
And search the distant future
For the fame we'd like to earn.

But we must endlessly battle;
To the morrow's tasks must go,
To fight the toils and struggles,
And to rout the fearsome foe.

And some have suffered misfortune,
But the most have fought and won;
Made stronger by the battle,
With its every duty done.

RUBBER

R. B. WILSON, '21

(Paper read before Lavoisier Chemical Society, November, 1920)

There is scarcely an article in the world today supplying human needs that is more nearly universally used than rubber. It is now one of civilization's necessities. In belting, hose, tiling, packings, shoe soles and heels, balloon and aeroplane fabrics, cements, elastic bands, druggist's sundries, tires for all classes of vehicles, horse-drawn and self-propelling, insulation of electric wires, wearing apparel, boots and shoes, mechanical goods of all kinds, life preservers, tarpaulins, printing blankets, and a host of other commodities, rubber is daily serving thousands of the wants and necessities of the human race. Because of its commercial importance, it is, therefore, a fitting study for the chemist.

Crude rubber is a vegetable product gathered from certain species of trees, shrubs, vines, and roots. These plants are found mostly in South America and Central Africa in a territory about ten degrees north and south of the equator. Besides these places, it is found in Central America and Mexico, also the Straits Settlements, Malayan Peninsula, Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. The plants originally grew wild in the jungle, but now we find great plantations of cultivated rubber trees.

It is well at this point to say something of the structure of a rubber tree. Its five essential parts are the corky bark, cortex, cambium, wood, and pith. The two most interesting of these are the cambium and the cortex. The cortex lies just beneath the outer corky bark, has a slightly pinkish tint, and is about three-sixteenths inch thick. It is here that the cells which secrete the rubber are located. These cells run

vertically up and down the tree. The cambium is a thin shining network, so thin it is hardly visible, lying between the wood and cortex. Its function is to produce rubber-secreting cells on the outside and wood fiber on the inside.

The fluid secreted by the cells of the cortex is obtained by tapping, whereupon it issues forth, after the manner in which sap runs from the maple tree. When the average rubber tree is five years old, it is ready for this operation. One method of extraction is by cutting through the outer bark to the cortex, and almost to the cambium, and taking off a little thin shaving. The groove must be made spirally around the body of the tree in order to strike all the cells which run up and down. A thick milky fluid, called latex, immediately issues forth much in the same manner that a finger bleeds. This bleeding continues for several hours, the fluid all the while trickling down into a glass or porcelain cup. Finally, it clots and ceases to flow. The average amount of fluid thus obtained per tree in a day is about three-fourths of an ordinary teacupful. The viscosity of which is about the same as that of cream; its color is the same as milk. In it are suspended the rubber particles, and there are present also small quantities of resin, proteins, sugars, salts, and water. The rubber content is 30-35 per cent; the resin content varies from 2-4 per cent; water is present to the extent of 60 per cent; and the minerals which are found in the ash amount to, perhaps, 1 per cent.

One theory (Weber's) considers the rubber particles surrounded by a protective sheath of proteids, with the assumption that this sheath is broken down by the addition of acid, which is to say, it coagulates. The acid may be added directly or formed through the action of bacteria. Some alkalies will dissolve the proteids, but a neutral solution will not. In practice dilute acetic acid is added. The solution is then allowed to stand over night, and on the following day

the rubber is found floating on top, a thick, tough, plastic mass. Since the specific gravity of rubber is less than one, and sixty per cent of latex is water, the rubber easily rises to the top.

The rubber is afterwards put into a mill and pressed out into thin sheets. Sometimes it is smoked over a smoldering fire. It is then packed in boxes and shipped to the rubber factories.

On arriving at the factory, the rubber is first washed. This is done by grinding in a big mill with water flowing over the rubber all the while. It is then run out in sheets and dried. If any moisture were left in the rubber, it would turn to steam during the vulcanizing process and form blisters or blow-holes in the goods. It may be dried by hanging in a room kept at a temperature of 100 degrees F, or by placing in an air-tight receptacle from which the air has been withdrawn and heated with steam coils.

The most important part of the rubber industry is compounding and mixing, for, unless the raw rubber is mixed with the proper chemical compounds in the proper proportions, the finished product will be of no value. We are permitted to know very little of this process, as all rubber companies keep strictly secret their methods of compounding. All we can learn is the names of a few of the compounds and some of the purposes for which they are put in with the rubber.

Before going further, let us notice briefly the discovery of the process of vulcanization. I say discovery, because it was purely accidental that it was learned. Charles Good year, an American, about 1840 while idly playing with a mixture of rubber and sulphur dropped the mass into the fire of a stove. Instead of melting as he expected it to do, it became harder, and on testing it at length he found that the new substance was elastic, impervious, and unchangeable un-

der all conditions. Raw rubber had none of these properties to any great extent. So in an accidental manner the great process of vulcanization was discovered. Since that time, another method of vulcanizing has been learned. By this method the rubber is dipped in melted sulphur and treated with a solution of sulphur monochloride, or exposed to its vapors. The old process of subjecting the mixture of rubber and compounds to intense heat is more thorough, and consequently is in general use.

Compounding and mixing are the first steps on a large scale in vulcanization. In addition to sulphur, there are many other compounding ingredients. Each ingredient is added for a specific purpose—some to toughen the rubber and to increase its wear-resisting properties; some to make it heat-resisting; some to color it to a desired shade, and some to soften it. Some of the most common of these ingredients are as follows: Zinc, oxide, which toughens the stock, increases its tensile strength, and adds to its wear-resisting properties; lampblack, which toughens the stock, makes it black, and produces certain desirable "grain" effects; barium sulphate, which acts as an inert filler, and adds weight; lithopone, which whitens the stock and is used extensively in druggists' sundries; antimony sulphide which makes the stock red and hastens the vulcanization; litharge, which has similar properties to antimony sulphide, but darkens the stock; whiting, which is a cheap inert filler; linseed oil products and mineral hydrocarbons, used principally to soften uncured stocks, and to act as fluxes; and certain organic and inorganic compounds which hasten the vulcanization.

In the general process of manufacture, the sheeted rubber is sent directly from the dry room to the compound room, where the various ingredients are weighed out into proper proportions along with the rubber to make up a "batch," and placed in receptacles ready to be mixed. Let me say here

that the amount of raw rubber when compared with the amount of the compounds is very small. The batch is then sent into the mill room to be mixed into a uniform, plastic mass, which is the characteristic uncured, or "green" rubber compound.

The mixing is done in a mill with very heavy, smooth rollers very close together. Inside of the rollers are steam and cold water fittings, so that they may be kept at any temperature desired. The batch is thoroughly mixed and ground to uniform consistency. The man running the mill then cuts the rubber compound off in sheets, which are rolled up and sent to the green stock store-room. In this store-room the compounded uncured gums are kept in different bins, according to the nature of the compound, and there allowed to season for a certain length of time, after which they are delivered to the various departments of the factory in which they are to be used.

Rubber, which is used for the general line of molded goods, solid tires, some kinds of tubing, etc., goes directly to the various departments from the green stock store-room, while rubber used for boots, shoes, waterproof fabrics, many of the druggists' sundries, belting, pneumatic tires, inner tubes, etc., has to be sheeted out, and some of it forced into fabric before it goes to the various departments.

This sheeting of the gum, as well as applying the rubber to the fabric, is done generally by two methods: either by spreading a solution of the rubber and naphtha upon the fabric, or by "calendering" the rubber between heavy rolls in a rubber calender.

Rubber, or any of its compounds, is readily soluble in naphtha. The compounds are chewed and washed in specially constructed cement mills, and there mixed with a certain proportion of naphtha, which gives a solution of any consistency desired. This solution is known as rubber-cement.

In the spreading process, a roll of fabric is mounted at one end of a machine called a spreader. The fabric passes between a hard roll and a knife edge. Before passing under the knife the fabric is covered with rubber-cement, and the knife scrapes off all but a very thin coat. On passing over a steam chest the naptha is evaporated, leaving a thin coat of rubber adhering to the fabric. This process is repeated a number of times before the fabric has sufficient rubber on it to be used in the product for which it is intended. It is then rolled up with cloth between its surfaces to prevent sticking.

In calendering the rubber from the green stock store-room it is first warmed up on a small mixing mill and is then fed between the rolls of a machine which has three, and sometimes four, heavy rolls which are capable of very fine adjustment. This machine is called a "rubber calender." The rubber comes through in a sheet of the required thickness, and is wound up on a linen cloth and sent directly to the department where it is used.

Where the rubber is to be applied to the fabric—and all fabric is made of the finest grade of cotton—the fabric is put through the calender rolls with the rubber, and the rubber is literally ground into it. Fabric treated in this manner is called "friction," and is used in the manufacture of pneumatic tires, belting, hose, etc.

Up to this point we have followed the processes through which all rubber goes before it is made into any product. Now, the processes of manufacturing the different articles are so varied and numerous that we cannot discuss them here. In the case of all products, however, the rubber must be subjected to certain degrees of heat and pressure for a certain length of time, according to the desired nature of the article being made.

The manufacture of the pneumatic tire is, perhaps, of chief interest to us. We shall take the process of making fabric tires. The large rolls of rubber-coated fabric, and rolls of sheeted rubber, are received in various thicknesses and widths, and are ready to be built into a tire. The majority of automobile tires today are machine-built, but some of the best are built by hand. This last process we shall briefly describe, since the two are essentially the same.

The tire builder mounts a solid iron core on which the tire is to be built. To the core he cements a strip of a rubber-coated fabric. Several layers with beads between them are cemented on top of each other. Then a cover of sheet rubber, generally about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and of the same compounds as the rubber on the fabric is applied. A strip of an open weave fabric, impregnated with gum, about the width of a nonskid tread is put around. The tread is then applied as a slab.

While the tire is on the core it is laid in a mold and put into a heater press, where the hydraulic pressure keeps the two halves of the molds forced together during the vulcanizing process. The projections seen on the rubber tread are cut into the mold and are formed on the tire during vulcanization by the pressure in the mold. After the vulcanizing is completed the tire is removed from the mold, the core taken out, and the tire sent to the "finishing department," where it is dressed, inspected, and so made ready for the market.

There are different methods of building and vulcanizing, but the one I have just described has been very common for fabric tires. All the products may differ in this respect, but the fundamental principle underlying it all is the same. The rubber must be mixed with sulphur and certain other ingredients, and subjected to heat before it is of any value in any product.

“DREAM OF LOVE”

TOM SAWYER, '23

The Muse that did inspire the hand that drew
The picture that you see there on the wall
(O maid, his heart was filled with thoughts of you)
Should, aye, be praised and worshiped by us all.

The artist's theme was love, for see you there
Those tinted cheeks, those eyes of heavenly blue.
What loveliness is in that beauteous hair!
Her flowing locks of brownish chestnut hue.

Her lover drowned; she haunts the sea at eve,
And by the sinking sun's light on her face
You see for his return she comes to grieve
And look to God for pity in His Grace.

The “Dream of Love,” the dream this maiden dreams,
Remains unanswered in the heart of one
Who died, and only speaks his love by gleams
Of hope, like kisses from the dying sun.

THE HOUSE IN THE SHADOWS

EDWARD HARDEE

On the crest of a low hill, which gradually slopes down to the main street of a quaint little southern town, stands the old home of David Gibson, deceased. Tall cedars almost surround the house which, figuratively speaking, has seen better days. Weather-beaten, with chimneys that are slowly crumbling, with window glasses broken and shutters sagging, it stands, a fast decaying memorial to a past age. Naturally, being somewhat removed from the other houses of the village by means of its elevation, it towers, seemingly holding itself aloof from its neighbors of the new century. The glass is broken from the gables, which afford a covey of pigeons an ideal place of abode, and around the eaves and in the chimney corners dwell quite a few of those strange species called bats,

In the old shadow-shrouded house Alexander Gibson, the last link of a long family chain, lived unattended and alone. Long since he had lost his love for humanity, his sense of reason; even the slightest trace of a human heart swelling beneath his bosom has gone from his being. In his inhuman old soul there remained only love for the one thing—gold—glittering, damnable yellow gold.

David Gibson, a wealthy southern planter, and the father of Alexander, died here during the second year of the Civil War. By selling cattle and supplies to the Confederate armies, he had acquired a fortune estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. Soon after the death of his father, Alexander came into possession of the whole of the estate. He was then a handsome young man of twenty-two years, but as is often the case, wealth brought greed and greed brought

a desire for seclusion. Soon Alexander became a man apart to himself with wealth and selfishness as ever present companions.

The Gibson home, which in the days before the war, had been a center of society and Southern hospitality, now grew into a structure in which the flames of good fellowship and brotherly love had grown dim upon the hearthstone. The presence of guests around the fires grew less as the fires gradually smouldered and grew cold. Finally the fires ceased burning and went out, and with them went also the guests. A sullen-eyed, money-crazed man remained hovered over the black coals, eternally counting over and over again the treasures that had driven him mad.

Then came the day when the very brains of the man turned to gold. Not literally but figuratively, for gold was his joy of life, his very existence, his only god. Two years after the death of his father Alexander Gibson was not only a miser, but an insane greedy maniac. Money! money! It was his thought, his cry; for gains he would go to any extreme.

For many years Alexander lived his miserable life; friendless, without relatives and with his god, Money, surmounting all else. He worked and starved his tenants for his own gain; he cheated every one that he could, and then when people "got wise" to his manner of doing business and would be cheated no more, he cheated himself by going days without food or by sitting at night without light or fire; all to save a few pieces of his hoarded gold. Gold! gold! It seemed to be his passion to have gold within his grasp. When money came into his possession he immediately exchanged it for gold at the bank. Only the money that his father left him remained unchanged in the large leather bag, where old David Gibson, himself, had placed it.

As Alexander grew older the insanity also seemed to grow upon him. His eyes began to play him false and in the still

hours of night he would see the shadows of men who were long since dead. Some who had died and were buried without pomp or ceremony; all due to the long reaching arm of his greed. As the shadows filed past his couch in the night his maniacal laugh would float out past the cedars and down the long slope to the street. A mother, hearing it, would take the baby from its cradle into her own bed, and a good husband would arouse himself from his slumbers and examine the outside door to insure its being locked securely.

"It's Old Alec. and his crazy dreams," he would say as he hurried back to bed.

Then the dogs of the village would become aroused. All with one accord they would set up a mighty howl and run down the street to the foot of the hill, but here they would stop. Standing at a safe distance from the gloomy, half-hidden house, they would howl far into the night. But above their howls, above all the voices of the night could be heard the crazy, inhuman cackle of the old man whose soul was dead. At other times he would sleep peacefully through the earlier hours of the night, and people living near about would sigh with relief at the thought of not being disturbed in their sleep. However, their relief was short-lived. Before dawn the shadowy procession began its belated tour of inspection past the couch and the old maniac's ravings would break out anew.

Fifty years passed by in this manner. Old Alec. was becoming a very old man. He was almost bald, but what little hair remained was white as summer clouds. His face and the top of his head were covered by warts and moles and most of his teeth were gone. Time had also exacted other tolls for he was badly drawn with rheumatism.

On the night of December 15, 1912, Old Alec.'s birthday, he retired and the usual array of ghosts were on parade. Instead of dreading the ordeal, the old miser seemed to herald it with much glee.

"You, Briggs, you d——d old rascal," he said, as some man he had known in the flesh came before his eyes. "I thought you were burning in hell, but here you are disturbing an honest man's sleep." Then he laughed. That awful, insane laugh that caused people to stir in their sleep and aroused the dogs of the village to the point of melancholy expression.

But look! In a far corner of the room was a shade that Old Alec. had never seen before. An overgrown brute, it appeared, with massive shoulders and a heavily bearded face. Yet it had the shape of a man.

"Well, d—— it, who are you and how did you get out of hell this night?" inquired Alec., somewhat frightened.

"You know me, Alexander," said the form, pointing an accusing finger at the old man. "You drove me away from home, but now I have returned."

"To hell with you. You were a dull-wit and did not deserve any of that money."

"I have not only come for mine own but for that which you claim," calmly replied the shade.

"Back to hell with you and burn forever," frantically shrieked Old Alec., almost out of breath. "You will never get any of this money, for I will hide it where the devil himself can't find it."

"Very well," said the strange form, as it slowly faded away.

That night marked a new epoch in Alexander Gibson's life. His sole aim now was to hide the money where the ghost of a man he had greatly wronged could not find it. In the rear of a hall that ran through the house was a trap-door that opened down into a small cellar under the building. The hall floor and the bottom of the cellar were connected by a narrow flight of steps.

The next day Alec. descended into the cellar and began to dig. With superhuman effort he worked, and at the end of three weeks he had completed an underground passage running from the cellar back into the earth for a distance of two hundred feet. Then by means of some unknown strength he got an old iron safe from an upper room in the house and rolled it back to the rear of the tunnel. Into the safe he put the money left by his father and also the wealth he had gained himself. This done, Old Alec. was jubilant in his maniacal way.

At night he would steal down through the passage, open the vault and there by the dim wavering light of a candle he would count and gloat over his riches.

"All ye imps of hell can't get this coin," he would cry sarcastically, as he gleefully let the metal sift through his fingers and fall to the ground. Then playfully counting out large piles of the crisp currency, he would implore the man who had suffered the greatest wrong to come down and get it.

However, if a rat made an undue noise at the entrance of the tunnel, or a small pebble fell from the roof of the passage, the old man made haste to replace the valuables in the vault and get out as quickly as possible.

A week passed without event, then suddenly new complications arose. It came about one night when he was fondling the coins in the passage. It was probably all due to his cracked brain, or it might have been the manner in which the light from the candle shown upon the metal. Anyway, the gold appeared red instead of yellow. Old Alec. took one look and saw enough. Leaving the precious coins where they fell, he ran out through the tunnel, screaming at the top of his voice.

That night as the shadows of his former land tenants passed his couch, he cursed them and begged that they take back their scanty rents.

"Come, Mary," he said, as the form of a widow he had once starved into an unmarked grave came before his eyes. "Come and take back your d——d earnings. When I starved you and your fatherless children into hell I thought I would be rid of you, but you taunt me by turning my gold into blood."

He fell into a troubled sleep for a moment but soon awoke with a scream:

"It's blood, it's blood, I tell you. Blood I drew from poor d——d working folks. I thought that all would be over when I starved them, but now they have sent back this red gold to haunt me." Unable to restrain himself longer, the soul-tortured old creature hobbled down through the underground passage, removed the gold from the safe and returned with it to the room.

Sitting there crouched over the fire, while the wind whistled around the corners and through the windows of the house, Alec. was holding a blood-red coin in his hand and eyeing it with horror.

"Damn it, I will get rid of this hellish stuff," and reaching into the bag, he took up a handful of the gold.

"I'll burn it, I'll burn it," he cried, throwing the few coins into the fire. He then left the room.

When he returned thirty minutes later the gold had melted and was running over the hearthstone. Alec. gazed with ghastly eyes for a moment. To his infected mind the burning logs were the bodies of those he had starved and killed, burning in hell. Seeing the melted gold running amuck over the bricks, he shrieked:

"It's the blood of poor d——d souls trickling from their very bodies."

Grabbing the gold-filled sacks, he easily carried them out through the cedars, down the hill and threw them into the

street. Then going back to the house, he cursed, raved and laughed until the fire in the hearth burned low.

"You have taken my gold, you have driven me insane! You have ruined my god," he cried. "But by a Satan that lives, I'll come down and torment you all in the lowest pits of hell." Then with a hollow cackle the old man fell to the floor and lay still.

A tiny ember glowed in the fireplace for a moment and then went out; a pigeon in the attic fluttered from its perch and emitted a plaintive moan, and then the moon came from behind the clouds and sent a stray beam through the window. Full upon the old man's upturned features it fell, revealing a chalky face covered with warts and moles, a toothless mouth and a pair of ghastly eyes staring at the ceiling.

Earlier in the night an express train was held up several miles below the scene of Old Alec's death. The robbers secured a large shipment of gold and escaped in an automobile.

Several hours later a posse, following hot on the trail of the bandits, passed along the street and found the gold that Old Alec had thrown there. The natural presumption was that the thieves, realizing that the officers were close behind, became frightened and threw their loot from the car. The gold was delivered to the express company and a sheriff boasted of his achievements.

The seasons passed and fall came again. The old mansion had been deserted since the death of Alexander. There were no heirs to whom the property should go and no one seemed especially anxious to become an occupant of a structure in which an old man had lost his soul and had then died to banish the memory of the loss from his mind. Time and the elements were working havoc with the old building

that had seen man at his best and at his worst. One chimney grew tired of the strain and collapsed, scattering the bricks at random over the lawn; vines, growing on the side of the house, were no longer retarded and spread everywhere.

In a small southern town, where "hants" and "hanted houses" are a part of the daily conversation, it is very easy for an old house to become ill-favored. With doors wide open, swinging and squeaking with the night winds, and with the death knell like the scream of a solitary screech owl coming from the cedars at night, the old Gibson homestead soon came to be looked upon as a fine place from which to be absent. Children, playing in the street at dusk, would look with awe at the reflection of the sun's last rays upon the few remaining window panes. The sighing of the wind in the cedars or the plaintive moans of the pigeons in the attic only served to increase their superstition. And even grown men, hurrying home on winter evenings, passed the old house and would start when a gust of wind slammed a door or caused a sagging shutter to creak out in the night.

One December night, almost a year after the death of Old Alec., a village booze artist passed along the street and saw a light gleaming in a window of the vine-covered house. He immediately partook himself to his own dwelling-place and related the incident to his wife. The dame sniffed the gentleman's breath, put him to bed and made a solemn vow to never again allow him to venture forth into the night without her company. Then she promptly dismissed the thought from her mind.

But the report spread. The following night found half the villagers at the foot of the slope gazing intensely at the house that was so wrapped in shadows.

"Yonder it is," presently cried a youngster with much ado at being the first to discover the object of their watch. But

the rest had already seen it. A light was moving about in the room and heavy footsteps could be heard to echo out through the murmuring cedars.

Four men hurriedly detached themselves from the crowd, moved up the slope and entered the house. After half an hour of anxious waiting one of the men suddenly dashed from the house, staggered down the incline and fell at the feet of the crowd. He was removed to his home where his wounds were dressed.

Old Aunt Junie Thompson, the village weather prophet, recorder of events and interpreter of dreams, went home and wrote in her little memory book:

"December 13, 1913: the devil hisself is come back to earth."

The next day the injured man had regained sufficient strength to relate the story of approaching the building with his three companions. They saw the form of some man or beast, with a light in its hand, disappear through a trap-door in the rear of the hall and they followed. After striking a match the men found the tunnel leading from the cellar back into the earth.

"Like the fools we was," continued the man, "we started down the passage by the dim light of a match. We had went about a hundred foot and there was just 'nough light fer me to see a big hairy-faced animal come a-running from the other end of the tunnel and jump into us with a long knife. The match went out and then I felt a blade sink in between my ribs, and I remember something a-gripping my neck. When I fought loose I run out through the tunnel and finally found the steps."

Throughout the morning a large crowd waited in the street, hoping that the men would return, but their hopes were in vain. Late that evening a searching party was organized. According to the directions of the man who had

been there the night before, they found the bodies of their three townsmen, mutilated almost beyond recognition. After a hurried examination of the corpses, the searchers moved on. Suddenly the rays from the flashlight of the leader rested upon some large bulky object at the extreme end of the shaft.

Instead of being a beast or a shadow, they found it to be a huge, bearded man. Over the right temple was a bullet hole and beside him lay a large gun and a little red book. An iron safe stood with door wide open and covering the ground were piles and piles of money.

On the fly-leaf of the book was written: "Diary of Horace Gibson," and then the dates and their accounts related the story of a man who had been greatly wronged and had traveled far. It told the story of a man who had died, leaving great wealth to his two sons; of one son who, through his weakness, was defrauded and driven from home by a brother, who was strong. Terrific battles, during the last two years of the Civil War, were graphically related; how on April 9, 1865, the writer was seriously wounded at Appomattox and left on the battlefield for dead. After being nursed back to life in New York, he "put to sea on the sailing schooner 'Erie' May 15, 1865."

On June 22, 1865, he had recorded: "'Erie' wrecked during a heavy gale on the rocks off Cape Horn. I floated on a broken mast for sixteen hours and landed on a bare rocky island. I had not even a knife on my person."

The accounts covering the period between June 22, 1865, and September 2, 1913, told a gruesome tale of loneliness and silent suffering on the wind-swept rocks south of the Strait of Magellan. In one place the diary read: "Fourteen days without food, when the sea cast many fish upon the rocks."

On September 2, 1913, he wrote: "The English vessel 'Victoria' was blown out of her course and hove in sight."

"December 8, 1913, I left the ship at Savannah."

"December 12, 1913, I arrived at the place of my birth and found the house deserted and in ruin. I suppose that Alexander is dead, and I know there is money hidden in this house. I will spend the rest of my life or find it."

"December 13, 1913, I found an underground passage leading from the cellar back into the earth. An iron safe is at its end but I cannot open it."

"Night of December 13th: Four men entered the house and followed me through the tunnel. They were seeking my father's money, I thought, so I fell upon them with a large sailor's knife. One of the party escaped."

"December 14: I succeeded in opening the safe and found in it over one hundred thousand dollars in Confederate paper money. Having neither friends nor money, and realizing that I will hang for the murder of the three men, I have decided to take the shorter route."

(Signed) HORACE GIBSON.

The old house stands today, a fast decaying memorial to a past age; a gruesome monument to two brothers who lost their souls and were buried in an unhonored, unmarked grave. In silence and mystery it stands, deserted save by the pigeons that complain in its attic and the bats that fly forth from its eaves at dusk when the shadows begin to draw around the tall cedars on the lawn.

THE PASSING OF YOUTH

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

Memory beckoned me back in a dream,
Back to the freedom of woodland and stream,
Into the land of the mocking-bird's theme;
 There with my thoughts let me roam.
Never a sun sinks away in the West,
Never a moon sees the races at rest,
Never I wake but a void in my breast
 Ever is calling me home.

Back to the hearthstone, welcoming, warm,
Back to the bliss of a day on the farm,
Back to the mother whose sheltering arm
 Cradled my tired little head.
Give me the comrades of innocent play;
Rock me to sleep to the whippoorwill's lay;
You who could whisper my darkness away
 Kiss me and tuck me in bed.

Furrowed the brow of the storm-ridden hill;
Treeless the yard where the weeds grow at will,
Hushed the refrain of the woodpecker's bill,
 Bleak is the home on the knoll;
Over the mantelpiece hangs now a pall,
Gone the weird shadows that peopled the wall,
Scattered the loved ones who answered my call;
 Time has indeed taken toll.

Youth in the haze of the past disappears;
Dare I lament the recession of years?
Hence with repining! Away with the tears!

Life has no patience with gloom.

Mine be the challenge of life to obey,
Mine to move on though my comrades delay:
Mine be the victory day after day—

Triumph o'er even the tomb.

IDEALS OF AMERICANISM IN LITERATURE

C. S. GREEN, '22

The best expression of a people's ideals is to be found in their literature, and there is no better or more effective means of disseminating these ideals among the masses of the people than through the right use of the best of the literature in the schools and elsewhere. To this literature we must look for the maintenance of our American ideals of freedom and democracy and their extension throughout the world.

Nothing can take the place of practice in learning to be citizens but this practice needs to be guided and propelled by ideals, by a deep and intelligent love of the aims for which our country stands. Properly directed American literature is the most serviceable vehicle to be found. When we think of the very existence of so rich literary productions as our own we find a striking witness to the idealistic strain in the American make-up. Balfour said of America: "Because America was commercial, it was easy to suppose that she was materialistic." But all who love America understandingly have known better. They think how liberally Americans have endowed schools; how generously they have responded to appeals from all over the world for food, for medicine, for education, for every lofty and heroic service; how devotedly they have given themselves to make our cities more beautiful, our working conditions more wholesome, our common life more genuinely human. If idealism means to do honor to those nobilities and pieties of life which cannot be bought and sold, to cherish visions of a nobler living for mankind, and to spend one's best efforts in pursuing those visions, then there is no country more deserving of the title than our own.

The American people have never been content to live on bread alone. The honor they pay their writers is a testimony of this fact. A people who cared little for ideal things would never prize the beauty requisite for literary honors. They would never treasure the names of Hawthorne and Poe nor would they ever pay tribute to Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose whole life was spent in teaching "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star" and "Don't Leave the Sky Out of Your Landscape." By paying tribute to these men they were telling something significant about themselves and the idealism of the American people.

Literature touches the feeling far more effectively than information in history or civics since it selects for its themes the hopes that a country cherishes most widely and most ardently, and sets these forth in the appealing garb of beauty. We may always be sure that somewhere a poet has framed to music what thousands of his countrymen are thinking and what they see and feel more vividly once they have heard his words.

Ideals become moving forces only when they are genuinely loved. They can never be forced, as information can sometimes be, and like everything else which depends upon feeling ideals are conveyed chiefly by contact of mind with mind. So it is in the stimulating contact between teacher and pupil, which Carlyle described as "thought kindling itself at the living fire of thought," the particular need in the teaching of literature.

In speaking of the splendid work possible through the schoolroom in planting American ideals as shown in our literature in the lives of young Americans, Dr. Henry Neumann, of the Ethical Culture School, of New York City, says: "Fortunately, there is a characteristic of the teaching in American schools which lends itself with special readiness to the service of teaching literature. This is the close and

friendly relationship between class and teacher which observers have often noted as a mark of our schooling. Let us make the most of this at all times, but particularly when our aim is so notably to cultivate the appreciation of literature in the formative period of youth. The teacher need not say so in words, but in his attitude he ought to say even more clearly, 'Here is something splendid for which I care a great deal; let us enjoy it together—'

In a study of American literature there are certain conceptions that are indelibly enforced and the first is the idea of a certain greatness latent in the commonest of persons. The household in Whittier's "Snowbound" was utterly undistinguished and very ordinary folk; yet who would say that "commonplace" is the last word to characterize them? There is ever little respect for the commonplace, but is this our feeling for the father and mother in this poem; or do we not rather gain from the reading a heightened regard for the multitudes of whom these folks are but a type?

Democracy of our type is tearing down the idea of the superiority of the State and saying that it is just ordinary men and women who make up the nation and organize the State as its instrument. In his essay, "Democracy," James Russell Lowell aptly calls the democratic method "such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves and so to justify them in respecting others."

America rates her own children upon their merits and not upon their birth. The knight in Edwin Markham's poem, "The Cup of Pride," learns that what counts in the final judgment is not his ancestry but the man he makes of himself. And in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" we see Huck, the warm-hearted boy, who scorns the conventional proprieties but is quick to do a kindly turn and is true as steel, yet the son of a vagabond. Are these not typically American?

Today this democratic principle of respect for merit bears with special significance upon the relations between our native stock and our foreign-born. What hopes America has held forth to millions the world over! These millions have special reason to call this the land of opportunity and to say with Bryant—

"There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power at thy bounds
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds."

No other land has tried on so generous a scale as ours this hopeful experiment of making one country out of people so diverse. In none but a democracy can such a venture hope to succeed. The grounds of that confidence are well put by Henry Van Dyke in his poem, "The Builders":

"And thou, My Country, write it on thy heart:
Thy sons are all who nobly take thy part.
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine
Wherever born, is born a son of thine."

American literature sings the dignity of work. We have come to look upon work as national service, a way of rendering one's unique and necessary help to his country and to mankind. That all honor is due to the workers has, however, long been a familiar theme of our writers. Whittier's "Songs of Labor" comes from a desire—

". . . to show
The unseen beauty hid life's common things below."

Walt Whitman said, "I hear America singing," and it is typical that when he imagined this ideal for his country the

songs he heard were those of men and women engaged in the daily commonplace labors:

"The shoemaker singing as he sits at his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The delicious singing of the mother or the young wife at work or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else."

The American ideal sets great store by self-reliance. Our tradition is eminently one of self-dependent, adventurous pioneering. Whitman expresses it:

"We detachments steadily throwing
Down the hedges, through the masses, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

Emerson is the most notable exponent of this temper on its spiritual side. In his well-known "Fable," when the mountain taunts the squirrel for his inability to carry trees upon his back, the squirrel replies with the home thrust, "Neither can you crack a nut." No graduate of an American high school should be unacquainted with the essays, "Self-Reliance" and "The American Scholar," or with the ringing words of the address, "Literary Ethics."

America is good-natured, kindly and fond of fun. The combination is less accidental than it seems. There is a type of wit which is intellectually brilliant, but is intended to sting and rankle. The type of humor prevalent in our country is of a different sort. What attracts us in Mark Twain is not intellectual acuteness, but warmth of heart, a broad

and deep human sympathy that makes a laugh with him a spiritual tonic. There is an important difference between the laugh which says, "How ridiculous these other people are," and the democratic sort, which says, "What a funny thing human nature is, our own included."

Democracy means obligation. The quality of our collective life rises or falls with the level of the lives led by each individual.

"For America is not the magic scenery
Washed by the sunrise and the sunset seas;
No; nor yet the prairies dark with herds,
Or land-lakes of the western gale; nor yet
Wonder cities white-towered, nor the peaks
Bursting with metals, nor the smoky mills;
America is you and you and I."

In the first stages of reaction against feudalism, it was natural that the emphasis in democracy should have been laid upon individual rights. The need for such an insistence has by no means utterly passed. But we have learned from the experiences of our history that the correlative of individual freedom should be an emphasis at least equal, if not stronger, upon duty. For we are learning today to repeat more earnestly:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, "Thou Must",
The youth replies 'I can.'"

The ideal of freedom requires changes in social arrangements as well as insistence upon personal duty. This note is perhaps the one most insistently stressed in American literature of the present day. It distinguishes the poems of such writers as Edwin Markham from those of an earlier day like

Whittier's. It implies no weakening of our sense of personal responsibility to know that working conditions and other social mechanisms must be improved.

Lastly, Democracy rests upon excellence in character. The greatest wealth of our country is the moral quality of her citizens.

"The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive
 Or fitful gifts at best of now and then,
 The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days."

This tribute to Washington in Lowell's "Under the Old Elm" points a truth so simple and so obvious that youth may sometimes overlook its fundamental importance. Democracy is rooted in moral excellence. Character is at once its chief safeguard and its sublimest hope. There is need, as we have seen, for certain external reconstruction; there is need in a democracy for widespread common sense and far-seeing intelligence and trained ability to work together. But these are only instruments. Their value lies in what they can contribute to the making of souls; for it is just this contribution to a nobler type of living that gives a nation its highest reason for being.

The mission of America among the nations is to show what splendid types of human personality can be bred under the ideal of freedom. Like the Roman mother, she must exhibit as her jewels her sons and daughters. Our literature is rich in beautiful inspirations to this end. Let us make the most of them. In the service of American ideals "thought kindling itself at the living fire of thought" has mighty tasks to push forward and magnificent resources to bring to light.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

**A New
Standard.**

Our spring term opened with a registration numbering ninety less than that of the fall term. The fact is significant, not only of the present financial distress, but of an improvement in the operation of the college machinery. The major courses were somewhat harder than usual last fall, and a little more work was required to pass the examinations. That is the result of a movement toward a collegiate standard even higher than

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our present one. The decrease in numbers is naturally due to several causes, chief among which is the financial depression. A few students, especially freshmen, were removed by misunderstanding parents, who thought their boys should have done better work. Others did not return for various reasons.

We have established our curriculum on a still higher basis. Those courses which were known among the students as "cinches" have been standardized. This action came none too soon. We must strengthen our high standing in the educational world, for there are other colleges with which to compete. Our sister, Meredith, has realized the need of a higher standard. Last month she applied for admission to the Southern Association of Colleges, but her small endowment bars her entrance. Her present grade of work, however, is deserving of such recognition.

We have been somewhat inclined to "coast" on our reputation, a tendency which would have endangered our future progress. We are beginning now to appreciate our good name by striving to win for it a more perfect recognition.

Why A College Magazine?

Most colleges publish periodically a magazine expressive of their literary activities. Owing to the constant change of management the publishers are apt to forget the real purpose of their publication. A certain magazine strives to be "pure in tone and commendable in aim" and appeals for support to "all interested in intellectual development." So long as it keeps this object in view, its support by the intellectual public will be assured. The chief immediate aim is the development of the students' literary talents. Many who have no oratorical bent are encouraged to write, and in doing so sometimes

"find" themselves. More people are influenced by the written than by the spoken word, and students deserve the opportunity to learn its use. But their contributions cannot be expected to possess the qualities of a masterpiece. In reading them one must bear in mind that they were composed by students who are full of new ideas and new viewpoints, and who are striving for the best mode of expressing them. Such coöperation on the reader's part will make the magazine more interesting and beneficial to him.

A college magazine serves also to keep the students in closer touch with each other. It is one of the agencies which foster a uniform college spirit. It acts in conjunction with the college weekly to voice the sentiments of the student body. It is the means by which the alumni keep in touch with their alma mater, informing them of her needs as well as her progress. A college is judged to a certain extent by what is found in its publications. They reflect alike its good and bad qualities. Therefore, the editors should always consider what impression the contributions will make on the reading public. Its magazine is one of the most truthful advertisers of any college. It might not be amiss in this connection to mention a situation that could be improved. Some colleges issue a very creditable magazine during the school year, only to spoil the effect by publishing in the last number all the data they can find on "What Others Think of Us." And if their work has been unusually deserving this material constitutes the bulk of their number. This is unfortunate. It would be better to devote all available space to an improvement on the previous issues, so that their admirers may have a chance to improve their admiration.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

The football schedule for the fall term, 1921, has been rearranged. Although there will be only one game on the home gridiron, nevertheless the students will be exceptionally fortunate in the fact that at least four of them will be at places easily accessible from Wake Forest. The committee in charge, consisting of Dr. Paschal, Coach White and Manager Weathers, has selected strong opponents, but we feel that our team will prove themselves worthy. The schedule is as follows:

September 24th, Georgia Tech. at Atlanta; October 1st, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; October 8th, V. M. I. at Lexington, Va.; October 15th, Davidson at Charlotte; October 22d, William and Mary at Newport News, Va.; October 29th, Guilford at Wake Forest; November 5th, Richmond University at Richmond, Va.; November 11th (Armistice Day), Trinity at Raleigh; November 19th, N. C. State at Raleigh; November 24th, Hampden-Sydney, probably at Wake Forest.

The Y. M. C. A., under the leadership of President H. H. Duncan, has noticeably accelerated its step in sharing the activities of college life. The interest in this organization has been keener to a marked degree than that manifested last fall. On the evening of January 17th a social was given which served to awaken enthusiasm and arouse interest among the fellows. Mr. "Buck" MacMillan, an alumnus of the college, talked in a most practical and helpful way about "Poise" as a Christian virtue. No one went away without feeling that his time had been well spent.

At a recent meeting of the cabinet it was decided to turn the gemot of the New Dormitory into a reading room or general Y. M. C. A. headquarters. This room will be supplied with good magazines, reading material and anything else that will make it an attractive place where students may spend their spare moments in helpful surroundings.

After more than four years of faithful and conscientious service as pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church, Dr. C. D. Graves, with his family, left for Dublin, Georgia, where he assumed the duties of a new pastorate. His kindly spirit has won for him many friends who regret his departure and who bid him Godspeed in his new field. Since his absence Drs. Gorrell and Cullom have very efficiently looked after the matter of pulpit supply.

Under the leadership of Professor Reid, the department of Philosophy has been so developed that students who wish to pursue advanced courses in this branch of study now have opportunities equal to those of the other departments of the College. Professor Reid now offers a schedule of six separate and distinct courses of study, ranging from elementary psychology to advanced psychical research.

The College B. Y. P. U.'s have entered upon a program of more efficient service for the spring term. With General President Roy C. Brown and Alumni Secretary T. D. Collins directing matters, a larger field of activity will be opened up. Besides a great effort by each section to attain the A-1 standard, the plans include activities in which the unions will work together. On Sunday, January 30th, representatives from several sections rendered an interesting and helpful program at the evening church service. Extension work in other churches is also being undertaken.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize winners of this issue as follows: Best essay, "Ideals of Americanism in Literature," by C. S. Green; best story, "The House in the Shadows," by Edward Hardee; best poem, "The Passing of Youth," by A. R. Whitehurst.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor*

On Wednesday, January 12th, Thomas Walter Bickett, B.A. '90, stepped down from the highest office within the gift of the people of the State, having closed what is, perhaps, the most remarkable administration in the State's history.

Governor Bickett graduated at Wake Forest in 1890; practiced law for several years, and was elected Attorney-General of the State in 1908. His extraordinary speech, nominating Mr. Ashley Horne for Governor at the Charlotte convention, made his own nomination for Attorney-General sure.

After a brilliant record of twelve years in public life Mr. Bickett will hang out his shingle in Raleigh for the practice of law.

Marshall Henry Jones, B.A. '15, was promoted from the position of assistant cashier of the First and Citizens National Bank of Elizabeth City to that of cashier of the same bank on January 11, 1921. This is one of the largest banks in Eastern Carolina, and it is a high compliment to Mr. Jones to be placed at its head.

Mr. Jones was formerly with the Bank of Wake, Wake Forest, going to the Elizabeth City bank as assistant cashier about two years ago.

Santford Martin, '10, has returned to Winston-Salem to resume his duties as editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*, after spending four years in Raleigh as private secretary to Governor Bickett.

Julian E. Yates, M.A. '94, Chaplain U. S. Army and now located at Fort Myer, Virginia, is joint editor with John B.

Frazier, Chaplain U. S. Navy, of the "Army and Navy Hymnal," which has recently come from the press.

Lowell Q. Haynes, M.A. '13, principal of the Watauga Academy, of Butler, Tenn., published last Christmas a booklet on "The Boyhood and Youth of Jesus."

Gilbert T. Stephenson, M.A. '04, of Winston-Salem, is now engaged upon the biography of Dr. Henry A. Brown, '71, happily still among us, though retired from the active ministry.

Dr. B. W. Spilman, B.S. '91, of Kinston, has recently published a volume entitled, "A Study in Christian Pedagogy."

Rev. R. J. Bateman, '01, is president of Meridian College and Conservatory, Meridian, Mississippi. Dr. Bateman's election to that position brings one more Southern institution into the number presided over by Wake Forest men.

Dr. Chas. S. Farriss, B.A. '80, Professor of Greek in the John B. Stetson University, Deland, Florida, and for the last fifteen years vice-president of that institution, has published through the Stratford Company, of Boston, a volume, "The American Soul." He finds the American soul in the four great Americans — Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson.

F. Hunter Creech, '16, and H. B. Harrell, Jr., LL.B., '17, came to Raleigh last month to attend the inaugural exercises of Governor Morrison. Mr. Creech is practicing law in New York City in partnership with Mr. C. C. Daniels. Mr. Harrell is also practicing law, being located at Weldon.

Chaplain J. M. Hester, B.A. '17, U. S. Navy, is now with the U. S. S. *St. Louis*, which sailed from Philadelphia on September 10th, commencing a cruise being made now in Turkish waters. Chaplain Hester writes that they will visit the Holy Land in the spring. He edits as an aid to his work "*Church Call*," a little folder which is published on board. In the issue for October 17th he says, "We are over here near where Adam fell. When the temptation comes, let us remember how much trouble Adam brought to the world, and say, 'Get behind me, Satan!'" He is doing a great and good work among the sailor boys.

J. H. LeRoy, Jr., B.A. '20, is teaching Mathematics at the State College of Agriculture and Engineering.

W. H. Vann, M.A. '08, is head of the English Department of Baylor College, Belton, Texas.

J. R. Teague, '04, formerly with the Home Telephone & Telegraph Co., of Henderson, is now connected with the Farmers Loan and Supply Co. of that city. Mr. Teague has for some time been superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Baptist Church of Henderson. The school has recently moved into the magnificent new building, which is now nearing completion, as one of the fine churches of the State, and Mr. Teague is putting into operation plans for a development of the school consistent with the advantages offered by the new quarters.

W. E. Jordan, M.A. '18, is teaching Chemistry at the State College of Agriculture and Engineering.

J. B. Hipps, B.A. '07, after seven years of teaching in Yates College, Shanghai, is now spending a year at Columbia

University and Union Theological Seminary in New York City.

Chas. C. Josey, B.A. '13, is completing his work at Columbia University. During the war Mr. Josey was connected with the Psychological Division in the Army.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

ST. MARY'S MUSE

The Christmas number of the *St. Mary's Muse* is very ably introduced to the reader by the poem, "Merry Christmas." The story, "Christmas—Everywhere," and the fantasy, "The Christmas Doll," all by the writer of the introductory poem, are splendid. In the story mentioned there is shown a good acquaintance with "real old-fashioned-darky" dialect. The story of the old mother in the home—the boy with his young wife and their friends around the Yuletide fire is very interesting and well-written. The fantasy, "The Christmas Doll," is unique in plot and cleverly developed.

The story, "The Laughing Brotherhood," written in a series of letters between two sisters, charmingly relates the springing up of a love between two young people which made all happier.

Though not such a large magazine from the point of quantity, *The Muse* is, in quality, a very creditable publication.

THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

This very interesting magazine from the Greensboro College for Women presents a splendid December issue. Paramount in this number are the editorials on familiar subjects, handled in a creditable manner. "Your College and You" conveys an especially fine thought. The verses are all good. "The Old Fashioned Bee" carries us back to days we love to hear about and would love to have lived through. The fantasy, "In the Land O' Dreams," is original in plot and development and shows real ability. The article by Mr. Hur-

ley on "The Barriers Between the Social Classes as Seen in the Novels of John Galsworthy" was very much enjoyed and we shall be glad to read his second contribution on this subject.

All the departments of the magazine are well-developed and well-written and the staff is to be complimented upon the presentation of such a creditable initial issue.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

In the December number of the *Archive* the poem, by R. T. D., "The Crooning of the Sea," is very interesting and finely written. The verses, "When It's Time to Go a-Coonin'," by the same writer, are very good. The story, "In Lullaby Land," has a splendid plot and is well-developed, though a little exaggerated in some places. "The Open-Minded Manufacturer's Attitude Toward Labor" treats this subject in a very intelligent manner and contains some splendid information with reference to labor conditions.

The "Wayside Wares" department is very interesting and the contributions enjoyable but are not the Exchange comments a little misplaced? Would it not be better to make this a distinct department and make your comments more extensive? And would not the use of italics for emphasis rather than the bold-face type make a better looking magazine? We always enjoy reading the *Archive*.

THE ACORN

This magazine is very fortunate in having such splendid writers of short stories as those who contributed to the December *Acorn*. The first story, "Was It Worth It?" has a splendid plot and the writer introduces her characters in a delightful manner. The plot being really "true to life" and developed in such a very interesting style the reader is

delighted with the story and all sympathy and love is won for the little energetic Jane. The stories, "And the Greatest of These is Love" and "A Narrow Escape" are both very good, though we think the last named story might be made a little longer, with more details. The verses, "Christmas," are well-written and the essays are all good. "Music and Religion" was especially interesting.

The omission of the several departments and the enlargement of the Literary Department added much to your magazine. The December issue of the *Acorn* is decidedly the best number of the session. Endeavor to keep your magazine up to the standard set by this number.

ROANOKE COLLEGIAN

We are glad to welcome to our exchange desk this magazine from Virginia and hope that we may have the pleasure of reading the *Roanoke Collegian* regularly. The story, "The Horseman of Sunset Basin," has an interesting plot and is well developed, though not complete. Would it not have added much to the appreciation of the story to have made it shorter and printed it complete in one issue? Mr. Kishi's story of Japan, "Slave of Devil," is especially good, since it is written by one familiar with what he writes. Roanoke College is fortunate to have such a capable adopted son from across the seas. The poem, "Oh! Majestic Mountain," is a splendid expression of typical mountain beauty.

THE CRITERION

The December issue of the *Criterion* measures up fully to the usually fine quality of this publication. And neither does it lack quantity for the four stories, four poems and two sketches form a very well-balanced magazine. The unique plot and development of "Under the Mistletoe" makes this

little story very pleasing to read. The verses, "Future Hopes," instills in the heart of the reader a desire to "hold on" to everything worth while and make triumphs out of trials. "When Cupid Filled His Ranks" and "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" are both very interesting.

THE ISAQUEENA

This new exchange from Greenville Woman's College is welcomed with pleasure, and especially so, when they present such an interesting number as their December issue. The essays on "Arnold Bennett," "Booth Tarkington," and "H. G. Wells" are well-written, but the writer of "The Realism of Arnold Bennett" developed her material in a more pleasing style than the others. The poem, "To A Friend," conveys a good thought. The departments are well developed and aid in making the *Isaqueena* a thoroughly balanced and enjoyable magazine.

Other exchanges are acknowledged with pleasure: *Davidson Magaine*, *S. C. Carolinian*, *N. C. C. W. Carolinian*, *W. and M. Magazine*, *Richmond Messenger*, *Guilfordian*, *Furman Echo*, *Ga. Technique*, *Miss. Collegian*, *Clemson Chronicle*, *Grinnell Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Voices of Peace*, *Cary Echoes*, *Georgetown Journal*, *Daytona (Fla.) Porpoise*, *Erskinian Orion*, *Purple and Gold*, *Due West W. C. Magazine*, *C. of Charleston Magazine*, *U. of Tenn. Magazine*, *Salemite*, *Bashaba*, *Stanford Pictorial*, *Lake Forest (Ill.) Stentor*, *Bethel Collegian*, *Baylor Bear Trail*, *Orange and Blue*, *Howard Crimson*, *R.-M. Tattler*, *N. C. Technician*, *Pine and Thistle*, *H.-S. Magazine*, *Winthrop Journal*, *Citadel Sphinx*, *Bessie Tift Journal*, *Tenn. College Magazine*, *Lenoirian*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Concept*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

You whisper it, Old Bullet, you're a hot shot!

A kiss is like a rumor,
In North, in West, in South.
The proof lies in the *puttin'*—
It goes from mouth to mouth.

Crittenden: (in tennis match) Deuce!

Young Kitchin: I didn't know he used bad words before.

THE WHISTLER

Ella: I'm mad at Jack.

Della: So soon? What's wrong?

Ella: He knows so many naughty songs.

Della: Does he sing them to you?

Ella: No, the mean thing, he just whistles them.

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

ROLL YOUR OWN

"Why do some girls roll 'em down?"

I asked at one of the hops.

"Oh, that," said she, as she smiled at me,

"Keeps the teddies from chewing the tops."

Creepy P.: Dearest, I know I dance like a camel, but until I met you my life was a desert.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Drinking some home-brewed ale.
He opened his mug, drank all in the jug,
And now lies buried in the dale.

Greener: Did you ever see a Stag Dance?

Greenest: No, but I have seen a Camel Walk.

—*Davidsonian.*

"I see in my crystal," said the Seeress to the young woman who had come for a sitting, "the form of a large cruel-looking man who crosses your path frequently. It is not very plain, but he seems to be engaged in the wanton destruction of life. He is re-

sponsible for the untimely death of many a poor creature—and I seem to see blood on his hands and clothes. Yet in spite of all this, my supernatural reasoning tells me that you love this man.”

“Yes,” replied the young woman, “it is my husband you see. He is a butcher.”

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

Off to school went Percy,
A tender, blushing youth.
Back to the farm came Percival,
Ashamed of his Pa uncouth.

Sam: Did you ever see a man-eating shark in an aquarium?
Jones: No, but I have seen a man eating trout in a restaurant.

“Bah! Bah! Sophomore, have you any wool ”
“Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Two heads full.
One that is brown and one that is red,
Cut from freshmen, sleeping in their bed.”

An author, ridiculing ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton key.

If by their names the things we'd call,
It surely would be proper,
To term a singing piece a bawl,
And a dancing piece a hopper.

—*Ex.*

“Why do you use paint?” asked the violinist of his daughter.
“For the same reason you use rosin, papa.”
“How's that?”
“Why to draw my beau, of course.”

"Have you been up before the Supreme Court?" asked a young law student of the sinister-looking individual who had recently entered the class.

"Yes," replied the new arrival, somewhat embarrassed.

"Did you get your license?"

"Yes. And my number was 124,235, and I wore it on my back; and besides that the judges decorated me with several stripes and placed the Great Seal around my ankles."

Rufus was a high school star.
Said he would show us what we are.
Went upon the football field,
Promptly got his whole face peeled.
Now Rufus views the game from afar.

Let X=Me.

Y=You (Sweetheart).

Z=Chaperone.

X+Y+Z=Misery.

X+Y-Z=Bliss.

—Lenoirian.

WHY WAIT?

The Clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Her lips were rosy red.
"At quarter after nine, I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me,
And then she whispered low,
With quite her sweetest smile,
"The clock is fifteen minutes slow."

—Collegian.

FROM THE VINTAGE OF 1850, THIS

Prof.: What is the first thing a fat man does when he reaches the top of a hill?

Stewed: Takes off his coat and pants.

HEARD AT THE TROUGH

Fresh: Pass the beef, please.

Soph: Run the cow up this way, the calf is bawling.

—Davidsonian.

'23 (to '22, primping before the glass): You should be the happiest man in the world.

'22: Why so?

'23: You love yourself so much, and haven't a rival in the world."

"Do you," said Fanny, the other day,
 "In earnest love me as you say,
 Or are those tender words applied
 Alike to fifty girls beside?"
 "Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forebear,
 For by those eyes, those lips, I swear!
 She stopped me as the oath I took,
 And said, "You've sworn—now kiss the book."

—*Ex.*

Stag: I think I've seen you somewhere.

Sweet Young Thing: No doubt. I've been there quite often.

LIGHT OCCUPATION

Waiting for a colt revolver to grow into a horse-pistol.

—*Lake Forest Stentor.*

Slim: I'll bet more couples are married in that parsonage than anywhere else in town.

Slick: Indeed! Then it must be more than a parsonage, it is a sort of Union Station.—*Isaqueena.*

THE END OF THE RACE

They sat alone in the moonlight,
 And she soothed her troubled brow.
 "Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
 But I'm on my last lap now."

—*Crimson.*

"What does the basket-ball do when it stops rolling?"

"Spring it."

"It looks 'round."

—*Punch.*

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XL

MARCH, 1921

No. 6

SPRING

W. J. CASH, '22

There's a touch of spring in the air, today,
There's a smell of spring in the air.
Methought the spring bird sang today,
And the sky seemed so blue and so fair.

And the wanderlust leaped in my blood, today,
And my heart cried out to be free,
As I dreamed of a moonlit Southern bay
Or the roar of a far, far sea.

And, today, I dreamed of a maid of the South
And she seemed, oh, so fair and so dear,
And I longed for the kiss of her warm, sweet mouth
And I knew that spring was here!

THE ANGLO-SAXON AS REVEALED IN HIS POETRY

J. R. NELSON, '22

Literature springs directly out of the life of a people and is, therefore, an expression of that life. It would seem, then, that the stern barbarity of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers would produce little of real literature. And yet, in those early sea kings, whose outward life was one of hardship and struggle against nature and hostile men, there was a mixture of "savagery and sentiment, of rough living and deep feeling, of splendid courage and the deep melancholy of men who knew their limitations and have faced the unanswered problem of death," as expressed by Dr. William J. Long in his *English Literature*. They were more than a bunch of fearless freebooters; they were deep thinking men. "In all their fighting," the same critic continues, "the love of an untarnished glory was uppermost; and under the warrior's savage exterior was hidden a great love of home and homely virtues, and a reverence for the one woman to whom he would presently return in triumph."

Moreover, so far from possessing no love for literature, the early English found great delight in sitting in their large halls after the evening meal and hearing their scop and the wandering gleemen sing songs of battle and ballads of wild adventure. They have left us such creations as *Deor's Lament*, sometimes called the father of lyric poems in English; *Beowulf*, the earliest and one of the greatest English epic poems; and many other songs and ballads. Through all of these we may get an insight into their real life and know something of their dreams and hopes.

The true character of the Anglo-Saxon as thus revealed in his poetry is manifold. This study will concern itself with only the responsiveness to nature and some religious beliefs as illustrated in certain poems.

These people of early England possessed a very great love for the sea. Although their struggle to conquer the difficulties of the sea formed a large part of the continual contest against the violence of nature with which the Anglo-Saxons were confronted, yet the very fact that they were able to overcome all the dangers seems to have produced in them an intense longing for the waves. It has been suggested that the three monsters of the epic, *Beowulf*, represent the forces of nature, Grendel typifying the dangers of the sea, his mother, the sea itself, and the fire-spitting dragon nature's entire hostile strength. But we see that *Beowulf* conquered the three monsters; so also the Anglo-Saxon came out victor in his great battle against natural forces—the danger of the sea was beaten back by dykes; the sea itself was mastered to such an extent that men learned to sail upon it. There is no wonder, then, that he heard and answered the call of the water and learned to consider himself superior to its power. How great to him was the appeal of the ocean is expressed in these lines of *The Seafarer*:

“ . . . No delight has he in all the world,
Nor in aught save the roll of the billows; but
always a longing,
A yearning uneasiness, hastens him on to the sea.”

We see the same idea illustrated by the frequent and varied mention of the sea in different poems. In *Beowulf*, for instance, there are fifteen names for the ocean and various figures used to describe it in numerous conceptions from the “holm,” or horizon sea, to the “brim,” or the white foaming water on the sands of the beach.

The Anglo-Saxon's ability to overcome the perils of the waves is illustrated by the following passages from *Beowulf*:

"The foamy-necked floater fanned by the breeze,
 Liked a bird glided the waters,
 Till twenty and four hours thereafter
 . . . they were nearing the limits
 At the end of the ocean."

" . . . then ye ventured a-swimming,
 Where your arms outstretching the streams ye did cover,
 The mere-ways measured, mixing and stirring them,
 Glided the ocean; angry the waves were,
 With the weltering of winter."

"The sea-boat resounded
 The wind o'er the waters the wave floater nowise
 Kept from its journey; . . ."

We note also that the people manifested a kind of confidence in the sea, not to be expected of those who might well consider the ocean their enemy. Scyld, the ancient king of the Spear Danes, is represented as coming to the people over whom he was to rule a helpless babe on a ship filled with treasures, and guided by the sea itself safely into the harbor. And when he had ruled and died, he was again entrusted to the waters of the ocean, his body being laid on a vessel which again had no other guide than the waves. The picture of this is given in the following lines:

". . . The ring-stemmed vessel,
 Bark of atheling, lay there at anchor,
 Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;
 That beloved leader laid they down there;

 And a gold-fashioned standard they stretched under
 Heaven
 High o'er his head, let the holm-currents bear him,
 Seaward consigned him."

The thought of the sea entered also into their execution of other matters. One instance of this we see in the erection of Beowulf's funeral pyre. It was placed on a high hill so as to be seen by sailors from afar:

"The men of the Weders made accordingly
A hill on the height, high and extensive,
Of sea-going sailors to be seen from a distance."

The ocean, however, was not the only form of nature which appealed to the Anglo-Saxon and to which he gave heed. From these lines of *Beowulf* may be attributed to him a broader conception of nature:

". . . He said that was able
To tell from of old earthmen's beginnings,
That Father Almighty earth had created,
The winsome world that the water encircleth,
Set exultingly the sun's and the moon's beams
To lavish their lustre on land-fold and races,
And earth he embellished in all her regions
With limbs and leaves; . . ."

Here we see expressed the idea that the earth, the moon, the sun, and all their benefits were created for man's use.

The Anglo-Saxon religion, before the coming of Christianity, embraced the worship of Woden and Thor. The former was thought of as the creator of the world and the latter was the slayer of evil spirits and the friend of man. Expressed in their poetry may be found the Saxon's conception of these deities and his attitude toward them. His belief in the gods was not only a fear of their power, but a trust in their goodness. The power and glory of their great god finds expression in many lines, but the superstitions of the people and their belief in fatalism was such that all through their poetry runs the idea that the whole course of events in life

is planned and controlled, not by the all powerful God, but by fate.

A few passages from *Beowulf* will illustrate some of the foregoing points. The following represents God as the ruler of the earth:

"Judge of their actions, All Wielding Ruler,
No praise could they give the Guardian of Heaven,
The Wielder of Glory. Woe will be his who
Through furious hate his spirit shall drive to
The clutch of the fire, no comfort shall look for,
Wax no wiser; well for the man who,
Living his life-days, his Lord may face
And find defense in his Father's embrace!"

This is interesting also in that it expresses a belief in punishment for the wicked and reward in the "Father's embrace" for the just. A closer study would reveal other ideas similar to doctrines of Christianity. In fact, these points of similarity are so frequent in some of the poems that it is thought that the monk copyists of the later Christian period may have inserted lines which did not occur in the original manuscripts.

Many passages from *Beowulf* alone could be quoted to set forth the conviction of the ruling power of fate. Let two suffice here:

". . . To the prince 'twas the last of
His era of conquest by his own great achievements,
The latest of world deeds."

". . . . At the hour that was fated
Scyld then departed to the All-Father's keeping
Warlike to wend him."

The first refers to the death of *Beowulf*—the great hero was not vanquished by the angry dragon: he died from the effects of this struggle only because the deed he had just done was the last expected of him; his life was finished and there-

fore it ended. The death of Scyld has been mentioned in another connection; in this second quotation here the statement is made that his fated hour had come, implying that had it not been time for his departure he would have lived longer.

God was not forgotten, however, in the time of victory. This last passage is very impressive in the expression of Beowulf's gratitude to the Wielder of Glory for his victory over Grendel:

"For the sight we behold now, thanks to the Wielder
Early be offered! Much evil I bided,
Snaring from Grendel: God can e'er 'complish
Wonder on wonder, Wielder of Glory."

THE CURSE

WILBUR J. CASH, '22

"I tell you I wouldn't spend another night in that old ruin to save me from the devil and all his imps. Why, the very old Nick, himself, chased me around the room swearing he'd get me and drag me back to hell with him!"

"Superstitious rot! You were the victim of an overwrought imagination. Why, for two cents I would go down there and stay a month just to show up your foolish fears," drawled Henry Carewe, as he reached for his pipe.

"Come to think of it," he continued, "I've been thinking of going down to that very section of the country and spending a while to get local color for a new story I'm thinking of writing.

"I'll bet you a thousand that you won't spend a month in that old house!"

Carewe puffed at his pipe reflectively. "I'll take you," he suddenly snapped out.

The first speaker, Ralph Dunning, had just returned from a duck hunting expedition into the South Carolina marsh country, and had been relating to Carewe an incident of his trip. Late one evening he was forced by a sudden storm to take refuge for the night in one of the ruined old mansions that abound in that region. There, according to his account, he had been set upon by a veritable demon.

The evening of the fourth day after their conversation found Carewe approaching the spot to which Dunning had directed him. All about him was ruin and desolation. Once this region had been the home of aristocracy and wealth. Here came the flower of the English settlers, pushing out from Charleston, and establishing broad rice plantations; here they

built their homes, great Colonial mansions, with massive columns and wide friendly windows, and here they dispensed their lavish hospitality.

But now all this had changed. The growing of cotton on a large scale had led these planters to the more profitable cotton lands of the far South, so that a few negroes scattered here and there were the only remaining inhabitants of the region. No longer did the great mansions tower up. Most of them had disappeared, destroyed by fire and the elements, and those that remained had fallen into ruins. The rice fields were now great stagnant lagoons. The cotton-mouth moccasin wriggled his way through the slimy green water and the hoarse bellow of the frog was the only sound that broke the silence of this great swamp.

In such a region then was located the old house which Carewe found himself approaching. Like its neighbors, it was the victim of time and neglect. The huge columns had fallen down and lay half-buried in the soft mud; the windows were great black staring holes; the roof was beginning to sag and break through in places; vines had entwined themselves about the crumbling walls, in which wide yawning fissures were to be seen here and there; the once immaculate lawn was overgrown with a tangle of briars and weeds; and over and about it all there seemed to hang an impalpable air of gloom.

As the young man gazed at the forbidding old edifice, he was conscious of a sense of depression amounting almost to fear, but he resolutely put it aside, and pushed open the heavy door, which sagged from a single hinge. Upon entering the dark hallway, Carewe glanced about. He tried the first door on the right, and found it locked, but the second swung wide at his touch. The room had evidently been used for a parlor, and as it appeared habitable, he spread his blankets on the floor and prepared for the night.

He awoke the next morning to find the rain descending in torrents. So, having nothing else to do, he decided to explore the house. A cursory search of the other rooms failed to reveal anything of interest, so he turned his attention to the locked door at the front of the hall. With the aid of a chair he succeeded in breaking the lock, and found himself in what had evidently been the library. Shielded by the body of the house, it had not suffered from the ravages of the elements. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling and the air had the rank odor of a tomb. Its windows, of all those in the house, remained unbroken, and were covered with heavy, dust-laden curtains. Dust-covered cases of books stood about the walls. A dust-encrusted carpet covered the floor. In the center of the room stood a massive oak table. At the farther end was a huge open fire-place, above which was emblazoned a tarnished coat-of-arms, and from the walls hung many moth-eaten, dust-begrimed portraits.

One of these, hanging at the farther end of the room, attracted Carewe's attention at once. It was the face of an old man with a long nose, curved like a beak, thin, cynical lips, wrinkled, parchment-like skin, a pair of blazing black eyes, and long white hair, hanging down over his face and giving him the appearance of a demon. Fascinated by the countenance, the young man approached and examined it closely for a moment. Then he turned his attention to the table. The drawers were empty, and he was about to turn away to the bookcases when his attention was arrested by a sheet of yellowed paper which lay, half hidden by the layer of dust, on the top of the table. Picking it up, he studied it closely. Only fragments of the original inscription remained. "Revenge— already— begun to pay, your son has deserted you— only a beginning— am dying— up from hell I shall come for the last of your line— end with him your race— the curse

of Hell upon you—Carewe—my eyes always in this room—until—fulfilled—the penalty—brother Henry—”

With a startled cry, the young man wheeled about. Almost, he could have sworn that some one had been looking over his shoulder—but the room was empty. White and shaken, he stood, for a moment, in an attitude of attentive listening. Then, with an angry snort at his own fears, he again turned his attention to the paper in his hand.

Carewe! His own name! What a coincidence! But, was it a coincidence? Come to think of it, his own people had come from this very region. Perhaps this was the old ancestral home. Strange that he had stumbled on it in such an odd fashion! Yes, it was a coincidence, after all. But the curse? Evidently it had been hurled against some one of his own name. But who had been the writer? Had he been a brother to the man he cursed? Therein might lie the explanation of the phrase, “brother Henry.” The blazing eyes of the portrait caught and held Carewe’s. Was it possible—? He hastily approached and examined the inscription at the bottom. “Richard Carewe,” it read. And the other had been named Henry, a name that had been handed down in his own family for several generations. Probably the two had been brothers. But what had come between them to call forth this fiendish curse?

Carewe slept that night in the library. His slumber was broken by dreams of a hawk-like old man, who screamed curses and swore to drag him into hell. He arose the next morning with a burning fever, but he put it aside as nothing. The temptation to leave this house of mystery was strong upon him, but his pride refused to bend. As the days dragged by his nervousness increased. Every slight sound caused him to start convulsively from his chair. He tried to read, but always the hypnotic black eyes of the portrait

stared at him from the printed page, so he gave it up in despair. For hours he would stand before the picture and gaze up at the cruel old face. His mind clung tenaciously to the subject of the curse. Why had it been uttered and what was its meaning? The day came when the swamp fever, which had been slowly creeping upon him, flamed out, and he sank into a semi-conscious stupor. A week dragged by, and he grew so weak that he could no longer stand. Lying on his couch, he would gaze up at the picture which now seemed to have taken on life. "Why" and "what" were the questions he asked of it in pleading tones. Then the old man would come down from the picture and would dance about his bed, just out of arms reach, giving vent to his glee in a shrill, high cackle, and muttering vile curses to himself.

There came a night when a great storm rose out of the South. The wind whistled about the house, and moaned dismally down the chimneys, while the lightning flashed incessantly. Carewe, partially roused from the state of coma into which he had fallen, with a great effort raised himself on his elbow. Again he began to plead with the old man to tell him the secret of the curse. And again the white-haired demon danced about his bed cackling his mysterious glee and muttering curses. But suddenly he stopped, crept close to the sick man and peered intently into his face. A weird, exultant cry burst from his lips. A snarl distorted his face and in a shrill, high voice, he began: "So you would know the secret of the curse? Well, you shall know! Go there," pointing to a book-case in the corner, "and you shall learn the story!"

As though he had suddenly been given strength from some unseen source, Carewe staggered to his feet, crossed the room, and with unerring precision, opened the case and removed a worn leather-bound book. Staggering back to the bed, he

began to read: "Diary of Henry Carewe, 178—," was the inscription on the fly-leaf. Here and there an entry caught Carewe's attention.

"January 21.—Today I am fleeing with Margaret, my brother Richard's wife. Perhaps it is wrong, but she loves me and hates Richard, who treats her with cruelty. I have no doubt but that he will attempt revenge on both of us. Almost, I wish that he had never come to live with me, then this would never had been. I have acquainted my son with my plan, and he has left my house, swearing never to return. Probably he is right. I am doing wrong, but I can't resist."

"April 3 (In London).—I have come to the conclusion that Richard is dead. Letters from home say that he has not been seen since the day Margaret and I fled. I think that I shall soon return to America."

"June 13.—Margaret is dead; I found her so this morning. They said it was heart failure, but I fancied that I could trace finger prints on her throat. I wonder if Richard could have— Still no word from my son, Henry. I wonder why he will not show me some pity."

"June 15.—I have just found a strip of paper in the library with a message from Richard on it. He swears revenge and promises to destroy my race from the face of the earth. I wonder what he means when he says that his eyes will watch in that room until his oath is carried out?"

"August 7.—It is true. He is watching me always. I have searched every corner of the room and there is nothing there—but always I feel his black eyes upon me. I believe that old Cæsar, his valet, knows something about it—but I can learn nothing from him. It is driving me insane."

"September 1.—My mind is near the breaking point. Now I know that he will carry out his purpose. God have mercy on me!"

An hour passed and at last the young man raised his questioning, horror-struck eyes from the book.

"Tell me," he gasped, "Is it true? And who are you?"

"Ah, you do not know me?" shrilled the old man. "Well, you shall know me! Yes, it is true! And I have kept my vow. Back from hell I have come to fulfill my oath and drag you back with me! You are the last and I have dragged you back to die, to *die*, do you hear!"

"You lie," croaked Carewe, as he staggered toward the old man, but the apparition dodged aside. A fierce, sardonical smile crossed his face, and, with outstretched hands, he began to creep toward his victim.

"It is useless to resist," he rasped. "I have come to drag you back to hell with me! Tomorrow, your race will be no more!"

With blazing eyes Carewe lunged at him, but his clenched fists struck only the empty air. A look of unutterable horror and fear dawned in his eyes. He turned toward his couch, staggered and crumpled to the floor—quite dead!

A blinding flash of lightning revealed his face, white and set, with a smudge of blood across his cheek. The thunder-clap, following close on the heels of the flash, shook the house to its foundations. With a heavy crash, the picture of old Richard Carewe fell to the floor, knocking the single sputtering candle from the table at the head of the couch in its descent. The candle flickered for a moment, flared up, the rug took fire, a tongue of flame licked out hungrily to the paneled wall, and high above the noise of the storm a shriek of demoniacal laughter rang through the halls of the old mansion.

SALLY'S MAN

T. B. CHAMBLEE, '23

'Twon't no awd'nary cullud man
What brung dis niggah here,
'Twas a sho nuff workin' fireman
What he'ps a engineer.

"Sally," he says to me, says he,
"I laks yo' cookin' fine;
An 'ef you'll come an' cook fer me,
I'll sholy do de firin'."

I knowed hit bound to be a wife
Dat niggah man was lookin';
But long as he will fire de stov',
'Spoze I kin do de cookin'.

I giggles sorta bashful lak'
An' sez, "Now, look here, coon,
Ef ye jes keeps on axin' me
I'll set de day fer June."

Some folkses may lak der husbands,
But fer me, I laks a beau;
'Caze now I takes in washin';
Dat coon don't fire no mo'.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI IN POETRY
AND DRAMA

R. A. HERRING, '21

One of the most famous stories in all Italian history is the sad romance of Francesca and Paolo, who lived and died during the bloody turmoils of the thirteenth century. Fate and circumstances have endowed it with an indescribable pathos which strikes a chord of sympathy in every human heart. History itself has disclosed merely these brief facts: Francesca was the daughter of Guido, lord of Ravenna, and was married for reasons of state to Giovanni, surnamed the lame, one of the sons of Malatesta, lord of Rimini. Giovanni had a brother named Paolo, the Handsome. Twelve years after the marriage she and her brother-in-law, Paolo, were slain together by the husband and buried in one grave. Two hundred years later the grave was opened and the bodies found lying together in silken garments, the silk itself being entire. The episode may have been one merely of heartless intrigue and folly; or beneath the half-disclosed and misleading accounts of tradition may have lurked the conflict of human passion—of long patience, stern duty, struggling conscience and exhausted hope. It is the latter conception which appeals to the imagination and makes the incident one of the most attractive love themes of all time.

Dante first immortalized it in his "Inferno," where it stands, in the words of Hunt, "like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus." The poet conceives of the couple as banished to the place of punishment for carnal sinners along with Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Paris, Helen and countless others. "There the winds, full of stifled voices, buffeted the souls

forever, whirling them away to and fro, and dashing them against one another." Dante is especially interested in a couple who, inseparable, are borne along with a speed lighter than the rest, and it is to him that Francesca, at the request of Virgil, tells the following story in broken sentences—now all tenderness for her lover, now angry at their slayer:

"One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear,
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us,
When as we read of the much-longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one who ne'er from me shall be divided
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating."

The poet's rendition is not only brief and full of the fire of life itself, but it is noble, taken on a larger scale, and the product of a great soul. He paints the conflict between true love and conscience in livid colors on an eternal background of night. There is a touch of womanhood, too—a triumphant note in the wail of despair—even in the very pit of woe she has the solace that her lover will never be separated from her.

Three other writers dramatized this tragedy, treating it in as many different ways, according to their respective tastes and purposes. George Henry Boker, an American playwright, presents in "Francesca da Rimini" a truly noble character, Lanciotto (alias Giovanni), and a sympathetic interpretation of the mediæval woman in Francesca. He emphasizes the loyal devotion of the two brothers, but it is Lanciotto, the deformed warrior, who demands the highest respect in his altruistic purpose. Although he loves his wife from the very first, yet he is sensible to his own repulsiveness

and to the fact that she cares nothing for him. The following lines offering her freedom without any destructive consequences show his magnanimity:

"And now that you have seen me and conversed with me,
If you object to anything in me—
Go, I release you."

Francesca halts at this; but, urged on by her selfish father, takes the step to ruin, for she is characteristically obedient, sacrificing; and gives herself as a hostage to fortune, her one desire being to avert ruin from the house of Ravenna. Against her love for the handsome Paolo, she has practically no scruples, even encouraging it, as a compensation, contrary to his better judgment. The malicious jester, Pepe, in his anxiety to work mischief, paints for Lanciotto, who is away at war, a picture of a faithless wife and a treacherous brother. In haste the terrible warrior returns to avenge the wrong, telling his brother as he gives the death blow:

"Your blood has cleansed my honor, and our name
Shines to all the world as ever."

Of all American plays written before the Civil War, Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" is credited with the most vitality: "it marks the climax of romantic tragedy in this country." Probably its success is due to the fact that it is based on broad lines and is justified by the writer's real understanding of the characters and their story.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, in his tragedy, also entitled "Francesca da Rimini," tells the story in a more fascinating style. Action centers around two people of living flesh and blood, who love luxury and beautiful things, but are savage in their reactions. However, Paolo and Francesca have no characteristics that might not have existed in the thirteenth century,

an age of bloodshed and violence. Paolo, the hero of the play, is a typical Italian gentleman, whose skill in archery and bravery in battle prevent him none the less from enjoying music and finer arts and appreciating the gentle spirit of Francesca. His brothers are cruel and warlike.

Francesca, naturally the outstanding figure, is the embodiment of tenderness and love, although reared amid harsh surroundings. Some of the most beautiful lines in the play are the words of comfort addressed so pathetically to her little sister. Nevertheless, she is bold and fearless. In the scene on the battlements during the fight—unrivalled in its vivid reality—one of the men-at-arms says of her:

"Madonna plays with the Greek fire
As if she held a lap-dog in a leash."

Towards her husband her attitude is quite without modern subtlety; he has won her unfairly and she is unconscious of treachery towards him in loving another. Moreover, Paolo, in her opinion, has been freed from all guilt of deceit,

"By the death that touched you with its finger tip
And took you not."

Throughout the tragedy she has no scruples, only a vague apprehension of some misfortune which will blight their love.

At the end, when the two lovers are surprised together, the husband deliberately kills both brother and wife. Killing them he has no moralizing to do; he bends his knee and with a painful movement breaks his bloodstained sword across it. The action of the play is slow, but behind it all is the tremendous force of living passion, whose energy speaks for itself. Critics agree that this drama probably displays a knowledge of the thirteenth century and of the customs

and habits of the times which has never been excelled save by historical writers.

But this touching story of romantic tragedy has been treated by another, Stephen Phillips, with hardly less force and in the English language. Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" is written by a poet who has been an actor and it is conceived in the best spirit of the modern stage, "severe and simple, yet tense with dramatic emotion." However, its poetic beauty is achieved at the expense of the fiery abandon which gives D'Annunzio his greatness.

The first part of the play is devoted to the warm, brotherly love of Paolo and Giovanni and the sweet innocence of the ill-starred Francesca. Apparently, no force can affect the devotion of the brothers, but the warning from Lucrezia, Giovanni's cousin, is pregnant with approaching calamity:

"Who shall set a shore to love?
When hath it even swerved from death, or when
Hath it not burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers?—"

More experienced, Paolo is the first to foresee the tragic outcome of this irresistible amour but he is powerless. He lacks the determination and courage to swallow the poison and unwillingly returns to his love as a moth courts destruction in the candle's flame. Francesca remains pure and innocent throughout. She reads the sad tale of Launcelot and Guinevere—

"Of two who fell in love long years ago;
And wrongly fell"—

without grasping the awful analogy. Yet she is moved by their pitiful plight—

"I know not why I wept.
But these two were so glad in their wrong love:
It was their joy: it was their helpless joy."

As complications increase, however, she, too, sees the stern reality and vainly fights the sin. But circumstances and fate conquer. Giovanni, returning unexpectedly, finds them in each other's arms and through a sense of duty kills them. As they lie dead, "like children fast asleep," he speaks these sad words—

"Not easily have we three come to this—
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly."

This play is admitted to be decidedly the best of Stephen Phillips' productions—a very beautiful and touching presentation of one of the most pathetic stories in the world, "possessing a wonderful tenderness, a grace, a limpidity that is most rare: a great dramatic poem, which happens to be a great poetic drama."

UNCLE SCORES ONE

D. R. HAWKINS, '23

"Mother, please don't worry about me," said the girl, bravely. "I will be as safe as gold and will come back to see you all, sometime."

"I don't doubt one bit that you will be safe, dear, because no one could have the heart to hurt such an innocent one. But, Geneva, while you and Reid were out walking I was thinking of the day your darling mother died. You were only three years old, yet you seemed to understand the situation clearly. Then I remember Reid coming up to me and crawling gently on my lap, saying, 'Mother, can't we take Geneva and keep her here with us?' He has always loved you as if you were really his sister."

"Yes," Geneva replied slowly. I remember it the same as if it was only yesterday. But, mother, I feel as if I would be doing my uncle wrong if I didn't go and live with him, as he indirectly requested. I will be happy with him, but I will always remember you and daddy and—Reid."

Fifteen years had past since Geneva's mother had died, leaving her without any relative except an uncle in Colorado. He was a stingy, unfriendly man and had not cared what became of Geneva. So the girl had been adopted by the Smiths, whom she learned to love and even to call daddy and mother. She had grown almost to womanhood, slender and of medium height, gracefully built, with delicately chiseled features. In short, Geneva Wilson was a vision of girlish beauty.

As she left that afternoon for her new home in the West she was nervous and worried, but she tried to cover it all with

a smile. As the train rushed along, she could not help thinking of Reid Smith. He had asked her to go walking with him that afternoon but it had been a silent stroll. "If he loves me why didn't he tell me?" she murmured, almost crying.

Just then the train stopped and a number of passengers entered. Among them was a tall, slender man with a short mustache, keen eyes and clear-cut features. Not finding any other seat, he sat down by Geneva, without asking her permission. On his suit-case Geneva noticed in large, newly-painted letters, "Lee West."

"Where are you from and where are you headed, young lady?" asked the man, immediately.

"From Beddington, and going to Mayton," replied Geneva, nervously. "Can you tell me how much farther it is?"

"Ha, ha," sneered the man. "Lady, you are only forty miles from where you started. It is about six hundred miles from here to Mayton and if this 'snail' runs on time you won't get there before morning."

The stranger found another seat presently and left Geneva alone again. It was getting late and the noise of the train soon lulled her to sleep. The conductor woke her the next morning, and to her pleasure Mayton was the next stop. Geneva's uncle was at the depot to meet her and, fortunately, she was the only lady to get off, so he had no trouble in recognizing her. She saw at once that her uncle did not seem very pleasing. He spoke only a few words on the way to the house. When they arrived, her aunt came out, kissed her and carried her upstairs to a large and beautifully furnished room.

The remaining part of the day Geneva spent resting, but she seemed to worry about the man she met on the train.

"Why did he get off here? He looked so mean, I hope I shall never see him again," she murmured to herself.

That afternoon Geneva's uncle, who was president of the only bank in town, hired a young man, who was a stranger in town.

As time passed by he and Geneva had occasion to meet often but only for a few words. Geneva lost her fear of him, but he seemed very different from most young men she had met. And, in fact, he was. Lee West had not been in Mayton six months before he proposed to her.

One morning he caught Mr. Wilson idle and going slowly up to him said, "Mr. Wilson, pardon me, but I would like to have your opinion as to my marrying Geneva."

"Well," the old man replied, "I wish to Gawd somebody would. It would save me money. But she will soon be twenty-one and I won't have anything to do with her."

"I love her," said Lee, "and want to marry her, but she won't pay any attention to me. She seems to be in love with some guy named Reid, as he is about all she talks of."

"My boy," the old man said with a wink, "I am afraid you don't understand these creatures called women. If you want the girl, why don't you think of some way to make her forget Reid Smith, then she will turn to you. If I can help you let me know," and turning, he walked away.

The next day Geneva returned from the postoffice crying. Her aunt inquired of the trouble, but received no answer. She followed the girl to her room and found the following letter on the table:

"DEAREST GENEVA:—It is with the greatest of sorrow that I write you of the death of my son, Reid. He talked so much of you, I felt it my duty to write you. Hope you are happy in your new home. Yours with all love,

MRS. SMITH."

Two weeks later Lee West walked home with Geneva from the bank.

"Geneva," he said earnestly, "please marry me. Some day your uncle and aunt are going to die and who will take care of you?"

"Lee, I don't love you and how could I be happy with a man I cared nothing for? Only one boy ever lived that I really loved, and two weeks ago I heard of his death."

"But then you will learn to love me," he replied. "And, besides, your uncle is tired of you and is anxious for you to marry me."

They had reached the steps and without saying another word Geneva went upstairs to her room. Her uncle came to the door and he and Lee sat down together on the steps.

"Well, Lee, how is your scheme working?" asked her uncle.

"Not much," replied Lee. "I believe you will have to give her the lecture we were talking about and see what effect it has."

"All right," answered the old man. "Things are so costly these days, I am afraid that girl is going to bankrupt me. She has only been here seven months and, by golly, I have had to buy her two twenty-dollar dresses and God knows what else. But trust me to get rid of her."

The next morning at breakfast Geneva knew that something was going to happen. She realized that her uncle and aunt had never liked children, and had only asked her there out of politeness.

"Geneva," growled the old man. "I want to speak to you after breakfast."

"Certainly," she replied, trying to be as courteous as possible.

After breakfast they left the table together and going straight into the parlor the lecture began.

"Now, Geneva," said the gray-haired man, slapping his fist in his hands. "I thought I would tell you that if you have got half sense you will marry Lee West before sundown. I am tired of you living on me like mistletoe on an oak and what's more, it's got to stop. Lee West seems to be an all right fellow and, as far as I know, he has never done anything that I wouldn't do. I am paying him ninety dollars a month and you and him could live comfortably on that."

Geneva was crying, but when the man finished speaking she managed to say between sobs—

"Uncle, I can't love him. I can't believe Reid is really dead. Please don't send me away."

"You heard what I said," he replied, walking out on the porch.

Geneva tried to think but found it almost impossible. "What must I do?" she was constantly repeating. "Life is such a terrible thing. Will there ever be any pleasure in living?"

She found herself on the porch with her uncle and before she could realize what had happened, she had promised him that she would marry Lee the first of May.

The next few weeks passed in a hurry and soon the promised time arrived, when Geneva Wilson was to become the bride of Lee West, a man she did not love or know anything about.

It was Sunday, Geneva and Lee were on the porch talking, waiting for the parson, when up the walk came two men. Lee paid little attention, thinking it was the preacher. Geneva thought she recognized Reid Smith and started toward him. By this time they were at the steps and the larger man pulled from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, saying:

"Consider yourself under arrest." The detective clamped the cuffs around Lee's wrists.

"You thought you were safe, Sam Beam, but I got you now. You didn't have enough sense to paint 'Lee West' on your suit-case yourself but hired it done. Well, I'll put you where you can wear pretty black and white stripes and where you will never rob another store—

"Young lady, excuse me," said the officer with a smile. "You didn't know your wise old uncle had saved you and your inheritance from this sneaking rascal, did you? I will turn *you* over to my friend, Reid Smith. I think he has papers for you."

"Yes," said Reid, stammering, "I—"

"Let's go in the parlor," interrupted Geneva, blushing. "The parson will be here in a few minutes."

THOUGHT

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

A child of divine inspiration
Is born in a palace of clay;
Her cradle is history's wisdom,
And scholars their deference pay.

The world is but part of her kingdom—
Creation is slave to her will.
She rifles the lore of the ancients,
The future is prey to her skill.

Nor ever she brooks an obstruction,
The goddess of progress is she.
Grim war becomes peace at her bidding,
And nothing disputes her decree.

And I, even I, am permitted
To dwell in her royal domain.
Her presence puts soul in existence,
Divinity into my brain.

Thus I am the heir to the treasures
That minds of all ages have wrought.
All hail to the mother of freedom,
The key to the universe—Thought!

"GOING OVER" AT ST. MIHIEL

I. B. HUDSON, '21

It seems as if there has been a delicacy on the part of overseas men in telling of their experiences of actual combat. At least, they so have been accused by their elders, who say that they tell of other things, but not much of the fight. As a boy, I occasionally heard Civil War veterans tell of their experiences, never omitting a detail, it seemed to me. Such was hard for a child, and is hard for an adult, to comprehend; but any one who has seen service on the front knows *why*. Things there are indelibly written on one's mind; so much so that nothing this side of the grave can erase it.

But I am to tell of the battle of St. Mihiel—the first of my three experiences in "going over"—as it appeared to me. It is common knowledge that this drive began September 12, 1918. It was the first major offensive of the American Army, and lasted from September 12-20, and was participated in by 600,000 American doughboys.

My division, of which I am proud, and justly so, was the "Rainbow (42d).

At that time it was a veteran organization, having taken part in the defensive fighting in Champagne, with General Gourard's army. From Champagne the division moved to the region north of Chateau-Thierry, where it led the attack over the Ourcq and captured Villeurs-sur-Fere, Sergy, Seringes, and Nesles. From here it moved back for a short rest and to receive replacements, of which I was one. It required several days' marching (or rather nights; for a General Headquarters' order read: "All A. E. F. troops

shall move by night") to reach the Toul front on the memorable night of the 11th of September.

At 4 p. m. in some muddy, dense woods, about ten miles from the front, we had our last warm meal for a season. Under the cover of these woods and the fog all day long a continuous line of tanks had threaded their way in mud a foot deep, concentrating, and hiding themselves in waiting for the morrow. After this meal we were ordered to "turn in" our packs, or everything except our "short packs," in which are toilet articles, mess kit, and two days' reserved rations (when obtainable). At Chateau-Thierry our men went over with packs, and they proved such a menace that all were abandoned on the field. When the Boche open up with machine-guns it is quite necessary for one to be able to get down *at once*. How I have cleaved to old Mother Earth in time of machine-gun fire, and it seems to me now that I could elongate my body like an earth worm!

As certain and regular as is the sun, moon, and the stars to perform their functions, so faithful must the doughboy be in having ever present his rifle, gas mask, helmet, and side-arms. But I had *impedimenta* in addition; for being a member of an automatic squad and a gunner's carrier, I had to carry besides my rifle and a hundred rounds of Springfield ammunition, 293 rounds of ammunition in a "musette" bag for the French Automatic Chauchat rifle. This musette bag is a very provoking thing to carry, indeed, weighing from five to eight pounds. It has a strap fastened to it for transportation, which, when put over the head, cuts off one's breath. If hung on the shoulder, it is eternally slipping off. Moreover, it gives one a poor balance and, however it is carried, when one steps in a hole or stumbles it is sure to throw him down. That repeated about a hundred times in one night gets to the point where it is no longer entertaining.

We were in formation and ready for the march a bit before sundown. A mile or so took us to the highway—a good typical French road. Soon it began to rain. This increased in volume until, at midnight, our raincoats had become sobbed; if there was a dry thread on anybody it could not be found. About this time Fritz threw over several big shells that fell all along our path. We sought cover on the side of the road for some minutes till things became quiet, then took to the woods again. We were nearing the front line! It was so dark a man could not be distinguished from a tree. Precisely at one o'clock our guns unlimbered and not since Verdun had the valley of the Meuse known such a rumble. Not only on our own sector of thirty miles was there a barrage, but from the North Sea to the Swiss border guns surcharged the air with terrific concussions.

Let it be said here that the hardest battle any one ever fought is the first one. Afterwards, though not pleasant, the work, somehow, is commonplace. One learns to take care of himself. The veteran almost becomes cocksure. It is a matter of learning and knowing the game.

The Boche, for a while, almost measure for measure, returned our barrage, but soon, however, he found us too much for him. In the meantime, we threaded our way through the inky blackness, seeking an old trench set apart for us, in which we were to spend the remainder of the night—till zero hour—five o'clock in the morning. The bursting shells shrieked and moaned while the shrapnel played woeful tunes in the air.

It was so dark that in order to march in single file each man had to grasp the fellow's coat-tail in front of him. We hurried and rushed as best we could, but by the time we could gain any speed, some one would strike a shell hole and about five men would pile in on top of him, making a general mixture of rifles, helmets, gas masks, hobnail shoes, etc.

This did not feel very good in one's back. Besides, he came out of the hole oftener than otherwise drenched and covered with mud.

Eventually, we reached our trench—nothing but a big ditch, but it was a protection against shrapnel. Here we had an opportunity to take a review of our past life as it passed and repassed in panorama with remarkable swiftness. It is a time when the chaff is sifted from life and the soul is drained of its dross; all men, even the military, are of the same size and the same rank.

A few moments before five we stole out of the trench. What a relief it was to move! Precisely at five we crowded through the wire entanglements. The engineers had already cut the wire for us—made one opening. Then through the wire we spread a wave line—men three to five steps apart. This reached for miles and miles and was supported by many waves graduating from thirty yards to a half mile. We were in the *front* wave—between the enemy's wire and his trench. There was no alternative other than to fight. It was yet dark and raining, but the dawn was coming on. Soon enemy outposts discovered us. We were now in an open clearing. They shot up flares that went in the sky a hundred or so feet and remained almost stationary for a minute, making a very bright light, and showing them clearly where we were. They poured into our ranks a withering and deadly fire. Of course, we took to the shell holes, even though they were nearly full of water. And we could make no progress, only from shell hole to shell hole. At the same time our artillery was laying over a splendid rolling barrage, which we were trying to follow. But before we knew it, our ranks were thinned and we were like sheep without a shepherd. Our major was wounded, captain killed, platoon lieutenant and platoon sergeant killed. We halted where we were in the shell holes. Some time had

elapsed. Looking to the rear we saw other waves falling as grass cut by the scythe.

Our main task had been performed. We were to furnish a target in the open for the enemy. While we were keeping him entertained, other troops had taken a longer way round in the woods and were flanking him. They came down upon the machine-gun nests, routing and discomfiting the Huns. Almost at the same time that our rolling barrage moved on, the enemy's abandoned trenches had been reached. The first opportunity had come for us to use our guns. As often as we could see a Boche head my gunner would invite its owner to lower it. The battle moved on a little. I looked on the bank of the trench and saw a "buddy" of my squad lying on his back. He was purple and trembling, and in a moment breathed his last. A machine-gun bullet through the head had "finished" him before he could reach the trench. Soon several fellows of our bunch were in the trench. One poor lad came to me, soaking wet and limping, holding one puttee in his hand. He had had a bullet through the shinbone. Though frightened, I did the best for him I could in the way of binding his wound, and found a place where the water was not so deep in the trench, and asked him to wait there for the stretcher bearers.

The roar of battle moved on and our troops who were now "shot up" and undone were "leap-frogged" by fresh reserves, who took our places. From this trench I looked at our men wounded and dying between us and the wire, which we had threaded. The stretcher bearers were gathering them up as fast as they could. Of course, we had routed the Germans and won the day, but could the "Iron Duke" have gazed on that scene he would have exclaimed as of old: "A great victory is the saddest thing on earth, except a great defeat."

It was ten o'clock by this time. The remnants of our company followed our victorious troops. We often had to dodge shells and take cover from the Boche 'planes. However, we had the rest of the day off as much as the circumstances would permit; and watched the tanks; ate raw turnips, beets, and cabbage, and robbed dead Germans. With all the rest, there is novelty about the battlefield. By nightfall we had moved up some eight or ten miles. Of 250 men in our company we could account for but 65; however, in two or three days we had 150. But there were those who would not come again. Our captain and one first lieutenant were killed; a first and second lieutenant were wounded, leaving as our only officer one lone second lieutenant. Of the seven men in my squad, two were killed and two were wounded. One member had a bullet through the back of his coat, and I had the top button on my coat smashed while another bullet came an inch lower through the seam of my coat.

That night we "dug in" and the only blanket we had was our raincoats. Fortunately, in the afternoon the sun had shone out. I obtained some straw from a bunk in a German barrack, where there were four dead horses, having been killed that morning by our barrage. The bunk had formerly belonged to the keeper of the horses. From that precious straw I secured my first "cooties." They never surrendered till long after the Armistice when I was keeping watch on the Rhine. Finally and briefly, we remained on the front in first, second, and third reserve digging trenches, and stretched barbed wire entanglements for twelve days. The details and discomforts of these days are too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say, that we were glad to get out on the twelfth night beyond the range and circle of shell fire.

Next to Ypres, St. Mihiel was the most famous salient. We captured 150 square miles of territory and sixteen thou-

sand prisoners, or two German divisions. The drive was the beginning of the end. America was "on its own." How well we did the thing let history say. Personally, I shall never forget the day of the twelfth, when as far as the eye could reach the American lads could be seen going grimly forward in their crusader's task.

THE SPIRIT

W. J. CASH, '22

Sometimes as I sit at evening
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
And watch the smoke upcurling
From the embers dying slow,
There comes a vision stealing
From the land of the long ago.

And the flickering shadows rising,
From the grate-fire's fitful flare,
Yield place, like a curtain parting,
To a spirit, pure and fair;
That fairy-like comes floating
To bend above my chair.

And the years are backward rolling,
And again I'm a tiny lad,
With a gilded toy that's broken—
And a heart that's grieved and sad.
But the spirit soothes my childish tears
And makes my sad heart glad.

While she tells me of the fairies,
And of Him who raised the dead;
And kneeling there before her chair
My childish prayers are said.
Then she picks me up with a merry toss
And tucks me away in bed.

And then she bends to kiss me,
With a smile all glad and gay,
And I read the love in my mother's eyes—
But the vision fades away,
Leaving me alone with shadows
And the ashes, cold and gray.

BUSINESS AND COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES IN NORTH CHINA

H. F. AYERS, '24

"The new national spirit in China promises to start her on the road to the greatest national development that the world has yet seen, quite likely to result in the shifting of the world's greatest commercial arena from the Atlantic to the Pacific." These are the words of Mr. Julian Arnold, Commercial Attache to the Far East, spoken on one of his lecturing tours in America.

We have seen the wonderful development of Japan within the last fifty years, from a small island, that was practically unknown, to one of the world's greatest powers. Today her ships are sailing over every ocean on the face of the earth, and her manufactured goods are found in almost every market in the world.

China has an area fifty times as great as that of Japan, a population eight times greater, natural resources several hundred times greater and a people equal, if not superior, to the Japanese in mental ability.

As the smaller giant of Japan arose and shook off the dust of Time, so will the greater giant of China arise and challenge the world to compete with her in commerce! It is turning over in its sleep now. China's foreign trade has within the last thirty years advanced from 80,000,000 to over 500,000,000 of dollars in gold. It should be many times this and soon will be. If China should be given a decade free from internal strife and outside invasion, the world would witness an industrial development such as she has never seen before.

America has been late in getting a foothold in China, but she has been fortunate in the methods with which she began her relations with the Celestial Kingdom. During the interval between 1842 and 1905 England, Germany, Russia, France and Japan were seizing millions of miles of land in China. The only land that America holds in China is that upon which are placed a few government buildings, such as every nation is obliged to have in a foreign country. Can the Chinese keep from seeing the difference between the policy of our country and that of every other great power?

We have won a national prestige—a reputation for fair dealing and production of some of the best goods in the world. We have won the good will of the buying and selling public. The next thing to do is to keep it. We can do this by selling to China the things that she wants, packed as she wants them; by commercial investigations followed up by financing investment and industrial enterprises. We can do it by sending out the kind of business men China needs—those who have had experience and sufficient training to take hold of the large tasks that are coming before them—men whom we would like the Chinese to take as representatives of our country. Finally, all commercial enterprises must have the right kind of backing at Washington. This more than anything else will foster the proper trade relations with the Chinese republic.

There are at present three types of Americans in China. The first type is the type that has laid the foundation for all business in the Orient, the type that has done more for this country than any other—the people who have gone out there on very small salaries to give themselves and their religion to this lost race, and to receive no material benefit for it. This type is the missionary.

The second is the old type of business man. His object is to make money, to get what he can out of China, to drain

her of her riches and to give back nothing in return. He leaves the country not caring for the effect he has had on it.

The third type is composed of modern business men whom America and other countries are sending out to China now. Their purpose is not to drain the country of her resources but to develop them. They are there to help China; to promote international friendship; to teach the Chinese fair play, coöperation, and the other principles on which modern business is based. There is no better example of this than the Peking Electric Co., which is made up of Chinese and American stockholders. They train their own corps of electricians, and each year spend one-sixth of their proceeds in sending six young men, who are chosen from their electricians, to America to take a four-year course in electrical engineering. On the return of these men they may go into the employ of the Peking Electric Co. or of the Chinese government, or they may go into business for themselves; the choice is left to them. There is no better way of helping China. The time has come when firms in China must have foreign trained business men on their staffs, if they wish to succeed.

There are many obstacles to be overcome before we shall see any great development in China. The foremost of these is the lack of means of transportation from one district to another, or from one province to another. The failure or success of China in competing in the world's commerce hangs on this point: "Can she develop her railroads?" If we have sufficient means of transportation we shall have a uniform price of coal all over the country. Manufactories will spring up, the people will be given work—in short, China will prosper. Civilization always has and always will depend on roads.

The next greatest difficulty in the way of American trade is the possessions and spheres of interest of the Japanese.

Looking at the map, we find that Japan controls five out of the nine open ports in North China. This gives Japan the wide sweep of Mongolia, Manchuria, and practically all of Shantung and Chihli. By giving preferential freight rates to the Chinese and the people of her country, she makes it practically impossible for a business firm of another country to gain the same success.

The third difficulty which I mention is the "likin." This is an inland tax, which is levied on goods transported from one province to another, or even from one district to another. The tax is so arranged that it will not exceed ten per cent in one province; however, when the goods are shipped through several provinces, it often exceeds twenty or more per cent. The abolition of this tax would greatly stimulate foreign trade, for it would mean a marked increase in the imports and exports of the whole country.

There is another difficulty of which not all business men in China have cognizance. That is the inability of the foreigner to understand Chinese business. The Chinese does his business over his tea cup. He is not to be hurried. Chinese business is based on fear and distrust. Why? The old classifications of Chinese society were in this order: officials, scholars, artisans, farmers; and except for actors and a few minor classes, the tradesman came last. Some changes have taken place, but the tradesman has never been particularly honored. It is easy for the officials under the provincials to terrorize and blackmail the man who is attempting to stand alone in business. In time of rioting and revolution it has always been the business man who has suffered. Modern business is based on trust. Credit is nothing but trust. Until the Chinese realize this, it will be especially hard for the foreigner who does not understand them thoroughly to do business with them.

There are many other obstacles which I shall not have the space to take up in detail here. Some of them are: the lack of investments, insufficient banking facilities, fluctuations of exchange, need of tonnage on the Pacific; the unreliability of the Chinese government, and the unwillingness of Occidentals to live in the Orient for any considerable length of time.

China needs practically every line of goods that America produces, from pins to millions of dollars worth of railroad ties and engines. Consequently, I cannot even begin to give a list of business opportunities for Americans in China. However, I will mention a few of the most important ones.

At present textile machinery ranks first in the exports to China. The importation of cotton spinning machinery is the greatest of these and will continue to be the largest by far for the next thirty years. China ranks third among the cotton producing countries, having an annual yield of 2,500,000 bales. Here we have an enormous market for cotton goods, and labor cheaper than any other spot on earth—a combination of inducements better than those found anywhere else. China's cotton mills are paying from 40 to 50 per cent profits. Yet, on account of the lack of initiative of the Chinese people, China, with a population of 400,000,000 people, has only 4,000,000 spindles. However, it is stated by good authorities that within the next ten years 25,000,000 more will be installed. Think of what China holds in store for the progressive textile manufacturer. China's total importation is annually about \$800,000,000 worth. The ordinary skilled laborer receives from ten to twenty cents per day, and he is by no means indolent. Factories can be placed at the mouths of coal pits, where coal is bought more cheaply than in any other place in the world. In view of these cir-

cumstances, we can see that the demand for cotton spinning machinery is going to be enormous.

The development of factories is going to depend to a great extent on the development of electricity, since this power is cheaper than any other kind. The greatest hindrance to the forming of electrical companies is the unreliability of the Chinese government. The Chinese do not dare to undertake such a task as the setting up of an electrical plant, without good government backing, and that is very hard to obtain.

Just as factories are held back by the lack of electricity, so is electricity held back by the lack of means of transportation, since there can be no uniform price of coal without good transportation.

At the present time there seems to be a great opportunity for development in Mongolia. The Mongols are a nomadic people. They stay in one place during the summer and move to another in the winter, where they can find grass above the snow, grass on which their cattle can graze. Some of the conveniences of our modern civilization would change their whole mode of living. Take for instance, the introduction of the modern mowing machine. The Mongol's wealth is dependent on his grazing grounds. The mowing machine would enable them to lay up a supply of hay and make their migrations unnecessary. The result would be that they would adopt permanent dwelling places. Their camps would be changed into villages and cities. Their race, which is dying out, would be saved. Commerce and industry would thrive. And all this through the importation of a common mowing machine, used throughout the civilized world. It would revolutionize their whole life.

At this time the world needs meat more than any other food supply. Mongolia is the world's last great prairie. It abounds in sheep and cattle. An enormous increase in the

raising of these animals would be witnessed if sufficient means of curing the meat were provided in Kalgan. Kalgan is the Kansas City of the Orient. It has the four essentials of a successful packing depot, namely: proximity to its source of supply, nearness to large meat markets, good communications, and cheap labor. Kalgan is only sixty miles from the Mongolian plains. From Kalgan meat can be shipped to Peking and from there all over the world. The prices of sheep and cattle in Mongolia are ridiculously low. Cattle can be purchased 120 miles from Kalgan at from \$8 to \$16.50 per head and sheep from 50 cents to \$2. An experienced cow-puncher in Mongolia earns thirty cents a day. Summing up these advantages, it is easy to see that no packing house in the world could compete with one situated in Kalgan. Mongolia is the Texas of China.

I have had time to mention only a few of the advantages and disadvantages in doing business in China, but I think that it will not be difficult for the reader to see what a wide and extensive field for industrial development China is now, and is going to be increasingly in the future, and what a great opportunity there is for the American business man to help raise this nation out of its obscurity and to bring enlightenment to its people.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

Neatness
on the
Campus.

One of the few good lessons we could well have learned from Uncle Sam, when he was in command here during the S. A. T. C., is the habit of neatness. The student who carelessly threw even so small a thing as a burned match on the campus or around his quarters, if discovered, was forced to do penance in the

drudgery of "K. P." Now, papers and all manner of rubbish are scattered over the grounds promiscuously and the offenders are allowed to roam at large. Of course, no practical punishment could be inflicted; nor is any necessary. But sentiment, stronger and more effective, could be created which would eventually overcome this evil. In college, as in every other branch of life, public opinion holds complete sway and it is the powerful weapon we would direct against uncleanness and slouch at Wake Forest. We are fortunate in possessing naturally a very attractive campus: it should be the determination of any loyal pupil to keep it such, not only by being more careful himself, but by enlisting others in the cause. A little extra exertion in following the walks instead of taking short-cuts across the lawn would help appearances wonderfully. Furthermore, if we could convince our visiting friends and fellow students, who own automobiles, that our campus is no "thoroughfare," our walks would certainly be in better order, and one might be able even in wet weather to approach the new Dormitory without a guide and without danger of slipping into its treacherous bogs. With individuals first impressions are most lasting; the same is true of institutions. Every loyal son of our Alma Mater ought to regard her with pride and respect and see to it that she appears at sight what she really is—one of the grandest institutions of the South.

**A Summer
School at
Wake Forest.**

Wake Forest College is to have a summer school! THE STUDENT would willingly be the first to announce these glad tidings and welcome this valuable addition to Alma Mater, but the fetters of a monthly publication make it impossible. However, we wish to add our voice of acclaim and believe that, despite

previous announcements and publicity, we are justified in mentioning it in some detail.

On February 4th the executive committee, consisting of Dr. W. L. Poteat, Prof. A. C. Reid and Prof. H. T. Hunter, who had this matter in charge, took a definite course of action, deciding upon the officers. Dr. W. L. Poteat was chosen as president; E. B. Earnshaw, registrar; H. T. Hunter, director; and Miss Campbell, of Meredith College, dean of women. Furthermore, there were three committees appointed: one for the courses of study, headed by Dr. G. W. Paschal; one for the catalogue directed by Dr. H. M. Poteat; and yet another for advertisement under the leadership of Prof. A. C. Reid. The faculty will be composed of eighteen teachers selected from Meredith, Oxford and Wake Forest. In all probability, three more will be recommended by the State Board of Education to take charge of its phase of work.

All the academic branches of study given in the curriculum of Wake Forest, including Law and Medicine, will be open during the summer. Certificates from the State Board of Education will also be granted to those who wish to prepare themselves for teaching. Yet another section of work will be offered to high school students of the eleventh grade, who may desire either to do some reviewing or to remove conditions before entering college. The summer school opens June 14th and remains in session till July 27th, six weeks.

The inauguration of a summer school marks another milestone in the progress of Wake Forest College and denominational education. The Baptists of the State will have the opportunity of pursuing any course of study at practically any time under strictly Baptist and religious auspices. This new step virtually meets the unanimous approval of our faculty and friends. With its realization a system of quar-

terlies may be established at some later date, but, of course, that idea depends altogether on future conditions. It is a time of great possibilities for Wake Forest College and it is earnestly hoped that every undertaking for her uplift will meet with generous coöperation from the hands of alumni and Baptists throughout the State.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

"ALL WAKE FOREST APPLICANTS LICENSED" was the caption displayed by *Old Gold and Black* of February 11th. This is the nineteenth time since its beginning in 1894 that the Law School has sent up a hundred per cent class. There were twenty-eight applicants from Wake Forest, which was forty-six per cent of those receiving license. The following is a list of our men: H. V. Austin, New London; T. W. Allen, Raleigh; J. R. Burgess, Columbus; W. J. Bone, Nashville; C. B. Buie, Bladenboro; L. M. Butler, Haysville; W. L. Campbell, Norwood; R. R. Carter, Holly Springs; G. T. Carswell, Wake Forest; W. H. Dickens, Enfield; W. R. Felts, Mount Airy; C. M. Fortune, Asheville; J. E. Frazier, Asheboro; C. H. Grady, Kenly; M. L. Gordon, Nashville; W. C. Goodson, Mount Olive; L. E. Griffin, Edenton; W. E. Hennessee, Salisbury; E. T. Hicks, Henderson; A. E. Hall, Winston-Salem; G. W. Klutz, Maiden; T. O. Moses, Spring Hope; J. A. Narron, Smithfield; T. O. Pangle, Dillsboro; W. G. Pittman, Gates; S. M. Pruette, Charlotte; H. J. Rhodes, New Bern; D. H. Willis, Sea Level.

The N. C. Collegiate Press Association, inaugurated on February 5th by Daniel L. Grant, of the *Carolina Tar Baby*, should be a great aid in the solution of the State's collegiate and intercollegiate problems. Representatives from eleven colleges were present. Membership is open to all college publications. The association will meet semi-annually, in October and April, each time at a different college.

To many lads and lassies Friday, February 11th, is a day to be remembered. The beauty of Meredith, Oxford and Louisburg colleges came over and helped us enjoy the celebration of the eighty-sixth anniversary of our literary societies. Many of the fair visitors lingered for the week-end. The occasion was a success in every way. The traditional debate and orations were delivered in fine style. The question, "Resolved, That the principle of the closed shop should obtain in American industry," was affirmed by Roy C. Brown, Phi., and James F. Hoge, Eu., and denied by L. M. Butler, Eu., and R. S. Averitt, Phi. The decision favored the negative. In the evening the walls of Wingate Memorial Hall resounded with orations by T. O. Pangle and A. D. Kinnett.

Our baseball outlook is bright. With six letter men out for the outfield, at least two candidates for every infield position, and a strong pitching staff, we should take the big end of the following schedule: March games—26, Baltimore Orioles at Goldsboro; 28, N. C. State at Raleigh; 31, Elon here. April games—2, Trinity at Durham; 4, Lenoir here; 5, N. C. State here; 6-7, Wofford here; 9, Carolina here; 13, Davidson here; 15, Guilford here; 18, Davidson at Davidson; 19-20, Wofford at Spartanburg, S. C.; 21, Clemson at Clemson College, S. C.; 22, Presbyterian College at Clinton, S. C.; 23, Furman at Greenville, S. C.; 28, Guilford at Guilford; 29, Elon at Elon College. May games—7, Trinity here; 12, Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The *Howler* for 1921 is going to press. It is dedicated to Dr. John E. White, of Anderson, S. C. The brown color scheme of last year will be changed to black. The cartoons will be increased by fifty per cent. Instead of last year's "beauty section," the sponsors will be distributed according

to their sponsorships. It will be an attractive annual, judging from the following list:

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Marshall Medical Society....	Miss Grace V. Huff.....	Mars Hill
<i>Old Gold and Black</i>	Miss _____	_____

On January 18th Dr. Hubert Poteat read a very interesting and informative paper on "Roman Philosophy." He was elected an honorary member. On February 1st A. R. Whitehurst and J. C. Kesler read papers on "The Philosophy of Ancient Religion" and "The Philosophy of Modern Religion," respectively. On February 9th Prof. E. W. Timberlake gave the club a very interesting lecture on "The Ethics of Law." At each of these occasions cigars and refreshments were served to increase the enjoyment. At the meeting of January 18th three new members were initiated: C. B. (Johnnie) Johnstone, W. O. Kelley and W. Thomas Ward.

To date the Wake Forest basketball team has lost four games: two to Durham Y, one each to Elon and Trinity. It has

won from Elon, Wilson Y, Lenoir, Guilford (two), N. C. State, U. of Richmond.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize winners of this issue as follows: Best essay, "The Anglo-Saxon as Revealed in His Poetry," by J. R. Nelson; best story, "The Curse," by W. J. Cash; and best verse, "The Spirit," also by W. J. Cash.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor*

The recent enthusiastic meeting of the Wake County Alumni Association is one among many manifestations of the excellent work that organization is doing and the splendid spirit of loyalty existing among its members. The meeting was held in the basement of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, with a record attendance of seventy-five, on February 10th, and had been arranged by President R. L. McMillan, M.A. '10, and Secretary T. Lacy Williams, B. A. '15. A banquet was delightfully served by the ladies of the church.

J. M. Broughton, B.A. '10, was toastmaster for the occasion. Brief addresses were delivered by Senator L. R. Varsar, B.A. '99; President W. L. Potcat, M.A. '89; R. L. McMillan, and T. D. Collins, B.A. '10. There was no lack of musical entertainment. The orchestra from the Blind Institute played; Eugene Mills, '20, rendered several selections on his ukulele; the whole company joined in singing college songs, and the Alumni Quartet, composed of Dr. C. E. Brewer, M.A. '86; Professor J. H. Highsmith, E. B. Earnshaw, M.A. '08, and T. D. Collins, sang two numbers. At the conclusion of the meeting all sang together, "Oh, Here's to Wake Forest," pledging anew their loyalty to Alma Mater.

On January 31st, in Winston-Salem, a new alumni association was organized. A fine spirit of interest in the College was exhibited in the meeting, which was held in the committee room of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company. After

several brief speeches, officers were elected as follows: president, Santford Martin, B.A. '09, editor of the *Winston-Salem Journal*; vice-president, Rev. J. B. Weatherspoon, M.A. '07, pastor of the First Baptist Church; secretary, Edward F. Cullom, B.A. '20; treasurer, C. I. Singletary, B.A. '03, auditor of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company. It was decided to hold a banquet in the early spring and to invite President E. W. Sikes, M.A. '91, of Coker College, to deliver the address. Look out for Winston-Salem!

General Secretary T. D. Collins last month visited Kinston, Goldsboro, Greenville and Wilson to arrange for alumni meetings in the near future. He preached at the First Baptist Church at Kinston on Sunday, February 13th.

Plans are now being made for an Alumni Day at the next commencement. There will be a baseball game of interest to alumni and appropriate exercises, but perhaps the most interesting feature of the occasion will be the reunions of classes from 1911 back to 1861. There are only two surviving members of the Class of '61: Mr. C. S. Wooten, of Mount Olive, and Dr. W. B. Royall, still serving the College as professor of Greek. Mr. Wooten recently visited the College expressly to see his class-mate.

Rev. J. D. Huffam, B.A. '55, and Mr. John C. Pitchford, B.A. '56, are the only survivors who graduated before '61.

Dr. Leonard G. Broughton, '84, pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church of Richmond, is preaching to crowded audiences every Sunday. Plans are being made for an enlargement of the church building in order to provide greater seating capacity. The *Religious Herald*, of that city, advises young speakers to hear Dr. Broughton. His way of

reaching the climax in his discourses and his scrupulous care to avoid any anti-climax are particularly admirable qualities.

In the death of W. C. Brewer, B.A. '75, at his home here on January 27th, the College and community have suffered a distinct loss. Mr. Brewer's life was one of usefulness and he will be greatly missed. At the time of his death he was chairman of the board of county commissioners of this county.

Dr. Wm. Louis Poteat, M.A. '89, was reëlected president of the Southern Baptist Education Association, in session at Nashville January 27th-30th. Dr. Poteat is the fifth consecutive Wake Forest man to serve as president of that body. His immediate predecessors were Dr. E. M. Poteat, B.A. '81; Dr. R. T. Vann, B.A. '73; Dr. J. L. Kesler, B.A. '91; and Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, M.A. '93.

Rev. Robert Alexander Moore, '77-'78, died at Red Springs early in February. He had had pastorates in South Carolina as well as in this State.

Ralph R. Fisher, '17, and L. P. Hamlin, '18, are partners in the practice of law at Brevard, N. C. Mr. Fisher is a member of the present General Assembly.

Rev. O. L. Stringfield, '82, is traveling in the interest of a home for orphans in South Carolina. His present post-office is Wendell, N. C.

O. W. Clayton, LL.B. '08, for a number of years engaged in the practice of law at Brevard, N. C., is now at Ybor City, Fla.

R. M. Griffin, '15, after his return from overseas service in the World War, resumed his position in the Bank of Woodland, N. C.

Captain A. L. Fletcher, B.A. '07, who has been connected with the income tax department in the offices of the Collector of Internal Revenue, has recently become chief clerk to the State Insurance Commission at Raleigh.

Rev. L. L. Carpenter, B.A. '13, pastor of Forest Avenue Baptist Church, of Greensboro, has been offered the position of chaplain and teacher of the Bible in the University of South Carolina at Columbia.

Rev. J. L. White, M.A. '86, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Miami, Fla., conducts annually in the month of February the Southern Bible Conference. The third session closed February 24th.

Dr. J. Conrad Watkins, B.A. '97, leading dentist of Winston-Salem, paid the College his first visit since his graduation, during the late anniversary. He was greatly pleased with the improvements of the institution in this long interval.

Professor H. T. Hunter, B.A. '12, of the department of education, has been appointed director of the Wake Forest summer school, which opens June 14th and closes July 27th.

Rev. J. D. Moore, B.A. '93, formerly in charge of the B. Y. P. U. work of this State, has been elected to the position of editor of the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville Tennessee. That paper is the organ of the Baptist State Convention and has recently been purchased by the denomination from the private company which has published it for eighty-five years. Rev. Hight C. Moore, B.A. '90, editor of *Kind Words*, served as temporary editor of the State paper before the appointment of Mr. J. D. Moore.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

THE COLLEGIAN

In the January issue of this magazine from Louisburg College the story, "Mistaken Identity," is the paramount contribution. The plot is very unusual and original and the writer is very gifted in the development of the plot. The story is decidedly above the average of the usual college magazine stories. The story, "The Fawn," also shows good plot and development. The four poems are all good. "Remember" conveys a splendid thought and "To a Dream Girl" is very good. We are glad to read such a splendid magazine as this issue of the *Louisburg Collegian*.

THE PINE AND THISTLE

The December-January issue of the *Pine and Thistle* is a very creditable issue. The stories, verses and sketches, with the well-developed departments, give a splendidly balanced magazine. The verses are all good. "Winter Love" and "The Smile Worth While" are especially fine. The plot in "The Value of a True Friend" is handled in a skillful manner. The several sketches in the issue are especially interesting and relate to familiar subjects, which make them especially adaptable to magazine use. The editor of your Book Shelf Department presents the comments in a very pleasing manner.

ROANOKE COLLEGIAN

The Junior number of the *Collegian* is decidedly the best issue of the year. All the contributions are of a very high

class. Both of the stories, "The Making of Dick Peyton," and "His Reward," have good plots, developed in good style. In the essay, "The Three Factors," the writer handles his subject ably and presents some clear, forceful statements. This issue is noticeably short on editorial material. The one editorial, though short, is very good.

THE LENOIRIAN

The January issue of the *Lenoirian* shows a marked improvement over recent issues of the magazine. Though there is a scarcity of short stories and a preponderance of essays, the material is all well written. The new editors are to be complimented upon the presentation of such a creditable initial issue.

VOICES OF PEACE

The sketches in this issue of the *Voices of Peace* are very well written. The essay, "Life on a Southern Plantation," is the best contribution of the issue. The writer handles in a very pleasing style this discussion of Reconstruction Days. "Christmas at Amdon Hall" is good.

THE ERSKINIAN

The section of your magazine headed "Literary Department" contains some splendid contributions. "Carry On" is especially good. The story, "The Climax of a Porter's Mistake," has a very unique plot and developed in interesting style.

Other exchanges received: *Trinity Archive*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Carolinian*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Acorn*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Guilfordian*, *St. Mary's Muse*, *Furman Echo*, *Technique*, *Mississippi Col-*

legian, Clemson College Chronicle, Bessie Tift Journal, Grinnell Review, Colby Echo, Cary Echo, Georgetown College Journal, Daytona Porpoise, Orion, Purple and Gold, College of Charleston Magazine, Isaqueena, University of Tennessee Magazine, Salemite, Blue and Gray, Bashaba, Concept, Stanford Pictorial, Stentor, Bethel Collegian, Bear Trail, Bema, Orange and Blue, Howard Crimson, Tattler, Technician, College Message, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Magazine of Oklahoma University, Winthrop Journal, Philomathean Monthly, Criterion, Sphinx, Tennessee College Magazine.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

You can lead a stude to lecture, but you can't make him think.

They met by chance.
They had never met before.
They met by chance.
And she was stricken sore.

They never met again.
Don't want to, I'll allow.
They never met but once.
'Twas a freight train and a cow.

STAR GAZING

I used to hate astronomy,
And a-watching of the stars.
I thought it very tame.
But now, I'm in at every show,
A-watching the stars from bald-head row,
And you bet I like the game.

SUDDEN

"Sky" Eagle: I wonder if I may call you by your first name?
Sweet Young Thing: You may call me by your last name, if
you wish.

YE GENTEL HINTE

"Why is it you don't like me?
 My mug's not so bad, though my mouth is sad—
 My lips, I admit, are bum."
 "I'll tell you how you strike me—
 Your mug's not so bad, and your lips are sad;
 But—well, I have nothing against them."

St. Peter (to applicant): You say you were a joke writer on a college magazine?

Applicant: Yes, sir.

St. Peter: Step into the elevator, please.

Applicant (stepping into the elevator): How soon does it go up?

St. Peter: It doesn't go up; it goes down.

To a practical maid from M. C.

A young man said, "Marry me,

For two can live, hon,

Just as cheaply as one;"

And the lassie responded, "Tee-hee."

—Ex.

NOTHING ELSE?

The Censor: About this picture, "Beaches and Peaches," you call it an educational film. What does it teach?

The Movie Producer: Anatomy.

—*Oklahoman*.

He wants pipes and tobacco,
 And "coffin tacks," too.
 He craves no other riches.
 As he cannot buy these
 He bums them.

This conversation was overheard, anniversary, between Professor _____ and his lady friend:

"Somebody said that love is like a photograph plate, in that it takes a dark room to develop either. We wonder if he was speaking of anniversary times?"

Dr. Nowell: What is ivory for, Mr. Dawes?

Young Man Dawes: To make soap.

Dr. Pearson: It doesn't matter whether you made your money or whether it was given to you. But it does matter how you spend it—whether you buy a valentine present for your girl, or buy monkey rum. One will help you, and one will hurt you.

Stag Ballantine: Which one hurts you, doctor?

JUST RIGHT

Customer: I want a pair of skates for a young lady.

Clerk: Here's just the skate, sir; absolutely guaranteed to come off within five minutes. —*Life.*

The professor lectures wildly on,
And gives the "Fresh" the creeps.
But the upper classman sits and sleeps,
And sleeps and sleeps and sleeps.

MODERN ROMANCE

Information, speculation; fluctuation; ruination.
Dissipation, degradation; reformation or starvation.
Application, situation; occupation, restoration.
Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration. A vacation.
Destination, country station. Nice location, recreation.
Exploration, observation; fascination—a flirtation.
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation;
Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.
Stimulation, animation; inspiration, new potation.
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation.
Declaration, acceptance, osculation, sweet sensation.

(Continuation next edition.)

Senior: Maid, this coffee is nothing but mud.

Maid: Yes'm, it was ground this morning.

—*Converse Concept.*

"Believe me, she'd make some chorus girl."

"Howzat?"

"Well, she's got the three qualifications."

"What are they?"

"Well, a good voice is one of them."

—*Lord Jeff.*

Birdie Weathers wants to know who is the *chaperone* of the Junior Class.

(Yes, Geraldine, he meant sponsor.)

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight.
Give us a girl with skirts not so tight,
Whose face is not hidden by three coats of paint,
Give us a girl like the modern ones ain't.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

(Being a Christmas poem in blank verse.)

.....;
.....?
.....
.....!

—*The Mink.*

A Drunk: 'Sis, where John Smith lives?

Boarding-house Keeper: Yes; what do you want?

A Drunk: Whish one of us is he?

—*Virginia Reel.*

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 7

MORNING AND EVENING

CARY ROBERTSON, '24

I love to ramble,
Blown by first whispers of awaking day,
 When field and wood in solitude
Stir and relapse, uneasy for perturbing light;
When frosted-white
 Upstarts the clinging bramble,
 Gold glows the sun, aflush from darkling feud,
Lances his ray.

Or slow to wander,
Drinking the glory of the waning West,
 While on its slopes kaleidoscopes
Play in the barbarous splashes artist Nature flings;
While windy wings,
 Warm wafting from walls yonder,
 Bring fragrance of the garden heliotropes
Nodding to rest.

I love to live,
Breathing this sphere's perfume, feasting my eye
 With every sight serene or bright
The splendour of His footstool offers for our pleasure;
Yet in this leisure
 I pray that God may give
 Faith certain of the dawn; so with the night
Gladly I'll die.

SWELL HEAD

A humorous sketch showing the folly and usual reward of
undeserved egotism

T. B. CHAMBLEE, '23

"How come," said Sam Perry, as a forlorn counterpart of Ichabod Crane passed, on an equally forlorn looking mule. "How come Lafe ain't look lak he wuz las week dis time? He dun stop splurgin' an' sportin' 'roun'."

"Des lak I allus ben tellin' ye, Sam, dese here stuck up fo'ks ain't come ter no good e'en!" said Uncle Joe Turner, shifting a huge wad of tobacco from one jaw to the other and nodding his head in the direction of the passing horseman. "Look at dat 'ar Lafe Pettigrew, what ye dun ax me erbout, on dat long raw-bony nag er his'n. His Pa's dun got de itch and a new spring waggin' an Lafe's dun bin so stuck up about hit dat he ben w'arin' a necktie 'round here endurin' er de week an he ain't bin speakin' ter nobody 'tall skacely."

"Lafe dun went ter see dat high yaller gal he bin sportin' 'roun here dis las' week an' he 'cide ter take supper wid 'er."

Everything dun gone on all right 'till de gal she pass him de gravy an' he drap de bowl an' spilt gravy all o'rn dat red and blue tie whut he bin w'arin' 'roun an' den, ge'mens, Lafe let in ter cussin' an' he cussed er reg'lar blue streak.

"De gal she got up and lef de room an' now she won't speak ter him. Let 'lone dat, she ain't sont bak dat ar ring what Lafe dun ordered frum Shears and Doebuck. Lafe got tucken down des lak his gran'daddy wuz."

"How dat done happen, Unk' Joe?" queried a greasy looking little negro sitting cross-legged on a stump, his eyes shining.

"Look here, niggah, whut you doin' settin' 'roun here on Saddy mornin' wid yo eyes popped open lak chinkie-pins atter de fros' done hit 'em? How come yo ain't at wuk?"

"Done stump ma toe dis mawnin' an Ma sez I ain't got ter wuk no mo' twel Monday," he answered, extending a dirty and bandaged foot with much the same manner as a boy in his first long trousers.

"Cain't see why yo don' bump yer haid er sumpin' ner dat 'twont hurt," commented Uncle Joe, "but howsomever dat mought be dis here de way Slim Pettigrew done got de starch tucken outer 'im.

"Seems lak dat once 'pun er time dar wuz prosp'us times fer de Pettigrew family. Twont jes' one day nudder, twuz er whole passel un 'um. Seem lak de cawn done growed up jes' right an' she look green an' tassel out an bimeby de years gun ter grow an fudder mo' dan dat when dey gins ter grow hit seem lak dey ain't gwine fer ter stop no time twixt now an' nex' Chuesday. Dey keeps gittin' bigger 'n bigger twel hit seem lak dey des boun' fer ter bus' an' fo'ks gwine long de big road gun ter make 'miration an' nudge one 'nudder in de side an' dey 'low, dey did, dat dis heah Slim Pettigrew wuz heap better farmer dan whut dey think he wuz.

"All dis time Slim gittin' prouder 'n prouder twel hit seem lak he gwine ter bus' 'is hat ban'. He git so he don' speak ter none er de naybors cep'n ter ax 'em why ain't dey raise sho' 'nuff cawn lak his'n.

"Atter good luck look lak she done set down right squar' in his lap Slim done make up his min' dat er real prosp'us

man lak whut he is orter own er whole drove er cattle; so he sot out fer town an' bought er whole flock er dese here Gurns-eye cows. He bring 'em home an' put 'em in de lot, he did, an' den he 'low dat dey ain't nar flock er cows in de whole country dat wuz fitten ten 'sochate wid his'n.

"Long bout midnight de bull find er crack in de fence an' he hop thoo an' traipse hissself down ter de cawn fiel'. Co'se when de bull do lak dat de cows boun' fer ter follow an' 'twont long fo' de whole kit 'n bile un em wuz tarin' fer de cawn fiel' des lak de Ol Boy wuz atter 'em.

"Long todes day Slim hear er noise out in de fiel', so he picks up er lite'ood knot an' 'c fair burns de win' down dar. When 'e git dar dem cows done et all de cawn dey can hol' an' dey wuz layin' down an' wollerin' 'roun' on de res'. Slim rant roun' an' cuss, but dat ain't do no good. Den he beat de cows, but dat ain't do no good. Atter a while when he done sorter cool off one er de cows foteh er groan whut could er been hyered all over de United States er Jawjie an' 'twont so long fo' she done kick de bucket. De res' er dem cows des won't gwine fer ter be outdone an' 'twont so ve'y long fo' Slim git mo' fresh meat on his hands dan what he kin shake a stick at.

"'Twont long fo' de ol' man kin w'ar de same size hat ergin an' I des 'lows ter myself dat Lafe gwine ter be claimin' kin wid his Unk' Joe agin fo' long."

"Dar now," exclaimed Sam, as Uncle Joe shifted his quid, nodded his head in a knowing way and shuffled off toward his cabin.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

The man who is recognized by many as Wilson's right-hand man in America's conduct of the war, and who perfected our navy materially and morally

G. W. BLOUNT, '23

Josephus Daniels was born May 15, 1862, in Washington, N. C. Just after the Civil War his widowed mother moved with her sons to Wilson, N. C., where, through the aid of friends, Mrs. Daniels was appointed postmistress of that town, then a small village. Many of the early Wilsonians, who went to school with young Josephus at the old Wilson Collegiate Institute, easily recall the little cottage that sat just on the edge of the street next to the Post Office, where Mrs. Daniels reared her boys. Here she proved herself amply capable of managing the Post Office as well as her family. Here no doubt the stern discipline of necessity played its part in shaping the characters of her three boys and of lending a touch to the life of Josephus, which he could have found in no other school. The mother's vigor of mind and body was a legacy to her son; in fact, he came from good old Southern stock, inheriting from both sides of his family traditions of courage, culture and breeding.

His early education, obtained at the Wilson Collegiate Institute, was quickly ended, for at the age of eighteen he was editor of the *Wilson Advance*, a weekly paper. A little later he studied law at the University of North Carolina, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. However, he did not

practice, for the editor's chair seemed to have a greater lure. During the same year he settled in Raleigh and became editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle*, which he consolidated with the *News and Observer* in 1894, of which he has since been editor. His ability and influence in that capacity have been powerfully felt during the intervening years in every phase of the State's social and political life.

About the year 1900 he was made president of the North Carolina Editorial Association. He has been a member of the Democratic National Committee since 1895, and twice delegate to the Democratic National Convention. His paper, the *News and Observer*, has become a State institution; though his readers have often severely criticized him, yet in the main they have rejoiced at his fearless support of every good cause; especially of his courageous opposition to corporations which have attempted in devious ways to dominate the State. His fight, waged for many years against the Southern Railroad and against the American Tobacco Company, made such bitter enemies for him that at times his life was thought to be in danger. However, no harm came to him or his paper.

In 1913 the most important event of his career occurred, when President Wilson appointed him Secretary of the Navy in the first Democratic Cabinet since 1893. In doing this the President broke no precedent of the State, for it had furnished four secretaries of the navy: John Branch of Jackson's Cabinet; George E. Badger of Harrison's; W. A. Graham of Fillmore's; James C. Dobbin of Pierce's; Josephus Daniels of the Wilson Administration being the fifth.

To have been the leader of our first arm of defense during the late great world crisis is an honor that any man

might covet. The tremendous responsibility and arduous duties imposed upon the Secretary during this period demanded that he be a man of iron. Mr. Daniels insisted on knowing everything that was going on in the navy, and this of course involved for him a vast amount of detail. No cabinet officer, it is said, ever worked harder. However, he found time to move among his associates and Bureau Chiefs, inspiring them with his ideals, commending the worthy and stirring up the laggards.

For a similar purpose he made patriotic speeches throughout the length and breadth of the land, which voiced his belief in our country and its ideals, his faith in the American people and his passion for democracy. He taught democracy as "the theory that every man, high or low, rich or poor, shall have a chance to make the most of himself."

Mr. Daniels seemingly foresaw that America would inevitably be drawn into the war, for, in his 1915 report, he urged a large increase in the navy. Congress adopted his plan, appropriating \$312,000,000 for a three-year shipbuilding plan. This was the largest sum that hitherto had been appropriated for the navy. It was the beginning of a vigorous, aggressive, preparedness policy. Into this task the Secretary hurled his energies. He was alive to the acute situation in which we were fast becoming involved, and he began by making a survey of the nation's merchant ships available for naval auxiliaries. When the order to arm these vessels came it was carried out the same day and naval crews were immediately placed on board them. Contracts were made for the building of three hundred and fifty-five subchasers; all available naval industries were put on a war operating basis; naval vessels were put in readiness; munitions stored, and supply ships held in readiness to sail. When war was

declared April 6th the fleet was mobilized without an hour's delay. Submarine warfare was then at its height, and it was decided at naval headquarters that the American navy would immediately turn its attention to the U-boats. Accordingly, twenty-eight days after war was declared, a flotilla of those "sea-wasps," the destroyers, reported for duty with the British navy, completely to the surprise, it is said, of the British Admiralty, who had not expected the Americans so soon. This force was constantly increased with every type of ship that could be effectively utilized, so that at the end of the war there were more than three hundred vessels and over 75,000 men and officers operating in European waters under the command of Admiral Sims.

This force played no small part in the winning of the war. Our ships were operating from the Murman Coast to the Adriatic, ranging the Atlantic from the North Sea to the Azores, and the Pacific from Panama to Vladivostock. The unprecedented task of transporting 2,000,000 soldiers with necessary munitions and supplies three thousand miles overseas was entrusted to the navy. This task was accomplished with as small a loss of life and cargoes as to be negligible, despite the constant menace of submarine attack, when there was never an hour but that some ship might be sunk. The North Sea mine barrage, stretching from the Orkneys to the coast of Norway, which did much to bottle up the German vessels, and accounted for not a few U-boats, was an American idea. Eighty-five per cent of the 230 miles of mines was made in America and planted by American mine layers. The German long distance gun that bombarded Paris was answered by the huge American naval guns. These guns were mounted on railway trucks, and moved along the firing line from Laon to Montmedy, hurling their fourteen hundred

pound projectiles far into the enemies' rear lines, thus playing an effective part in the final rout of the Germans.

During this momentous period, Mr. Daniels, of course, had loyal and capable counsellors. He had his own ideas, however, and saw that they were carried out. Three of his reforms are here recounted, which show the very personal interest he took in the men of the navy. He labored hard to make the navy a place that would send back the boys to their mothers and fathers, strengthened in character and physique. He broke a custom as old as the navy when he abolished the officers' wine mess, thereby prohibiting any form of intoxicating liquors aboardship. This measure justified itself on efficiency grounds within a year. In 1917 he secured the passage of an act by Congress prohibiting the sale of liquor and the maintenance of houses of ill-repute near naval training camps, or stations where our ships anchored. The benefits of this law to the health and morale of the navy can hardly be overestimated. Lastly, he thought that the system of obtaining all the naval officers from Annapolis overlooked too many good men in the ranks. He therefore had schools established aboard ship, in which any man could enter and rise as high as his ability would warrant. As a result hundreds of officers were chosen from the good material discovered in the ranks. The schools became a great source for promoting fair competition and of stimulating the ambition of the men. Each of these measures brought a great hue and cry of criticism and abuse against the Secretary from various quarters. This, however, in no wise prevented their becoming a reality.

Mr. Daniels has just stepped out of office, having successfully weathered the tests of his critics, and with a record as Secretary that has gained him the confidence of the American

people such as few of our public men enjoy. The success of the navy during the world catastrophe bespeaks his diligence, his courage, and his ideals of statesmanship. To have served his country so well in this capacity; to have achieved notable success and power as an editor; to have filled with complete worthiness many engagements for historical and patriotic addresses during the stress of the great war; to be valued by his numerous friends as a man of generous sympathy, sound judgment, indomitable energy, fearless conviction, and high ideals of right living and religious faith ranks him not only as a great secretary and influential editor, but as a well rounded man of whom the Old North State should and does feel justly proud.

NIGHTTIME

T. B. C., '23

Reluctantly the shadows lengthen,
Slowly fades the light of day,
Clinging to each drifting cloudlet,
As if loath to go away.

Then comes Night with all her wonders,
Bringing with her countless stars;
Venus with her sparkling beauty;
In his grandeur—mighty Mars.

And the North Star, brightly beaming,
Twinkles in his sheer delight
At the antics of the Dipper,
Chasing him night after night.

Jupiter in his pomp and splendor
Watches this unending race
And a smile of jest and jeering
Overspreads his haughty face.

The great Moon in the starry heavens,
With her pleasant smiling face,
Makes a picture full of beauty,
Magnitude and wondrous grace.

Then the great Earth slowly turning
In her orbit brings the Day,
And the wonders of the nighttime
Scamper hastily away.

THE CRUISE OF THE "GOSPEL SHIP"

A vivid narrative, proving the truth that God does not do all our work for us, but only "helps those who help themselves."

EDWARD HARDEE

In the souls of some men is that ever-restless, ever-compelling force that is eternally calling them from the home fires, into the vast unknown.

Some have defined it as adventure—others romance. It may be one or both or even neither at all. Those who are thus afflicted only know that it is a small voice, never audible, but always whispering throughout the night and the day.

Sometimes the voice calls from the mountain peak, and we comprehend that the fulfillment of our hopes lies in the valley just beyond. Thus we climb. But when the peak has been crossed, and we find that the valley, wherein we thought Peace was to be found, is only like valleys previously visited, we again cross over the heights, searching on for we know not what.

It was at the end of a spring day and I sat along the water front in San Francisco, a hopeless, drifting bit of humanity. The sun was setting between those two juts of land that form the Golden Gate. In a few moments the little red, green and blue signal lights began to spring up from every corner of the vast harbor. Away out beyond the Golden Gate sounded the long hoarse blasts of outbound steamers, signalling that the harbor pilot had been dropped and that the last connecting link with the land was severed.

The entrance to the Golden Gate was almost faded and I

was in the act of leaving the scene. Suddenly I felt a strong, bony hand laid on my shoulder. Turning quickly I found myself confronted by a very peculiar type of person.

From appearance I judged that he was one or all of three things—a fanatic preacher, an anti-saloon worker, or an escaped inmate of an insane asylum. He was tall and thin and had big feet, that were encased in square-toed gaiters. A black Prince Albert came half way to his knees, and atop his head, like the proverbial wart upon the elephant's back, rested a small brown derby hat. His face was lean and religiously long. Deep wrinkles ran wild over his entire countenance, and beneath heavy wool-like eyebrows were piercing gray eyes. At least one of them was piercing—the other was so badly crossed that it went into you in rather a sideways manner and did not penetrate straight through like its neighbor. On the end of his nose, like a lonely light placed on a reef reaching far out into the sea, was a large wart, which was kept ever bright and shining, due to the habitual rubbing on the part of the bony fingers.

"Sir!" said the strange man in thunderous tones, "I am a descendant of John, who, clothed only with skin of lions about his loins, preached to the multitudes in the wilderness. And like my good ancestor I will go into the wilderness and preach to those who are yearning to hear."

"John, Jr., you interest me much," I replied. "Say more of your mission."

"In yon corner of the harbor," said he, pointing out across the water, "is the sailing vessel 'Gospel Ship,' and on her decks are grouped an hundred sinless souls who are sacrificing everything that the heathen on the Isle of Hiki in the South Pacific may have light and the Word of God brought to their shores. With myself as its leader, this little band

will sail out through the Golden Gate when comes the morn."

"But why approach me?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled.

"Ah, that is the question. The 'Gospel Ship' lacks a steady, experienced hand to steer her safely over the waves."

Instantly that ever-restless, ever-compelling force got busy within my being. Out through the Golden Gate the waves beckoned to me. Even the little ripples playing around the wharf piles whispered to me to go a-sailing over the billows. Strange lands, peopled by half-naked, dark-skinned folk, called out across the great sea. Hardly conscious of the fact, I followed the old man toward the "Gospel Ship."

We took a small boat and rowed across the harbor until we came abreast of a dingy, three masted schooner, resting heavily in the water. At the command of my leader a rope ladder was lowered and we gained the deck.

"I will now introduce myself," said the old man. "I am Balus, the first son of Candalus Camden, a Faith Healing preacher. Before starting to the Isle of Hiki I, myself, who am a direct descendant of John, who preached in the Wilderness, was a Faith Healing preacher in the town of Jonesboro, Arkansas."

"This young man," he said to the group of long-faced, fanatic-looking men who gathered around, "has decided to cast his lot with us that the soul-suffering and sin-tainted children on the Isle of Hiki may have Light and Understanding."

"Eligiah, for such shall be your name," he continued, "you are now facing the 'Sinless Hundred.' Walk ye the straight path that ye be not cast into the sea."

At a word from their leader the "Sinless Hundred" knelt on the deck and engaged in earnest prayer. Having accomplished this with much zeal and perspiration on the part of

those who led in the praying, the fanatics dispersed and each became a man apart unto himself.

After the excitement had blown and I had regained my sense of reason, the fact dawned upon me that I was nothing more than a fool. Without forethought I had consented to journey over an unknown ocean to an unknown land, and in a rotten, leaking craft, with a group of people who were little short of being dangerously insane.

With only one thought in mind—to get away from the "Gospel Ship"—I was in the act of slipping over the side of the boat and making for the land when, suddenly, close at hand, an extremely soft and cultured voice spoke, saying:

"Why are you leaving us so early, Sir?"

Turning in astonishment I was confronted by a young and fair maiden, who appeared more as an angel than a mortal, as she stood with the moonbeams playing on her golden hair.

Now for fear that you may think me sentimental I will not endeavor to describe this maiden more. I will only say that she was fair of skin, blue of eye and possessed golden tresses that alone would have caused me to fall in love with her.

"And what is your name, fair lady? and why are you here?" I inquired with a boldness that I did not know.

"It is my father's bidding. He says that I am to sing to the heathen on the Isle of Hiki. But I am afraid—every one on the ship seems so strange and unreal. I am afraid even of my father."

"You are the daughter of Balus Camden?" I inquired.

"Yes, Lorette is my name. And were you thinking of leaving me—I mean—us tonight?"

"Lorette," I replied with a feeling that was not affected, "nothing has been farther from my mind this night than the thought of leaving this ship."

The next morning, when the tide swept out through the Golden Gate, it bore along the "Gospel Ship," and on its deck, with faces to the west, stood the "Sinless Hundred," singing in various tones and pitches "The Hymn of Conquest." In the stern of the boat, looking forward to we knew not what, were Lorette and myself, standing hand in hand.

Once at sea I was brought face to face with the stern realities of our plight. With the exception of myself none aboard the "Gospel Ship" had previously ventured forth from the sight of land. Before the day was half done I knew that the operation and the safety of the ship rested in me alone.

Soon after leaving the land a good breeze sprang up and by sundown we were about two hundred miles out at sea. All during the night I remained at the wheel, and should I live a thousand years I would never forget that night. The sky was overcast with thin, drifting clouds. A full moon darted in and out between them like a huge ship afire on an angry sea. A weird, mellow light hung over the ocean and the waves dashing against the side of the vessel sounded as the roar of terrific fires in a distant forest.

Just before midnight the "Sinless Hundred" gathered in the bow of the ship and began to sing. Suddenly old Balus mounted a box and began to speak. From what I could hear he seemed to be urging his followers to cast from their minds every thought other than that of their mission. Once he shouted in a loud voice:

"The Lord of Hosts has commanded that the seas and the winds obey the will of the 'Sinless Hundred'."

Following the old man's talk the whole crowd knelt in prayer. Old Balus stood in their midst and spoke in the "unknown tongue." Gradually the spirit got hold of the other members and they likewise began praying. Finally they all were chanting in their strange tongue and swaying their bodies as they spoke.

"They are working themselves into a frenzy and I fear that it spells evil," said Lorette, who had come beside me unnoticed. By the faint light I saw that a look of horror overspread her face and she was trembling as though in a winter blast.

"Once in Jonesboro I saw them have a meeting like this," she continued. "It started quietly enough, but soon they began praying in the 'unknown tongue' and the entire crowd went wild. Before daylight they burned the church because it was built by a carpenter who was not a believer in Faith Healing."

True to Lorette's predictions, the Faith Healers soon worked themselves into a frenzy. They prayed in the "unknown tongue," sang wordless songs and gave the "sanctified laugh," which resembles that of the loon very closely.

Just before dawn Balus Camden approached the pilot house with an axe in his hands. He appeared wild and distracted and moved as a man walking during a horrible dream. His straight eye seemed to be on the point of popping from its socket, while the one which was crossed was drawn back under the lid until it was hardly visible.

"The Lord of Hosts has commanded that the seas and the winds obey the will of the 'Sinless Hundred,'" he cried. "We, the chosen of the Lord, no longer rely on the man-made devices nor the skill of a soulless creature to pilot us over the sea."

Then, before I realized what was happening, he destroyed the steering wheel with a single blow from the axe.

"You're a fool," I cried, "and the quicker that you and the other ninety-nine of your kind are in hell the better it will be for the naked natives of Hiki, your daughter Lorette and the entire world, including myself."

"Hear! hear! Brethern; hear the blasphemy of this imp of Satan," old Balus cried. "What is your pleasure, sinless ones? What shall we do with him who defiles our temple and mocks at our laws?"

"Crucify him! crucify him!" came the voices of the fanatics who had quickly gathered around.

"Then crucify him we shall," said Balus, advancing toward me.

"Stand back! stand back!" I cried, steadying myself. "The first man who touches me shall die."

A man much younger than the rest rushed me and I drove a cutlass through his chest.

In a moment they were all upon me. After a brief struggle they threw me to the deck and I was helpless.

"It is a poor weapon that doth not its duty," solemnly said Balus Camden as he slowly raised the axe above my head.

Before the blow descended I heard Lorette earnestly pleading for my life.

When I regained consciousness a day later I was securely tied to the main mast with my feet resting on the deck, and someone was washing my face with a damp cloth. When I could open my eyes I saw that it was Lorette. Her left hand was bound with a blood-soaked cloth and her face was drawn with pain.

"I do not think that you are seriously injured," she said. "The skull does not seem to be fractured."

"But why is your hand wrapped in bloody bandages?" I asked.

"Oh, it is nothing," she replied, and began to weep.

"You must tell me," I insisted. "How did it happen?"

"I did it for you. When father raised the axe to strike I dashed forward and as the blow descended I threw my arm over your face."

"And thus I am alive today with a sound skull," I said, more to myself than to her. "But where is your father and his followers?"

"They are in the cabin at prayer," Lorette replied. "Already they have cut the sails from the masts, and now father has ordered that they throw the water kegs overboard. There he is coming now. He must not see me with you."

With precise step and staring eyes old Balus came out of the cabin and made his way down the deck. Pointing a bony finger at me, he said:

"Now I will show the power of the Lord of Hosts. Already we have cut the sails from the masts and at my bidding the tide is carrying the ship to the Isle of Hiki. In proof of the fact that the chosen of the Lord are not dependent upon material things that life may be maintained in the body I have ordered that our food and water supply be cast into the sea when sets this day's sun."

"But, Mr. Camden, you are dreaming," I remonstrated.

"Nay, it is the will of the Lord," he replied. "The sinless shall survive while you die as miserable as you have lived."

That night Lorette came to me with a cup of water and a piece of bread, and told how she had managed to hide away a keg of water and a few loaves of bread before the main supply was thrown overboard.

"You must not bring it all to me. Reserve an equal portion for yourself," I warned her, for well did I know her unselfishness.

Every night for the following week this beautiful girl brought me food and drink, and remained long enough to tell of the happenings of the day.

As for the "Sinless Hundred"—I saw them on deck frequently. It was very evident that their fast and the lack of water were affecting them seriously. Their lips were swollen and blue, their eyes sunken and as they walked their tongues hung from their mouth.

On the fifth night after the supplies were cast into the sea Lorette came and whispered that the followers had rebelled against her father and were trying to get down into the hold of the ship. However, Balus had beaten them to the hatch and after fastening it down, was now standing guard over it with an axe.

At the end of the seventh day the people on the ship were dying like rats, and at sundown on the eighth they were all dead, with the exception of old Balus and Lorette. The old man was a raving maniac, though too weak to be dangerous.

That night he died, and Lorette failed to come with the bread and water.

It was truly a "ship of the dead" that drifted through the peaceful waters for the next three days. After the bodies of the "Sinless Hundred" became decomposed there hung over the ship a stench that was more than repugnant—it was unbearable.

Some of the men fell and died on the deck, and here they lay throughout the sweltering days and ghostly nights. When the boat rolled with the waves they moved over the deck

like living men in troubled sleep. Once I awoke to find the form of an old man lying at my feet. He stared at me with sightless, ghastly eyes; his countenance was contracted in a horrible grin, and the lonely moon, shining through the fast moving clouds, caused his face to appear chalky white. After an endless period, it seemed, the movement of the ship rolled him to the further side of the deck.

The following night I was unconscious most of the time. In my delirium I called for Lorette throughout the lonely hours, but only the sighing of the wind in the rigging answered and the ghastly corpses about the deck looked on, apparently in mute amazement.

When I came out of my delirium next morning I could hardly believe my own eyes. Lying just off the starboard side was a large steamer, and pulling toward me in a small boat were a number of men.

"We sighted you before daylight," said one of the liner's junior officers, as he crawled over the bulwark, "and have been standing fast by to see what your—"

At that moment he spied me tied to the mast, and the corpses strewn over the deck.

"What kind of a boat is this?" he finally managed to stammer, "and what the hell has happened?"

The sailors from the liner cut me loose, and while I lay on a pile of rope they collected the bodies of the "Sinless Hundred," wrapped them in sail-cloth and silently slid the motionless forms into the water. Old Balus was the last one buried, and after the waves had opened up and received him into the depths, I felt as though a great shadow had passed from over my body forever.

Suddenly, two men, who had gone into the hold of the ship, appeared on deck carrying a large box, and behind them came two more, bearing one still larger.

"The hold is filled with these," said the officer who had just come up from below.

On the side of the smaller box, and in the handwriting of Balus Camden, were marked these words: "In order that the heathen of Hiki may read and find peace."

We opened the crate and found that it contained fifty Bibles—all written in the pure English of the King—to be distributed among the grunting, sign-speaking savages of a South Sea island.

"He was a-meaning fur them tu have th' Gospel a-plenty," spoke up a bearded sailor. "I counted a hundred of them boxes and did not git the half of what's in the hold."

"And there's jest as many of these here," said another seaman, pointing to the larger box, which was labeled "Holy water."

Already the officer had removed the lid from the box. On a piece of paper inside the box was written: "That the children of Hiki may drink and be born again of the Spirit."

"Yellowstone Park Spring Water," read the officer from the label on one of the bottles. Why, man," he continued, "there is enough pure water in the hold of this ship to fill the canals in Hong-Kong!"

"But where is Lorette?" I cried, aghast. In my dazed condition I had completely forgotten the little golden-haired girl, who was responsible for my present existence.

Presently four large seamen came around the corner of the cabin and in their arms they carried a limp form.

"We found her a-kneeling by her bunk like she was praying," said the big fellow, who carried her head.

As I looked at the little face, once so beautiful and shapely, but now shrunken almost beyond recognition, the realization came to me, like a stab from a knife, that this girl had died

that I might live; that she had denied herself food and drink, hidden away by her own hands, in order that I may have both in abundance.

There was nothing left aboard the ship in which to wrap her for burial, so the sailors merely tied great weights to her body, lifted the stiffened form over the bulwark and lowered it into the water.

The sea, as it seemed to me, stood still, lifted her up for a second, then opened and received her unto itself. And just before the waves closed over the body of Lorette forever, I vow that she smiled at me.

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We, who are ever-restless, hear the small voice calling from the mountain peak and comprehend that the fulfillment of our hopes lies in the valley just beyond. Thus we climb. But when the peak has been crossed and we find that the valley, wherein we thought was Peace, is only like valleys previously visited, we again cross over the heights, searching on for we know not what.

Perchance, we find an idol that is pure gold, and we fall down at its feet to worship. Lo! as we kneel the elements descend and strike down that which we hold dear before our eyes. In our anguish we drift further, searching on for the fulfillment of hope and the finding of the lasting peace. But for us who are restless, these are the unobtainable, and we wander still.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PANAMA CANAL

A historical sketch of the canal which, together with the neighboring countries, is destined to play an important part in America's future

C. CRITTENDEN, '21

Largely through the influence of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who was most influential in the building of the Suez Canal, about 1870, much interest began to be felt in Europe concerning the building of an isthmian canal. In 1875 the subject was discussed by the *Congres de Sciences Geographiques* at Paris, and it was recommended that surveys be made at once with a view to decisive action. Soon after this session a provisional company was formed for the purpose of gaining a concession from Colombia for the building of a canal and Lieutenant L. N. B. Wyse, an officer of the French Navy, was dispatched to the Isthmus. Wyse made a hasty survey of the part of Panama, where he thought a canal should run, and then returned to Europe, having gained a concession from Colombia. This concession gave the company the exclusive privilege of building and operating a canal through Panama without any restrictions, except that if the route adopted ran across any land owned by the Panama Railroad Company, an agreement must be reached with the railroad before operations were begun.

Since the provisional company had been organized merely for the purpose of getting the concession and then selling it for its own benefit, the contract with the Colombian government was soon transferred to *La Compagnie Universelle du*

Canal Interoceanique de Panama—The Panama Canal Company. On the 15th of May, 1879, the International Conference met to determine the route. This conference was composed of 164 members, of which more than half were French; and of the whole number only 42 were engineers. De Lesseps, who had everything prearranged, by a small majority, succeeded in having the following resolution passed: "The conference deems that the construction of an inter-oceanic canal, so desirable in the interests of commerce and navigation, is possible and in order to have the indispensable facilities and ease of access, and of use which a work of this kind should offer above all others, it should be built from the Gulf of Limon (Colon) to the Bay of Panama, and it particularly recommends the construction of a ship canal on a level in that direction." Many of the members of the conference refused to vote on this resolution rather than oppose themselves to so distinguished a man as de Lesseps.

About the middle of 1880, \$60,000,000 stock in shares of \$100 denomination was offered to the public and the amount was more than doubly subscribed for. It was agreed that the first two years should be devoted largely to surveying and finding out more exactly the cost of excavation and other matters of construction. The second period of six years was to be taken up with actual construction.

During the first period it was found that many of the estimates which had been made concerning the cost of construction and route of the canal were absolutely unreliable. In February, 1883, the second period began and Mr. Dingler was made engineer in chief. Owing to the unexpected difficulties which were found to exist, in 1885 at a meeting of the shareholders, de Lesseps increased the estimate of the cost of construction to \$120,000,000 and extended the time which it would take to build the canal to July, 1889.

By the middle of 1885 scarcely one-tenth of the necessary excavation had been done and it was apparent that, no matter what de Lesseps might say, there were very much greater difficulties at Panama than there had been at Suez. The government decided to send a competent engineer to investigate the work which had been done on the Isthmus. At the same time the company sent two engineers to Panama for the same purpose. It is an interesting fact that all three of these engineers came to the same conclusion, although they worked independently. Every one of them stated that he believed it to be practically impossible to complete the canal and make it a paying enterprise, unless a lock instead of a sea-level canal should be built.

Even this weight of expert opinion was disregarded by de Lesseps, who declared that he had "promised the world a canal at the level of the oceans," and that he would keep his promise in spite of all obstacles. But in 1887 he found out that his position was untenable and he declared himself favorable to a "provisional lock canal." The new plans were hurriedly made and the estimate of the cost was made low enough to give some hope of success.

Permission of the government was given to raise \$160,000,000 by means of lottery bonds. These were offered at \$72 each; but signs of the collapse of the company were so evident that only 800,000 bonds were subscribed for. The company had already raised \$265,935,634 for an undertaking which it had promised to finish for \$120,000,000. At that time interest charge alone was running in excess of \$16,000,000 annually and the company had on hand barely enough money to cover current expenses for one month.

By the end of 1887, almost every one in both Europe and America believed that de Lesseps would never finish the

enterprise. And even if the canal were completed, the fixed charges of the company would amount to \$30,000,000 per annum, while de Lesseps, himself, had not dared to hope for returns amounting to more than \$18,000,000. Thus the company could not be anything else but a financial failure, and on February 4, 1889, the Court of the Seine appointed Joseph Burnet judicial receiver of the Panama Canal Company.

Three general reasons may be given for the failure of the company:

1. Ruinous financing—of the \$265,000,000 which was received from the sale of stocks and bonds, only \$156,400,000 ever got to the Isthmus and only \$88,600,000 was spent on actual construction work. Some of the officials of the company had what might be called palaces in Panama with bath-houses, grounds arranged by landscape gardeners and everything in proportion. Besides this, there was a set of "insiders" in France which was constantly appropriating the "profits" of the company.

2. Lack of knowledge of conditions in Panama and the absolute disregard of all scientific opinion on the subject. When the company began actual construction work, it was found that none of the surveys which had been made were any good. For instance, one swamp, which was thought to be bottomless, was found to have a bed of solid rock a few feet below the surface. And when engineers and scientists did investigate the situation, de Lesseps hardly ever paid any attention to their reports.

3. De Lesseps, himself, who was almost entirely responsible for the other two causes of failure. The great success which he had had in the Suez Canal venture must have turned de Lesseps' head. There is little doubt that at the

first he was sincere in his optimistic statements regarding the cost and time of construction of the canal. But gradually circumstances caused him to revert more and more to deceitful and dishonest practices. Although he was a skillful orator and very influential politician, he had more brilliancy than common sense. Such a man was not the one to undertake such a difficult task and when he did it, the only logical outcome was failure.

The receiver of the company proceeded with a great deal of skill and care, with the result that the company was reorganized on a fairly sound basis under the name of the New Panama Canal Company. Extensions of time were granted by Colombia and the directors were almost ready to offer their stock for public subscription when they found that it was almost certain that the United States was going to build an isthmian canal. It was realized that a private company in competition with the United States government would have almost no chance, therefore the stock of the company was not offered to the public and the directors were ready to sell out to the United States.

Long before the French company was ever organized, there had been a strong sentiment in the U. S. for the building of an isthmian canal. Some were in favor of Panama, others in favor of Nicaragua, some thought the government should build the canal, others believed that it would be better for a private company to do it. When it became evident that the French company could not succeed, the people of the United States began to become very much interested and since the de Lesseps company had had almost every advantage which a private company could have, it seemed that a private company could not succeed, (1) and public opinion generally swung in favor of government enterprise.

One of the greatest obstacles to the building of the Panama Canal by the United States was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, signed in 1850. Some of the chief provisions of this treaty were (8):

1. Neither Great Britain nor the United States shall ever take possession of, fortify or establish colonies in Central America.

2. Great Britain and the United States agree to extend their joint support to any satisfactory company which may undertake to build a canal.

3. Neither Great Britain nor the United States shall ever maintain exclusive control over the canal, but shall mutually guard the safety and neutrality of the canal.

Secretary Hay, about this time, began negotiations concerning the matter with the British representative and the result was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty (1901). Although this treaty gave the United States the right to build the Panama Canal, it was really merely a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in that it substituted the individual guarantee of the United States in regard to the neutrality of the canal for the joint guarantee of Great Britain and this country (14).

In the third session of the 53d Congress, the President, under part of the Rivers and Harbors Bill, was authorized to inspect the Nicaragua and Panama routes and to see where a canal would cost less; to find out the rights and franchises held by corporations; to find out the cost of purchasing these rights; and to ascertain the cost of building harbors at both ends of the canal (2).

The President immediately proceeded to appoint a canal commission. On this commission were some of the ablest men in the whole country and they made a thorough study

of the whole question, even visiting the Kiel, Amsterdam and Manchester canals. The preliminary report of the commission was made November 30, 1900, of which the most important recommendation was that the canal should be built in Nicaragua instead of in Panama. There seem to have been objections to both the Panama and Nicaragua routes; to the former, "the impossibility of dealing with the French company on any reasonable terms"; to the latter, the unfavorable concession which could be gained from the Nicaragua government. Under this concession, after 1906 the canal would become the property of Nicaragua, and besides that, any company or government undertaking to build a canal must pay the annual sum of \$500,000. Having taken all this into consideration, however, "the Commission is of the opinion that the most practicable and feasible route for an isthmian canal to be under the control, management, and ownership of the United States is that known as the Nicaragua route" (2.)

Before this report had been made the French company offered to sell its canal property to the United States for \$109,141,500. But the commission in its report valued the property at \$40,000,000. At once the directors of the New Panama Canal Company resigned and at a meeting of the stockholders it was decided to sell out for \$40,000,000, the stockholders realizing that with only one possible purchaser and the certainty of the property's becoming practically valueless unless taken by that purchaser, no alternative existed. The Panama Commission at once recommended that the canal be built by the Panama route.

Under the Spooner Bill (June, 1902) the President was authorized to "acquire the rights and property of the New Panama Canal Company for a sum not to exceed \$40,000,000

and to secure by treaty the perpetual control of the territory needful for operating the canal."

Secretary Hay at once opened negotiations and it was not long before a treaty was signed by the Colombian representative—the Hay-Herran Treaty—the chief provisions of which were that the United States was to pay Colombia \$10,000,000 down and \$250,000 annually for the privilege of building and operating a canal; at the end of sixty years the Panama Railroad was to revert to the United States; the United States was to police the strip of land in which the canal lay, but could not land troops except in case of emergency (11).

The United States Congress ratified the treaty after a few weeks, the Senate passing it by a vote of 73-5 (11). However, when it was taken to the Colombian Senate, it was referred to a committee and this committee reported in favor of the following amendments (13):

1. The United States to pay \$20,000,000 instead of \$10,000,000.

2. The United States to pay an annuity of \$400,000 instead of \$250,000, and this sum to be increased twenty-five per cent at the end of every century.

3. The New Panama Canal Company to pay Colombia \$10,000,000 for the privilege of selling its concession to a foreign power.

4. Reversion of the Panama railroad to Columbia instead of to the United States.

The Colombian Senate would probably have passed the treaty with these reservations had not Secretary Hay sent several telegrams which were considered as "threatening" by the Colombians. The senate then rejected the treaty and adjourned.

Various suggestions have been offered as to the reasons of Colombia for rejecting the treaty. According to Escobar,

at that time President of Colombia, the United States was not offering enough money for what his nation believed to be its most valuable asset—"the United States is trying to make a sharp bargain" (6). The most plausible reason seems to be, however, that Colombia hoped to put us off on one pretext or another until the concession of the French company expired (1904) and then demand the \$40,000,000, which the company was to receive (5).

The Colombian Senate had scarcely adjourned when, on November 3, 1903, a revolution occurred in Panama. For a long time the Panamans had felt that their interests were not properly considered by the Colombian government. All the returns from the Panama Railroad were taken by the central government and not a cent was spent on internal improvements in Panama (7). Consequently, for many years most of the Panamans had been in poverty. In the whole state with its four hundred and seventy-five rivers there was not a single bridge (7). But when the United States government began negotiations with Colombia to build a canal, the Panamans felt that their chance for industrial development had come, (7) and after the Colombian Senate had rejected the treaty, they took matters into their own hands. The de facto government had only been in existence three days when it was recognized by the United States (10). Furthermore, American warships were sent to Panama and the Colombians were given to understand that they were to keep hands off.

Undoubtedly it was known in Washington that a revolution in Panama was imminent, but all assertions that the Panamans were secretly aided have been proved false (13). Where our government is open to censure, however, is in the fact that it waited only three days to recognize the revolutionary gov-

ernment. Always before the United States government had waited until a new government had shown itself to be sound and stable before recognizing it, and this action of Roosevelt's was absolutely without precedent.

The President, in addressing Congress, gave the following reasons for his early recognition of the Panama government (6):

1. The United States had for more than half a century carried out her obligations under the treaty of 1846 with New Granada.

2. Colombia, when her first chance came, refused to do anything for the United States, who had done so much for her.

3. During the ten or fifteen years before 1900, riots, revolutions and bloodshed had continually occurred while the government was unable to control them.

4. These disturbances had grown worse in the last year or two.

5. Colombian control over Panama could not be maintained without the armed aid of the United States.

Although it was a fact that there had been many disturbances in Colombia and that the government had had a very difficult task in quelling them, it seems that the only fair way to conclusively prove whether Panama could maintain her independence or not would have been for us to have kept away for a few weeks and let her try it.

Be that as it may, on November 13th, the independence of Panama was recognized and on the 18th a treaty was negotiated with Panama providing for the construction by the United States of a canal in Panama, and guaranteeing the independence of Panama (10).

From then on the history of the canal has been little more than the history of a gigantic engineering enterprise. In 1917 the world's greatest canal was finished and it was a material aid to the United States during the World War. Although at present (1920) the tolls from the canal are not more than \$10,000,000 annually and this would not even pay interest on the enormous sums expended, it is probable that in the near future the tolls will be doubled or trebled and that we will be repaid every cent of money which we have spent.

THE CURSE OF TANTALUS

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

She came like a dream in the twilight dim,
When the night, with a dirge to day,
Shed over the warm, green bosom of earth
The cool, dew-tears of May.

She came, as I watched with a breathless hope,
And the hermit-thrush hushed his trill;
She knelt where I lay by the water's dark edge,
While my heart stood, listening, still.

Her voice was the echo of far-off strains,
"I am Love," she said; "I am Love."
Her lips touched mine, and the kiss was as soft
As the moonlit clouds above.

But e'en as I reached for the bliss that was mine
The vision had vanished away;
She'd come like a dream, and alas! alas!
Like a dream, I was left in dismay.

THE SALLY HURT

The part an old river boat played in the success of a young man
and the transformation of his greatest enemy

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

"Aw, listen at Gilead. You always were the chief man at everything. You'll want to be best man at your own wedding."

"Well, you can sneer all you like, but I was certainly there. I never shall forget the last time that old boat burned. I was a passenger on her and I know everybody here in Fayetteville knows Walter Lyon. Well, he and Herb Smith, and Edgar Keith, were in the stateroom, playing set-back. 'Long about ten o'clock somebody cried, 'Fire!' and you ought to have seen Walter go to praying. I never in all my born days heard such hard praying. I'll swear you could have heard him a mile. Well, after that they let her alone for several years. But about five years ago she was rebuilt, and this time they named her the *Sally Hurt*. And, I believe that she has been more of a bad luck boat since than she was before. Why, I know of five different men that have been drowned off her. Half the time she doesn't get from here to Wilmington without sticking on the sand. And down yonder at King's Bluff, where those government docks are, Jim Grimsley doesn't dare put her through without a horseshoe in each pocket. And even with all that precaution, he has had her jam against the gates three times. If I ever have time, I am going to write a book on the troubles of the

Sally Hurt. And, if I want a good title, I think I shall call it *The Hoodoo Ship*, for she certainly is a hoodoo. Bless my hide! if yonder she doesn't come around the crook. I thought certainly that she had busted a boiler and wouldn't get in before morning."

"I reckon she is coming. Don't you see Bill Brook's tug tied to her?"

"Prid Smith, you talk like you were hoping that she wouldn't get in," was Walter's reply.

"Well, I wasn't thinking much about that. But, I was kinda doubting all that hoodoo talk that you were handing out. I don't believe in hoodoos, myself, even if I do wear a nutmeg in a sack around my neck."

"You certainly would believe in a hoodoo if you had seen as much of the old *Sally Hurt* as I have. Why, I wouldn't have her if they were to give her to me."

"Well, I hope I can buy a boat sometime, and if I do, I never expect to be afraid of any hoodoo."

Everything was hustle and bustle. Small boats begun to toot their whistles as a sign that the *Sally Hurt* was near and that the unwary might take precaution accordingly, for on her pilot wheel were seven notches, indicating the number of boats that had been rammed.

"I knew that times were too good to last. Did you see her when she hit the *Annie B*? That old *Hurt* shure does ram boats," exclaimed Walter.

Captain Hunt stood on the forward deck shouting instructions to the hands, and from his tone of voice it was easy to surmise that he was in no good humor. As he came down the gangplank he said:

"All you folks come right on up close to me. I never expect to go aboard that old boat again as long as I live. I

am tired of boat life. How much am I offered? You all know the boat. Everybody knows her reputation as a good freighter."

"I'll start her at twenty-five dollars."

"Men, do you think that I am joking? What do you offer for this good boat?"

"I'll make it fifty."

"Do I hear the hundred?"

"What's your terms?"

"Cash or a good paper."

"One hundred dollars."

"Prid Smith bids one hundred; do I hear the fifty?"

A shout of laughter went up as the name of Prid Smith was mentioned. They seemed to think it a great joke that he ever considered buying a boat.

"A hundred and fifty."

"There's Captain Peterson; I know him; he'll bid."

"Two hundred dollars," bid Captain Peterson.

"Two hundred and fifty."

"If you can handle a paper, I'll say three hundred," was Prid's rejoinder.

"Three-fifty."

"Four hundred."

"Four-fifty."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred is the bid. Do I hear the six?" Five hundred dollars is the bid. Do I hear the six? Five hundred dollars is the bid. Do I hear the six? Going, going, going—a boat for the price of a canoe. Five hundred dollars once; five hundred dollars twice; five hundred dollars three times, and sold to our friend, Mr. Prid Smith."

Well, you would have thought that you were back at college and they were having a bonfire, to have heard the crowd

yell, when it was announced that young Prid Smith had bought the old *Sally Hurt*. But, somehow, he managed to get together a hundred dollars and his mother gave a mortgage on her little home for the balance.

Being young, and lacking as much experience as some of the boatmen, they just naturally made him the object of every joke. If ever a poor, struggling boy, had to run up against derision, it was Prid. Why the crew of the *City of Fayetteville* would hardly notice him when they passed on the street. You see, their boat was so much larger and nicer, and faster, than his slow boat, that they felt themselves above him. But you must say one thing for the boy. He certainly worked hard. And he did one thing that I don't believe I could have stood. He treated all those folks who were taunting him and slighting him as if nothing had ever been said.

For a while, after he got the boat, he lost money, but he was just starting. Then for a month or so he just about held his own, and after that things begun to pick up a bit. You could hear him holler a mile and his smile was simply catching. But along about that time cotton went down to nothing and business went dead. For there is one thing certain, if cotton doesn't move on the Cape Fear River, business dies in that section for keeps.

I never had liked that Captain Peterson, who owns the *City of Fayetteville*, and after I heard about what he did about the *Sally Hurt*, I detested him still worse.

'Long in December Prid's note came due and going over to the bank he called the cashier aside and told him how business had gone to the bow-wows, and asked them for an extension on the note, explaining that the note was protected by a mortgage on his mother's house, and that he would do anything, and pay any interest to save her house.

Street Jones, the cashier, said:

"Why, Mr. Smith, I would be glad to accommodate you but a gentleman came in yesterday and seemed quite anxious to buy that note, and as we need all the money we can get our hands on these days to loan out, I sold it to him. It was Captain Peterson, owner of the *City of Fayetteville*. If you will see him, I feel sure that he will be glad to grant you any reasonable extension that you may need. He is quite wealthy and is amply able to grant you the favor and certainly he will."

Just then, it dawned upon me why Captain Peterson wanted that paper. Allene Jones had been the prettiest girl in all of French River Township, and when she refused the offer of Captain Peterson's hand years back and married D. Mack Smith, the old boy almost went crazy and ever since that time he has done everything that he possibly could to make life miserable for Allene. And I saw his game. He knew about the mortgage and bought the note so as to make Allene lose her home. And, Lord knows, she could ill afford it, for it was all in the world that she had and widows and widowers as well have a hard enough time in this old world. And I was right, for next day I met Prid on the street, and he had a face that resembled a butcher's cleaver. The boy was almost crying, as he said:

"Well, it wouldn't take many more experiences such as I have had today to make me lose all faith in Christianity."

"What's wrong, Prid?" was what I said, but I felt that I knew. And as it turned out, I did.

"Why, that confounded old Captain Peterson has gone and bought that mortgage and note that Ma gave on her house, so I could pay for the old *Sally Hurt*, and now he refuses to extend the time one day. The note is due next

Thursday. So far as I know, there is no earthly way for me to pay it, and that means that I am the cause of my own mother being turned out of her home, the only property she has in the world."

"Come on, Prid. I know it looks dark, but don't die until you can't live any longer, and even if you do feel yourself going down, don't give up, for remember that Jonah was down in the mouth and he came out all right."

"Well, I've got one more trip with the old Hoodoo and then goodbye, Prid."

Having a kind o' tender feeling for the boy, I made the last round trip with him, as I had several business matters on the way to attend to that I could make while the boat loaded and unloaded.

Down at Wilmington the *City of Fayetteville's* crew made all manner of fun of the old *Sally*. They said so much that I almost determined to desert her for the better looking boat, but finally decided to help Prid as much as I could.

I think, though, that the maddest I ever saw Prid was when Captain Peterson, in his sneering way, made some slight remark about slow boats and mortgaged houses.

Finally, leaving time came. Both boats pulled out at the same time. For a little way, they were abreast and then the *Fayetteville* slowly pushed her way ahead and showed her stern to the slower moving *Hurt*.

I could hear the crew talking to one another in whispers. Prid was morose and refused to be jollied. Finally, the sun began slowly to drop behind the trees. Darkness was almost upon us. Suddenly, there came the distressing scream of a whistle. Every ear was alert. We all knew that that was no ordinary signal. We soon recognized it as the whistle belonging to the *City of Fayetteville*. Surely something was

wrong and very wrong. I suggested that Prid try to make faster speed and see what the trouble was.

"Confound the *City of Fayetteville* and everybody on her! They have made fun of me for the last three months. Wasn't it this very day that old Peterson was sneering about mortgaged homes? I hope to goodness that something is wrong, and she sinks so deep that it will take a month to drop a rock from the top of the water to where she lies. They don't care a snap for me. Why should I worry?"

If ever you have heard pitiful blowing, that was what we heard for the next few minutes. It made it more pitiful when I realized that we might help if we would only try.

"Chuck that boiler full of coal. Keep every pound of steam on her that you can, and put every ounce of power in those engines that you can. I know that those fellows have been giving me a raw deal, but they are human and it might be that I could help them, and I don't want it said that I did not do my best."

My! it made feel good all over to hear that.

Closer and closer came that pitiful sound. Suddenly, as we turned that sharp curve at the junction of the Black and Cape Fear rivers, we saw the trouble. The *City of Fayetteville* was on a sand-bar and was on fire. She had a load of cotton. And cotton burns almost forever.

"Prid, why don't those fools swim away from that boat?"

"That's just like you landlubbers. Why, if they stay and fight that fire they have about one chance in twenty-five of getting off alive, but if they were to jump in that whirling, swirling water, I don't have any idea that they would have one chance in a hundred. Why, man, nothing could swim through that place there. Sakes alive, it's all we can do to get a boat through without tearing her up. Here, while we

are at it, I don't see but one way to save them, and that is to risk losing the old *Hurt* by running alongside and then turning on our fire hose. And if this boat does catch on fire, all I know to tell you is to go to praying and get things straight, for your time on this earth won't be long. But, if I do lose this boat, it won't be but one day early for tomorrow she goes on the auction block."

"Prid, don't you think it would be better to go over in these life-boats?"

"No, gosh, no, for I just told you that nothing can live in that churning water. Can't you see?"

That was some fight. But the way it looked to me we would have been there right now, fighting, if it had not been for something that none of us have ever been able to explain. We had been holding our own for about twenty minutes, when all at once there was a dull roar and then the loudest explosion I have ever heard. Well, since that time, I have always believed in miracles. The whole blessed fire was put out by a terrific explosion. It blew a big hole in her side, but a hole in her side was much better than her *whole* in the bottom of the river.

Old Captain Peterson was so upset that he would not try to go on in his own boat, so Prid took him on the old *Sally Hurt*.

I think, though, that the old man's pride was hurt, for he was as glum as glue going up. He wouldn't talk, and even looked mad and it seemed to me that that was a time for feeling good. Why, just as soon as we got into Fayetteville that night, the old Captain grabbed his grip and away he went without so much as a "Thank you."

The next morning Prid was up early hunting the captain, having an idea that because of his kindness the night before,

he might induce him to give him an extension on his note. When I saw him coming back down to the dock I knew the Captain wouldn't help him, for he looked like he was to be hung the next minute. Just as I started to ask him if he had seen the Captain, the *City of Fayetteville* pulled up to the dock as peart as a colt. She had gotten in just before day and had immediately put a force of men at work and she was as good as ever. I've never seen a madder man in my life than Prid was. He ripped and he snorted. He gave me the Captain's history from generations ago, went into the most minute details, paid his respects to all the crew and ended up by saying:

"Well, such is life. I am sorry that I have said so much about the old man. I reckon, after all, he doesn't know any better. But, God knows I do hate for ma to lose her home on my account. But, I'll buy it back if I die doing it!"

Just then Nellie Peterson, the spoiled and only daughter of old Captain Peterson, came out on the deck of the *City of Fayetteville*. She seemed to know how affairs were going and wanted to try in some way to make things seem easy for Prid. I don't know what they were talking about, but it seemed to cheer Prid and just as I walked up, I heard Prid say:

"Nellie, yonder's ma and Captain Peterson, I do hope she has gotten him to agree to call off that sale."

But it seems that the Captain wasn't even thinking about the sale, for he didn't mention it, but he did say:

"Son, I want you to become captain of the *City of Fayetteville*, and as your mother and I have just been married, we'll occupy that corner stateroom on our wedding trip as your passengers."

WITH THE MARINES AT BELLEAU WOOD

A vivid description of personal experiences in battle

RAY T. MOORE, '24

A two-day ride in camions had brought us to the little village of Montreuil, near Chateau-Thierry, on the Paris-Metz highway. It had been two days of extreme heat, dust and emergency rations with one canteen of water each day. This journey had followed an S. O. S. call from the French near Chateau-Thierry. We were having a few days of rest (?) just north of Paris after spending two months in the trenches along the quiet and muddy Verdun sector. That sector had had nothing for us except the monotony of trench-digging, night watches and screaming shells, with no fighting other than mere skirmishes between night patrols. But war on this new front was to be played in the open air.

There arrived in this little town of Montreuil, June 1, approximately eight thousand Marines, which made up the Fifth and Sixth Regiments and a machine gun battalion of the Second Division. It was a little after noon when the Marines began arriving at this village. They began immediately to make their way to the French front line of defense. Without waiting for cover of darkness they marched to the front and took up positions with the French troops.

The Germans had been driving on this front with considerable success for three or four days. They had not checked their advance for this day; therefore the Marines received a slight introduction before night came. But they

began their task with that eagerness so peculiar to American soldiers.

Finally, night came, and the noise of "rat-tat-tat" of the machine guns and the crack of rifles ceased. But the night did not mean rest. The early part of it was spent in forming a line of defense on the ridge just behind the French line. A supply of ammunition was brought up; tomorrow it would be used. Then came the task of "digging in." It was no little task owing to lack of tools. The infantryman who had failed to secure a pick and shovel proceeded to spade up the earth with his spade, his mush pan serving well as a shovel. The machine-gunner who had no pick and who never carried a rifle made excellent use of his mess knife. This task was finished in due time, however, and an hour or two of rest was in order before morning. Meanwhile the French, exhausted by three days of hasty retreat and three sleepless nights, fell back behind our lines, leaving in our front No Man's Land and the Germans!

Morning came and the battle began anew. But now I must introduce myself. I belonged to one of the companies of the machine-gun battalion. On this particular day the gun-squad of which I was one was chosen to be in reserve. This lasted for two days. We started out early that morning, after a breakfast of canned "Bill." Each man was given his day's load to carry. It was my unsought-for lot to carry a tripod which weighed fifty-six pounds. For two days we carried these loads from one part of the front to another. Wherever a weak point occurred or a gun crew got blown up there we went; but after arriving there some other place was sure to be weaker and thence we had to go, only to find the same result. During the first day we had not put our guns in position a single time. During the following night

we marched for hours through a dense shrubbery to a place where the Germans were sure to attack next morning. But at daybreak we were ordered back to another place. We finally went into the line to replace a gun crew who had all been wounded or killed.

The Germans did not cease their efforts to break our lines during the first five days, but without any marked success at any point. On the morning of June 6 we made a counter-attack along our ten kilometer front. Shortly before the zero hour arrived the lines became alive with machine-guns laying down a barrage, preparing for the infantry to "go over." At exactly five o'clock the infantry was off. By nine the troops had gained their objective with one exception—Belleau Wood. But the attack was met with stubborn resistance and the loss was surprisingly large.

Belleau Wood, with its many boulders, formed a natural stronghold for the Germans. They had machine-guns galore and did not lack skill in using them to our disadvantage. In these woods the fighting centered for several days. It became a hand-to-hand battle. It was American wit against German military culture. Sometimes our men gained; sometimes they were driven back slightly. But little by little the woods were gained, until, about June 15, they were finally cleared. These woods had netted about six hundred prisoners and a large amount of war material.

The remainder of June was spent in strengthening positions, making a few strategic gains and beating off counter-attacks. It was a month of hardships besides those that naturally came with fighting. The main feature of this was the scarcity of water. There were no streams. On that part of the line on which I was stationed there was only one little spring and this was accessible only at night. And then it

took about thirty minutes to fill twenty canteens after waiting three or four hours in line for one's turn. This water, at best, could only be called wet, without any refreshing qualities. Another thing that taxed our endurance was the change from American food to French emergency rations, which consisted of small bricks under the assumed name of bread and Argentina beef, better known to the doughboy as "monkey meat." If I were to write the chemical properties of one of those little biscuits the first property would be *its insolubility in cold H₂O (water)*. The "monkey meat" had no properties.

Our training had taught us most of the phases of warfare. But there are things in war which officers can never teach. There are things which each soldier must learn for himself and learn them by experience, which, when once learned, are in his mind forever. Officers may teach us to carry a pick and shovel, but they can not teach us to love it or to feel safer with them. That must be learned in a natural way. The first thing soldiers usually think of doing on arriving at the front is to "lose in action" all unnecessary paraphernalia, as digging implements. But they soon learn to collect another supply, either by borrowing, finding or stealing it—it matters little which. Officers may tell us to fall flat on the ground at the sound of a shell. They can't teach us, however, to dive headlong, with feet in the air, into any kind of a hole, either empty or full of mud and water.

These are just two of the many things the soldier must learn from experience. The first comes gradually and unnoticed; but it comes. The other usually comes with one well-taught lesson and the lesson itself is never forgotten. I learned these two things the first few days around Belleau Wood. My gun crew was still in reserve at the close of the

third day at this front. We were lying in a farm road at the bottom of a small ravine. The road was only large enough for the farm carts to travel. The German artillery opened a barrage on the ravine below us. For five minutes the shells had kept up a continuous roar in the lower part of the ravine. Finally there was heard the boom of a gun which sounded differently from the others. This boom was followed by a peculiar scream of a shell. I had learned already to judge the general directions of projectiles. There was something in the sound of this one that said it was coming near us. On it came and louder grew its warning hymn. I flattened myself on the ground, clinched my fists, strained every muscle fibre in me until I was almost deaf, and waited the crash and whatever might be the result. It was but an instant from the sound of the gun till the fall of the shell; but it was one of those instants during which one lives, or rather suffers, a whole life time. The crash came and its jar caused, I don't know what kind of an empty feeling to pass over me. But the expected crash and explosion did not come. The shell proved to be only a "dud." But it left a deep, eight-inch hole in the center of the road, not more than an arm's length from me or from the men on the other side of the road.

This squad never again disputed the necessity for "digging in." The corporal never had any more arguments about who should carry the pick and shovel. He carried them himself. This was only an introduction to shells and by no means the last close one. Only a few days later half of our company had taken cover in another ravine. All went well until an enemy aeroplane spotted us. The artillery soon found us. Another boom, another whirry howl, another life-long instant and another crash; seven were killed and five

others were wounded. Three of the dead were scraped up on a blanket and to this day are reported as "missing in action." I was only a few feet away, but was in a hole which I had just dug.

The Chateau-Thierry defensive operation was the first of five major operations in which my company played a part. I remained with it through every front without receiving any wounds. Only four of the original company remained at the end who had been on every front without being wounded. Our casualties were about 95 per cent of the total strength of the company. This, I believe, was next to the lowest rate in the whole brigade.

Since wars must be fought and men must go to fight them, I shall always regard it as a great privilege to have participated in this defense around Belleau Wood. It was the first great test of the newly-trained American soldiers against the life-long soldiers of Germany. The success of it was overshadowed in importance by the morale it revived among the French and by the lowering effect it had upon the morale of the German troops. Yes, I shall call it a supreme privilege.

MY FAIRY DREAM GIRL

S, '22

Among the hills of Caroline,
By a leaping, sparkling stream,
In a country blessed by nature, lies
The village of my dream.

From out this beautiful dreamland true
Come memories sweet like a dove
To bring a blissful reverie
Of happy thoughts of love.

This early dove-borne message bids
Me turn again to see
The little girl of yesterday
Who wafts this love to me.

For months I've wandered every clime,
From East to a Western shore;
But still the voice of loving heart
Is calling me back once more.

I ask my soul if I must go;
Comes quickly the reply,
"Betake you to yon distant hills,
Back to your fair queen fly."

I'm seeking again those Caroline hills,
And back in my dreamland fair
I'll live forever a happy life
With my fairy dream girl there.

THE HOUSE OF HATE

The mystery of an old dwelling which like a magnet drew its desecrators back to its walls where they reap their reward.

WILBUR J. CASH, '22

Riding along the old post road, Winslow Blair had been conscious of the old house looming large on the horizon for the past hour. Now, finding himself in the shadow of the huge old pile, he reined in his horse and stared up at it with intense interest.

Standing on a low hill, around the base of which two little used post roads wound their way to come together and form the single street of the village in the valley below, the old Blair house seemed a lonely, frowning outpost of a by-gone age. Its architecture was of that peculiar type that serves to give one an impression of no particular style, but rather a confused picture of many chimney pots, numberless windows, and intricate, endless wings—a type familiar enough a century ago, but now rarely ever seen. A long, rambling structure, with wide spreading verandas, it had once been a showplace and the stronghold of the proudest and oldest of all the families of the countryside.

But now more than a quarter of a century had elapsed since the grim tragedy that had left the old house with no living tenant. Weather beaten and dilapidated, with sagging eaves and broken windows, it looked blankly out over the surrounding country like some gloomy and forbidding sphynx. The wind howled dismally around its chimneys and broken shutters creaked on rusty hinges. A strange, impalpable, gaseous vapor—such as one sometimes sees hanging over the stagnant marshes or low lying cemeteries after long con-

tinued rains—seemed to rise from the decaying walls and rotten, moss grown roof and hang over the house like an intangible pall. For some reason—probably lack of care and the inherent poverty of the soil—the great old trees that surrounded the house were dead and now stood out, white and stark, like gaunt skeletons of some prehistoric race of giants.

Small wonder that many strange and weird legends and stories had grown up about this old place. The villagers regarded it with superstitious awe and many a belated traveller, chancing to pass that way, hurried past, not daring to glance behind him.

Strangest and weirdest of all the tales was the one that had given it the strange name by which it was known. Three times in the history of the family there had been more than one male heir to the estate—never had there been more than two. The younger brother had ever been characterized by hatred for the elder, and twice the elder brother had been found lying in the Red Room—so called from the color of its walls and furnishings—with a peculiar dagger of Hindu design buried in his heart. But in both cases circumstances had pointed to the guilt of others—in the first, to an Indian servant, and in the second to a negro slave—and so the second brothers had succeeded to the estate.

But when Walter and Andrew Blair, the last of the line to occupy the house, came home from college, Andrew as a doctor and Walter to succeed his father as head of the village banking house, these old tales were nearly forgotten. True, Andrew had shown an intense dislike for his brother in childhood—but that had probably been due to jealousy springing from his rather selfish, mean nature, and caused by his brother's aptitude in boyish sports, from which he himself was debarred by a slight lameness.

Then came Martha Winslow. Beautiful and charming, she quickly captured the hearts of both men and a mad race for her affections began. From the first, it was evident that she preferred the handsome, magnetic Walter to the sullen, moody, deformed Andrew, and before many months had passed, she was his wife. Andrew's old jealousy of his brother leaped to life in his bosom, and, feeding on this new grievance, soon developed into a maniacal hatred. When Martha died in giving birth to a son he chuckled softly to himself and set about the spinning of his web. He craftily fostered a hatred for the child as the cause of its mother's death in the breast of the grief stricken Walter and succeeded in getting him to resign it to the care of a maiden aunt who resided in the village. By and by the people of the village began to notice that Walter Blair had changed. He walked about in a stupor, speaking to no one. It was whispered that Andrew was in league with the devil and that he possessed some mysterious power over his brother; but the wiser ones believed that, using his knowledge of drugs, he had subtly made himself master of the rather weak-willed Walter by that means. So things were, when one morning both were found to be missing. In the center of the floor of the Red Room a pool of blood and a peculiar dagger were found. But that was all. No trace of a body could be found, and both men seemed to have disappeared from the earth. To complicate the matter, it was discovered that the local bank had been robbed of a large sum. Everything pointed to the conclusion that Walter Blair was the guilty man. As a cap to the climax, it was found that little Bennie Kaplin, the bank clerk, of shrivelled soul and body, had also vanished.

And now a quarter of a century had passed and no trace of any of the missing three had ever been found. A curious

belief had grown up that Andrew Blair still lived and that he would one day come back to meet his doom in the Red Room. Wild stories of strange lights and cries in the old house were told, and it was said that the spirit of Walter Blair walked about the house at night, seeking his dead wife and swearing revenge on his brother.

As Winslow Blair stared up at the old house all these old stories as embellished by his great aunt's imagination passed rapidly through his mind, and he was conscious of the same sense of depression that, as a child, before his aunt had removed with him to a distant state, he had felt whenever he chanced to pass it. He urged his horse forward, and passing the sagging gate, rode slowly toward the front entrance of the house. Arriving there, he dismounted and tied the horse to a limb of one of the dead trees. Then, crossing the wide veranda, he fished a rusty iron key from his pocket and inserted it in the heavy brass lock. The door creaked slowly open and a stale, musty odor assailed his nostrils. He found himself in a narrow, dark corridor which lost itself in the shadows at the far end. Down this he passed, looking into the rooms on each side. Heavy walnut furniture marked them all and dust covered everything. Here was what had evidently been a parlor and there a drawing room. Now and then the corridor turned abruptly to the left or right. Turning at one of these intersections, Blair opened a door on the left. A startled gasp burst from his lips! The walls and furnishings of the room were red. After a moment's hesitation he crossed to the center of the room and carefully scrutinized the carpet. Yes, there, scarcely discernible from the deep red of the carpet was a faded stain. This was the Red Room! The windows, high and narrow, with Gothic points at the top, were of red glass, cut up into many tiny

square panes. Red tapestries hung from the walls and red panels completed the effect. The furniture, consisting of several high backed chairs, was of dark mahogany, covered with red plush. Red lacquered candlesticks projected from the walls, and Blair noticed carelessly that a short stub of candle in one of these appeared to have been recently burned. Suddenly, warned by some sixth sense, he became acutely conscious of a third presence. He wheeled about and caught a fleeting glimpse of a mass of dirty white hair and a peculiar, haunting pair of eyes, which glittered with malice and demoniacal cunning. He rushed to the door and glanced quickly up and down the corridor; but it was empty. To his ears came a faint sound as if someone with bare feet were running through the corridors, in some distant part of the house; but that was all. Assuring himself that it was all the product of an over-sensitive imagination, Blair turned to step back into the room; but stopped with an expression of frozen horror on his face. His exploration of the house had taken longer than he had realized, and the night was rapidly descending. Through the windows which faced the west the crimson sky, marking the setting sun, was faintly visible and in the soft, brilliant light the whole room had taken on the peculiar tint of human blood. Blood seemed to ooze from the walls, the tapestries and the furnishings, while the crimson carpet seemed to have been suddenly metamorphosed into a glistening pool of blood. The very air seemed to be pervaded with the warm, sickening smell of blood. Hastily closing the door to shut out the sight, Blair, shaking as with the ague, leaned against the wall and drew his arm across his face as though to erase the picture from his memory. Gradually, however, his stern good sense began to come to his rescue and in a short while he was again his

old cool, collected self. Climbing the flight of stairs at the end of the corridor, he selected a bedroom on the west side of the house and prepared to make himself comfortable for the night. Many things were transpiring in his brain as he removed his clothing and prepared for bed. Why had he come back to this place with its haunting memories, which he had not seen since childhood? He hardly knew himself. Perhaps it was because it was the only property to which he could lay claim. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he had always had a strong curiosity in regard to the place which his aunt, who had a superstitious horror of it, would never consent to let him satisfy while she lived. Or it may have been that he had some vague idea of practicing his chosen profession, medicine, here. Could it be possible that the old legends were true? That Walter Blair, his own father, walked about this house crying for revenge on his murderer and that Andrew Blair would come back to pay the price of his crime? Or had Andrew really murdered his brother? Were the strange intruder and the sights and sounds of the Red Room merely the products of an overwrought brain or had he actually seen and heard them?

Far into the night he was awakened by a wild cry, which seemed to arise from the Red Room, and again he heard the distant sound of bare feet running across the floor of the corridor. Wide-eyed and tense, he lay staring into the dark; but the sounds were not repeated and by and by he fell asleep to dream of a white-haired old man with strange, odd eyes, that, for some reason that he could not exactly explain, seemed very grotesque and terrible, and of a room that suddenly turned to blood while a skeleton-like figure cried wildly for revenge on someone.

He arose the next morning and prepared to go down into the village for the purpose of securing food for himself and his horse. Engaged in saddling the animal, he failed to notice the approach of an old peddler with his pack. So he was rather startled when a high cracked voice at his elbow croaked a perfunctory greeting. He wheeled sharply and found himself confronted by a gnarled old man, whose face, of the weather beaten texture of parchment, was marred by a long, livid scar across the right cheek, long hawklike nose and thin, colorless lips served to give him the expression of a fiend. But his eyes were the striking feature of his face. Pale and colorless, they gleamed from beneath heavy lids, which bore no trace of lashes, with a cunning and malice that was strangely reminiscent of the fixed stare of a venomous snake. Blair was vaguely conscious of a feeling that he had seen those eyes somewhere before. Where—? But the old man was speaking.

"Would not master like to buy today?" he muttered glibly in the dull monotone of his profession.

"No," growled Blair, "I don't want a thing, old man of the devil's mask."

"No? Master is a newcomer here?"

"Yes."

"Then he does not know old Andy, the peddler, and who is the young master that he should come to live in this house, where the devil walks at night? Does he not know the tales that are told of it?"

"Oh, yes, I know the stories well enough; but this happens to be the home of my father."

A snarl flashed across the peddler's face, but he concealed it beneath a crooked, distorted smile.

"So? Master is a Blair? The son of Walter Blair, I should say? And you have come back?"

"Yes, did you know my father?"

"No. But I have heard the stories."

Blair gazed at the other reflectively. "By the way," he asked, "would you mind telling me how you came by that scar?"

The peddler studied him through half-closed eyes. "That scar? Once, long ago, a man did me a wrong. That resulted from my effort at revenge."

"And the other man? What happened to him?"

The old man turned away. "I do not remember," he cackled, as he shuffled away. As Blair stared after him he noticed suddenly that he walked with an almost imperceptible limp and that his feet were wrapped with filthy rags.

The days passed into weeks and still Blair remained in the old house. The people of the village accepted him without question and gradually they began to make use of his professional skill when the old village doctor could not be had. Just why Blair chose to remain at the old place he hardly knew himself. Vaguely he was aware that he was beginning to believe that old Andrew would come back. At night he was often awakened by strange sounds from the Red Room and the gliding noise of bare feet being dragged across the floor. In the daytime he sat by the window and watched the old post road. Slowly he began to notice that old Andy invariably made his appearance along that route and he found himself haunted by the hypnotic eyes of the peddler. His interest led him to make inquiries in the village; but he only succeeded in learning that the peddler had made his appearance many years before; that he was considered a harmless lunatic, and that no one had any idea as to where he found shelter at night.

As Blair sat at the one window one afternoon late in March he observed a strange old man approaching along the road. Arriving before the house, the stranger halted and raised his eyes to it. He stared fixedly at the old house for a short time, and then, drawing his coat about him, passed on around the foot of the hill in the direction of the village. The next day, returning from the village, Blair saw this same person leaning against a tree and gazing intently at the old structure. Passing near, the young man scrutinized him closely. A lean, hump-backed, wizened old rat; he had a long, thin nose and the eyes of a ferret. Somehow Blair was struck by the idea that he seemed to be hunting someone or something, and withal, he seemed to be laboring under a nameless fear.

As the days passed and Blair continued to watch from his window, he began to notice that this strange newcomer seemed to be following the old peddler. He racked his brain for an explanation of this; but the matter remained a mystery. Slowly and subconsciously, he began to associate the newcomer with the old legend. Could it be that this was Andrew Blair? And, if so, what was his connection with the old peddler?

Another month glided by and there came a night when Blair found himself returning on foot from the home of a country patient. A blutery wind was blowing and scudding clouds cut off the light of the moon, except when it now and then burst through a fleecy rift. As the young man approached the house he suddenly became conscious of a shadowy figure darting from tree to tree and gradually drawing nearer the old structure. Reaching a wide open space the figure hesitated and then darted quickly across it, disappearing in the shadow of the doorway. Breathless with excitement, Blair followed cautiously. Entering the door he

halted and listened intently. To his ears there came the sound of stealthy footsteps and in the dark recesses of the corridor he made out a faint shadow. Holding his breath and proceeding on tiptoe, he felt his way along the wall. On went the shadow, winding about through the intricate corridors. Then suddenly it halted and flattened itself against the wall. Intent on the intruder, Blair had failed to notice his whereabouts, and he was preparing to spring upon the other, when a peculiar metallic cry from across the hallway caused him to halt abruptly. A quick glance served to acquaint him with his surroundings. The shadow was leaning against the wall opposite the door to the Red Room, which now stood open! And there, silhouetted against the window, through which filtered the faint rays of the cloud-obstructed moon, was a bent figure. Blair stifled the exclamation that rose to his lips as a high cackle, surcharged with fiendish glee, broke the silence. Then a weird moaning voice began: "Come, come, brother Walter! Take the little needle and forget your sorrows. Do not resist! Ah, now, that is better. Am I not a good brother to you! Brotherly love, indeed!" and again the high devilish cackle sent a chill along the spine of the listening Blair. But again the voice was speaking; this time in a shrill gloating tone.

"Yes, damn you, I have had my revenge! You won the woman, but in return I have damned your soul and blackened the honor of which you were so careful. Do you remember as you roast in hell, the night when I called you here and told you how Bennie Kaplin and myself had stolen the gold from the bank and fastened the guilt on you? And when I told you that you must die, you begged mercy from *me*. You fought and cut at me; but I cut your heart out and washed my hands in your cursed blood. And Bennie—the

fool—thought that I would divide the gold; but I struck him and when he awoke and found me gone he rushed forth to find me, and out there somewhere he still searches for me. So all these years I have had his stolen gold and your life. They have searched the world for me—but I am too wise for them. A few months in hiding and then with a beard and this scar I came forth! No one suspected me. What connection could there be between me; the scum of the earth, and haughty Andrew Blair?"

A burst of ghoulish merriment broke forth. Then the droning maniacal voice went on. And this gold—do you see it, Walter Blair—it has turned to blood and I lay my hands and bury my face in it—in YOUR blood!"

With a snarl of rage the other figure leaped into the room. A moment's silence and then the first cried out, "Who are you?"

"Ah, you don't remember? Well, I am Bennie Kaplin! And I have come back for my gold and your blood!"

"You lie!"

The watching Blair saw the simultaneous flash of two daggers and saw the two figures blend into one. A brief struggle ensued and then there came a heavy thud as one reeled away and fell to the floor. The gleeful cackle burst out—but died away as the other figure staggered toward the wall. There came a sound of rending wood and a shrill cry of joy, which died away in a choking gurgle of pain. The noise of a heavy fall and the clink of metal on the floor followed. And then there rose a low, moaning cry, half of laughter and half of pain, which seemed to penetrate to every crack and corner of the old house.

Terror-stricken and trembling in every limb, Blair found a match, struck it and reeled into the room, groping blindly

along the wall for the candlestick. The match flickered and went out. At that moment the moon burst through a rift in the clouds and streamed into the room. And once more, it seemed to be bathed in blood. In the center of the carpet lay the body of the ferret-eyed stranger—Bennie Kaplin—with a dagger in his heart. On the far side of the room lay the old peddler with a wide gash across his throat. In his hand he still grasped a splinter fragment of the panel, and all about him lay gold coins, which, in the strange light, seemed to glisten with blood. In the wall where the panel had been torn away was a hollow niche. In it were several bags, one of which was torn open, revealing more gold coins, and in its farthest recesses lay a pile of whitened bones, surmounted by a human skull, which seemed to smile ghastly forth at the dead bodies, as though the spirit of the murdered Walter Blair were gloating over his long deferred revenge.

HINTON ROWAN HELPER

A Tar Heel who foresaw the necessity for abolition of slavery and conscientiously used all his resources in its behalf.

W. M. NEAL, '21

Hinton Rowan Helper was one of the three "recreant sons" of North Carolina, as the *Raleigh Standard* described Professor Hedrick, Mr. Goodloe and Mr. Helper, the three prominent North Carolina abolitionists. Helper was the most prominent and, in the South, the most hated of the trio.

Helper was born in Davie County, North Carolina, December 27, 1829. His people, who were of German-English extraction, had lived in the South for more than a hundred years and belonged to that class of non-slaveholding whites which was so numerous in the western parts of Virginia, North and South Carolina. The western part of North Carolina was filled with these small farmers. Industrious, independent, democratic, they hated the negro as much as they admired and envied the big planters of the eastern section of the State. In their economic, social and political life they suffered because of the slave, and naturally they were hostile to the slave-system; of the whole region of the later Confederacy. This section was perhaps the strongest in anti-slavery sentiment.

It was from such people and in such an environment that Helper had his birth and training. At the age of 20 he moved to New York, where he lived for some months, setting out from there for the gold fields of California in an effort to

make his fortune. The ship on which he took passage stopped for provisions at Valparaiso, Chile, and Helper got his first direct knowledge of the country in which he later took so much interest, as we shall see. Remaining in California only three years, he ended the unprofitable venture and returned to the quiet farm life of North Carolina. Here he wrote an account of his trip, which he called "The Land of Gold," and for which he sought a publisher.

The author had been much impressed with the superior condition of the North and West as compared with the South, and he concluded that the difference was due to the slave labor of the South and to its absence in the other sections. When the Baltimore publisher with whom he had made arrangements for publishing the book discovered that Helper had set forth these views in the account of his travels and had criticized the slave system, he refused to print these parts, which he thought would be objectionable to the South, and the book was brought out without them.

Helper was more than ever determined to get his views before the public, and, returning to North Carolina, he went into an extended study of slavery. In June, 1856, he started on a round of the northern publishers in an effort to find a house to bring out his new book, "The Impending Crisis of the South." Great difficulty was experienced in securing a publisher willing to take the responsibility for putting out such anti-slavery arguments as the book contained. Finally one was found and the book published. It met with instant recognition—praise in the North and utter denunciation in the South.

Helper was appointed by President Lincoln in 1861 to the position of United States Consul at Buenos Ayres. He resigned his consulate in 1866 and after residing in North

Carolina and St. Louis, moved to New York. He traveled widely in Europe, Africa and the three Americas, and was the projector of the Pan-American Railway, which he proposed should eventually connect in one unbroken line, Bering Strait and the Strait of Magellan. In the interest of his plan he offered large prizes for the best studies on the subject and for a time it gained wide publicity.

In 1867 Helper published "Nojoque, A Question for a Continent," and in 1868 "The Negroes in Negroland, the Negroes in America and Negroes Generally." His last book, "The Three-Americas Railway," was brought out in 1881. From that time on until his death he never became reconciled to the negro and would not even stop at a hotel where negroes were employed. He continued agitation of his plan for the Three-Americas Railway actively until the time of his death by suicide in 1909.

"The Impending Crisis" is by far the best known and most important of Helper's works. In it he takes up the problem of slavery, strongly advocating its total abolition. In the introduction the author expressed the vain hope that the book would be well received in the South by his fellow Southerners—that they would receive it, as he wrote, "as it is offered, in a reasonable and friendly spirit" and as coming from one who "naturally comes within the pale of their own sympathies."

When the book appeared in the summer of 1857 it seemed the signal for a veritable flood of denunciation from the South. It was almost immediately declared to come within the provision of the laws against the circulation of incendiary literature and that to have a copy in one's possession was traitorous to the South. To prove that a candidate for office had a copy of the book was to ruin his chances of elec-

tion, and the northern newspapers carried stories that a number of persons had been hanged in the South for having copies. The book was burned in derision by Southern mobs; it was a best-seller in the North.

The reception of "The Impending Crisis" was made even more favorable because of the political interest that sprang out of it. A group of Northern politicians realized the value of the book as a campaign argument and got up a subscription of \$15,000 to print and distribute 100,000 copies of a compendium of the book in the doubtful states of the North. Of this sum, it may be noted, \$165 was given by North Carolinians. The effect of the book in the doubtful states was startling—it swung them easily to the Republican ticket. Southerners viewed the distribution of such a book as distinctly incendiary and as a direct effort on the part of the Republicans to arouse the North against the South.

Such widespread publicity made sales of the book jump by leaps and bounds, and by the fall of 1860 some 142,000 copies (including the compendium) had been sold, and the rapid circulation was stopped only by the beginning of the Civil War.

The anti-slavery movement of which Helper was a part was not confined merely to the United States. During the seventeenth century the growth of humanitarian ideas, emphasized by the American and French Revolutions, created a distaste for the institution and a desire to rid the world of it, and in 1850 the United States was practically the only civilized country in the world where slavery was still found.

In the United States sentiment against slavery had been growing rapidly, in the South as well as in the North. Numbers of the Southern states had seriously considered its abo-

lition, and Kentucky in 1799 and Virginia in 1830 had come within a few votes of adopting a system of gradual emancipation. But the agitations of the North, when she tried to force abolition on the South, entirely changed the attitude of the latter, and played a large part in turning her from thoughts of emancipation on her own accord to those of keeping the institution at all costs. Northern opposition so strengthened and united the South in the protection of slavery that it came to be the established order to protect it, and from the pulpit and from the press it was defended. To speak of its abolition was not only bad form—it was criminal. Consequently Helper left the South for a safer haven in the North.

The great debate on slavery had brought out an extreme variety of essays on the political and social sides of the question, but the economic side had been largely ignored. Thus Helper explored practically a new field when he went into a discussion of slavery from the economic viewpoint. His arguments were telling and to the point, but the great classes to which they were intended to appeal, that is, the non-slaveholding whites of the South, were not touched at all scarcely because of their illiteracy.

Helper had seen and had been struck with the great differences between the North and the South. He showed from the census of Professor De Bow, a strong Southerner, that the North led the South in practically every line of industry. He took up every feature of wealth and progress in detail and in almost all cases found that the South lagged far behind the North. The boasted value of the South's agricultural products was only a boast, he said, and as proof he cited statistics showing that the *hay crop alone* in the North was greater in value than the whole of the *cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp and sugar-cane crops* of the South.

By numberless tables of well-authenticated statistics Helper showed that the North was far in the lead. "In comparison with the free states," he says at one point, "we contribute nothing to literature, polite arts and inventions of the age; . . . for want of profitable employment at home, large numbers of our native population find themselves necessitated to emigrate to the West, whilst the free states retain not only the larger proportion of those born within their own limits, but induce, annually, hundreds of thousands of foreigners to settle and remain amongst them."

Reviewing such facts as these, he found the reason for the backwardness of the South in its system of slave labor, and nothing else. He argued that the natural resources of the South excelled those of the North and that the South had the additional advantage of an early start. The North progressed more rapidly than the South, he said, because it had free labor. As a remedy for the ails of the South he proposed the total and permanent abolition of slavery.

"Frown, Sirs; fret, foam, prepare your weapons," he says at one point; "threaten, strike, shout, stab, bring on civil war, dissolve the Union; nay, annihilate the solar system if you will—do all this, more, less, better, worse, anything—do what you will, Sirs; you can neither foil nor intimidate us; our purpose is as firmly fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven; we have determined to abolish slavery, and, so help us God, abolish it we will."

As practical steps looking forward to the actual abolition of slavery, Helper brought forward a program in which he advocated thorough organization and independent political action on the part of the non-slaveholding whites of the South, which should withhold votes from any candidate for office who advocated the retention of slavery, no fellowship with

pro-slavery men in religion or society or association with them in business.

To make these measures effective he proposed a convention of all non-slaveholding whites from every State in the Union, which should devise the means of fighting slavery. The Democrats of the South recognized the scheme as Republican and of course opposed it on grounds of self-protection. It is almost needless to say that the attitude of the South in not countenancing any attempt at abolition, together with the illiteracy of the very classes which the appeal was meant to arouse, made the effect less in the South than Helper expected. What would have followed if the Civil War had not interfered is largely a matter of conjecture. But the fact remains that thousands of the very men Helper tried to arouse entered the ranks of the Confederate armies—non-slaveholders along with the richest planters.

Regarding Helper's second important book, "Nojoque, A Question for a Continent," little need be said. It departs so far from the sound reasoning of "The Impending Crisis" and is in fact so grotesque and utterly impossible as a book that charity permits a reviewer of Helper to pass it over lightly.

The book takes up again the theme of the negro, and the question for a continent is, of course, the negro question—this time not as the slave question, but as a question of how to get rid of the negro for all time. In the preface to the book Helper wrote: "The primary object of this work is to write the negro out of America, and . . . the secondary object is to write him . . . out of existence."

The author goes on to show that the negro is an inferior type of man, pointing out his obvious low qualities, lack of achievement, etc. He argues that black is a thing of ill omen

and detestation whether in color of cloth or of skin; that white is a thing of life, health and beauty. White represents God, black the devil, he says, and from such obviously futile arguments he goes on to his plan of removal, banishment, expulsion. He went so far as to propose a date by which all blacks should be out of the United States, and if not that they should be massacred.

Helper's later work in connection with the building of the Pan-American Railway amounted to very little. Temporary interest was shown in the plan and his work for it showed his spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism; but no material accomplishments were realized.

It is, then, for one book, and only one, that Helper is known today—"The Impending Crisis of the South." Hated and cursed in the South, lauded and praised in the North, hastening on the Civil War, the book is now consigned, along with most of the other literature of the abolition movement, to the dusty shelf of oblivion.

MY PARADISE OF DREAMS

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

She's the merest little girlie,
And the dearest little girlie,
That ever breathed the fragrant, balmy, southern air of
ours;
Her features are the clearest,
Her face by far the fairest,
That ever put to blushing shame our matchless southern
flowers.

Her eyes are brilliant lenders
Of sunshine, and the senders
Of messages far sweeter than the clearest spoken words;
Her voice has all the sweetness
Of bells, and the completeness
Of music. Ah! It thrills me and it stills the singing
birds.

Disturb me not for seeming
Preoccupied and dreaming;
The world with all its pleasures isn't half so good it seems,
As the simple joy of living
In this land where she is giving
Me the chance to woo and win her—'tis my paradise of
dreams.

THE SUSPECT

The story of a college athlete who exhibits loyalty and courage in spite of condemning accusation by his fellows

I. C. PAIT, '23

Harry Weston watched the eleven as they slowly filed by, their faces smeared with the grime and sweat of the afternoon scrimmage. A look of mingled pride and regret swept over his handsome face as the last man passed out at the side gate of the athletic field. The previous year he had led that husky bunch from victory to victory, but a fractured knee had compelled him to give up the gridiron for a year. However, his enthusiasm was a great inspiration to the team, and often figured largely in its success. As the team disappeared, he turned, and with an athletic stride, made his way across the campus and to his room.

A few minutes later his door was thrown unceremoniously open and a muscular figure in a bath robe and bedroom slippers bounded into the room.

"Hello, Harry!" he exclaimed as he began to dress. "How do you manage to stay inside when the team is preparing for the hardest game of the season?"

"You're entirely wrong, Bob Underwood. I saw the scrimmage this afternoon, and am just in from the field, myself."

"Pardon me, Harry, I might have known you were on the job. If you can't support the team with that Herculean

body of yours, you're always present with your pep. How is that knee?"

"As sound as a dollar," Weston replied, "but the doctor says I must take the best of care of it in order to play next year. Did you notice Tom Scarborough's passes this afternoon?"

"Sure. He will star before the season is over. There's no man in college that could fill your place on the team as well as Scarborough. He is not only a splendid athlete, but a fine sportsmanlike fellow. And, too— get out of here, Imp, before I break your dod-rotted neck! If Tom Scarborough doesn't keep that bob-tailed pup of his out of here, he'll ruin his reputation so far as I am concerned."

"Hurry with your dressing, Underwood; we can talk as we go down to supper."

"I'm all ready except my collar and tie," Underwood returned. "Hello!"

The tone in which he spoke caused his room-mate to turn quickly. As he did so, he saw Underwood staring blankly at the back of a chair.

"Why, Underwood, what in the world is the trouble?" he asked.

"I left it hanging on that chair," Underwood replied. "It was a small, black-and-white plaid tie."

"Can't you wear some other tie to supper?" Weston teasingly questioned.

"It's not the tie," was the doleful reply, "but my pin. It had a peculiar old pin in it which was brought from the Orient by an Underwood over three generations ago. It had a valuable stone in it, and, too, it was of intrinsic value."

An extensive search followed, but no trace of the pin was found; therefore, they went down to supper in a puzzled state of mind.

A few evenings later, as Weston enjoyed the evening paper in his room, his usually turbulent room-mate quietly entered, and, contrary to custom, took a book from the table, and for a few minutes appeared to be studying. However, the studious mood was of short duration. With a long-drawn sigh he placed his book upon the table, sauntered over to the window, and meditatively gazed at the fading West. Underwood's unusual demeanor caused Weston to look up questioningly.

"Anything wrong, Underwood?" he asked.

"I hope not," Underwood replied, with attempted naturalness. However, a note of doubt crept into his voice which he could not hide.

Laying his paper aside, Weston went over to the window, where Underwood stood, nervously beating a tattoo upon the cold glass. The usual light of wit and humor had faded from his large gray eyes, and an expression of deepest concern predominated on his youthful face.

Weston gently placed his hand upon Underwood's shoulder, and in a sympathetic voice said, "What is it, old fellow? I've never seen you in such a mood before. Out with it, and probably I can help you."

For a moment Underwood was silent. But after another long-drawn sigh, he began to speak as one who has a long story which he is reluctant to tell.

"I love this old institution," he began. "I loved it long before I ever saw it. When I was a little chap in knickerbockers, my father would tell me tales of the class-room, the campus, and the athletic field. The clean sportsmanship of the fellows, as he pictured it to me, filled my boyish heart with love and pride for a place where such spirit was dominant, and caused me to have a reverent respect for the right.

The three years during which I have been a student here have been years which have multiplied the love and pride planted in my whole nature as a boy. Not once has a student willingly said or done anything that would detract from the honor of the college."

He paused in his speech, walked to the opposite side of the room and back, and then continued: "You remember, I lost a valuable pin a few days ago? Well, I'll confess that its disappearance was a bit puzzling, but I didn't think very much about it at the time. This evening, as I came across the campus, I heard of a half dozen or more fellows who had lost valuables in a similar way. The thieving is done hurriedly, the thief carrying away some article of clothing in which the valuables were carried. Last Saturday, while Frank Morton was bathing, his trousers, which contained fifty dollars and some trinkets, mysteriously disappeared. The following day his room-mate lost a vest, in the pocket of which was a purse worth near a hundred dollars, and a gold fountain pen. There has hardly been a day since that some one hasn't lost something of value. Who the thief is, is a mystery, but the general supposition is that somewhere among our number lurks a crook. I tell you it must not be! It shall not be! If there is such an animal among us, we will hound him to his lair and land him where he rightly belongs!"

As Underwood ceased speaking, he brought his huge fist down upon the window sill with a crash. Weston turned a startled face and saw, not the overgrown, rollicking, care-free boy he had known as a room-mate for three years, but a man in whose eyes burned a new light. The dull-red spot which burned through the tan of each cheek told that the light was a reflection of a raging fire within. Linking his

arm within Underwood's, Weston led him through the door, and out into the soothing beauty of the night.

When they returned a half hour later, Underwood's anger had disappeared, but within the boy had been born a man of determination and purpose. Without a word he seized his hat and started toward the door.

"Where are you running off to?" Weston asked.

"The team is giving Scarborough a surprise call tonight," Underwood replied. "You know our hardest game comes off tomorrow, and much depends upon his playing. His father has just had an experience which is liable to ruin him financially, and he is expecting to have to leave college any day unless something favorable happens. He's mighty blue, and we are going around to boost him up a bit. Put on your vest and coat, and come help with the fun."

"Sure! It'll be great fun, and—why, where is my vest? I left it with my coat on this trunk." Weston's voice plainly bespoke the chagrin he felt.

The boys stared at each other blankly, then at the trunk, where only a coat lay in a confused heap.

"Anything of value in it?" Underwood asked.

"That's what worries me," was the reply. "It had a watch in it which my father gave to me the last Christmas he lived. Underwood, I'll have that watch and the cowardly devil that stole it if it takes a year to find them! Keep your eyes open and I'll do the same. This sort of thing can't continue without somebody getting caught. Come on to Scarborough's room, and we'll talk it over with the fellows there."

They found the other members of the team already in Scarborough's room, and were greeted hilariously. After a general discussion of happenings around the college, includ-

ing Weston's recent loss, a general good time followed, jokes and laughter running riot. As they were about to say good-night, Weston walked over to an untidy pile of athletic clothes that lay in one corner of the room, and giving them a kick, jovially exclaimed, "Why don't you clean up sometime, Scarborough!" In response to his kick a gold watch rolled from the heap, into the center of the group, and stopped face downward. On its back were two distinct letters: H. W.

For a moment a deathly silence ensued. Every eye was riveted on the accusing watch, and every man seemed frozen in his tracks. Finally, Weston quietly stooped, and taking the watch from the floor, placed it in his pocket. After directing a fierce look of accusation at Scarborough's burning face, he turned and walked out, followed by the others.

"To my room," Weston gruffly commanded. And with the solemnity of jurors about to return the verdict of 'guilty' for murder in the first degree, they proceeded to the *pro tem* court-room.

As the door closed behind them, Weston turned upon the others a face in which triumph, anger, and pity struggled for the mastery. When he first attempted to speak his voice choked, but finally he blurted out the one word, "Well!"

Once the silence was broken, a disorderly babble followed, but chaos gradually became cosmos, and an orderly discussion of the unexpected turn affairs had taken began. Valuables and money had been disappearing for weeks. Scarborough had been sorely in need of money for some time on account of his father's expected failure in business. Some of the stolen articles had been found, not exactly on his person, but in his clothing, and in his room. True, Scarborough had proved himself an A-1 fellow, and the athletic field could ill afford to lose him. But their fathers had kept the

honor of the old institution unspotted, and it was up to them to keep it so. They loved Scarborough, and it was with grief that they took such action, but a reputation of a hundred and fifty years could not be sacrificed for a single man; therefore, unless he could satisfy the demands, he must be reported, and of course, that meant a permanent expulsion. Action would be taken immediately, regardless of the game the following day, as a fellow who would stoop to this level would gladly betray the game for a mere pittance. At this juncture a voice, steady and clear, rang from the rear of the room.

"Fellows!"

Every man turned as by a machine. The usually spasmodic Underwood was upon his feet, but it was the man instead of the boy that looked at them with such serious eyes, and commanded their attention in such an authoritative voice.

"I have heard you through," he began, "without a word, but I cannot agree with your action as a whole. I know that appearances are all against Scarborough. He is in tough luck, and could use the money and valuables to a great advantage, temporarily. But, fellows"—his voice choked—"I cannot, I will not believe that Tom Scarborough is guilty of this or any other wilful wrong. I've known him three years, and am convinced that a more upright fellow never darkened the doors of this old college. Give him the advantage of every doubt. Watch him as he plays ball tomorrow. Give him a few days more. We may be entirely wrong."

Underwood's speech saved the day. Scarborough was to be given a few days in which to vindicate himself. The team dispersed and each man went to his room.

On the following day the crowd gathered early, and every seat was taken. As the two teams trotted out upon the field

and faced each other, a deafening cheer crashed down upon them. Each man doggedly took his position, the whistle blew, then another deafening cheer, as the opposing teams rushed to the initial crash. With bulldog persistence man made for man and cut him down. When the line was formed and the rush made, it seemed that an irresistible force struck an immovable obstacle. Up and down the field they struggled, now in favor of friend, and again in favor of foe, while from the grand-stand cheer after cheer marked a spectacular feat, or a breathless silence told that some crisis was being passed. Thus the struggle continued. The whistle blew and time was called. There was only three-quarters of a minute to play, and the score stood six and seven, in favor of the visitors.

With grim determination the teams faced each other for the final struggle. The visitors had the ball, and were on their thirty yard line. The quarterback began to count, the ball was passed, and the final rush was on.

Suddenly the visitors attempted a forward pass. With the agility of a wildcat, a lithe, muscular form leaped into the air, seized the ball, and dashed madly forward. A thunderous applause from the onlookers filled him with new life, which was almost knocked from him by the onslaught of an opponent. With the aid of his guard, he evaded the next rush, but was left to meet his last man alone. Without checking his speed, he attempted to avoid him, but seeing that this was impossible, he gathered his fast waning strength, and, like an enraged bull, lunged straight ahead. There was a sickening shock which left him almost unconscious, but still upon his feet. His adversary crumpled and fell to the ground. A rending yell swept down to his almost senseless ears, and faintly he heard the cry of, "Scarborough! Scarborough!" As he rushed on, darkness gathered around

him, and the noise of the madly cheering throng grew fainter and fainter. At his heels his enemies panted like a pack of angry hounds. He must make it! Across the thirty yard line, the twenty—oh for an ounce of strength, a drop of water, one breath of air!—then the ten yard line, and all was blank.

Slowly he opened his eyes and cast a distracted look about him. Yes, they were all there, and Weston, too, but where were their uniforms? Then he noticed that he was not on the football field, but in bed. He attempted to rise on his elbow, but a sharp pain in his right side caused him to fall back with a groan. Instantly, eleven anxious faces bent over him and eleven sympathetic voices asked how he felt.

"Fellows," Scarborough said weakly, "if I had only had one ounce more of strength I might have carried that ball over. I hope that you think that I did my best. If I only could have carried it over!"

"If you only could have carried it over!" Harry Weston exclaimed. "Why, Tom, you carried that ball six feet over before you fell, and the whistle blew not two seconds after you hit the ground. It's a puzzle to all of us how you did it with all those smashed ribs."

Scarborough closed his eyes to hide a tear that gathered there, but it forced its way between his tightly closed lids and splashed down his pale cheek. Then, with a note of disgust in his weak voice, he looked up and said, "Pardon me, fellows, I'm not sissy; I'm just happy."

Just then a low whistle sounded from Underwood, who stood by the window, looking across the campus.

"Come here, fellows!" he excitedly exclaimed.

With one accord they rushed to the window, each scrambling for a place of advantage.

"Look there," Underwood said more quietly.

What they saw was Imp, Scarborough's bob-tailed terrier, scurrying by the window toward his kennel. From his mouth trailed a beautiful silk shirt.

"What of that?" they curiously asked.

"Come with me and I'll show you better than I can tell you," he replied as he bounded through the window, followed by the others.

He led them to the kennel, and kneeling before its door, drew forth a pair of trousers, the pockets of which contained fifty dollars and some trinkets; a vest which yielded a purse worth a hundred dollars, and a gold fountain pen; a small black-and-white plaid tie in which was securely fastened a peculiar old pin. Article after article he produced until the list of "stolen" things was complete.

As Underwood finished his inventory, he looked around. Ten faces wore indescribable expressions, and a terrier declared his unbounded delight by barking spasmodically and wriggling his snub-of-a-tail as he chased from one to the other in a vain attempt to attract attention.

Weston was the first to speak. "Fellows," he began, "we're a set of wooden-headed fools. We've done Scarborough an injustice, which we can never right. However, it is up to us to make the best of the situation. Underwood was right when he said that Scarborough is one of the most upright fellows that ever darkened the doors of this old college. His playing this afternoon should have convinced us of his innocence, but I'm afraid it didn't. That hound over there dragged my vest into his room, and I was puppy enough to believe he stole it to get my watch. I've led in the procedures against him, and I'm going to lead in the confession to him. Come on to his room."

A half hour later Scarborough's room was a scene almost as wild as the grand-stand had been earlier in the afternoon, when he had smashed the enemy's line, and carried the ball across. The difference was that eleven men could not make as much noise as a thousand. There was a knock at the door, and a tousle-headed messenger boy inquired for "Mr. Thomas T. Scarborough."

"Sign for me, Weston," he said, as he tore the yellow envelope.

As he read, a smile, almost radiant, spread over his pale face. Handing the telegram to Weston, he said, "Read it to the fellows."

Weston cleared his throat and read: "Business has taken an unexpected turn. Everything is safe. Dad."

Just then a gentle breeze wafted the sound of cheers to the group in Scarborough's room. "Rah, rah, rah rah rah! Rah, rah, rah rah rah! Rah, rah, rah rah rah! Scarborough! Scarborough! Scarborough!"

"I know I'm the luckiest fellow alive," Scarborough said, as he settled himself among his pillows.

ARTIFICIAL PERFUMES

An interesting discussion showing the origin, preparation and composition of modern perfumes

R. W. SULLIVAN, '20

In the conquest of nature by man three distinguishable stages stand out more prominent than the rest. They are the appropriative, the adaptive, and the creative periods. These eras overlap, and the human race may be passing into the third stage in one field of human endeavor while still lingering in the second or first in some other respect. The primitive man picked up whatever he found available for his use, while his successor in the next stage of culture shaped and developed this crude product until it became more suitable for his individual purpose. Our forefather got his living out of such wild plants and animals as he could find. Next, he began to cultivate plants and tame animals so as to insure a constant supply. He could select but he had not reached the point where he could invent. He could cultivate, but he could not create. If he wanted spices, he had to send to the East Indies. If he wanted indigo, he had to order it from India. If he wished to increase the fertility of his soil, he had to send to Chile for fertilizer. If he desired a fragrant perfume, he usually obtained it from Turkey and Arabia.

We are safe in saying that the second stage of civilization began before the dawn of history and lasted almost up to the twentieth century, for it was not until the fundamental laws

of heredity were discovered that man could originate new species of plants and animals, and it was not until the fundamental laws of chemistry were founded that man could produce new compounds more suitable to his purpose than any to be found in the realm of nature. The creative period of human progress has hardly dawned, yet already a man may stay at home in Raleigh or London and make his own species and oil of rose, his own indigo or fertilizer. More than this, he can make gems and perfumes that never before existed in nature. In other words, the man of science has signed a declaration of independence of the two first stages, and we are now in the midst of the revolution.

Since the dawn of history to the rise of modern chemistry, what have been the most costly products of nature? What could tempt a merchant to brave the perils of a journey across the Sahara beset with robbers? What induced the Spanish mariners of long ago to risk their poorly constructed barks on the dangerous waters of the Cape of Good Hope, or somewhat similar perils? In short, the chief prizes were costly perfumes.

Perfumes have been used from the earliest times, among the natives of antiquity an offering of delicate odors was regarded as a token of respect and homage. The burning of incense was essential to Hebrew worship and hence its use is frequently referred to in the Old Testament. The use of perfumes was common among Greeks, Romans, and practically every ancient nation we might mention. The Arabs were skilled in the art of perfumery and it was through them that the art was introduced into mediæval Europe. Kings in ancient days had to be greased and fumigated before they were thought fit to sit upon the throne. There was a tradition that perfumes brought from a distance were most effect-

ive as life savers and race preservers—most especially if they were expensive.

Today, as always, men are willing to pay high for the cultivation of the senses of taste and smell. The society king will pay ten dollars for a gill of wine which consists chiefly of water and about two cents worth of alcohol, but contains an unweighable amount of the "bouquet," which can be produced only on the sunny hillside of some foreign soil. But more likely some of our own associates are just as extravagant, for when one buys the natural violet perfumery, he is paying at the rate of more than ten thousand dollars a pound for the odoriferous oil it contains; the rest is nothing more than water and alcohol.

Of the five senses, three are physical and two are chemical. By touch we discern surface and pressure. By hearing our brain registers impressions of various air waves and by light of certain ether waves. But smell and taste give us an index to the heart of the molecule and a clue as to the compounds' structure. Of all the above named senses—those mysterious media through which matter acts upon the mind—there is certainly none more obscure than the sense of smell. Our present concern is not so much with the sense itself, as with the nature and composition of the bodies that excite it.

The whole mass of what are technically called perfumes, or probably more often aromatic substances, belong chemically to the compounds having a basis of hydrogen and carbon. On account of similar characteristics and properties chemists have classified all carbon-hydrogen compounds into two groups or families—the "fatty acid" family and the "aromatic" family—the latter comprising the homologues of benzene $C_6 H_6$ and their derivatives, with a whole mass of coal-tar products and essential oils. This last named group forms a basis for our discussion.

When coal is heated in the open air, it is burned away and nothing but the ashes is left. But heat the coal in an enclosed vessel, say a copper or fire-clay retort, and it cannot burn up, because the oxygen of the air cannot get to it. So it splits up, so to speak. All the parts that can be volatilized at a high temperature pass off through the outlet tube and nothing is left behind except coke, which is mostly pure carbon. When the escaping parts or vapors reach a cool spot on their journey through the outlet tube the oily and tarry matter condenses out and the various gases pass to tanks, where they are collected for future use. This process is known as "destructive distillation." When the tar is redistilled we get, among other things, four fundamental compounds used in making perfume, and also these same compounds are essential in dye and explosive industries. Their names are: Benzene, Toluene, Xylene, Phenol. We are all familiar with phenol and benzene, if not the rest.

The most important of the four is benzene and this happens not to be the "benzine" spelled with an "I," which we use to clean clothes and as a fuel. Now the search for the constitution of benzene is a very interesting chapter in chemistry, and a very hard one to understand; but unless we know how it is put together it will be hard to understand how perfumes are generally made. We are all familiar with formulas and know what they signify. We have simple formulas, and complex ones which resemble Chinese puzzles more than anything else. Each formula generally signifies a molecule. Complex formulas or molecules are written in structural form in such a manner that the whole may be divided into various parts and the parts linked together. This arrangement, as you will see, forms a kind of picture in the chemist's mind and enables him to see better what he

is driving at. His unit is the molecule; so he makes up a sort of diagram and represents each atom in the molecule by the first letter of its name. It must be remembered that all the atoms must be joined and that all the hands of the atom or element must be occupied. The element carbon, for instance, has four hands and hydrogen only one. They unite, therefore, in the proportion of one atom of carbon to four of hydrogen, or CH_4 , which is methane, one of the simplest hydro-carbon compounds. The chemist found no trouble in representing various compounds in the above manner until he discovered the compound benzene had a formula C_6H_6 . He was unable to figure it out in such a manner that each of the six carbon atoms had their four hands occupied.

One among the many men who worried over this benzene puzzle was a German chemist, *Kekulé*. The story is told that one evening, after working on the problem all day, he was sitting by the fire trying to rest; but he could not throw the mystery off his mind. The carbon and hydrogen atoms danced like imps on the carpet before him, and as he gazed at them through his dreamy, half-closed eyes, he suddenly saw that the chain of six carbon atoms had joined at the ends and formed a ring while the six hydrogen atoms were holding on to the outside hands. Now, if you draw the diagram you will easily see what Prof. *Kekulé* saw. This is more commonly called the benzene ring or hexagon. By its use thousands of new compounds have been constructed. A modern chemist sits down at his desk and draws a benzene ring, then he rubs out an H and hooks in a nitro group NO_2 on to the carbon in place of the H. Similarly he can substitute any other group. In the case of the nitro group which he has substituted he has an entirely different compound from benzene, which is nitro benzene—one of the first perfumes

ever prepared. This is a general principle in the synthesis of artificial perfume.

Artificial perfumes may be divided for convenience into two classes. In one, the compounds which produce the odor in nature have been discovered and then reproduced in the laboratory synthetically; this is the case with vanillin or vanilla flavor. In the second class only the odor of the perfume is imitated in a substance which is itself unlike the substance whose odor it possesses; this is true of the artificial musk.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that the four principal animal perfumes are obtained from the musk, civet, alergris and castor.

Under the heading of synthetic perfumes are included all pleasant odors in which artificial substances and ingredients are used. Although the earliest perfumes of this class were introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century, the industry which now prevails is to be regarded as dating from 1880.

The first artificial perfume was the "Essence of Merbane." This substance was the nitro benzene discovered about 1834. Immediately afterwards many esters simulating odors of fruits and flowers were introduced, and in 1888 artificial musk was discovered. This is prepared by treating trinitro-toluene with tertiary butyl alcohol. The above are instances of first line of progress. The second has for example the case of artificial oil of wintergreen, so commonly used in mints and chewing gum. Cohen discovered that this particular oil owed its odor chiefly to mehtyl salicylate, a compound prepared by the action of wood alcohol on salicylic acid. Another of this class is the case of artificial oil of bitter almonds, which followed the preparation of benzalde-

hyde from benzoyl chloride. The synthesis of cumarin, the odorous substance of new mown hay; of vanillin, the odorous principle of vanilla, are to be regarded as of highest importance.

The real vanilla flavor was made by Tienmann in 1874. At first it sold for \$800 a pound; but now it costs only \$10 for the same amount. It should be noted that vanillin is not an imitation, but identical with the chief constituent of the vanilla bean. Today vanillin is prepared most easily by the oxidization of eugenol, the chief constituent of oil of cloves. The eugenol is separated by diluting the oil with three times its volume of ether and agitating the ethereal solution with a dilute solution of caustic potash. The aqueous liquid is separated and acidified, and the eugenol separated by extraction with ether. The eugenol is then treated with acetic anhydride, and the resulting acet-eugenol is dissolved in acetic acid and oxidized with potassium permanganate. The liquid is then filtered and made alkaline, and the whole is then evaporated. At this point an addition of sodium bisulphite is necessary—which combines with the vanillin. The sulphite compound is decomposed with sulphuric acid, and the vanillin is then extracted with ether, from which solvent it is obtained in fine white crystals. We are all familiar with vanillin and its uses.

Other common flavors or extracts which we use are prepared other than by using the benzene ring as a base.

The cases commonly known as "fruity" odors belong to the fatty acid family or the aromatic series. These are more likely to be known under the head of ethereal salts. For instance, we may have in a fruit an alcohol (say ethyl alcohol) and an acid (say acetic) and a combination of these, the ester or ethereal salt. In this case it would be ethyl acetate, which is more odorous than either of its components.

The esters of the fatty acids give a characteristic savor to many of our favorite fruits, candies and sodas. The pear flavor, anylacetate, is made from acetic acid and amyl alcohol. Pineapple is ethyl butyrate. And by the various combinations an indefinite number can be prepared.

Returning to our Kekulé ring, let us notice briefly the composition of a few flowery perfumes used in toilet articles. A representative of this class would be oil of rose. This perfume consists of a number of ingredients mixed in such proportion as to produce a single harmonious effect upon the sense of smell. Among the most important essential oils are citronelol, nerol, linilool, phenol ethyl alcohol and geraniol, which is the most important of all. I mention these only to show what a complex substance you have in the oil of rose. Geraniol has for its base the six carbon atoms, somewhat similar to our benzene ring, except the ends are not joined. Now, if we shake up geraniol with sulphuric acid and others of its class the carbon chain hooks up to form a benzene ring, by which method the group of terpenes are made artificially, which occur in turpentine and such wild things as sage, lavender and carraway. The perfumes having the odor of lilac, heliotrope and hawthorne have for their basis the alcohol turpeneol, which is practically the same as geraniol, the chief ingredient in the oil of rose. Going further in this direction we are led into the realm of the heavy oriental odors—sandalwood, camphor, cedar and ginger.

In a fine brand of perfume may be compounded a dozen or twenty different ingredients, and these, if they are natural essences, are complex mixtures of a dozen or so distinct substances. Perfumery is one of the fine and costly arts. The perfumer, like the orchestra leader, must know how to combine and co-ordinate his instruments in order to produce the desired sensation.

It is absurd to object to artificial perfumes and flavors, for practically all now sold are artificial in the sense of being compounded by the art of the perfumer. And whether the materials he uses are derived from the flowers of last summer or of the carboniferous era it should be immaterial. He never tells anyone. The materials can be purchased in the open market. Various receipts can be found in books. But every famous perfumer guards well his secrets and hands them down as a legacy to his posterity. The requirements of a successful scent are very strict. A perfume must be lasting, but not strong. All of its ingredients must continue to evaporate in the same proportion or else it will change its odor and deteriorate. Scents kill one another as colors do. To mix the ingredients in a vessel of any metal but aluminum or even to filter through a tin funnel is likely to impair the perfume.

Perfumery is used now more extensively than ever before. During the Unwashed Ages, commonly known as the Dark Ages, between the destruction of the Roman baths and the construction of the modern bath room, equipped with all modern conveniences, the art of the perfumer, like most fine arts, suffered an eclipse. But in the course of centuries the requirements of life began to creep back into Europe from the East by means of the Arab, the Crusaders and the science of chemistry. Then the art of cosmetics began to revive. When science, the greatest agent of democracy, got into action it elevated the poor to the ranks of kings and priests in the delights and pleasures of taste and smell. We should not despise those delights, for the pleasures they confer are as great as any of the so-called higher senses common to a human being. As Kipling puts it:

Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

A. R. WHITEHURST, *Editor*

College Athletics

An institution like a college to be progressive must necessarily be well-balanced in respect to its component parts. From the time when intercollegiate athletics was established the value of this phase of undergraduate activity has been a bone of contention. But arguments from outsiders have failed to materially benefit the situation and it has remained a problem to be solved by the active participants in the sports. It is generally agreed that clean athletics forms one of the most valuable departments of college life.

One recalls many unpleasant instances where narrow-minded and unsportsmanlike rivalry has stained the honor of intercollegiate, as well as professional, sports. And many undesirable qualities are still existent. But the improved character of its personnel is making more and more evident the importance of clean college athletics. An unbiased survey of the status of present day sports will convince anyone of the truth of this statement. The colleges of North Carolina, for example, have had for the past two or three years the cleanest athletes in their history. Consequently they have learned to prefer a fair and square exhibition of sportsmanship and to concede the victorious decision to the rightful winners. They have learned that no rivalry is wholesome which is pervaded by a spirit of petty selfishness.

As a rule college athletes are genial companions, good students and men of good morals. Their character determines the character of the sports in which they participate. In its long life our national game has been twice corrupted, and in each case by members of its constituency. And they more than any others have the power of putting it on a clean basis and keeping it there. So with college athletes. If they are corrupt, then intercollegiate sports will be corrupt. But because they are straightforward and manly we have today the cleanest system of athletics in our collegiate history.

**Old Gold
and Black**

THE STUDENT is compelled to say a few words of deserved commendation to its fellow-publication, *Old Gold and Black*. We may safely leave its comparison with other college weeklies to more unprejudiced readers and speak as friend to friend.

The editors of our weekly are chosen as far as possible according to their journalistic ability and promise. During the year they have been frequent contributors to the state dailies, which have occasionally quoted directly from the paper. Its makeup, subject matter and treatment, and general appearance are all of the highest order. Many have acclaimed it better this year than ever before in its history. A movement is on foot to publish seven weekly issues of the paper during summer school, for the benefit of summer students as well as for those who will enter and re-enter college in the fall. The plans should materialize and we must lend our co-operation to make the venture a success.

**Professor
Lanneau**

Whatever might be said in an attempt to express our sorrow over the loss of Professor Lanneau and to estimate in words the greatness of his work in our midst would be, to those who knew him, superfluous. In his death, on March 5th, Wake Forest College sustained a twofold loss. Professor Lanneau was first a Christian gentleman in the fullest sense of those two frequently misapplied words, and, second, a teacher of astronomy, capable and conscientious in his profession.

Born in 1836, he witnessed probably the most eventful years in the development of our country. His participation in these changes lends to his career a touch of the romantic, for he was not merely existing—he was a living factor in his day. Especially is this true of the four years of Civil War and the bitter reconstruction period which followed. However, it is in the class room here that we feel his absence most keenly. His pupils learned from him the grandeur of the universe. His voice was in harmony with Creation's

chorus of praise to God. No greater tribute can be paid a man than that which was unanimously conceded to him: "He was a good man."

R. A. H.

It is the intention of THE STUDENT staff of next session to dedicate the first issue in the fall to Professor Lanneau's memory. Any friends who have contributions appropriate to such a number are earnestly requested to submit them as soon as possible.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

R. A. HERRING, *Editor*

Our track team enjoyed an informal reception given by the sponsor, Miss Ella Smith, at Oxford College on Saturday evening, February 26. The young ladies of the college made the occasion as happy a one as only girls can for about forty Wake Forest men. On Easter Monday the team lost its first meet to N. C. State by the score of 68 to 40, which was good considering the small number of men on the team. Wake Forest won three first, seven second and four third places out of twelve events. Heckman of Wake Forest was the highest individual scorer.

On March 5 the Euzelian Literary Society passed an amendment to the constitution making attendance at all meetings optional to all members above the freshman class. The Philomathesians voted down a similar amendment.

Although only seven of the seventeen games on the basketball schedule were won by the home team, Wake Forest had nevertheless a very creditable quintet. Most of the defeats were suffered in Virginia, while we won from every college in this state except Trinity, with whom only one game was scheduled. To Carolina went the pennant, with Trinity second and Wake Forest and Elon tied for third place. Heckman of Wake Forest was named as a guard on the all-state team.

The death of Dr. John F. Lanneau, for thirty years a member of the Wake Forest College faculty, was a great shock to the community and state. Dr. Lanneau was in his

eighty-sixth year, known and loved by all who knew him as the highest type of Christian gentleman.

Rain on Easter Monday saved somebody's baseball reputation. Stringfield, first up, repeated his feat of a year ago by swatting the first ball for two bases, was sacrificed to third by Ellis, and Jennette had reached second when a torrent of rain broke up the fun. The game was played off the following Monday.

Fifty-three North Carolina high schools sent representatives to the fifth annual declamation contest, held here on March 17 and 18. Carl W. Seiler of Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute won first prize, the second going to Leichman Peacock of Raleigh High School. The occasion was a great success.

The Wake Forest acrobats, headed by "Hank" Langston, shone with the best in the Society Circus which was held in Raleigh April 8 and 9. The circus was made up of teams from the various colleges of the state.

The Glee Club and Orchestra toured the following towns and cities: March 31, Sanford; April 1, Monroe; 2, Charlotte; 4, Gastonia; 5, Shelby; 6, Anderson (S. C.); 7, Hendersonville; 8, Mars Hill College; 9, Hickory. Week-end trips will include Lillington and Antioch.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize winners of this issue as follows: Best poem, "My Paradise of Dreams," by John R. Knott; best story, "The Sally Hurt," A. L. Goodrich; best essay, "Artificial Perfumes," R. W. Sullivan. Special mention should be made of the essays on the Panama Canal and Hinton Rowan Helper.

ALUMNI NOTES

J. R. NELSON, *Editor*

Secretary T. D. Collins, of the Alumni Association, reports the organization of the following local associations within the past several weeks:

At Kinston, P. D. Croom, LL.B. '18, president.

At Goldsboro, B. H. Bland, M.A. '04, president; O. V. Hamrick, B.A. '10, secretary.

At Greenville, Paul Clodfelter, '07, president; S. N. Quillin, B.A. '18, vice-president.

At Smithfield, H. P. Johnson, B.A. '12, president; Robert Holding, LL.B. '18, secretary-treasurer; P. D. Grady, '11, vice-president.

D. B. Carrick, B.A. '10, is the author of the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station Memoir No. 36, "The Resistance of the Roots of Some Fruit Species to Low Temperature," a pamphlet of forty-eight pages. The study shows a great amount of investigation and experiment and is a valuable contribution to the literature of botany. It is distributed by the national government as a free document.

A few hours before the end of the democratic administration, C. Hubert Martin, LL.B. '98, secretary to Senator Lee S. Overman, died at his home in Washington on March 3rd. Through his long period of public service Mr. Martin had gained many friends in Washington. In Wake Forest notice of his death spread a pall of gloom throughout the community.

Dr. W. T. Carstarphen, B.A. '97, was engaged by the Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A. of New York City to deliver a series of lectures on "Health Education." The series began on February 24th, one lecture being given each week. Dr. Carstarphen's purpose in delivering the lectures was to acquaint the laity with facts regarding physical well-being.

On March 15th the University of Virginia dedicated to the memory of William Harry Heck, M.A. '99, who was the first professor of education in that university, what is now known as the Heck Memorial Library. The library was presented to the university by Mrs. Clara Tuttle Heck, the widow of the former professor, and students and friends. It consists of 8,000 volumes on departmental subjects.

The death of Dr. George Thomas Brandon, B.A. '01, occurred at his residence in Brownwood, Texas, on January 11th. Dr. Brandon had been practicing dentistry in Brownwood since 1914, until he was forced on account of ill health to leave his office last April.

Dr. Needham B. Broughton, B.A. '11, married Miss Lorna Bell of Wakefield on March 19th. He is practicing medicine in the city of Raleigh.

Lucius B. Olive, B.A. '16, after receiving his Th.M. degree at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary last June, sailed in August for China, where he is now completing his preparation for mission work in that country.

J. Paul Spence, M.A. '92, died at the home of his brother in Elizabeth City from a self-inflicted wound on March 13th. He had been in ill health for some months and was forced to surrender an important educational position in Elberton, Georgia. He had been a leader in educational circles in Norfolk, Virginia.

George Burton Carter, '84, of Styles and Cash Corporation of New York City, has been spending the winter with his family in Raleigh. He is the brother of Mrs. John E. Ray of that city.

Col. O. H. Dockery, U. S. Army, B.A. '92, until recently in charge of the recruiting station at Seattle, Washington, is now favoring the discontinuation of recruiting stations. An address of his, delivered recently in support of that policy, has been widely circulated in the press of the country. Col. Dockery remains with the regular army.

Eugene Turner, M.A. '06, who has been in Y. M. C. A. work in Hang Chow and Shanghai, China, is in this country now with his family, having headquarters in Atlanta.

J. McKinley Pritchard, B.A. '15, is assistant district attorney for the western district of North Carolina.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. S. GREEN, *Editor*

THE ACORN

The Acorn presents a splendid issue for February. The essays are of a very creditable type. "The Kindergarten and the Development of Moral and Social Habits" handles an educational problem of interest in a very instructive manner. "Care of Exceptional Children" is very well written. The story, "His Life Sentence," has a splendid plot and is developed in a pleasing style. The poem, "Love—A Prayer," is excellent. The departments are all splendidly edited.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

The February number of the *Trinity Archive* is the best issue of the year. The writer of the story, "Man to Man," shows rare ability and handles his plot in a style not often seen in college writings. The other story of the issue, "Lover's Leap," is also very good. The Wayside Wares Department of the *Archive* is always interesting.

VOICES OF PEACE

This magazine from Peace Institute is always read with pleasure, since every contribution is of a very high type. The story, "Dresses for Jean," is splendid and shows originality of plot which is to be commended in any story. The verses, "Slips," by the same writer, are very interesting. The essay, "Nathaniel Macon," is well written. The *Voices of Peace* is an excellent magazine.

ST. MARY'S MUSE

The Mid-Winter number of the *St. Mary's Muse* presents a splendidly edited magazine. The story, "Dot's Diary and Dick," is exceptionally good, and the playlet, "You Can't Change a Nigger," is delightfully written and very interesting. The notes in the department of school news are all well written.

THE ERSKINIAN

The Erskinian is one of the most enjoyable magazines we receive. All the issues are splendidly edited and this is especially true of the Sophomore number. There is a well balanced number of contributions and the departments are handled in a very creditable style. The essay, "Today's Call to Young Men," is very good. "Personality" is the best contribution of the issue and is written in a very interesting and instructive style. The story, "Cupid and Baseball," though having a rather exaggerated plot, is very well written. *The Erskinian* is always appreciated.

THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

This magazine never fails to both entertain and instruct. The essay, "The Bases of a New Internationalism," gives evidence of excellent ability and the writer handles the discussion of this grave problem in a very instructive manner. The third and last of the series of articles on "John Galsworthy" was as interesting as the two others, and just as entertaining. The writer of "What's the Use?" asks a very commonplace question in interesting humorous verse. The Music and Drama department of this issue of the *Message* is exceptionally interesting.

THE LENOIRIAN

We are glad to note the marked improvement in the quality of the *Lenoirian*. The February issue of this magazine is

above the average. "The Road to Success" expresses a very beautiful thought in verse. The essay, "Character and Extent of Socialism in France," is very instructive. The poem, "Hope," is very good.

PINE AND THISTLE

The story, "The Faculty Fire-Bug," is distinctly the most creditable contribution to the March issue of *Pine and Thistle*. "The Dramatic Dialogue From Chaucer" shows rare ability. All contributions to the department, "With the Muses," are interesting.

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

"Phases of Alfred Noyes' Poetry" is a contribution of merit in the February *Winthrop Journal*. The writers handle their subjects with experienced ability and in a very instructive style. The story, "The Legend of Springtime," is very good.

Besides these exchanges we have enjoyed reading through the year the following: *Davidson College Magazine*, *Carolinian*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Richmond College Messenger*, *Guilfordian*, *Furman Echo*, *Technique*, *Mississippi Collegian*, *Clemson College Chronicle*, *Bessie Tift Journal*, *Grinnell Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Orion*, *Purple and Gold*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *University of Tennessee Magazine*, *Isaqueena*, *Salemite*, *Blue and Gray*, *Bashaba*, *Louisburg Collegian*, *Concept*, *Stanford Pictorial*, *Stentor*, *Bethel Collegian*, *Bear Trail*, *Bema*, *Orange and Blue*, *Howard Crimson*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Tattler*, *Technician*, *Magazine of Oklahoma University*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Criterion*, *Tennessee College Magazine*.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

W. M. NEAL, *Editor*

Last issue, fellows! If you can't laugh at our jokes, laugh at us.

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right down the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was—popular.

If I were bad
And bold and brave
And should take from you
The kiss I crave,
Would you get mad
And rant and rave?
Or would you simply say,
"Stop—you must behave"?

When we hear Brute Pearce give his wonderful rendition of "We Love Our Teacher" in B-flat, we wonder why he didn't join the Glee Club.

(BEG PAWDON, KIP, OLD DEAH)

When the last of the quizzes are over, and exams are forgotten and gone,
When we students have nothing to study and are not compelled to bone,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—and sleep for an aeon or two.
Till the Dean with the little report card shall tell us if we got through.

HE'S A GAM-M-M—BLIN' MAN-N-N

"Sky" Kinnett always has been fond of the galloping cubes, and claims he knows the game. But he expressed surprise when he heard Dr. Vann remark that he was going up to the Medical Building to do some work on the bones.

SOCIETY NOTE

While straining his eyes at a young lady across the street, hoping to be rewarded by a smile of recognition, Professor Gosnell stepped into one of the ditches left by the water men. We are unable to learn what the professor said; but we have it on no less authority than that of Professor Henderson that the young lady did smile, after all.

ONE METHOD

I always like to read Ninette
 Sad poetry—her fond heart swells;
 And when both handkerchiefs are wet
 She dries her eyes on my lapels. —*Punch Bowl.*

We hear that Red Pope drew a picture of a hen so true to life that the picture would lay on the table every day and sometimes on Sunday.

Behold the young Lochinvar!

Just as a beautiful young maid drives up and starts to park her horse, Gallant Buck Edwards rushes to her aid with an offer to tie the nervous steed. After painful minutes of effort to solve the combination of the rope and make fast the blooded beast to his post, Gallant Buck, blushing all the while at his lack of skill, is on the point of desperation.

Just at this point comes to the scene of action an old man, leaning heavily on his cane. With a tinge of humor on his weather-beaten face, the aged individual roughly takes the tie-rein from the hands of the scarlet youth. And not even shifting his quid to the other side, the old veteran gives the rope a graceful twist, and lo! the horse is easily tied. Abashed and ashamed, the Gallant Buck slips away around the corner and is seen no more.

For further details of this thrilling episode see Hank Langston. He saw the little tragedy enacted.

Somebody wants to know whether the "TB" inserted between paragraphs by the *Carolina Tar Baby* stands for plain t.b. or for tuberculosis of the brain. Perhaps it means the price of the magazine—two bits.

The absent-minded professor surveyed himself in the hair-brush, instead of the mirror.

"Gracious, I need a shave," he mused.

—*Sun Dodger.*

When the *Tar Baby* prints the following classic we can tell that magazine the same thing Mayor Hylan told the Queen of Belgians when she remarked on the beauty of New York: "Sister, you spoke a mouthful."

Our chief editor reminds us
That our job's to make you roar;
It's no cinch to make stuff snappy
And not get the censor sore.

Shorty: I know every fellow in college except two.

Bill Nicholson: Who are they, Shorty?

The Father: How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter?
How is it, sir?

The Suitor: Great! Great!

—*Lehigh Burr.*

First Fresh: Where is the Alumni Building?

Second Fresh: That is the building where they study bugs, frogs and plants.

F. F.: Oh, it's the same as the Biography Building?

She was a sentimental lass. She was also fond of music. But she was especially fond of leaving the impression that she knew and liked classical music.

One day she was talking to a visitor to whom she wished to appear in her much-sought musical light.

"Do you hear that wonderful chorus of children's voices," she asked him as voices came up from the street below. "It sounds like the harmony of woodland nymphs, or the musical trilling of a love-croon by a band of troubadours."

The visitor went over to the window and looked down. Below he saw a bunch of newsboys arguing with the umpire over one of his decisions in their baseball game.

Rastus had just rolled out three naturals to the gaze of his brunette opponent.

Snowball: Say thah, Rastus, Ford dem dice, Ford dem dice.

Rastus: Whufoh yo' means, "Ford dem dice"?

Snowball: Yo' knows what ah means; ah means shake, rattle and roll, niggah; shake, rattle and roll.

—*Virginia Reel.*

"We must have inside information," muttered the jury foreman, as he sampled the evidence offered before the court in the boot-legger's trial.

THE ORIGINAL LAMB

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular,
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular.
On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating,
The little quadruped likewise was there a-gallivating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dispensary,
Which to every rule precedent was recklessly contrary.
Immediately thereupon the pedagogue superior,
Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary on beholding such performance arbitrary,
Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called lachrimary,
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious,
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars asked the teacher.
He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature.

"Oh, pecus amorem Mary habit omnia temporum."

"Thanks, teacher dear," the scholars cried, and awe crept darkly
o'er 'em. R. W. S., '23.

L'ENVOI

You may not like
These attempts at jokes;
You may think the editor
Is only a hoax.
Be glad these are all.
And though the critics may win,
They're darn good jokes
For the fix they're in.