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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT



OCTOBER, 1921

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLI

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1

THE SIGHING PINE

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

All lonely in the forest now,
No human touch upon my brow,
No heart is prest to mine.
The birds are gone, no song is here,
No sound is pleasing to the ear,
Except the sighing pine.

O, what does make the pine tree sigh? What cause has it to weep or cry? Happy it should be! But Mother Nature sees my heart Unhappy, sore, and torn apart, And thus she sighs with me.

CHRISTIAN STATESMANSHIP

A plea for real Christian statesmen in our Government and a challenge to the young men of today

ALBERT N. CORPENING, '22

As the general current of our social and political life has been and will continue to be in the hands of our statesmen, we are depending upon the statesmen of the present to direct their efforts toward the enactment of constructive measures. With great war debts to pay and governmental expenses to be met even in these stringent times, as well as planning for the general welfare of the Nation, the duties of our present legislators are scarcely less than while the war was in progress. How great is the responsibility that rests upon these men! The power to bring about the ends for which we have striven and to set up a goal toward which we may strive is theirs. How great is their opportunity for service!

The destinics of every nation have hinged about the action of the statesmen who influenced the state of affairs. Sometimes the government may have been in the hands of a single person, as in the time of Louis XIV. of France or of Napoleon Bonaparte. At other times the guiding spirits may have been a small group of men, as the Great Triumvirate: Caesar, Pompey, and Cassius. Or, as in more modern times, it may have rested upon the action of representatives of the people.

Inasmuch as the destinies of a nation rest upon the leaders of that nation, so, also, the action taken and the legislation enacted for the upbuilding or for the oppression of the people depends on the strength and character of the leaders. Among the great statesmen of the past we find that the three great

outstanding lawgivers were Moses, Justinian, and Napoleon. Moses, in a time when the people were divided, had no thought of unity or of a social order, without laws, and in the midst of most trying eircumstances wrought in Israel one of the greatest transformations of history. He was able to organize the Hebrews along democratic lines in such a way that his power after his death was just as great as when he was in their midst. He simplified the ceremonies and freed them from debasing forms that characterized the other nations to the extent that Israel was forever attached to Jehovah. third, he established civil laws so wise that all future generations and peoples have turned to his code as a basis of their legislation. Both Justinian and Napoleon simplified laws already at hand, and adjusted them to their times. Moses stands out pre-eminently above them all as a lawgiver. He was a high type of Christian character as well as a statesman of great ability.

Since, then, the destiny of nations rests upon the shoulders of its statesmen, there is an imperative need that these statesmen shall be men who are Christian in principle. The things for which our Nation stands eannot be brought about by men who are not at least Christian in principle. If men who oppose the great reforms of today, who are selfish and work for their own individual advancement instead of caring for the national interest, if such men were to control the legislature and its ecoperative branches we would not long be moving in paths of advancement. It is imperative that we have unselfish Christian men in such positions. Many people say that good men must keep out of politics because politics are corrupt. Why are they corrupt? If they are corrupt it is because the men in politics are corrupt. We cannot expect to plant weed seed and harvest wheat. We do not expect to raise corn by planting potatoes. Nor can we expect to have

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clean polities so long as we continue to put corrupt men in office. And, as ex-Secretary Daniels said, "good men ought to enter polities." Since it is in polities that measures are adopted that affect the whole Nation, it is a great field of opportunity for the men who enter the political realm. If measures for the advancement of the national life are proposed it is necessary that enough Christian men are present to enact them. When our people decide to rest the affairs of the Nation upon the shoulders of men of good moral character, who have the best interests of the Nation at heart, corrupt polities will become a thing of the past. But if men of this type will not enter the field and allow the people to place them in such positions, how is our Nation ever to have such statesmen?

This brings us face to face with a great problem. Our young men coming forth from the colleges of our countrymen who are going to guide the affairs of future businessmust also take a part in politics. Because politics are now corrupt is no reason why they should be shunned. It is an invitation to enter and help clean things up. What would have been the result if such men as Gladstone, Pitt, and Fox had not entered the political realm? The humane legislation under the guiding hand of Gladstone would never have been enacted. England would have lost its greatest war minister in Pitt, and America would have been without her great friend and protector in Fox. We need men who will dare to stand for great principles. And it takes daring men to do it. Politics is a place for men to prove what they are made of. If they have the stuff that is worth while, if they have manhood enough to stick for the principles that they know are right, then it is their opportunity to show that they are sincere and that they are really men. Sometimes they may have to stand in the face of great opposition and face the scorn and

ridicule of opposing factions. But let the men who hold such positions hold fast the great Christian principles that are the foundation stones of the American home. It is said that the American home is the cradle of democracy. Then let these men help to make that cradle a safe place for such a great principle to be nourished.

Young men of today, the past was not the only time for Christian statesmen. It has its pages filled with names of heroes who have stood for noble principles. President Harding and Charles E. Hughes are present-day statesmen. Woodrow Wilson and ex-Governor Bickett have just retired from active political life. Scores of others are in the line of fame. Do you not hear the call of the present? It rings out clear. The opportunity is yours. Christian statesmen are needed. Will you not answer the call?

PARTING

W. M. NICHOLSON, JR., '22

"Farewell! Farewell!" is often heard
From the lips of those who part,
In a whispered tone 'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
'Twill serve for lovers at the end of day
To be sung 'neath a summer sky,
But give to me the lips that say
That honest word, "Good-bve."

"Adieu! Adieu!" may greet the ear
In the guise of courtly speech,
But when we leave the fond and dear
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh,
The flames of friendship burst and glow
In that warm, frank word, "Good-bye."

DELUSIONS OF HUMAN SUPERSTITION

A review of the history of witchcraft and the results of its influence in early America

C. S. GREEN, '22

Many thoughtful writers have said that the subject of witcheraft has hardly received the consideration which it deserves in the history of opinions. The reason for this neglect is easily accountable—the fact that belief in witcheraft no longer exists among intelligent people, and hence its history possesses rather an antiquarian than a living interest. It is impossible to tell the stories of witch trials without digging up a buried past and this process of exhumation is often not very pleasant. In reality the study of witcheraft is more than an unsightly exposure of a forgotten superstition. It is practically impossible to grasp the social conditions or to understand the opinions, fears and hopes of the peoples of any past age, without knowing something of the part played by witcheraft in this period of life.

Belief in witchcraft, demonology and spiritualism is as old as the history of mankind. In the very first part of the Bible we read: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And in other portions of the Holy Book we find mention of witchcraft. So we must consider the Bible as our oldest and most authentic record from which we may derive our ideas of witchcraft.

The Egyptians and Chaldeans were early distinguished for their supposed proficiency in magic, in the production of supernatural phenomena and in penetrating into the secrets of future time. The first appearance of this extraordinary gift was the occasion of Pharoah's dream of "the seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine." All the wise men and magicians of Africa and Asia were called in to interpret the dream, but the boy Joseph was the only one able to expound it. There are numerous other instances recorded relating claims that were set up in ancient times to the exercise of magical power, but of all these there is only one—that for contention of superiority between Moses and the wise men of Egypt—in which we are presented with the pretensions to a visible exhibition of superratural effects.

The question now arises, What is a witch? The earliest account we have of such an individual was the witch of Endor, who professed the power of calling up the dead, and who, as is well known, called up the shade of Samuel to pronounce the doom of Saul and his race. Witches also claimed the faculty of raising storms and in other ways controlling the workings of nature. They appear in most cases to have been brought into action by the impulse of private malice. They occasioned mortality in beast and man and blighted the opening prospect of a plentiful harvest. The most noted work of these witches was in undermining the health of those who were so unfortunate as to incur their animosity, and caused them to waste away gradually with incurable disease.

In the twelfth century it was believed that a witch was a woman who made a secret compact with the devil and received from him power to ride through the air, mostly at night, and on broomsticks or poles. Sometimes, as was believed, they took the forms of negroes, hogs, birds, or cats when going to perform their supernatural deeds.

A complete analysis of the development from this period in the twelfth century through the middle of the seventeenth century is given very clearly by Dr. Wingfield Nevins, in his book, "Witcheraft in Salem Village, 1692." In 1484, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull, ordering the arrest of persons suspected of witchcraft. In 1485, forty-one aged women were burned at the stake in Burlia for substantially the same thing as was alleged against the men and women of Essex County in 1692, and others in Massachusetts earlier than that. In 1515, five hundred persons are said to have been executed for witchcraft in twelve weeks. England, that boasted land of light, liberty and law has been cursed by the superstition. Executions are recorded during all the years of these few centuries as the result of attempted practices of witchcraft, and we find legal executions in England as late as 1709 and in Sweden and Scotland in 1727.

It is interesting to note the wonderful belief in witchcraft by such Englishmen as Sir Matthew Hale, Dr. More, Sir Thomas Brown, Edward Fairfax, and many others of England's wisest men. When such men as these believed in witchcraft, how could the people who dwelt in the American wilderness in 1692 be expected to doubt? The result of a century and a half of persecutions in England was an abundance of books on the subject written almost entirely by clergyman and jurists, who were, no doubt, trying to defend their decisions in the matter. Numbers of these books found their way into American homes and became as well known as the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. Is it surprising, then, that the people of this isolated land should also believe in witchcraft? Blackstone, the great expounder of English law, wrote: "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages of both the Old and New Testament; and the thing in itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath, in its time, borne testimony, either by example, seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which at least suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits." Blackstone adds that "these acts continued in

force until lately to the terror of all ancient females in the kingdom, and many poor wretches were sacrificed thereby to the prejudice of their neighbors and their own illusions; not a few having, by some means or other, confessed at the gallows."

We come now to a discussion of witchcraft in the new world, particularly in New England. It is a little uncertain just when the first case of witchcraft arose in New England. Hutchinson, in his "History of Massachusettes," says it was in 1645, at Springfield, when several persons were afflicted; but authorities think it possible that the historian confused

this date with a similar Springfield affair in 1651.

The first execution for witchcraft in the new world was at Charlestown, in 1648, the victim being Margaret Jones. She was accused of praeticing witchcraft, tried and found guilty, and hanged. All records of the ease, if there were any, have long since been destroyed. The best account we have of it is from the journals of Governor Winthrop, who was not only Governor of the Colony but also Judge of the courts and presided at the trial of Margaret Jones. He says that the evidence against her was "that she was found to have such a malignant touch as many persons, men, women and children, whom she stroked or touched with any affection or displeasure, were taken with deafness or vomiting, or other violent pains or sickness." Can we doubt the testimony of such a man as Governor Winthrop? No one stood higher in the colony than he. Further in his journal the Governor records with emphasis, as an indication of the sentiments of the times, that the "same day and hour she (Margaret Jones) was executed, there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees."

In 1651 we have the case of Mrs. Parsons, of Springfield, who was charged with the use of witchcraft on children of the

minister of the village and sentenced to be hanged. John Bradstreet, of Rowley, was tried in Ipswich on July 28, 1652, on a charge of "familiarity with the Devil." He was fined 20s. or else be whipped, by order of the court. Then came the case of Anne Hibbins of Boston, in 1654. No particulars of the case are known other than that she was convicted and hanged. In 1659, John Godfrey, an Essex County man, when the must have been acquitted, as no further record of the case is shown.

The next case in chronological order was that of Ann Cole of Hartford, in 1662, followed by that of Elizabeth Knapp of Gordon, Mass., in 1671. Then came the famous Essex County case of witcheraft which occurred in the family of William Morse, of Newbury. The family consisted, besides the old gentleman himself, of his wife, about sixty-five years of age, and a grandson, John Stills, aged twelve. Strange occurrences, involving cats, dogs, and birds took place around the old home and various articles of the household furniture were caused to move with all the activities of life. An investigation by men who did not even believe in witcheraft failed to prove that there was any particular person behind all these singular movements other than what were termed witches.

The tracing of these few cases in New England witchcraft show that "the outbreak in Salem Village in 1692 was," as Newine scpresses it, "nothing phenomenal; that it did not differ from what has happened elsewhere save in obtaining a frmer hold in the minds of the people, and in being fostered by certain ministers and prominent men more than in other places." A few strong, calm words from them in February, 1692, would have completely allayed the excitement and put an end to the whole wretched business. But these words were not spoken, and the tragedy followed.

The witcheraft delusion in 1692 undoubtedly had its inception in the home of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in Salem Village. In the family of the minister were a daughter, Elizabeth; a niece, Abigail Williams, and a servant, Tituba, half Indian, half negro. The tradition is that the two girls, with perhaps a few other girls of the neighborhood, used, during the winter of 1691-2, to assemble in the minister's kitchen and there practice tricks and incantations with Tituba. This continued all through the winter with occasional meetings in various homes and the girls began to act in a strange and unusual manner, and as Calef describes it, "getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools and to use sundry odd postures and antic gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches which neither they themselves nor any others could manage to make sense of."

This state of affairs continued from late in December to February, 1692, when the elder people learned something of what was transpiring in their midst, and great was their consternation. Dr. Griggs, the village physician, was called in. but he had never seen cases like these before. The "disease" was one unknown to medical science, but feeling obliged to render some explanation of the disorder, the doctor declared that the girls were possessed of the devil; in other words, bewitched. Thereupon the curiosity of the whole community was awakened and people came from far and near to witness the strange actions of the children. The minister became at once very much interested, not mcrely as a spectator, but taking charge of the whole business and calling meetings to discuss the matter. Private and public fasts were held, but the girls refused to tell anything. Finally they lcarned that Tituba had confessed to being able to discover a witch, though denied being one herself, so they cried out against Tituba and also named as their tormentors, Sarah Good, described as a "melancholy, distracted person," and Sarah Osbourn, a "bedridden old woman." The girls evidently reasoned that no one of these three women was likely to be believed in any denial of the statements of these girls connected with families of prominence and respectability. History has it that Good was twelve months later hanged, and Osbourne died as a result of the mental strain of the excitement and the brutal treatment of prison life, which her old age was not able to stand.

Among the first persons to fall under this imputation was George Burroughs, also a minister of Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their lifetime, and it was whispered had nurdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to boast that he knew what people said of him in his absence and that was the basis of the charge that he dwelt with the devil. Burroughs was convicted and hanged. On the ladder just before the execution it is said he made such a fervent protestation of innocence that numbers of spectators wept.

The nature of accusations of this sort always operates like an epidemic, and when things are talked of continually in all walks of daily life it is not unnatural that such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity. People everywhere were soized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions in their limbs and features, and were not able to explain the reason for all of it. They pretended to suppose that it came from a neighbor who was already afflicted and had passed this on to them. The prisons were filled with persons accused, and utmost horror prevailed everywhere. In the midst of all this upheaval there appeared from the English press the book, "Certainty of World of Spirits," by Baxter, which had a dreadful effect upon the lives of people, substantiating in their opinion their full belief in this witcheraft and its power.

There existed at this time a strange sympathy between Christianity, in its most honorable sense, and the fear of the

devil. who appeared to "come down unto them with great wrath." Increase Mather and Cotton Mather, his son, were clergymen of the highest repute in the colony, and the people who were sane enough to think turned to these learned scholars for an opinion in the matter. The solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they dislayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant. It is understood, however, that Cotton Mather was not a direct sympathizer and had nothing to do with the trials held throughout the dark summer of 1692. We read that Mather often wrote to the judges asking them to be very careful in making decisions in these witch trials, and insisted that they should not convict on spectral evidence alone. We are convinced, however, that Cotton Mather was a strong believer in witchcraft, and that he wrote extensively in support of the doctrine, so we see that he was to a degree responsible for the outbreak of 1692, since he had been instilling into the minds of people the belief that witchcraft really existed, and also that there was an ever present devil who was using the spectres of human beings to do his evil deeds. Mather's plan for dealing with people supposed to be bewitched was to pray with, not to prosecute, the persons whom they accused of being their tormentors.

The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a single thread. The spectre seers for a considerable time restricted their accusation to persons of ill repute, but they eventually lost sight of this caution and pretended they saw the figures of some persons well connected, and of unquestually lost sight of this caution and pretended they saw the figures of some persons well connected, and of unquestually the whole thing fell through. The leading inhabitants soon saw that it was unsafe to trust their reputations and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. The prisons were set open and over two hundred and fifty convicted and suspected persons were set at liberty and no more accusations were heard. Cotton Mather, in his "Wonders of the Invisible World," describes this close: "The 'afflicted,' as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the 'spectral sight' was universally scouted, and men began to wonder how they could have ever been the victims of so horrible a delusion."

The records of supposed witcheraft are so numerous that it is not necessary to trace them through their latest relies and fragments. At the beginning of the eighteenth century governments of Europe called for the code of their laws and obliterated the statutes which annexed the penalty of death to this imaginary crime.

In a splendid review of this period in medieval history of witchcraft, William Godwin, in "Lives of the Necromancers," says: "As long as death could by law be awarded against those who were charged with a commerce with evil spirits, and by their means inflicting mischief on their species, it is a subject not unworthy of grave argument and true philanthrophy to endeavor to detect the fallacy of such pretences, and expose the incalculable evils and the deadful tragedies that have grown out of accusations and prosecutions for such imaginary crimes. But the effect of perpetuating the silly and superstitious tales that have survived this mortal blow is exactly opposite. It only serves to keep alive the lingering folly of imbecile minds, and still to feed with pestiferous clouds the thoughts of the ignorant. Let us rather hail with heart-felt gladness the light which has, though late, broken in upon us, and weep over the ealamity of our forefathers who, in addition to the inevitable ills of our sublunary state, were harassed with imaginary terrors and haunted by suggestions,

"Whose horrid image did unfix their hair,
And make their seated hearts knock at their ribs,
Against the use of nature."

MY CREED

H. T. RAY, '22

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;

I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;

I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.

I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;

I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;

I will try and find contentment in the paths that I must tread,

I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;

I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;

I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;

I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

DAME FATE GUIDES

Margie Windsor, in searching for a long-lost brother, finds happiness with an old sweetheart

G. H. WRIGHT, JR., '23

She was in her twentieth year, tall and slender. Her checks, once rosy-red, were now a sallow-white, and her hair once long and wary and of golden-brown color, was now short and thin. The past two years she had spent in abject misery. Nothing but trouble followed her.

"Would that I were dead and out of all this," she murmured as she turned out the light and fell across the bed—a bed not the kind she had always been used to—merely a mining camp "bunk."

Her name was Margaret Windsor. Back in Rayfield, Virginia, she was known as "Margic." Her heart was of pure gold, and her school acquaintances knew her as one of their most valued friends. She had come to California two years before in search of her brother Albert, who had been in the West for several years. He left the East with a group of prospectors, and had not been heard of since, until one day Margie picked up a California newspaper that by chance came to the reading-room of the college she was attending, and her eyes fell upon the mining section. Here she found the name of her brother among those "doing well." The only address given was the county: Newman County, California. She determined to begin her search at once.

Upon her arrival at Gold Range, a small town in Newman County, she learned the whereabouts of her brother's "claim," and immediately boarded a stage coach for the gold fields. They were only two miles out of town when the coach was held up and robbed. The driver and two of the passengers were killed, but fate was with Margie. She sprang from the coach and hid in the undergrowth to avoid being captured. After two days of hunger and thirst from roaming the deslate forests, she came into a small mining village. Here she managed to secure a position as waitress in one of the lodging houses, where she had been employed now for nearly two years. Temptations had been heavy around her, but she remained the same pure, true-hearted girl she had always been.

The small alarm clock awoke her at 4:30 the next morning in time to prepare the tables for breakfast. As usual the guests this morning were all men. She was the only woman

in the place.

Seated at a small table in a far corner of the room was John Andrews, a notorious character of the small village. He was tall, brawny-shouldered and of a distinctive German type. His manners were very uncouth and unpolished, and prompted fear and distrust rather than esteem and respect. Andrews had no "claim" of his own, but gained his livelihood wholly by stealing and engaging in other ways of crookedness. He had been watching for his chance to attack Margie and force her to be his wife. When all the men had left the room to go to work, Margie realized that she was alone with this man. Andrews was quick to seize the opportunity. Margic knew she must clean up the table even after a man like this. When she crossed the room and came near him he grabbed her by the arm and drew her to him. She resented his offer of marriage and screamed for help, hoping some one would hear her.

Just then the front door opened and in came a stranger, a man of about twenty-seven, rough with the life he was living, but he was strong and his face showed determination. That he was a man of character could be seen in his gentle but fiery eyes. "Hold on, friend, not so fast," called the stranger as he slammed the door.

John Andrews did not answer in words, but pulled his gun from his holster, though he was not quick enough for the stranger, who shot him through the heart before he had a chance to fire. Margie could not hold up under the strain. She fainted and fell into the arms of the stranger.

He held her tenderly, stroking her fevered brow with his gentle hand. While he held her a sudden realization dawned upon him. He was holding in his arms the only girl he had ever loved—the girl for whom he was willing to sacrifice his own life and take the life of another.

Several minutes passed before Margie regained consciousness and opened her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" was his first question.

"Why should I tell you; you would know no more than before?"

"Don't you know me, Margie?" he asked.

"Know you? Never saw you before in my life. But tell me why you fought for me, and who you are?"

"I killed that man because I knew his motive, and because I love you the same as I always did. I am Richard Arnold, your old schoolmate and sweetheart."

Then it all came to her that he had left home several years before, when she refused to marry him. Now he was fighting for her, and still loved her. She told him why she was here, and showed him the time-worn newspaper clipping.

"Your brother Albert was here yesterday, but he left for home last night," he told her.

Her eyes sparkled with joy, mingled with tears, as thoughts of her search, her work, and always her home back East, arose vividly in her mind.

"What's the matter, Margie? Tell me all about it."

Then she told him all—of the two years spent here in the lodging house, of all the hard work and scarcely any money.

"Don't worry, dear, we will start for home as soon as you promise to become my wife and are willing to go home as such."

Margie hesitated a moment, then fell into his arms: "Let's start right now," was all she could say.

THE BANDIT AND THE PRIEST

An interesting sketch portraying the characters of two classes of the social order

H. F. Ayers, '24

We often seem to forget the common saying, that "there is a little bit of good in the worst of us, and a little bit of bad in the best of us," until it is forcibly brought to our minds by some coincidence as that related in the following story of the bandit and the priest.

Far up in the mountains in the eastern part of the province of Shantung, China, there was a grass gleaner industriously raking the roots of the dry weeds which were sheltered from the sweeping winds of the heights by an angle in the wall of a temple. Down below, in the valley, the crops had failed, and famine was running have among the poor villagers, most of whom, having nothing else to do, were in the mountains endeavoring to rake up enough grass for their winter fuel. The night before bandits had invaded the small village and earried off its richest man into the mountains to hold him for ransom.

Suddenly the grass gleaner stopped his work and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He heard the bells ringing inside the "Lung Mao" or Dragon Temple. It was not his usual custom to worship the huge idol within, but on this occasion he thought he would enter the temple to bump his head to the idol "Fuza" and pray for rain, even if he did have to pay the priest one cent for the privilege. As he was going around the winding walls to the temple gate he stopped and gazed down the ravine at a company of soldiers who were, as he knew, seeking the dreaded bandits of the night before. Sud-

denly a volley of shots rang from the cliffs and crags above. The soldiers turned and fled. No one was left on the scene but the poor grass gleaner, who lay unconscious on the ground, pierced in the side by a stray bullet. For about five minutes nothing was heard except the trickling of a nearby stream. Then the temple gate opened and a Mohammedan priest cautiously slipped out to see what had happened. He could see nothing unusual but the unconscious grass gleaner lying near the gate. The priest walked to him and turned him over with his foot, mumbling to himself that he would not dirty his hands with the trash, and then, too, he might be brought up in court for shooting the man in his temple. When he found that the man was not dead he reverted his steps and returned into his temple. As the heavy, rattling doors swung shut, two of the bandits crept stealthily down from their hiding places to the poor gleaner. They bandaged his wounds and carried him into a sheltered spot where they told him to lie until he was able to walk. The man seeing long bamboo sticks in their hands fell on his face and implored them not to beat him. The two bandits, however, laughing, told him that they were not going to injure him, but were going within the temple to punish the priest for not acting the good Samaritan towards him. A minute later the gleaner heard the bandits counting the number of strokes they were giving the priest, and heard the priest calling at the top of his voice for leniency, After giving him one hundred blows, they rushed out of the temple up into the mountain to safety, leaving the poor gleaner dazed and wondering at the meaning of it all.

VANISHED DAYS

WILBUR J. CASH, '22

Back in the far dim country of the years that have vanished away

Lie the world-old dreaming fancies of a fellow's boyhood day—

Dreams that at winter's evening from the log-fires flame we drew,

Scenes from the springtime's morning, tinged with the warm skies blue;

There are the golden stories, filled with a lightsome joy,

Told by the errant elf-winds to the dreaming heart of a boy.

Back in that distant valley lives a tale of matchless fame— Brave deeds and laurel wreathings to match a noble name—

Shadows, and ghosts, and goblins, and the shivering bogey fears,

The lure of distant places, and the love of buccaneers;

There are the tears and the kisses when we made our mothers sad —

The cleanness and the goodness that live in the heart of a lad.

Back in that fading vista is the dream of an old-time girl,

And the oldest, sweetest stories of the stories of the world.

Her hair was like the brown leaves, touched with the sunlight's hue.

And her eyes held all the glory of the heaven's deepest blue—
There are the hopes of first love, and the smiles that made us
glad.

And the words that built a rose-world in the longing heart of a lad. Back in the far dim country of the years that have vanished away

Lies a fellow's fondest dreamland, when his head is turning gray—

The wish to still his heart—hurt with the crooning of the trees And laugh at the pain of failure with his boyhood's happy ease—

There are the whispering night-winds, the laughter and the joy

And the fancies that we sigh for in the dreaming heart of a boy.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

The challenge to accomplish the seemingly impossible comes to every ambitious man

JOSEPH W. BEACH, '25

There has always been wrapped up in the life of the human being the desire to do that which no one else has ever done. The challenge of the seemingly impossible has made its appeal to every ambitious man, for there is something in this challenge that draws a man on, causing him to abandon everything else and put his whole life and soul into the crowning of that one ambition. No matter where the man may go, or what conditions may surround him, he is never able to get away from that strange power that is out ahead always beckoning him to take courage and press forward, overcoming every obstruction that looms up in his path. Poverty is no sufficient barrier to stop the progress of one filled with this desire. Competition is only fuel added to the already consuming fire of energy that drives him on with greater zeal to conquer. Defeat serves only to bring out the real grit and stick-to-itiveness that has been molded into the character. In fact, being filled with this undeniable spirit brings out the best and noblest qualities of the character-qualities that have long been lying dormant in the individual.

It is true that the call comes stronger to some than to others. The vision appears brighter and more promising and the power that draws one on is felt more forcibly by some than by others. The desire to accomplish may come to some one only to be passed by and lightly thrown aside, but this is not the real man. Every great man builds his air eastles, and

every true man strives with all the powers God has given him to make these castles real.

What was it that made Christopher Columbus walk the streets of Madrid in rags? What was it that caused him to go from kingdom to kingdom for nearly twenty long years in search of money to outfit a fleet of ships to venture out into the Atlantic? Was it a selfish motive to gain wealth that drove him on? If this had been the case he would have spent those twenty years of pain and disappointment trading in the riches brought from India. This was not the power that made Columbus indefatigable in his efforts. No man would brave the insults and taunts of the people in order to gain a little money. He was called crazy and made the laughing-stock of the city; he was forced to go in rags, and yet neither poverty nor the taunts of the people could turn him back. Columbus saw a vision of India filled to the brim with riches, riches which Europe needed, and he also saw the dire need of a better and shorter route to this far off Utopia. With this need burning in his heart he went forward to conquer.

Let us look into the workshop of Thomas A. Edison as he labors day and night trying experiment after experiment that he may find the material that he can best use in perfecting some new invention. While working on the incandescent lamp, Edison sent one expert around the entire world secking a kind of bamboo that he thought would prove successful, and at the same time he had explorers combing South America for another fibre that might prove even better. When he found these he laid them both aside to use a metallic substance which he found more satisfactory. We sometimes think of inventors as a peculiar class of human beings who sit back and wait for an inspiration to come to them. We think of them as geniuses and such they are, but listen to what Mr. Edison says about it: "Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per

cent perspiration." We find no better example of the value of labor than the life of Edison. He spends an average of about twenty hours each day at work, and no man can show more for his work than Edison. But what is it that draws this great inventive genius on and on causing him to spend himself so freely that he may wrest nature's secrets from her? Is it the love for the money that his inventions bring him? Edison spent many years and over two million dollars trying to make a magnet to draw minerals from crushed rock. After convincing himself that this could not be done satisfactorily, he gave it up, practically all his fortune lost and apparently nothing gained. That is not the way Edison looked at it. "Our work has not been in vain, our experiments have added much to the field of human knowledge; we have demonstrated that it can't be done. Now let's take up the next thing." This is the spirit of that greatest of all inventors that drives him on when others are ready to give up. The loss of time and money did not discourage Edison. There is something infinitely greater than the love of money that draws him on and makes him spend long hours at work, although he is now more than seventy-four years of age. There are two reasons for his unceasing energy: the charm of accomplishing the seemingly impossible, and his desire to help mankind by giving him better equipment with which to do his work. Edison's inventions have been largely of a nature that would serve the poor rather than accommodate the rich. Edison has heard the challenge of the impossible, and by answering this challenge he has made a name for himself that is universally known, and has enrolled himself in the list of the world's greatest benefactors.

One of the greatest examples of the power of the individual to overcome all handicaps and come out gloriously triumphant is found in the life of Helen Keller, a well known American writer and lecturer. Robbed of sight, speech and hearing at the age of nine months, it seemed to all that there was nothing left for her in life worth living for. But there was one woman who felt a challenge, a challenge to do something that everybody else thought impossible, to liberate the imprisonesness of Helen Keller. So when she was seven years of age, Miss Anne Sullivan began her work, and by her own earnest efforts and the eager cooperation of the child, the impossible was accomplished. The girl learned to read, write, and even to use her voice which had been silent for so many years. She completed college and entered the field of literature, and is today one of our noted American authors.

Nature and the elements have laid down the challenge. God made man to rule, and it is man's duty to accept the challenge and go forth to conquer. What is it that makes our country the strong, closely allied nation that we see today? Greece fell because of separation between her ruling powers. They could have no centralized, united form of government because of the mountains which separated Sparta and Athens. Therefore Greece continually weakened herself by internal wars. In the development of our country there was a time when the pioneers came up against a wall of solid rock. They were ready to give up and let the mountains be one of the boundaries of our country. But some man saw a vision, he felt a challenge. In his imagination he saw trains rolling through that mass of stone; he saw transportation going ou not blocked by this seemingly impassible barrier. Through this man's vision the states that make up our country became a United States, and we became a nation which all others fear to molest.

Perhaps the greatest temptation that comes to the young man of today is to be satisfied with the common, menial things of life, not to prepare himself to answer the call to accomplish the great things. Therefore when the challenge comes he is found wanting; he must answer "Unprepared." "Hitch your wagon to a star," follow up the hand that is out ahead beekoning you to follow and overcome all obstructions that rise up in your path. Although the task may seem impossible, remember what others have done and pursue your course with determination. Reach upward toward your star, and when you have gained one great desire the star will move higher still, leaving you a goal toward which to work. Though you may not be entirely successful in every undertaking, when the challenge comes for some new endeavor, throw back your shoulders and reply, "I can."

LINGERING FRAGRANCE

I. C. PAIT, *23

Its petals are withered, and gray, and old, Because of the passing of time. But fragrance still lingers within their fold, Refreshing, uplifting, sublime.

Her face, it is pallid, and gray, and old,
Because of the passing of time.
But in it I see rich treasures untold—
'Tis mother, sweet mother of mine.

JUST PLAIN JIGGS

In which an old man tells the story of his foster son, who lived, loved, and lost only to win his prize after many years

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

The old print shop here don't seem quite the same since Kenneth Corbett left. Of course, we never called him Kenneth. To us, he was just plain Jiggs. If I hadn't known the kid all my life, it wouldn't seem so lonesome, but I've kinder been a daddy to him. You know, I always have said that that boy was a genius, and that genius is always rewarded. Naturally, I don't expect you fellows to think much about him, but it's different with me.

You see, he went to school to me down yonder when I was running the Old Cape Fear Academy. That was when Fayetteville was not quite as much of a city as it is now. The shimmy was then unknown, and movies weren't even thought of. I didn't think that I would ever become a newspaper proprietor. My, that boy could learn. You see, we didn't have such strict grading in those days, and you studied any kind of a book that you could get. I never shall forget what that boy said the second day of school. For a wonder, I didn't keep anybody in that afternoon, and Kenneth and I were walking along when he looked up into my face innocently and said:

"Teacher, I know I'm going to learn fast, for I have been to school for two whole days and haven't gotten a whipping yet."

Right then I knew that that boy had brains. Well, to make a long story short, he just went through books like a fire going through a wheat field. I kept encouraging him and telling him that he would be a great man some day, and that he needn't think that he had to go to some big eity to find happiness, that true worth would be rewarded wherever he was.

When he finished at Old Cape Fear Academy, I got him to go and try his hand at Waverford College. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm for going, but it seems that his folks were kinder poor and couldn't help him. But during the summer he worked as a deck hand on the Old Hurt between here and Wilmington and laid up about a hundred dollars. I told him that that was all he needed, as it might make him a "sissy" to have more. He went on up there, and I visited him as often as I could. The boys there all seemed to think a lot of him. He was into about everything that they had. He was on a debate or two, made the football team in his freshman year, and also the track team, besides pressing elothes, gathering up laundry and cutting wood. Well, in his sophomore year he had easy sailing. Got a place waiting on a table, kept his laundry job for spending money, and sold pennants as a side line. Now mind you, that boy wasn't neglecting his studies. He never did make less than ninety on anything. I thought that he was going to grieve himself to death, though, when he didn't make but ninety on Biology.

Dr. Rousledd, his English professor, took a liking to him, and when he graduated at the head of a class of sixty, helped him to get a place with the New York World as reporter.

My, he could write. I subscribed for the World just to see what he wrote. You fellows think that Sammy Blythe and Irv Cobb can write. Why, if they had been up against that boy they would have quit in disgust. And if he hadn't run up with that pretty black-eyed elerk at Kelly's Department Store he'd owned some big paper in New York right today.

Did I ever tell you about her? Well, fellows, she was one of the prettiest little angels you ever saw. You know I spent

a month in New York while he was working there. He introduced me to her. She could even smile with her eyes. Fatima Anders was her name. Have you ever read Romeo and Juliet? That's it exactly. If I've ever seen devotion in my life that was it. He just worshiped that girl. You have heard about boys being "daffy" about a girl. Well, he was more than "daffy"; he was just plain in love with her, and you could look at him and tell it. His every thought was of her. Why, when he was around me, about all he could talk of was Fatima Anders.

. But you know how some mothers are. They think that their girl is just a little bit better than anybody else. As soon as old Mrs. Anders found out that they were really in love, she started in to break it up. She had no special objection to Kenneth, but was jealous of her only daughter being with any one. The old lady worked every scheme that she possibly could. Finally, she forbade his coming to the house. The girl, she cried, she begged, she did everything she could, but her mother's heart seemed to be made of stone. Finally the mother was stricken with tuberculosis, and as the old lady begged her so hard to break the engagement, she did. I was in New York when it happened. Kenneth came in one night staggering as if he was drunk.

"Kenneth," I said, "I am disappointed and disgusted with you. I thought that you told me that you never drank a drop of anything stronger than coffee. Here you are staggering drunk."

I can see those eyes and that look now. His eyes resembled the eyes of a wounded animal. His face was as pale as death. He came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Dad, I can't stand it. I know you think I am drunk, but I am not. Dad, Fatima has broken our engagement. I begged her not to do it, but she just smiled with those eyes of

hers and told me that her mother was seriously ill, and was probably on her death bed, and with circumstances like that to face, she could not refuse her mother's dying request. But say, Dad, she said, 'Kenneth, sweetheart, I'll never love any one but you.' And I swear to you right here, Dad, that I'll never, never, as long as I live, love another. I'm going to wait for her."

Well. I've heard of such in novels, but that is the only real ease I know of-I mean about his losing interest in everything. He just seemed to dry up. From that day on he hasn't staved in one place more than a year. He got to be so listless that he lost out with the World, and for sentiment's sake went on the road selling Fatima cigarettes. He stuck to that about a year. Then he took a position as city editor of the Norfolk Pilot. For about three months he just made that paper alive with his energy and ability, but soon dropped back into his same old listlessness. From there he went to Petersburg as manager of a business college. And then with Ringling Brothers eireus as ticket seller, and later on he became owner of a earnival. I don't know what he would have gotten into next-shining shoes. I suppose. I found him and got after him to come here and help me with my paper. know I never was much of an editor. Of course I couldn't pay him what he was worth, but as he was along about forty I figured that he was just drifting around and getting nothing out of it, so he might as well drift some with me.

He did better with me here than he had been doing, but I could tell that he lacked a lot of being the same man he was when he went away. Talk about a woman being a man's better half, they are some men's better all, and Fatima Anders was Jigg's all.

Well, Fayetteville, like all other towns, is blessed with some old maids. Of course, some of you fellows may not know

all about this, so I reckon I had better tell it so you can understand that "God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." Nettie Moore and Evelyn Porter are two real good girls. If anybody gets sick in this town, and they find it out, they certainly look after them. As it happens, both of them are just plain old maids. It isn't their fault. You know boys around here don't know a blessing when they see one. But anyway they both told me that they were going to set their caps for Jiggs. That just suited me. I knew that if I could get his mind off Fatima Anders, I'd have the best paper in North Carolina in a month. I thought it was foolish to throw one's self away for somebody you had not seen in sixteen years, anyway. He has been going back to New York every year hunting for her, but never has found her. All he could find out was that the family had moved West. She never wrote him a line, and he didn't write her because he didn't know where she was. Nettie and Evelyn both started stopping by to tell me about different things and, of course, always managed to have something to talk to him about. I kept my eye on the thing pretty close. I was hoping with all my heart that one or the other of them would make a hit with him, and I didn't care which one. He was nice to them, took them to the movies, and always had one or the other out somewhere when not at work. You see, I'm getting old, and don't ever go to the theater; so he used all the free tickets. It seemed to liven him up a bit to go with Nettie and Evelyn.

I kept track of how things were going pretty well, because each one of the girls would tell me her secrets. I remember the other day Evelyn came in before dinner and took me off to one side and said that she was going to leave Fayetteville because she was sure that Nettie and Jiggs were engaged, and she did not want to see them after they were married, as it would make her feel bad. Long about three o'clock in comes

Nettie, and she informs me that she never expected to have any more confidence in any man. Naturally I wanted to know why, and I remember exactly what she said:

"Well, Mr. Schmidt, you know that I never have wanted to get married. I have always hated men. I was not even thinking of any man, and last year when Jiggs came here, he started going with me some, and I thought that he was lonely, and I accepted his company just to make life brighter for him, and now since I was so nice to him, I see he is going with Evelyn Porter, and I have it on good authority they are to be married in a month. Do you think I am going to stand for anything like that? I'll be the laughing stock of Fayette-ville. If you don't want him to get more notoriety than he wants you had better tell him to quit going with Evelyn Porter. She wouldn't suit him as a wife, anyway."

"Nettie," I said, "I am a good deal older than you. You are one of the finest girls in all the town, and I know a good deal more about Jiggs than you do, and I also happen to know about his love affairs, and if you will promise me that you will never breathe a word about it to a soul—and when I say that I mean that you are never to mention it to any one under any circumstances—I will tell you all about it."

She promised. I then told her about how I had helped him in school and about going to see him in New York, and about how he loved a girl there, and about how she broke up with him. She looked like she didn't believe what I had told her and so I said:

"If you don't believe what I say, just go into his office and say, 'Jiggs, do you remember Fatima Anders?'"

"Fatima Anders! You don't mean that Fatima Anders was his sweetheart. Didn't she live on Forty-second street? I knew her. Why she's been married twelve years. I used to visit her. Does he know that she has married, and that her

husband died two years ago? I think it was two years ago that he died. We haven't written as much since she was married as we did before. Well, it looks like Evelyn is about to get him. But after he has gone with me like he has, I am not going to step saide so easily. I am going to tell Fatima about him, and maybe in the mixup Evelyn will lose out. She's been sneaking, anyway. I'll go right home now and write her, but don't you ever breathe this to a single soul, if you don't want a woman's scorn hanging over you."

That was ten days ago, and yesterday morning about ten o'clock Jiggs got a message reading like this:

Mr. Kenneth Corbett, Care Daily News, Fayetteville, N. C.

Do you remember me? Living in Pasadena. Only located you this morning. Come out here if you care to.

FATIMA ANDERS LEONARD.

Well, I slipped down to the telegraph office and finally got Jiggs to let me see the message that he sent her. This is the way it read:

Mrs. Fatima Anders Leonard, Pasadena, California.

Pasadena, California.

Leaving today by fast overland route for Pasadena, Will wire again later. Anxious to see you.

Kenneth Corbett.

And that is why Jiggs isn't here. He is on his way to California, and that is also the reason I feel blue, and it's also the reason that you fellows had better go to work if you expect to get out a paper today.

HER BEAUTIFUL SMILE

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

O her beautiful smile is as soft as the breeze
That steals from the heart of the South to tease;
A sylvan chord from the soul of the pines,
To kiss the lips of the muscadines,
Which hanging in colors twixt earth and skies
Bring a deep, mellow light to her beautiful eyes.

O her beautiful smile! Like a rainbow of light, Gives hope to the soul. Such a glorious sight: Her hair like mists of the heavenly land, Mystic, enchanting—a lingering strand Caressing her brow, where contented it lies, Near the fount of my life—her beautiful eyes.

Her beautiful smile, full of hope and aglow Has entered my life completely, and though There still shines a sun from the canopied skies, I move in the light of her beautiful eyes.

THE NEMESIS OF HISTORY

EDITORS NOTE—Winning oration North Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest held at High Point, April 22, 1921, and also Senior Oratorical Contest, commencement 1921, Wake Forest College.

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

The avenging nemesis of drunken power has stalked at the heels of every nation in history, and threatens now our own national security. America is turning aside from those fundamental principles which have guided her progress for the last two centuries. Blinded by the veil of egoism, she has forgotten that she is but a nation among nations. She cannot hope to flourish, like the ancient civilizations, on the shoulders of her neighbors as servants, but hand in hand with them as brothers.

Consider briefly three systems of nation-building that rise and fall before the searching eyes of the student of history. Ancient Greece was the home of a race of men noted for their quickness, their love of knowledge, and their power of creating beautiful things. But all through the nation's history ran the incapacity of her people for acting together, and she fell because her policy was conquest without incorporation.

Not less final was the fall of the succeeding and more pretentious Roman Empire. His powerful cohorts made Cæsar the ruler of the ends of the earth, but discord bred of despotism finally wrought his downfall. His program was conquest with incorporation, but without representation.

The twelfth century recorded the rise of that prince of races, the Anglo-Saxon people. They have evolved a policy of conquest with both incorporation and representation. But that representation is unsatisfactory because it is unequal and disproportionate. The last eight hundred years have left a record of bloodshed that time itself will not efface. We have witnessed again and again the truth of Tennyson's

> ". . . warning that the tyranny of one Was prelude to the tyranny of all," ". . . that the tyranny of all

> Led backward to the tyranny of one."

and still the world is groping for peace.

But we are prone to become prejudiced by the influence of recent events. In spite of the fact that the world's record of bloodshed has seemingly increased, humanity is steadily approaching a goal of moral perfection. For more than three centuries the universal peace idea has been sponsored by men like Henry IV, of France, Hugo Grotius, the eminent Dutch iurist, and our own William Penn, until the horizon was brightened by the figure of a greater leader, in whom were blended the mind of Washington and the heart of Lincoln. But Woodrow Wilson, like his prophetic predecessors, led where the rest of the world was unprepared to follow. His vision and inspiration were pitted alone against the desires of a passionate people actuated by hatred and greed, and the League of Nations was born a mere military and political alliance. In his own pathetic words, "All the American delegates to the Paris Peace Conference either abandoned or proposed to abandon the fundamental principles of democracy. and left me to carry on the fight alone."

But we are too closely bound by the ties of humanity and interdependence with the other nations to stand aloof in "splendid isolation," while they writhe in the death-throes of anarchy and despair, hunger and cold. Are we doomed to

exclaim with Kipling:

"Lo, all our pomp of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the Nations, spare us yet."

The blood of America's sons shall not have been shed in vain. The unconquerable spirit of our gray-haired prophet has passed on to us the torch from his failing hands, that we may not break faith with those who died to make the world safe for democracy. Like the sacrifice of Cain, the offering of Europe at the altar of peace was unacceptable, and humanity turns to us for salvation. It is America's birthright that she alone can give peace to the troubled nations. Nature has given her a geographical situation such that a great military armament is unnecessary, except to protect our citizens abroad or our weaker neighbors against foreign aggression. And again, the nations are too laden with debt to create or long maintain a menacing military force.

The immediate establishment of economic and commercial relations is a prime consideration. Europe is dying from want and inactivity, while we are manufacturing in eight months all that our great population can consume in a year. We have lost millions of dollars in farm products which decayed on our hands for lack of exportation. But we must be careful against a show of competition, for the day of an economic war will become the eve of another military struggle.

We must destroy the evils of secret diplomacy and cultivate in their place a mental attitude which will lead men to think first of amicable processes rather than of war when differences arise. The world must be ruled, not by force, but by international law, whether by means of a specific compact or by a mutual understanding. The construction of a Magna Charta of peace may be a task for the jurist, but his plans must be based on the principle of interdependence. And when that veil of egoism has been withdrawn from those principles of freedom for which her sons died and their mothers wept, America shall take the lead in the realization of the fundamental proposition that the security of each shall rest on the strength of the whole, all pleged to the equality of political justice and economic opportunity. Then shall the dread Nemesis of History cast aside her phantom robes and assume the form of the Dove of Peace:

"And it will dawn!—that Sabbath day of Man;
And blessed winds of Heaven, heraids of light,
Shall wake the earth from dreams, and drive away
Darkness and mist and each last beast of prey;
And men go forth no more in their own might,
But knowing now the Master and His plan."

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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STAFF

FACULTY EDITOR DR. J. H. GORRELL

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

C. S. GREEN

Philomathesian I. C. PAIT

BUSINESS MANAGER Z. V. MORGAN

A. N. CORPENING

J. R. NELSON ASSOCIATE EDITORS

> A. L. GOODRICH ASST. RUSINESS MANAGED R. L. ANDREWS

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO



The Challenge

As we stop a few moments for thought before plunging into the maelstrom of the college year of 1921-22, we cannot help but believe that this is to be an unusually interesting and profitable year in the history of Wake Forest College. All of our athletics with their well-trained teams and extensive schedules point only to hopes of victory. The college publications start the year with greater promise than ever. The high standard of class-room work will not only be maintained, as in former years, but it will continue to increase.

A realization to the fullest extent of this hope for a new year lies in the willingness of every man (new and old) to make his individual contribution to the success of Wake Forest and the development of the Greater Wake Forest spirit.

Know A Greek philosopher said, "Know Thyself."

Modesty is a good thing when not overdone,
and is especially admirable in a Freshman.

There are times, however, when it is overdone and the college and the student are both losers. We hear from every side various weak excuses for not participating in college activities. Some of the greatest athletes this college has known have been men who certainly were not gifted by nature in regard to physique, but they had something better—confidence and determination to succeed. In a college of this size it behooves every one of us to try for everything until we really "find ourselves." You have a place. Are you to fill it? Will you shrink into your shell and let some one else do your share, or are you going to set in with a determination to bring honor to your college and to yourself. You stand alone on your own merits. You are judged not by what you can do, but by what you do do.

Looking
Ahead
With the return of that season of the year
which calls us back to college life we take up
again the many and varied activities which
contribute to our pleasure as well as our duties. To those
who enter these halls for the first time, and, being confronted
with ideas and customs unlike those of other school days,
experience a strange feeling of liberty and yet uncertainty,

there doubtless develops a new appreciation of the Teutonic proverb, "Aller Anfang ist schwer."

In the past few weeks that we have spent together, the Freshmen as well as the upper-classmen, have been urged to develop "the spirit of our institution." Athletics, literary societies, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations deserve their support. The man who fails to line up with these is branded a slacker. But then, if every man, and especially the new ones, will look forward a term or two he will realize that the most important thing in this whole "beginning" is classwork. The Freshman who takes unfair advantage of the new liberty and lack of supervision which he finds surrounds him on the campus will find the next three years of his college career much more difficult than the first. Make your beginning count for the most!

Announcement The November issue of the STUDENT will be a memorial number honoring the late Dr. John Physics, Applied Mathematics and Astronomy of Wake Forest College. It is fitting that we pause to honor the memory of this man who gave his whole life to the furthering of Christian education, and whose life meant so much in the establishment of the ideals upon which our college bases its existence. Any contributions from intimate friends and associates of Dr. Lanneau, bearing on his life or work, should be in the hands of Mr. J. R. Nelson, Phi. Editor-in-Chief, not later than October 12th.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. NELSON, Editor

Greetings and a hearty welcome The Student extends to you all. May every one of you attain the highest aims you have set for this year!

Wake Forest was fortunate enough to have a water supply sufficient for the needs of both college and town during the dry weather when other places were threatened with water famines. Thus the college was able to open on time, and, in spite of the hot days at the beginning, student life very early assumed its normal aspect, evidences of hard work going on were seen as soon as the preliminaries of registration and moving trunks had been attended to. At this writing, the number of students registered is 460, just nine below the number for the same date last session. With plenty of water still, the number of matriculates growing, and everything up to its usual standard, we may expect a great and successful session.

The Y. M. C. A. began early and auspiciously its work for the year. When the session was several days old the Cabinet was planning for the first weekly meeting, which was held on Monday evening, September 12th. The program began with a quartet sung by Glee Club members, following which President W. L. Poteat in a very entertaining discourse gave his reasons for being interested in and for loving the Y. M. C. A. and its work. Coach J. L. White talked for a few minutes about athletics, presenting particularly football prospects. A third speaker, and not the least enjoyed, was "Dr." Tom. Refreshments were served while "Dr." Tom gave his hearers a bit of advice on the subject of marriage.

In the next several days a vigorous campaign for membership was launched by the Cabinet members. It is the purpose of those in charge to make this an exceptionally good year for the Y. M. C. A. The officers are as follows: R. M. Lee, president; W. O. Kelley, vice-president; W. J. Matthews, recording secretary; E. L. Roberts, treasurer; C. B. Howard, corresponding secretary.

An unusually large number of men answered Coach White's first call for football practice, and in the first few days of gridiron work twelve letter men had appeared, with a number of last season's squad showing up well, and a great deal of new material. The coach and all players are working for one of the best teams that has ever represented Wasterforest. With Coach White and Captain Fulton leading and all students giving their hearty support, the Old Gold and Black eleven should make for itself this season a record of which every Wake Forest man will be proud. The schedule as arranged by Manager C. W. Weathers follows:

Sept. 24, Georgia Tech. at Atlanta.

Oct. 1, University of N. C. at Chapel Hill. Oct. 8, V. M. I. at Lexington.

Oct. 15, Davidson at Charlotte.

Oct. 22, William & Mary at Norfolk. Oct. 29, Guilford at Wake Forest.

Nov. 5, Richmond College at Richmond. Nov. 11, Armistice Day, Trinity at Raleigh.

Nov. 19, N. C. State College at Raleigh.

Nov. 24, Thanksgiving, Hampden-Sidney, place not decided.

The ministerial class was among the early beginners. At its first meeting on Thursday, September 8th, officers were elected and a committee appointed to confer with Dr. Cullom regarding the particular line of work to be taken up. The regular meetings will be held every Thursday afternoon as heretofore. The officers elected for the year are as follows: J. C. Hough, president; N. J. Todd, vice-president; B. L. Mullinax, secretary and treasurer; E. S. Elliott, member of honor committee.

A number of changes in the Faculty have been made. Professor A. C. Reid, of the Department of Philosophy, was granted a leave of absence for graduate work at Columbia University. Professor H. T. Hunter, Department of Education, will spend a year at Harvard, while Professors Henderson and Gosnell also have been released from service here for the present session.

But the changes have not all been losses. Dr. D. B. Bryan. formerly of the Education Department of Richmond College, was secured to take Professor Hunter's place. Assistant Professor E. L. Newmarker, M.A., of Yale, is giving the work of the new course in Commerce. The Modern Language Department has been strengthened by the appointment of Assistant Professor Irvin S. Goodman, for five years with the University of Lausanne, who will teach the French and Spanish classes. Miss Maud Piggott of London, England, was appointed as Head Nurse of the College Hospital, succeeding Miss Xanie Stowe, who resigned her position on account of obligations to her family. Miss Piggott is a daughter of Rev. Mr. Piggott, sometime missionary to Italy. She received her training in England and has wide experience in India and in hospitals in Italy and France during the World War. She was doing settlement work in her native city at the time of her appointment to the position here.

The first session of Wake Forest Summer School was a marked success. A special called meeting of the board of trustees, held last January, adopted the plan for the summer session as presented by President Poteat and Professors Hunter and Reid. As a result of that action and a good deal of publicity work on the part of the officers and others, the Summer School opened on June 14th. It embraced the regular summer law school, which has been held here for a number of years, and offered courses for teachers, college students, and high school students lacking only a unit or so of having sufficient credits to enter college. The session closed on July 27th. The total attendance was 236, five states and one foreign country being represented. There were 122 teachers, 50 ocllege students, 10 high school students, 39 law students, and 15 special students.

The Faculty consisted of 23 members, of whom 14 were from the Wake Forest College Faculty. The faculties of Meredith College; State Normal College, Fredericksburg, Va.; Asheville High School; Cornelius Harnett Graded School, Wilmington; Columbia (S. C.) City Schools, and Oxford College also were represented. The officers of the Summer School were: W. L. Poteat, president; H. T. Hunter, director; Evelyn Campbell, dean of women; E. B. Earnshaw, secretary; G. W. Paschal, examiner; N. Y. Gulley, dean of the Law School; Louise Richardson, librarian Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Florida, librarian.

On September 10th, E. G. Lee, representing a committee appointed by the Faculty to make nominations for the Student Senate, presented to the student body the following names as chosen by that committee: R. B. Wilson, postgraduate member and chairman; E. L. Roberts, W. O. Kelley, A. P. Rogers, L. M. Butler, R. B. Dawes, R. M. Lee, seniors; P. O. Purser and J. W. Blount, juniors; and W. J. Wyatt, sophomore. The recommendation of the committee was adopted by the student body and the ten men named above constitute the Student Senate.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winners for this issue as follows: Essay, "Delusions of Human Superstition," by C. S. Green; short story, "Just Plain Jiggs," by A. L. Goodrich; poem, "My Creed," by H. T. Ray.

Mr. Isaac M. Meekins, '96, of Elizabeth City, N. C., has been appointed by President Harding Assistant Alien Property Custodian. His office is in Washington, D. C.

Dr. W. F. Powell, '99, has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Asheville, N. C., to accept that of the First Baptist Church of Nashville, Tennessee.

P. S. Daniels, B.A., '17, is principal of the Fayetteville High School.

Dr. J. W. Smith, B.A., '94, is successful in his profession at Branchville, Va.

Mr. R. C. Brown, B.A., '21, is dean of Virginia-Intermont College.

Dr. J. W. Vann, B.A., '15, who is now on Naval recruiting duty at Norfolk, Va., has just returned from Santiago, Dominican Republic, where he was on duty with the 4th Regiment of Marines.

Rev. Trcla D. Collins, '10, is the general secretary of the Alumni Association, giving his full time to the position. He is heartily commended to the brotherhood.

Dr. George Collins, '18, is practicing his profession in Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. A. J. Hutchins, B.A., '12, is principal of the Asheville High School.

Hon. S. M. Brinson, B.A., '91, representative of the Fifth Congressional District, made the opening address at the Eastern Carolina Fair September 13, at New Bern, N. C.

Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, '81, for two years one of the secretaries of the Northern Baptist Convention, will represent the Foreign Mission Board in the Far East for the year beginning August 1.

Rev. M. T. Rankin, '18, sailed for Cauton, China, August 27, where he will do evangelistic work. On September 30, he will be married to Miss Valleria Green, who preceded him to the foreign fields.

Dr. Robert D. Bateman, '01, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Asheville, N. C.

Dr. James F. Royster, '00, who has been Professor in the Department of English in the University of Texas for a number of years, will return to the University of North Carolina with the opening of the session.

S. E. Ayers, B.A., '21, sailed for Hwanghsien, China, July 14, where he will teach English and Science in Hwanghsien College for two years.

Dr. Claudius Murchison, '11, after a period of teaching in the College of the City of New York, becomes a Professor in the University of North Carolina in the Department of Political Science.

Mr. Clingman W. Mitchell, '77-'81, of Aulander, N. C., died at his home, June 20. He was a trustee of Wake Forest College, and in other relations a widely useful man.

- Dr. L. L. Carpenter, '13, has resigned the pastorate of the Forest Avenue Baptist Church of Greensboro and accepted the chaplainey of the University of South Carolina, and a teaching position in the Department of English.
- Mr. Roscoe H. Taylor, B.A., '16, has a teaching position in the University of Michigan.
- Dr. A. L. Denton, '16, is very successful in the practice of medicine at Castalia, N. C.
- Dr. Fred T. Brown, '08, lately pastor in Sherman, Texas, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Knoxville, Tennessee.
- Mr. A. R. Whitehurst, B.A., '21, is Associate Professor of English at Mars Hill College.
- Mr. G. R. Sherrill, B.A., '21, is teaching in the Elizabeth City, N. C., High School this year.
- Mr. A. B. Woods, B.A., '19, for the past two years Professor at Fruitland Institute, has resigned his work there to continue his studies at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.
- Mr. J. L. Jones, B.A., '21, and Mr. I. K. Stafford, B.A., '21, are teaching at Fruitland Institute, near Hendersonville, this year.

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75.

Mrs Gene Stratton-Porter in this new novel shows still the qualities of story-telling, dramatic power, romance and human nature which have been noticeable in her previous novels. "Her Father's Daughter" is mainly along the latter characteristic. The other features are not so pronounced. scene is laid in Western California in the spring of the year and the writer describes many scenes of rare beauty in gardens, canyons, mountains, and the desert. Mrs. Porter has always an appreciative eye and a graphic pen for nature study. In this phase the book is a rare success, but as to the story of action it borders on failure. The main character, a high school girl of seventeen who is "her father's daughter" is almost an impossible person going about making a great many long speeches on such subjects as the "Yellow Peril," and how the white race may avert it; race suicide; proper interpretation of Kipling; use of wild plants for foods. She is an artist whose pictures astound the famous; has instincts of a Sherlock Holmes, and makes many biological and chemical experiments. If we are ever able to grant the possibility of her as portrayed by the author, she is an insufferable know-it-all.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE. By Harold Bell Wright. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

Harold Bell Wright admits, very frankly, that he is not a litterateur. And so we do not attempt to point to his works as indicative of American tastes in literature. Characteristic in all of his novels, he approaches American life from the inspirational standpoint, crying out in loud tones the moral he preaches—providing panaceas and pointing out clearly the road to salvation. "Helen of the Old House" is an excellent example of Mr. Wright's preaching. Possessing to the fullest the profound conviction of the author, it might be considered as "a good medicine for the masses."

In this novel Harold Bell Wright assembles a number of pronounced types already familiar to a seasoned reader of both old and new fiction. There is the hide-bound capitalist who believes in using machine guns on strikers and the radical who is just as much an extremist; the intelligent capitalist who works alongside his employee and the intelligent union worker who recognizes the fatality of radicalism; the daughter of the rich man whose sincerity is clouded by her artificial life, and the daughter of the poor worker, modest and unassuming; and the Interpreter, an afflicted old workman, who is acknowledged the "patriarch of wisdom" by all. Helen, the daughter of the rapacious capitalist, is the main character. She is pictured awakening from the sloth of "richness and inconsiderateness to a realization of life's essential values." All these characters fit as mechanical cogs in the wheel that winds out this pleasant-reading sermon-novel.

THE FLAMING FOREST. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.

It is not unusual that this new book of James Oliver Curwood deals with the great Canadian Northwest. The real
here of the story is David Carrigan, sergeant of the Royal
Northwest Mounted Police, a lover of the North and "a lover
of life." While searching for a murderer who appeared after
fifteen years, he is attacked by a sharpshooter and regains
consciousness to find a beautiful young woman bending over
him. Obeying the laws of romance he fell desperately in love
with her, experiencing varying degrees of unhappiness as a

consequence. The story in itself is not up to the usual Curwood standard, but is very commendable for its well-done and exciting climax occasioned by the fire, which gives the book its title, when the blaze sweeps through the woods and around the fort they occupy and Carrigan staggers forth into the smoke with his precious burden and later receives his reward.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT N. CORPENING, Editor

In this our first issue we send you greetings! After a season's rest and recreation we begin anew our college work. As we approach our literary work with refreshed minds, so, also, we begin the work of our magazines with new hopes, new plans, renewed enthusiasm, and new material. The character of our magazines this year will depend altogether upon the material that is submitted, and their success will depend upon the backing of the students in each of the several colleges. Since the reputation of each college is closely allied to the character of the students who attend it, it is important that the expression which they give in the articles that go out through the magazines is of the type desired. At least let us rely upon them for this kind of material. Then had impressions, if there are such, may be changed, and good impressions may be made better.

The Exchange Department aims to bring about a closer relationship between Wake Forest and the other colleges of the land. Of course there is a friendly rivalry with many of them. But that does not keep us from being on good terms. We want the existing chord of friendship strengthened. This is made possible by placing in the hands of the students of other colleges a magazine that comes out of the atmosphere of Wake Forest, giving expression to the thoughts of her students, and thus portraying her character. At the same time a similar process is going on here as magazines from other colleges are sent us. With this in view as well as for the helpful constructive criticism offered in the Exchange Department of the magazines themselves we invite the other colleges of our country to make exchanges with The Stydenty, joining in this task, and cooperating with us in this year's work.

THOUGHTS OF YOU

The days are filled with long, long hours, And thoughts of you.

I see your face in all the flowers.

At night the dew Reflects from heaven a sacred light—

The stars soft gleam.

And through these short, sweet hours of night, Of you I dream.

J. R. K., '24

"Newish" Hastings: Boys, you ought to have been with me. I have been all over the "Alumnus" building looking at them insect the head of a "nigger."

"Newish" Whitehead: "Aw" don't be an ignoramus. It's not insecting; it's bisecting.

Freshman Winecoff: Why are those posts in the middle of the campus gates?

"Slim" Hall: They are to keep bicycles off the walks.

Newish Maxwell (in a hurry): I have an appointment with Professor Bursar in a few minutes.

TOUCH WOOD

"Newish" Maxwell claims that during the summer he heard Oliver Cromvcell deliver his famous lecture on "Acres of Diamonds," and that Cromwcell said he had sent sixty-five million boys to college with the proceeds.

INDUSTRY

Freshman Hinson: Whitehead, where are you going?

Newish Whitehead: Up to see Dector Paschal about some more work. I am taking Math. I, Latin I, Biology I, History I, Bible I, and English I, and two more courses will be about enough. I came up here to work, not to play.

WANTED

You to know that:

"Newish" White goes under the bed when any one knocks at his door.

"Newish" Hastings hasn't been away from home before in sixteen years, and that he is now "sweet sixteen."

Freshman White is "putting out" nothing but his laundry, and expects that back Saturday morning.

Newish Hastings is the cousin of Mr. Scarborough who was here Year before last.

Newish Goble has bought a season ticket to the gymnasium shower baths.

Newish Bray wants to know if they "mark up" in church.

Dr. Bryan thinks that the Psychology I class seldom suffers from mental fatigue.

"Sky" Todd: Doctor, doesn't heavy drinking of whiskey cause stimulation of the nervous system?

Dr. Bryan: Does it? You seem to know; I don't,

Newish Jackson wants to know why they have a silo near the gymnasium.

REMARKABLE REMARKS:

Is there an extra fee for gymnasium?—Newish Jackson.

I came to summer school but didn't get a degree.—Bray.

I am going to get my B.A., M.A., and then switch out and take my D.D. and Ph.D. before I leave here.—Caudell.

"Louisville" Robertson: I take eight hours sleep, and more if I can get it.

Dr. Bryan on Psychology class: Well, it takes more for children.

An industrious member of the Spanish A class makes the gentle request that the explanations and assignments be made in honest-togoodness American and not in Spanish, as his knowledge of Spanish at present is very limited.

A PROTEST

"For I'm not a king with the ladles,
For takin' 'em all along
You never can tell till you've tried 'em,
And then you're like to be wrong."

-Kipling.

"You never can tell till you've tried 'em!"
So sayeth the poet so bold.
I think his logic defective;
I think his heart had grown cold.

Did he think, you suppose, of the women Who are pure and noble of soul? Did he think of the mother who bore him, To whom all his sorrows were told?

That gold-hearted mother who fondled Her boy, the babe, at her breast— Could you never tell till you tried her? Would you have to put her to the test?—"161"



John Francis Lanneau. M. J. LYG.

Born February 7, 1856, Died March 5, 1921. Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1859-1829. Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, Wake Forest College, 1859-1821.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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No. 2

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JOHN FRANCIS LANNEAU

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

- I. Pure, knightly soul we loved and lost, Whose memory lights the passing years, The darkling sky with stars embossed Claims kinship with our tears: The stars thou knewest well by name When twilight's gold and purple flame Died 'neath night's silver spheres.
- II. Mayhap their deeper mystery now
 The stars reveal to thee,
 With crown of stars upon thy brow
 Beyond death's soundless sea:
 To thee the Pleiades shall sing
 The magic music of their King,
 The Man of Galilee.
- III. 'Mid all the stars that beamed afar
 Within the dome of night
 When sunset's golden triumph-car
 Drew through the lanes of light
 One star became thy diadem—
 The shining Star of Bethlehem—
 In glory burnished bright.

IV. Rare soul so gentle, calm in peace,
So gallant, brave in war;
Like some sweet sage of olden Greece,
Like some unconquered Thor!
In vain our records we shall scan
To find a nobler, truer man,
The wrong to spurn, abhor.

V. So calm and stately in thy grace,
Sky-student, seer and sage,
With manhood writ upon thy face,
A fair and open page,
I seem to see thee once again
Ere weight of cumbering years had lain
On thee the marks of age.

VI. Like a chevalier of sunny France
In old romantic days;
Almost I glimpsed the knightly lance—
Almost the banner's blaze:
For gallant souls, undimming thine,
Once drank the scarlet battle wine
In more than poet's lays.

VII. I saw thee but a year ago.

(Ah, how time's shuttle flies!)
Thy hair a wreath of stainless snow;
The yon-light in thine eyes:
I met thee; touched thy love-warm hand;
And thou are gone, I understand,
Beyond the starlit skies!

Shine softly, stars, upon his tomb Like lilies in full bloom.

DR. JOHN F. LANNEAU

Memorabilia

DR. W. B. ROYALL

For a century Lanneau has been a cherished name with my ancestors and their descendants. Rev. C. H. Lanneau, the father of Dr. J. F. Lanneau, was a teacher of a class in the Sunday school of the old First Baptist Church of Charleston, South Carolina, of which class six became ministers of the gospel, one of whom was my father. From a volume by Dr. H. A. Tupper entitled, "Two Centuries of the First Baptist Church of South Carolina, 1683-1883," I quote the following: "What a galaxy of glory awaits Charles H. Lanncau, the man who so faithfully taught the class, which included among its members James P. Boyce, honored and useful as president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Basil Manly, a professor in the same institution, men who were to do so much in the grand work of giving the Baptists of the South an educated ministry; William Royall, long a Professor in Wake Forest College, North Carolina, who has done much in moulding the Baptists of North Carolina by imprinting his own Christian character upon the future ministers of his adopted State; and T. W. Mellinchampe, a faithful minister of the Word in South Carolina."

In 1855 my father accepted a call to a professorship in Furman University, and near the close of the decade ending with 1859, the son of his old Sunday school teacher became associated with him as a member of the faculty of Furman University. After a period of thirty years, many having been the vicissitudes in the life of each in these intervening years,

they found themselves in 1890 colleagues again, in the faculty, this time, of Wake Forest College.

While a student in my teens of Furman University, my teacher, both of chemistry and physics, was Doctor Lanneau. When he came to Furman he had but recently been graduated from the Military Academy of South Carolina. Of this institution, better known as the "Citadel," South Carolinians were not unreasonably proud. The State was opulent and its resources were liberally expended in the equipment of its institutions, both in the matter of their personnel and of the material appliances needed for their successful operation.

The young professor made a profound impression upon his students as he appeared before them in the classroom. Erect. handsome, and always well prepared for the work of the hour, he won from all appreciative recognition of his accurate knowledge, and of his ability to impart it to others. At that time in many of the best colleges it was in vogue for the student to recite from a text-book, the professor asking questions and delivering informal lectures. In subjects like chemistry and mechanics the professor did most of the laboratory work, and I remember how cleverly I thought our new professor could manipulate gases and fluids, blending them so as to emit odors varying from that of cologne to that of the most noisome vapors. Thrills and shocks from the electric machine and the galvanic battery are among the vivid experiences that I associate with the classroom of this good teacher. My first acquaintance with nitrogen monoxide, or laughing gas, I am indebted to him for giving me. I refer to this because of that scene on Furman campus that lingers in my memory. Marked were the differences in temperament revealed on the administration of the gas. Some who had been always laughter-loving now became as silent and morose as mummies. Others who seldom ever smiled broke into outbursts of uproarious laughter. One young man, afterwards a colonel in the Confederate Army, and later the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, mounted a stump and began a speech on "The Kansas-Nebraska Bill," soon collapsing as he came to himself. None connected with that scene except myself and probably one other, as far as I know, are now among the living.

I must not fail to mention that Doctor Lanneau, my sister, Mrs. F. P. Holgood, and I were baptized at the same time into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church of Greenville, South Carolina, by Dr. Richard Furman, grandson of Dr. Richard Furman, for whose head a reward was offered by Lord Cornwallis; and who was also the first President of the Baptist Triemnial Convention of the United States.

A personal experience suggested by these points of contact with Dr. Lanneau, is the fact that Prof. P. C. Edwards, his brother-in-law, was my teacher of Greek at Furnau University, and that to his cousin, Dr. Basil Lanneau Gilderseleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, I am, in a way that I need not mention, indebted for much that has helped me in my endeavor both to know and to teach Greek. Professor Edwards died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, but not before he had won high distinction as a scholar, and able minister of the gosapel. Doctor Gildersleeve still survives at the goodly age of ninety. It could be hoped that he might live to complete his great Greek grammar.

Doctor Lamnau and I were in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865, most of the time under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He served with great efficiency as a civil engineer on the staff of his beloved leader.

During the past few years one of my greatest pleasures has come from communion with this good and useful servant of God. And I may say that my fellowship with all of his

dear family has been to me a great joy. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-five in February, 1921, an event which was celebrated in connection with the silver wedding of his daughter Susie, the wife of my nephew, W. R. Powell, son of the sweet little pet of my boyhood. The few years between the age of Doctor Lanneau and myself seemed great when I was a boy. With revolving years the difference became less and less appreciable. Though dead, he yet speaketh.

I am asking the editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT to publish a tribute prepared for the Baptist Courier of South Carolina by that able and beloved son of the Palmetto State, Dr. R. W. Sanders, of Greenville, South Carolina.

DR. JOHN F. LANNEAU

Dr. R. W. Sanders (Reprinted from The Baptist Courier, April 28, 1921)

When lately he "fell on sleep," one of the ablest, most faithful, conscientious and successful teachers of our country elosed a long and honorable career. I deeply feel his departure. Of all my college and seminary professors-a noble galaxy-only one now survives, my beloved brother and friend, Prof. D. T. Smith. After graduation with the highest honors from the South Carolina Military Academy, where he was distinguished for his love and attainments in science, especially pure mathematics, young Doctor Lanneau in 1856 became Tutor of Mathematics, and in 1858 Adjunct Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, and in 1866 Professor of Mathematics in Furman University. He took a course in Greek under Prof. P. C. Edwards. In 1861 he became Captain in the Hampton Legion, later was a member of General Lee's staff, and was esteemed by this great chieftain as one of the finest engineers in the Confederate Army. In 1869 Baylor University conferred upon him the degree of M. A., and in 1915 the Board of Trustees of Furman University gave him the honorary title of LL.D. He left Furman to serve as professor in William Jewel College, Missouri, and afterwards was chosen professor in Wake Forest, where, after thirty years of efficient service, still active as professor, he was called to his final account.

He was secretary and treasurer of the Furman Faculty when John Stout, A. W. Lamar and others, with myself, were first enrolled as students February, 1867. I stood under him June, 1867, my first written examination. It was in geometry. Professor Launeau was held in the highest esteem

by his students and colleagues. His relations to them were always cordial, and his Christian character shone as a bright star all the while, and to the end of his earthly career. I remember how acceptably he conducted chapel service from time to time. The professors held the morning services in rotation, each student answering to roll call at 9 a. m. every day. In the spring of 1869 Professor Lanneau was most happily married to Miss Louise Cox, of Greenville, one of the most cultured and attractive young women of the city and of very charming religious character. To John Stout and the present writer he accorded the honor, though we were but students, of being two of his attendants at the wedding. A daughter is a noble foreign missionary. His father was a devout and able Baptist minister, whom I heard preach an impressive sermon in the First Baptist Church, Greenville, SC

It has been to me for fifty-four years a joy and blessing to have kept in touch by correspondence at intervals with this beloved teacher of the sixties. A few years ago he gave me an original cssay in pamphlet form published by himself on Halley's Comet. When Furman University, 1868, suspended exercises for lack of means, Professor Lanneau went out as agent for a five-year system of bonds, and succeeded well in raising the means by which the institution resumed work in February, 1869. Dector Judson then returned to the Chair of Mathematics. Professor Lanneau sent us our first check (\$10) on the Mims-Edwards Memorial with words of cheer and commendation.

Prof. W. B. Royall, of Wake Forest, in a letter to me of March 25th says concerning Doctor Lanneau: "He continued to grow to the last, especially in the love and confidence of our people. He was very happy over what had been done in marking the resting places of Professors Mims and Edwards. Doctor Lanneau and I were baptized at the same time by Dr. Richard Furman, Jr. (pastor First Baptist Church, Greenville). It was one of the first baptismal occasions, if not the first, in the new church."

Professor Lanneau was in his 86th year, and was one of Professor Royall's teachers in Furman University.

Abundant in the consecrated labor of a long earthly life, how rich must he be in the shining rewards of his heavenly home,

A TRIBUTE

D. T. SMITH

In 1858, about two years after graduation at the Citadel, John F. Lanneau became connected with Furman University as one of the younger teachers, in company with William Royall, J. B. Patriek and others, and during the earlier part of his teaching career was engaged at work, first in the academie, and later in the collegiate department.

Ere long, however, the call of the '60's put an end for a season to his scholastic pursuits, and in April, 1861, he became the bearer to Governor Pickens of a communication from the University Riflemen requesting that they be received into the service of the State. This request was denied, and Professor Lanneau resigned his position and on June 5, 1861, entered the Confederate service, as captain of the Brooks Troop. He served in this capacity for about one year, and during most of the remainder of the war served as an engineer on the fortifications at various points in Virginia, his services in this capacity receiving a very complimentary notice from General Lee.

So favorable an impression had the young professor made during his brief commetion with the University, that at their meeting in July, 1861, the trustees gave expression to their opinion "that the resignation of Professor Lanneau should not be accepted, and that he be permitted, on the essestion of his military duties, to resume his chair in the University."

For some months after the close of the war in 1865, Professor Lanneau was associated with his brother-in-law, Prof. P. C. Edwards, in earrying on a school for boys, while the fate of the University was wavering in the balances. The outlook indeed was gloomy, but brave-hearted men, realizing the demands of the hour, rose up to meet them so far as it was in their power.

And so, after prolonged and prayerful consideration on the part of its trustees, the University resumed work about February 15, 1866, with a faculty consisting of Dr. J. C. Furman, and Professors P. C. Edwards, T. E. Hurt, and J. F. Lanneau, the last named being professor of mathematics, and also serving as treasurer of the institution. Prof. J. B. Patrick was also associated with them as head of the academic department.

During this first year 140 students were enrolled in both departments, but the increasingly dark political sky, combined with other factors, reduced that number to only forty-five in the collegiate department for the year 1867. The working force of the institution was also sorely crippled in May of this year by the death of Professor Edwards, one of its most devoted supporters.

No brighter prospects faced the institution at the opening of the next session, when the professors virtually agreed to accept as salary whatever might happen to come into the treasury. Only twenty-seven students were enrolled in February, 1808, and for this year's work \$200 would have covered all that was received by one, at least, of the professors.

At this crisis in the life of the institution, Doctor Furman and Professor Lanneau put forth what may well be termed titunic efforts to put the college on a firmer foundation. They were united in a canvass of the city in the effort to secure a larger local support, and to this end labored diligently, both in public and in private. In this effort Professor Launeau also visited many business men and others in different sections of the State, and also laid the case before a

number of the associations. He furthermore contributed \$400 in salary, besides devoting nearly his whole vacation to this labor of love on behalf of the college.

But while these efforts were crowned with some success, the prospects continued very unpromising, and in the fall of 1868 he felt constrained to resign and accept a call to William Jewel College. Thus ended his connection with Furman University, greatly to the loss of the institution which he had served so faithfully, as also very much to the regret of the many friends he had won during his abode in Greenville.

While from boyhood the writer of the above sketch had known Professor Lanneau and his family, we were not intimately thrown together until about 1865. From that time until Professor Lanneau left Greenville, he was closely associated with "Captain John," as he was familiarly called; first, as a pupil under him and later as a colaborer with him at Furman. During these years of familiar intercourse "Captain John" became the victim of a sincere admiration and esteen on the part of the writer, who with the "Professor" and another friend formed, as it were, a triumvirate, and the recollections of those pleasant associations in the days of yore are among the brightest memories of his life. So genial, so full of quiet humor, so courteous and gentle in his manner was Professor Lanneau that the more one knew of him the stronger was one bound to him.

As a teacher he was well equipped, devoted to his mathematics and the related branches of study, and so clear and interesting in his manner of imparting his knowledge as almost to compel one, to whom "Math." was a bete noir to like that study, whether he would or not. So self-controlled was he and so considerate of others, that if, under what must have sometimes been a strong provocation, he ever spoke an unkind or unduly harsh word, it is not now recalled.

JOHN F. LANNEAU

Memories of a Long Friendship

Dr. J. H. GORRELL

If I were asked to record the impressions of my first meeting with Doctor Lanneau, I would have to confess my inability so to do. Perhaps they were lost among the many new and unwonted experiences of a stranger who appears for the first time in a college community and is introduced to a large number of persons whose names, faces and occupations leave but a vague and confused imprint upon the mind. But out of these early confused impressions of names and faces there soon stood out in bold outline the strikingly handsome, I had rather say, majestic appearance of the theu Professor of Physics at Wake Forest. Indeed I remember I was at first awed by his splendid physique and the nobility of physiognomy and earriage. He wore at that time a full beard, and in physical appearance was similar to his cousin, Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins, in whose presence I had always experienced a keen sense of littleness and wholesome awe, which at that time had not yet deserted me.

But this feeling of youthful reverence (I was at that time searcely more than twenty-five) was soon displaced by a sense of the finest kind of camaraderic and genuine openhearted friendship, as soon as I met him in his home. Professor Laumean seemed at the beginning to manifest a peculiar attachment to me, perhaps due to the fact that we were both ardent Confederates (I of course of the second generation), for I was fresh from the scenes of the last days and burial place of the two most beloved and revered leaders of the Lost Cause, and my father fought along with him in those glorious and hotly contested struggles around Richmond.

It was only a short time before a more ample opportunity was offered me to know him intimately as I have known few men. He had already been for several years treasurer of the Wake Forest Church, and I was, soon after my connection with the church, elected as financial secretary, which position I occupied for some twelve or fifteen years. Our close relation to the financial affairs of the church brought about frequent meetings, many times every week, for reports and consultations. It is unnecessary to say that I found him at all times the most ideal type of a careful, conscientious, painstaking official who performed gratuitously a large and growing service. But I found in him something infinitely better and more lovable; I found a friendship, generous, helpful, sympathetic; I found a Christian character, noble and exalted and yet as simple as a child's and as stainless as a saint's; and I found in him the beau-ideal of a Southern gentleman with a keen hatred of wrong and equally keen love and adoration of the right and noble, a spotless honesty and integrity and a lofty sense of honor that spurned all low thoughts and motives. To associate with such a man was to be filled with something akin to a feeling of reverence for himself and the cause and the God whom he served

I wish to say just here that in all these years of dealing with all sorts and conditions of men and women—and a treasurer has the best opportunity of seeing the "seamy side" of church life—I never heard Doctor Lanneau express a single uncharitable or censorious observation about any of his bretheren. The nearest approach to this occurred when in discussing the action of a certain member who refused all financial, assistance, in a semi-humorous way he stated that in his oninion Brother X was a "psychological curiosity."

And what an incomparable raconteur! His rich experiences of a long and eventful life had filled his memory with an abundant store of facts which his marvelously accurate and precise mind could weave together into the most interesting and at times even thrilling narratives. There crowd into my memory many a winter night when after a matter-of-fact business-like seance with him in settling up our financial matters and discussing ways and means, he would close his book and say, "Now, let us talk over a cigar," and passing to his desk he would hand over a box of the products of the fragrant weed, and then seated before the glowing coals, he would enrefully prepare his cigar and light it.

I think I may be allowed to state in passing that as a result of mature observation I am convinced that the manner of smoking a cigar is in some ways the best indication of character. Here is one of a nervous, irascible nature who bites viciously his cigar and smokess with such violence as if he were of a mind to kindle a mighty conflagration; here is the absent-minded thinker who smokes as an indifferent duty with many extinctions and many relightings; and there is then the miserly individual who guards jealously the last draw of a seldom indulged luxury. There was only one person in this world who could smoke a cigar with ideal grace and ease, and a full indulgence in its genuine pleasure, and he was the Southern gentleman of the old school. And such was Professor Lanneau. I must confess that it was a keener delight for me to watch his masterful enjoyment of a cigar than it was to smoke myself.

But back to my story. On one of these never-to-be-forgotten occasions, while both of us were watching the bright coals through a maze of tobacco smoke, I happened to remark: "Professor Lamneau, this is indeed a fine cigar you smoke." Quietly standing up, he said with dignity: 'I have always been a poor man, and I expect always to be a poor man, but there are two things I will not do. I will not smoke a poor cigar, and I will not ride a poor horse." Then retaking his seat he indulged in reminiscences of his old war-horse, "the best horse, I'll wager, in the Confederate Army, not even excepting General Lee's celebrated charger, 'Traveler,' " The whole interesting story followed of his purchase of the animal from the estate of a celebrated Virginia breeder, of his adventures on horseback on many battlefields, of his accoutrement, including always the splendid buffalo robe which formed a safe and snug shelter for the night, of his almost fatal encounter, when riding at the head of his troops he met a squadron of the enemy and only the superior mettle, weight and swiftness of his mount enabled him to slav the leader of the enemy's force in single combat, of the tragic death of his old companion-all these fascinating stories, told with the fire and precision as of an event of vesterday, left the hearer charmed as if he were listening to the adventures of a mediaeval knight in the days of chivalry.

Again the fancy would take him to relate his experiences in the Wild West of the early times, of days and nights traveling up the Missonri River, of riding the plains and viewing the apparently limitless herds of buffalo. Then there were narratives of his early manhood and of his almost miraculous escape from a burning hotel in Aiken, S. C., owing to what he always considered an unexplainable premonition of impending disaster. It has ever been my regret that I did not immediately write out under the charm of the moment these wonderfully interesting narratives told in their wealth of illustration and meticulous detail by the most charming story-teller I have ever known.

Doctor Lanneau's affection for his country and for his beloved Southland was strong and beautiful. Pointing to "Old Glory" and "The Stars and Bars," that were stretched at one time side by side in his hall, he said: "The most poignant pain I ever suffered in my life was to give up both those flugs. When the war opened it almost broke my heart to have to fight against the flag under which I had marched so many years as a cadet at the Citadel, and when after four years of war I had to see the old Confederate flag folded for the last time, it pained me beyond words; but if ever I should have to fight again I should joyfully and cheerfully draw my sword under the Stars and Stripes of a united country." His, devotion to the Lost Cause and its leaders was especially. beautiful and strong, and continued to the end of his days.. Robert E. Lee was in his opinion the ideal Christian gentleman. The last letter I received from him contained a photogruph of the great Southern leader and a similar photograph was found after his death, treasured among the papers in his coat pocket.

It was in the summer of 1920 that a lifelong desire of mine was gratified, that is, to visit the battlefields of the Civil War with an old soldier. An invitation to accompany Doctor Lanneau to Richmond for that purpose was eagerly accepted by me. I was afraid that the effort to pass a rather strenuous day would be too much for a man of the advanced age of eighty-four, and I noticed a conscious strain upon him as we drove toward the outskirts of Richmond; but as we passed the Chickahominy and traversed the ruins of the old town of Mechanicsville, I could notice a rejuvenation of his whole being, and this return of youthful vigor and spirit was increasingly observable as we rested for hands on the site of the bloody field of Cold Harbor and then stopped at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. But his enthusiasm reached its highest pitch when, after a long detour we discovered the encampment ground of Hnger's Division and the position of Chafin's Bluff. Then there was no restraining him. With the alert78

ness, strength and agility of a youth, he outdistanced us all in climbing the high hill where old Fort Harrison still stands, and turning his face towards Richmond he showed us the traces of the old earthworks and redoubts constructed by the thousand men under his direction sixty years before, extending eight miles in a direct line to City Point, and thus protecting the Capital of the Confederacy. Here, as often before in my presence, he humorously expressed his hearty disapproval of the expression "cheap as dirt," for from personal experience, said he, the moving of dirt was the most expensive work he had ever been engaged in.

One more reminiscence-and this remains in my mind as vivid as of vesterday-my last conversation with my dear old friend. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon a few days before his death. I was hospitably invited to his study, and after our discussion of some affairs connected with the church finances, there came the welcome words: "Now, let us take a smoke," and I knew that my visit was to be well worth while; how worth while I did not then know, but I am glad that the idea never occurred to me that it was to be the last. I recall my pleasure in noting his apparent perfection of physical health, the clearness of his complexion, the noble brow, covered by an abundance of delicate, silky, snowy hair, his beautiful blue eyes gazing at me so steadily, so honestly, so gently. The conversation began with a reference to the Baptist cause in South Carolina, and then to his experiences as a professor in Furman University. This then led to the following interesting story of Richard Furman, which I can tell in his own words: "Doctor Furman was," said he, "not only a great preacher, but a great patriot, and during the Revolutionary War he was so active in his efforts that a price was set upon his head by the British, and at one time he was compelled to take refuge among the Continental troops then com-

manded by Colonel (afterwards President) Monroe. In the early part of the last century he was returning from a great Baptist gathering in Philadelphia, and remained for a few days in Washington. After meeting a number of old friends, he was introduced by them to Colonel Monroe, then a member of the Senate. 'Furman?' said Monroe, 'Furman? Can it be that you are the Doctor Furman that took refuge in my lines to escape from the British soldiery?' 'The same man, Colonel.' 'Well,' said Monroe, 'A preacher like you must receive honor from his nation, and I insist on your preaching to Congress tomorrow.' Doctor Furman protested against such an action, but he was overruled. The Congress was called together, and Doctor Furman stood at the desk and preached the first and only sermon ever delivered before that body. And what do you think was his text? I know you couldn't guess in a hundred years. I wisely refrained from guessing, and Doctor Lanneau, with a characteristically merry twinkle of his eye and a satisfied chuckle, continued: "His text was Acts 22:16: 'And now, why tarriest thou?' Arise and be baptized' "; and, added he, "you will not be surprised to know that this powerful sermon delivered under such conditions was instrumental in the conversion of several of the lawmakers of our country."

I cannot conclude these reminiscences without recalling the rare and beautiful charity and helpfulness that characterized his friendship throughout all these years. He was among the first to encourage my wavering efforts in speaking before the Sunday congregation of our church, and on one of these earlier occasions he even visited me in person on a Sunday evening to commend my address of the morning. His commendation was so discriminating that one could not help doing his very best to bring before a congregation something worth while. The most inspiring and stimulating auditor in these gatherings was Doctor Lanneau himself, and I freely acknowledge that what little I have done in my preaching here and elsewhere has been in a great measure due to his inspiration and encouragement.

But I must bring to a close these random recollections of my dear, dear friend. His exalted Christian life needs no words of encomium on my part. I can only say that next to my own father and Dr. Charles E. Taylor, there was none whom I more loved and revered than Dr. John F. Lanneau, and greater praise than this I can give to no mortal man.

DR. LANNEAU AS A MAN OF SCIENCE

PRESIDENT W. L. POTEAT

The dominant interest of Doctor Lanneau's professional career lay in the field of science. It is true that for seventeen years he had administrative responsibilities in institutions in Alabama and Missouri, but for the bulk of his life he was a college teacher. At the beginning of his career he was professor of chemistry for a period. He was probably the first man in North Carolina to give demonstration and public lectures on the X-Rays. His chosen fields, however, were mathematics, applied mathematics, physics, and astronomy.

Astronomy was the darling of his heart. His personal traits and clearness and accuracy of detail marked his work as a teacher. These were supplemented by ingenuity and eleverness of hand. Much of the apparatus which he used in illustration was of his own devising and construction. In 1907 he invented an instrument which he called the Cosmoid. It was manufactured by William Gaertner & Company, of Chicago, and is described by him in the issue of "Popular Astronomy" for December, 1913. It is an elaborate apparatus for illustrating astronomical conceptions and the movements of the heavenly bodies. It is capable of a surprising number of adjustments.

Doctor Laumean was an active member of the North Carolina Academy of Science, to which were presented a number of his scientific papers. He was also a member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. His activity in the field of astronomy is indicated by the fact that most of his published work is astronomical. "Popular Astronomy" published papers by him in the following numbers: Angust-September, 1906, "The Source of the Sun's Heat"; August-September, 1907, "The Sparsity of the Stars"; August-September, 1911, "Sirius, The Bright and Morning Star"; May, 1918, "The Sun's Eelipse of June Sth, 1918"; August, 1903, "Sun Spots in July"; "Popular Astronomy," No. 128, "Physics of Shooting Stars."

SIRIUS: THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR

JOHN F. LANNEAU

(Ecracia) Nors. The following was an address before the North Carolina Audie Way of Science, in Radieth, Angl. 25, 1911. It is reprinted here from Papeder Astronomy, August-September, 1911, and is one of the works of Dr. Lannesu, and the Carolina and the Carolina which have mentioned by the Carolina and the Carolina which have been considered to the Carolina and the Carolina an

Familiarity with the conspicuous stars in night's diadem antedates all human records.

We may now see ruddy Arcturus in the northeast sky, and in the southwest the clustering Pleiades and brilliant Orion. They were well known to that ancient Patriarch who asked: Canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

He asserts that man is too weak to control the stars in their courses: Canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons?

He was familiar with the fact that in spring at day-dawn the Pleiades rose in the east just before the sun, marking the advent of that delightful season: Canst thou bind (delay) the sweet influences of Pleiades? He knew that at first approach of rigorous winter, at sunset Orion rises in the east and dominates the long nights while earth is wrapped in frozen bands: Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?

Note below Orion that bright particular star, glorious Sirius—sevenfold brighter than any other star in all the heavens!

So bright is it that in the spring, as now, one knowing just where to look in the southern sky may see it with the naked eye in broad sunshine.

Sirius viewed in any phase, poetic, scientific, historic, or messianic, is leader, chief of all the glittering host of heaven. There is full warrant for that metric outburst: "Hail, mighty Sirius, monarch of the Suns!"

Why so refulgent? Did Zulamith the Bold and Salami the Fair, ardent lovers, separated a thousand years while tolling to make their bridge, the Milky Way—did they at last, with ardor unabated, meet upon it?

> "Straight rushed into each other's arms And melted into one; So they became the brightest star In heaven's high arch that dwelt— Great Sirius, the mighty sun, Beneath Orion's belt."

Of the fact, however, that Sirius is indeed a "Mighty Sun" astronomers have ample proof.

DISTANCE

To realize this fact, we must have some adequate conception of that star's wondrous distance—its almost interminable remoteness from us.

A tiny speek on the distant horizon, when neared, looms up a mountain! Our noonday sun, but a dazzling spot on the blue sky, is in reality a vast globe more than a thousand times larger than this earth. How distant is it? The familiar figures, ninety-three million miles, give no idea of its great distance.

Wilbur Wright's aeroplane flies fifty miles an honr. Could it continue at that speed and soar to the sun, it would require for the long flight two hundred and twelve years.

The aeroplane's swift flight for two centuries may serve to picture the many million miles to our sun. At such distance, how vast must be the magnitude of the sun—though it seems but a dazzling spot on our sky!

But many, many, many times further than the sun, and larger and more radiant than the sun, is yonder Sirius. In fact, the sun's amazing distance is only a step in the vaster reach to remote Sirius.

To picture Sirius' remoteness we invoke the aid of the velocity of light. The genius of Michelson has proved experimentally that light in a single second darts its subtle ray 186,330 miles

From our distant sun light comes to us in 499 secondsabout eight minutes. From Sirius, speeding hither 186,330 miles each second, it takes over eight years to reach us.

By as much as eight years is longer than eight minutes-500,000 times longer-by that much does the remoteness of Sirius exceed the remoteness of the sun.

Should He whose glory the heavens declare, see fit to convey our noonday sun instantly to the remote region of Sirius, that instant night's glittering host would shine out, and among the twinklers around the monarch Sirius we would see our sun dwindle by distance to a small star no brighter than our modest north star. Indeed, allowing for distance, exact photometric measurement shows that "mighty Sirius" radiates more light than forty suns like ours.

MOTION

In all recorded time Sirius, to human eye, has shined out as now "Beneath Orion's belt." The question then arises: Is Sirius stationary, fixed in position, poised immovably in space ?

By no means. Edmund Halley, of comet fame, in 1718 first settled this question. By comparing its position then with ancient records of its direction, he discovered that in the interval of two thousand years Sirius has moved southward a half degree—about as much as our sun's apparent breadth.

That seeming sun-breadth at Sirius' remoteness is, in fact, an amazing change. At the sun's distance, the apparent sunbreadth—a half degree—means its real diameter, nearly a million miles. And as Sirius, 500,000 times more distant from us, the half degree of change means 500,000 million miles; that Sirius in twenty centuries traverses a path 500,-00 million miles long shows by a simple calculation that Sirius is moving at the rate of ten miles a second!

So far off from us, seemingly stationary under Orion's belt, Sirius is really sweeping along its appointed path with

twenty times cannon-shot speed!

And, in a word, it is now known that of the myriad stars in "heaven's high arch" each one, though seemingly fixed, is really in rapid motion. Suns all, differing in glory, they differ too in speed, and their paths are in all conceivable directions. But alike in unthinkable remoteness, they seem to be stationary.

What of the sun, our day star? Is he, too, with all his circling planets, speeding through space? Yes. England's great astronomer, Sir William Herschel, comparing exact star charts made centuries apart, found that ruddy Arcturus and soft-blue Vega in the northern sky, are sensibly separating, while in the south the clear-white rivals, Sirius and Canopus, are lessening their interval.

Like comparison shows that in the expanse about Vega the stars in general seem to be opening out, while those in the

region of Sirius seem to be closing in.

As a traveler sees the trees ahead open out, and those behind crowd together, so the separating of the stars in the one region and the closing of those in the other indicate unmistakably that our sun is speeding away from Sirius towards Vega—and with more than twenty times the swiftness of a cannon ball!

COMPANION

Once more consider Sirius. Before large telescopes were available, Bessel, after ten years of close scrutiny, found that Sirius, while moving on as we have seen, is also tracing an oval orbit, completing each majestic sweep in about fifty years.

That startling fact made clear that it must have a companion—the two revolving around a common center; yet no such companion could then be seen. Was it a dark star—one grown cold, its light quenched?

Years after, when the fine telescope of the Dearborn Observatory was made at Cambridgeport, Mass., Alvan G. Clark, testing its power, turned it on Sirius, and to his surprise saw close by, faintly, the predicted companion star!

The seeming "close by" is, in reality, more than a score of times the sun's distance from us. An aeroplane's flight across that "close by" would take forty centuries!

Thus Sirius and his faint companion, each larger than our sun, make repeated stupendous sweeps around their common center as together they speed on with many times cannon-ball swiftness.

In passing, I need only say it is now known that not only Stirs, but probably thousands, certainly hundreds of other stars, have companions in their onward way—the two or more in each case so remote from us they appear as a single star.

MORNING STAR

I have styled Sirius the bright and morning star. Let me before closing justify this title.

It is unquestionably the brightest star in heaven's galaxy—seven times brighter than any other. Why the morning star?

Just now we see it at night, high up. By June in the early

evening we will see it gem the western sky low down near the horizon. Later on, by the earth's eastward orbital motion, Sirius passes the sun and disappears from night's shining host; then, west of the sun at early dawn it sparkles in the east low down—the bright and morning star, herald of gladdening day.

Sunrise! Only the poet with keenest sense of color-contrast may paint it.

Was it Sirius, scarce risen, that Shelley glimpsed when wandering betimes among the ruins of classic Caracalla? He saw the modest stars pale and vanish at Aurora's approach. How charmingly he pictured the changeful scene:

> "The point of one white star is quivering still, Deep in the orange light of widening morn Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm Of wind-divided mist the darker lake Reflects it; now it wanes: it gleams again As the wares fade, and as the burning threads Of woven cloud unravel in pale air. This lost! and through you peaks of cloud-like snow The roseate sunlight quivers."

As summer advances, at dawn the bright and morning star no longer quivers "deep in the orange light of widening morn," but higher up and shining clear heralds for hours the coming day.

And mark! When Sirius is morning star to us, it is morning star to the round world. As sunrise greets in turn nation after nation westward, so too its herald, the bright and morning star beams in turn on every land. Hours before it signals in our eastern morning sky, it heralds day to the historic land of pyramid and obelisk and spinx, where the Nile in summer times inundates and enriches the long, narrow valley of Egypt.

Note that lonely watcher on a lofty minaret in Cairo. It is the month of roses and of brides-June at early dawn. His eyes strain towards India, eastward. Morning after morning his eager gaze is still eastward.

And now lo, "the point of one white star" "deep in the orange light of widening morn!" He doubts. Next day, at blush of dawn, see! the welcomed star shines clear, the bright

and morning star.

His glad shout puts all Cairo astir: "The Nile is rising!" He watches on for weeks and months as Sirius at dawn mounts higher and higher in the eastern sky. All the while the Nile is rising higher and higher. And when, in September, at first blush of day he sees Sirius far up, at meridian height, from his lofty minaret he shouts: "Abundance, the Nile is at its height!"

For centuries the Nile, furrowing Egypt a straight course northward for fifteen hundred miles, annually overflowing and fertilizing the land, once the granary of the world, began its rise when just before "the roseate sunlight quivers" in the east Sirius rose as bright and morning star.

STAR OF PATMOS

Shining harbinger of coming plenty, priest and peasant worshiped the star as they worshiped the river. To them it was the auspicious morning star.

To us Sirius, at morn or night, may signify far more. Chief among the stellar lights, exalted in nature, majestic in motion, adorned by Egypt's myriads, it is a fitting type of Him who is "the light of men," whose last word at Patmos was: "I am . . . the bright and morning star."

He, the morning star of the soul's rapt gaze, heralds a rising Nile of love divine to all of every nation who welcomes his whitest light.

Note

This peculiar last title of our Lord—"The Bright and Morning Star"—is in a class to itself. His titles from Genesis to Revelation, as Seed of the Woman, Counsellor, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, Good Shepherd, Lamb of God, Light of the World, Bread of Life, Water of Life, Captain of our Salvation, Author and Finisher of our Faith, Root and Offspring of David, and scores of others, are all plainly and richly significant.

The facts set forth above may make plain to us the meaning of this peculiar last title.

The allusion to Sirius was doubtless obvious to the Hebrews, His chosen people, who in their toilling centuries under Egyptian taskmasters were familiar with their worship of the river and of the star which heralded the rise of its fertilizing waters.

JOHN FRANCIS LANNEAU

A. H. PATTERSON

It was not my high privilege to know Professor Lanneau as a teacher in the classroom, but I rejoice that I was permitted to know him as a scientific writer and observer of ability, and as a charming host and friend. Having heard much of him as a scholar and a Christian gentleman, I looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of meeting him of the occasion of a visit to Wake Forest some ten years ago. It was in store for me, as it turned out, not only to meet him, but to be entertained in his delightful and most hospitable home, to feel the warmth and cordiality of his family life, and to depart with the assurance that I had been among friends. It was good to be there, and the impressions carried away were confirmed by later meetings with him and his family at various places.

Dector Lanneau was hampered, as all scientific men in Southern colleges are hampered, by lack of funds for research, but in spite of that he contributed markedly to the advancement of his line of work in the articles he published and in the devices he invented, as well as by the inspiration he gave to his students.

Others can speak with more knowledge of his long life of his experiences as teacher, soldier, engineer and administrator. What stands out in bold relief in my memory is his tall, soldierly figure, unbowed by his more than eighty years, with mind as keen and alert as ever, as I saw him in his home and at scientific meetings. Dignified, courteous, with gentle humor and charming manners, he was in the highest sense of the term a "gentleman of the old school." I saw him once when he spoke to some sorrowing parents on their return from the pitiful task of laying away the earthly part of a beloved child, and heard him, in his gentle and quiet way, lay the balm of his sympathy and simple friendliness on their aching hearts.

It seems to me that this action was typical of his friendly life. Some years ago I heard a speaker use these words: "Some men mature early; they reach the zenith of their powers in the dawning, and flame to a sunburst as the day begins, while others, please God, buffet the clouds and darkness of a rainy morning, fight bravely through a stormy day, and go down at last to a sunset of tranquil splendor which carries its radiant afterglow deep into the shadows of the night." Such a man was Doctor Lanneau, and the radiant afterglow of his life is felt as warmth and inspiration in the hearts and lives of all who knew him as

"a stainless gentleman,
Who never yet hath uttered any word
Less whitely true than what the angels breathe
Nighest the throne."

DR. LANNEAU AS A CHURCH MEMBER

Dr. Clarence D. Graves

Dr. John F. Lanneau was for a number of years chairman of the board of deacons and treasurer of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. In counsel he was wise, conservative, helpful. His every duty was performed with characteristic care. His prayers in public were always carnest and deeply reverent. His addresses before the church were characterized by a splendid dignity and a warm affection. The plans of his pastor for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom always found in him a sympathetic helper.

He stood for the unselfish life of service everywhere. His ideals were exalted, his purposes noble. His stately person, his knightly bearing, and his friendly dignity have brought to the atmosphere of our college campus a large measure of that refinement and culture which are the right of every institution of higher learning. He was a noble Christian gentleman. About him has grown up a family of sincere, genuinely charming individuals. One daughter is a missionary in China. For our church and college and our community he has led the way to nobler living.

When his lovely daughter, Louise, who was then Professor of Chemistry in Meredith College, was stricken unto death with influenza, followed by pneumonia, word was brought to him, alono in his home, that the spirit of his child was gone and that the body would be brought to Wake Forest in a few hours, there was searcely an outward sign of emotion. He simply lowered his head and uttered the words, "His will be done." In a moment more he again was alone, seated out in his garden of flowers. I think that he was talking it over,

from a new standpoint, with God. At the funeral service in the church on the next day he sat with head erect and joined heartily with the congregation in singing

> "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word."

Upon such a calm confidence in God his whole life rested. In him one of earth's best has departed, but only to be forever with the Lord.

DR. JOHN F. LANNEAU

A Personal Appreciation

DR. W. R. CULLOM

It was my privilege to be associated with this great and good man in several relationships. When he came to Wake Forest in 1890 to take up his work as professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics I was in my junior year as a student in the College. Arthur P. Harris, now of Albemarle, N. C., and myself constituted his first class in what we called Senior Physics. With only two in the class, each of us, of course, came into very close contact with the teacher. His thorough mastery of his subject, his painstaking accuracy, his extreme care to see that we understood thoroughly every detail of what we went over impressed us at once. Besides this work in the classroom, I saw him and his family through the eyes of a student as they began to take their place in the life of our church and community. In the religious life of this man and his family was clearly manifest a devoutness of spirit coupled with a beautiful joy and happiness of expression and manner that impressed us deeply. In their social affiliations there was a freedom, a democracy, a cordiality, and a gentility that showed them to be possessed of a happy combination of the French, which was so manifest in their name, and the American, which was equally manifest in their manner of mingling freely with all classes. These impressions of the student of 1890 have more than confirmed themselves through thirty years of increasing intimacy and of growing friendship.

After four years in a theological seminary it was my privilege to become a colleague of Dr. Lanneau's in the faculty of Wake Forest College in 1896. From that time to the day of his death we worked side by side. His field of work was that of physical science; mine was that of religion. Nor did he work with his eyes closed. He was always alert to search to the very bottom of any and every phenomenon that appeared or was suggested in his special field. Many men and women in various parts of the world have been greatly shaken in faith by such investigations. If Doctor Lanneau ever suffered the least shock in his personal relationship to God and to the eternal verities it did not appear on the surface. More than that: through these twenty-five years of association with him as a colleague his love for and loyalty to the Bible, his attachment and devotion to Jesus as a personal Saviour and friend, his devoutness of spirit, his godly walk and pious conversation have all combined to impress me over and over again that he was a man who had been with Jesus and learned of Him.

For a number of years before his home-going we were neighbors in the community. In this relationship the impressions that had come to me as student and as colleague were more than confirmed by a personal contact which formed the basis of a friendship whose sacred memory will always constitute one of my richest possessions.

When the time of his departure had come, by permission of his dear ones, it was my further privilege to stand by his side, to hold his hand as he went down into the valley, and to see him as he passed out from us in triumph to be "forever with the Lord."

Looking back over my association with him in the several relationships hinted at above, as I stood by him at ten o'clock on that Saturday night, March 5, 1921, and witnessed a triumph that was infinitely more glorious than any victory that ever crowned ancient or modern warrior, I was reminded of two statements from the Book which to him had been the inspiration and stay of his life through the years. They are these: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him."

LANNEAU, THE GENTLEMAN

GILBERT T. STEPHENSON

"Professor Lanneau is one of the handsomest old men I ever saw—tall, straight, white hair, deep voice—a representative of that type of Southern gentleman more to be found in fiction than in life. . . . I took under Professor Lanneau Junior and Intermediate Mathematics and Astronomy, and a more helpful teacher I never had. . . Professor Lanneau is a gentleman in the best sense of that word. He does set a noble ideal before a young man. You cannot think of him as doing anything mean."

These words are an excerpt from the diary of one of the pupils of Doctor Lanneau, written soon after he left Wake Forest and many years before Doctor Lanneau's death, with no thought whatever of their being published. Writing straight out of his heart, this Wake Forest boy characterized his former teacher truly. To him Dr. Lanneau was distinguished by his remarkable gentlemanliness.

Doctor Lanneau was a friend to me for twenty-one years. He came to my father's in the summer of 1899 and told me about Wake Forest and, though it was already determined that I should go to Wake Forest, his kindliness and attention to me, a little boy, made me all the more eager to go. He was the instructor at Wake Forest to whom I first recited. His was one of the homes on the Hill that I never went back to Wake Forest without visiting.

After all these twenty-one years the quality that stands out in my recollection of him is his gentlemanliness. But this is a composite quality made up of a number of elements. First and foremost, there was his deep and abiding Christian faith—a faith that sorrow strengthened and length of days sweetened. His childlike faith gave tone to all his conduct.

Then, there was his invariable and unstudied courtesy. As his pupil said in his diary, "You cannot think of him as doing anything mean." More than that, you could not think of him as thinking anything unkind of his fellow-man.

Along with his faith and his courtesy went an everlasting youthfulness. The last time I saw him was in his home during Commencement, 1920. Though he was old in years and venerable in deportment, he was as youthful in spirit and as forward-looking in his vision as he had been twenty years before. This quality it was that kept the bond of sympathy between him and youth unimpaired.

Others will speak of his ripe scholarship; I am mentioning here only that quality that made Dr. John F. Lanneau "set a noble ideal before a young man."

DOCTOR LANNEAU

Some Reminiscences

J. L. MEMORY, JR.

"His life was gentle; and the elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up And say to all the world, this was a man."

The public knew and admired Doctor Lanneau for his success as teacher, scientist, and inventor; but to those who were in intimate personal contact with him he attached himself with the tenderest ties of affection suggested by something else than his mere intellectual qualities. It is in this role that I, as one of his students and assistants, do write. This twofold acquaintance I shall ever remember as one of the rare privileges of my life.

At the opening of the session in September, 1920, I first entered Doctor Lanneau's surveying class. Before I had finished answering his preliminary questions as to age, rooming-place, parents' names and address (his routine questions with new students), I was taught the need of speaking with accuracy, precision, and with definite accent. Naturally we were thrown together very much during the year, and an opportunity was thus afforded me for catching glimpses of his personality especially interesting.

That he was a favorite among all students I at once recognized. His erect carriage, measured step, and steady gait at the age of eighty-four years commanded our respect. Character was written in the lines of his face, in his handwriting, and speech. A nobler brow was never the heritage of any man. These qualities caused not only members of his classes but all students to look up to him as a paragon among men.

Before his class Doctor Lanneau lost nothing of his magnetic manner. It was rather intensified, especially when presenting one of his favorite exercises in Orthographic Projection or Plane Surveying. The various intricacies of advanced Descriptive Geometry held particular delight for him, because his exquisite powers of concentration were in league with his well-organized brain. And the average person would not think of crediting mathematics with even a fraction of the pleasure we had in that sunny corner room dividing land into every describable dimension.

As a teacher his manner was plain, direct, and forceful. His vein of delightful experiences as civil engineer for General Lee appeared here at greatest advantage. Long remembered will be his telling of building an underground approach through a swamp to Richmond for the Confederate Army in order to shun the rapid fire of the enemy above.

Doctor Lanneau was the kind of teacher to whom a pupil always felt accessible. He was unfailingly patient and sympathetic with even the most blundering students. He was uniform of mood, the mood ever delightful, and one who knew him today knew him yesterday, tomorrow, always.

He is dead; and all over the country men mourn the loss of him; but, at the same time, feel grateful that for a few short years they were able to sit at his feet and be taught the eternal fitness of precision, the charm of Christian strength, and the beauty of gentleness.

FEB. 7, 1836-FEB. 7, 1921

The two following articles were the most interesting parts of the delightful exercises held in honor of Doctor Lanneau's eighty-fifth birthday.

DOCTOR LANNEAU'S REMINISCENCES

Digest of talk made by Professor Lanneau at the celebration of his eighty-fifth birthday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Powell

We all remember Longfellow's Evangeline, which tells of the deportation of the French population from Arcadia in 1755. Among those who had to leave were a mother and nine The youngest was a boy of eight years named Bazile. He with his mother came to South Carolina and landed at Georgetown. There the mother died and the young Bazile was taken to the home of a gentleman of that section, Colonel Henry Laurens. There he was kindly treated. Colonel Laurens desired to adopt him and to give him his name, but the sturdy little boy refused. Soon he made his way to Charleston, where we find him at the age of ten with fifty cents in his pocket. He was an industrious boy, and prospered in business and died well off in 1833. This was my French grandfather. He left four children, a daughter, Louisa, and three sons, Basil, Charles, and John. Louisa married a Gildersleeve and became the mother of Basil Launeau Gildersleeve, long professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University. Charles was my father.

Every schoolboy knows the story of Robert Emmett, the famous young Irishman who refused to accept the union of Ireland and England in 1798 and began an insurrection. In the same boat with him, as he was trying to escape capture in 1803, was another young Irishman from Dublin, named Thomas Stephens. When the English closed in on Emmett's boat, Stephens jumped into the water and escaped. He succeeded in getting on a vessel bound for America and landed in Philadelphia. Here he married a Miss Bliss. Moving to Charleston, he rose into some prominence, became president of the Hibernian Society, was cashier of the Bank of South Carolina until his death in 1846. This was my Irish grand-father. His daughter, Sophia C., became the wife of Charles Lamaeau, and my mother. I was born in Charleston on February 7, 1836.

Several important events occurred about the time of my birth. Halley's comet made its periodic visit in 1837. In the same year the famous Seminole chief, Osceola, was brought to Charleston and was lionized by the ladies of the city. At this time also occurred the famous Charleston fire, which swept over 120 acres of the city, destroying 1,200 houses.

In 1836 several of the most conspicuous national officials of our country's history were in the aeme of their activities. Among these were the famous trio, Calhoun, Webster, and Clay. President Jackson, "Old Hickory," was closing his strong and stormy administration of eight years with his unrelenting fight on the United States Bank and the money power. He had become the father of the Democratic party and was succeeded by Martin Van Buren in 1837.

Turning to foreign nations, we find Charles X., King of Frauce, with LaFayette in command of the National Guards. In 1837 Louis Philippe, the Citizen King, came to the throne. In England in 1836 William IV. died and was succeeded by the young Queen Victoria, who began her long and eventful reign in 1837.

In our own country there have been many important changes since 1836. We had owned territory west of the Mississippi only thirty-three years. Then there was no Michigan, no Arkansas, while Texas had just won her independence. Louisiana and Missouri were the only states yet carved out of the territory bought from Napoleon. St. Louis, now a city of 700,000 people, was then a town of 1,200, while St. Paul, which has today 250,000 inhabitants, was not founded until 1837. New York city at that time had a population of 256,000; and in all the United States there were only 15,000,000 people, or about three times as many as are now found in New York City.

The changes that have taken place since 1836 will become more evident when we consider the matter of public utilities then and now. The longest railroad then in the United States was that from Charleston to Augusta, 136 miles. A few years earlier, in 1829, Stephenson had built the first railroad, that from Liverpool to Manchester, twelve miles long. There are now in the United States more than 200,000 miles

of standard-gauge railroad.

Then the steamboats all had side-wheels. While able to run on rivers and smooth waters, they were not adapted to the rough waters of the cocan. The first turbine wheel for ships was invented in 1836. Today the ocean steamers are driven by powerful screw-propellers. Then no street-cars were found even in the largest cities, but passengers had to depend upon omnibuses which ran with no schedule.

In 1836 Samuel F. B. Morse began his experiments with the electric telegraph. He had been an artist and an artist he remained until the end of his life. His work on the telegraph was secondary. With the help of an appropriation from Congress he constructed the first telegraph line from Baltimoro to Washington in 1844, thirty-two miles longToday there are 225,000 miles of telegraph line in the United States. Then there were no electric lights, no telephones. These did not come until 1876; electric motors, trolley lines, and the like, were still later. Now there are 17,000,000 miles of telephone wires.

In private facilities there has been as great a change. In 1836 quill pens were all we had. Did any of you ever see a pen-knife? Well, here is one. In those days every school teacher was provided with just such a knife, and as one of its chief uses was to trim goose quills into pens such knives got their name of pen-knife. Then there were no envelopes or stamps. When one wrote a letter he folded it in a proper way, put the address on the outside left blank for the purpose, scaled the loose flaps on the inside with scaling wax, and it was ready for mailing. Postage then was paid according to distance carried, amounting in some instances to forty cents on a letter. But it was not then necessary to prepay postage; that could be left for the receiver of the letter. It was 1852 before stamps and envelopes were used.

Lights also were crude in those days. Candles were much used and the wick trimmed with a pair of snuffers. I wonder how many of you ever saw or could use a pair of snuffers. Much use was also made of lightwood for lights. Lamps were also in use, but there was no kerosene. Lard oil was much used, but it burned with much smoke. Another means of making a light was a coil of wax wrapped around a small wick and fed off as it turned. This gave a faint light, and had a rather pleasant odor.

Shall I say a word about portrait making? Three years after my birth, in 1839, Daguerre invented the process of making portraits, which were called after him Daguerre-types. I have a Daguerrectype of my grandfather made in 1845. My first picture was made at Edward's gallery in

Charleston when I was six years old. Later, in 1855, came the improved picture, called the Ambrotype, and in 1860 the

photograph.

The period in which I was born was one of great religious and educational activity among Baptists. Luther Rice, the great preacher who traveled all over the United States from north to south preaching missions, died in 1836. Richard Furman, the great Baptist preacher of South Carolina, after whom Furman University was named, had died in 1825. There had been Baptist associations since colonial times, such as the Philadelphia and the Charleston, the Edgefield and Santee River associations in South Carolina. The Triennial Convention—the national assembly of Baptists—was organized at Philadelphia in 1817, and the South Carolina State Convention at Columbia in 1821. Richard Furman was president of the Triennial Convention at Philadelphia in 1817, and also the State Convention in 1821.

As for higher educational institutions, the Baptists had only Brown University until 1817, when Hamilton College, New York, was founded; then came Columbian University at Washington. Later on came Richmond College, Mercer, Furman, 1852, and Wake Forest, which was founded in 1834 as an industrial school, and had hardly become a college in 1836.

There was in 1836 no Citadel Academy. The Citadel was then what its name implies, a fortress and a military magazine, containing 12,000 kegs of powder, cannon, guns, and other equipment, and was manned by a company of soldiers. The Academy was founded by Governor J. P. Richardson in 1840-42. Its first graduate was C. C. Tew, in 1846. Ten vears later, in 1856, I graduated.

Shall I tell you something about the place of my birth, Charleston?

The city is a strip of land a mile wide, with a deep broad river on either side, joining at the point and forming a spacious and beautiful harbor, two miles wide and seven miles long. To the colonists it was known as Oyster Point. Afterwards they named it after the King, Charles II., Charles' Town, and then Charleston. The royal grant of the colony was to Lord Ashley Cooper. So they named the mile-wide river the Ashlev River, and the other, not quite so wide, the Cooper River. The names of the streets are significant. The chief street of the city then, as now, extending for a length of two miles, they called King Street, while a street crossing King Street and extending from the Cooper River on the east to the Ashley River on the west was called Queen Street. George Street reminds one of King George and Anne Street of Queen Anne. Other streets get their names from noted governors, such as Archdale, Bull, Rutledge. And I must not omit to mention Pitt Street, named after the great Prime Minister William Pitt, the friend of the colonists in the dark days of the Revolution.

Two other streets should be noted. On one is the old but beautiful colonial church, St. Philip's—the established Church of England, now the Episcopal Church. Therefore the street was called Church Street. Between Church Street and King Street is Meeting Street, which runs two miles without meeting another. But why, you may ask, was it called by such a strange name? Because on it was the Congregational house of worship. It was not called a church, for the name church was reserved for the houses of the Established Church, but only a meeting house! So the street was called Meeting Street. Nevertheless, on that street later was exceeded the chief colonial church—St. Michael's, a beautiful structure designed by Sir Christopher Wrenn, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The graceful steeple of

St. Michael's was 180 feet high. In it was the famous chime of bells which has five times crossed the Atlantic. When the great Charleston earthquake came on August 31, 1886, it had a curious effect on this great steeple. It did not fall. It only sank, settling five feet into the ground, and thus it stands to this day.

One other church I must mention, the First Baptist Church, which was established in 1683, the first in the entire South. Its first pastor, the Rev. William Screven, came from near Boston.

I should like to take you for a walk around "Ye Old Historic Charleston," but perhaps I have said enough to give some idea of the environment of my boyhood days.



MEMORIES

MRS. ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN

(The reading of this poem followed Dr. Lanneau's Reminiscences in the exercises attending his last birthday. The lines referring to Dr. Lanneau were added shortly atter his death, which occurred a month after the reading of the poem.

Hail, gentle muse, make swift appear The halcyon scenes of yesteryear! Memory, lend assistance straight And all the past illuminate!

Wake Forest, while we sing of thee, Our spirit thrills in ecstacy! Here Spring left footprints in the flowers, Violets smiled through April showers, Maple buds by Dian kissed Empanoplied in rosy mist. Came summer with her torrid noons, Swift lightnings and great copper moons; Then days brimful of purple wine Offered up at Autumn's shrine; Last, winter, trailing robes of pearl, Her pallid banner did unfurl. While 'round each hearth a circle drew, Nor impudent intrusion knew. What though the storm gave no surcease? Within Love reigned and all was peace. Thus the days, in varying guise, Passed in our village Paradise: What happened in the world outside By distance straight was modified, As the fog warning of a horn To those far inland soft is borne.

Ah, quite idvllic now those years, As viewed today through smiles and tears! About each winding village street Kindness crept on eager feet: Wherever sorrow touched a heart Love straightway came to heal the smart; Where joy appeared in jocund guise Joy spoke again from happy eyes. Homes whose ample doors stood wide, Shoulders touched on every side: Whether he came by night or day No suppliant went unblest away. How shall we gauge the worth of these Who shared life's lowliest ministries Who felt their highest glory won By household duties cheerly done; In guiding little fect aright, In keeping Faith's lamp gleaming bright, Nor let their fancy outward roam Beyond their chosen kingdom-home! Lankford, Royall, Mills, Brenan, Simmons, Dickson, Walters, Vann. Wingate, Powell, Purefov-Pure gold these without alloy; They now God's nearer presence know Who humbly walked with Him below! One who his shining silver hair Like a haloed saint did wear Ministered to all who came In his hallowed Master's name, Till his carthly work was done. Then fell his mantle on a son Gentle, tender, Christlike, loyal: Honor crowns the name of Royall!

Across from where a lordly tree Towered in lofty majesty, A mother in Israel there dwelt. Nor one within her ken but felt The blessing of her quiet life Peacemaker she, in time of strife, Of noble heritage, she told Of tribulations manifold When she, a child, had followed far Her father's onward guiding star: Like Abraham of old he came, This pioneer of honored name: From the chill, far-distant North By wise Providence sent forth. Wait, we pause with heads low bent, Wake Forest's primal President! Of godly sire fit child was she, Mother Brewer, friend of infancy! In an ivv-shaded bower.

In an ivy-shaded bower,
Set about with shrub and flower,
Lived three quaint sisters with their store
Of quainter legends; though three score
Yet still yelept maids. A wondrous sight
Their walls with ancient prints bedight;
Like tapestries brought by those who rove
In storied East, the rugs they wove.
Ah I here a happy child might stay
Untroubled on a rainy day,
Delving in the goodly store
Of "Godcy's," or listening to lore
From lips which never weary grew
Of telling all the spinsters knew.
This was subtle art indeed
That thus supplied the children's need.

On Sunday, down the village street Children trooped on happy feet; Then was the story told to them How Christ was born in Bethlehem By one who, faithful to reprove, Yet ever spoke the truth in love. Who shall give Mrs. Johnson med Who planted thus the precious seed?

Just beyond the campus wall
A teacher kept her flock in thrall:
Not only droning A B C's,
But lessons weightier far than these
Were taught, of giving thought "unto the least,"
Of kindliness to man and beast;
Nor passed a day but what a part
Of Holy Writ was learned by heart.
Pure in the faith, in very truth,
She who trained the village youth;
Many rise and call her blest
Who deep their plastic minds impressed.
And now, with faltering tones and low,

We speak the name of John Lanneau. A few short months and he was here, Honored, beloved. God spake out clear His final summons, calling home This faithful son, who said, "I come!" Peace and kindliness and grace Had left their impress on his face, He heeded not mere mortal stings Whose thoughts were on celestial things.

In lawns wide-spreading set apart, Of the whole village life the heart The College stood. Her mellow bell Sounded for passing souls the knell; Or joyous pealed to summon all To gather in high earnival. Each ancient pile of brick and stone By wandering ivy overgrown Could boast a noble history Of labors for humanity. Full well the founders here had wrought Who thus expressed their burning thought: What though the walls meant sacrifice? Many gladly paid the price, That here the forward-looking youth Might without hindrance seek for truth!

What thoughts you wake, Memorial Hall! The common meeting place of all: Young, old, farmer, college don, Met in folk-moot here as one: While from their vantage overhead The darkies heard what white folks said. And with respectful, chastened mien Looked down upon the changing scene. Here was preaching of the Word, When the Spirit, like a sword, Smote. In Heav'n rejoicing, grew As sin-sick souls were born anew. Here many a lad of callow age Made first appearance on the stage His maiden eloquence to try Before eyes soft with sympathy. Here those on whom Fame's accolade Had fallen, burning words have said; We gaze on thee with softened eyes, Dear place of hallowed memories! Sequestered in the campus close

The Bodleian of the College rose.

Here, rank on rank, the old tomes stood:
Could Heaven grant any higher good
Than in such company to stay
While passed unheeded hours away?
On far, mysterious seas to fare,
In deeds of daring-do to share;
To sip at wells of poesy,
To learn the truth that makes men free;
Vigils long to keep with sages;
The garnered wisdom of the ages
To have to fill one's deepest need,
This were a privilege indeed!

Commencement in a College town! When Seniors donned the cap and gown: When housewives' brows with care were knit Lest fowls wax o'erdone on the spit. Alas for Chanticleer's jaunty head When the festal board was spread! And here and von on village street Old college cronics smiled to meet, As each in reminiscent vein Told what he'd done and where he'd been And what of life had been his share Since leaving Alma Mater's care. Cov lassies, meantime, were aware Of gay new ribands in their hair, Preening that each graceful line Might show of rustling crinoline! The valedictory is done. Men turn to greet the rising sun, Then sally forth with courage high Wake Forest's name to glorify.

And in their own appointed place There lived friends of another race: Children still in intellect, Mayhap, in God's eyes, the elect. Faithful in their lowly sphere, Their kindly words had power to cheer; Reverent they laid the dead away, Then taught grief-stricken souls to pray. Who says their pleadings went no higher Than Olive Branch's lowly spire? The humble church-house was to some Of Heaven itself the ante-room. Aunt Esther, Willis, Uncle Jack, Fain would we have these faithful back! Each beaming, honest, darkling face On walls of memory has a place.

Ah, blessed lot, thus to have known Companionship of tree and stone:
In some dim forest aisle remote
There to have learned the thrush's note,
Or in the fastness of the wood
To have known the brooklet's mood.
To have found the secret of content
Is not contained in accident
Of birth, or dowering, or age,
But in the goodly heritage
Of life in such a neighborhood
Where brothers seek the highest good;
Where friends in unanimity
Work for the day that is to be.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Vol. XLI November, 1921

No. 2

J. R. NELSON



EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

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In dedicate

This issue of The Student is respectfully dedicated to the memory of John Francis Lanneau. It will ever be a glory to Wake Forest

College that Dr. Lanneau was for thirty-one years a member of the faculty of the institution. If for no other reason that this, it were fitting that we should seek to do him honor. But it is impossible that glory should be reflected in only one direction by a man whose usefulness has been as widespread as his; whose Christian service has reached, by reason of his influence upon others, far beyond the circle of his own activity. His long life of eighty-five years touched and blessed the lives of many hundreds of students; his colleagues in the several institutions with which he was connected testify that their associations with him have been fruitful to themselves; he made valuable contributions to science; he gave himself to the eause of the Confederacy when there was need for him—nor is it possible, by enumerating thus a far greater number of his accomplishments, to measure the whole extent of his usefulness. Above all, he served his God in all things as his great love for the kingdom directed him. They who do this are those who count for the most in the world.

One of the contributors to this number wrote with the article which he sent: "When your letter was received I felt that owing to the short notice given and the pressure of other demands on my time it would be almost impracticable for me to comply with your request. . . But such had been my relations with Professor Lanneau that I felt constrained to try to pay my poor tribute to the memory of one whom I so highly esteemed." Though cut off from the world several months ago, Dr. Lanneau yet lives; the monument of his deeds stands high and commands honor and respect from all whom he touched and all who may yet hear of him. And so we have endeavored to add our voice to the praises of thousands by noting within these pages the tributes of a few of the great man's friends.

Several articles for this issue have not been received on the date of going to press. They will probably appear in subsequent issues.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. NELSON, Editor

We welcome to Wake Forest Dr. A. Paul Bagby, who came on September 22d and began at once his work as pastor of the local church and as college chaplain. He was for ten years pastor of the Highland Baptist Church, Louisville, Kentucky, and is a graduate of Richmond College and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The zeal and energy with which he has begun his work and the great sermons he preaches attest him to be the kind of man for whom the church had been looking since the pastorate became vacant by the resignation of Dr. C. D. Graves last January.

On Sunday, September 18th, a series of evangelistic services in the Wake Forest church was begun by Dr. C. E. Maddry, secretary of the Baptist State Convention. On account of sickness, Dr. Maddry was unable to take part in the meeting after Tuesday of that week. Dr. W. R. Cullom preached on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and from Friday through the following Wednesday the services were conducted by Dr. Baeby.

The efforts of these able preachers were not without result. A great deal of interest was manifested from the first, the congregations were large, and there were various prayer meetings held regularly throughout the period of the meeting. At the close of the services a large number of students and others with membership in other churches had been received under the watchcare of the church, and many were received by letter and others as candidates for baptism.

All the classes have now held their elections and their various officers have stepped into the respective places with characteristic dignity. The list is as follows: Senior: R. S. Averitt, president; Oscar Hauser, vice-president; W. B. Booe, secretary; N. N. Harte, treasurer; R. B. Dawes, orator; J. R. Nelson, poet; A. L. Goodrich, prophet; J. F. Hoge, testator; E. F. Holman, historian; C. B. Howard, member honor committee.

Junior: T. Barnes, president; G. B. Tayloe, vice-president; T. W. Evans, secretary-treasurer; G. W. Blount, historian; L. C. Mitchell, member honor committee.

Sophomore: Stanley Johnson, president; G. M. Modlin, vice-president; R. L. Pugh, secretary; C. V. Williams, treasurer; R. W. Harrison, member honor committee.

Freshman; L. A. Peacock, president; R. K. Newton, vice-president; R. R. Patterson, secretary; K. Edwards, treasurer; J. Alderman, historian.

Ministerial: J. C. Hough, president; N. J. Todd, vice-president; B. L. Mullinax, secretary-treasurer; E. S. Elliot, member honor committee.

I.aw: W. M. Nicholson, president; W. F. Hester, vice-president; H. E. Montieth, secretary-treasurer; G. T. Carswell, historian; W. B. Booe, member honor committee.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra for a number of weeks have been practicing their fall program, and will leave within a few days for their first trip. Dr. H. M. Poteat, the director, began work with the club and orchestra just after the beginning of the session, and after all vacancies were filled from a large number of aspirants, the regular practice began.

The fall schedule, as arranged by Manager C. P. Harris, includes a week-end trip to Clayton and Buie's Creek on November 4 and 5, and the following prospective itinerary: November 18, Fayetteville; November 19, Lumberton; November 20, Wilmington; November 21, New Bern; November 22, Washington; November 24, Greenville; November 25, Kinston; November 26, Goldsboro.

The members of the Glee Club and Orchestra are as follows: Dr. H. M. Poteat, director; W. L. Bowman, A. J. Flannigan, J. L. Lovelace, B. L. Mullinax, R. C. Shields, J. B. Alderman, D. M. Castello, E. L. Hinds, W. M. Nichol-

son, S. N. Lamb, R. E. Poole, N. N. Harte, W. H. Powell, C. Robertson, V. B. Stringfield, A. T. Hawkins, J. R. Knott, E. N. Riddle, R. W. Slate, J. S. Thompson, J. C. Young, and W. J. Wyatt.

The Education Club has completed its organization, and with Dr. D. B. Bryan as faculty advisor is making new and aggressive plans for its field of work through the year. Officers were elected as follows: H. T. Ray, president; K. D. Brown, vice-president; E. T. Boyette, secretary; C. S. Green, corresponding secretary; J. C. Hough, treasurer; W. O. Kelly, poet; F. W. Jarvis, historian.

B. Y. P. U. interest at Wake Forest has grown to considerable proportions. The enthusiasm and consistent work of A. N. Corpening, general president, and his associates, M. L. Robinson and P. O. Purser, are largely responsible for the efficient work being done. Six sections meet every Surday evening, and various trips in the interest of extension work have been made by representatives from several of them. All six unions so far have maintained the A-1 standard and section A has challenged the others to meet its record for the year. To wrest the State banner from Mars Hill is the highest aim of all six. The section presidents are: W. Thomas Ward, A; W. M. Page, B; E. L. Spivey, C; G. W. Blount, D; J. C. Anders, E; E. L. Roberts, F.

The Lavoisier Chemical Soicety has begun its work of another year with these officers: R. S. Averitt, president; N. N. Harte, vice president; W. G. Cheves, secretary; P. V. Hamrick, treasurer.

Since there are no student contributions in this issue there will be no prizes this month. Attention is here called to the prizes and medals regularly offered. At the commencement next May a gold medal will be given the writer of the best essay published in Turs Stydent depring the year, a similar medal to the writer of the best story, and a handsome pin to the writer of the best poem. Monthly prizes are offered as follows: \$2.50 for the best cosay; \$2.50 for the best story; and \$1 for the best poem. These are paid in cash after announcement of the winners by the Faculty Editor each time.

ALUMNI NOTES

I. C. PAIT. Editor

Mr. J. I. Singletary, '03, has held a responsible position in the Wachovia Bank, Winston-Salem, N. C., since 1912.

Mr. Charles O. Bridger, '11, is secretary and treasurer of the Bladenboro Cotton Mills at Bladenboro, N. C.

Mr. H. P. Johnson, '14, is practicing law in Kenly, N. C.

Rev. R. E. Powell, '12, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Bladenboro, N. C.

Mr. A. H. Pait, '07, is manager of the Virginia branch of the Maryland Casualty Company. His office is in Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. Carlyle Campbell, M.A., '16, who for several years has taught at Buie's Creek Academy, is now attending Columbia University, New York City.

A cablegram from Canton, China, announces the safe arrival of Rev. M. T. Rankin, '18, who sailed for that point as a missionary, August 27.

Mr. L. S. Inscoe, '16, is county superintendent of Nash County, and in other ways prominent in the county's affairs.

Mr. H. C. Bridger, '05, is cashier of the Bank of Bladenboro, Bladenboro, N. C.

Mr. J. L. Britt, '20, is practicing law in Lumberton, N. C.

Mr. H. M. Jackson, '21, is practicing law in Sanford, N. C.

Rev. T. E. Walters, B.A., '20, and Miss Virginia Irene Rodwell were married at the home of the bride's parents in Macon, N. C., September 7.

Rev. O. F. Herring, M.A., '10, for two years principal of the Dell School, expects to take the Th.D. degree at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary next spring.

Mr. R. F. Paschal, '14, is practicing law in Siler City, N. C.

Mr. Marshall Shepherd, B.A., '97, after twenty-four years of active service in the political and educational life of Robeson and Bladen counties, has retired to a farm near Orrum, N. C.

Mr. B. R. Page, B.A., '15, is principal of the Magnolia High School.

Mr. L. H. Campbell, M.A., '16, has retired from the mercantile business, and is teaching again at Buie's Creek Academy.

Rev. J. M. Hester, B.A., '17, who is chaplain in the U. S. Navy, and now on duty in Constantinople, Turkey, was married to Miss Margaret McNaughton, a missionary in that city, in June. With the U. S. S. S. L. Louis at their command, they have cruised the waters of the eastern world, and write interestingly from many points, among which are Egypt and the Holy Land. A letter received from them recently states that they will sail for the United States on the 26th of October.

Mr. Joseph R. Taylor, '96, is successfully practicing law in Martinsville, Va. The following letter, received by the Business Manager and published with permission of the writer, shows not only that he is successful, but the spirit with which the generous-hearted alumni of Wake Forest College rally to the support of their Alma Mater:

"With pleasure I am herewith sending you check for \$1.50 covering subscription to The Wake Forest Student, and in any other way possible you can rely upon me for cooperation and support.

"On the 20th day of September, 1805, John H. Kerr, Walters Durham, and myself left Wake Forest together for Raleigh, where on the next day we took the examination before the Supreme Court for license to practice law, we three, by accident, or providential arrangement, being successful.

"I returned at once to my native county in Virginia and commenced the practice of law, and the larger part of the time since then have been engaged in the prosecution of 'scamps.'

"All through these many years I have never-returned to Wake Forest, because business has never called me there, and have never felt that I had the time to make a social visit, but have all the while kept in touch with the great work and progress of the college, and my whole heart has been in It all.

"I often think of the noble men who labored there then, some of whom are now there. Most especially do I often think of the noble, generous hearted, and learned N. Y. Gulley, my law teacher. All young men intending to enter the profession of law should sit at his feet for instruction. Whatever my success has been, it is all due to his efficient teaching.

"If you further need me, do not fail to let me know."

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

THE OBSTACLE RACE. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnams' Sons. \$2.

Recognized as modern fiction's mysterious writer, living her secluded life in the country near London and rarely over seen in public, Ethel M. Dell possesses a recognized rare ability and charm as a writer of swiftly moving and tensely emotional novels that are usually well constructed, have plenty of action and a great variety of incidents. In this story Miss Dell has a complicated plot that never fails to keep the reader in doubt as to the final outcome of the situations that arise.

The writer selects as her heroine a member of a rapid social set in London who grows tired of the sham and pretense of it all and flees incognito to a remote place on the British coast where she resides in simple life, becomes the companion of the wife of the squire, and falls in love with the village school teacher. The reader begins to doubt immediately that sho is some other than the inconsequent person she pretends to be, and around this centers the big surprises of the story. The young woman goes about the village "as a sort of ministering angel, winning the affection of every one, from the school teacher's pitiful misshapen brother to the squire's spoiled and hysterical wife." She is rather a sort of character that is too good to be true. The novel may be summarized as a story of great passions, renunciation, sacrificeand a love "that passes understanding"; the story of a strugglo in a woman's soul against the destructive, degrading influences surrounding her in the poisonous atmosphere of latter-day society life. From this struggle we have the book's title, "The Obstacle Race."

THE EMPTY SACK. By Basil King. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.

Into the stories of Basil King we always see woven the problems set by the complications of modern life, ethical, economic, industrial, commercial, artistic. Using his characters as puppets whose actions and words express what he thinks needs to be said the writer pays due attention to all these in this new novel.

The story is unusually interesting, a quality which many of his previous novels have lacked. The title implies the whole theme, in that "the empty sack" is a worn-out employee, discharged because he is no longer efficient. The conditions of modern life are portrayed in the two family groups, Josiah Follet, grown useless with time and age, and his family, and Banker Collingham, with his wife and children; around them develops the drama, following Follet's discharge. In a very admirable way the author works out this drama in which the son of Collingham meets and falls in love with the daughter of Follet. Until the very last pages of the book the reader is left in doubt, even as the girl herself is in doubt. Young Collingham is an unusual character, "curiously out of harmony with his time, his age, and his bringing up." But the girl is a much more believable and interesting character.

Because of the importance in the life of today of the problems of conduct which he sets before his characters, critical readers will find that the author has made many vital openings which invite thought and discussion. Numerous passages in the book also give some exquisite description, especially that of Manhattan from the Palisades.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR. By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.

We all realize that certain economic and political interests of the United States and Japan do not harmonize, but all hopes of an amicable settlement are lost if we seek out every means of embittering relations, as has Peter B. Kyne in his new novel, "The Pride of Palomar."

Though primarily not evolved out of the present Japanese question, Mr. Kyne's novel presents to the would-be Japanese-hater a world of material for his foundation. Claiming as its mission, "to awaken America to the dangers of Japanese immigration," the story relates the efforts of a young Californian, Don Mike Farrel, to save his ranch from falling completely into the grasp of a scheming New York financier who plans to make a deal with Okada, a Japanese, a result of which the land will be cultivated by Japanese farmers.

Determined to save his old home place, with its beautiful valleys and green hills, from the brown aliens, Don Mike Farrel grows frantic, but finally succeeds in securing enough money to prevent the financier from foreclosing a mortgage. The heroine of the story is the daughter of Parker, the financier, who, because of her love for Don Mike, schemes against her father to save the ranch for the Californian and marries Don Mike, thus saving that much of California from the "menace" of further Japanese colonization.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Announcement: All magazines that are being exchanged for The Wake Forest Student will be found in the library in the care of the librarian. Look them over. You will find some splendid articles in them, ranging in thought all the way from philosophy and speculation to thrilling narratives and varied types of poetry.

The above announcement to the students here is only a step toward earrying out the purpose of the Exchange Department as set forth in the last issue, namely, to help the students of this College to become better acquainted with other colleges. and to bring us into a closer fellowship with them. If the colleges that receive THE STUDENT wish to do the same with it, be assured that it will be appreciated. If there is anything in it worth while it is too good to be kept by the exchange editor. On the other hand, if it is not what it should be we will justly deserve a reprimand from you.

At the time this goes to the press only one magazine has reached us, The Acorn, from Meredith College, and a number of papers published by colleges which do not have magazines.

The Acorn is worthy of the tree from which it falls. Without doubt the content of the magazine during the year will reveal the spirit of the institution and the character of the writers. Coming, as it does, from a girls' college, the poem, "To Alethia," commends itself, for it pictures the perfect woman. Perhaps the best expression of this in literature is found in Wordsworth's "She Was a Phantom of Delight." The essay, "Why is Falstaff the Greatest Humorist in All Shakespeare?" makes a thorough study of the character. Although in some details the writer does not agree with the author, it is well worthy of study by students reading Henry IV. A shorter title could be used to advantage. The other selections of The Acorn are up to standard.

The Mississippi Collegian has an attraction that must be peculiar to the atmosphere encircling the school. The paper is well written and has some choice selections. The report of the game between Tulane and Mississippi College is interesting. Still it seems to give only one side of the affair.

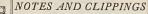
The Bethel Collegian covers a wide variety of subjects. The "Bethel Lyceum Course" is an attractive article. Mr. Tague, in "When Mother Looks at Me," expresses in words what is going on in the mind of the college boy. Familiar subjects are interesting when skillfully handled.

The Orange and Blue has some very fine editorials, entitled "Why Not Use Your Time Profitably?" "The Door to Success is Labeled Push," and "Anti-Procrastination." Articles of interest are given on state, national, and international affairs.

The Yellow Jacket Weekly gives ample space for sporting news. This is not limited to games and prospects of games, but includes helpful articles on how every man can help. The "Literary" section is filled with humorous selections that help to take away the blues.

The Howard Crimson gives liberal space to the alumni, which is a good feature of every paper. The editorials are well directed to meet the needs of the college. However, no space is given to blossoming genius. Is it because of a lack of space or from fear that the nerves of the readers will be too heavily taxed ℓ

One of the best parts of *The Carolinian* of Greensboro is the variety that is given. News, jokes, and alumni notes are well balanced. The article, "Men's Colleges and Women's" was well worth repeating. It is one that will put the ordinary man to thinking.



A. L. GOODRICH, Editor

Q

NOVEMBER

N-earby the pensive stream passes slowly to the sea.

O-n its bosom sylvan ships, in procession slow,

V—enture forth on their last voyage. Behind the parent tree E—xclaims in broken whispers, while bending to and fro,

"M-y children, O, my children, are lost to me at last!"

B-ut playing in the self-same tree, a squirrel as happy as can be,

E-mits a bark, and somersaulting till the fleet is past, R-uns the gamut of squirrel folly to please the grieving tree.

J. R. K., '24.

Spivey: "Nutty," what makes your jaw stick out so?

"Nutty" Howell: Because my boarding club provides me with nothing to exercise them on.

Bill Nicholson: I hear the voice teacher at Meredith thinks you have a real genius for singing.

J. B. Alderman (who takes one voice lesson a week at Meredith): Yes, Miss Stillwell says all I need now is a course in electrocution just to finish me off. like.

Dr. Tom was burning dead grass when Newish Patterson stopped and said: "You are foolish to do that, Dr. Tom; it will make the campus as black as you are."

Doctor Tom: "Don't you worry about dat. Dat grass will grow out and be as green as you is."

WANTED

Some one to tell Newish Kimball that the names he sees on the arch are not the names of students buried there.

SPARK PLUG VS. FUSE

When a fuse burned out last week R. L. Andrews, from University Station, said to Dr. Tom: "Please get us another spark plug; one of ours blew out last night."

PASTE THIS ON YOUR LIZZIE

If some of the automobilists will turn tortoise and slow down, it will save them from turning turtle and smashing up.

Extracts from a bona fide letter from one summer school student to another. Real thing on demand.

7:45 P M Just left you at corner

Dearest Sweet Heart:

Since I have decided not to leave before the speaking and missed going over with you, and hearing you talk some and also several sweet smiles, I have just got to try and write you a few lines. How can I keep from it when you have been so sweet and nice to me as to write me two short notes and pass them by hand for the last day or so, and not only that darling, but the comfort you gave me last night. Darling, if I could only tell you just how good you did make me feel, why then I don't believe you could turn so many things around as you do. Why dearest, it was the only time real life came by me—
but I am ashamed of myself, being I can nothing like come up with what you have done for me and I have a special time in mind to Hun.
Oh: Darling Sweetheart, you more than thrilled me when you said you was going to be—

Bunch, as always you sure were looking some good this afternoon and I meant the last words I spoke to you, too. I'll declare Hun It just seems as if I can't get close enough to you.

I am so glad that you do not aim to get mad with me tonight only wished you would have extended it and said you would never get mad with me for it sure does hurt me for you to get mad with me.

I must stop as it is almost time for me to come to see you Hun,

and oh! how glad I am sweetheart.

Yours M. ? ?

"Sky" Tapp: Hey, young man, I wonder if you can help me start this Ford? Do you know anything about Fords? "Newish" Slate: Yes, I know a lot of jokes about a Ford.

PLEASE TELL

"Newish" Hasty that there are no restrictions about putting pictures on the dormitory room walls.

"Newish" Robertson where the PHYSICAL Building is.

"Freshman" White what day of the week Thanksgiving comes on.

"Newish" Covington that it is not necessary to see a doctor when afflicted with GARMENTS and ANCESTORS.

"Newish" Carter that it is not necessary to get a dean's excuse for absence from B. Y. P. U.

"Newish" Lyon that it was unnecessary for him to get those two cards used for applying for a degree.

Layton that a chewing gum ball numbered 507 with the 7 scratched off is not good for one dollar in trade at Holding's.

Everybody that Hasty was so sore after gym that he couldn't stoop UP,

Edwards: I often shaved my leg when I was a "Newish." Ward: Why? Couldn't you find your face?

BALLAD OF A BEAU

I hold my love to a woman—
What fools we mortals be!
I have apart my secret heart
And the woman she laughed at me.

I hold my love to a woman—
Fools were ever fools, I ween;
My honor and gold were her's to hold
And the woman she stripped me clean.

I hold my love to a woman—
The words that I said were lies;
I saw them glow and I came to know
The love in a woman's eyes.

"161."



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In writing to Advertisers mention THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLI

December, 1921

No. 3

THE YULE-LOG'S STORY

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

The Yule-log burns to a glowing ember;
The warmth slowly dies. Without, December
Prepares for the journey, long and drear,
To the dead, barren lands of yesteryear.

We open the door and step without
Luto the fury of the night. A shout,
Though strong, would fall as softly as
A whisper. Midnight! The old year has
Girded its loins and started to
Lis lonely sepulchre. The watching few
Who stand beneath the soughing trees
Are lost in a sea of memories.

We enter the house again, and lo! We see no sign of the Yule-log's glow; But the ash-gold burned from the Yule-log's dross Lies in the shape of the Savior's Cross.

THE WINNER

Lydia, a graduate of three weeks, wins a long-promised tour of foreign countries through an act of real bravery

I. C. PAIT, '23

"No, Eleanor, we'll not sell that lot!"

Miss Matilda Locksley spoke with an unmistakable air of decision. She brought her jaws together with a sudden (click," which all who knew her understood as final. Her thin lips were drawn in a firm, straight line, and the pallor of unshaken determination settled over her sharp features. She sat primly in her high-backed chair, drew her neatly-booted feet together, and folded her slender hands with precision. Casting a piercing glance over her silver-rimmed spectacles at her sister, who sat on the opposite side of the perfectly-arranged parlor, she repeated:

"No, we will not sell that lot!"

"Just as you say, Matilda. You're older, and I suppose you know better."

"Well, I can't see that it is a matter of age or experience,"
Miss Matilda returned sharply, "Im only forty-nine, anyway.
Any child ought to be able to see the absolute nonsense in
selling a perfectly good piece of property just to enable that
spoiled, whimsical girl to go abroad with a set of rattle-heads.
It shall not happen! That much is settled!"

"But, Matilda, you can't say that the Bradleys are rattle heads! And, too, you know that all Locksleys go abroad for a year immediately after graduating. I feel that we are due her that much."

"Due her!"

A decided note of disgust permeated Miss Matilda's sharp voice. Pointing a slender finger at her sister, who was of a

more pliable disposition, she continued:

"I feel that we have done enough for Joe Bingham's girl.
We've housed, clothed, and fed her since she was three days
old, and now that she is through college, you would sell to
bread out of our mouths, and the roof from over our heads in
order to keep up an old family custom. She's not a Locksley,
anyhow; she's Joe Bingham's girl."

"Yes, Matilda," Miss Eleanor softly replied, "and she's

Lucy's girl, too."

For a moment Miss Matilda's set features softened, and a mist gathered in her steel-gray eyes. Then, as though acting upon sudden impulse, she arose and swept, tall and stately, from the room. On the threshold she turned and exclaimed:

"That's settled once for all time! We will not sell that lot!"

The softness had gone from her unsmiling features, and her eyes flashed a bold defiance.

Out on the broad, cool porch, behind the tall, white columns, sat the personage just under discussion. Lydia Bingham was all that the girl graduate could be: sweet, simple, and charming. The blush of roses spread in profusion over her beautiful face, and her gentle and congenial manner was characteristic of the most genteel breeding. She was just twenty years old. When her mother, Lucy Locksley, the family favorite, was her age, she had rejected the man whom her sisters had wished her to marry, and to their grief had eloped with Joe Bingham, a printer. A year later, at Lydia's birth, she died in a distant city without having been forgiven by her sisters. They had attended the funeral, and with the permission of the grief-stricken father, had carried the 138

red, squirming bundle-of-a-baby back to the old Locksley mansion, telling the father that "for Lucy's sake" they would rear and educate her. Six months later the unfortunate father had been killed in a train wreck, leaving Lydia entirely to the care of her aunts. Miss Matilda, once sweet, happy, and carefree, had been disappointed in an early love, and had grown to a spinster with all of a spinster's peculiarities. Miss Eleanor, although a spinster in years, was still the sweet, congenial being that had made her a favorite of her classmates. Guided by Miss Matilda's severe ruling, and Miss Eleanor's loving kindness, Lydia had grown from childhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood. Now she was a graduate of only two weeks. The Bradleys, cultured, wealthy, and influential, were leaving in September for a year's tour of Europe and the Far East. Knowing the custom of the Locksleys, they had invited Lydia to accompany them. The Lockslevs, aristocratic and influential, had once been very wealthy, but a spendthrift in the family a generation earlier had reduced the bank account to a pitiful amount. However, they still owned some of the most valuable property of their thriving little city, and any day could easily swell their bank account to its original size by selling this property to anxious bidders. At the time of Lydia's graduation, the question of sending her abroad had arisen between her maiden aunts. Miss Eleanor had proposed the sale of property as a means of finance. Miss Matilda had bitterly objected, and all had apparently been settled by the scene just enacted in the parlor. Lydia would not go abroad.

Lydia had been an unwilling hearer of the conversation of her aunts, and as Miss Matilda swept from the parlor, she arose from her seat and slowly walked around the house and entered the rose garden. She intended to be cheerful, but every movement of her trim figure unconsciously betrayed the keen disappointment which cut at her heart, threatening her with a flood of tears. She had dreamed of picturesque Japan, China with its wealth of curios, the Holy Land, and Europe. With a child's eagerness she had studied these countries, feeling confident that after graduation she would have her heart's desire: actually to visit them. She had built her castles only to see them crumble when she was almost ready to occupy them. The world's treasures were forever lost to her. Her eyes dimmed, and a tear fell. Cutting an armful of choice roses, she forced a cheerful smile, entered the diningroom, and began to arrange them upon the table. Miss Eleanor was seated by the east window polishing silverware.

"You're packing the silver away early, aren't you, Aunt Eleanor?" Lydia questioned.

"Yes," Miss Elcanor replied sweetly. "We will go to the country in two weeks, and I never like to pack the silver away unpolished. Would you like to help me?"

"I'd love to!" Lydia exclaimed. Then, as she remembered the morning's disappointment, she added: "I hate being idle,

anyway."

No better proof of the former wealth of the Locksleys could be produced than the rare collection of silverware which Miss Eleanor and Lydia polished that day. Each service had a charming history which Miss Eleanor repeated as they worked. By the middle of the afternoon, the whole collection stood upon the dining table, ready for the vault. Miss Matilda and Miss Eleanor had a 4-o'clock engagement; therefore Lydia and the maid were left to arrange it upon the vault shelves. As they worked, an impatient knock sounded at the side door, and, with a casket of the most valuable silver in her hands, Lydia answered it.

"Could you give a hungry man a snack?" eame a gruff voice from the other side of the screen.

Lydia almost dropped the casket as her glance fell upon the grimy figure of the questioner.

"I—I guess so," she nervously stammered, as she directed him to the kitchen door.

As she passed the food to him a feeling of pity swept over her as she noticed that the first finger was missing from the hand that received it. He turned, and, without a word of thanks, made his way to the street.

Lydia returned to the dining-room, and by supper time every shining piece of silver occupied its respective place behind the heavy grating of the vault. Miss Matilda came in, and, with tilted chin, gave the vault a hawk-like inspection, pronounced the job "very well done," closed and locked the doors, placed the key in her secret pocket, and led the way to supper. Lydia was glad she had done the day's work, as it gave her a ravenous appetite, the satisfying of which she let substitute for conversation. She retired to her room early in the evening in order to write some letters. At the foot of the stairs she paused to throw a kiss to each of her annts, and called a merry "Good night," Miss Eleanor returned the kiss with a murmured "Good night, dear," but Miss Matilda only replied in a formal voice, "Good night, Lydia."

"She's such a dear, sweet girl," Miss Eleanor said softly. "It seems to me that she becomes more like Lucy every day."

Again Miss Matilda's sharp features relaxed. A tear gathered in her eyes, trickled down her marble-white check, hung for a moment upon her sharp chin, and splashed down upon her slender hands. Then, as was her custom at such times, she arose and left the room. Lydia passed on to her room, and, after writing the letters, retired. As the cool breeze fanned her to sleep, she dreamed that an ancient pile of stone loomed before her, and drawing nearer, she found it to be the Colosseum.

Suddenly she awakened. Her heart fluttered nervously, and a presentiment of evil swept over her. She glanced at the radio clock and was surprised that its hands indicated 1:20 o'clock. Just as she was beginning to dream again, a nuffled noise from some part of the house aroused her again. The same presentiment of evil seized her and refused to let her sleep. Slipping into a robe and bedroom slippers, she glided toward the door as noiselessly as a spirit from the other world. For a moment she hesitated in fear, but telling herself that the presentiment was only an illusion of a disappointed mind, she examined the second floor and passed on toward the stairs.

In the hall below, a ghostly silence prevailed which caused her to tremble with fear, but she moved on through the reception hall, into the parlor, and was stretching out her hand to draw aside the heavy portieres which divided the spacious dining-room from the parlor when a muffled tread from within caused her to draw back in horror. A scream arose to her throat, but her better judgment told her that silence was the only channel of safety should the intruder prove hostile. Summoning her courage, she tiptoed to the portiere and nervously peered through the parting. Nothing stirred, and she was about to push her way into the room, thinking the muffled step to have been another illusion. She took one step forward, and almost swooned as a small circle of light suddenly appeared on the wall, dangerously near, and began to creep, like a gigantic spider, along the wall. On and on it crept. It found the switch and seemed to hang there for a moment. Suppose he should turn on the light! But no, that awful spot of light began its searching conquest one more, and to the eyes of the watching girl it revealed, one after another, the familiar objects in the room. It reached a large hunting scene and swept over it; then the side arms of a great-unde glittered for a moment as the light passed on to a huge set of antlers. Across the china closet it played, then to the sideboard, where it lingered enessingly upon a few pieces of the supper service, and finally to the paneled doors which hid the heavy iron grating of the vault from view. There it remained, and a cat-like tread told the girl that some one was walking across the floor.

The silver! To scream might mean death. To go for help would be too slow, leaving the burglar to carry away a handsome fortune in silverware. To ring the telephone bell or awaken her aunts would only frighten away a scamp who rightly belonged within prison walls. A slight "click" called her attention back to the circle of light. A hand was inserting a skeleton key into the lock, and she noticed that the first finger was missing from that hand. A wave of anger swept fear aside as she recalled the incident of the afternoon with the tramp. He should have his deserts! The doors swung open and the circle of light revealed the grating beyond. The hand of the missing finger thrust a revolver into the circle of light, and, after removing the safety, placed it upon the floor within easy reach. Another "click" and the grating swung noiselessly back, and the circle of light disappeared into the vault.

She must get the revolver! But did she dare undertake such a risk? Time was precious, and she must do something; therefore she began a cautious advance. As she moved along her determination seemed to melt away, and the

rigidness of fear settled over her. The noiseless swish of her robes sounded to her like rushing winds, and the pounding of her fast-beating heart sounded in her ears like the mad beat of hammers. Perspiration stood upon her brow, and an unseen burden seemed to bear her down. The distance was half covered when she touched a chair, producing a sound barely audible, but it rang in her strained ears as distinctly as a pistol shot. She erouched behind the chair as the eirele of light played about the room for a moment, then the "elink, elink" of silver told her that the burglar was again about his business. Then she moved on to the door, and with a trembling hand felt for the revolver, grasped it, and began to retreat.

She must have light in order to earry out the plans which ran riot in her throbbing brain; therefore she began to feel her way toward the switch. Holding the revolver in her right hand, she stretched out her trembling left hand for the switch. Did she dare do it? Involuntarily she drew her hand back with a swift, nervous jerk. Her arm struck a chair sharply; it tottered, and then fell to the floor with a resounding erash. The crisis was forced upon her. With a swift motion of the left hand she touched the switch, and the room was flooded with light.

From the vault a guttural voice pronounced a bitter oath. There was a crash of falling silver as a bulky figure landed where the revolver had lain. He was foiled. Again that guttural voice hurled a bitter oath, and its owner sprang to his feet, his flashing eyes meeting those of the girl.

"Hands up!"

Her voice was shrill and trembled with fear, and the frail hand that pointed the heavy weapon trembled violently. A menacing grin swept over the man's debauched features, and his thick lips parted wickedly as he beheld his weak captor. With his flashing eyes set straight into hers, he began to advance upon the trembling girl.

"Hands up!"

The command was almost a scream. Still he advanced without hesitancy.

 Λ third time the tremulous voice gave the shrill eommand, but still the brute advanced.

There was a flash and the sharp report of a revolver, followed by a scream of torture from the over-wrought girl. She reeled uncertainly, caught at the edge of the table, and erumpled in a pitiful heap upon the floor.

A few minutes later she opened her eyes and looked into the terrified faces of her aunts. They tenderly helped her to her feet, and began to ply her with questions. Then what she saw in the center of the room caused her strength to return with a rush. Two men in blue uniforms were securing the hands of a sulking man, and she noticed that the first finger was missing from one of those hands. When the shackles were securely around his wrists, one of the officers addressed her in a most commendable tone:

"You're not much of a shot, Miss, but you did enough to enable us to get our hands on a man that the law has been wanting for years. I know it's him, because of what he was into, and that missing finger. You had a mighty narrow escape, though. We just happened to be passing on our beat and heard someone command, 'Hands up!' then the pistol shot and a woman's scream. You only shattered his leg, and when we broke through the door he was crawling toward the gun that was still in your hand. You gave him a pretty bad leg, but he'll have a lifetime to get well in, and no running about at night to do, either. You sure have done a big man's job tonight, Miss."

As the officer carried the prisoner away, Miss Matilda and Miss Eleanor, both weeping softly, led Lydia up to her room and tucked her into bed. Just before leaving the room Miss Eleanor bent and gave Lydia her customary good-night kiss. Then Miss Matilda dropped upon her knees beside the bed, threw her arms lovingly around Lydia's slender form, and planted kiss after kiss upon her burning cheek. As she arose from the humble position, she assumed somewhat her old-time hauteur. As the two aunts moved toward the door, Miss Matilda turned and exclaimed as though the idea had suddenly been born in her mind:

"And, Lydia! I just thought you might sleep better if I told you that we've made up our minds to send you abroad with the Bradleys!"

As the rose of dawn played in the eastern skies, and east its reflections to dance upon the pillow of the sleeping girl, she dreamed that hosts of Japanese children were decorating the great Eastern Gates of the sun with cherry blossoms.

DREAM WINDS

W. J. Cash, '22

There's a world wind comes a'blowing From some realm I cannot know; Comes at morn when cocks a'crowing Wake my dreams and bid them go; Comes at eve with skies a'glowing— Dream-tales fair it whispers low.

'Used to come to me a'dreaming
As I lay and watched the sky,
Telling me of crowns a'gleaming
To be mine bye and bye;
Fame and wealth and honors teeming—
'Twas a world without a sigh.

Once it came to me a'bringing
Maiden from some fairy's train,
With a voice like larks a'singing,
Eyes that shamed the starry plain,
Filled with love my heart a'winging—
Much of joy and much of pain.

Oft it comes to me a'sighing
Tales of worlds beyond the sea,
Much it wears itself a'trying
To make known the days to be,
Sadly, softly, it comes crying—
Many things unknown to me.

CHEMISTRY OF THE ANCIENTS

A review of the earliest signs of chemical achievement among the ancients, and their bearing on modern chemistry

R. S. Averitt, *22

Mythology tells us that Pallas Athene sprang full grown from the forehead of Zeus. While we may look for such delightful eccentricities among the Gods, they have ordained that with the ignoble race of mortals all things must follow a gradual growth in their development. Today the science of chemistry is one around which no line of demarcation can be drawn, so interwoven is it in industries and every-day life. However, as in other things, it has not always been so, and if we would know of its origin we must hie back to the time when man roamed the forests in a savage state. But over this era is drawn the curtain of the prehistoric, which obscures, yet, presuming from their activities when they emerge from out this distant past, it is evident that some slight inkling of the chemical germ had been produced. Surely prehistoric man must have noted the action of fire, the combustibility of materials, the action of heated water, the deterioration of exposed foodstuffs, and many other things, although ignorant as to their cause. The earliest records gathered from writers and from archaeological research, fragmentary as they may be, depict man engaging in several arts and practices which necessitated a rather large accumulation of chemical facts. Yet it is certain that they knew practically nothing of the phenomena which they involved.

The Egyptians, Phænicians, and Hebrews are the oldest nations about which any definite chemical information is

possessed. Their knowledge was a disjointed affair acquired accidentally, and being used for practical ends only, was never thought of as a subject concerning which they could deduce scientific explanations. The same is equally true of the earliest Greeks and Romans.

From the earliest records of man in his civilized state (Egyptian, Indian, and Hebrew), we find that they had a working acquaintance with metals. Pliny tells us that the word originated from their observance that ores never occurred separately, but in veins together. Already they looked upon ductility and hardness as the characteristic of metallic substances. The Greeks held that mythological beings, such as Cadmus and Promethius, taught the metallurgical art to man. Old Testament records show that the Jews had a working knowledge of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and tin. On the oldest known monument the names of these metals are inscribed in the order just given. The ancients explained the formation of metals by saying that they were formed by air penetrating the vitals of the earth.

It is interesting to note the many metallurgical processor practiced in the past. Gold secured from the mines of Nubia by the Egyptians was extracted by washing and then melting the heavy residues. Dioscoridies and Pliny give fairly exact processes for separating the minerals from impurities. Maleability of gold was a source of great delight to ancient races, being used to advantage in gilding many objects. They also availed themselves of the property of gold exhibited in amalgamation. In the second century B. C., Agarthides records a cuppelation process by which gold was freed from all admixtures. Silver gathered by the Phenicians from the rich deposits in Spain was purified by fusion with lead just as was gold. Copper was found in many places, and

was readily smelted from malachite or other ores. Iron was prepared in smelting furnaces from brown iron ore and magnetite, but the particulars of the process are not known. Too often we think of life in ancient times as lacking all of the conveniences of today, which conception is erroneous to some extent. The Romans had an elaborate and luxurious system of baths which were supplied with their water by lead piping.

Vessels have long been made from glass, the art having originated in China and Egypt. Thebes was for a long time its chief habitat, spreading from there to the Phenicians and eastern nations. Pliny is the first to describe the method of making glass by the fusion of sand and soda. Copper oxide and many other substances were used to color it up. Remains found in Egypt show that the manufacture of glass had attained a high degree of perfection with them, even going so far as to be used in the making of enamels and artificial gems.

Egyptians and Babylonian accounts show that pottery was a well established art in those times. Later on the coramic industry was extensively practiced among the Etruscans and Southern Italians.

Many people are inclined to think of soaps as being of comparatively recent origin. Yet it is one of the very oldest commodities involving a real application of chemistry. Fats were saponified by means of alkalies, usually soda and potash. These alkalies were often used alone as cleansing agents, just as tobacco ash, being rich in calcium carbonate, is used as a dentrifice. One would think from the greasy, rusty appearance of many of the dagoes that Italy casts upon our shores that soap was an unknown commodity in their land; yet we have it upon the authority of Pliny that even before his time they made soap from animal fat and aqueous extract of ashes rendered caustic by the addition of lime.

Dyeing and painting were highly developed by Egyptians, Phonicians, and Jews. They affixed certain dyes on cloth by mordants in which alum was largely used. Their principal dves were white lead, cinnabar, vermillion, and smalt. The durative quality of the old Egyptian paints is proverbial. For centuries the paint upon the Sphinx has successfully withstood the blistering rays of a tropical sun.

From the earliest times there has always been some little practice of pharmaceutical chemistry, although the Egyptians were the first to apply chemistry to medical purposes. Verdigris, white lead, and alum were used in making salves. Aesculpius is accredited with being the first to use iron rust as a medicine. Sulphur and copper vitriol also were largely used for this end. Homer states that the fumes of sulphur were used to fumigate clothes.

When history was young there sprang up a practice of extracting juices from fruits and allowing them to mellow into stimulating beverages. Men of today are prone to sigh that this venerable custom should have fallen into legislative disrepute at the present time. But then the ancients had never heard of Volstead, so nothing was to prevent them from manufacturing wines and other spirituous drinks on an extensive scale. Bacchus, the god and cultivator of the vine, was worshipped by the Greeks. Even before the flood, we gather from scriptural account that the wine Noah used at his "little party" had a decided "kick." Horace, having no Eighteenth Amendment to fear, rather ostentatiously boasts of his devotion to a jug of old Fanernian.

Vinegar was also made, and to it the ancients attributed many remarkable powers. Hannibal is reputed to have broken up large rocks with it to clear a passage through the

Alps.

Having seen to some extent many of the arts practiced of old, it might not be amiss to consider briefly a few of the individuals who figure in the advance of chemical knowledge. Learned men of those times spurned the practical side of chemistry in its actual workings, but engaged in no little speculation upon the fundamentals of nature, of matter, and of the elements. They scarcely ever verified their conclusions by experiment, considering pure thought only as worth their time.

Thales, of Miletus, held that water is the origin of all things. By this, however, it is thought that he sought to characterize the cohemeral nature of all temporal things. Empedocles held that earth, air, fire, and water are the primordial substances. About 550 B. C. we hear of Democritus originating a kind of atomic theory, holding that all matter is made up of atoms which are absolutely small, incompressible, nonporous, and homogeneous.

Aristotle is the man that looms up big in the history of research after realities. His contribution to the realm of chemical history is only incidental to many other of his activities. He accepted the four elements advanced by Empedocles to which he added a fifth, which he called Essence, or the sum of the attributes of matter. Not to discredit his work, but more to show some of the illusions under which he labored, it is amusing to note that he thought that the ore of a mine, when no longer worked, would grow to its original dimensions, and that a barrel of ashes will hold as much water as the empty barrel.

Probably the last great contributor to the chemical lore of antiquity was Pliny the Elder. In his natural history he

describes accurately many chemical processes.

In viewing, as has been done, the history of chemistry in a very cursory way up to the time of the Alchemists, when years of study were devoted to the transmutation of base metals into gold, it is seen that we are indebted to the ancients for many practical processes used in the arts. No attempt is made to estimate their value, for they are invaluable as a ground work for the present structure of science. To future ages was left the practice of observation, the search at the roots of phenomena for their solution, and the practice of proving every idea either false or true by the only logical means, that of experimentation.

NATURE'S GREATEST WORK

A plea for the recognition of Nature's masterpiece—woman, with all her finer qualities and ideals

A. L. Beck, '22

"Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!"

—Ruras.

Nature is a master mechanic, with delicate hands, capable of fashioning the greatest universe or constructing the smallest atom with its delicate parts, so minute that the most powerful microscope cannot reveal them. Her workshop is the Cosmos which has no bounds, her product is all that exists, so magnificent and varied, so simple and complex, that the finite mind cannot grasp the whole; her period of work knows no limits, as space is boundless, so limitless is time. Space exists for objects and time for events, and without them neither can be conceivable. Nature's work, as we know it, is only a work of construction and not of creation. It is an accepted law of science that not one atom can be created or destroyed. Then, Scientist! whence came all the atoms, a host so imnumerable, infinite, that now occupies unbounded space?

Granting, then, that Nature's work is that of construction and to of creation, what is her greatest product? If you ask the astronomer you will feel very sure in advance that you know his answer. He will explain to you his theory of the construction of universes, how they all obey with mathematical precision some unknown law, that each universe has its own central force of attraction, and every planet revolves

around that. He will explain that the "milky way" is a great cloud, as it were, of universes, and that every universe is a unit itself drifting through infinite space. From where did it start and where is it going? Our universe may be trillions and trillions of light years from the place it occupies in space, this time one year ago. If we could station ourselves on the farthest star that the most powerful telescope can reveal, and then with that telescope look beyond, it is very probable that we would see just as many planets as we now see looking out from the world. Thus we would not be surprised when the astronomer answers that to him the Cosmos is the greatest work of nature.

Turning from the astronomer, let us put the same question to the biologist. He may picture to you the plant life, how it has grown from simplicity to multiplicity, survival has ever been its predominant aim, and to this end it has shaped itself through its development from the time it simply divided through the spore stage and on to the present stage: where one plant may produce thousands of seeds, hundreds of these may find safe resting places and spring up, while only ten may reach a state of maturity, vet Nature overcomes this difficulty by producing an innumerable number of seeds. He may linger over the beauty of the flower, with its intricate and delieate structure, its delieious and pleasing perfume, how it brings joy to man. Another may dwell more extensively on animal life, explaining also its development, how that for millenniums there was no distinction between animal and plant life, but gradually, through the process of evolution, there emerged out of the simple and primal forms the two great divisions we know today-plants and animals. Survival has been of prime import to animals, also, and to this end Nature has equipped them. To one she has given

strength and courage, to another timidity with a coat that blends with its surroundings. Practically every animal possesses such marvelous instincts that man stops to wonder whence came the wisdom. The birds know where to build their nests, how to care for their young, and when to leave for their southern home. The honey bee, after gathering his sweets, knows exactly where lies his dwelling. The tiny ant stores up its food in summer for winter's chilly days. Naturally, then, the botanist replies in favor of plant life, and the zoologist that in animals we find Nature's greatest product.

Now turn from the scientist, who has become enslaved to his own peculiar way of thinking, to the common man who knows life in its reality, and not theoretically. Ask him where nature has wrought its masterpiece, and it is very probable that he will answer you, "In woman." What is more beautiful than a maiden, on whose cheeks bloom the rose of youth, and in whose eyes glows the light of love? Eyes like dove's and lips like a thread of scarlet, freshly moistened by the morning dew, and all crowned with curly locks black as ebony or tinged with a chestnut's auburn hue? O, you painters of the gods, would you reach perfection, learn of Nature and her ways! What can be truer than a woman to her lover, and more lasting than a mother's love? Some men scoff when you talk of women and point you to the baser sort, but this is not the real woman, in her something is lacking. Every sunset is not perfect, every rainbow is not a perfect crescent, yet the nonperfection of either does not destroy its phenominality nor discredit the craftsmanship of Nature. The painter who produces the masterpiece may try to paint the same picture on more than one canvas, while only in the end one is perfected. If you are seeking for Nature's masterpiece you will find it in woman. Be not deceived by

the unfinished product, seek on until you find that which has been perfected. It may not be clothed in beauty's most gorgeous attire, even her face may be furrowed with care, and her hair already tinged with many winter's snow, yet there you will find harbored a mother's ever-faithful love, which, when the material has passed away, shall ever sing praises around the throne of the great King.

AUTUMN NIGHT

W. J. CASH, '22

A spirit haunts my troubled hours
As I wander alone through darkened bowers;
To me it sighs
Of nameless hopes and fancies fled,
Of memories old, and dreams long dead,
And fond goodbyes.

As I pause beneath the sighing trees
And snatch the fragrance of the cool, damp breeze,
To me it talks
Of forgotten joys that are sere and brown,
As the dead rose leaves that the wind whirls 'round
In the dim walks.

While, in tune with the night, my whole soul grieves
With the dying year and the falling leaves,
It whispers low
With a quiet sadness that falls like a blight
O'er the riddle I plead of the silent night
And cannot know.

THE PROBLEM OF MENTAL VARIATION

The individual differences of people in all walks of life largely determine the adaptation of education to their needs and possibilities of advancement

H. T. RAY, '22

One of the greatest and most outstanding problems of the secondary school of today is to be found in the subject of individual differences. It has been the policy of the secondary schools to give the same course to all children, regardless of the differences of mental capacity. We may excuse the error of the past as due to the lack of a method by which intelligence could have been measured. And only recently have we been able with any degree of accuracy to attain the relative mental ability of a punil.

One of the most important questions for the student of education today is the extent to which individuals may be affected through educational agencies. The students of heredity have made it clear in recent investigations that there are marked individual differences in ability at the beginning of individual life. The question now arises whether the individual difference which arises from hereditary endowments may be emphasized or overcome through educational practices. There are two schools of thought, one of which emphasizes the fundamental hereditary endowments, and lays very little stress upon the modification which can be produced through education. The popular mind, on the other hand, is impressed with the possibilities of modifying the hereditary endowments through educational activities. We are here concerned with the difference that may be described as mental

variation or notation. In mental life we have a sphere of most plastic adaptation and readjustment. The nervous system has been described as the organ of variation, and consciousness has been described as the sphere of readjustment. Of course physical development goes along with mental development, but the question of physical development is a question for the biologist. I shall deal with it only as it affects mental development.

The public schools of today are committed to a recognition of individual differences, and have begun to study their meaning. There is a movement, known as the Educational Guidance Movement, which is making progress in the direction of the discovery of methods for finding out what studies can properly be undertaken by students in view of their varying natural endowments. The individual's natural bent being discovered, his educational training can be directed to the highest possible cultivation of his powers. As society is constituted, individual differences are sure to play a large part in determining success or failure. Furthermore, society as constituted in its commercial organization accepts without hesitation the principle of the division of labor. Why should the school not be like society? Why should not the school be a miniature world with all the different types of life that will later become real to the pupils? Practical need thus comes into the foreground. Says Professor Judd of the University of Chicago, "The time has come when we must recognize the principle that instruction must be adapted to the individual, both in method and in content!"

The lower grades of intelligence may be divided into four groups; the lowest grade of defectives, known as idiots, so deeply affected in mind that they are unable to protect themselves against physical dangers. The less defective are classed as imbeciles, feeble-minded and moron, each class representing a further approach toward normality or "normaley." The lower grades never reach the school at all, but the higher grades often get into the school; sometimes because they have escaped detection; others are sent by the parent in the hope that the defect may be temporary.

When a child in the school is found to be in any of the above-named groups it is unwise to try to teach him with normal children. The logical thing would be to give him some special course that would suit his ability. It may be said that it is impossible to detect young children's defects, and separate them from the normal child; that is naturally slow. We grant that some are slow and would possibly be put in the wrong group; but could they not be taken out when the error had been discovered? Professor Inglis says that ninety-five per cent of defectives fall out of school before the third grade. While one hesitates to give up the teaching of reading in the case of a particular child until all possibility of his development is past, it is better to err on the side of too great training than to despair at too early a date. It is therefore wise to say that all suspects should be promptly given a mental examination extensive enough to prove conclusively the defect and then provide according to that defect-

The next great group of pupils with which we have to deal are known as the super-normal, or exceptionally bright. A moment's thought will convince any one that society has more to gain from a proper system of training super-normal children than from special provisions for the subnormal. It is from this group of pupils we get our genera, the leaders of all progressive movements.

It may be said by some that a liberal education meets all needs; yet this statement cannot be credited, as it will not stand the test of logic. Professor Judd says, also, that eighty-seven per cent of our inventions have been put out by specialists. Boys and girls follow entirely different lines for a livelihood; and the demand for special training for girls was never louder than today. The old terms which imply inferiority of women are dead, and the proof that girls are quite as competent intellectually as boys seem to be incontrovertible. We find among both boys and girls variations, some above and some below the normal intelligence.

The differentiation of the courses for individual pupils was at one time thought to be contrary to the democratic principle that all pupils must be treated alike. We are coming to see that a democracy has need of many kinds of people, and that the truest expression of the principles of equal treatment is through liberal provisions for individual difference. Nature must be accepted; the environment and training may be controlled. Therefore, care must be taken to distinguish between differences which are due to inborn tendencies and those which are due to environment and training. This point is important in connection with differences due to biological and social heredity.

There are five fundamental factors which must be considered in each of the four groups that have been set apart as differences in mental ability: (1) biological heredity; (2) social heredity; (3) maturity; (4) environment and training; (5) sex.

It is a recognized fact that individual differences are determined primarily by heredity so far as physical traits are concerned. It is, then, just to say that the mind is weakened in like proportion owing to the fact that to have a strong brain you must also have a strong body, as a general rule. Professor Inglis says, "We cannot consider biological heredity without recognizing it as a general principle applicable to all parts of the body, including the brain." In a test given to one hundred and forty-nine whites and one hundred and forty-nine blacks it was shown that the white people were about six points higher on an average, yet the negroes reprosented the select of their race, while the whites did not.

Social heredity has a great deal to do with the form of education to be given. Social heredity includes all those social customs, conventions and institutions, made of thought, actions and feelings to which the individual falls heir. These forces may all be changed or modified by education. And we may say that this is one of the greatest fields for educational work. The task is to bring the poorly endowed to a higher plane and better ways of living.

It may also be wise for secondary schools to scarch out and advise some method of adjustment of the pupil to his work during the adolescent period. Here we find the girls more able to do the required high school work than boys, due, of course, to their more advanced maturity. We also find girls taking on the ways of an adult about the age of fourteen, while boys are still premature. In a number of tests given by Professor Inglis it was shown that mature pupils were made capable of understanding what they read, and therefore should not be classed with pupils who were premature and could not keep up and do the work well.

The existence of differences among pupils does not necessarily imply the necessity or desirability of adapting secondary education to them. In many cases the demands of highly artificial conditions of life may demand like education for the very purpose of diminishing those differences. In other cases differentiated education is both necessary and desirable. We may also say that a lack of difference does not necessarily justify the same form of secondary education for all. Difference in future needs will commonly justify differences in secondary education for differences in secondary education for difference for the property of pupils.

AUTUMN VERSUS WINTER

JNO. R. KNOTT, *24

Now autumn, with her golden leaves, Her muscadines and rounded sheaves,

Has passed along the backward trail. Who comes to take her place?

Ah! winter-time, with ice-fringed brooks, With merry fires and fav'rite books.

Has slipt upon us in a day, with ease and subtle grace.

Where once were grassy meads of green,

No verdant blades can now be seen,

For winter, with her magic wand, has summoned forth a host

Of fairies, who wrought overnight,

And disappeared with dawn of light,

But left behind a finished task—a handiwork of frost.

Love melancholy autumn less
That winter's lips we now caress?

Not so. We love her still; but now, cold winter's at our door,

And with our love of autumn days,

Runs strong a love for winter's ways.

Dare say we, and regard the truth, which one we love the

SLINKEY CLARIFIES A DOUBT

In which an ardent lover excites the "green-eyed monster" to gain favor in the eyes of his fiancee, and is successful through a tangle which makes the story very interesting

GAY G. WHITAKER, '23

Down the long, frosty road trotted Dan, the faithful old Kentuckian on the Sandy Valley mail route. Behind him, with lines drawn tightly and sitting perfectly erect in the seat, sat Slinkey Haynes, the rural earrier. A lad of twentytwo, tall and rather good looking, boasting of having been "owner" of this little part of Uncle Sam's mail system for four years, and what could be called an all-round good fellow a jolly sport—this was Slinkey.

The mail train had been late on this particular morning at the little station of Vernonia, and the driver of the mail cart had been making good time during the three hours drive up the valley, considering the inviting words and the lashes of the whip, which had been dealt to the panting animal.

"Whoa, Dan!" exclaimed the youth, "we are at Nell's now." Taking from a small package of letters a tiny little letter tinged in blue, he east it carelessly into Colonel Brittain's mailbox, and pulling the bits in no tender way through the horse's mouth, muttered, "Nell Brittain, Nell Brittain."

It may be said just here that Nell Brittain's father was a wealthy fruit grower, and from his plantation each year were shipped thousands of bushels of applies and other fruits. Many people even called him the Apple King of Western North Carolina. So it was that the Brittains were considered wealthy and desired very much to be rated very highly in not only the financial world, but also in social standing. Slinkey's thoughts were wandering, and he was not thinking of anything in particular, as he jogged on down the long hillside. At the foot of the hill immediately in front of the Brittain home was a small bridge over a little stream of water coming down from the orchards of the Colonel. A plank had been broken in the bridge since he had crossed it early that morning, and when Dan ran on the bridge with his usual speed, down he fell through the hole with his feet, upsetting the eart and throwing the mail bags, as well as Slinkey, into a wire fence nearby. Slinkey, springing to his feet, at once realized his predicament.

Somehow the panting animal was unhitched and cut from the harness by the bewildered youth, and was turned loose to only stand there and gaze at his master very sympathetically, as if he fully understood the entire feelings of Slinkey. "And where did that blood come from?" began the youth. "I must be bleeding at the lungs, or have knocked the northeastern corner of my nose off." Down his arm blood trickled, increasing in volume and elotting as it struck the crisp air.

"What in the Sam Hill am I going to do?" sighed the greatly puzzled postman. As if some strong impulse had seized him, he sprang over the fence and started through the fields to the Brittain residence, leaving Dan looking wistfully at the wreckage.

Upon reaching the farm house he inquired for the senior owner of the plantation, but Howard Brittain, Jr., addressed the bleeding youth and invited him in. "What's the matter, Slink?" said Brittain, noticing the blood.

"Aw nothing, except I just got upset down yonder," began the visitor, "and say, how about borrowing a set of your harness until in the morning? Dan's is down there torn up and I've got to get the mail up to the New Trenton by nine o'clock." "Good gracious! Slinkey, are you hurt?" exclaimed a feminine voice close by. Wheeling about in a very uncertain manner, there was Nell Brittain, "Nell Brittain" facing him.

Briefly, and at the same time showing signs of restlessness and uneasiness, Slinkey told his little story, while the young girl listened very attentively and asked him dozens of questions about every little detail of the wreck.

"Anyway, come here Slink and let me dress that arm, and then we'll get that new Ford out and get the mail to New Trenton ahead of time." These words were uttered very fittingly, thought the abashed youth as he listened and heeded the command of his new boss, Miss Brittain.

"Shucks! I ain't got time to fool with this arm, and, besides, it ain't hurt much," he replied quite pertinently.

Having carefully and tenderly bathed the wounded arm, and bandaged it with white cloths, the young girl whirled about and ran off down the walk, saying: "Now for the Ford."

Sitting beside this young lady—a thousand fairies, a million dreams, a trillion schemes, passed through the mind Slinkey Haynes. His mind was in a whirl, and the distance from the garage to the wrecked mail eart scemed only a few steps, yet, it can be truthfully said that the young man was thinking of just how he would look, and what would be said when he arrived in New Trenton.

Somehow he managed to get out and replace the planks on the bridge in order that the car might cross safely. Then throwing the bags of mail into the rear seat of the car, he hitched Dan to a nearby tree until he could return from New Trenton, and they were ready to make the final dash in the day's delivery of Uncle Sam's mail.

"Now what will Margaret think when she sees me sitting beside Nell Brittain." These words he repeated to himself as they climbed hill after hill, dipping down into the little valleys between.

Margaret Bronson, the daughter of a Florida merchant who had moved to the mountains only two years ago, was Slinkey's dearest friend, although in the sight of Margaret he desired very much to make her believe that he envied old Brittain's thousands, and would consider himself very fortunate in gaining the friendship and respect of his beautiful daughter.

Fate very often plays a part in the cycle of events, and thus it was that the first person to be seen when the new mail conveyance rolled into New Trenton was Margaret, staring Scarchingly at the occuments of the cer.

scarchingly at the occupants of the car.

"Slinkey! Have you gone crazy; and— and what has happened?" began the deeply interested bystander.

He did not attempt to explain. He merely smiled, a slightly uncertain smile, which gave answer in toto to the greatly amused girl.

"Of course I understand," she replied cynically.

While the mail was being put up in the local office the full account of the wrecking of mail eart, including the injuries and all, was explained to Margaret, as well as to others cagerly desiring the fullest details of Slinkey's misfortune.

"I must be going," said Miss Brittain, as she turned toward her machine, "you're a jolly good fellow, and I trust your arm will be well real soon, Slinkey. Won't you call and see me some time? I shall be very glad to have you visit us?"

"Thank you," returned the young man. "Thank you so much for your kindness, but— but when may I call to see you?"

"I should be delighted to have you call Sunday evening if you care to. Shall I expect you?"

"Indeed, I shall be delighted to, and you may expect me," answered Slinkey in exultant tones.

Standing close by was Margaret, slender and beautiful, and with a heart truly characteristic of a genuine lady. She stood motionless, silent.

At length she ventured: "What does this mean? Here your—you are infringing upon our engagement by forgetting that we are friends, and have promised to be pals always. If this is the way in which you regard the sacredness of our little game, then we—we'll call it a broken—a broken—," she paused, "we'll, that's all."

The effect of these words were instantaneously apparent on the young man's face. As if her insistent finger had touched a button and released an electric current, his mind became mastered by the strong impulses of what he deemed an unfair world, and he showed every sign of being at a loss as just what to say or do, in order to get even with her.

"Slinkey, boy, you will pay for this. Don't forget what I am telling you."

Saying this she looked long and searchingly into the eyes of the sponsor of the Sandy Valley mail route, she wheeled about and was gone, leaving only the sound of her receding footsteps to break the silence, and fall upon his ears with unmerciful thuds, adding to the immensity of the gloom.

That evening at 7:30, with much hesitancy and deliberation, prompted by his troubled state of mind, Slinkey Haynes found his way to the telephone.

He began: "Margie, may I call to see you this evening? It is very necessary that I see you at once."

"I am sorry, but I must refuse," she replied, as she banged the receiver back into its hook.

"And you'll be sorry," muttered the disappointed youth to himself.

Exactly ten minutes later found Slinkey calling to Dan to speed up, as they galloped off down the road toward the Brittain farm. A new plan or scheme had developed in his mind, and he must see that it was carried out, just how, he did not know, but he must in some way try to get even with Margaret.

Upon reaching his destination and throwing the bridle reins across the gate post, he ran into the house much in the manner of some one announcing a fire or something of like nature.

Nell, seeing him at this unusual hour, and noticing his sudden and restless appearance, asked in exclamatory tones: "Well, Slinkey, what's wrong this time, and why—?"

The young man stopped her, "Hush, I'm just working a trick, that's all."

Young Haynes remained at the Brittains' only a few minutes, but much was said and accomplished in the working of his feat during his brief stay. And soon the night-rider was again inviting Dan to make all time possible in returning to New Trenton.

In the meantime Margaret had been watching the telephone very carefully, eagerly awaiting another call from her fiance to ask once again if he might call, in order that the little tangle might be untangled, or—

The telephone did ring just after the arrival of Dan and his master at the Haynes residence, and in response to the call three persons were on the line: Nell, Slinkey, and—well, Margaret.

In tones scarcely audible yet easily to be recognized, the young man whispered to Nell Brittain: "Be ready at exactly 11:30, and we will be off. No one here is on to our game. We will catch the 1:15 train at Vernonia and be in Jackson-ville tomorrow night."

The click of the receivers left Margaret Bronson standing very much puzzled. She couldn't realize what had happened, nor understand the reason for it all.

During the next few days Slinkey and Nell found it extremely hard to keep their secret from being known to Margaret; however, all worked well. A new man was on duty carrying the mails, and the tale was being scattered everywhere that Haynes and Nell Brittain were married and were at present in Florida.

However, Slinkey decided at last that his joke had worked well, and had certainly served its purpose, so—

Seated by the side of Margaret in the old swing at the Bronson home he ventured: "It has all been just a little scheme to get even with you, just to make you care more and know how to appreciate our friendship more fully. It has worked wonderfully, and I am so glad—that doesn't express my feelings—I'm happy."

"Slinkey, boy, you have starred. You are a real star in such a game, and I will have to admit that your joke has been a real success. I believe I realize now what it means to have you and not to have you."

A NATION'S GRATITUDE

А. R. Whitehubst, '21

(Armistice Day, November 11, 1921)

October's blue has smiled and vanished thrice
Since khaki lads flung back the German wave:
In Flanders' field was decked a Poilu's grave;
And Britons honored one who paid the price.
Today, an hundred million grateful hearts now swell,
For "over there" our nameless "buddie" fell
Who sleeps, beneath Old Glory's folds arrayed.
He sleeps, unmindful, 'neath his native sod.
He sleeps! but his ideal will never die!
What though a million couches vacant lie?
A million mothers' prayers return to God.

MATHEMATICS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

A clearly defined discussion of the place mathematics should occupy in the regulated high school curriculum

C. F. GADDY, '21

Educators have many different opinions as to the value of the study of mathematics, and also as to the extent to which its study should be carried in secondary schools. But they are all of a common opinion and believe many changes should be brought about in the methods of study and the subjectmatter. In the Educational Administration plus Supervision, May-June, 1920, Professor W. D. Reeve, The University High School, The University of Minnesota, says: "The purpose of a general mathematics course in the high school is to furnish the basis for a modern scholarly course in elementary mathematics that will give such careful training in power and appreciation as well-informed citizens of a democracy ought to possess. And further, to arrange the material so that the boy or girl who is forced to leave the high school at the end of one or two years may nevertheless get a better understanding and appreciation of some of the finer things of life so that he may enjoy himself as he goes along-For the student that remains, it is believed that a general course will be a saving of time of at least one year, and that his ultimate conception of the entire field will be more thorough and fundamental."

The preceding quotation is representative of the ideas of all writers whose writings I have read. They agree that mathematics is one of the most important subjects in education. But there are some who would do away with most mathematics and only teach a few of the fundamentals of arithmetic.

The chief values derived from the study of mathematics are: first, the direct or utilitarian value. No subject is more applicable to every vocation than that of mathematics. It is true that the use is not so extensive as to require such an extensive study as some claim. But a knowledge of the fundamentals of arithmetic, the practical use of the equations and formulas in algebra and some geometry is needed in the daily life.

In the second place, mathematics has a central value. Many writers question the truth of the statement that mathematics disciplines the mind and aids in the solution of the problems of life. But one writer declares mathematics to be one of the main sciences which the world studies. He says that to say that mathematics should not be studied to any great extent is to defeat the very nature of science. It is a true and accurate science and demands thought and study.

Professor Mayo, in an article, "The Position of Mathematics," in the March, 1919, issue of the Educational Review, gives four ways in which mathematics serves as a mind trainer, namely: (1) It develops the imagination, a lack of which was the main cause for the ignorance of the American People as to the preparation which the Germans were making many years previous to the war. He opposes the mechanical education instead of the intellectual, the "easy-going" way for that which requires effort on part of the student. (2) Mathematics trains the logical faculty, "the deduction from law." (3) "It trains the sense of style, accuracy, and power of observation." (4) "Aids in teaching of precision in the use of language." Another writer says, "To me mathematics is a powerful weapon with which to unlock the mysteries of nature."

The plan which most educators have decided most adequate in presenting mathematics is outlined in the following quotation taken from the article by Professor Reeve of University of Minnesota. He says: "In the traditional high school course, algebra is taught in the first year, plane geometry in the second, intermediate algebra and solid geometry or trigonometry in the third. It is very unusual that any mathematics is offered in the fourth year. Until recent years these subjects have been taught in water-tight compartments, so that when the student has studied algebra, he feels that he is through with it, and so with plane geometry. He has not, as a rule, been taught to see how one subject may be made to reinforce and supplement the other. This artificial pigeonholing of subject-matter has been a practice that good and well trained teachers of mathematics have never observed, but the rank and file have been very much hedged in by the traditional practice of treating the topics separately. Teachers in the lower grades have never realized that the union of logic and space studies deprived them of one of their most natural subjects of instruction, namely, from study. A general mathematics course in the high school will show us more clearly how each subject is reinforced and made clearer and more helpful by the other. What we propose to do is to arrange all of these courses so that we shall not have courses in algebra, geometry, or trigonometry as such, but a definitely arranged and psychologically ordered course in mathematics.

"The plan which we are now formulating will give the student who desires to continue a four-year course in mather matics in the high school, which we hope will eventually be the equivalent of what is ordinarily done in high school plus one or one and one-half years of college work. It is also hoped that the course will be more compact, will involve less waste, develop more power, and produce even better results than we are getting from present methods."

The writer proceeds to give an outline of the subjects and methods of each year, but to give this would require too much space. By the plan outlined, mathematics would have a new aspect. The subject would acquire life and interest. It would do away with much material now useless in our textbooks and make mathematics an interesting study.

For this or any place to be a success it must have the sympathy of the colleges. They must dove-tail their curriculum into that of the high school and so arrange their requirements to meet the demands of the high school curricula. "It is only when we come to understand each other through a sympathetic and coöperative study of the entire situation that we can really hope to obtain the best results."

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. S. GREEN, Editor

Our National Legal Holiday After one hundred and forty-five years of National Independence, we have few national legal holidays. There are numerous holidays

in the United States and all over the world, but the United States has not legally declared many of these a national holiday. The act passed by Congress a few days previous, and signed by President Harding on November 4th, made Armistice Day, November 11th, a national legal holiday.

Why should Armistice Day bear this distinction? Through a mistaken understanding of many of the American people, Armistice Day merely marks the cessation of hostilities of the Allied forces and their enemies. But to thoughtful America it will mean this and more. They will recall the noble hopes and purposes which inspired our entrance into the war as a Nation; the noble sacrifices of the American people en masse who offered their lives, time, money, and all to preserve Americanism; the noble President who so disregarded all physical hindrances and over-burdened his mind with anxiety, concern, sympathy, and contemplation for the security of the future that he left the White House a physical frailty, not able to walk unaided; the noble officials in all branches of Government who gave up their routine office work to observe battle-field conditions and the active work of the war.

To the men who "came back from that living hell of the rora and rumble of the shell, the splatter and splutter of the rifle and machine gun, the dodging and dropping, but ever rising and pushing on," this day will mean a living over of the brave deeds and daring exploits of themselves and their fellow-veterans. Every one of them thrill with pride as they note this recognition of their sacrifice.

Always this day will be a day for breathing anew the "humane principles of our forefathers," willing to proclaim to the world that the United States is the haven of the oppressed, a refuge for the liberty-loving, and, indeed, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Conference
for Limitation
of Armaneusts
over held in the United States. From all the
leading nations of the world came statesmen, diplomats, and
scholars to discuss together the possibilities of ending wars
and permanent peace reigning among men. Their task is a

massive one. Will these men be able to throw aside all thoughts of personal approbation for themselves, throw aside the prejudice of narrow-mindedness, and look squarely at conditions as they really are? Will they each have that same conception of peace that characterized the work of Woodrow Wilson at Versailles?

People the world over have realized the horror of war and these people sent their representatives to the "Conference for the Limitation of Armaments" with the belief that it is possible to prevent war. The question will be "whether there can be a sufficient surrender of the nationalistic aims of the leaders of the conference for an agreement necessarily involving surrender of something on the part of every nation involved to be reached."

Every move of the conference will be attended with prayers from the people to the Supreme Ruler that wars may cease and peace pervade every nation.

Why Not Dramatics? It would be not only a paradox, but a fallacy to assert that the most important factor in an educational institution is its athletic and ora-

torical activities. But it is true, if strange, that these activities have almost as much influence in building up a name and a student body for a college as its curriculum, and it would seem regrettable, indeed, should a college fail to support such activities to an extent compatible with its primary scholastic purpose.

Wake Forest's athletic teams, though not up to the standard we hope to attain, are worthy of pride and appreciation. Our debating teams have demonstrated well that they are the equal of the nation's best. But in one branch we would seem somewhat deficient. From divers sources we hear of the dramatic successes achieved by the student bodies of other colleges, and we cannot help feeling a somewhat poignant regret that we do not have a dramatic organization at Wake Forest.

It is not to be presumed that acting affords as valuable or useful training as debating, but the two arts are very intimately allied. Some few men are born speakers, others are made such. The only way to learn to speak is to speak. But oratory alone limits the powers of the speaker to a too narrow field. The student is apt to acquire a too solemn style and gestures more emphatic than graceful. A judicial amount of dramatic experience is almost indispensable to a finished speaker.

But dramatics at Wake Forest are dead, and no blame for the failure is to be attached, though the reason might be sought. There is a wealth of talent on the campus, and those who take a delight in histrionic work would achieve in the organization of a dramatic club another triumph for Wake Forest,

We hear of college loyalty, of good citizenship, yet just what test is there which we can
apply to a man? Just how can we take a

apply to a man? Just how can we take a specimen and weigh his loyalty? A man may go out for athletics for the fun of the game, for the satisfaction of win-ing, or for the approbation of his fellows. Motives not fundamentally different may inspire the man who writes for the college publications. Who shall say that these men are loyal and have "spirit" while some lesser light cares nothing! If there is to be a test, we would suggest something entirely different. After all, it is what you do—instinctively—when there's no one around, and what you say and the way you act when you are off the campus that tells whether it is Wake Forest or you that you love.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. Nelson, Editor

October 31 will be remembered as one of the most joyous and most successful of the seven annual Society Days that have been eelebrated at Wake Forest. The little rain which fell on that day, instead of marring the occasion, was one of the causes for rejoieing, so great was the need for rain. There were several hundred visitors present, including young ladies from nearby colleges and other points, alumni, and friends of Wake Forest.

The debate in the afternoon was hotly contested. The question, "Resolved that Congress should enaet a law providing for compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes," was very timely. The debaters were E. L. Spivey, Eu., and R. S. Allred, Phi., affirmative; M. G. Stamey, Eu., and R. B. Tapp, Phi., negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Another form of the work done in the two societies was illustrated in the evening when orations were delivered by W. F. Hester, Phi., O. H. Hauser, Eu., E. T. Boyette, Phi., and W. M. Nicholson, Eu. Their subjects included industrial, political, and educational topics, and were very ably handled. The reception in the college gymnasium, which followed the orations, was a time of pleasure and fun for everybody. Refreshments were served and musie was furnished by Hatch's Orchestra.

The Senior Class held a smoker and business meeting on Oetober 27, at which time the "Senior Vote" was taken as the members enjoyed their eigars and the general humor of such an occasion. A more important item of business at this meeting, however, was the decision of the class to erect a section of the stadium on the new athletic field. R. S. Averitt, A. L. Goodrich, W. O. Kelly, E. F. Holman, and T. J. Moss were appointed as a committee to confer with Dr. G. W. Paschal who is a member of the building committee appointed by the board of trustees to superintend the work of grading the field. The class committee is to report at an early date on specific plans for the erection of at least twenty feet of the modern concrete stadium to stand as a memorial to the Class of '22. The Seniors are unanimously in favor of the action that has been taken, and if the committee finds such a plan within the means of the class, actual work of construction will probably begin as soon as the grading of the field is nearly enough completed.

Armistice Day was celebrated at Wake Forest by the unveiling, in the presence of a large assemblage of students and
townspeople, of the monument given by the Class of 1920
as a memorial to the mothers of Wake Forest men who lost
their lives in the great war. President Poteat made the
address dedicating the memorial, and then Miss Susie Holding, sponsor of the class, unveiled the monument. Dr. B. F.
Sledd read a dedicatory poem which he had composed, and
the exercises were concluded with a prayer by Dr. W. R.
Cullom.

The Y. M. C. A. officers and cabinet members were recently spurred on to higher aims and new enthusiasm by the visit of Secretary Dwight M. Chalmers of Davidson College. There is no State Secretary in North Carolina this year and Mr. Chalmers was taking the place of such an officer in visiting the associations of the colleges of the State, getting reports of the work being done and offering helpful suggestions as to how improvements may be made. He interviewed the officers

and chairmen of committees in the afternoon and in the evening met with the complete cabinet. His spirit of enthusiasm and zeal was contagious, and the suggestions he made were most practical.

Mr. Bland Roberts, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the regular meeting on November 7, and in a cabinet meeting following that service he talked with the members about their work in college and what they should think of when they leave college.

The weekly Y. M. C. A. meetings this fall have been of a very helpful nature. A quartet composed of B. L. Mullinax, S. N. Lamb, E. N. Riddle, and J. S. Thomas has added much to the attractiveness of the programs.

The Debate Council is negotiating for three intercollegiate debates to be held next spring. If the present plans become definite, there will be a debate with Oklahoma Baptist University about the first of April at Wake Forest. The series with Davidson, which was begun last year, will be continued this year, Wake Forest meeting Davidson about the middle of April at Charlotte. The third debate will most probably be with John B. Stetson University at Jacksonville, about the time of one of the other debates.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winning contributions for this issue as follows: essay, "Problem of Mental Variation," by H. T. Ray; story, "The Winner," by I. C. Pait; poem, "Dream Winds," by W. J. Cash.

Dr. Hubert Poteat has been chosen by the Philosophy Club as its leader and faculty advisor. Dr. Poteat is a recognized authority on ancient philosophies and is well acquainted with philosophical tenets of modern times, and under his leadership the club will be able to accomplish effectively its plans for the year's work. George Heckman is president and W. O. Kelly is secretary-treasurer.

The Volunteer Band, unostentations in its efforts, is accomplishing an important work. It is composed of the students here who have volunteered for foreign missions. The officers are: B. L. West, president; J. C. Anders, vice-president; M. W. Rankin, leader; E. L. Roberts, teacher. Regular meetings are held every Sunday, at which the class hears addresses on various phases of mission work. Later they will take up the study of "A Greatheart of the South," by Gordon Poteat. On October 30 the band exchanged ideas with the Meredith band at a joint meeting in Raleigh, and visited the Meredith B. Y. P. U.'s in their meetings on that day.

President W. L. Poteat, M.A., '89, attended the Convocation in behalf of the Limitation of Armament, which was held at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the National Reform Association.

Dr. J. B. Weatherspoon, M.A., '07, now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, has been called to the church in Louisville, Kentucky, which Dr. Paul Bagby recently resigned in order to accept the Wake Forest pastorate.

Mr. Robert Lee Middleton, '15, and Miss Sarah Edwards were married in the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., October 15.

Dr. W. D. Bostic, B.A., '99, of Po Chow, China, addressed the student body and townspeople at the chapel service on November 2, and again at the prayer service in the church that evening. He has been a missionary in China for seventeen years, and at present is manager of a large number of schools there. It is his duty to supervise the work of these schools, and to travel from one to another, delivering lectures.

Mr. Claude Gore, '99, has donated handsomely toward the construction of a new athletic field at Wake Forest, which is now being graded.

Mr. Robert Humber, M.A., '19, to whom was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford University, Oxford, England, spent a few days at home in Greenville, N. C., recently. Dr. E. W. Sikes, M.A., '91, President of Coker College, Hartsville, S. C., was the principal Armistice Day speaker in the city auditorium at Raleigh. He delivered a powerful address in behalf of the Conservation of World Peace.

Rev. W. R. Bradshaw, B.A., '92, for twenty years secretary of the Baptist Board of Missions, is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hickory.

Mr. W. G. Pittman, B.A., '20, is practicing law in Rockingham, N. C.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, B.A., '74, who forty years ago led a group of Baptists of Baltimore, Md., in the establishment of what is today one of the city's most prosperous churches, has been called from the Pacific coast, where he had planned to spend four months, for the purpose of leading in a similar movement. The proposed establishment, which will be known as the University Baptist Church, will be built beside the new site of the Johns Hopkins University, which is out in one of Baltimore's new sections. Dr. Dixon felt that the pillar of cloud led him back to Baltimore; therefore he gave up his Pacific coast plans, and began his ministry there the first Sunday in November.

Rev. Lee McBride White, the popular pastor of the Baptist Church at Kinston, is holding a meeting in Kershaw, S. C.

The alumni of Cumberland County banqueted at Fayetteville, November 10.

Mr. Arthur B. Williams, '03, has a prescription counter in Headland, Alabama.

Dr. J. Grady Booe, B.A., '16, is practicing medicine in Bridgeport, Conn., and is prominently connected with the Galin Hospital there.

Mr. Perey H. Wilson, B.A., '20, is instructor of Modern Languages at A. and E. College.

Mr. Tyree C. Wyatt, B.A., '20, now a senior in the Medical College of Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y., was one of the seven members of his class to receive notice of election to Alpha Omega Alpha, a national honorary medical fraternity.

President W. L. Poteat made the opening address on Armistice Day at the unveiling of a marble shaft erected by the Senior Class of '20, and dedicated to the mothers of Wake Forest College's fallen heroes of the world war. The shaft stands on the campus in front of the Administration Building. Below are the names of the men which appear on the shaft: Andrew Jackson Harris, Percy C. Harward, Aurenus Tilden Howard, Haywood T. Lockerman, Thomas Sims Mast, Collier Carlton Olive, John Edwin Ray, Gordon L. Rhodes, Charles Oscar Riddick, Kemp Battle Roberts, Tilton Young Robertson, Mae Claudius Robinson, Edward Hanson Smith, Lloyd Wood Speight, Paul Evans Sprinkle, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, Robert Hurst Turner, Hugh David Ward, Sidney W. White, Isadore Cheshire Woodward.

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

THE BELOVED WOMAN. By Kathleen Morris. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.70.

Peculiarly lacking in that almost universal feminine trait—curiosity—Norma Sheridan, the heroine of Kathleen Norris' new novel, eared little to know even her own identity. She knew that the people with whom she lived at the opening of the story were not related to her, and beyond this she cared to learn no more. The why and wherefore of her life puzzled her little even when she was changed from the home of the woman she called Aunt Kate to that of the Melroses who occupied a prominent place in the aristocratic life of the city.

She adapted herself to their life and ways, but remained ways the same peculiar girl. The romance of the story is centered around the complications evolving when Norma fell desperately in love with a married man, who became as much infatuated with her, but refused to forsake his invalid wife to marry her. To seek "revenge" she immediately married another man, "and together they lived an idyllic existence."

A few years later the invalid wife of her married lover died, and because the "newly-made widower" refrained from pleading with her to marry him, Norma completed her disgust for her "cultured aristocrat" and settled down to a happy home life with her working husband. Then she suddenly discovered her identity, and learned that she was a rich heiress. Contrary to all laws of life—and merely for the fact that she is heroine in a novel—Norma refused the fortune and preferred her simple love-home to the life of the idle rich, and as the writer expressed it: "In the richness of renouncing, Norma knew herself to be for the first time truly rich."

THE YEAR OF DAYLIGHT. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.75.

On two separate pages in this book the author quotes: "To say why gals do so and so or not would be persumin'." In that is the string on which she plays with rare understanding and delicacy of touch throughout a well-written story.

Delight is the name of the girl—Delight Lamier. Brought up in the "Mary Lebanon Endowed School for the Orphans of Clergymen," she is naturally shy when we first meet her, and seemingly oppressed by her drab environment. At twenty-one she finds herself the inheritrix of a fortune of six million dollars, and immediately proceeds to "break bonds" and realize all her dreams. She not only buys a "country home, furnished with such trifes as a private swimming pool, and a theater built to her own order in her back yard," but takes for a companion a girl she had known elever years before, and together the two draw around them a number of young people of both sexes.

The basis of all this seeming foolish extravagance is in the fact that Delight is told that she has pernicious anemia and can live only a year. She determines that this one year shall be a live one, and then she can die contentedly. But it turns out after she is married that she is not as seriously indisposed as at first thought, and may live a long life.

IN PAWN. By Ellis Parker Butler. Houghton-Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

The author of "Pigs is Pigs" and "Goat Feathers" offers in swe book, "In Pawn," as a humorous novel of everyday life. Mr. Butler could hardly be declared a success as a novelist, though his little tale has a persuasive air of good humor which makes it attractive to those who like placid fiction. H. Redding had tried "the retail ice business, the milk business, a carter's trade, a vegetable market, a small grocery business, and, finally, the junk business," and in each of these he had been a pronounced failure. He was excessively fat, and held scrious objections to work of any variety. Shirking all physical labor, he decides to be a saint and proceeds to remove his only impediment—a son, Lemuel.

Here the story shifts to Lemuel, who was given in pawn to a sister of H. Redding, to whom he owed a debt and had given Lemuel as security. At the boarding-house the boy falls in love with the romantic and imaginative Miss Bates and becomes thickly involved in her much-tangled affairs. His experiences develop through a fairly complicated and equally amusing plot.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. N. Cobpening, Editor

Not every editorial is a good one. A great many are written just to fill up space. A few of them have no point. However, most of the editorials that came to us through the Exchange Department last month had attractive titles, were to the point, and were subjects of general interest in collegos. Not many of them would have much attraction for the man who is not a member of a student body. In other words, most of them dealt with subjects of local interest. What man is there who will not want to read the article entitled, "Brass Tacks," in the Concept, or "The Four Years' Loaf," in the Bema?" "A Word to the Wise," in the Carolina Magazine, will attract every one, for there are few who do not think of themselves as wise to a certain extent. Notice some sketches from the editorials.

"Friends are assets to any one," says the Concept. It is only so-called friendship that is for business ends. According to the Comenian, "A real friend should be some one who will sympathize and cheer; encourage and govern; receive a confidence and keep it to himself; take and give advice in a sane manner, and, above all, some one who can be trusted to do the right thing no matter what happens."

Interesting editorials about the Freshmen appeared in nearly every magazine. "Many have been the words of welcome, wisdom, and warnings poured into the open ears of the verdant worms" (the Trinity University Review). The Papyrus takes a different attitude. "You are the embryo of a greater Greenville," it says. Stress is laid on learning the traditions of the college. "Keep the faith," cries the Carolina Magazine. "We have got to broaden ourselves and go out from here bigger and better citizens than when we came." One editor asks, "Have you College Spirit?" and gives no encouragement or offer or friendship that will help him to love his college. The Clemson Chronicle adds, "The Almighty has a task for every man, a task which no man can shirk and remain true to himself and true to his maker." Having found this task, the world will recognize and say of him when he is out in business life, "There is a man, a Clemson man."

"Your success as a student will depend upon the rate you are forming (helpful) habits" (The Blue and Gray). "Use your time," remarks the Furman Echo, for "time is constantly on the move," While one editor urges the new men to go out for everything, another speaks a word of caution. Note the stress that is laid on the folly of activity in the Wisconsin Literary Magazine. "We do not know that life can be lived comfortably and successfully, that we can do the things we like instead of the things we have to do, and still prosper." On the other hand, the Coraddi advises: "Take the initiative. Show yourself and the college what you can do." According to the University of Oklahoma Magazine, a man cannot do everything and do anything well. The major for students should be study. Two or three minors should be chosen. The Trinity Archive urges every man to get his bearings and press forward with some definite plan. The plan, of course, will depend upon his aim in life. The Blackburnian repeats that old adage, "Not failure, but low aim is crime." It emphatically declares that every man succeeds in reaching the goal toward which he strives. If a man does not succeed in one thing, it is because he is striving in another direction. The Wofford Journal reminds us that the aim of a college education is the development of personal character, and says that a man should be inspired "with a desire for a large human service."

The plea for contributions on the part of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine and the Pine and Thistle is one that is common in most of the others. The attractive offer of two scholarships and three fifty-dollar prizes ought to solve the problem for The William and Mary Literary Magazine. Perhaps some of the alumni of our respective colleges will offer some attractions for writers when the matter is presented to them. For those magazines that are not so well backed by finance, the plan as suggested by the Coraddi might be tried. Their next issue is to be made up wholly of material from the Freshman Class. Certain numbers might be dedicated to certain classes, or to some alumnus, a certain class furnishing the material. Loyalty to the class will bring in much material that otherwise would not be submitted.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

A. L. GOODRICH. Editor

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is not intended to be merely a joke department and nothing more. So we are submitting the following poems which were submitted to the clitor with no apologies as to their position in the magazine. The boy-lover walls his lament to a former lady-love and she replies—but read them and know their story.]

HIS LAMENT

It's never too late to be sorry,
And I'm sorry we had to part;
I did not know when you left me
That your absence would break my heart.
I walted in vain for your coming,

I waited in vain for your coming, But you never seemed to care, And you'll never know the sorrow Which you have caused me to bear.

Those days and those hours were cruel, Which caused us to drift apart, And many months have I suffered From the curse of an aching heart. Indeed, I have not forgotten,

And I never shall forget, The happy hours that one time were—

Always I long for them yet.

D. R. H., '23

HER REPLY

Dear one, we said goodbye one time, And parted, each to go our way, We promised to forget all things, The happy thoughts of yesterday. I thought forgetting would be easy, But no matter how hard I try, I find so true that old, old saying: "Tove, once given, will never die."

I've tried to keep my promise to you, And leave behind your lovely face; Forget the hours we spent together— Forget the thrill of a warm embrace. But if forgetting be yearning to see you, With a longing, half rapture, half pain, Then surely I have ever been true to you. And my promise not entirely in vain. E.-M. C., '21

CAN YOU TELL US

- 1. Why "black cows" and "white cows" are still twelve cents, while coco-cola is only six?
- 2. Where Conley Robinson got his twenty-two autos and Fords for Armistice Day?
- 3. Who swipes our overcoats and hats while we spend two pleasant hours with ours at Meredith 4. Why some of the Profs give such long lessons, causing us to neglect
- the work of other tenderhearted Profs?
- 5. EXACTLY why Covington and Tom Allen severed relations?
- 6. Why they never start basketball games on time?
- 7. Anything else you know?

Bryan, W. J.: "Why do they have so many magnolia trees on the campus?" His friend Hasty: "So the campus will always be green like you."

Sky (talking to his daughter): "Next year we are going to Louisville, in the bluegrass state."

Sky's daughter: "Daddy, what will they think when I tell them that I am from the green-grass country?"

The nominating speech of Newish Josey nominating his girl as Sponsor of the Freshman Class (reported by H. P.) :

GENTLEMEN :- I want to nominate one of the most honorable, beautiful, and sagacious looking girls in North Carolina. I think that this girl would be one of the most beloved girls that you Freshmen could vote ON. I shall be pleased if you will shake a leg and help vote MY girl in the honorable position as sponsor of the greatest class that W. F. C. has ever had, the Freshman Class of 1921.

And here is a gem, taken from the high school speech of Newish Alderman of Rose Hill:

GENTLEMAN:-That Washington was a greater President than Wilson is the most absurd absurdity of all the absurdities that are absurd.

THE FOLLOWING RULES MUST BE OBSERVED BY W. F. C. STUDENTS WHILE VISITING IN THE CITY OF RALEIGH

By S. T. C.

- 1. Each student shall eat only at the Busy Bee Cafe.
- No one shall eat at said B, B, Cafe without someone watching them.
- 3. Students shall room only at the Wright Hotel.
- There shall be no visiting of shows, ice-cream parlors, nor shall students be allowed to sit and talk instead of going to lectures, etc.
- Each boy making a date in Raleigh shall take along a friend not so fortunate and ask his lady friend to provide his friend with another lady friend.
- All young men having dates shall register with Dean Timberlake at least thirty days beforehand.
- Boys, when accompanying young ladies on the piano, shall have a chaperone.
- All undressed lumber likely to be seen by the tender boys shall be painted.
- 9. Every four boys shall have at least eight chaperones.
- The above regulations shall be changed at least five times previous to each holiday.

And how is this for Newish poetry?

AN ODE TO BARBER-ISM

A newish who in the gym had been flipping, Through a shadowy road on the campus was tripping, From behind a magnolla the K. K.'s were slipping. There in the darkness they gave him a clipping,

And straight to the barber he went without stripping.

B. B. B., 25

"Newish" Wilson: "You are too fresh these days. What are you doing, anyhow?"

"Freshman" Peacock: "Me. I'm selling dog collars, but I am out of your size right now."

EXACTLY

The reason Joe Hough always sits in seat 42 on Psy, is that Miss Mull always sits in seat 41.

REWARKARIE REWARKS

(With apologies to the Independent)

"A prune is an apple on a tree, and when it falls off it is a prune."

—Newish Hinson.

"My eyes are giving me trouble. I must have them cleaned out. I had the dentist clean them last fall."—Red Andrews.

"The Sermon on the Mount was delivered by Woodrow Wilson or Lloyd George."—Newish Slate.

"We will now have the proceedings of the last meeting read."—Boyette.

"The next speaker is M. G. Stamey of the Eutrophian Society."—W. M. Page.

"I see where the Glee Club is going on its intentionary before long."—Layton.

"Prof. Langston will now say a few remarks."-Sir Thomas Moss.

DECEMBER

D—ead autum leaves, with cold-pluched faces, E—nvelope the earth. And in some places, C—aught by a playful wind they pile E—ager and hopeful into heaps. After awhile M—igrating clouds dim the light of day B—eneath the snow the dead leaves lay E—njoying the quiet; making no sound; R—esting in winter's burying ground.

J. R. K., '24

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THE NEW YEAR

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24.

The new year comes in stately grace, But still each morn the self-same place Reveals the sun's bright, ruddy face.

Each evening when the light of day Is followed by the twilight gray There shines aloft the milky way.

The new year hails; the old year hies, But still remain the doleful cries Which night winds voice to leaden skies.

Another year! Another chance! Old music starts an age-long dance— Around the ring the gray heads prance.

The new year comes; we make new vows; Resume our tasks with knitted brows, Then turn aside, again to browse

On habit hill. There are a few Who close their eyes and pass on to Unknown lands. Death alone is new.

THE LONE TRAIL

A young college student fights with himself and takes the path no one could take for him

I. C. PAIT, '23

The irregular thud of spiked soles beat brokenly upon the crisp November air as a half-dozen lithe, muscular figures in running habits swept across the leaf-covered campus toward the rolling country beyond. Slightly in the lead, his tawny head thrown back, and chest expanded, a figure, lean almost to lankiness, moved along with no apparent effort, every muscle working with the accuracy of machinery. Slightly in the rear, and with equal grace and agility, moved another figure with well-shaped head, stringy muscles, and expansive chest. They swept by a group of lounging fellow students, and were greeted with a hearty yell, "You're our man, Lou!" Some one called, "It's your time to win!" Then another voice, "You did it last year, Bill, old man, and we are counting on you again this year!"

At the sound of the friendly voices, Louis Stevens threw his tawny head just a little further back, drew a breath to the full expanse of his broad chest, and checked his rhythmical stride along enough to glance at the well-shaped figure slightly in the rear, to whom the second greeting had been called. As he did, William Churchill turned his head, their eyes met, and the fire of antagonism that had smouldered there for weeks broke into consuming flames. In that glance, a challenge was given and accepted. There was no alternative; it would be a fight to the bitter end.

The previous year William Churchill had distinguished himself upon the track, and had taken first place in the fivemile cross-country run, which was considered the greatest of all athletic honors given by the college. At the end of the run, he had fallen limply into the outstretched arms of a madly cheering throng, and had been carried from the field in an unconscious state. He had known that Louis Stevens was dangerously close upon him, and later was informed that he had come in just a few yards behind. From that day Churchill had worked toward one end to keep the cup which had been awarded him; and it was evident that Stevens had resolved to take the cup regardless of any resolution of his determined opponent. They had begun training with the opening of the fall term, and November found each in splendid condition for the annual contest which would occur the following week.

As the runners clattered across the bridge which spanned a narrow, black stream just off the campus, and plunged into the wood beyond. Churchill began an unconscious contemplation of his chance to keep the cup another year. True, Stevens had proved himself a dangerous opponent, and would bear watching during the coming contest. His form was that of a runner, and he had trained strenuously, reducing his body to a stringy bundle of bone and muscle. Then, too, he had made up his mind to win and all who knew him knew that he usually did a thing when he had once made up his mind. However, he was only a sophomore, and had had only one and a half year's training; therefore it seemed impossible for him to compete successfully with a man of three years' experience. On the other hand, Churchill thought of himself. His form was good, but not as distinctly that of a runner as was Stevens'; his training, however, had been the best that could be procured, and this was his third year on the track. His first year he had taken some coveted places, and the preceding year he had taken the track's greatest honor. "That year," his mind ran with satisfaction, "the team had been considered the best in the history of the college." At this thought, the troubled expression faded from his restless, black eyes. He was confident of a second victory.

During the entire practice-run that afternoon, Churchill's mind was filled with the reawakened joys, thrills, and sensations of past victories. In the early evening as he crossed the campus to his room, the happy anticipation of a crowning victory radiated his bronzed, clear-cut features, and drove the tiredness from his aching legs. For one man to hold the cup two years in succession was a record unprecedented in the history of the college.

The intervening days dragged slowly by, and finally the day of the contest dawned, clear and bright. A distinct nip of frost permeated the atmosphere, invigorating all who inhaled deeply its pure breath. As the day advanced, the mystic haze of late autumn hung about the browned campus in all of its enthralling beauty, causing those of ordinary intent to lose themselves in involuntary admiration. The sun marched steadily up the azure bowl, ripening morning into noon, and, for a season, seemed to pause undecidedly before making its afternoon descent. As the shadows began to lean toward the northeast, there came to the ears of the impatiently waiting throng the muffled sound of running feet. Then in answer to the ringing cheers from the crowded grandstand, the team burst out upon the field, and the minor events of the day began.

Of all the expectant and hopeful hearts upon the field, there were two whose hopes soared to the highest point. As the contestants for the five-mile cross-country run were set, a tawny head turned uneasily, and its eyes of deep-blue, flaming with suppressed excitement, sought the black ones of the well-shaped figure to the left. Their eyes met, and for a moment was fought the battle of two souls. Then as if in response to a call of the better man, they stood erect, walked to meet each other, and, as they clasped hands, a thunderous applause swept down upon them from their fellow students who knew the

strained relation that had recently sprung up between them. Again they took their places, the signal was given, and they were off.

The trail lay along the west bank of the stream which flowed by the western side of the campus. About a mile down the stream, some freak of mother Earth had changed its course, forming a horseshoe almost three miles around, and flowing back to within five hundred yards of its starting point. This route had been chosen in order to climinate referees along the trail. At the second bend, a bridge had been constructed for the benefit of the runners. The terminal on the athletic field had been so placed that just five miles were covered in the run.

As the runners neared the bridge which led to the west bank and the others followed in irregular succession. Churchill had planned to reserve his strength for the final sprint which would earry him to a glorious victory; therefore he fell into a rear position. As they trotted along, the line became more and more scattered, the tawny head pushing briskly ahead, and ere they had covered three-quarters of a mile, it disappeared among the scrubby evergreens. With a chuckle of satisfaction Churchill noticed the men of less experience sprinting fitfully in attempts to keep within reasonable distances of Stevens.

As Churchill rounded the first bend of the horseshoe, there came to his ears a frightened shriek followed by a splash and gurgle. There was an interval of silence, then another shrick, splash, and gurgle. He realized that someone was in distress and probably drowning. He also realized that a few minutes delay meant defeat in the event in which he was now engaged. However, there was no time in which to ponder the question; therefore he plunged through the underbrush toward the stream, and the sight that met his eyes was as comical as it was deplorable. Suspended by a swallow-tailed coat

from a flexible branch of a tree that had fallen across the stream during a recent storm, was the ebony figure of Black Abe, one of the college janitors. In his terrific efforts to free himself from his predicament, the branch would incline toward the water, thus giving the shrieking negro a complete ducking with each inclination. A few yards down the stream, a half-sunken laundry basket floated languidly with the slowly moving water.

"Why Black Abe!" Churchill loudly exclaimed. "What in

the name of Hector are you doing?"

"Oh, Marsah Chu'chill! Ah-Ah-"

But he got no further with his explanation. In his wild attempt to reach the impediment of his swallow-tailed coat, the branch slowly inclined. His ebony features were distorted by a paroxysm of fear, and the shrick that arose in his throat ended in a gurgle as he sank beneath the surface. When Churchill had succeeded in releasing him from his baptismal detainer, Black Abe waded ashore with his streaming laundry basket, and explained:

"Yuh see, Marsah Chu'chill, ah wuz takin' yo' clo'se back, an' ah foun' dis heah log, an' t' make a long trip sho't, ah took dis nie cut t' de college. Ah can't ezaekly tell jes how it happened, but de fust thing ah knov'd, ah wuz hangin t' dat 'ar snag, an' de darn thing stuck me under de water ev'ry time ah w'ud wiggle. Ah shoh is erbliged t' yuh, Marsah Chu'chill, an' ah—"

"Well, Black Abe!" Churchill cut in, "I'm glad I found you, but do you know what I've done in order to help you?
I've lost my chance to win in the race."

At this, Black Abe's jaws dropped and his shining white eyes grow round with astonishment. As he turned away with his dripping laundry, he dolcfully said:

"Ah's mighty sorry yuh ain't gwine t' git nothin' in de race, but ah shoh is glad you ain't gwine' t' git what Cindy is shoh to give me foh wettin' dese clo'se." With a heavy heart, Churchill gave up the race and took Black Abes "sho't cut" to the college. As he neared the second bend of the horseshoe, his gloomy meditation was disturbed by the steady "thump, thump, thump" of the spiked soles of a single runner. He glaneed up and saw a tawny head go by, and the expression of its face was that of a man well-spent. Hiding behind a wild evergreen, Churchill waited to see in what order the others would follow. As the last man passed, Churchill judged that Stevens had a safe lead, and the victory would be his without a struggle.

As Churchill came out upon the trail, he paused for a moment in terrible conflict with himself. An awful idea had suddenly been born in his troubled mind. There was yet a mile and a half of the race to be done. Why should he not fall in behind the others and win after all? They had not seen him, and even if they were far in advance he could casily overtake them in his refreshed condition. For one brief moment the battle raged; self weakened, and the sword of envy pierced the pulsing heart of honor.

Churchill took the trail of a brisk trot, and as he rounded a bend, he came within sight of the rearmost runner. One by one he passed them, their faces wearing expressions of utter fatigue and bitter defeat. When he caught sight of the tawny head far in advance, there was yet a half mile to do, the last quarter of which would be done in full view of the grandstand. It would be impossible for him to overtake Stevens before the anxiously waiting throng saw him, but still he felt confident that he could win. On and ever on he rushed. He was barely twenty-five yards behind when a shout of, "Steve! Steve!" told him that Stevens had passed within view of the grandstand. He clinched his teeth and sprinted. The next moment the most thunderous applause he had ever heard rolled down to his throbbing sense of hearing. But instead of the sweet music he had dreamed it would be, it

sounded to his guilty conscience like a death knell. As he came abreast of Stevens he glanced around and their eyes met. The expression on Stevens' face remained an inspiration ever afterwards to Churchill to do the right. There was no malice or ill will upon that tired, grimy, haggard face; only resignation to his superior. As Churchill broke the twine ten yards ahead of Stevens, a clamorous throng bore him away upon its shoulders. Stevens fell, almost unconscious, into the arms of a few who remained his staunch supporters, even in defeat.

After supper that evening, Churchill, with apologies to an admiring group of fellow students, went up to his room. He wished to be alone for a few minutes with his thought. As he passed through the door, the first thing he saw was a beautiful silver cup standing upon the center of the mantlepiece. However, it was no longer beautiful to him. Its shimmering sides were abominable to his vision, and he wished that the accursed thing were forever out of his sight. His conscience told him that he was a thief, having stolen, not only that which rightly belonged to another, but that which was his own most precious possession: his character. As a man approaches some venomous reptile, so Churchill approached the accusing cup, and repeated aloud the last name engraved upon its shining bowl: "William Churchill, Nov. 10, 1920," He seized the cup and would have hurled it through the window, but a knock upon his door arrested the act.

"Come in!" he gruffly called.

The door swung open and a half-dozen merry fellows trooped in.

"We just dropped in to congratulate you, and take you along to the election," one of the fellows volunteered.

"What election?" Churchill sourly asked.

"Oh, you haven't forgotten that the Athletic Association reorganizes every year on the night following the track events, have you? Come on!"

"Not me!" Churchill stoutly answered.

"Why, what's wrong?" someone questioned surprisingly.

"I-I'm just tired," Churchill stammered.

"We know you're tired," was the pressing reply, "but we have a crowning surprise for your day's success."

But Churchill refused to go, and it was only by force that they finally succeeded in getting him to the place of assembly. As they entered the crowded hall with Churchill upon their shoulders, a mighty shout went up, and during the following five minutes the men were wild in the tumultous welcome of their hero.

When the house was finally quiet, the business of the meeting was taken up, but Churchill sat, neither seeing nor hearing what happened around him. He was again stumbling blindly in the darkness of his afternoon deed. Suddenly he was called from the past to the present by hearing his own name called, followed by loud cheering. Then, as a man hears his sentence pronounced for some awful crime, Churchill heard the President say, "Are there other nominations for president?" There was no response, and the vote was unanimously carried in his favor. When he realized what had happened, he sprang to his feet in protest, but friendly hands pulled him down. After a brief speech of appreciation, the retiring president invited Churchill to take the chair. With an effort he rose to his feet, and, as the house again went wild, he recled drunkenly to the front. With a wave of the hand, he refused the proffered chair of honor, and turned to the applauding audience a face drawn by the biting pangs of remorse. Long after quietness was restored he stood without speaking a word, his rapidly changing features reproducing the funeral dirge that his heart played.

"Fellows!" he began in a cracked, unnatural voice, which gradually became his own. "You do not know who stands before you; neither did I know myself until this afternoon.

If you knew me as I know myself, you would hurl your bitterest scorn at me instead of giving me this place of honor. I have tried to live the life that you thought I lived until this

afternoon. I did not win the cup. I stole it!"

Then in a voice slightly unsteady at times, he gave the bitter, bare facts in their order. His hearers heard him through,
sitting as though frozen to their chairs. When he had finished, without a plea for the leniency of his fellow students,
he dropped into the nearest seat. A deathly silence ensued
which was finally broken by some one rising to his feet, followed by a deep, rich voice addressing the chair, and the audience. At the sound of that voice, Churchill sprang to his
feet, and, with the others, directed his gaze toward the rear
of the room. Stevens was upon his feet. He spoke only a
few words, but they had a tremendous effect:

"Tonight," he began, "a victory worth countless loving cups has been won, and a merit deserving the highest honor has been displayed to us. Our choice was well made when we declared William Churchill our best all-round-student, and tonight he has proved himself the worthy man whom we thought him to be. It takes a man to do what he has done. Fellows! who shall be the next president of the Athletic As

sociation ?"

For one brief moment that same deathly silence prevailed; then a thousand voices rocked the old building with a single name; "Churchill! Churchill! Churchill!"

No more reorganizing was done that night. There was a general rush toward the astonished Churchill, and again he rode upon the shoulders of a madly cheering throng.

As they bore him toward the door he glanced down upon the heads of his carriers—he was sitting upon the shoulder of a figure, lean almost to lankiness, whose hair was of a tawny color. A hand stole upward, fumbled for a moment, found another hand, and they grasped each other, sealing a wordless yow which involuntarily arose in the two hearts.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

Some practical hints as to what literature should be taught and how to teach it

C. H. PINNER, '22

Linguistic and literary studies have been handed down from the Greeks and classical literature has been studied throughout the ages since that time. The classics especially, have been the predominating study in the secondary schools until a short time ago. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Latin and Greek were the limit of secondary education. But with the realistic movement in education (marked by the "realschule" in Germany, and the Academy Movement in England, Scotland and America) came the direct study of native language and literature in the secondary schools. Through the Academy the English language and literature were contributed to the public high school in the third decade of the nineteenth century. From that time on, the study of English and literature has increased until now it occupies the most prominent position in the program of the high school curriculum. English is now, in all first-class secondary schools, a subject of good standing. From one-fourth to onesixth of the time is given to the study of English and literature in the mother tongue since the pre-eminence of the classics has passed away.

Now, admitting that the study and teaching of English literature have gained a prominent place in our high school curriculum, we must admit also that our success has fallen short of what it ought to be. So it is my purpose to place before the teacher of literature in the high school a few of the aims, methods, and problems which confront her.

To appreciate thoroughly the aim in teaching literature it it necessary to have a clear idea of what is meant by the term "literature." It must be interpreted in its broadest sense. Literature must cover all reading matter not specifically devoted to technical or vocational ends; it should include biographics, stories of travel, interpretations of science, personal experience, essays, dramas, fiction, lyric and epic poetry. It must embrace all studies of good English writings, whether classical or contemporary. But Dr. Van Dyke has given us the best definition of literature. He says, "Literature consists of those writings which interpret the meaning and nature of life, in words of charm and power, touched with the personality of the author in artistic form of permanent interest."

The teaching of literature falls under three heads: First, the teaching of prose; second, the teaching of poetry; and third, the teaching of drama. The teaching of these three branches of literature ought to be raised above a merely monotonous study of mechanical details; it ought to be made an educational force in the lives of average boys and girls and should bring out its character-building power. Literature should be taught as a reflection of the life of a people, or as a record of the customs and conditions of a certain era, or as the expression of certain great movements and racial tendencies; for "every book is a reaction of an original heart and mind to life and conditions which surround that heart and mind"

There are two unlike aims in the teaching of English: The first aim is formal English, the second is English literature. Snedden, in Problems of Secondary Education says that these two aims ought to be separated and taught by different teachers. The two are incompatible with each other. The first teaches to do, to execute, and to conduct. The second teaches to discriminate, to choose, to appreciate, and in a broad sense, to vitalize. They require absolutely different methods of ap-

proach. One teacher may be excellent in teaching the technique of grammar, while at the same time she may be unable to teach literature successfully; for a teacher who is teaching both phases of the work is liable to give predominance to whichever part happens to appeal to him most, thus doing an injustice to the pupil. If the two are separated, each will receive due consideration and attention.

Literature is the largest and most important agency, in the general high school, in teaching culture in its fullest sense, because literature is the cheapest and most widely diffused form of art in existence. Now, why should literature be taught in our secondary schools? There are several obvious reasons: First, it has many direct moral purposes such as inculcating into the lives of the pupils the lofty ideals which the authors wish to give to the public through their writing. Second, in the fields of patriotism, family life, business relations, moral conduct, and social life in general, literature plays an important part. As a rule, our people demand a low grade of reading matter as part of their recreation. The people are going to read. Then why not try to develop that high appreciation for literature of the right sort in the secondary school pupil so that he may carry it into his home as an everlasting influence? We cannot expect a better grade of literature to be produced until higher ideals of appreciation are inculcated into the minds and hearts of our people. Our future authors are in the high schools now; so it behooves us to teach them to demand better literature. As long as people are satisfied with what they have, no progress can be expected. Taste and critical judgment are lacking. They ought to be products of our teaching in our secondary schools.

In teaching literature purely from the intellectual standpoint there are certain definite things to be aimed at. First, we may consider literature and the social-civic aim of education. The social-civic aim is generate and universal. The

study and teaching of literature has two values in this aim: First, it affords contact with human experiences and human conduct in complete variety; second, by bringing pupils into contact with experiences, traditions, conventions and customs of society, it possesses great integrating power. In an important sense literature may be considered as a study of social science in the secondary school not inferior to history, economics, or civics. Literature deals predominantly with individual conduct and has little to do with the duties of citizenship, while history, sociology, economics, and civics have nothing to do with individual conduct, and leave literature supreme in this field. The study of literature if properly taught should extend the range of one's experience far bevond one's own environment. From the purely social side literature embodies the dominant ideals of any society, its traditions, its thoughts, its enstoms, and its life. From literature one learns the customs and habits of races and peoples, whether they are vanished or extant. So the social and ethical aim in teaching literature is to present to the pupil noble ideals, to aid him in the promotion of character, and to make him more efficient and more actively interested in his relations with and service to others in the community and nation.

Secondly, there is the so-called economical-vocational aim. The two dominating values of this aim are utilization and appreciation. That is, the teacher ought to teach the pupil how

to utilize and appreciate the best literature.

The third aim is literature and the individualistic-vocational aim. Here the source of enjoyment is brought in; it is universal with universal values. People will read; therefore they must be trained how best to do it.

So to sum it all up, literature has a peculiar advantage in its social contact, because it is the portrayal of the abiding human interests; it is life. Thus the final aim in teaching literature is to develop those personal attitudes toward the great values in human life that will enable one better to understand and appreciate those values in life around him and to discriminate more carefully those values which he wants to apply to his own life.

As to the method of teaching literature, not so very much can be said, but more emphasis can be placed on the conduct. The successful teaching of literature depends almost entirely upon the teacher and her personality; for no fixed or stereotyped method can be followed. The different varieties of books demand different treatment; different classes will demand a different presentment of the subject matter; furthermore the teachers vary. So under these considerations, no particular method is pointed out, but the contents will be emphasized. However, a few words may be said about analysis.

The method of analysis is very good, yet it may err in three ways: First, it may go into such detail as to become monotonous; second, it may assume a degree of artistry which it does not possess; and third, it may, and does often, lead to conclusion regarding the meaning and effect of a piece of literature, forcing ideas into it which exist only in the mind of the analyst. But the analysis that reveals to the pupil new meaning within his comprehension and new beauties within his power of appreciation is the kind to present. Such an analysis is not only safe, but it is the very essence of good teachine.

In the general teaching of literature there are some things which are to be taken up for study. The study of words is very important, because the meaning, quality and flavor of literature are largely determined by the fine shades of diction. Then allusions, which do not hold such a prominent place, may be followed by structure. Literature is an art, and since it follows closely, certain laws of structure must be judged by ideal standards. The personality of the author is a very important factor, because he is influenced by other works,

by his environment, by contemporaneous writers, and because his writing is the expression of the times in which he lives as he sees the conditions around him. Then comes the critical study. Our secondary students are not far enough advanced to go deeply into the critical study of literature. They cannot take up in detail the technique of a drama, but they can understand the source of the play, the characters, the main and subordinate actions, with emphasis on the choice passages.

As to the teaching of the novel it has a variety of treatment because of the different types of novels. For example, Silas Marner is a psychological novel, Ivanhoe is a historical romance, the Vicar of Wakefield is a novel of men and manners closely related to an essay. So each of these must be dealt with in a different way according as the teacher is prepared for her work. These novels have many unlike values to be taught. but space does not permit their narration.

Poetry is less adapted to a prescribed method than any form of literature because it is more condensed, allusive and indirect, more imaginative and dependent upon form, more subtle, more emotional and less in the realm of intellectual activities. So the teaching of poetry is more dependent on the personality and power of appreciation of the teacher than

the other literature.

Now as to the teaching of the history of literature, it should be taken up only after a number of classics of different periods have been studied. For example, after the class has read some of Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, and Tennyson and has learned of their contemporaries and characteristics of contemporary literature, a general survey of the three centuries would serve to fix in mind the succession of great men and literary movements as a continuous development of the expression of the thoughts and feelings of the English people.

So, in conclusion of this, in our thoughtful reading we seek to know the author better and to got his peculiar message for us, to place his book in proper relation in historical development, and to judge its actual value as a revelation of life and a thing of beauty.

The last thing to be considered in the teaching of literature is the teacher himself, for successful teaching is largely determined by the training of the teacher. The personal element in both teacher and pupil is very valuable and necessary. But to be a successful teacher of literature one should know it well, critically, and in it is historical situations. One should have an alert and a sympathetic type of mind, with the ability to use good English. One should have a broad knowledge of the history of literature. Yet special talent is necessary in presenting the classic; the teacher should know the qualities of the book and the qualities of the boys and girls. This necessitates a wide knowledge of literature in order for the teacher to select and properly direct the study of literature.

The selection of literature depends on the individual. The varying conditions and circumstances of the life of the high school child demands a broad selection, and there are various fields from which selection can be made. First there is the field of social science, the content and form of which is highly suitable to the secondary pupil. Next, there is the field of material science. But third, more stress should be placed on current literature of the right sort, because it deals with the life and actual conditions of the pupils. The teacher should direct a wide reading with less emphasis on the analytical side and strive to inculcate the habit of reading and proper selection in the pupil so that they may spend not only their study but their leisure in a profitable manner. The teacher should familiarize them with masterpieces, thus creating a desire for more and better reading.

So, to be really successful, a teacher needs a special and proper course in training, for therein lies not only expertness in subject but knowledge and method. It reveals to the teacher her own powers and limitations and gives her a much wider range of illustrative matter to present to her class.

In conclusion, with parents and teachers rests the responsibility of making boys and girls enjoy wholesome reading. Teachers of literature need literary appreciation, a sense of historical accuracy, biographical insight, inspirational power, a big heart and mind, an impelling voice, and an idealism never discouraged. What a marvelous privilege is theirs to develop imagination, to sow seeds of patriotism, to mould character and to raise the ideals of the young!

WHY DO YOU COME, NARCISSUS?

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

Why do you come, Narcissus, In midst of wintry blast, When rain and sleet are with us And snow is whirling fast?

Why do you come, I wonder,
Despite the coldness grow
When other flowers out yonder
Are hidden 'neath the snow?

Ah! yes, I know your mission
Much better than you think:
You come in winter's season
And have the power to link.

The winter with the springtime;
You, from your petals, hurl
The sweetest of all fragrances
To sweeten this old world.

Yes, you come in winter's chill

When earth is drab and drear,

And from your throne, the window sill,

Emit your floral cheer.

E'en more than that, Narcissus,
When night flings shadows deep,
We bend our heads—you kiss us
Into a fragrant sleep.

A VISIT TO BUENOS AIRES

An interesting view of sights and happenings in the South American city

S. C. Bostic, *25

The U. S. S. S. Florida arrived on December 28, 1920, at Montevideo, Uruguay, carrying Secretary of State, Colby, who was then on an official mission for President Wilson. The captain granted three days' leave to all officers who wished to visit Buenos Aires, and I made the trip with two of my friends, leaving Montevideo December 31.

We arrived in Buenos Aires at seven o'clock on New Year's morning after an all-night trip on the boat. The steamers on this line, though small and built only for river service, are as luxuriously equipped as any similar ones in the United States. In fact, a good many accommodations are found which none of our boats have, as the South American people seem to be particularly fond of ease and comfort while traveling-The impressions we received on entering the harbor was that we were entering a forest of ships. The inner harbor consists of a system of locks made necessary by the fact that the low tide does not permit large vessels to lie at the docks. We were amazed at the number of ships which these docks accommodated. Vessels of every kind were there, from the old sailing ships to the most modern liners. We learned that fifty steamship lines have agencies in Buenos Aires, and that liners run from there to every important port in the world. We perceived also that the activities at the waterfront are centered in or around large warehouses called mercado de frutos; from these warehouses the country's produce is loaded on ships destined to all parts of the world. Wheat, wool and meats form the greater part of the exports.

At the dock we were met by a sailor from an Argentine cruiser who had been detailed to show us around. This man spoke English very well, which was fortunate for us. After finding a hotel, we started out to see the city under the direction of our guide. He took us first to the Palace of Congress, an imposing building of white stone modeled after our own Capitol in Washington. We also visited the two famous cathedrals, the Rose Colored Capitol, which faces the Plaza de Mayo, the offices where two leading newspapers are published in English, the financial district, and many other places of interest.

A striking feature about the traffic of this ctiy is that Pedestrians have the right of way, and vehicles are regarded as being "common." To emphasize this fact, the Calle Florida, which is the Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires, is closed to traffic at five o'clock in the afternoon, the people walking both on the sidewalks and in the streets.

About noon our guide told us we would miss the best part of the city if we did not visit the race track. A few minutes' ride on a train took us out to Palermo. There are several race courses in or near the city, but the main one is the Palermo Hippodrome, where we went. It is owned by the government and is one of the largest courses in the world. To us, as we entered the stand, it looked as if everybody in Argentina was there. The crowd was unusually large that day on account of the holiday. Betting was general, and those who won truly went wild. There was a seemingly endless line of windows for the accommodation of those wishing to place money on the races, but even then many were turned away between each race because the book-makers did not have time to receive their money. Races are held at this track every Sunday and Thursday the year round.

From the race track we went to the Zoological Gardens. Here one finds almost as extensive a collection of animals as is seen at the Bronx Zoo in New York City. The cages of the animals are arranged to represent, as nearly as possible, the natural habitat of the animals within. This is especially true of the typically South American animals. Innumerable varieties of apes and monkeys may be seen, as well as anteaters, hairy armadillos, Ilamas, hippopotani, and some incredibly large snakes. There is a small ruilroad inside of the grounds, the rails being not more than two feet apart and the engine only about three feet in height. The engineer sits astride of his tender, and the whole thing looks more like a toy than a real serviceable outfit. The four or five ears, however, are capable of earrying some fifteen or twenty passengers at a time. We could easily have spent a whole day in the park without seeing all of the animals. The anties of the monkeys themselves would make a good day's amusement.

In the business section of town we were particularly impressed by the number of articles on sale which came from the United States. Advertisements of Victor records, Paris garters, Bull Durham tobacco, and innumerable other things made us feel as if we were at home; but the shops themselves did away with this feeling, as did also the numerous saloons. When the stores close in the evening, shutters are placed over the windows, and this gives a deserted appearance to the streets, especially in the eyes of one who is accustomed to the lavish lighting and bright night advertising of our own cities.

We were surprised to find a good street-ear system as well as a subway. On the subway trains, however, one pays for the distance he rides, instead of paying a fixed rate as our subway systems. The country has excellent railroads, which, we understand, are owned largely by British capital. The Retiro Station, which is the main railway terminus, although not so large as New York's Grand Central Station, would compare very favorably with it. Besides this one, there are three other large stations in the city. The streets and all pub-

lic places are kept in a condition of cleanliness that would shame most of our own cities. Service is a byword in Argentina, and prosperity seems to be general. Even little children playing in the streets were dressed in silk, a circumstance which was particularly noticeable. Our visit convinced us that Buenos Aires is the largest and most progressive Spanish Speaking city in the world and that it fully deserves the title of "The Paris of South America."

THE MURDERER

Mrs. Carter and Zack would have felt better after this incident had they been a little less fearful

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

"Roy, I wish you would go out and look down the road and see if you can see anything of Zack. I just have a feeling that there is something wrong; he should have been here long before now." Mrs. Maggie Belle Carter looked anxiously at her husky young son who seemed to her entirely too slow about obeying her injunction. She was about to speak again when he interposed:

"O Mother! There's nothing wrong. I think you ought to have lived along when that fellow Standish I have been studying about was sending rattlesnake skins full of powder. You worry your head off from the time that one of us leaves the house until he turns up again. Don't you know that Zack is not afraid of man or devil? Why, hasn't he been going to see Maxine Jones since they were kids? He's grown now. You must quit trying to keep him tied to your apron strings and let him be a man."

"Now, Roy! Come right here and beg my pardon for talking so abruptly to your mother.—Come right now."

"Mother, I do beg your pardon. I ought not to have spoken so short to you, but there was a good deal of truth in what I said, but I just said it in tones that were unmanly and you will forgive me. won't you?"

"My boy, you are all right, if you are just a little outspoken in your ways. But some day I shall be proud of you. Now go and see what you can see or hear."

"Well, but if you hear me cry out, come at once and bring some dynamite or a cannon, for I am afraid," he replied as "My, my, I don't know what I shall do with that boy. He is simply irrepressible. You absolutely cannot get the best of him in an argument. I wonder if he isn't going to develop into a lawyer. He certainly has the argumentative quality. I am afraid though that he is going to grow up with so much love for horses and mules that he will want to follow his father and be a livestock dealer. But that Zack worries me. Here it is eleven o'clock and he is always at home by now. I wonder if he is killed. Pill bet he is paralyzed on the side of the road and is dying right now for lack of attention. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some robbers had held him up and beaten him. Ah! I hear him now. Thank goodness he is safe."

"We are safe from all trouble, mother. I am absolutely unable to find any sign or trace or track of robbers. Murderers were absolutely not to be found. Even the chickens are all safe, for I could see the henhouse from the yard and no harm had fallen upon it."

"Son, do you reckon that these automobile thieves that we have heard so much about lately could have waylaid Zack?"

"Mother, it is my unbiased opinion that absolutely nothing has befallen my only brother, Mr. Zaccheus Carter, he who is or much in love with horses and mules. And I am also of the opinion that if he persists in the course that he has traveled almost nightly for the last six months, you will soon be possessed of another daughter-in-law, whose first name is Maxine, and whose father is our prominent neighbor, Mr. Charley Jones. In fact, if I were Jones—Mr. Jones, I mean—I would tell him either to take her to his own home or come and spend the other fourth of the time at my house, too. But you can tell father Jones this much. If I am the dependence to call on his daughters at night and there is no other way provided to approach his house but the present one by the side of that graveyard, he already has four old maids on his hands."

"Roy! what is that?"

"Not a thing but your imagination, mother."

"You can't fool me. I heard men running. It sounds to me like there are at least a hundred of them. Don't you hear them?"

"I don't hear a thing but the dog growling."

Just then the door burst open. Instead of walking in, Zack Carter fell in. With a spring that disproved his mother's claim to forty summers, she was at his side. Loving hands soon had a pillow under his head. Cold water and vigorous rubbing soon brought him to himself. As he slowly opened his eyes, a deathly pallor worse than that caused by fainting slowly spread over his features. A gasp escaped him. With an effort he raised himself to a sitting posture and said with a tinge of pathos:

"Mother, I know you will never want to speak to me again. I have committed a horrible crime. I am a murderer. I can see doom written across my path. My Lord, Mama, I

didn't want to do it. Please forgive mc."

"My son, what is wrong? Tell me what you have done. I knew something was wrong when you did not come in as early as usual. I tried to get Roy to go and see if anything was wrong, but he is so boyish that he is a little unruly. Go right ahead, now, like a good boy, and tell your own mother what

vou have done. Probably I can help you."

"Well, I'll tell you, but you must not think too hard of me.
It is just my hard luck to get mixed up in something. I left
Maxine's about ten o'clock and was coming down the road
singing, 'The End of a Perfect Day,' and just as I got between Luther Pridgen's house and Smith's store, a ghost ran
out at me. O, Mother! I almost died with fright. As it
came toward me, I could feel my hair rising on my head. I
was scared stiff. I didn't know what to do. Just as it came
out from behind that magnolia bush in front of Luther's

house, I just had to do something and the only thing that I knew to do was run. And run I did. I used to run when I was on the track team at Kelly High School, but if I could have run then as fast as I ran tonight I would have established a world's record. I kept running until I was about a hundred yards past Lillie Ezzell's house and I thought I had left the ghost. When I looked back I could still see that white ghost after me. My Lord, I flew! And it began to say something to me. Sounded like he was saying, 'Beat it! Beat it!' And I did beat it. But when I was in front of Ed Porter's house, I just couldn't run another step. While that ghost was coming up to me, I thought of my knife. Luckily, Grandfather Carter sharpened it for me this afternoon, and I decided that if I had to die so young, I would die game, and out it came. Just about that time up comes that ghost. And for about ten minutes we had it. At last I got a death hold on his throat and I cut him from ear to ear. It wasn't long before he turned over and begun to groan. It might have been some of the boys trying to scare me, but if it was, I can't help it."

"Mother I don't believe a word of what Zack is saying.
I'll bet he stayed with Maxine so late that he just told you

that for an excuse."

"Well, look at my hands. Here's the knife with blood on it. Look for yourself."

"O, Mr. Zaccheus, anybody could arrange to get a little blood and cover his hands and knife with it for a blind. I'll lever believe it until I see the dead body of the slain victim. Are you game to go and show me where the battle occurred?"

"I am if you will hitch up Kate to the buggy. I wouldn't walk anywhere tonight for the president, much less you."

"Get ready, young fellow. I'll have her hitched in about three minutes. Mother, I want you to go as a witness in case of dispute."

About one hundred yards from Ed Porter's house was a lane running up into a cornfield. Just as they passed it Zack said:

"See that white something lying in the road. What did I tell you?"

"O! Mr. Hero, wait and let's see what it is. That looks to me like white sand and you can see that anywhere around here."

Suddenly the horse stopped and sniffed. All three passengers quickly alighted. Some of the neighbors who lived a mile away later claimed to have heard Roy Carter scream-Anyway, he certainly did make a fuss as he said.

"Zack, you certainly are disgraced, and I think anybody ought to be disgraced who will run a whole mile from Luther Pridgen's pet lamb and then cut its throat because it ran after you. You know it has always been trained to play and romp with folks. Goodnight, let's go home and forgive the murders."

THE HOPE THAT COMETH

I. C. PAIT, '23

He cast through prison bars a hopeless stare. The world beyond no smile returned, His prison garb with seorn it spurned, But in his heart a spark still burned. Then kneeling by his prison bed With humble heart and low-bent head He whispered low, "There'll be no prisons there."

He stood and watched the ebbing, flowing tide. The waves now lapping at his feet Perhaps on other shores would beat Where stood those whom he prayed to meet. And then his pulsing, throbbing heart A prayer to heaven did impart: "There'll be no rolling billows to divide."

Her form was bent, her hair was snowy-white.
A flag which bore a star of gold
She touched with tenderness that told
Of a mother's love, so manifold.
Her eyes were dimmed with holy mist;
The toar stained flag she fondly kissed,
And said, "O'erthere, will be no wrongs to right."

He stumbled on without a guiding hand.
The sunlight kissed his pallid face,
The scent of flowers flooded space,
The songs of nature filled the place.
With trembling lips he breathed a word:
'Twas only by the Maker heard,
"There'll be no blindness in that other land."

She gently rocked a baby's empty chair.
She kissed a soiled, broken toy,
Embraced the shoe of a tiny boy,
He'd been her source of greatest joy.
She crushed to her breast a phantom head
Of golden curls, and softly said,
"TII hold him in my arms again o'erthere."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Self-propelled vehicles from the first spring-wound carriage to the present-day automobile

J. C. WATKINS, JR., '24

It is impossible to discover who made the first self-moving carriage. In the sixteenth century one Johann Haustach, a Nuremberg watchmaker, produced a vehicle that derived its motive power from coiled springs, and was in fact a large edition of our modern clockwork toys. About this same time the Dutch, among them especially one Simon Stenin, fitted carriages with sails; and there are records of a steam carriage as early as the same century.

But the first practical, and at least semi-successful automobile driven by external force was undoubtedly that of a Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, who justly merits the title of "Father of Automobilism." His machine, which is today one of the most treasured exhibits in the Paris Museum of Arts and Crafts, consisted of a large carriage, having in front a pivoted platform bearing the machinery, and resting on a solid wheel, which propelled as well as steered the vehicle. The boiler, of stout riveted copper plates, had below it an enclosed furnace from which the flames passed upwards through the water, by means of a funnel. A pair of cylinders, provided with a simple reversing gear, worked on a ratchet that communicated motion to the driving-wheel. This carriage did not travel beyond a very slow walking pace, and Cugnot therefore added certain improvements, after which (1770) it reached the still very moderate speed of four miles per hour, and distinguished itself by charging and knocking down a wall—a feat that is said to have for a time kept engineers from developing a seemingly dangerous way of progression.

In England, however, steam had already been recognized as the coming power. Richard Trevethick, afterwards to become famous as a railroad engineer, built a steam motor in 1802, and actually drove it from Cambourne to Plymouth, a distance of 90 miles. But instead of following up this success, he forsook steam earriages for the construction of locomotives and left his idea to be expanded by other men, who were convinced that a vehicle which could be driven over existing roads was preferable to one that was helpless when separated from smooth metal rails. Between the years 1800 and 1836 many steam vehicles for road traffic appeared, some, such as David Gordon's (propelled by metal legs pressing upon the ground), strangely impracticable, but the majority showing a steady improvement in mechanical design.

Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, an eminent English chemist, did for mechanical road propulsion what George Stephenson did for railway development. He boldly spent large sums on experimental vehicles, which took the form of six wheeled coaches. The earliest of these were fitted with legs as well as driving-wheels, for he thought that in difficult country, wheels alone would not have sufficient traction. But in the later types legs were abandoned as unnecessary. His coaches easily climbed hills around London, even though it had been proved by a thoughtful mathematician that self-propelled vehicles could not so much as move themselves on the level without violating all of the laws of nature.

Having satisfied himself of their power, Gurney took his coaches further afield. In 1829 was published the first account of a motor trip made by himself and several assistants, through Reading, Devizes, and Melksham. "Our pace was so rapid," he wrote, "that the horses of the maileart which accompanied us were hard put to it to keep up with us. At

the foot of Devizes Hill we met a coach and another vehicle which stopped to see us mount this hill, which, by the way, was an extremely steep one. We ascended it at a rapid rate. The coach and passengers, delighted at this unexpected sight, honored us with shouts of applause."

In 1830 Messrs. Ogle and Summers broke all previous road records of a vehicle fitted with a tubular boiler. This car, put through its trials before a Special Commission of the House of Commons, attained the astonishing speed of 35 miles per hour on the level, and mounted a hill near Southampton at 24 1-2 miles per hour. It worked on a boiler pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch, and though not being on springs, ran 800 miles without a breakdown. This performance appears all the more wonderful when we remember that the roads of that day were generally as good as they are now and that in the previous year Stephen's "Rocket," running on rails, had not reached a higher speed.

The report of a Parliamentary Commission on horseless carriages was most favorable. It urged that "the steam-driven ear was swifter and lighter than the mail coaches; better able to climb and descend hills; more economical; less injurious to the roads; and, in conclusion, that the heavy charges levied at the toll-gates (often twenty times those on horse vehicles) were nothing short of robbery."

The success of the road steamer now seemed assured, but a cloud appeared on the horizon. It had already been too successful. The railway companies were up in arms against it. They saw plainly that if once the roads were covered with vehicles able to transport the public at low fares quickly from door to door on existing highways, the construction of expensive railroads would be seriously hindered if not altogether stopped. So taking advantage of two motor accidents, the companies appealed to Parliament—full of horse-loving squires and manufacturers who scented profit in the

railroad—and though scientific opinion ran strongly in favor of the steam-coach, a law was passed in 1836 which rendered the steamers harmless by robbing them of their speed. The law read: "Every road locomotive must be preceded at a distance of 100 yards by a man on foot carrying a red flag to warn passengers of its approach." This law marked the end of the first period of automobilism as far as England was concerned. At one blow it crippled a great industry, deprived the community of a very valuable means of transportation, and crushed the energies of many clever inventors who would soon, if we may judge by the rapid advances already made in construction, have brought the steam-carriage to a high stage of perfection.

Very little more was done toward further development of the horseless carriage for about fifty years. After the year 1880 French engineers divided their attentions between the heavy omnibus (first built by M. Ballee of Mans in 1870), and the light vehicle for pleasure parties. In 1884 Mn-Bouton and Trepardoux, working jointly with the Comte de Dion, produced a steam-driven tricycle, and in 1887 M. Serpollet followed suit with another, fitted with the peculiar form of steam generator that still bears his name. Then came in 1890 a very important invention which has made automobilism what it now is. Gottlieb Daimler, a German engineer, introduced the Petrol gas motor. Its comparative lightness and simplicity at once stamped it as the thing for which makers were waiting.

It was just about this time (1893), that the first American built, petrol-driven automobile came into existence. This automobile was built by Elwood Haynes, in Kokoma, Indiana, in 1893-'94. It was equipped with a one-horsepower motor, high wheels, solid rubber tires, and steered by a lever. A successful trial trip was made July 4, 1894 and a speed of seven miles per hour was reached. During the latter part of 1895 the winner of an important motor car race was followed throughout the entire distance by the inventor, who drove a team of horses.

Seventeen years later (1912) a great 500 mile race was won at a rate nearly three times as fast as the most famous trotter in the world could cover a mile. What the horses thought which followed this first chugging, coughing thing for the better part of the fifty-four mile course and found themselves put to their best efforts to keep it in sight, we can only imagine; but the feelings of the inventor as he saw the product of his skill and imagination gradually bettering the speed and endurance of a team of horses we can know, for this occurred less than three decades ago, and this pioneer notor car builder is still living.

To realize fully the wonderful strides that have been made in motor car design and construction during the past twenty odd years, it is only necessary to contrast present day conditions of automobile ability and performance with those obtained at the time of this first important race. what the inventor reported when damage to the steering gear delayed the "wagon" fifty-five minutes: "In the meantime the second wagon had passed us and gotten 35 minutes ahead, while a third rolled into sight several blocks back." But was the inventor discouraged at this lead in the midst of the race a lead which nowadays would suffice to cover the entire fiftyfour mile course? Not at all. "As we got into the deep snow of Lincoln Park (Chicago) our horses gained on our wagon and we followed it without difficulty. Here the faulty steering was quite apparent, and the wagon could not make the speed it otherwise would have made. Still it kept up a good gait and we believed we were gaining on the wagon ahead." This gain proved to be actual and not apparent, for within the next few miles the thirty-five minute lead of its competitor was entirely overcome. But even at this the "good gait" referred to above the average speed of the winner was seven and a half miles per hour, allowing only for the actual running time.

Seven and one-half miles per hour twenty-six years ago! If a speed twenty times faster than that is not maintained in a race between five and ten times as long today, the excitement-loving public wants its "money back." But the inventor and the public were then content with this early performance for the "horseless carriage," for a "motor wagon" had been heard of in America only four or five years previous to this race. The contest in question gave evidence of the reliability thatattended the operation of the newer vehicles. The inventor says with evident satisfaction when reviewing the race, "We had no occasion to get out and push." And in speaking of the speed maintained through the snow and of the distance covered, "Horses could perhaps have traveled as fast for a shorter distance, but it would have required at least two relays of teams to have accomplished what our wagon has done."

After this race the "wagon" was tested by the judges and found to develop an actual 4 H. P.—as the inventor announced with a considerable amount of satisfaction. "Four Horse Power" !—and the modern car of average size develops twenty times that amount, while some special racers are driven

by 150 H. P. motors.

We are prone to forget what these cars were like, how they were built, and what their performance would be compared with a machine of today; and remember only that they were far from quiet and that they appeared to need a great deal of repairing. Occasionally we see a "twenty-year-old" on the streets today, for those fore-fathers of the modern automobile were well and honestly built, even though their design is as different from that of the present day car as is a magneto from the old dry cell battery ignition system.

To the casual observer the greatest difference between the cars of yesterday and the cars of today lies in the height of the body from the ground, and size of the wheels, and the location of the motor. All of these cars of the early days were 'florseless carriages' in the strictest sense of the term. They were buggies or phetons having a motor attached to the rear axle or placed under the seat. One of the manufacturers who today employs nothing but a powerful eight cylinder motor in his cars,—a motor of from 60-90 H. P.—ten years ago used a single cylinder, 6 H. P., air cooled motor attached to the rear axle of the car. A portion of the report of the 1895 race, to which reference has been made, states that "one of the occupants of the wagon also busied himself in sanding the belt from time to time." Shaft drive was unknown and its universal adoption on pleasure cars did not occur until years later.

The motors of the earliest cars were placed under the seat and were protected from mud, rain, and dust. This was an evident disadvantage, and consequently designers began so to protect and coneeal the power plants that they were practically hidden within the body and could be reached only from below or by removing the seat. These are the "one-lungers" and "threshing-machines" that in several instances are giving satisfactory, but noisy, service today. But when the European practice of placing the motor in front of the driver's seat under a removable hood was first adopted in this country, engines began to come out from under the seats like snakes from the ground on a warm day. But, unlike snakes, the motors stayed in their new positions. Just previous to this, makers had adopted pneumatic tires and low, wooden artillery wheels, and the general appearance of the horseless carriage began to depart somewhat from that of the buggy which it has so long resembled.

As the motors were moved forward from under the seat, room for expansion was in order, and the development of the four cylinder motor was begun. One of the first of these was placed crosswise of the frame—that is, with its crankshaft

extending parallel with the axle of the car—and was connected with the rear wheels by a long chain. As the field to four cylinder motors was open we consequently find the carrying capacity enlarged, and thus came the advent of the five and seven passenger touring car. In the light of present day design, the bodies on some of these touring cars of yesterday were fearful and wonderful creations. With their short wheel base, high backs and cramped tonneau, they bear but faint resemblance to the long, low, sweeping lines and dimensions of the car of today—a car that is grace, ease, and comfort personified.

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GOD'S GREATEST GIFT

N. E. GRESHAM, '20

(Reprinted from The News and Observer, November 19, 1921.)

When the brightest stars in heaven And the golden glow of morn, Unto Nature had been given, And the flowers had been born; Then it seemed a perfect garden, But 'twas not to God above; It was empty, bleak and lonely, So He planted in it Love.

When the heart was filled with sunshine,
And the glad thoughts here and there
Like the dewdrops on the woodvine,
Seemed to glisten everywhere;
Then the soul of man was whiter
Than the breast of swan or dove;
But our Father wished it purer
And He made it so with Love.

When the years so old in story
Had begun their endless way,
To the realm of perfect glory,
And that last undying day;
Then the smile of God grew sweeter,
As the erons 'gan to move,
And He said, "Take this companion";
So they took it. It was Love.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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STAFF

FACULTY EDITOR
DR. J. H. GORRELL
EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Euzellan C. S. GREEN

J. R. NELSON

Philomathesian Euzelian I. C. Pait A. N. Corpening
BULLES MANAGER
Z. V. Morg an

A. L. GOODRICH

ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER

R. L. ANDREWS

Vol. XLI

JANUARY, 1922

No. 4



EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. R. Nelson, Editor



A New Year and Old Work bells and blowing whistles each New Year is ushered in. And now another has begun! A review of the accomplishments or failures of the old and the building of great hopes upon hosts of resolutions for the new are as characteristic accompaniments of the season as are whistles and bells of the midnight moment which marks the change from the last day of the old to the first of the new. Does the college student need to be reminded that his year began in September and now he enters upon only a new term?

Let him not forget those resolutions he had in September, however many new ones he may have now. The work of this year is only half finished. New courage and new determination, perhaps, are required, and so it is better that the work is not new.

The Quill Of vital interest to The Student, as well Club as to the other College publication, is the organization of The Quill Club of Wake Forest

College, which was effected last month. For a long time there has been felt here the need for some kind of stimulus to forms of literary activity other than those toward which the literary societies direct their active efforts. There is provided already a means for encouraging public speaking and developing speakers; but if there are in the student body a few who have some ability for writing, they have been thrown largely upon their own initiative in deciding how much effort they shall put forth to exercise that ability, and if there are others who possess undiscovered talent, their possibilities have in most cases remained hidden because of no very active insentive to call them out. Of course, the prizes and medals offered by THE STUDENT have produced effective results, and, we think, have served their purpose quite well; we would by no means wish to see them withdrawn. But the need is for something more active than prizes, not only to encourage writing, but to give some helpful training in the art.

To accomplish such a purpose is the aim of the newly organized Quill Club. In no sense is it designed as an encroachment upon the English department, or as a means of escape from English courses. Rather, if we understand rightly its objects, for the sake of the College publications and of the writers themselves, it will seek to supplement whatever is being done already. Monthly meetings will be held, and in these the real work of the club will be accomplished.

cies.

This new addition to the clubs of Wake Forest may at first sight give a wrong impression of the "club movement," which has received great impetus in the last several years. Certainly it would be tragic if all the clubs were meant for and were composed of the same class of students. However, so long as each one is designed for a single class and for the best of that class, unless a student has varied accomplishments and aims toward a great many ends instead of specializing, no man should have need of, or be needed by, more than one club, or certainly more than two. If one does not interfere with another we see no reason why there should not be as many clubs as there are well defined classes of students which they can serve. We welcome the Quills.

If the founders of the Euzelian and Philo-The Literary mathesian Societies had never, since the days Societies of their wanderings about the campus here, heard from these offsprings of their lofty literary ideals, and if they were all living now and could come back here for a glance at the workings of the two organizations, not many of them would be able to survive the shock, we fear. The societies are certainly, in what they accomplish, far different from what they were in their early days, and continued to be for many years. But those who were members in the good old days are not the only ones who find the present situation a very deplorable one. The members now are agreed that the societies are no longer doing the work that they should, and many have become quite disgusted with the salient deficien-

Where is the fault? Is it with the stream of new members—men who represent both ideas and ideals different from those of the founders—who have come in with the new sessions, or is it with the societies themselves? We believe that both, to some extent at least, are to blame.

The societies have still the same functions to perform for which they were created. Besides being a training place for men who wish to become public speakers, they must continue to serve certain interests of the College which they have served nobly in the past. For this reason, perhaps, there has been hesitancy about making changes in the general rules more radical than the removal of secrecy and lessening the number of business meetings. True, the Euzelians changed their attendance law last spring, but that action was annulled at the beginning of the present session. Surely, it is but right that changes of all kinds should receive due consideration and should not be hastily made. And yet, with all due reverence to time-honored customs and the lofty ideals of all those great men who have been members of the societies and have supported heartily the regulations which have come down to the present day, we believe most emphatically that to bring about a relief of the bad conditions now existing, some very radical changes in the regulations—in the societies themselves—must be made. Whether optional attendance, optional membership, or some other plan will be the best solution, we are not prepared to say. There is possibly a great deal of justice as well as logic in the argument of those who clamor loudly for an optional membership basis.

Apparently, however, there must be another step in the solution of the problem. The societies now are composed largely of men who do not want to be in them and who spend their best efforts trying to get out or to dodge the duties imposed upon them. For this reason, what real, constructive and beneficial literary work is being done is eclipsed by the more evident general lagging of interest and unsympathetic efforts of the dissatisfied members. Those who have at heart the real interests of the two organizations and the interests of the College which they serve, seem to be afraid that if society duties were not required of all men they would be performed by none, and thus there would be no societies at all. What is really needed, we believe, is a genuine revival of society spirit among those to whom that kind of literary activity appeals, and the release in some way of those who care nothing for training in public speaking and are by their protests harming the societies instead of helping to build them up. If those men who are now exercising their best efforts in debating and speaking will join each other in a program for the continuation of such efforts, we believe that far better work will be done without the necessity of fighting off the "bear" of protest. Men who want to be speakers will still develop their powers, and the College will still have debaters and orators for public occasions.

Whether the societies should continue their present financial support of certain College functions must be determined by whatever solution is made of the other question. We believe, of course, that The Student as a literary magazine should continue to be fostered and championed by the literary societies.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. NELSON, Editor

With the end of the football season athletic interest turned immediately to basketball. Practice began early in December with Professor J. G. Carroll acting as Coach pro tem. On the whole, prospects seem very good for a successful season. Manager Carpenter has arranged a schedule including twenty-three games, three of which were played in December -two with Raleigh "Y" and one with Durham "Y." The remainder of the schedule provides for two games with every college in the State except Lenoir, and an extended trip through South Carolina. It is as follows:

Jan. 12-Durham "Y" at Wake Forest. Jan. 19-Carolina at Wake Forest. Jan. 21—Elon at Wake Forest. Jan. 27—Lenoir at Wake Forest. Jan. 28—State College at Raleigh.
Jan. 31—Trinity at Wake Forest.
Feb. 3—Wofford at Wake Forest (pending.)
Feb. 4—Trinity at Durham.
Feb. 9—Davidson at Wake Forest.
Feb. 11—Guilford at Wake Forest. Feb. 14—Carolina at Chapel Hill Feb. 22—State College at Wake Forest. Feb. 24—Elon at Elon College. Feb. 25—Guilford at Guilford. For, 25—Guilford at Guitoru.

Feb, 28—Charlotte "Y" at Charlotte.

Mar. 1—Morford at Spartaburg.

Mar. 2—Furman at Greenville.

Mar. 3—Newberry College at Newberry.

Mar. 4—University of South Carolina at Columbia or Presby
disconnections of the College at Clinton.

terian College at Clinton.

On the suggestion of the College chaplain, Dr. A. Paul Bagby, the student body appointed in November a committee to confer with the Advisory Board of the church and work with them toward a closer and more vital relationship between the church and College. The committee and board have met together three times and find that Dr. Bagby's suggestion is bearing fruit through them.

The Ex-service Men's Club of last year has been changed this year to the A. E. F. Club. A visible result of this club's activities is seen on the campus every day. The "flagless flagpole" in front of the Administration building had been flagless long enough, the club decided, and provided the means for having a flag raised and lowered each day for several months. It is hoped that now the College will take charge of the matter and see to the proper raising and lowering of the flag. W. F. Hester is president of the club and J. S. Johnson is secretary.

The Education, Philosophy, English, and Political Science Clubs have all done good work during the fall term, each having held regular meetings and participated in interesting and helpful programs. The Medical and Chemical Societics may be added to the list, though they are not clubs. The newest addition to the club list, The Quills, organized just before Christmas, will have something to report later, no doubt. Ed. Holman is president and C. S. Green is secretary.

Much interest was manifested in the class basketball games, which were played before the holidays. The Seniors captured the title to championship. All money taken in at these games will be used by the Athletic Council in supplying new seats for the gymnasium.

Dr. Edgar J. Banks, archæologist and explorer, of the University of Chicago, recently delighted two large audiences at Wake Forest with illustrated lectures of his travels. His first lecture was delivered in the church on Sunday evening, Norember 20th, at which time his subject was "One Thousand Miles Down the Tigris Valley." His remarks and the sides he exhibited revealed many interesting facts about the country under discussion and its peoples. His second lecture was in Memorial Hall the following Tuesday evening on the subject.

"The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World." If his hearers before the address were unable to name those seven wonders, they knew afterwards not only the names of them and where they were, but what became of them and why they were so marveled at, as well as many other things about them and their builders.

The Howler staff, particularly R. M. Lee, manager, and W. O. Kelley, editor-in-chief, have shown great zeal in their efforts to have the Annual ready for the printers and engravers at a date much earlier than the usual time. In November and again in December The White Studio of New York had a representative here for the necessary preliminaries in picture making. The other material is about all in now and the preparation of the publication is practically complete. Consequently the appearance of the Howler may be expected at a somewhat earlier date than it usually comes out.

The College Glee Club and Orchestra returned on November 27th from a most successful trip to eight towns of Eastern North Carolina. Large audiences greeted the performers at every place and seemed very much pleased with the attractive and well rendered program. The following places were visited in order: Fayetteville, Lumberton, Wilmington, Kinston, Greenville, Tarboro, Wilson, and Goldsboro.

The High School Declamation Contest Committee, with A. L. Goodrich, chairman, and T. S. Graham, secretary, has been at work for some time making preparations for the anual contest to be held next March. Old Gold and Black reports: "Several of the members went over to the Teachers' Assembly in Raleigh and interviewed the teachers of the State in an effort to secure a large representation. Over a hundred promised to send declaimers. Estimated upon a conservative basis, the contest this year will be a larger and better one than

any of its predecessors. Efforts are being made to interest the schools of the entire State in this contest, and the more interest that can be fostered, the more students of a high type will be secured to take part in the annual speech-making."

Parker Pool has been appointed by the Athletic Council as football manager for the 1922 season. He is already working on a schedule which will probably bring four out of a total of ten games to Gore Field at Wake Forest. Two of these games will probably be with Carolina and State College.

The grading of the Gore Athletic Field is now nearing completion. Plans for concrete bleachers have been drawn up and it is believed that the four College classes will provide for the erection of a 120-foot section. When the baseball season opens it is believed that the field will be "ready for business."

At a meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in Birmingham, Alabama, on December 3rd, the application of Wake Forest College for membership in that association was accepted. The association is the standardizing agency for colleges and secondary schools of the South. Though Wake Forest in the past has not lagged behind other colleges as regards regular college work, her acceptance as a member of the association is a recognition of equal rank with the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee, Vanderbitt, University of North Carolina, and all the leading educational institutions of the South.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winning contributions for this issue as follows: Story, I. C. Pait, "The Lone Trail"; essay, C. H. Pinner, "The Teaching of Highest Literature in the High School"; poem, J. R. Knott, "Why Do You Come, Narcissus!"

ALUMNI NOTES

I. C. PAIT, Editor

Rev. Eugene A. Turner, M.A. '01, former General Secretary of Georgia School of Technology, recently returned to China. Georgia Tech. has appropriated fifteen hundred dollars to assist him in Y. M. C. A. work there.

President W. L. Poteat, M.A. '89, who is president of the Southern Baptist Education Association which met in Birmingham, Alabama, December 3, made two addresses before the association on that day.

Rev. John Jordan Douglass, '94, is third vice-president of the State Literary and Historical Association.

President C. E. Brewer, '86, of Meredith College, was elected president of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at its last session in Raleigh.

The following ten Wake Forest alumni, eight of whom are college presidents, were on the program at the recent session of the Southern Baptist Education Association in Birmingham, Alabama: Dr. W. L. Poteat, M.A., '89, president; Dr. John E. White, B.A., '90; Dr. R. T. Vann, B.A., '83; Dr. Livingston Johnson; Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, M.A., '93; Dr. E. W. Sikes, M.A., '91; President Oscar E. Sams, B.A., '98; President Spright Dowell, B.A., '96; Dr. Charles E. Brewer, M.A., '86; Principal J. A. Campbell, B.A., '11.

Porest Avenue pastorate, Greensboro, N. C.

The New Hanover County Alumni of Wake Forest College held a banquet in the Y. M. C. A. at Wilmington, N. C., November 21, at which Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, M.A., '08, was principal speaker. At the conclusion of the banquet the New

Hanover County Wake Forest Alumni Association was organized, the officers being elected as follows: President, Edwin B. Josey, B.A., '906; Vice-President, Addison Hewlett, '01; Secretary, Edward B. Cox, B.A., '17; Treasurer, Chas. E. Taylor, B.A., '94.

Mr. L. C. Bridger, '20, is secretary of the Bridger Corporation at Bladenboro, which is one of the most thriving concerns of eastern North Carolina.

Rev. R. H. Herring, '98, has resigned his pastorate at Mount Olive, N. C., and accepted that of Waynesville, N. C.

Mr. E. A. Harrill, B.A., '11, is one of Richmond County's foremost lawyers. His address is Hamlet, N. C.

Rev. Richard Fountain, B.A., '17, formerly pastor of the Bishopville, S. C., First Baptist Church, has accepted a call to Siler City, N. C.

Mr. Joseph A. Williams, B.A., '01, is superintendent of the Clinton schools.

Mr. Henry Dockery, B.A., '09, former law partner of Governor Cameron Morrison, is holding an important position at the State Capitol.

Rev. Frank K. Pool, M.A., '20, is professor of Bible at Furman University.

Mr. John J. Tyson, B.A., '21, is principal of the Wades' boro High School.

Mr. Charles E. Taylor, B.A., '94, is president of the Wilmington Savings and Trust Company, Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. Woodward F. Heath, '11, is Assistant Engineer of Cameron County Water Improvement, District Number Two, Texas.

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

AMONG THE WRITERS OF 1921

Any review of a year's productions in the field of writing mannecessarily involve a certain personal element that may find conflict with some, but in the following paragraphs the books which have been most discussed and have met with the largest sales are selected as indicative of the approval of the reading public, and so no apologies are offered for the books mentioned or those which the reviewer fails to mention.

BIOGRAPHIES AND MEMOIRS

Most prominent in this class of books we find the "Mirror" books which deal with the reflection of certain figures in a humorous way, and have been widely read. "The Mirrors of Downing Street," "The Glass of Fashion" and the "Mirrors of Washington," all came from the press with the author hidden securely behind his veil in a cowardly manner, certainly exhibiting bad taste. In this same class, but with commendation for the man who is willing to stand behind his writing, we have "Washington Close-Ups," by Edward G. Lowry.

During the early spring books appeared on the life of Queen Victoria and later very interesting works relating to the life of Empress Eugenie were published. "Women in the Life of Balzae," by Floyd was a very interesting book on a great French figure. Not to be overlooked was "The Letters and Journals of Thomas Weutworth Higginson," a work that proved a mine of information regarding the temptestuous days in the career of the United States.

The most important additions to the season's output of Rooseveltiana were "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt," by Corrine Roosevelt and "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," by

Hagedorn. "The Book of Jack London," by his widow, Charmion K. London, is very interesting throughout. Books on the lives of the late Lord Kitchener and the E-xKaiser were noted among the publications. "News Hunting of Three Continents" is an interesting memoir of the journalist, Julius Chambers.

HISTORY

The entire field of history was limited mainly to writings of the late war, and most popular in this group of writings we find the books telling of the Peace Conference and its work. "The Peace Negotiations," by Robert Lansing; "What Really Happened at Paris," edited by Colonel Edward M. House; and "The Truth About the Treaty," by M. Andre Tardieu, all eaused a great deal of talk when published but have practically settled into a definite obscurity. The latter was possibly the best of the three, dealing with the French idea of what was accomplished at Versailles.

Among the books concerning the war itself, "More That Must Be Told," by Sir Philip Gibbs, was perhaps the most entertainingly written volume. The delightful style characteristic of Gibbs and his knowledge of the conditions of the war as they really existed make any writing of his on this subject unusually interesting. The revision of "Outlines of History" by H. G. Wells and the compiling of it into one volume was very pleasing to admirers of his works.

FICTION

Of all classes of books this is the most difficult in which to select the outstanding productions of the year. According to a reviewer in The New York Times, there is a certain tightrope that must be walked between Harlod Bell Wright's "Heleu of the Old House" and Anatole France's "Little Pierre." Mr. Wright's book has attained the success his advertisers predicted it would and has grown to be quite a favoramong readers of modern fietion. It is consoling to state in justice to Mr. Wright that this is by no means his best book. But back to Anatole France. Besides winning the Nobel Prize for literature for the year, he is represented by two translations, "Little Pierre" and "Monsieur Bergeret in Paris," which complete a series of four novels by this author.

It may be wise first to set forth the accomplishments of American writers of fiction and then follow with the English. Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams" was a new style for the writer and received very high praise during the year and is indeed a book well worth reading. "Erik Dorn," by Ben Hecht was a strange, convulsive effort that brought a new force in American letters. "The Girls," Edna Forber's first novel, was adequate to the standard it aimed at. Ernest Poole's "Beggars Gold"; Alice Duer Miller's "Manslaughter" and Samuel Hopkins Adams' "Success" were written for their respective audiences and can hardly be expected to lift the average of American letters.

We will let our readers guess our opinion of the latest work of Thomas Dixon and quote what a reviewer in a recent issue of The New York Times says of it: "Thomas Dixon, who writes badly but so vigorously as to be interesting, came to the fore with 'The Man in Gray,' a novel supposedly about Robert E. Lee, but which really presents as its most vivid character John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. The book resolves itself into an unrelenting attack on John Brown, and not, one gathers, without reason."

Turning to the English, certain successes stand out, and perhaps greatest of these is "If Winter Comes," by A. M. S. Huttehinson, which resolves itself into an excellent story well told. A clever and keen study of certain aspects of modern English life was presented in the novel "To Let," by John Galsworthy. D. H. Lawrence, "that analyst of the human

soul," continued his prolific strain with two novels, "Woman In Love" and "The Lost Girl." Both of these showed Lawrence in his familiar vein as an analyst of love impulses. Those two purveyors of fiction to the not so critical audience, Sir Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, were present with "The Master of Man" and "The Secret Power," respectively. It is enough to say that these books were up to the usual standard of these authors. Among other English productions which may well be read we find "The Green Bough," by Thurston; "The Grey Room," by Eden Philpots; "The Willing Horse," by Ian Hay Beith, and "The Obstacle Race," by Ethel M. Dell. The latter was a very interesting novel of English society life and may be greatly enjoyed by readers of light fiction.

Certain foreign books stand out. Three novels by Knut manus appeared, "Growth of the Soil," "Shallow Soil," and "Pan." Also there was "The Torrent," by Vincente Blaseo Ibanez. Though not as pronounced a success as his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," it was a very interesting and delightful book.

POETRY

As stated before, nothing of lasting style was produced in the field of poetry during the year, though there were some very delightful books of verses published. At the top of the list would stand "Collected Poems" of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Wilfred Owen's "Poems," which were both very pleasant reading. "Poems Old and New," by John Freeman, and Anna Wickham's "The Contemplative Quarry" were books that aroused considerable discussion. An intercesting book was Robert Grave's "The Pier Glass."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. N. CORPENING, Editor

Defeated, Yes-Conquered, Never!-Technique.

Mankind has a great aversion to intellectual Labor.—The Trinity University Review.

Education would teach men to "dress their thoughts in overalls."—The Morris Harvey Comet.

No man can build a life in the full sense of the word unless it is founded upon principles.—The Clemson Chronicle.

People who are IN LOVE are foolishly ridiculous.—University of Oklahoma Magazine.

"There is more human nature in a hen than in a human, nohow."—The Concept.

Just as the call comes to the young, ambitious business man. · · · it comes to those, who would renounce all claim to fortune in seeking to give their lives where they would count most.—Davidson College Magazine.

We act as though we planned to stay on earth for countless years.—Purple and Gold.

Many Americans go to church, support charities, and hypocrocize themselves in other ways because those things are means to success.—College of Charleston Magazine.

No activity can exist and thrive without constant loyal support.—The Trinity Archive. Would it not be wise, in men's colleges, to give a course in shopping . . . in the matching of ribbons and laces?—
Tennessee College Magazine.

The little troubles we have daily are but part of God's great plan for making sturdy men and women of us.—The Erskinian.

The home is to the child what water is to a withering plant: it is virtue giving and character making.—William and Mary Literary Magazine.

Don't tell yourself that you'll just let this ticket slide until the next term and then make it up, you won't!—Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

Democracy is something deeper than liberty; it is responsibility.—The Intercollegiate Statesman.

It is rumored that there is an epidemic of gambling in the colleges and universities of this country.—Wofford College Journal.

Today, our hands are making a tool that the future is to use in its great workshop, and you only can say what kind of a tool it will be.—The Orion.

It is inevitable that the customs which grow up in a college community should fail to reflect the opinions of all its members.—Acta Victorians.

Abraham Lincoln was, in his youth, a backwoods rail-splitter, but he was not content with being a mere rail-splitter.— Furman Echo. It is a great pity to have neither brains enough to talk well nor sense enough to keep quiet.—The Philomathean.

There is nothing in this world that pays like kindness.— P_{ep} .

Our standard of life depends on the thing we look to.— The Blackburnian.

Dartmouth College, for example, is divided into two camps—those who wish to be men and those who wish to be intelligent men.—Bema.

"If you are in dead earnest you can get a college education.—Dr. James.

Waste of time is waste of character.—Orange and Blue.

[Entrod's Norm.—This is not intended to be merely a joke department and nothing more. So we are submitting the following poems which were submitted to the editor with no apologies as to their position in the magazine. The boy-lover while his lament to a former lady-love and she replies—but read them and know their story.]

JANUARY

A world snow-white 'neath a star-lit sky;

A soft glow-light in the room-a sigh;

A thousand wonders which awe the brain;

A round of pleasure; a portion of pain;

A fearless feeling; a thousand fears;

A broken heart and frozen tears;

A face uplifted, a heart that sings

Are griefs and love the new month brings.

J. R. K., *24.

"Prof. Speas": "After my explanation will someone tell me what a magnet is?"
"Newish" Tracev: (Waking up)—"A magnet is a pretty girl."

LONGER THAN THAT

He put his arms about her waist, The color left her cheek.

But on the shoulder of his coat, It stayed about a week.

Ben Dodd: Bubber, why in the world are you running so fast?"
"Newish" Dodd: (Running home greatly excited):—"I am trying
to keep two boys from fighting."

Brother Ben: "What two boys?" Little Brother: "Me and Creech."

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE

Dr. Kitchin: "Gentlemen, the only remedy for malaria is quinine and whiskey."

Sam Turlington: "Where can you get it?"

Dr. Kitchin: "What, whiskey?"

Turlington: "No, malaria."

GIVE 'EM THE PUP

"Country" Wall: "I've seen a politician that never did any harm."
"R. F. D." Wall: "And I've seen a ring from the finger of scorn."

"Country": "T've seen a man who bet on the human race."
"R. F. D.": And I've seen a girl who never did powder her face."
"Country": "And I have a corn extracted from the foot of a hill."

"R. F. D.": "While I have a piece of cheese refused by a little church mouse."

"Country": "And I have a feather from the wing of a brick house,"

"R. F. D.": "Well, I have a tomato that couldn't catch up."

"Country": "And I the petitional from the outskirts of town."
"R. F. D.": "Here is a tooth from the Mississippi River's mouth."

"Country": "And I have seen a drunken man kicked by the foot of a street."

"R. F. D.": "These rubber boots were worn by the man in the moon."

"Country": "And I have here the poker that stirred up the devil's fre."
"R. F. D.": "AND I HAVE HERE A TEN SPOT THAT SAYS

YOU ARE A DOGGONE LIAR."

Stroud: "Why didn't you use Frank Armstrong at quarterback this year?"

Boylin: "He'd make the best in the state with one exception. When he gets to calling signals, he can't think of a thing but seven and eleven."

Senior Cary Bowden: "Runt, I am liable to teach and coach football down to St. Pauls next year."

Runt Lancaster: "Yea, do that, teach 'em football and you ought to be able to teach the fourth or fifth grades."

From Dr. Pearson to Lazy Boys

Boys, you are like the Hindoo, Who worked so fast, From first to last, For clothes, he made the skindoo.

GIVE ME JUST \$6.99

An Associated Press dispatch announces that college boys who play summer baseball for expenses only will not be barred from college teams. And it further announces that a reasonable sum for expenses will be \$7 per day.

Deacon Mauney: (At meeting of the Advisory Council) "All who want to go to heaven, please rise." All rose except "Nutty" Howell.

"And don't you want to go to heaven, Brother Howell?"
"Not yet."

Sub.-Prof. Pinner: (On English I) "Mr. Booe what is a concrete example of climax?"

"Newish" Booe: "Climax chewing tobacco."

Miss Mull: "I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry?"

Roberts: "That depends upon how many times you marry."

"The Student is a mighty paper,
The college gets the fame;
The publishers get the money,
And the staff gets all the blame."

Selected.

A THOUGHT FOR 1922

"Our credit is built on the things we do, Our debt on things we shirk; The man who totals the biggest plus Is the man who completes his work.

Good intentions do not pay bills;
It's easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office boy,
To do is the job of a man.

It isn't the work we intend to do, Nor the work we've just begun That puts us right on the ledger sheet; It's the work we've really done.

System.

MAY THE YEAR NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO BE THE HAP-PIEST AND MOST PROSPEROUS THAT YOU HAVE EVER KNOWN.—Editor.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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FEBRUARY

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

F—ast falls the swirling, silent snow,
E—ach crystal flake a passing show—
B—rightening faces, daring sleighs.
R—ollicking world! We like thy ways:
U—ndulating hills, all wrapt in white—
A—stage where plays the wandering sprite,
R—acing over snow-clad dunes
Y—oddling songs sans words, sans tunes.

PSYCHOLOGY IN SWEARING

Swearing is founded on natural instincts and man swears because society has ruled that he should not

CARY ROBERTSON, '24

A paper on swearing has little excuse for being specular tive. It would be interesting, indeed, to transcend general impressions and tabulate our neighbors: how many golfers and debutantes swear, and how many times a day? Among Christians who hold the intent equal to the sin, the number of audible and of unuttered curses must sound like figures in astronomy. And this wholesale immorality from a people whose paragon allowed nothing beyond "Yea, yea; nay, nay?" Even lust stands second in the order of commonness.

Aside from the encyclopedic custom of opening a discussion with history, there is a definite point in considering ancient oaths; for it seems to show that swearing is a part of human nature, like bullying or gluttony. The Greeks of Homer took the names of their gods in all seriousness, as did the traditional founders of Rome and of New England; but primitive earnestness is short-lived, and ne tou Dia became as nearly nothing as mehercule. The Middle Ages were more forceful, with zounds, od's me, and the rest,—more free and full of color, though equally insincere. Of present-day nations, the French are the most flippant, for mon Dieu means less than a lifted eyebrow; the English are most indirect—bally and blighted are diffident substitutes for damned; we Americans are incomparably violent.

Now, all this review shows just one thing: that cursing, if not an instinct itself, must be founded on native instincts. And it is; we find every reason for profanity in a phychology textbook. Surely, primitive man must have grunted more loudly than usual when he dropped a rock on his toe. So swearing is a convenient outlet for any amount of emotions and of excess motor impulses. Yet one hesitates to call it the effect of anger merely, although the impulse to yell, to tear, to do something in a ferocious, outlawed manner is a concomitant of rage. Society has ruled, theoretically, that one does not curse; and so one simply curses his head off. It seems frightfully relieving, sometimes. Here is a coincidence: those who scoff at Christianity and swear by Christ show their respect for his influence.

Were it not natural to swear by whatever is sacred, we should still do it because of social heredity; that is, of imitation. Don't laugh too much at those stories of little boys who reel off Father's slips before the parson—they are true to life. An Oriental, deeply religious, schooled to repress his impulses, sees no humor in our swearing; a four-year-old American never laughs at an oath; but his ten-year-old brother does. His models consider profanity amusing, eloquent, and manly; why blame him?

Man swears because he is proud; his vanity is tickled when he handles the name of the Lord as personal property. If he stammers out expletives in fear, it is to make himself proud again of his courage, and of his full-grown right to profanity. He begins swearing with a bud of curiosity occupying a few cells somewhere in his brain; while he develops it, emulation, rivalry, and ambition are stirring him. He makes his cursing obnoxious because of his instinct for pugnacity.

As an appendix to the catalogue of natural reactions, there arc a few more excuses with which a flabby-willed blasphemer may console himself. One is that man is often inarticulate; even Greek and English are unable to express the supreme emotions of love, indignation, or peace. If one were to play Bizet's L'Arlesienne Suite at a cantonment theater, the listeners would pronounce it "a damned good piece," if not "as pretty as the devil."—These reasons mentioned are true; but forget them for this, that swearing is the most insidious and the most ingrowing of habits. Associations for athletics, business, or nothing in particular presume that manhood is unequal to breaking it; members snicker when their sisters eatch them. Strong men, who scorn any man-sized enemy, let this little demon ride their backs. One lets out a golly—it seems too mild to make any difference—and realizes that his self-control is slipping an iota. Can a curser be his own man?

As swearing is a most petty vice, it is a most difficult one to jerk away from—the habit, buried under thirty years, may be resurrected by a simple daraed. But for quitting it once what James has written about habits in general will fit very well. There is a certain distinction, however; the most effective refining agent in this case is not substitution, but a definite negation, a prohibitory attitude. One inspiration is the desire to be different; far from being characteristic or picturesque, swearing is a most commonplace thing. Another is disgust (Mark Twain was cured when his wife let loose for a dirty half-hour.) The greatest of all is the force that makes man more than a reasoning animal, and that is—religion.

THE DESERTED CAMP

An intensely interesting narrative in verse portraying the building of the training eamp—the war—the victory, what that victory means to us and what it meant to those who died

I. C. Pait, '23

In silence now it lies as though in state,
The drooning funeral dirge, it seems to wait
Ere it will pass from sight forevermore.
Ah, Memory's guests are knocking at her door!

Long since has ceased to ring on morning's damp. The ax and saw as soldiers built the camp. Primeval forests, trees of stately grace. Were hewn away, the camp to take their place. On rolling hills o'ershadowed from the west. By Paris mountain's eraggy, frowning crest. And further on, piled high its gorgeous blue, The Blue Ridge pierced the clouds with royal hue.

No longer comes the winding, worming train, Its cargo of the country's gallant swain, Or from the city's best, their lives to give That principles of right might ever live. No more is heard the bugle's quivering call On morning's damp or noon or night to fall; Its clarion notes opure, so strong, so true! Ah, who could dare his duty not to do? No more is heard the tramping, tramping feet Of khakied lads as they advance, retreat, In solemu preparation for the fight Which they so soon must enter, wrongs to right.

What friendships there were knit of soul and heart!
There, pal found pal whom nought but death could part
In love. There, worldless vows were made and sealed.
There, souls were sounded, inner men revealed.
On balmy summer eves 'neath twinkling lights
The camp-fire songs rang out to greet the night's
Approaching calm. Or, from some pyramid
Of khaki rang the laugh of those who chid
The homesick pal or lovesick as might be.
Not all was work, but much was mirth and glee.

Soon came the chilling winter with its snow When all the camp on the husky hikes must go. Long winter evenings when outside the blast Of winter made us lace our flaps up fast. As cozy as wee field mice there we wrote Those back at home, no hardship to denote The grim and bloody monster men call war Whose hellish bellow peace of earth did mar. Or outside in the raging storm to pace On guard, the cutting sleet and snow to face. Out there we drank of war's first bitter drop Of which a torrent, pity bade us sop With lives. Or mayhap 'neath the twinkling stars We paced and pondered long war's blighting scars On earth. 'Twas then the drop we drank seemed sweet. The crisis eager hearts would press to meet!

And burst from winter's chilling blast, sweet spring.
Sad tidings from across the sea to bring,
How war hounds, hungry from their winter sleep
Fared forth, their bloody appetites to seep
In human blood. Our souls sent up a cry:
"Send us, send us, ere struggling Europe die!"

Then erowded to the eamp a solemn throng Of kin and friends and sweethearts, thousands strong, To bid us fond and lingering good-byes,
Their hearts a-tremble, tear-drops in their eyes.
Fond mothers to their bosoms elasped their boys
Whose lives had been to them their greatest joys;
Proud fathers calmly pressed with steady hand
Those of their sons', by sun and labor tanned;
Sweet maidens, purer than the flowers that grow,
Clung tenderly, then bade their sweethearts go.
Such scenes from memory ne'er can be erased;
Such battles! Calmly fought as calmly faced.

Came grinding wheels and churning, foaming screws; Dense fogs, wild seas, dark nights, and hurrying crews; Weird tales of lurking war hounds 'neath the sea Whose rabid bark meant death and misery. But ever watchful was the guarding host Of sea greyhounds whose friendship nations boast. Old "Erin" was the first to cast a spark Of friendly light through midnight's hovering dark. "Tis land! 'Tis land!" The cry went aft and fore Grand sights the morning brought, for there the shore Of Scotland to the left, and Ireland, right, Had 'risen guardian angels through the night. Fair England granted sights and needed rest Before aeross the channel sailed the quest To scenes of direct want and poverty Of those who once knew not that want could be. A once proud land, so fair, so strong, so bold! In rags and hunger, eaught within the fold Of Prussia's ebon eagle's smothering wing Had lost the sunny songs it used to sing. Grand homes of aged hospitality

Had tasted direst want and misery.

Once buxom maidens, fair in blushing youth,
Were clothed in rags and atters, forms uncouth.

And groups of children, faces pinched and drawn
With hunger, urged the khakied soldier on
To centers where the tactics of the trench
Were taught and learned, war's cruel fires to quench.

Soon moved the eager columns toward the rage Of battle; there in war's strife to engage. Ah, St. Mihiel! You emptied quite your cup Of bitter dregs! You caused your share to sup From galling springs of blood and pain and death; So greedily you snatched the gasping breath! And who could e'er forget your wrath, Argonne? And, too, your thirsty ground, ficrce Montfaucon? You snatched the dearest "buddies" from their pals! You supped their blood that gushed in red canals! Your blood-stained fields, your forests, battle-scarred, Now boast a hundred thousand crosses. Hard It was to leave the "buddy" there! But worse Than death the "buddy" suffers from your curse Bereft of sight or limbs or strength or health Stole from him by your treachery and stealth.

And who could e'er forget the rending scenes Of heart which cruel war so surely gleans? The wounded, bleeding, dying, row on row; The trenches of the dead to thrive and grow; Red poppies and the ever-present cross, Reminders of the mourning nations' loss. Or pressing toward the front the eager lad Of beardless face—a man in khaki-clad— To take the place of comrades, weary grown From want of rest and food. And in the dawn To see the halting, straggling, broken line Of those relieved, around the hill to twine In search of shelter from the screaming shell Whose whining voice oft sounded death's sad knell. But never counted they their sufferings vain, For trudging down the scarred and broken lane Of beechnuts, wormed a line of greenish-gray, Discarded helmets, gas masks thrown away. Though prisoners of war, their faces cast A happy glow, for war for them was past. And those who yesterday sought life for life, Today seemed willing to forget the strife Of war. The lad in khaki, face aglow, His store divided with the crewhile foe.

And to that land of direst want and death Oft came the whispering, sweet, love-laden breath From home. Ah, letters! precious missives sent By loving hands. What joys unmatched they lent To fields of oozing blood! But oft 'twas hard Those loving missives to repay, for scarred By spiteful shot and whining shell, the ranks Were thinned, and often under miry banks Ploughed high by fearful shell, or in a pool Of scarlet, lay some hero, pale brow cool In death. The message penned to him in love Lay sealed, unread 'till pity some pal drove To break the seal. How sad it was to write Those back at home! How stinging pain would bite The heart of him who wrote the quelling news To loved ones, waiting, watching, fond adieus Still ringing in their ears which bade them bide The time in faith 'till Providence should guide Him safely back! Oh, faith that must be kept

In peace as well as war! Not one unwept Shall lie 'neath blood-soaked soil, no cross that marks The spot; no voice save that of soaring larks.

Long since, the dove of peace has spread its wing O'er warring lands. Again the nations sing of peace. A lasting peace! The world has caught In hearing ears the call of those who fought And died. The savage, skulking hound of war, Whose quelling breath all peaceful lands abhor, Is branded as a lurking, thieving beast. No more his vicious appetite shall feast On peace of earth! E'en now from east and west Have gathered potentates of peace to wrest From him his galling power and heavy yoke; A peace unmarred by power-lust to invoke.

Ah, rolling hills! You played a goodly part! The sons you sent into the raging mart Of life, where life was worthless, kept the faith You taught them. Visible would be the wraith Of legions now unseen and undisturbed In sleep, should we unfaithful be. Perturbed Would be their dreamless rest, so dearly bought, And worthless be the battles, nobly fought. Though calm and pulseless lie your rolling crests, Rare fame and world renown will be your guests Forevermore, for, to the world you lent A service, helped to build a monument Which time nor storm nor morals can o'erthrow, Or crumble to a fierce, invading foe.

IN THE AFTERWHILE

In which Wayne Grayson lives through the deepest valley of gloom and despondency to find happiness as a reward in the afterwhile

GAY G. WHITAKER, '23

The watch on his table pointed its hands timidly at 3:10 a. m. The tick of the little timepiece could be heard all over the room, the heat long since had stopped its hissing sound in the radiator and only a slow gurgle of the cooling water could be heard. Without, the first notes of the restless chanteleers were quite audible through the brisk currents of air. Fine snow carried by January's piereing wind haughtily surging in the night's alleys of cold, was sifting in under the window sill—the harmony of all only added to the sullenness and gloom of the hour.

Wrapped closely in a bathrobe and with his bedroom slippers offering the only medium of heat to his numb and aching feet, Wayne Grayson sat in a solemn and meditative mood at his table, a textbook firmly clasped in his hand and his eyes fixed on the watch. His brain was numbed, his body chilled, yet he did not and could not realize the terseness of his feelings.

A very popular and congenial young man was Grayson, a senior in college, tall, jovial, handsome, and a fellow with a host of friends. "A great boy with a deep love for his mother," a member of the faculty often remarked about him. He was a loyal and energetic student, an ardent supporter of all the college activities, and a leader in many important phases of college life.

With an atmosphere of deepest melancholy he shoved his chair back into the room and threw his book down on the table with an air of abject disappointment, saying: "Seven-

teen blooming' hours I have worked today—seven straight classes and a world of other duties piling in on me—all this and more, yet—can I ever stand it all? Can I?"

Wheeling about and thrusting his hand into the dresser drawer he drew out a dangerous looking black-handled knife, with a long keen blade in each end of it. He opened it, and advancing toward the doorway muttering, he drew himself firmly up against the closed door, with his face toward the light in the other corner of the room. He began humning, "one and two and three and four,"—then drew the knife carelessly over his shoulder, and with a swift little swing sent it whirling in the direction of the protruding light bulb, striking and crushing it. Soon the entire room was wrapped in darkness.

Turning about in a slightly uncertain manner, he gave the door knob a sudden wrench and plunged out into the hall finding his way to the stairway leading down to the front entrance. Silently, and despite the fact that he was sparingly clad, he stepped out of the building and pursued his way down the icy walk into the darkness. Gloom—it was of no significance to him—cold, heat, weather rough or calm meant nothing to him just now. How was he going to meet all his college expenses, make up extra work he had lost on account of illness last session, eare for his mother back at home? These were the deepest wounds in the life of young Grayson.

He wandered on, whispering: "Mother, mother, I can never face it all. I have looked for the sunshine always, and I have tried the best I could to abide by what you have said. I am deeply grateful for your untold sacrifices—your prayers have followed me, but mother I don't believe it's right, you're all alone, half starving and giving your life for me. I'm miserable, unhappy; something has haunted me all day—a vague something I can't understand." He had not gone far down the windy street until someone called out to him as a big car pulled up by his side and stopped:

"Hey, young man, what are you doing out here in that garb, want a lift? Where and how far are you going?"

"None of your blamed business how I'm garbed!" snapped the youth, "thank you for your hospitality. I don't know how far I am going or just where—to the thunder I guess."

The car passed on as the young man continued: "Into the darkness! Into the darkness! Clouds, wind, snow, cold, and rain—what do I care?"

By this time his body began to be mastered by the piercing stings of the winds. His face was numbed, and his limbs almost paralyzed. Something caught him and held him tight. He was clasped firmly in the arms of some being, and driven by this mad intuition, he was being forced back to the dormitory. He couldn't realize just why he was going back to the old stuffy study room, but he was on his way. He quickened his pace but the strangeness and weirdness of his feelings, the fear of that something only drove him faster to his den.

He reached the top of the second flight of stairs in the old Maylor dormitory, and as he approached his room he recognized the form of a man standing in full possession of his room, "An imaginary something," he muttered, but with a forward move he found himself face to face with a man—a negro.

"Does ye know Mr. Wayne Grayson?" ejaculated the intruder in a tone of uncertainty.

"Yeah, what in the nation do you want with him? Get out of here." The youth shoved the man violently down the hall

"But-but, I'se a telegram fer 'im-a telegram."

"For me-me?" inquired the surprised lad.

He grabbed the yellow envelope and ran into his room. He began fumbling for the switch, but recalled the incident of only a few minutes before.

"Got a match?" he asked.

With the negro holding the burning bit of wood, young Grayson read:

"Mother seriously ill, not expected to live. Come at once."
(Signed) Dr. Boone.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the distressed youth, "How can it be? My dearest friend—my mother, my mother! Heaven why am I accursed? Why am I such a miserable wretch? I certainly have my share of troubles, I can't understand. My life will be cternal gloom—clouds again."

Just two hours later and while young Grayson waited restlessly in the long, oold station-house for the train, his mother passed away, with a prayer upon her lips for "my own dear boy." A pall enshrouded the little old fashioned home far back in the hills. There was no one left but Wayne to keep the memories of the fireside and hold aloof the long honored name of the Graysons. He was sole owner of a new little kingdom, with gloom now hovering over it, with a long misty trail opening in the distance.

Next day at 3:30 p. m. the careworn collegian arrived in his home town. From the station he could see the old home on the hillside, how silent and dreary it appeared. Within lay the form of his greatest pal—safe in the arms of sleep, waiting his home-coming. His heart ached, his grief struck down into the deepest parts of his soul. He tried to be brave in it all, but tears glistened on his cheeks as he realized his loss.

The next morning, in that corner of the world, the sun did not rise for him. Clouds enveloped his sphere, but he gravely followed the gray casket to that sacred little corner of the cemetery where his mother had so often told him she would like to rest. There was the little cedar she had planted by his father's grave, there were the stems and leaves of the flowers she had planted last summer, chilled and killed by winter's breath. Summer had faded, no sunshine was his, winter's pall was there, but his heartaches melted the tears into one great stream of love—eternal love for his mother.

During the next week much was done in setting things aright in the now vacant home, and soon Wayne decided it was best for him to return to college. But what kind of an atmosphere would be find there? He had a strong will power, a manly determination, and so it was that fate deemed that

he must press onward however rough the breezes.

"I wish I could invent some absolute cure for blues—I'd are it patented and then be a rich man," smiled the young man as he unlocked the door to his room in the dormitory. "Anyway, I'll sit down and write Lois a long letter tonight. I guess she thinks I'm dead, but I'll write. Maybe there is a letter from her at the office now."

Down the steps, two at a time Grayson hurried out to the office. He did have a letter waiting him. It read as follows:

Dear Wayne:—For three weeks I have longed and waited for a letter. It has not come. I can't understand. You promised fairly you would write. And, too, for a long time I've been thinking and trying to ask myself a great question. I have found the answer. I am not sure I care anything for you or that I have ever cared, since you have always been so negligent and careless in playing your part of the game. I doubt you, absolutely. You go your way; I'll go mine.

Once your pal,

Lois NEAL.

"What else will happen?" he thought, "the jealous-hearted little rat! Maybe sometime she will understand just why I haven't written during the past few days. I'll let her find

out the reason for herself, though, however long it may require. I can be as independent as she—and well, it's all right. Maybe by my continued silence she will be taught a lesson, and if it doesn't work I don't care a 'continental.'"

Lois Neal, twenty, a charming young girl, also a senior in college, and about the most jealous-hearted "miss" in the whole land, was the best friend of young Grayson, though he strictly denied it and would not dare tell her so. She declared he cared nothing for her and that there was "another someone, somewhere." Many times she had threatened to stop the whole affair, and so this last letter he thought was merely another of the "warning series."

Getting down to good hard work he passed the days by. He tried to forget the sorrows of the past few months, and did to some extent. However, time sped by and spring rolled around. Soon he would be a full-fledged graduate, a man of his own, but the facing of life's battles almost penniless was the big question mark confronting him.

As the days passed no message came from Lois. It did seem she was making her word a reality this time.

Commencement came along, he received his long coveted diploma, with numerous other honors rightly earned and conferred upon him—but where was Lois, and was she graduating too? To save his life he couldn't keep from wondering-

On the seventh day of June, Wayne Grayson stepped from the dusty old train back in his little old home town. On every side people were yelling, "howdy," "congratulations," "so glad to see you back," and other friendly greetings. Pressing through the crowd was a man and woman, careworn, and looking wistfully and searchingly at him. As they ame nearer he recognized them to be Mr. and Mrs. Neal

"For mercy sake, Wayne, haven't you heard from Lois yet? You didn't even answer our letter. Young man, where is Lois? She has been gone almost four months and has not been seen at the college during this time. I believe you know something about this affair," spoke Mrs. Neal in very unpleasant tones.

"I beg your pardon, I know absolutely nothing about her. I wish I knew this very minute just where she is," the youth replied.

"Well, I didn't intend saying that," apologetically replied Mss. Neal, "but I shall die with grief if Lois isn't found Mss. In her last letter she stated you hadn't written her in ages; and then we wrote her telling about your mother, but the letter came back, and—and—since then we have never heard another word." The woman was overcome with sortow and the tears streamed down her checks.

All over the country for hundreds of miles, in every direction, inquiries were sent out in an attempt to locate the missing student, but all proved of no avail. The newspapers took up the mysterious disappearance of the girl, police authorites in all the towns and villages throughout the land were busy in the search—and would the young lady ever be found? This was the great question lodged in the hearts of the parents, and then, too, Wayne's grief was that unspeakable kind—maybe he cared.

However, despite all their earnest efforts, August came with no promise of success, and the family gave up all hopes of ever seeing the girl again, but Grayson hoped and longed for the best and he told the worried mother: "If it is right, she will come home some day. We have done all we can."

On the morning of August 21st, about the time the sun was peeping from behind the Carolina hills, there came a knock at the door at the Grayson cottage. The door was pened, and there—there stood no other than his father's old friend and pastor, Dr. Roberts.

"Howdy, young man," the visitor began, "you're twentyone today, are you not?" "Yes, come in," replied the youth, "but that isn't anything."

"I should wonder if it isn't," spoke Dr. Roberts.

In his hand the minister held a dirty and soiled envelope. He handed it to the surprised young man and, wondering, the lad slowly mutilated the seal. The letter was addressed to, "My son, Wayne Grayson, upon reaching his twenty-first birthday." A little blue bit of paper fell to the floor—it was a check for \$21,002. The letter read:

My dear boy:

I could have given you this money before my death, but I wanted you to learn the lesson of self-sacrifice, and how to fight life's battles alone. I trust that by this time you have mastered your lesson and that this will be only a slight means of establishing your future happiness. I have always wanted you to have the very best chances possible in all things to make a real man—I have prayerfully longed for the best in your life. Always remember the advice your mother has so often quoted to you: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths."

Lovingly,

Your Dad.

The young man stood silent, motionless. He could not realize what had happened. He cast reflection o'er the past-Mother, with all her long suffering—why had his father kept this money from him? Why had this money, so badly needed, been lying idle all these years? These questions flashed through his mind, but "maybe it is right," he agreed.

The fall months glided by with an unusual dreariness for Grayson, just why, he didn't care to explain. He tried to forget everything, he tried to thrust those thoughts from him, but there was always that creepy, searching, misty, atmosphere to drift in and add to the gloom. Could he ever forget Lois? When would she return?

However, December came, and 'way up in Kentucky a homesick little school teacher decided that her joke had worked wonderfully, and that down in North Carolina, "the whole world would be joyous over her return." Wayne would be waiting-waiting, and now he would appreciate her friendship more fully. She had been away almost nine months, teaching school, and writing short stories and poetry during her spare time.

On the 23rd, she took the entire town by surprise and immediately declared she had secured her revenge. Wayne, of course, was glad to see her, but he tried his best to be furious, quarreled and just declared "by high heavens" he would make her sorry. To some extent she was sorry, and no doubt would not have been so naughty had she known some things, but after all she was far happier now.

In January she returned to college, taking her degree in May; while Wayne Grayson mustered a little band of car-Penters and workmen and picked the most beautiful building site in the whole town for the dream-bungalow. June proved a mission of fate-he was now beginning to realize that in all the clouds and dark corners of life there is sunshine to be found in the afterwhile. Down deep in his heart there will always burn a tender memory of his mother and the motto she had given him.

THE MISSION

C. H. PINNER, '22

Weep not for those who're dead, For they have gone ahead Judged by the eternal One For deeds that they have done.

What is your mission here? To shed an endless tear? To weep through every day Your only life away?

But nay, your duty is
This sorrow to suppress
And live for usefulness,
For your sole mission is
To serve your fellowman
In all the ways you can;
And doing this each day
You'll tread the upward way.

PSYCHOLOGY IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Psychology has grown to be a theoretical science and is rendering invaluable service in all industrial and commercial life of today

RALPH J. ALFORD, '24

If we go back to the time of Aristotle, we find that psychology was of a speculative nature. Each philosopher had his own philosophy and arranged his psychology accordingly. Thus there were as many theories about psychology as there were men studying it. Centuries later psychology has grown to be a theoretical science. Recently, like industrial chemistry and economic botany, it is rendering invaluable service to our everyday life. Psychology has come to be recognized as a vocation under the civil service regulations, and applied Psychologists are finding themselves called to work in factories, schools, courts, hospitals, banks, employment departments, and various branches of municipal and civic enterprise.

The business executive has found that a knowledge of Psychology has helped him in many ways. In the selection of his employees, he ness a psychological test to get a more adequate vocational diagnosis of their general mental capacity. "Industrial Democracy" is founded on psychology. A house of representatives and a senate are selected from the employees. They, in conjunction with the president of the company, make all rules governing the employees such as wages, living conditions, recreation, etc. An important trait of human nature is the desire for some symbol whereby one's status may be socially established. Not only do men work for wages and salaries—they may also be effectively rewarded by titles, honors, privileges or any simple device

which establishes social recognition. In "Industrial Democracy" employees are always being elected to be a representative, a senator, or a cabinet member as a reward for individual effort and efficiency. A knowledge of psychology must be had in order to provide for the most effective environmental conditions of the workmen. The successful manufacturer and salesman must know the psychology of the consumer. They must know the "buying habits," effective apneals, the sales attack, the consumer's defenses, and tactics for breaking up or evading these defenses. A man efficient in the art of advertising must know human nature, habits of the reading public, laws of memory, association, feeling and choice

In addition to knowing human nature and being able to make effective speeches and appeals before the jury, the lawyer has a number of other uses for a knowledge of psychology. There are two psychological methods used in the gathering up of evidence. These are the "full association method" and "method of expression." Psychology is also the means of invaluable assistance in the evaluation of testimony, the determination of responsibility and the adaptation of corrective measures.

The affiliation of psychology with medicine is of necessity a most intimate one. The organic conditions of patients may be reflected by their mental and motor behavior. A knowledge of the organic conditions is very useful to a physician, especially if a nervous disorder is involved. In the diagnosis of abnormal persons and supposedly cases of insanity, a knowledge of the normal types and range of variation in mental processes may prove of great assistance. Psychological examinations may often be valuable in measuring or demonstrating the effects of various treatments for abnormal physical conditions.

Psychology plays a very important part in athletics. The

thing that makes an athlete is 10 per cent physique and 90 per cent psychology. The most important thing about an athlete is not his muscles, but his nerves. Charles Paddock is the greatest sprinter in athletic history. How does he do it? Nobody knows—but it is interesting to note that the newspapers some time ago carried an article that before a race Paddock spent two days in bed. He has conditions so that nothing can worry him. This enables him to rise and meet his tasks like a giant refreshed with wine. This is not the physical rest, mind you, but the psychological rest.

What makes Babe Ruth the world's greatest batter? Some would say that he has a remarkable ability to hit the ball in the right place, at the right time, and while the swing of his bat is at the maximum. These things are a part of the result but explain nothing. If you could get a picture of Ruth with the ultra-rapid camera which takes over a hundred pictures a second, and then slow them down to the usual motion picture rate of sixteen per second, you could then see the expression on his face when he is in action, together with the looseness, the abandon, the confidence with which he swings his whole body into fearless action, where the motions of a lesser player would be cramped, tight, limited, and eloquent of mental reservations and want of faith.

Douglas Fairbanks, one of the best stunt performers of the movies, is an example of the psychological athlete. "Doug" will make a ten-foot jump across a 4,000 feet deep canyon. It is a very simple thing for almost anyone to jump ten feet on the level ground, but it is a very different thing when you have a 4,000 feet canyon to catch you. This makes you lose faith and self confidence, which if mastered makes you for the property of the property simple for some people to do a hand-spring on the ground, but is a very different matter on a step ladder or the chimney on the roof of a house, as some people have been able to do who have mastered their nerves and mental state.

ATTENTION IN GOLF

The man that plays the best game of golf observes to the fullest the fundamental psychological laws of attention

C. Beyant Edwards, '24

"Attention is not a faculty," says Pillsbury; "it is merely the name that has been given to the fact that there is selection, that the selected stimulus * * * (is) more likely to eause movements." A psychologist's definition in truth, but what does Mr. Haultain, a golfer, say about it? "I suppose we might eall it the concentration of the whole mind upon the particular thing that one wishes to do." Very simple indeed it sounds. Why should not we be able to concentrate this attention on whatsoever we will? In reality, though, we seem not to be masters of our attention, or shall we say, will. It has been proved that there are three factors which determine whether or no the attention shall be concentrated on any one thing. These conditions which so elosely guard or prey upon the giving of attention are those of the external surroundings, internal or mental, and bodily or physical.

Now, then, do these conditions really play an important part here? I shall answer this by asking two questions. Well, ean yon eleverly circumvent a stymic while thinking of the pair eneroaching upon yon in the rear? Can a man drive a ball decently when someone within a few feet is

proudly extolling his golf virtues?

Since, then, we have arrived at the conclusion that these three factors are a vital point in attention, let us see how these conditions can be regulated in such a way as to make them favorable for correct golfing. There are only a few of the external conditions that one can regulate. But we can, for one thing, take pains in choosing one's partner. Select one with whom you are in accord, or may I say sympathy. One's partner will frequently determine the game you shall play. One other thing: if your opponent is loquacious, do not notice him. And last, do not watch the pair behind, although they may drive into you. You can complain afterwards. Under internal conditions perhaps there is only one thing to be guarded, and that is, do not lose your temper. When you lose temper, you lose also self-respect, self-control, decency of language, judgment, and, of course, the hole. Again, for the physical there is only one point to remember. Do not try to play if you are feeling bad. There is no place on the links for the man who is sick, either mentally or physically, for the simple reason that the mind is not free to give the proper attention that is needed to hit the ball.

Yans, it is indeed difficult to concentrate one's attention. James says: "Active attention requires an effort and is a momentary affair, whereas passive attention does not require effort and is lasting." It certainly is not the "passive attention" referred to that comes into play here. There can surely be none of this for the little white ball which has to be hit in such and such a way.

Some authors contend that there are two different kinds of attention: (1) that which is turned to the processes inside the mind, and (2) that which is turned to outside objects. Golf makes a demand, or tries to make a demand, upon both of these kinds at one and the same time—that we shall both concentrate (1) on ball, (2) how stroke shall be played. It is next to impossible to do both. It is my opinion that nine-tenths of the foozles are a result of a vain and foolish attempt to attend to more than one thing at a time.

Well, since we must concentrate our attention to play correctly, and since it is possible to concentrate on only one

thing at a time, what must then receive this much-talked-of attention? First, in answering this question let me refer to my opening paragraph. Mr. Haultain said there that the concentration of the mind on what we want to do is attention. But, what do we want to do in golf? Both you and I want always to stand firm, never move the head, never sway the body, always go back slowly, to hit correctly, and lastly to follow through magnificently. How can we do all this? By simply "keeping your eye on the ball." You have heard it often, I know, perhaps so often that it has grown stale. But, no, it is dynamic in itself, "Keep your eye on the ball." Every word is full of meaning.

The ball must then receive our utmost attention. The judging of distance, the noting of the turf, and the apprising of the different groups of brain cells of what we shall presently call upon them to do, must all be done before you plant your feet, grip the club, look at ball, and remembering all these things give word of command.

James says relative to this: "As one attends, the organ adjusts itself to give the best possible conditions for observation. The eye at once turns so that the object falls upon the fovea, the lens without further thought is given the right curvature, * * * One cannot adjust the lens, contract the ciliary muscles, by direct impulse. The only way to move the muscle is by changing attention. * * The same statement holds in less degree of turning and converging the eyes. The movement follows at once upon attention and is always a result of attention."

There are seven bad results of non-attention or as we may say now of non-watching of the ball. They are in order of occurrence as follows: (1) the image blurred, (2) the perception dim, (3) the understanding (of distance, direction, force of stroke, etc.) vague, (4) imagined movements obscure,

(5) the mind diverted, (6) the orders to the motor centers confused, and (7) the stroke ineffective, which is the result of all the others.

Perhaps my short discussion may seem to have no fixed and determined order; but my purpose and hope has been to show the reader that the attention, since it can be concentrated on only one thing at a time, must be concentrated on the ball. May I quote from Mr. Haultain again: "# * # if one attended to the game, almost one could stand and strike as one chose, and almost with any kind of club. If one never, never, transgressed any of the primary rules of golf, almost one could play with a pole-axe!"

THE SEA WAYS

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

We call it morning twilight,

The sea gulls make it cry-light

With the short, sad ery they utter as they fly, then dip to swim;

We're rushing thru the dawning,

To greet the coming morning

And we've left a-far behind us the lights of night turned dim.

The noon-day sun has found us,

With waves still rolling 'round us

Bearing us fast onward to the future's golden clime.

Sometimes our ways are childlike,

At others, rough, then mild-like,

But our hearts are beating faster, with the waves a-keeping time.

I sing, dear, of the sea ways,

The water ways, the free-ways,

Yet a loneliness o'ertakes me as I sail aeross the deep;

The stars steal in thru gleam land

To lead me thru love's dream land,

And there comes a longing for you as I'm gently rocked to sleep.

WHO WON?

In which two boy-lovers suffer disappointments and determine to end it all-but an accidental meeting unravels the mystery

A. L. GOODBICH, '22

"'Lo, Kenneth."

"Lo."

"Well, I don't know what has come over Kenneth Corbett these last few days," pondered Frank Smith, as he sauntered through the campus. "Usually he is the liveliest fellow around. We were both raised on the same sand ridge and have always been pals, and for him to pass me and only grunt is more than I can understand. I certainly haven't done anything to offend the boy. It can't be because I am loving Alice Carter, for I know that I am the only boy that ever goes with her. Now, if he was in trouble like I am, then there would be some excuse for his acting like a clam. Doggone it, I am the unluckiest fellow that ever rode a 'pony' or skipped chapel. If old Kenneth had only known that I had decided that life was not worth living after being turned down by Alice Carter, and that when he passed me I was right then on my way to end it all with this old Smith and Wesson, he would never have spoken so cross to me. Well, I don't care if he is out of humor. So am I. I don't know what will become of me after I am dead. But I know it won't be any worse than living and knowing that Alice Carter refused me,"

"My gracious," said Kenneth Corbett, when he had passed Frank Smith, "everybody that has spoken to me today seems bright and gay. That blooming bird yonder in that cedar seems to be trying to make things brighter. Why can't folks let me go on and end it all without having them smile and sing and whoop and 'holler' around all the time. I am sad, mad, discusted and tired of life. And what is more, I don't give three whoops who knows it. My only wish is to get off by myself and end it all and then they can all walk by me and say, 'Poor fellow, doesn't he look natural?', but here's one that doesn't want to live if he has got to marry Alice Carter and look her in the face three times a day. I have been slipping over to Meredith to see Alice for two years, and boy-like and fool-like, I have been telling her how much I loved her and all the rest of that taffy, but I thought she knew I was only flirting to pass the time away. So, I decided to end the thing last night, so as to save a graduation present, and to have a friendly ending of the little courtship, I proceeded to propose knowing that she would refuse in a nice way. But, when I popped the question, with a professional touch, she threw her arms around me and said, 'Yes.' "

Walking with a gait that was slow at times and fast at others, Kenneth Corbett followed the winding road west from the campus. He spoke only to those who spoke to him and seemed thoroughly engrossed with some problem until he

approached the Golf Club, when he said:

"Hello, here's the golf links. It looks lonesome enough, down yonder in that little valley back of the club house. I wonder if they will ever find my body. They'll certainly be surprised when they do find my cold, dead body down there, but I don't see any other way out of my trouble. My, I feel cold, and here it is April. I ought to write a note telling why I am doing this, but I just haven't got the nerve. Well, it's all my own fault. I had no business fooling that girl. What was that? I thought I heard somebody. A snake, I guess. I'd swear that I saw something behind that pine—Frank Smith, what are you doing down in this lonely place, practicing being gloomy?"

"Me? Why, I was just walking around to take exercise."

"You can't pull that kind of stuff on me, Franky, my boy; there is something up. Out with it."

"Well, as you are so certain what my business down here is, kindly allow me to ask what yours is?"

"Oh! I'm just taking exercise."

"Now see here, Kenneth Corbett, we have always been pals. And more, we want to keep right on being pals. I have done nothing to you to have you moping around every time you see me, acting like your mother-in-law had just come to spend the week with you. Let's make a bargain. If you will tell me what is wrong with you, I'll tell you what I am doing down here."

"All right, you have made a bargain. Now, remember, this is a trade from which there is no backing out. I am going to tell you my trouble just as soon as you tell yours to me. Do you mean it?"

"Cross my heart and hope I may die, if I don't."

"Well, life don't mean anything to me any more. I've played the fool spelled with big letters. I have been going with a girl over at Meredith, and to make a long story short, I just know that she is the only perfect girl in all the world. Why boy, she reminds me of an angel and then some. And last Saturday night I proposed to her and she refused me. I don't want to live another minute. So, I eame down here to put an end to my trouble with this old Colt automatic. Life to me is nothing but a burden. Why, what's wrong? You look like a corpse. Are you sick?"

"Oh! Nothing. I was just thinking."

"Now, you promised to tell me what you were doing down here, so out with it."

"Kenneth, I'll pay for the tickets to the movies tonight if you'll let me off."

"Not for a whole movie show. I told you my trouble, now you must tell me or else you know what you've done."

"Well, doggone it, if you must know, I proposed to a girl over at Mcredith that no one else goes with. I have been slipping over there to see her and she goes with no one else but me, and we have been flirting a little bit; so it was getting along about commencement time. I was afraid she would want a commencement present, hence, I proposed to her last week so she would turn me down and that would free me from buying a graduation present. And would you believe it, the fool accepted me."

"That's where she showed her lack of sense, but where you

were lucky."

"Lucky nothing! I don't want to marry her. I don't want to marry anybody. She's a nice girl, but I thought that she knew that I have been courting her just for the sake of practice. So there's just nothing to do but get out of it some way, and the only way I know is to end it all with this old 'thirty-eight' of mine. Boy, I'd die a dozen deaths before I would marry that girl. Oh! she will make some man a good wife, but I don't want her for a wife, and I don't want anybody for a wife."

"Say, Frank, who is the girl that you don't want?"

"You are my erony, I'll admit, and I think a lot of you, but you will have to make me think a great deal more of you than I do to get me to tell you the lady's name. Yes, I will tell you her name on condition that you tell me your girl's name first."

"No, sirrce! Not in a million years, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll write my girl's name on a piece of paper, if you will do likewise, and we will turn them up at the same time."

"All right, old boy, here goes."

When the papers were written and turned up each showed the name of Alice Carter.

CONGENIALITY PERSONIFIED

A humorous sketch in which Uncle Seth Crainbee climbs the ladder of popularity through the handshaking habit

GAY G. WHITAKER, '23

In beginning, maybe it won't be amiss to say that Uncle Seth Crainbee must have, some time in his life, been suddenly thrown out of bed, or-well, as the mountain people say, "been born on the wrong time of the moon," accounting for his striking peculiarities. Every person in the entire community and in the little village of Shakesville remembers distinctly when Uncle Seth moved to the settlement from his home away back in Spice Cove; and many of the villagers testify very readily that Crainbee put on a new face, picked up a new pace of locomotion similar to some New Yorker trying to be the most congenial, the best citizen, the most influential, the highest rated, the biggest financier, the most charitable, the readiest advisor, the best church-goer and lecturer-in general, the best handshaker in the whole vicinity, this was Seth Crainbee in his new world. And then-

He swelled with pride when he announced to the school beard he had twice the number of children required to make a dozen, and that the school would soon be greatly stimulated when his sons and daughters, nine of the former and three of the latter, were entered on the roll books of the institution. A wife, Soffirs, no doubt marked out by fate to be the helpmate of Crainbee, having many characteristics in keeping with her husband; and a humored, ill and unruly mother-in-law, these, according to the annals of history from this West-

ern North Carolina village, composed the colony of Crainbees. Rightly, it may be said, they all seemed to have stepped from some secluded corner of a tiny world to gold streets in a great one, creating within their lives some things that marked them greatest in their own way of thinking, and an object of—well,

Seth Crainbee, shortly after having settled down in his new domicile, attended a series of lectures given by some distinguished lecturer from a Northern university, employed by the Ladies Betterment Association of the community, the subjects being, "Gaining Prominence by the Handshake" and "Unquestioned Obedience." These literally set the new villager aftre. He came home preaching the new gospel and declared there must be a great awakening throughout his household, and that by so doing his family's name and influence would ring marvelously throughout the whole township. He was absolutely sure that every word of the new doctrine was unquestionably true and that if he followed the advice strictly he could just step aside and watch himself and his family grow in earthly prominence.

"Soffira," he declared on New Year's Eve, "I'm going to make it a point to shake hands with every man, woman and child I meet. I'm going to turn over a new leaf and preach obedience when obedience ought to be, and I'm going to wake this old town up—I'll do it just as shore as there is a United

States." And he did, so-

Next morning he slept rather late, and Soffira and his mother-in-law were in the kitchen yelling and fussing about his tardiness in getting to breakfast. "Here you are, you blind turkey, getting up here at 10 o'clock for breakfast, and it New Year's morning," these words were flung carelessly and snappily into Crainbee's ears by his mother-in-law, as he entered the door with his hands extended. He shook hands with his wife, and then smilling he extended his clumsy fist to the other boss of the kitchen-a very unpleasant, cold handshake it was, but he must have credit, for it was the beginning. However.

Months passed and he kept up his general routine of his new plan of gaining prominence. It made very little difference how many times he passed a person each day, or how many people he came in contact with, his hand was always extended, and very soon people began to talk and talk and make fun of his seemingly crazy views; but the old gentleman heeded not, and considered that he was really beginning "to grow."

January and February glided by and with the March winds there came to the Crainbees a new automobile, and they were elected, so they thought. This car elevated the whole family in the ratings of citizenry to a plane not to be scaled by ordinary men. It was "the car this," and "the car that," and "we'll go for a spin," and "ride 'round the world." This great machine had for it's chauffeur the oldest son, Trull, and the "sun set and the moon rose" in his estimation of the new car. And then-

One Sunday afternoon as they were speeding down a long hillside, with no less than a dozen curves and a goodly number of rocks and mudholes making up the roadbed, somehow young Crainbee lost control of the rambling machine and all together they made a nose dive off a high embankment, some going through the top of the car, others through the windshield, and all scattering much in the manner of an excited family of crows just after some old farmer has landed a good supply of No. 4 shot into their midst, although there was not half so much harmony in the music following the cause for excitement.

Crainbee's mother-in-law evidently had been thrown through the windshield, judging from the cuts on her face, and she was lying on her back with her right foot hung in

the left front wheel of the demolished machine. Seven or eight of the "Chimppiampion" children were running around and around, crying, velling, and bawling, not one of them realizing where they were or what had happened; and at the same time their sobbing grandmother was crying

and squeaking that she was dying. Anyway,

Old Crainbee, bewildered, dazzled, puzzled, jumping around as if he were trying to imitate a pig with scalded feet, ran up exclaiming: "Ma, are you hurt? Ma, are you hurt?" She replied frantically and sarcastically: "You blame fool, do you think I am doing this for fun? Get me loose! I'm dving!" Seth Crainbee didn't do as he was ordered, but made a dive for a bucket that was nearby and plunged off down to the creek after some water, yelling to his staring son: "Ma's fainted! Ma's fainted!" He returned with the water and then dashed a full gallon in the old lady's face, causing the pain-stricken old woman to become strangled, and it did seem then that she was dving. Crainbee set the bucket down somehow and with his beloved mother-in-law's foot still in the wheel, he sobbed: "Ma, shake hands with me before you die." The desperate old lady gave a sudden jerk, her foot eame loose, and as she rose she yelled: "I'm mad enough to cuss a cord, to thunder with your handshaking, Seth Crainbee! You fool! You fool!" And-

This episodo had been made a bit of history only seven weeks when somehow the rumor was started all over the community that old man Crainbee had lost his mental capabilities and that he was going to burn the entire village and then move out. He frankly denied any such intent and the following Sunday in the monthly business meeting, he rose and said:

"Brethren and beloved, you have been hearing some obnoxious tales on me. I want to deny every blooming word of it. I want you to know I'll stand behind this church and this community as long as I live. I'm a law-abiding man and I believe in obedience. Anybody will tell you I'm the friendliest man in the country; you know it's the truth. You hypocrites; I mean the ones that have been spreading 'propergrandizement' on me, have never lived up to that great message you heard here last fall. My record, not boasting a bit, gives me the honor of being the most congenial and best handshaker in the township. Why can't we forget such "rumoristic" perturbances and shake hands and start on advancing again ?" Then,

Having said this he started down the aisle in the church shaking hands with every one, taking everybody as he came to them. And about this time some little countryman of ten or twelve years of age, who was standing over in one corner of the church with his mouth wide open, whispered quite andibly: "Pa, I told you he wuz crazy; look at the

old fool, he's trying to kiss grandma."

During the next few months very little was said, in fact Crainbee decided, together with the coaxing and advice of an embarrassed family, that there was very little chance for great popularity and prominence in Shakesville, at least by the methods employed. However, the old man did not give up the scheme entirely and still placed much confidence in the hand-shaking profession. He emphatically proclaimed he would not declare the lecturer a liar until he knew beyond a "slim doubt" that his doctrines should be deemed an absolute noneutity. So,

With the chilly winds of winter sweeping down on the mountains his mother-in-law contracted a serious case of influenza, followed by donble-phuenmonia. Only a few days Passed and the old lady grew worse. She realized she was going to die and therefore she summoned the entire family to the bedside. The children lined up, old and young, with three or four little dirty-faced boys pulling at the bed covers.

She would be missed no doubt, and all hated to see her pass; but fate often creeps in to break the monotony of any atmosphere, and so old Seth Crainbee, greatly grieved, reached out his long bony fingers to the dying woman, sobbing: "Ma, we hate to give up you, but when you get on the other side shake hands with all the folks, and tell 'em we're well—but don't tell Jake how near you come a-gitting killed in that 'beel' wreck, for if you do he won't shake hands with me when—when—, Ma, you're dying! You're dying Ma!"

The handshaker shook the hand of Death's victim so violently that the end actually came at least two hours earlier than it would have under ordinary living conditions. Anyway,

After the family had recovered from their grief and a beautiful marble monument had been erected at the head of the deceased's grave, old man Crainbee and his son sought employment at the old country sawmill, and began working, saving money "for the gals' pianoo." Every morning they would file out of the kitchen with their lunch baskets on their arms, off to their work. Then,

'Twas on an extremely cold day in February, while cold, blue snow was sifting in under the wooden shed, that some-how, Crainbee, who was carrying slabs by the big saw, slipped and fell, plunging sideways against the teeth. There was a groan and a cry for help, and the other workmen looked up just in time to see the saw rip from the body of Unde Seth both arms, cutting them just below the elbows. As the severed limbs fell to the sawdust, it seems almost unreasonable, but by some strong impulse or magnetic training, the hands clasped each other in the manner of the most congenial handshake imaginable, and

They are still bouncing on that sawdust pile, in an effort to be prominent.

THE DEAR OLD HOME

H. T. RAY, '22

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After those many years
When the house was full of frolie and fun,
Childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone, they two—onee more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore

Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two, these days;
The children went one by one
Away from the home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world, Children stay only a while Then into other strange scenes are whirled, Where they other homes beguile. But it matters not how far they roam, Ther's never a home like the dear old home Where now there are only two.

GEMS OF VALUE

An interesting review of the discovery and refining of the most precious stones known and some stones that have become famous

G. H. WRIGHT, JR., '23

Of all the beautiful things in this world, mankind best loves the brilliant gems that lie hidden in the earth's depths. Their fascination seems almost hypnotic, and has led men to commit dark deeds and to undertake long and bloody wars for their possession. No wonder then, that a special lore regarding their almost supernatural power has grown up around them, and that they should have been, and still are, used as talismans and amulets and charms against sorcery and to further the cause of love.

The symbol of the heart's desire is a jeweled ring. The love of sparkling stones goes far back in history. It was one of the first forms of human delight, and it expressed itself in the very infancy of the race. Even tribes to whom climate and civilization have not suggested the need of clothing decorate themselves with ornaments.

One may ask, "What are gems?" They are stones which, by reason of their brilliancy, color, hardness and rarity, are valued for personal adornment. This does not explain nor does it justify, why gems are so valued. Is it brilliancy? Yes, that is one of the qualities, but there are plenty of stones that are brilliant and still worthless in real value. Surely it is not color, for millions of very highly colored stones may be found with case. Is it hardness? No, but, of course, hardness is also one of the properties. But a quartz is nearly as hard as a ruby or a diamond, and harder than an opal. One would say, "Then it must be rarity, that gives such

great value." Not rarity alone. Economists tell us that value is determined by the supply and demand. To be of real value a thing must be desired. Out of all the numerous beautiful stones found in the earth during the course of time, only certain kinds came to be specially desired for their brillianey or color, their durability and rarity, and upon these stones the human race has conferred the title of "Precious Gems." The adoration of the gem has, at times, determined the course of the world's history. "Nations have bargained for a sparkling stone; a throne has been wrecked by a diamond necklace."

The most common, and most spoken of, gem is probably the diamond. There is an old mythological story relating how the first diamond was made: "When the God of Mines examined all the known gems he found them all to be of all colors and tints, and varying hardness and durability, such as the sapphire, emerald, ruby, opal and amethyst. He took one of each; he crushed them; he compounded them, and said: 'Let this be something that will combine the beauty of all, yet it must be pure and it must be invincible.' He spoke; and lo! the diamond was born, pure as the dewdrop and invincible in hardness. When its ray is dissolved in the spectrum it displays the colors of all the gems from which it was made."

One ean hardly realize that the blackest earbon and the softest graphite are both closely related to the diamond. Yet graphite is carbon in its softest form, and diamond is carbon in its hardest form, the hardest substance known to man. It is not the hardness of the diamond so much as its optical qualities, that make it so highly prized. It is one of the most refracting substances in nature, and it also has the highest reflecting properties. There are diamonds of all shades, from pure white to jet black; from pale yellow to deep orange; from light cinnamon to dark brown, and also in various shades of pink, green and blue.

There are about eighty great diamonds in the world with romantic histories. The Shah of Persia wears the magnificant Taj-e-Mah, which weighs 146 carats, and the Darrya-i-noor. These gems were the eyes of the famous Peacock on the throne of the Mogul Emperors. The "Great Mogul," described by Tavernier, has disappeared. It was presented to Shah Jehan by Jemula, an emir in the court of Rajah of Golconda, who used "to count his diamonds by the sack." It is said to have weighed 274 9-16 carats. The largest diamond in the world, the Cullinan, re-named by George V. the "Star of Africa," was found near Pretoria in 1905. It weighed 3,025 3-4 carats—over a pound!

Next to the diamond comes the pearl. The beauty and value of a pearl depends upon its color, texture, transparency and form. A perfect pearl may be either round or pearshaped. In some pearls the outer surface is dull and the inner lustrous. The peeling of pearls is a very delicate operation, performed under a magnifying glass with steel files. Moreover, the operation is an experiment—like marriage—for better or worse.

The most costly ornament in the world is a shawl or carpet of pearls, value \$5,000,000, owned by the Gaikwar of Baroda-The most beautiful single pearl, La Pellegrina, is in Russia-It weighs 112 grains and is perfectly round. It was bought at Leghorn, from an English admiral, by a Mr. Zozimi of Moseow.

Pearls found in the Red Sea have been famous for 3,000 years. The pearl is thus the oldest of gems. There is an old story that the pearl is made when the oyster comes to the top of the sea to get air. Just as he opens his shell a drop of dew falls in and he solidifies it, forming the pearl, pure as the dew from heaven.

The ruby comes from Burmah. The finest rubies are mined near Mandalay. One of the King of Burmah's titles

is "Lord of the Pearls." The choicest rubies are pure, deep red, described as "pigeon's blood." The test for a fine ruby is to compare it with a drop of blood from a freshly killed pigeon. A perfect ruby is worth many times the price of a diamond the same size, weight and quality.

The real value of a stone in the world's markets lies in its title to a place in one or the other of the accepted "best families" of Standardized Gems.

BRICKBATS OR BOUQUETS

A. R. Whitehuest, '21

When you place a bit of blossom
On the cold beloved clay
Of a pal you failed to cherish
Ere his smile had passed away—
There's a sad, regretful feeling
That somehow you never knew,
Thru your narrow, sordid blindness,
What his presence meant to you.

Would you live among your fellows, And forget your pride and pelf? Lend a hand to aid them on and With the action bless yourself. You may help someone by tossing Either brickbats or bouquets: One is timely stimulation And the other earned praise.

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STAFF

FACULTY EDITOR DR. J. H. GORRELL

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

C. S. GREEN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Euzellen

Philomathesian I. C. PAIT BUSINESS MANAGER Z. V. MOBGAN

A. N. CORPENING
ASST.

ASST. BUSINESS MANAGER R. L. ANDREWS

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Philomathesian

J. R. NELSON

A. L. GOODRICH



EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. S. GREEN, Editor



Thomas
Watter Hackett grieved than when the news was flashed across the State that the icy hand of Death had claimed Thomas Walter Bickett as its victim. With, according to human reckoning, a score or more years of active service before him, it is difficult to recognize the reason that God in His all-seeing wisdom should take from among us a man whom North Carolina loved and who loved North Carolina and her People more than he loved himself.

Taking his place with Vance and Ayoock in the trio of leading North Carolina Governors, and destined to live forever in the lives and hearts of the people he loved, he laid down this earthly life on the morning of December 28th. The people of the State stand with bowed heads as they realize their loss. His was a truly distinguished career. For eight years he served the State as Attorney-General and four years as Governor. And no Governor since the days of '61 and '65 faced such problems as daily confronted him. As the War-Governor he did more to shape the policies of the State and the South than any other man.

But the deeds of his public service sink into oblivion when we look at the real character of the man. He stands out as a man of vehement moral force, and it may be truly said that he demanded in the lives of his friends that which God and man call right and just. His life has been summed up by a friend in the four words: truth, honesty, loyalty, courage. Any man whose life has been the embodiment of those virtues need not have minor public distinctions to perpetuate his name. North Carolina has sustained an irreparable loss, years will further prove his greatness, school children will place as their ideals the noble character of this scholar, law-yer, statesman, patriot and devoted son of North Carolina.

Woodrow
Wison
ness of any man—whether he be President
foundation
of the United States or merely a member of
this greatness. A man's work will stand ever as a memorial
to him in the years that follow his usefulness, but it is a fine
thing to offer a tribute to his services while he yet lives. The
great service Woodrow Wilson rendered in the interest of a
permanent world peace and his entire services to humanity

are worthy of the greatest tribute man can offer. The Woodrow Wilson Foundation "is to perpetuate his leadership in those things which make for world peace, world understanding and world stability." This foundation is entirely a voluntary movement, but it is expected that over a million dollars will be raised among the unlimited admirers of this scholarly statesman and former President. The interest will be used to give due recognition and honor to those who have contributed most in each year to—Democracy, Public Welfare, Liberal Thought, Peace Through Justice.

Your Honesty
In College
The policy of honesty which should be practiced in college consists of nothing other than the same fundamental principles of honesty with which we must live the daily routine of life. It is in school that most of us learn the division between honesty and dishonesty, although we all may have already the ability to determine the right and wrong of anything.

It is possibly easy to excuse a freshman when he first enters College, for his lack of discriminating ability as to honesty in the class room in view of the possibly slack regulations that existed in the high schools he attended, but once a man enters the halls of the College and mingles with the men who have already solved this problem for themselves, his igorance turns to knowledge and no violation of the code is permissible.

Examinations come only once a term, and so an opportunity for dishonesty on examination does not often tempt the student. But there are always quizzes, written lessons, written work to be handed in, and many things in which one man may trespass on the accomplishments of others.

Another form of dishonesty, which to say the least is abominable, is plagiarism. When a man appropriates or gives out as his own the literary or artistic work of another he has lost his finer sense of honesty. We hope, and feel sure, that this is little practiced.

Aside from these forms of dishonesty there is the dishonesty in connection with Student Government. Are you afraid of being branded a "tattler" and hated by your fellow-students? Are you afraid to expose evil doing? We are put on our honor to obey the rules of the college, and are we being honest when we allow to pass unnoticed violations of these rules?

Finally, are we always honest with ourselves? Are we always honest to our bodies, our minds, our souls?

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod; An honest man's the noblest work of God."

A Bickett While the whole of North Carolina mourns
the loss of a noble statesman, a shadow of grief
has been cast over Wake Forest College, its

Faculty and student body, by the untimely death of one of it's most lustrous and loyal alumni. Thomas Walter Bicket received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at this college with the Class of 1890 and was ever proud to claim his Alma Mater. A future issue of The Student, it is contemplated, will be a Bickett Memorial number to be published at some date in the early Spring. We are proud to pause in honor of the life and work of such a man as former-Governor Rickett.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. Nelson, Editor

February is to Wake Forest students and to those who have been students here a reminder of Anniversary. When the month begins preparations are always under way for this annual celebration of the literary societies. M. G. Boyette, L. C. McCurry, chiefs, and T. E. Royal and M. B. Cox are the marshals for the occasion this year and their plans include an claborate program along the usual lines. The debaters are E. L. Roberts and D. M. Castello, affirmative, and V. C. Howell and W. B. Booe, negative. The subject of their contention will be: Resolved, That the Government should own and operate the coal mines of the United States. C. B. Howard and T. W. Allen are the orators. Indications are that a large number of visitors, including many young ladies from the nearby colleges, will be present, and the day Promises to be the most successful one of late years.

It is impossible to know what kind of occasions Society
Day and Anniversary will be after this session. If the
Faculty accept the recommendation made to them as a result
of a resolution adopted by both societies at their first meetings in January, beginning with next September, only such
students as desire to engage actively in debating and the
other activities fostered by the literary societies will become
members. Again, if such action is taken, the College publications and intercollegiate debates will be financed through
some other agency. The resolution recommended that the
Bursar take charge of these.

The Y. M. C. A. has entered upon a program of work for the Spring which has greatly increased its sphere of usefulness as an organization in the student body. On January 9, the first meeting of the term was made a combined social and devotional gathering. After a most interesting discourse by Dr. A. Paul Bagby on Y. M. C. A. work in general and the part it played for Christianity during the war, fruit was distributed among the large number of students and faculty members present. The president, R. M. Lee, made announcements of what the Y. M. C. A. is undertaking to do and stated that a number of outside speakers would be secured for the weekly meetings. Mission study groups in the several dormitories and rooming houses have already been organized and are accomplishing good results under Y. M. C. A. direction.

The Declamation Contest Committee is preparing an eightpage folder which will contain pictures of the society halls; directions and rules for the coming contest, and copies of which will be sent to every high school in the State. Preparations are being made for the entertainment of a large number of representatives coming from a great many of those high schools, for prospects indicate that the contest this year will surpass any previous one in the number of contestants. In addition to the usual first prize consisting of a scholarship and a gold medal and the second prize of a gold pin, there will be college seal pins given to the other eight declaimers making speeches in the final contest.

The outlook for athletics this Spring is very encouraging-With W. W. Holding, Jr., star player of a few years ago, coaching basketball, and J. B. Carlyle piloting the team, the Old Gold and Black quintet is sure to make of the season already entered upon a creditable addition to the history of the game. John Caddell, perhaps the most influential baseball man in the State, has been secured by the Athletic Council to coach the baseball team, and it will be but a short time before he may be seen at work on Gore Field with an abundance of promising material. Definite action by the Senior Class at a recent meeting provides for the construction of a large section of the concrete stadium on the new field and practically all the collections have been made. Work on the bleachers will begin as soon as other conditions make it practicable.

The College B. Y. P. U.'s accomplished many and farreaching results through their work of the Fall term, the six unions making an average credit of 95 1-6 per cent out of a Possible 100 per cent allowed for the various activities engaged in. Ninety-eight members were awarded seals for completing the study course; sixty religious services were conducted by the various groups, and new unions were orsanized and put on their fect or weak unions helped in twenty-two churches in the surrounding territory. Under the efficient leadership of General President A. N. Corpening the work is going forward now with enthusiasm and even better results. If the State banner is not awarded to Wake Forest at the next convention there will have been a hard fight somewhere for a higher average than promises to be attained here.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winning contributions for this issue as follows: Essay, "Psychology in Swearing," Cary Robertson; story, "The Deserted Camp," I. C. Pait; "poem, "The Sea Ways," Jno. R. Knott.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ex-Governor Thomas W. Bickett, B.A. '90, probably the State's greatest statesman, died at his home in Raleigh, December 28, following a few hours' illness. He was one of Wake Forest's most devoted alumni and his death has brought extreme sadness to the College. Further mention of this noble, Christian statesman is made in the Editor's Portfolio, and an announcement of a proposed memorial.

Mr. A. L. Fletcher, B.A. '07, who, during the World War, served as one of the Thirtieth Division's ablest captains, has, with the aid of a number of assistants, collected material for and published an accurate and thrilling account of the operations of the regiment of which he was a member from the time of its organization until it was disbanded. The book is entitled, "History of the One Hundred and Thirteenth Field Artillery." Mr. Fletcher is now practicing law in Raleigh, N. C.

Rev. Jackson U. Teague, B.A. '15, is a very active worker in the religious and educational lives of Franklin County. In addition to serving a field of church work near Louisburg, he is principal of the Epsom High School. His address is Louisburg, N. C.

Rev. Lloyd W. Teague, B.A. '20, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Avarie Martin, of Granite Falls, N. C., were married December 27, 1921, in the Granite Falls Baptist Church They are now at home at 905 South Fourth Street, Louisville, Ky.

Rev. Everett Ward, B.A. '85, writes interestingly of his thirty years' experience as a pioneer pastor of the West. As a youth, the pillar of cloud led him from the quiet home of his parents in Robeson County, N. C., into the rough-hewn life of the Great West. His experiences have been many and varied, and the trail that he blazed for Christianity through Texas, Arizona, California, New Mexico, and even into Mexico, will remain a monument, attesting his integrity as a follower of Christ, and reflecting undying honor upon the stepping-stone to his life of inestimable worth. Although age has driven him into retirement at his home in Hope, New Mexico, his enthusiasm is still keenly felt in his old field of action.

Mr. S. E. Ayers, B.A. '21, and Miss Winnie Davis Bennett were married November 8, in Peking, China. They will make Hwanghsien, China, their home. Mr. Ayers is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work there.

The philanthropic efforts of Dr. E. H. Bowling, B.S. '88, Practicing physician of Durham, in behalf of worthy, struggling young men of North Carolina are winning for him their unbounded gratitude and the good will of all who know of his work.

Mr. C. M. Beach, M.A. '02, is principal of Wingate High School, and very prominently connected with the work of the Baptist State Board of Education.

Dr. R. E. Fleck, B.A. '01, is connected with the Winyah Sanitarium at Ashevile, N. C.

Mr. F. W. Clonts, B.A. '20, having taken the M.A. degree at Ohio State in '21, is now doing post graduate work at Yale.

Rev. Ezra Francis Tatum, LL.B. '87, has been in China as a missionary since 1888. During this time he has served as Professor of Biblical Interpretation in the Baptist College at Shanghai, China. The editors of The Student acknowledge with pleasure Christmas greetings from him and Mrs. Tatum.

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

ALICE ADAMS. Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Company. \$2.00.

In "The Turmoil," and "The Magnificent Ambersons," Booth Tarkington's treatment of the evolution of the small town into the big city, that most characteristic phenomenon of American life, stamped him as one of the first of American novelists.

"Alice Adams" is the study of an American family during such a change, a family left behind in its remorseless pace, and of its attempts to catch up socially and financially. Through the daughter the family is on the road to a firmer and finer reality.

In particular it is the story of Alice Adams, a "smart girl" and "right pretty," worthy of a leading position in society, but lacking what Mr. Adams called the "background," a fine house to entertain in, ample wardrobe, and the other things only wealth makes possible.

Splendidly drawn as the characters are, they hold a subordinate place to the brilliant achievement of Alice Adams herself, capable of romance, but equally capable of reality, a heartening example (?) of young American womanhood.

GODS. By Shaw Desmond. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Similar in its doubting and problematic nature to a number of books that have been written during the past few years, this new novel by Shaw Desmond presents in a very clever style the continued propounding of such questions as "Who was God? Why was He? Where was He?" All of the characters discuss religion in all of its phases from their particular viewpoints, which unfortunately is often rather distorted and curious. The people are unusual, their conversations are unusual, the scenes are unusual, and certainly the author's treatment of his subject is unusual.

As an example of the unusual situations that arise, there is the first kissing of Finn by Stella Fay, his attitude toward her and hers toward him, and his attitude toward another, Deidre. There is a vagueness of incomprehension about it all. As one reviewer has written, "Undeniably it is something big, but what is it all about?"

Casting aside the weighty discussions which are the main Frops of the book, it evolves into a simple story of Finn Fountain in his groping for truth—"truth influenced by Irish superstition, and lore, and symbolic Catholicism. Intermingled with his search is his struggle to write, and his friendship with Stella Fay and Deirdre."

Throughout, the book is well written, fluent and easy, and includes many beautiful descriptions—mainly English and Irish—but mostly Irish.

SUCCESS. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

This story deals with a railroad agent in the Middle Southwest who meets a leader of New York society—a modern fantastic girl, through the incidents connected with a wreck, and following fantastic conversations on fantastic subjects, Soes to New York to become a journalist, enjoys adventures with his new friend, and finally they realize themselves again in the desert and on the edge of matrimony.

The plot is very simple and unreal. The author's development is very poor. The whole book revolves around an unsuffield attack on the profession of journalism and the thousands of newspapers in the land. With unwarranted malice he abuses their work and terms all the papers "yellow." The story is appealing because of the time-old hero and heroine—the modern Apollo and Venus—but to none with fair minds will his unrelentless attack on the newspaper appeal.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. N. CORPENING, Edite

"I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

This is certainly true in writing. It is much easier to tell a person how an article should be written than to write the article youself. I shall not criticize specific short stories in the December issue of the magazines but merely point out some general suggestions that I believe will be helpful. Most of the stories were well written and need only commendation. On the other hand a few were of such poor literary merit that they are a reflection upon the colleges from which they come. In fact, there was one that I am surprised that the Editorin-Chief would allow to be printed. Two-thirds of it were given over to the setting, which could have been given in one sentence. The story occupies the remaining one-third of the space.

A good short story should have an attractive, appropriate the content of the cont

[&]quot;The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!"—Davidson College Magazine.

The University of today is rapidly growing away from its original function—to education, in the liberal sense.—The Wisconsin Literary Magazine.

No one has ever attained success without meeting and overcoming obstacles.—The Clemson Chronicle.

Genuine politeness consists in a scrupulous regard for the feelings of others, and a constant desire to see them happy.—The Criterion.

Democracy has a soul and is concerned about deeper things than political reforms and commercial successes.—The *Philomathean*,

There is only one man who is in a more deplorable condition than the man who cannot do a job. He is the man who can but won't.—The *Erskinian*.

Knowledge is merely, in its uses, the evidence of character, it does not produce character.—The College of Charleston Magazine.

It is a known fact that mountain-top experiences are the best experiences of life, but how many go only as far as the foothills?—The Bashaba.

"O young men, pray to be kept whole
From bringing down a weaker soul."

—John Maefield.

The Seniors use just as bad English as the Freshmen.—The

"What man does there live, who can look and not see
The proof of a God and immortality!"

—The Messenger,

Acorn.

"The right is yours to lower or raise,

And win yourself reproach or praise,"

—William and Mary Literary Magazine.

Education can change thoughts and morals, but it can never change souls.—The Morris Harvey Comet.

Of course everybody sometimes has the homesick blues,—all worthwhile people do.—Voices of Peace.

During the Great War the United States lost about 80,000 soldiers. During the same two years 180,000 people died of cancer in this country.—The Health Bulletin.

A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends.—Langford The Praise of Books.

The essentials of culture can be found in the masterpiece of four men—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe.—Selected.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

A. L. GOODRICH, Editor

[This department is not intended to be merely a joke department. As other things come to our notice, we shall insert them, with the hope that you will enjoy them.]

THIS MAY NOT BE POETRY BUT IS FULL OF GOOD SENSE Laugh and the world laughs with you, Kick and you kick alone. For the cheerful grin will let you in Where the kicker is never known.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MARRIED MEN

"Ex-Sky" Thomas: "Congratulations Tapp. I saw you walking with your bride a few days ago. She is certainly pretty." Tapp (just married): "Exactly. I wish I had a dozen more like her."

SLIGHTLY LONG

Prof. Taylor: "You know, my wife and I are living a remarkable married life. She has never given me but one curtain lecture. To be sure, it has been occasionally interrupted."

WHY CERTAINLY

Prof. "Sky" Sullivan, beginning the new year's work: "Well, are all the fellows back?"

W. P. White: "All I've seen are back, Prof."

"Newish" Grimes: "Anything going on tonight, Bill?" Senior Medlock: "The chickens are 'going on' the roost."

A passing thought: "Wonder what I got on that examination." THERE'S AN END

> There's an end to all things-To joy, to laughter. To love and the tears That follow after

The house shall topple From cellar to rafter.

Now that the idyl Is crumpled and broken. The cruel little words So casually spoken, Our hearts divested Of love's last token.

This is a glad Little phrase to borrow-"There's an end to all things, For even sorrow Will melt in laughter Some tomorrow." -Edmund Leamy in The Forum.

ALL THE HEBOES ARE NOT DEAD

Mrs. Wright: "I want to know EXACTLY how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

Peter Bazemore, (teller and also student for diversion): "I cannot give you that information, madam."

Mrs. Wright: "You're the paying teller aren't you?"

P. B.: "Yessum, but I'm not the telling payer."

WHAT THAT MERCHANT TOLD THIS CLERK WAS WORTH HEARING

Ledbetter, accompanying his wife on a marketing trip: "What is the price of these chickens?"

Merchant: "One dollar each."

Ledbetter: "Did you raise them yourself?" Clerk: "Yes, sir. They were only seventy-five cents last week."

A WARNING TO THE SINOLE; A GRIM REMINDER TO THE OTHERWISE

"The home of Mr. and Mrs. John M----- was the scene of a beautiful wedding yesterday when their daughter Margaret was joined in holy DEADLOCK to Mr. David P- News Item in a North Carolina Paper.

So Dm WE

When I first went to see her. I showed a timid heart, An' even when the lights were low We sat this far apart. But as our love grew stronger, And we learned its joy and bliss, We knocked out all the spaces, Andsatupcloselikethis.

SO ARE SOME OTHERS

Miss A.: "What course is your brother taking at Wake Forest?" "Coot" G.: "He's taking a ministrel course."

BOY, PAGE DEMOSTHENES

Castello, in a speech at Educational Club: "That proposition is the climax of all relaxable abilities."

NOT TO HE OUTDONE

H. T. Ray, presiding at the same meeting of the Education Club: "The rewriting of the constitution must be rewritten."

CONCERTS COME HIGH IN WILMINGTON

The Wake Forest Glee Club will be here tomorrow night. The price of admission will be \$50 for adults and 25c for children.—Bulletin, First Baptist Church.

AND NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK

Buff Royal: "Darling, something has been tremblin' on my lips for over a month."

His Meredith Girl: "Why don't you shave it off?"

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

Griffin, on Latin: "Dr. Poteat, why do you call me the flower of your class?"

Dr. Hubert: "Because you are such a blooming idiot."

YOU'RE NEXT

Lies slumbering here one William Lake; He heard the bell but had no brake. At fifty mlles, drove Oille Pidd; He thought he wouldn't skid, but did. At ninety drove Edward Shawn; The motor stopped, but Ed kept on.

THAT'S WHY HE FLUNKED

"Sedentary work," said Dr. Kitchin, "tends to lessen the endurance,"

Hedgepeth: "In other words, the more one sits, the less one can stand."

Dr. Kitchin: "Exactly, and if one LIES a great deal one's standing is lost completely.

IDLE COMMENT BUT THE TRUTH

Last fall Princeton University was beaten in a football game. Yet that institution still survives. Why can't we be as good sports and quit our wailing about poor teams and see if we can't help do our part on the sidelines.

> Yesterday is dead—forget it; Tomorrow doesn't exist; don't worry. TODAY is here—use it.

> > -Selected.

SHORT BUT TRUE

The mule is patient, fond of work, His virtues will bear sifting; Besides, the business end of him Is always so uplifting.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLI

March, 1922

No. 6

MARCH

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

Child of the god of boisterous wind,
Kin of the raging storm,
One day to us your cold breath blows
A warning threat of winter snows;
Next day the balmy hours disclose
A promise of the summer's rose.
Come, fickle month, come, be our fri

Come, fickle month, come, be our friend; Which bring you, good or harm?

O changing month; now sad, now gay,
Today you tease the throat
Of some king song-bird: to soft skies
There float the tiny, happy cries
Of feathered folk. Tomorrow lies
The song bird, frozen. Lonely sighs
A saddened world. You in your play
Murder the bird's sweet note.

Intoxicated, foolish days,
Queer are your moods, I think:
One day the balmy breezes blow
The school girl's tresses to and fro,
The jonquils feel the sun and grow;
Next day the earth is wrapt in snow.
You stumble in time's crooked maze—
Who brewed the wine you drink?

THE PRUSSIA OF THE EAST

In which are shown something of Japan's aggressive policies and the entanglement of the United States in Pacific Problems

H. F. AYERS, '24

During the latter years of the Great War and the two years immediately following it we heard a great deal about the Japanese question, and particularly concerning the Japanese in California. Candidates for the presidency were emphasizing preparedness in their party platforms on the ground that we were threatened with war from Japan. The whole country was talking and thinking about our relations with Japan. What was the basis on which they made these predictions? Why so much about a matter that to so many of us seemed preposterous? Why so much agitation about a question that seemed unlikely to terminate in anything serious? Had not we always been Japan's friend? Was there anything to all this agitation?

At the time there were many mistaken impressions as to the important points in this question. Most people did not look into it sufficiently. Nor were the real reasons fully realized and brought out until the Japanese openly voiced their policies at the late Arms Conference.

Some of the reasons advanced prior to this time were: (1) politicians were using and inflaming the Japanese question merely because the idea of war with Japan and preparedness for it offered a popular plank on which to support themselves in their platforms; (2) some maintained that the agitation was spread by German propagandists who were trying to incite a spirit of hatred and eventually war between the two countries; (3) others believed in the sincerity of Japan, thought her country was overcrowded, and believed some

plan should be formulated to relieve her; but they did not want to see California become an oulet for her citizens; and (4) some finally went so far as to declare that Japan was an altruistic nation, a nation of great honor and one upholding a Monroe Doctrine of the East.

In order to prove these points erroneous and to probe the question to find out the real causes of the late anxiety and umeasiness about the Japanese question, it is necessary for us to examine her later period of history and follow some of her policies adopted and carried out since the beginning of her marvelous development.

Fifty-six years ago Admiral Perry forced an entrance into Japan and opened the Island Empire to the commerce of the world. As an indication of the good will of America toward her and as a sign of the trade relation that was to exist between the two countries, we presented the government of Japan with a railroad. From this beginning Japan has become one of the foremost nations of the world. But how has she accomplished this feat?

Before this time she had stringently pursued the policy of closed doors in order, as she said, to protect herself from the diplomatic and commercial invasions of the foremost powers of the world at that time. She saw her neighbor, the Celestial Empire of China, across the narrow China Sea, being divided between these powers. She heard the mighty rumblings of the dividing of the African continent, and sensed the captivation and enslavement of her natives. South America had been parcelled out among the nations. The spirit of invasion prevailed everywhere. The whole world was being remodeled. What was to be her fate? Was she to be conquered, divided up, and her inhabitants made to Serve as soldiers of another country? Surely not! The country whose bushi had always been victorious to have to

serve under a foreign invader! The country of the war spirit to have her national pride broken! Yet the leaders of the small group of islands saw that they were inferior to the four great territory consuming powers and that the only alternative was to be consumed by them or become one of them. She choose the latter course.

The nation was revolutionized. The island country was taxed to its utmost in order that the army might be drilled and trained in accordance with the rules laid down by foreign military experts. The navy was increased and built in a style like unto that of the foreign powers. Steamship lines were subsidized. Trade was encouraged until today we have the great commercial stronghold of Asia centered in the few small islands of Japan. In sixty years the Infant of the Rising Sun grew from a small group of islands, practically unknown, to one of the world's four greatest powers. Today her ships are sailing over every ocean on the face of the earth and her manufactured goods are to be found in almost every market in the world.

Now let us examine the national policy she adopted in obtaining the superior position she holds today. Japan's civilization has for the larger part been one copied from the European countries. It has been a process of catching up with the civilization already recognized in the world in the miraculously short period of from thirty to forty years. She adopted German military principles. She has imitated British naval policies. She has used European diplomatic methods. But above all, and as a means to all, she adopted the British colonial system, as set forth by our Admiral Mahan in his books during the few years preceding 1897, and has tried to improve on them.

William Howard Gardiner in summarizing Mahan's teachings said, "The basis of Admiral Mahan's theory is that

broad-spread national prosperity, derived from over-seas trade, fostered with over-seas possessions, is the foundation of naval power."

Japan saw that in order to become a great nation she must become an industrial and a commercial nation. And in order to become a commercial nation she must have a navy to protect her foreign trade. But to have a navy she must have sufficient wealth in the country to furnish taxes for financing this navy. (Japan today spends one-third of her national income on her navy, whereas we use only one-tenth of ours.) Mr. Gardiner further shows that Mahan taught the theory that to develop into a commercial nation, this people should depend on "concentration for action" and "dispersion for sustenance." Thus England in her development made her financial and commercial stronghold in the island while at the same time she was developing her foreign trade by establishing English speaking colonies abroad as inlets for her export trade. The nations close at hand were at the time stronger than she was, so she found it necessary to adopt the much more difficult plan of colonizing the New World across the Pacific Ocean instead of developing her trade in Europe. With this policy in mind she started her colonial system by forming a trading company and establishing a colony in Jamestown, Virginia. From this beginning she has spread her empire all over the world and has been able to be master of the seas for the last century.

Japan in adopting Admiral Mahan's principles found herself much more favorably situated than England was. She had the advantage of having a weak neighbor upon whom she could enforce her colonial ambitions. With this in view she obtained potential control of Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores through the Chino-Japanese War in 1804. During the years 1900 to 1903, Russia made repeated inroads on Manchuria and the northern part of Korea, and Japan became alarmed at the proximity of the newly acquired Russian territory and saw that her commercial supremacy in the northern part of China was seriously threatened by this new invader. These aggressions so menaced Japan that they eventually led to war in 1904. The treaty of peace signed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, gave Japan a paramount position in Korea, half the island of Sakhalin, Russian rights in the Liaotung peninsula and various concessions in Manchuria. By 1910 Japan had annexed Korea and greatly strengthened her hold on Manchuria. In 1917 the United States recognized Japan's "special rights" in China by the Lansing-Ishii Agreement; and in 1919 the Treaty of Versailles gave her Germany's holdings in China and in the Pacific Ocean. During the war when the powers of the world were centering all their interests in Europe and were engaged in a life and death struggle for the freedom of the world and for the defeat of Prussian autocracy and militarism, Japan was strengthening her strangle hold on China by her twenty-one demands. The adoption of these demands would practically give her control over the Chinese republic-After a weak opposition on the part of China and America she forced China to sign her approval to these demands.

Thus by means of surrounding the Chinese mainland with colonies and naval and military bases, and gaining control of the political and financial strength of the country, she placed herself in a position to defy China and gradually to tighten her hold on her.

Now we may answer the question, "Does Japan uphold a Monroe Doctrine of the East?" She does in so far as her aim is to keep American and European powers from obtaining territorial and commercial concessions in the country. But her purpose is not limited to this. She attempts to close the door to others in order that it may be open to herself.

She supports the "open door" policy but she wants this door to be open to her alone. Furthermore she takes this open door to mean an indication of privileges open for her to grasp that would be denied to others. Accordingly when she drives a power out of the open door she closes herself in by this same door. Thus, she makes herself the Prussia of the East instead of the supporter of a true Monroe Doctrine.

So far we have noted Japan's expansion in adjacent territory. She has likewise attempted to copy England in her policy of "dispersion for sustenance." In this respect she has failed thus far. Japan's citizens began emigrating to America soon after her "awakening." They settled in colonies, bought and developed plantations, breeded with enormous rapidity, underlived our workmen, drove them out of work and lowered the wages of all classes of workmen. The economic situation in the West was so affected by them that we were forced to pass legislation prohibiting their entrance into the country except for the purposes of education and busines transactions. This prohibition struck the pride of the country to the quick. Yet she realized the impossibility of foreing the repeal of these laws without war; and she was not prepared for that. Her only alternative was to put forth a proposal in her gentleman's agreement to exclude skilled laborers from the United States by her own legislation-thus causing the prohibition to take more of the form of an alliance than of a prohibitive law on our part. But Japan's failure in the United States did not force her to surrender her policy of expansion across the ocean. Putting forward the plea that the islands were overcrowded, she sought and is seeking expansion elsewhere. She is turning to Australia, Canada, Hawaii and the islands of the Pacific. Many of these lands are now closed to her. Furthermore, she has sought to increase her numbers in the West by the importation of "picture brides," and she has tried to increase

her influence there by purchasing large tracts of land through her citizens. In both these attempts she has been thwarted by the American government, so that today both practices are discontinued. All this has served to embitter Japan against America and to bring about a spirit of hatred on the part of the Americans for the Japanese. Thus, her policy of "exnansion for sustenance" has been a failure. The only opportunity left for her is to become an industrial nation and to give up her ambition to become a great commercial power through her colonies. In the future she must grow by her home industries. By becoming an industrial nation she can take care of her large population easily. Japan now has about 373 persons to the square mile-England, an industrial nation, has over 700 to the square mile. What right has Japan to complain that she is overcrowded? On the contrary she would have room for a great increase in population if she would give up her idea of becoming a military and colonial country, and become an industrial nation.

But, you say, Japan's resources are very small. They are, indeed. Consequently she turns to her nearest neighbor for them. Now, Japan must control these resources in such a way that they be accessible to her not only in normal times but also in abnormal times, as in case of war. Her very life depends on them. Here is where the trouble comes in. China has suddenly awakened to the fact that she also must assert herself to continue to exist as an independent state. She is developing very rapidly. There is a great possibility that she will surpass Japan in her development in the near future. She, therefore, must also have these resources for her use. America has recognized Japan's "special rights" in the Orient, but she has also promised to uphold the doctrine of "open door" in China and has put herself under obligation to respect and conserve China's integrity. We have tried to play a double part. We have been attempting to serve two opposing factors. What has been the result? We have become hopelessly entangled in Asiatic diplomatic and political squabbles. To rid ourselves of this embarrassing situation was one purpose of the Arms Conference.

The conference brought both America and China relief to a certain extent. True, it is, that Japan gave up her rights in Shantung and released China from the most exacting article of her twenty-one demands, but, on the other hand, in defiance of the world she proclaimed that she did not have any intention of getting out of Manchuria and Mongolia. Furthermore, she announced that she would continue in the twentieth century the same kind of policies which were pursued by the nations of the world in the nineteenth. The political morality of the world has changed in the last three decades, but Japan refuses to conform to this change. the world going to stand by and see her continue the policy of territorial aggrandizement pursued in the last century? From present indications it is. America has shown her unwillingness to bear arms in support of China's integrity, and it is certain that the European nations will not raise a helping hand. Japan remains unmolested in the Pacific to pursue her Germanic principles. We are allowing another Prussia to come into existence. In time the peace of the world will again be shocked by a series of wars in the East. Furthermore, we will have made ourselves an ally of Japan if the Senate adopts the four-power treaty. We have lined up with China's enemy-thus injuring our prestige in China. On the other hand we have again pledged ourselves to support the integrity of the Chinese republic. Now, war between China and Japan at some time in the future is practically inevitable. In case of war, which side will we take? Will we stand by our pledge to China or support Japan? Time only will tell. In trying to rid ourselves of Asiatic diplomacy we have become more entangled in it.

BACK TO THE LAND I LOVE

JNO. R. KNOTT, '24

Crash! and the steel ship trembles
From the shock of a monster wave.
O, it rocks like a baby's cradle
While the sailors roll and rave.
The sea in its might and vastness
Holds a threat in every move;
So away from the ways of the water,
And back to the land I love.

Away from the roar of the city
And its great commercial wars,
For the smoke there hovers over
And obscures the moon and stars;
Away from its mirthless laughter,
From its mad and heartless drove,
Gone—from the ways of a sea-port town—
Back to the land I love he land I love

Back to the land of my childhood,
And the dear old grape-vine swing;
To the thick oak grove on the hillside,
Where the birds just sing and sing;
Back to the land of the pine tree
And its whispered sighs above;
Back to the land I understand,
Back to the land I love.

THE KEEPER OF THE FAITH

Presenting experiences of a man who doubts the purity of Womanhood

I. C. PATT, '23

"Here Nancy!"

The peaceful calm of the early June twilight was startled by the abrupt command, as a medium, tweed-clad figure with slightly bent shoulders and iron-grey hair hurried toward the edge of a well kept garden. His dull-grey eyes were fixed upon some object straight ahead. As he quickened his pace almost to a run, an expression of mingled fear, anxiety, and anger spread over his stony features. He glanced first toward the rambling old white house to the right, then again toward the object ahead, and called in a suppressed voice:

"Here, Nancy girl! You know you shouldn't go in there!"

A large, brown setter sprang from the fragrant shrubbery and leaped playfully about the tweed-clad figure. As the two hurried away, the man in nervous haste, and the dog leaping about as though she knew she had played a mischievous joke upon her master, the man continued:

"Naney, how often must I tell you that that garden is not for you and me? Only yesterday I was compelled to solid you for trespassing, and today you repeat the grievance. Yes, Naney,"—he stooped and gently stroked her brown, silky coat—"it's a lovely old place, and I once loved its walks, trees, and flowers. The old Ellington garden was once my heaven, as, for some reason, it seems to be yours now. Why do you go over there so much, Naney? De you ever see her? Be careful, Naney girl, women are—" He bit his thin lip, thus barring further utterance, as he remem-

bered a sweet face, crowned with snowy hair, and an invalid sister of delicate loveliness, both now sleeping beneath the grassy plot in the churchyard. "Their purity," his troubled mind ran, "was unquestionable, as I once thought the purity of all women. There might be others, but—"; again he bit his lip as he attempted to force from his mind the gruesome thought against which he was constantly forced to fight with stubborn persistence. "Yes, for the sake of the hallowed remembrance of these two, I will, I must believe in the purity of woman—we must forget that garden, Nancy," he concluded, aloud.

As he finished speaking, Nancy licked his hand sympathetically, and, taking the position of an advance guard, led the way through a tangled, unkept garden, which joined the well kept one. Well back from the maple canopied, winding little street, almost hidden from the passers-by by huge, emerald cones of tender foliage, they mounted the steps of an old, red-brick house. The man sank upon the top step and Nancy dropped beside him, nestling her shaggy head between his knees.

"Yes, Nancy," he began again, "we seem to be pretty much alone in this old world since Nell left us three weeks ago; just you and I. But we love each other, don't we, old girl! Many so-called friends have drifted into Harry Winthrop's life, but since that awful night, they have drifted out, one by one, until only you are left. A faithful and steady old friend you have been. You, at least, will always love me, won't you, Nancy!"

His last words were spoken in a pathetic, pleading tone. Catching her silky head between his slender hands, he gazed long and searchingly into her sympathetic eyes, which returned that perfect affection seen only in a dog for its master.

For an hour no word was spoken. In the fading west the last winged arrows of the sun pierced a floating cloud, transforming it into an aerial lake of powdered gold, which passed its saffron light down to the darkening world. Slowly, very slowly, as the stars yield their glory to the approaching day, the sun claimed its own, and the tiny sea of floating gold became only a dark spot upon the rapidly changing horizon. The stars came out and began to shine in the death of the old day, without which their beauty would have remained unseen. Brighter and brighter they shone with the increasing darkness until the universe seemed crowned with a profusion of rarest jewels. Weirdly a thousand voices of the night acclaimed its beauty. Far away the quivering call of a whippoorwill invited the fast gathering darkness. Nearer and nearer drew the querulous notes until all other voices of the night were eclipsed. The stars paled as a flood of silver engulfed the east, and, as a full moon lent its light to a darkened world, all was hushed in silent adoration.

Suddenly the holy hush was disturbed by a faint, broken whistle from the well kept garden. The silky head was icerked from its resting place between the man's knees as the dog came to a position of alert expectancy. For a moment she stood with one foot slightly raised and head inclined to one side as though listening for a familiar call. Again that faint, broken whistle quivered upon the still night air, and, as in obedience to some unseen power, she trotted down the air in observation of the two gardens she paused in the moonlight and looked back at the lone, dark figure crouching upon the step. Then pointing her nose upward she broke the stillness with a heart-rending howl which was almost human in its pleading pathos.

"Nancy! Here, Nancy!" cried the man springing to his feet and hurrying toward her. But she was lost among the early roses.

He paused and gazed critically into that other garden where he had spent so many happy hours. Too well he remembered its winding walks, flower beds, secluded nooks, and blushing roses. "But," he thought, "what was to me the fairest flower of them all-" A tremor ran through him as the thought presented itself. As he glanced in the direction Nancy had gone, he could see the dim outlines of the vinecovered summer house which had witnessed the scene of his last visit to that garden ten years ago. He paused in his reflection for a moment and exclaimed aloud: "Exactly ten years ago tonight!" A pitiful smile played upon his face as he remembered the cager haste with which he had prepared for the visit. "Only the night before," he reflected, "the garden's fairest rose-Beth Ellington-responded to my mad love with the promise of her hand, which was sought by many."

She had promised to meet him at the summer house at eight o'clock, but in order to surprise her, he had gone over a few minutes early. As he had neared the summer house—a dangerous glint came into his eyes—he had heard a stifled sob, and a moment later his happiness had been shattered. The tall, dark figure of a man had stepped from the door, followed by the slender, white form of a woman. The man had stooped and gathered the woman into his arms, and their lips had met in a lingering caress. "Oh, how shall I live without you?" she had sobbed. Then, as he had torn himself from her, his answer had come: "Don't worry, Beth, darling-I'll come back some time and we'll be so happy! While I am away, just think of me as loving you as I always have." A murderous impulse had swept over him, and the desire to

rush upon the two and satisfy the passionate demand of his wounded soul was strong. Then into his enraged mind had drifted a thought of the delicate girl back in the old red brick house. She was his only living relative and must be cared for until an inevitable death should claim her. In his dark corner he had stood helplessly and watched the thief of his happiness slip away. Beth had reëntered the summer house to await his coming, but he had never come. As a mortally wounded stag painfully drags himself into a friendly cave to die beyond the reach of hound and huntsman, so he had dragged himself from the accursed spot into the old red brick house.

He had never spoken to her since, but the consuming love in his bruised heart had refused to die, remaining a thing of rankling torture. Six months later when he had read the account of the death of her only brother who had gone to the tropics with a botanical expedition, he had desired to rush to her, gather her into his arms, and again offer her the love and protection that had been so ruthlessly set aside for that of another, but all that was revolutionary in his soul had arisen against the idea. The other man would surely come to comfort her. He had waited a week, a month, a year; still the other man had not returned. She had seemed as entirely alone as he. The years had slipped by, one by one, and no comfort had come to his tired heart except the delicate bit of a girl who had suffered so uncomplainingly in the old red brick house. His whole life had centered in the satisfying of her wants, and the brightening of her dark hours of suffering. Tonight, as the tenth year of his unhappiness poised for its flight, he stood devoid of all human ties; three weeks earlier the long threatened wing of death had made its fatal sweep; the delicate sister was gone. "Now," he almost sobbed, "I am alone, except-"

A cold nose was thrust into his limply hanging right hand, and a silken coat pressed caressingly against his leg.

"Ah, Nancy," he said, sinking upon the grass and throwing his arms around her, "others go from my life and never return, but you always come back to me, the same dear old friend. We will—"

But to his surprise Naney accepted the caress unwillingly. She sprang from his arms and again trotted toward the well kept garden; upon its border she paused, and a second time the breathless calm vibrated with that pathetic, pleading howl. He rushed toward her, but she was gone. A few minutes later she returned to the garden's edge and stood as though waiting for him to go to her. "Naney is behaving strangely," he mused. "Something must be going wrong over in the other garden." Suddenly a thought struck him and he staggered. "Could it be that Beth—"

He sprang to his feet, his breath coming in quick, jerky gasps. He took one step forward, clinched his fists as though holding himself against some mighty force, then paused with his face uplifted to the full light of the glorious moon. Thus he stood, his stony features writhing and distorted as though his body were caught in the relentless grip of agonizing pain. Nancy's howl again rose to its full volume. The man staggered again, took one step forward, and followed the whining dog toward the summer house.

Suddenly he paused and turned as to escape an apparent danger. From the summer house came an unmistakable sob. Nancy quickened her pace and disappeared through the doorway. For a moment all was silent—again the sob, this time followed by a voice, though tearful, as sweet and musical as the sound of a harp:

"Wouldn't he come, Nancy? I could hear you pleading with him. What did he say? Oh, Nancy, if you only could speak and tell me why he didn't come that dreadful night so long ago, and why he has waited all these long, long years, refusing even to speak to me! I've been so lonely and heartbroken, Nancy girl! There has been no one to love me since dear Buddy Bill went away ten years ago tonight; only you, Nancy. But you've been a faithful old friend, and I'll always love you."

"Buddy Bill!" The words stabbed the man's pulsing heart like a lance. "Can it be that I have suffered ten dreadful years of torture on account of a mistake?" He cast the thought aside and hated his own name for thinking of himself. "Poor Beth, how she must have suffered! But not one reproving word has she spoken. She still loves me, and my empty heart pleads for her. But dare I offer myself to her after these years of wretched behavior?" His tortured soul recoiled from the quelling thought as living flesh recoils from a firebrand. "And to think," his remorseful mind pursued, "I have thought of her all these years as untrue! The gnawing thought drives my bewildered mind to frenzied despair! But"-a single spark flickered upon his pitchy horizon-"Beth is still the example of purity I learned to love more than life, over ten years ago. Womanhood has not fallen! It is still pure, pure, pure! As for myself, alas! I have sunk beneath the murky surface of doubt and unbelief. Her faith has remained intact all these years. No, I can never be worthy of such faith and love now, but she must know all-that it was a mistake, even if I have been too stubborn to bend my proud neck to an investigation. I must explain!"

Slowly he dragged himself across the narrow strip of grass, mounted the single stone stop, and his form appeared in the doorway of the summer house. Seated upon a low stool by the open window, here lovely, tear-stained face raised to the moon, he saw the white, motionless form of a woman; beside her with head pillowed upon her soft lap sat Nancy. Like some one eaught by the enthralling spell of a beautiful dream, the man stood. Would it bring one spark of joy to that sad, beautiful face to know that he was near? He must know!

"Beth."

It was only a hoarse whisper. Naney stirred uneasily, but the white form did not move. By the bright moonlight he saw her large eyes slowly close as she hopelessly raised her snowy arms to the low window sill and buried her convulsive face between them. For a moment the pitiful, huddled form shook like an aspen leaf, but, as the paroxysm of grief gradually spent itself, her body ceased its spasmodic motion and swung to and fro as if in harmony with the music of an unseen orchestra.

"Ah, Nancy," the harp-like voice quivered, "so often have I waited for him here, listening for his familiar step and jolly greeting, that my disappointed fancy taunts me with the voice I love so well. It has been so foolish of me to come so often, but there was always the hope that he might come, and the fear that he would not find me waiting. Somehow I felt that he would surely come tonight, and when you came in answer to my call, I knew that he was near. I'll not come to wait again because I know he has forgotten now. Oh, Nancy, Nancy! If he only would let me know why!"

"Beth, I've eome back."

Naney jerked her head from its soft, warm pillow and sprang with a joyous bark toward the door. Like a frightened fawn, Beth gained her feet, and stood with her slendform outlined in the silver light that streamed through the open window. The man stretched his arms in silent appeal toward the beautiful silhouette. There was an attempted return of the appeal, but the gleaming arms dropped limply as the filmy form swayed unsteadily and began to erumple like a delicate flower beneath a pitiless sun.

"Beth, Beth!" he cried, eatching her in his arms, "I've come back at last to tell you that I have never forgotten, and to beg you to let me explain. I'm such a miserable, unworthy wretch! Won't you let me—"

As he explained all to her, her eyes opened, and two slender white hands stole upward and elasped behind his head of iron-grey hair. Slowly, very slowly that head moved downward, downward, and—

A cloud drifted beneath the moon, throwing an obscuring mantle over the garden, fragrant with the perfume of flowers awakened from their dismal winter sleep. The whippoorwill, encouraged by the stillness and darkness of the garden, perched upon the vine-covered summer house, and caroled his jubilant notes, leading the nocturnal orchestra. The quick, loyous bark of a dog added a note of harsh discord to the music, and the leader, either through fright or anger, glided to the tangled mass of the adjoining garden. The cloud passed on and the moonlight again streamed through the open window of the summer house. Two faces, on which shone the light of a newly found peace, were turned heavenward, as two tired hearts beat in unison.

TEACHING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

A discussion of practices and theories relating to the proper presentation of language technique in secondary schools

J. R. Nelson, '22

The place of English in the high school curriculum is one of recognized importance. In many schools it is the subject to which are given more time and attention than to any other single one; it is required in all schools and, in most cases, throughout the entire four years; twelve to fifteen million dollars annually are spent in this country for the purpose of giving instruction in this branch of study. The position of English, then, is unquestionably secure. It is a fact, however, that there is general dissatisfaction with the work being done in English in the high schools. From teachers in higher institutions are often heard loud lamentations over the failure of secondary schools to give their students sufficient preparation in the language which they speak. Students themselves are often rebellious in studying the subject, acquiring strong dislike for composition writing and rules of grammar, for instance, and feeling that such things are "fit and proper for the author and the poet who are to write the world's masterpieces, but a lot of grind and rubbish for the ordinary student."

On the whole, the advantages to be realized from a study of the mother tongue are so evident that often one does not stop to analyze them; and so it is just as often the case that purposes and aims underlying the teaching of the subject are not clearly defined. "The values of the study of one's mother tongue," says Professor Alexander Inglis, "are twofold,

being found in the use of language (1) as an instrument by which the individual's thinking is facilitated and conditioned, and (2) as a medium of communication between individuals." To teach the American student these two uses of his language and to help him gain the power of using it thus may be taken as the purpose for giving him instruction in English. The mistake of putting too much emphasis upon the latter use, and too little upon the former, is often made. Certain it is, however, that language is a tool of thought as well as a medium of communication, and it would seem that the development of capacity for clear, logical, and easy thinking is as worthy an aim as the development of ability for expression of thought.

Obviously this training in thought and expression neither begins nor ends in the high school. On the contrary, the nature of the high school course must be determined partly by the kind of training received by the pupils in their elementary schools and, even earlier than this, in their homes, Professor James Fleming Hosic writes: "* * * language adjustments begin in early infancy, and are operative during every waking hour, and have fairly established themselves by the time a child enters the high school. If the pupil then speaks and writes and reads well, it is necessary only that the new environment foster a growth well begun, not hinder or destroy it. If, however, the entering student has made small progress in language or has accumulated a stock of bad practices, to save him will require the united efforts of all the teachers he may meet." Manifestly, also, the course needed by this latter class of students will be different from that needed to "foster a growth well begun." But in actual practice a greater factor than preliminary and elementary training in determining the nature of the high school English course is the requirements set by colleges for entrance upon 340

higher courses in the subject. Whether the same instruction should be given to students who are preparing for college and those who do not expect to have the advantage of college training is a debated question. It is generally agreed, however, that the course during the first three years of high school should be the same for all, and if there is to be any difference it should come in the fourth year. Certainly the high schools follow the requirements of colleges more closely than they follow any consideration for the best kind of course they should offer students whose education will not reach beyound the secondary stage.

Inasmuch as the beginning of college entrance requirements in English was a contributing cause for the attachment of greater importance to high school English courses, it may not be out of place just here to trace briefly the development of the subject from that time to its present place of preeminence in the secondary school curriculum. An idea of the almost total disregard of English in high schools up to the beginning of this period may be had from the statement of Professor George R. Carpenter: "Up to about 1876 there was scarcely to be found, in the United States, any definite, well-organized system of secondary instruction in the mother tongue. * * * The Americans have always been a reading people and there was a growing interest among scholars and laymen in the English language and in English literature. But only here and there had this penetrated into the secondary school system." Such was the state of affairs when Harvard University in 1874 instituted an entrance examination requiring preparation in rhetoric and composition, which requirement became the germ of the present system. policy was at first misunderstood by the schools and taken as a scheme for burdening them with more and new requirements-there had been, of course, long before this time definite requirements in Latin and Greek, for example, as

well as in most other subjects now holding places of less importance than English. Preparatory schools soon, however, began to accept the English requirements, and other colleges followed the plan initiated by Harvard.

A second influence about this time added much to the growing interest in preparatory English, and this came from the high schools themselves. Eminent teachers began to realize that the schools of the people ought really to teach the language of the people. The matter was given prominence in journals of education, and the result was a widespread movement for the more careful and systematic study of English in secondary schools. As the universities and colleges were uniting in establishing uniform entrance requirements, so the schools were actually putting English instruction on a new basis.

The result of the action of the colleges was a combination in 1893 of the original Harvard scheme and a later Yale plan, which together distributed emphasis upon composition, rhetoric, and literature. The action of the schools resulted in making of secondary education in English a complete organism and in the establishment of certain principles governing the teaching of elementary English. At about this time English began to be accorded the place it now holds in the secondary schools. Thus, fifty years ago it had virtually no place at all, while for about twenty-five years it has been given considerable importance.

Teaching the technique of language naturally includes instruction in grammar, rhetoric, and composition. To give the various opinions, definitions, methods, and suggestions of authorities in these branches and treat them justly is too much of an undertaking for the present article. Only a general discussion, from which may come a few suggestions as to the best methods of teaching the subjects, will be attempted.

It is a disputed question whether grammar should be taught at all in the high schools. The tendency, according to Professor Carpenter, is "to depend, for the purpose of teaching 'correctness,' largely on the now greatly increased instruction in composition and in literature, and to look upon grammar as a means both for giving the young some knowledge of the facts of language and for thus training them in the analysis and structure of sentences." It is hardly necessary to enter here into the various arguments for and against the inclusion of grammar in the high school course. The conclusion reached by most thoughtful teachers seems to be that high school pupils do need some systematic training in important rules of inflexion, syntax, sentence-structure, word order, and word-composition. We again find division when we consider how and at what time during the course this systematic instruction in grammar should be given. As for method, there are objections to following to the extreme either the inductive or deductive. A just mean between the two seems to be the most favored. The solution as to the proper time for the subject seems to depend upon circumstances rather than upon theory. In general, the first year of the high school course is probably the most suitable time, and if circumstances are favorable the subject may be covered in half a year, or at most, save in exceptional cases, in a year. A supplemental teaching of grammar, however, is found to be most desirable, if not essential. By this are meant (1) the correction with emphasis of all errors of grammar heard or noticed by the teacher, and (2) the teacher's aiding his pupils in developing the grammatical instinct, or a keen sense of the relations which words or groups of words bear to each other. Experience shows that this is one of the most effective ways of teaching grammar and certainly of overcoming in the pupil habits of wrong usuage to which

he may have become accustomed. This method, of course, should be practiced not only in the first year, but all through the course.

Perhaps rhetoric can be disposed of here in a few words, though not because of any unimportance of the subject. It is generally recognized now that the study of rhetoric presupposes a knowledge of grammar, and can best be taken up in the second year, if it is to be studied in the high school. Opinion differs on this latter point, as in the case of grammar, with three typical conclusions (again quoting Professor Carpenter): "first, that rhetoric can be taught alone, as an abstract theory, in the way that physics and chemistry used to be taught; second, that rhetoric, consisting of a modicum of theory, can be best taught when accompanied by a considerable amount of composition work, just as physics is now taught by allowing at least an equal amount of laboratory work to supplement the theoretical work; third, that the pupil need make no formal study of the theory, inasmuch as he will master what is necessary through his composition writing." The first has now been practically disearded, while the third is held by some experienced teachers. The second, however, is the one most generally accepted perhaps. "The best method," says the same writer, "is one which, while not neglecting the study of correctness, lays most stress on the study of construction in the larger sense of the word, -the building up of a complete idea through a series of sentences or paragraphs." Ground should be covered rapidly but thoroughly. Supplementary work in rhetoric as in grammar should be done after the beginning of the formal study. Opportunities for this, of course, are offered in a great amount of composition work, in which the student should be taught to apply what he has learned as to the theory of expression. A more advanced course in rhetorie may be given in the fourth year if conditions are favorable.

Most important of all the subjects of English study is composition. The term is defined by Professor F. T. Baker as "the grouping of figures or other subjects in painting and sculpture, and to the grouping of ideas in language." He continues: "In each case the end sought by such grouping is the attainment of certain general effects in the whole work." It is, of course, the grouping of ideas in words that is meant by literary composition.

An ideal plan of teaching composition is suggested by Dr. Samuel Thurber: "All the teachers of a school should share equally this task of supervising the English writing. I do not see how any teacher, man or woman, can have the effrontery to claim to know good English better than the rest; and I do not see how any teacher can submit to have the drudgery of having several times his share of this work thrust upon him." In general, however, this is found not to be a workable plan, since other conditions are so far from ideal at present. The more practical policy is to have a separate teacher for this part of English training, not even entrusting it to the teacher of English literature, for, unfortunately, it is a fact that all teachers do not have equal capacity for teaching the subject, much as Dr. Thurber would desire that they should.

There is, however, a very good means by which all the other teachers can assist in the teaching of composition, though, sadly enough, it is made use of far too little. Cooperation of all others with the English department is essential to the most successful teaching of composition as well as of correct speech. Says Professor Baker: "As long as the pupil speaks and writes earelessly in other departments, so long will the work of the English teacher fail to form good habits." Professor Carpenter makes three practical suggestions regarding the cooperation of all departments. First, all the teachers should agree to foster in every way the use of

good English in the classrooms, discouraging and correcting bad usages and refusing to accept papers or approve oral recitations in which grammar, pronunciation, spelling, punctuation, or expression are plainly bad. Second, far greater emphasis than has ever been given it should be placed upon the oral recitation, using it as a means for insisting upon correctness in speech. Third, requiring of students essays on subjects lying outside the field of English may be made use of to good advantage.

There arises a question as to what form of writing should be included in high school compositions. In general, it may be said that all forms are good. Narration, description, exposition, and argumentation may all be handled well by high school students. More emphasis, perhaps, should be placed on narration and description in dealing with students of that age. Separate use of each of these forms of discourse may be practiced, but they should also be combined, two or more, in the same writing. Choosing topics from literature and paraphrasing are approved practices. However, it is generally thought best that the student should in most cases write from his own experience the things with which he is familiar—it is in this way that he learns to form and to express clearly ideas of his own, rather than putting into awkward sentences ideas of others.

The process of composition writing should begin with the teacher. He chooses the subject, helps in the search for material and in the proper arrangement of it, and makes known the kind of article the young authors are expected to produce. Correcting the papers and conferences with the writers, either individually or in small groups, are important elements in making the compositions serve their real purpose of teaching correct and fluent expression.

How much composition writing should there be? There

are two principles by which to be governed here. There should be not more than the teacher has time to read, and not more than the student can write well. Experience scema to indicate that some kind of writing should be done every day, but this does not necessarily mean a daily theme. Some excreise in either English or another subject of the student's work may be written. Usually themes should not be required oftener than once a week. In this, as in many other things, the individual teacher must be his own judge.

The importance of oral composition cannot be denied, though it is too often unrealized by English teachers. Instruction may well be given in elecution, debating, and declamation, either directly by the English department or in literary societies under the supervision of the department. Reading aloud is a very important form of oral composition, and one of which very good use can be made in the regular work of the English department. After all, speech—not writing—is the vital and essential form of language. Writing is necessary and important, but the spoken language should receive more emphasis.

JOHN GILE

A story illustrating the power of faith and virtue as contrasted with that of eloquence

TOM SAWYER, '23

Among the many islands of the Philippine group there stands a certain one of small dimensions which the Catholic Priests, who went there for the purpose of making the naked savages pay penance, named the Isle of John, or "Isla de Juan," in their Spanish tongue. It is supposed that they so called it in imitation of the island on which John, the Saint, wrote the last book of the Bible. But the nude savages, who learned the Spanish name for it, link its name with that of the man who overthrew the native governments of the two tribes that inhabited the island and then set up the present regime. The "devil-devil doctors," who in our language are called priests, have handed down reasons of their own, established upon tradition, for the miniature realm being called "Isla de Juan."

It is said that at the same time the Spanish priorst landed on the island to earry out their ambition of implanting their religion in the uttermost parts of the earth, there came a Young English nobleman to the same island. With him be brought his household, his servants, and the laborers of his fields. His name was John of Gile.

John of Gile was not an ordinary English nobleman. He cared little for the predestined social life that was planned by the father of the English gentleman. He was ambitious, aggressive, and was forever disregarding the "blue-blood" Principles of his stern, noble father adhered to. Furthermore he refused to annex the riches of a neighboring baron's widow by entering into the bonds of matrimony. Such ambitions of the father, thwarted by those of the son, were responsible, upon the death of the father, for John's putting to sea in a small two-mast schooner on an adventure into the far unknown. And so he landed on the small island that bears his name, for no other reason than that he liked the looks of it and that there was chance for adventure.

It took John of Gile but a few short years to subject the two hostile tribes to his will and to clear a thousand acres of the fertile jungle. He began the eultivation of sugar cane, tobacco, yans, and hemp; the latter two he found already being grown by the natives. He employed the native blacks to work in his fields and about his house, and ruled them with a stern, but kind hand. In his small ship he exported cargoes of hemp and sugar to his native country and to California. Success was assured him and he could have lived his three score and ten years as a veritable king. But riches and idleness, once gained, do not appeal to the adventurer.

And so, leaving his faithful steward in charge of his affairs, he sailed for the Golden Gate, carrying with him his valet, his cook, and his housemaid, a domesticated black. He went to California for adventure and to see the wonders of the new Western World that lay east of his world. He encountered adventure and romance both, for he had been there only three months when he promised to love and honor a beautiful, charming daughter of a San Francisco merchant She died within a year, leaving an infant son, to be reared and cared for by the father and a black housemaid. And at the end of another year Gile returned to the Philippines to rear his son as it befitted a king to do so.

When the child had grown into early manhood he was sent to California to finish his education, which had been begun under the care of the father. Hardly had he finished his last year in a Western college when he was called home upon the death of his father, who left him an enormous income and the management of the island, with the title of John Gile II. of "Isla de Juan."

But the ambition of the father reflected a different hue in the son. He dreamed of a cabaret, a theatre, a summer resort, recreation, and a modern town named Sulu. And his dreams came true within the space of three years. The bay at Sulu became filled with the yachts of millionaires and with merchant vessels that carried luxuries from Japan and California to the frolickers. Dancers and singers came from the Golden Gate to amuse the restless "resters," and the theatre manager employed them, along with some grass clad lasses from Hawaii. And with the mirth makers from America came one Ferdinand Gonzales, an eloquent, graceful actor, who soon learned the likes and dislikes of his audiences and those of the natives. So marvelous were his performances and speeches that his fame spread rapidly across the islands. and even to Europe. It is said that he could drink a pint of Scotch or Old Holland and discourse for an hour on the traditions of the blacks or any other subject, without repeating the same thought and without wearying his listeners. How he came to figure in this tale we shall soon see.

John Gile was sitting in the cabaret, smoking a large eigar that bore his name, oceasionally sipping a swallow of French wine. For the first time in months, he told himself, he was living and how gradually he was degenerating into listlessness. He thought of the theatre, the performance, how empty and meaningless it now seemed, and last, he saw in his meditations a woman, a charming ereature, who went canoeing and bathing with him three times a week. His cheeks flushed, his eyes partly closed, and he drew long, steady puffs on the eigar as he continued his meditations.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide and he leaned forward staring into the cloud of smoke to see if she really were there. A form moved closer and sat down in a chair opposite him. John saw that it was he who had been seen several times lately with the queen of his thoughts (and of his heart). It was the actor.

"I have come, sir," eloquently began the actor, "to you, as the proper authority, to request license to marry a charming doncella who is resorting at this place."

"And is the other party in favor of the union?" asked

John, with little show of interest.

"If the inventive genius of a well known Chinese doctor in San Francisco and my own persuasive power fail me not at the psychological moment, she will be willing, sir." Saying this he took from his pocket a small green phial, labeled with Chinese characters. "You see, the lady has features of form and a voice that, combined with my genius, will bring us wealth in France. But she disregards my proffers of matrimony, when at the same time she tells me she admires me; and this is to help her concentrate her mind, or, in other words, make her thoughts run in the channel I desire them tor run in."

"Who is the lady?" asked Gile, somewhat startled at the green phial and the calm manner of Gonzales.

"Senorita Dorcas Winston, daughter of the San Francisco railroad king," said the other.

John Gile felt himself turning pale, and his hair seemed to stand on end. His lips quivered, his body stiffened, and his eyes searched those of the other, as his hand sank slowly to his side where hung a 32 Colt automatic.

"Ferdinand Gonzales," he at last began, in a tone by which he almost startled himself, "you may thank your evil star that you have another minute to live. The woman whom the fiend in you would debase and crush is the idol of my heart, and if there be a God, by Him, you shall never speak to her again nor touch a hair of her head."

"By my power of eloquence," retorted the actor, "I can invite the tribe of Luzon to destroy you as a monkey would a flea. And what would the fair lady of your heart say if she were to hear the old story about your being the son of your father's housemaid, and that your skin was made white by the miraele of the Invisible God the white 'devil-devil dectors' talk about."

"Your eloquence in this country will be a memory when the virtue of this Colt speaks. The Shannon sails for Buenos Aires at sunrise; you will give me your word that you are going to sail on her or this Colt is going to give you its word." John Gile's eyes seemed to flash as flames of fire when he uttered these words. He raised the muzzle of a large automatic so it could be seen from aeross the table.

In a little South American village there is a deep valley between two snow-covered mountains in which there stands a small tavern. The keeper entertains his guests with wonderful and eloquently told tales of an island resort and of the beautiful doncella whom the "Doreas Inn" was named after. The town idlers get up, yawn, and hurry home as the sun drops behind the white tops of the mountains, and shadows steal across the doorways, and gloom descends, long before the night should come.

But as the day grows old and the air becomes cooler, on a certain bay in a certain island, there may be heard the soft tones of Hawaiian music, as a man and a woman, side by side and close together, in a Belaki long boat, are being rowed across the glassy surface. The sun sinks with a radiant smile at the end of a fiery lane across the water, and twilight lingers long after the sun is set.

MEMORIES

J. N. Roberson, 24

When I look back upon the days gone by,
They seem unreal to me as dreams untrue,
To see so much that only few pass through
Unscathed, unharmed, by war's death tongues of fire.
The comrades fall under the strain in mire
And say I only want to be with you
To win the victory which is in view.
I sacrifice my life, my all to die,
Or else I'll drive the Hun across the Rhine,
And take revenge for him who lost his life.
Into the trenches through the mire we go,
Regardless of the rain and mud we find;
In darkest night we go without the light,
And how we dodge the shells we do not know.

MODERN POETRY

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, '94

One who essays to write poetry, whether regarding it as a literary grace or as a divine gift, quite naturally refrains from harsh criticism for the very obvious reason that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, especially at the houses of other poets. Much of the so-called modern poetry, however, is not poetry at all. It lacks all the essential elements of real poetry. Crude and stark in its realism, it has lost rhythm, the timbre, the motif of real poetry. What the ancients called the muse of poetry has evidently ecased to function; the province of the modern muse seems to be to annue. And while we should not be so old-fashioned as to be prudish and unintelligible, we should not on the contrary be so new-fashioned as to become futurists and cubits in the ars poetica, which, after all, is a divine art.

In looking over quite recently the pages of the Century Magazine—that classic periodical of the one-time flavor of rare old wines—I was painfully surprised to find there, under the pseudonym of a poem, entitled "The House in Main Street," the following lines:

"You want I should tell you about old James Boot, do yer boys?

Well, tain't much of a story, I guess,

But I ain't never forgot it.

Hitch yer cheer up t' th' stove, Sam,

And Lige you fetch that cracker box out o' the corner," etc.

This sort of thing in contrast to the rhythmic, colorful lines of a former editor-poet, the late lamented Richard Watson Gilder! Shades of the classic past of the Century, what think ye of that!

The poem(?) is written in real dialect. (There isn't any doubt about that.) But it is crude, coarse and unrhythnic. If, according to Goethe, "Poetry is the language of the gods," then the gods have evidently left the haunts of Olympus to take up their abode in the garbage-filled streets of slang. According to true poetic standards, the "House in Main Street" isn't poetry at all, but a rather inferior quality of prose masquerading in ridiculous poetic dress. Oh, poetry, poetry, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!

Now, while poetry should deal with realism, yet it should deal with it in a poetic way, and in a poetic spirit with the proper sense of proportion, of fitness, and of balance.

And one should not in essaying to write poetry (which is and must be a true expression—a limpid reflection of the high ideals of life), endeavor to be a purist. Yet a poem, so styled, which disregards all rules and all sense of propriety, cannot be the highest expression of the aesthetic ideals of life. Poetry is the soul set to music. It is the exquisite finesse of literature and of life; the quintessence of finer fancy. It deals in its highest expression with Parian marble rather than with the rough cobble stones of the street-Why should it not leave the cobble stones to novelists and historians?

In chafing beneath the restraints of classic literary art our modern poetry has, it seems to me, swung too far toward a too crude realism, which can be better expressed in prose, and, which after all, is prose. We have gone back to the first crude expressions of the race—to the "Cid," "The Song of Roland," "The Nibel-ungen Leid," to the Icelandic Sealds and the sages of the Norseman.

But the modernist tells us this is life. Yes, but it must be remembered that we are not living in the Stone Age. We no longer live in caves and hunt with clubs. Poetry is the highest expression of the literary art of the age in which it is written.

Much of the modern poetry so-called is the wild, untamed vaporing of those who deliberately set out to defy all rules, to write untrammeled by anything, not even by intelligence. To a certain degree this freedom of fancy is necessary and commendable. But poetic liberty should never degenerate into modern poetic license. Poetic license has become in this age a very much overworked idiom. It is used to cover a multitude of faulty literary productions which are not poetry according to accepted poetic standards. But there is much in present day poetry that is wholesome and beautiful. It is encouraging to note among the productions of the younger writers of North Carolina poetry so many examples of real poetic art. The invitation to the poets of North Carolina by the News and Observer and other papers in the State to use their columns as a medium of expression, has called forth expressions of which the State should be proud. The literature of the State has been enriched by many real poetic gems.

In the language of Dr. Benjamin Sledd, of Wake Forest College, himself a notable poet of the South, "We should encourage our poets."

Let those of us who try to write poetry take fresh courage and press on toward the Olympian heights. Even free verse—the celebrated vers libre of the day—is better than none at all. For we must not quench the spirit of the poet. And out of all our failures and jarring discordant notes we still move, somehow, toward some sure and shining goal with the assurance of the immortal Tennyson that good shall somehow be the final goal of ill.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

J. R. Nelson, Editor

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Wilsonism in Disguise Whatever permanent changes of attitudes and policies affecting the peace of the world and good will among nations may result from

the work of the late Washington Conference, there can be no doubt that the decisions reached and treaties formulated, if accepted by the governments whose representatives made them, will in a measure accomplish the purpose which President Harding had in view in calling the conference—the creation of international relations that will lessen the pos-

sibilities of war. The President is justified at least in part for his lavish praise of the accomplishments attained at Washington and for heaping honors upon those who had part in the great work. He sees in these treaties and agreements no "surrender of sovereignty," no "impaired nationality or affronted national pride," such as that which he thinks is involved in membership in the League of Nations, a league which represents likewise agreements among nations for the prevention of war. Presenting to the Senate the report of the conference, Mr. Harding told that body that he was not unmindful of the "sentiment in this chamber against old world entanglements." Yes, George Washington's farewell advice is remembered! The present treaties are not "entangling alliances." "I can bring you every assurance that nothing in any of these treaties commits the United States . . . to any kind of alliance, entanglement, or involvement."

With such assurances, President Harding asks the Senate to ratify the treaties as prepared by the conference, saying.
"We can no more do without international negotiations and agreements in these modern days than we can maintain orderly neighborliness at home without the prescribed rules of conduct..." He presents the four-power Pacific treaty, for example, (designed to take the place of the existing Anglo-Japanese alliance), by which the four nations involved agree to respect each other's rights in the Pacific, and he sees in it no "commitment," "alliance," or "involvement." And yet he says that if any nation should attempt to give affront to the four great powers, that nation would be "embarking on a hazardons enterprise."

We wonder what kind of agreement, or treaty, if you please, it is that does not commit those who make it to exactly what is accepted? What more than that they should exist as mere scraps of paper can be expected of the pacts recently. prepared if their provisions are not binding upon the signatories? Of what use is the treaty for limitation of armaments if the United States and the other powers involved, having ratified it, do not think they are bound to act in accordance with its provisions? Wherein will being a party to the nine-power Far Eastern treaty avail, if the United States should not consider the agreement to respect Chinese integrity an "involvement" requiring determined policy in cases of violation of the rights thus allowed China, and not simply passive approval of the situation when all seems to go well with China?

The United States, if the conference treaties are accepted. will be entering into alliances, despite the President's assurances to the contrary. A short time ago he was saying that the United States ought to avoid alliances, for any suggestion of such agreements is "contrary to American principles and would set up a super-government," and now he proposes alliances which he pleases to call something else. He has heard the call of a restless country and a troubled world crying for peace and relief from the horrors and burdens of war. And his idea that America should answer that call through agreements with the other leading nations of the world to respect, observe, and uphold the principles of good will and amicable settlements is in accord with the plan of his predecessor in the Presidency. The one presented to the Senate the League of Nations, the other the decisions of the Washington Conference. Mr. Harding would not have the Washington negotiations take the place of the League of Nations, but if the Senate ratifies them America will thereby be enabled to play a somewhat less conspicuous part in the Program for world peace than would be possible were she a member of the league created at Vcrsailles. Says the Lynchburg News: "Recognition has actually been afforded by the

conference of the fundamental conception and the basic obligations which constitute the very soul of the League of Nations; that is, the essentiality of federated international purpose and cooperation in promoting the cause of world peace. Indeed, whatever of large value attaches to the labors of the conference is due chiefly to this, the unspoken but necessarily implied endorsement it affords to the doctrinal tenets of Wilsonism—to the unspoken but plainly discernible negation which it affords to the position upon which the Republican Senate leaders planted themselves when opposing the ratification of the League of Nations."

We are under the necessity of answering for Recent two very evident examples of plagiarism ap-Plagiarisms pearing in issues of THE STUDENT. In the October, 1921, number were printed, under the title "Parting," two stanzas which may be found in the same form and practically the same words (the editor remembers having made those changes that do appear) in the poem "Good By" signed "Anonymous," and published in A New Library of Poetry and Song, edited by William Cullen Bryant. In the February issue there are three stanzas, "The Dear Old Home," which, likewise in practically their identical form, are published in Heart Throbs under the title "They Two," signed by A. E. K., along with another stanza which appeared in the copy handed the editor and was struck out by him before the manuscript was sent to press.

Every man of The Student staff regrets immeasurably these two occurrences, and our position is fully shared by the student body here, as has been shown by recent demonstrations of feeling. It is not necessary to state that if the editors had had the slightest idea that the two articles referred to were copied, the poems would not have been accepted. It cannot be expected that any one should be familiar enough with the whole mass of published poems, and other literature for that matter, always to recognize uncredited copies or quotations. It may be said that when material is submitted to us for publication, we are assured by every contributor that the work he presents is original. And so the unhappy situation is forced upon us. We hope that other college magazines will never be so unfortunate.

After all, the least that can be said of plagiarism is better than fiery and loud condemnation of its practice. It is contemptible, dishonorable, and destructive of all high and noble principles of character in him who becomes a habitual user of the disreputable means of exhibiting as his own the ideas or literary accomplishments of others. We had thought that there was hardly any necessity even to watch for it at Wake Forest. Perhaps the Honor Committee, provided for such Purposes, has laudable ideas on the subject.

Y. M. C. A.

Difficulty

Wake Forest cannot be termed a successful organization of the student body if results are to be measured by general Y. M. C. A. aims. Only one side of the triangle—the spirit—receives any emphasis through the local organization. There being here a great many other opportunities for the exercise of a man's religious nature, the Y. M. C. A. devotional meetings do not make as general and strong an appeal as would be the case where there is less activity in church services and societies.

Practically, the Y. M. C. A. is a back number in so far as actual results obtained are concerned. Why? The principal obstacle in the way of normal development is the fact that the association has no place where it can do its work. The removal of this obstacle would prepare the way for clearing out all others. A general lounging room is needed; places for social gatherings are lacking; rooms for Y classes are wanting; there are no places for the games and recreational diversions usually provided by Y. M. C. A. '3—and so we might go on. The only thing that the Association can do here with any degree of success is to hold weekly meetings, and then the officers and few interested members are disappointed that a larger number cannot be reached.

Plans for building a hut have been discussed and abandoned as impracticable of execution. The only solution of the perplexing problem is the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building equipped to meet all the needs of an active association. With such an addition to the scant working resources now available, the Association would be a new factor in the student body. With a place to work it would work. Let it be insisted that such a building be provided, for certainly some insistence is needed to secure such a solution of the Y. M. C. A. problem.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. Nelson, Editor

The Anniversary Celebration staged by Wake Forest students on February 17, with their friends and invited guests, was in every way a marked success. Many were here from all over the State, and even from outside, as evidenced by the delegation from Coker College, of South Carolina, Meredith, Oxford, Louisburg, and several of the other nearby colleges had many representatives present. The Meredith girls came on a special train. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the celebration began with the Junior-Senior debate. Representing the classes in this forsenic battle were E. L. Roberts and D. M. Castello of the affirmative, and V. C. Howell and W. B. Booe of the negative. The query, "Resolved, that the Government should own and operate the coal mines of the United States, constitutionality waived," was the magnet of their contentions. Both aggregations acquitted themselves splendidly. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative. T. W. Allen and C. B. Howard were the orators for the evening program, their subjects being: "The Voice of the Black Man," and "The Industrial Unrest," respectively. Immediately following the orations the guests were entertained by the members of the societies in the Euzelian and Philomathesian halls. Refreshments were served, speeches were made, and the day closed by being declared the most successful in the history of the college. The marshals for the day were L. C. McCurry, chief; P. V. Hamrick, and C. B. Deane of the Euzelian Society; and M. G. Boyette, chief; T. E. Royal, and M. B. Cox of the Philomathesian.

The Law Department of Wake Forest College again came forward this year and maintained its high mark of proficiency by sending twenty-nine applicants before the Supreme Court, all of whom were successful. This is the eighteenth time since the establishment of the Law School in 1894 that the entire quota has made a perfect record; and during the period of thirty years of its existence eight hundred and seventy-one men have been granted license to practice law. Old Gold and Black's one hundred per cent class for February, 1922, is as follows: S. W. Arrington, W. Y. Floyd, J. M. Hayes, F. B. Helms, W. F. Hester, J. F. Jordan, H. C. Kearner, Miss L. E. Lewis, Miss F. E. Marshbanks, E. R. McAuley, C. B. McLean, J. B. McLead, H. E. Monteith, Z. V. Morgan, W. M. Nicholson, L. C. Powell, C. P. Poole, F. M. Pearce, S. M. Robinson, C. E. Robinson, H. Royall, C. O. Ridings, C. B. Sessons, C. N. Stroud, J. L. Taylor, L. H. Turner, P. C. West, H. T. Williams, and J. R. Young.

The Howler is now in the hands of the printer, and it is expected to come from press some time near the middle of April. The annual this year is reputed to be the best published in the history of the college, the style, arrangement of material, and compilation being striking characteristics adding to the beauty and completeness of the book.

The Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies inanced the publication of the special issue of Old Gold and Black which came out on February 17. The paper was devoted almost exclusively to the news of the two organizations, and its columns gave in brief a complete history of what the societies have been doing in the past and what they mean to the college at the present time. Plans for extensive society work, changes, and new theories relative to present existing conditions were presented by members of the societies. It

is probable that hereafter the Anniversary issue each year will be taken over by the societies and devoted more particularly to the news of the organizations and the work they are doing.

On the evening of February 2, the student body and surrounding community were delighted with the "Microbe of Love," a skillfully staged and fairly typical musical comedy, which was given under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association of the local school. Although both management and talent were local, the production drew the largest and most appreciative audience ever seen at a performance of its kind here. By special request the comedy was repeated on Saturday evening, February 18, again being largely attended. We heartily congratulate Mrs. W. M. Dickson, under whose aggressive management and leadership the production was arranged for the stage, and the local talent who so ably aided her.

The 1922 summer session of Wake Forest College will open Tuesday, June 20, again under the leadership of H. T. Hunter, Professor of Education, who is now on leave doing graduate work at Harvard University. Dr. D. B. Bryan, who is now head of the Department of Education, is acting director until Professor Hunter returns to take charge. Until last year the summer sessions were open only to law students and undergraduates who wished to acquire additional credit toward a college degree. At that time new departments were added, which provide regular courses for teachers of the grammar and high schools of the State, thus giving preparation required for teachers' professional certificates and for raising certificates and for

also open to high school students who lack one or two units of college entrance credits. Indications are that this second session of the Summer School will be as complete a success as was the first.

With the admission of Wake Forest College to membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools have come several changes and improvements in the regular curriculum. For admission to the Freshmen Class, every student must present full fifteen units of high school credits. The course leading to the LLB. degree has been made a four-year course, entailing at least two years of literary work. Requirements for the Master of Arts degree have been raised. These changes will go into effect with the beginning of the session of 1923-23.

Clifford Devereux and his splendid company, which included Zinita Graf and Edmund Forde, presented in Memorial Hall on February 14 two highly pleasing performances, repeating the successes attained by the company here on several previous occasions. In the afternoon was presented Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," and in the evening Chesterton's "Magic." Large audiences were present at both performances.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winning contributions in this issue as follows: Verse, "March," by Jno. R. Knott; story, "The Keeper of the Feith," by I. C. Pait; essay, "Teaching the English Language in the High Schools," by J. R. Nelson, with honorable mention of "The Prussia of the East," by H. F. Ayers. "Declaring that Christ, the Great Physician, is the sole hope of the world in this time of peril and problem, Dr. William Louis Poteat (B.A., '77), President of Wake Forest College, last Sunday afternoon delivered one of the greatest addresses ever heard in this city, in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church. His subject was 'The New Challenge to Culture and Currency,' and he handled it in a masterly way. This was the third of the series of addresses being delivered by prominent laymen of the country in the course of 'Once-a-Month Meetings for Men.'"—Extract from Go Forward, a weekly publication of the First Baptist Church of Wilmington, N. C.

Professor A. C. Reid, B.A. '17, who is now doing graduate work at Cornell University, has been secured as a member of the faculty of the summer school, which opens here June 20.

"During the year from January 2, 1921, to January 1, 1922, Rev. C. D. Creasman, (B.A., '10), received into the Third Baptist Church 223 members, and baptized 122. This, so far as we know, is the record for Nashville churches, and we wonder how many churches in the State have ever beaten it. Also Brother Creasman's Sunday School during the same Year went from around 200 in attendance to over 500."—
Baptist and Reflector, January 12, 1922.

Mr. W. B. Edwards, B.A. '12, who is Superintendent of Schools at Weldon, N. C., is doing excellent work for the educational life of the entire community.

Dr. Roger McCutcheon, B.A. '10, is Professor of English at Dennison University, Granville, Ohio.

Through the efforts of Prof. W. W. Woodhouse, B.A. '99, for twenty years superintendent of the White Oak High Schools, a new high school building is under construction at White Oak, N. C. It is expected to cost \$40,000. Three districts have been combined and the 'fbus' system inaugurated as a means of transportation for children living at a distance.

Rev. S. F. Conrad, '68, Charlotte, N. C., is preparing to visit Europe and Palestine. Much of his time will be spent in the native land of our Saviour, and under the sound of the gently lapping Aegean where the mighty apostle Paul changed the flow of Christianity westward.

Professor Clement T. Goode, B.A. '05, having completed his graduate work at Harvard University, has been elected head of the English Department of Sweet Briar College, Virginia.

On January 20, Mr. Gordon Poteat, '11, began his duties as Professor of New Testament in Shanghai College, Shanghai, China. He succeeds his father, Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, '79, who resigned in favor of a lecturing tour in behalf of the college.

At a banquet of the New Hanover County Wake Forest Alumni Association given in the beautiful Wilmington Hotel at Wilmington, N. C., February 4, a fair demonstration of the love of Wake Forest alumni for their Alma Mater was given. The banquet was given with President William Louis Potent as guest of honor. Mr. Trela D. Collins, B.A. '10, Alumni Scerctary, was also present and presented the matter of the deficiency of funds to complete the Gore Athletic Field. The members present contributed the amount of \$250 toward removing that deficiency. THE DAY OF FAITH. By Arthur Somers Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

One of the most notable contributions to the literature of lasting peace that has come from the press during this year is this new book, "The Day of Faith," by Arthur Somers Roche. In the expression of a previous reviewer, the "writer of novels is always confronted by his theme; and the eternal question is, whether he shall subordinate his theme or his theme shall subordinate him." In this work the author has almost allowed his theme to subordinate him, and he presents in a new way a principle that is naturally old but gains much credence through restating.

The story itself revolves around the life of a full-blooded, high-spirited girl, who becomes enraged that certain "peace-makers" allow a criminal to escape, and that finally her own father meets his death as the result of the instrumentality of this escaped gumman. The daughter loses control of her more peaceful nature in her rage and leads a mob which searches out this murderer and is rewarded with his life. The girl is appalled by her sin, and during periods of solitude and meditation gains a conception of that great idea, "My neighbor is perfect," and thereafter dedicates her life to it.

The author has succeeded in making a very interesting story, because of its force and admirable characterization, out of what might have been from the pen of other writers only a tract. "It is a book that offers afterward subject for meditation."

TO THE LAST MAN. By Zane Grey. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. \$2.

In a foreword to this new novel, "To the Last Man," Mr. Grey tells of his purpose in writing, explaining that he gets

his inspirations entirely from nature, and that his books might be described as "romantic history." He says, also, that it would be impossible to write a history of the West without including in it the stories of the great feuds which have played such a large part in the history of this vast region since its early settlement.

The story is based on certain facts centering around the great Pleasant Valley war which has been considered one of the most disastrous and destructive feuds ever known, lasting until only one fighter remained. After these preliminary statements, the story plunges into the tales of an "immaculate and remarkable hero, and scarcely less immaculate and remarkable heroine, of bloodshed and villains and hairbreadth escanes."

Following an almost obligatory law of romance and fiction, the son and daughter of the rival families of the feud fall in love with each other. Their meeting is marked by love at first sight, and ignorance of the fact that their fathers were deadly enemies. But they were both loyal to their families and there were numbers of troubles and misunderstandings before the feud ended, leaving the here the sole survivor of his side. The fight is marked with fair and foul fighting and the unusual bravery of the Texas gunmen.

The wonderful description of the picturesque region in which these battles were fought is an appreciated addition to the story itself, and the reader is sometimes held spellbound by the described beauty of the mountain passes and gorges.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.90.

Lacking, perhaps, in any essential element that would characterize it as a lasting work of literature, this new book by Mr. Benson portrays very interestingly the old triangle of one woman and two men—the one she marries, the other she loves, while they both love her. The heroine is an unusual character, "distinctly out of the ordinary, a compelling, thoughtful, beautiful, aloof young thing, intensely self-centered, . . . and withal likable, because she is always striving to be honest with herself." While the reader's sympathies waver back and forth the interest never flags and the three warring personalities keep the triangle to the end.

The parents of the heroine present interesting characterizations of English life during the war, and the close of the book introduces two returned soldiers, who are called heroes, but who meet the real tests of heroism when they come back home, one blinded and the other maimed, to pick up the threads of every-day life again.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. N. CORPENING, Editor

Essays

The most popular field for the orator and essayist is the realm of patriotism. The title "America" will cause even the casual reader to stop in his wandering and scan at least the opening lines. The subject is far too broad to be covered in a single essay. It is interesting to note the various views. One vigorous article starts off as follows: "The present age marks the glorious triumph of the American nation and the ideals for which she as a democracy has always stood" (Wofford College Journal). The closing lines sound a call to every citizen. "With a true sense of the greatness of the responsibility and a supreme faith in God, let us answer the call of duty, the challenge of the world."

Another article along the same line is "Universal Peace Made Possible" (The Central Wesleyan Star). Responsibility is laid on the student. "The eyes of the world are upon us, American Students, and the destiny of future generations is in our hands."

"The Woman at the Polls" is a popular subject. The Vorradi handles the question from a woman's point of view. Six things from their platform are sot forth, namely, (1) child protection, (2) better education, (3) training in home economics, (4) equal wage earning and improved working conditions, (5) legislation concerning health, and (6) equal citizenship with men. The writer does well in closing with the words of Lincoln, "The occasion is piled high with difficulty, but we must rise to the occasion."

A second type of essays that is gaining in prominence portrays the life and character of great men of the nation, state, and institution. The Bema and the Carolina Magazine go so far as to include character sketches of popular students. This second general type is perhaps the field richest in subjects. The author of the article in *The Clemson Chronicle* entitled, "Great Men of the South," does well in choosing the men he mentions. These men are so nation-wide in fame that the brief sketch of each hardly satisfies the reader. A true portrayal of one character furnishes plenty of material and is more satisfactory. A single article thus handled is "Thomas Dixon, Jr." (Carolina Magazine).

Closely allied to this second type is the analysis of the literary works of prominent writers. The William and Mary Literary Magazine compared "Evangeline" with "Hermann and Dorthea." The writer makes the American narrative a kind of imitation of the German, the language being characteristic of the respective authors and having different settings. All the quotations are from "Hermann and Dorthea." Unless "Evangeline" is inferior to it, in the mind of the writer, the comparison would be more balanced and seem more unprejudiced by using illustrations from both poems.

The Trinity Archive and The Comenian have a book review in the form of an essay. The one, using "Helen of the Old House," points out striking characteristics of the story. The other weaves the story of "The Scarlet Letter" into the review. Both reviews stimulate interest in the work and make one want to read the books with which they are concerned.

Other subjects that are of interest to the student and to the reading public are of various types. "The Personality of Tennyson" (Tennessee College Magazine) and "Stevenson as a Poet" (The Philomathean) are of interest to the student of English. Subjects like "On First Times," dealing with personal experiences, and "The Future of Modern Civilization (Trinity University Review) attract both types of readers. In "The College and the New Era" (College of Charleston Magazine) the writer takes the stand that technical training should not come in college. A liberal education is what is needed. The college has a definite service to perform. "That service is to produce, not the business man, but the cultivated man, the man with broad sympathies and deep understanding, the man that the world cannot longer be without and exist in neace."

The value of the essay in the college magazine can hardly be overestimated. It not only fills space, but it opens fields of vital interest. Those magazines that are best balanced have stories, essays, and poems. The magazines which do not have essays seem to be lacking in consideration for one class of readers. Some men read only the poems. Some read the stories, and others read essays. Since this is true, it is a mistake not to meet the need of all three classes.



[This department is not intended to be merely a joke department. As other sings come to our notice, we shall insert them, with the hope that you will enjoy them. I

I would rather be a beggar and spend my money like a king than a king and spend my money like a beggar .- Julius Rosenwald.

If you haven't read the poem printed below, read it now:

"If the good were only clever, And the clever were only good, This world would be better than ever We thought it possibly could.

"But, oh, it is seldom or never That things happen just as they should: The good are so harsh to the elever, The elever so rude to the good."

REMARKABLE REMARKS

-Jessie Rittenhouse.

(With apologies to the "Independent")

"Introspection makes affection disappear."-Miss Mull.

"The Epistles were the wives of the Apostles."-"Sky" Hartsell. "My girl is president of the Y. M. C. A. at Meredith."-PINKY OUTTON

"Do you ever stop to think?"-Dr. Bryan.

"Mr. Ward, please pull down that shade. You might have a bright idea."-Dr. Sledd. "And so you and John are twins and you are nineteen. How old

is your twin brother?"-REITSEL. "Meterology is the science of meters."-Freshman President

PEACOCK

Henry Ford not only builds the best flivver in the world, but he is equally as good on New Year resolutions. For instance:

Work Stick to it. Take time to do things well. Get all the facts yourself. Be optimistie. Don't be proud.

Try these and see if you don't get along better this year than last.

And the following are also words well worth remembering:

TALK HAPPINESS

Grumble? No; what's the good?

If it availed, I would;

But it doesn't a bit—

Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not?

Tis better than crying a lot; We were made to be glad

Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;

We shall better endure

If the heart's full of song

Ali day long.

Love? Yes; unceasingly,

Ever increasingly,

Friends' burdens bearing,

Their sorrows sharing.

Their happiness making:

For pattern taking

The One above

Who is jove.

-Jean Somerset, in Temple Advocate.

FOR THE ESPECIAL ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE CO-EDS "Does your wife take in washing Sam?"

"No. sah."

"But I understand she did take in washing, Sam."

"No, sah; you's wrong. I takes in de washing, sah, and I takes de washing out and collects for it. All my wife has to do is to stay at home and do it, sah."

BEFORE YOU TAKE THAT FATAL LEAP, YOUNG MAN, READ THIS Lawyer: "Did your late husband leave a will?"

The Weeping Widow: "From the time we were married he had no will to leave."

ACCIDENT ON THE CAMPUS

"Legs" Harrison walked into the flag pole and bent it over.

It is commonly reported that J. R. Howard has raised Gilmore's bid by one.

NOT THE STEPHEN'S CLUB VARIETY

Newish Dempsey Robinson: "Rankin, what in the world is a cuspidor?"

Rankin: "Don't you know what a euspidor is?"

Robinson: "I suppose so. It must be a plece of custard."

IT WAS HEADS

Newish Grimes: "What shall we do tonight?"

Hedgepeth: "Spin a coin. If it is heads we go to the movies. If it is tails we will go to see our girls, and if it stands on edge we will study."

WHAT DID SHE TELL HIM WHEN THEY GOT HOME?

Glimore and his wife were taking lunch at a Raleigh cafe. Looking up from the bill of fare as the waitress approached he said: "How is the chicken today?"

"Pretty good, kld," she retorted, "How are you?"

Among the Alumni

His many friends will be delighted to know that R. C. Brown, 21, is Dean and also Professor of English at Intermont College. They will also be DElighted to know that last fail the young ladles lured him out in the lake in a cance which had a hole bored in it. With his never-die spirit he went back, and put on a bathing suft, leaving his trousers to dry. The young ladles surreptitionsly removed these and in due time mailed them to him by parcel post from a small town not far away. Otherwise there is no news.

AMONG THE FACULTY

Dr. Kitchin: "Can any one tell me three food essentials required to keep the body in health?"

Carpenter: "Breakfast, dinner, supper."

He's Not the Only One

Prof. Rouse: "What great work did Milton write just after his wife left him?"

Flanagan: "Paradise Regained."

NATURALLY

Dr. Poteat: "Mr. Griffin, why don't you answer my question?"
Griffin: "Sometimes I can't think of what I'm thinking about
and when you ask me so many questions I am worse.



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In writing to Advertisers mention THE STUDENT

APRIL

JOHN R. KNOTT, '24

Asking naught, but giving much, April, with her showers, Comes, and with each lingering touch Robes the earth in flowers.

Pixies dance in wild delight
'Til the warm day closes,
Then thruout the dreamy night
Sleep among the roses.

Rain drops, falling, turn all gray— Both field and inland dell.
O, liquescent, weeping day,
We love your moods as well.

Into April's own domain,

Close by her garden gate,
Lovers come and build again:

The mocking bird and mate.

Lackadaisical days! And I Fell victim to the spell, When a maiden's drooping eye Did April's work so well.

THROUGH GIBRALTAR TO NAPLES

An interesting story of some places visited by the writer during a summer vacation from college as a member of the crew of a trans-Atlantic freighter

James F. Hoge, '22

The dawn of a clear, serene mid-June day revealed the rockribbed coasts of Europe and Africa, the former retreating along the water's edge of the Atlantic Ocean in a northerly direction from the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, and the latter sloping away to the south. The American freighter, S. S. "Brue Coeur," held a course straight into the great gate which the mountains of Europe at their most southern point and the mountains of Africa at their most northern point form at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

To the naked eye of the observer, aboard a ship at sea, the lines of the two old-world continents were as distinguishable as they are upon the map. To one possessed of an average mental delineation of the lay of the land at this point on the globe will come almost instant recognition of these two continents, when first they come into sight.

The European mountains are of a dark blue hue, while the African range takes on a grim, burnt brown color. There are neither cliffs nor valleys discernible from the sea, but, apparently rising out of the water, the ridges of both continents stretch out in even chains along the coast, without variation in height. The whole scene is one of natural grandeur and uniqueness that inspires awe and makes a lasting impression on the mind.

In well rounded curves the two coasts oppose each other at the Strait of Gibraltar. But fourteen miles separate the two continents, and at sea, where man's vision has so much greater range than it has on land, even this distance seems as but so many city squares. Jutting out into the water and standing like a sentinel over the entire surrounding land and water the Rock of Gibraltar, England's great fortress, commands attention.

Here England has established a crown colony. Besides the fortress there is a shipyard with its dry dock, coaling station for naval and merchant vessels, and a supply base for British men-of-war that operate in the Mediterranean. The whole territory is less than three miles in length from north to south, and varies in width from one-quarter to three-quarters of a mile. The town lies crowded together at the northwest corner of the Rock, the slopes on this side being more gradual than on the other sides. The latest figures obtainable show the colony to have a population of \$7,460. The inhabitants are of a mixed race. The native residents are of Italian or Genosed escent, Maltses, and Hebrew, there being two or three thousand Jews in the colony.

The harbor covers 440 acres, 250 of which have a minimum depth of thirty feet at low water, and is enclosed by a system of moles. On the south and southwest it is closed by the new mole (1,400 feet in length), and the new mole extension (2,700 feet in length); on the west by the detached mole (2,720 feet); and on the north by the commercial mole.

But it is the Rock that commands the interest. Gibraltar receives its name from Tarig ben Zaid, it being a corruption of Jebel Tarig (Mount Tarig). Tarig invaded Andalusia in A. D. 711 with an army of 12,000 Arabs and Berbers, and in the last days of July of that year destroyed the Gothie power in a three days fight. In order to secure his communications with Africa he ordered the building of a strong castle on the Rock, known to the Romans as Mons Calpe. The work was begun in 711 and completed in 742.

The Rock itself is about two and one-half miles in length, and at its northern end rises almost perpendicularly from the strip of flat sand which connects it with the Spanish mainland. The crest of the Rock is 1,200 feet above sea level. Six furlongs to the south is the signal station, 1,255 feet above sea level, through which the names and messages of all passing ships are cabled to all parts of the world. Less than three-quarters of a mile south of the signal station is O'Hara's Tower, 1,408 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point on the Rock. South of here the ground falls steeply to Windmill Hill about four hundred feet above the water. Then Europa Flats slope downward and end in cliffs fifty feet high, which at and around Europa Point plunge straight down into deep water. On Europa Point is the lighthouse.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists for the most part of pale gray limestone of compact and sometimes crystalline structure, generally stratified, but in places apparently amorphous. Above the limestone are found layers of dark gray-blue shales with intercalated beds of grit, mudstone, and limestone. Many caves, some of them of great extent, penetrate the interior of the rock. The best known of these are the Genista and Saint Michael's. The latter is about eleven hundred feet above sea level at its mouth. It slopes rapidly down and extends over four hundred feet into the Rock. It consists of a series of five or more chambers of considerable extent connected by narrow and crooked passages. The outermost chamber is seventy feet in height and two hundred feet in length, with massive pillars of stalaetite reaching from roof to floor.

Directly across the strait from the Rock of Gibraltar there is another great rock, the African Abyla. Abyla, and Calpe (the Roman name for Gibraltar) formed the renowned Pillars of Hercules (Herculis Columna) which for centuries were the limits of enterprise for the seafaring peoples of the Mediterranean world.

The Rock of Gibraltar has been the objective of many battles and sieges. It had had eleven recorded sieges laid against it down to the 24th of July, 1704, when the British and Dutch forces captured it after a three days siege in the War of the Spanish Succession. The capture was made in the interests of Charles, Archduke of Austria, but Sir George Rooke, the British admiral, on his own responsibility caused the British flag to be hoisted and took possession in the name of Queen Anne. This occupation was ratified by the British Government. Spain sought the recovery of the stronghold first in negotiations, then in threats, and finally in the Great Siege which was laid in the years 1779 to 1783. The siege was as fierce as it was long and at times the British were on the brink of defeat, but under the leadership of Sir George Augustus Elliot they held the fortress until the Spaniards gave up the siege. Since 1783 the history of Gibraltar has been uneventful, and the British have continued in possession, strengthening their hold and making the Rock probably the most formidable fortress in the world. Its guns are trained on every navigable spot on the Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean Sea in a radius of some twenty miles of the Rock, and sentinels in the lookout posts see and know every ship that comes in sight by day or night. Preponderant and dreadful it looks down upon the flags of every nation and commands their respect.

Headed due east, through the Strait, and past the Rock of Gibraltar the "Brave Coeur" was steaming on the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, whose shores eradled the civilization of the Occident. The Mediterranean lies between Europe and Africa, 2,100 miles in length and 250 to 700 miles in width. The coasts on both sides are mountainous, in ranges that rise from the water's edge. The water of the sea is of a very dark blue color and is as clear as crystal. Ground swells of great size roll slowly over the surface, causing ships to careen with a regular swing from side to side.

After four days sailing on the Mediterranean Sea the coast of Italy came into sight, and the prow of the vessel was

headed for Naples. Approach to Naples is through the famous Bay of Naples, reputed to be one of the world's most beautiful harbors. Some writers even hold that Constantinople and Naples vie with each other for the most beautiful site in the world. Regardless of which deserves the decision, the Bay of Naples with the city in the background is a scene. picturesque and grand, that commands the profound admiration of all who behold it. The circuit of the bay is thirty-five miles. At its opening between the islands of Ischia and Capi it is fourteen miles wide. An incoming vessel first sights these two islands which stand out in plain relief against the watery horizon. Mountainous, as are all the Mediterranean countries, the islands come into view as two great rocks separated by a narrow span of water, to all appearances a majestic natural portal through which ships pass to and from the Italian metropolis.

Between these two islands the entire Bay of Naples comes into view. The water is dark blue and limpid. The natural portal just behind allows the only sight of the open sea. Straight ahead about fifteen miles in the distance the coast of Italy in a semicircle with the volcanic ranges that stretch along the shore meets the eye, and the blue haze on the mountains blends pleasingly with the blue of the water. A little to the right is seen Naples, nestled along the water's edge and rising from the shore upon the slopes of the mountain range like a great amphitheater.

The immediate harbor is inclosed by a breakwater with an opening in the very center, through which ships are piloted to a safe anchorage for the discharge and reception of cargoes. The harbor will accommodate but few ships as compared with the American harbors of Norfolk, Baltimore, and New York, and in turn the commerce of the port is very meager when compared with that of the American ports just named. Ships are drawn up with the stern to docks that are in themselves

a part of the breakwater and made fast to the shore by several large hawsers. Cargoes are loaded and unloaded from and to lighters along the side of the vessel.

Naples is the largest city in the country and the capital of the province of Naples, the smallest province in Italy. The population of the province is 1,310,785. The population of the city is 678,031. Naples is a prefecture, the see of a cardinal archbishop, the residence of the general commanding the Tenth Army Corps and of the admiral commanding the second Naval Department of Italy.

Authorities are agreed that the city was originally Greek, and even during the days of Roman rule, when it was a part of the Roman Empire, Naples remained Greek in its culture and in its life. The Latin name was Neapolis. The Italian name is Napoli. Neapolis means "new city," and was applied to the town to distinguish it from Parthenone, the ancient city that stood on the site which is now covered by Naples. The date of the founding of Neapolis has never been ascertained, but in the days of the Roman Republic it was prospering and outgrowing Parthenope, and as early as 328 B. C. it became allied with Rome. The residents of Parthenope had incurred the wrath of the Roman consuls by allowing their cattle to stray into Campania, and a Roman consul led an army into southern Italy and besieged the city. Romans captured the city and wreaked vengeance on it. The inhabitants of Neapolis took no part in the conflict, but allied themselves with Rome on favorable terms. It remained loyal to Rome and became one of the first cities in the empire. It was a great resort of the Romans and the residence of many of the emperors. Nero made his first stage appearance in one of the Neapolitan theaters. Hadrian became its demarch. Virgil composed his "Georgics" in Naples, and spent the last days of his life there. His tomb is on the outskirts of the city.

Until the last century Naples was the capital of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, a kingdom including the Island of Sicily and the southern part of Italy. Palermo, the metropolis of Sicily, was the capital of the insular domain while Naples was the capital of the continental division and of the united kingdom.

"There are few classes of strangers for whom Naples has not charms. The southern climate and vegetation, which aid the beautiful outlines in making its scenery so lovely; the classical interest of its vicinity; the neighboring ruins of its buried towns; the collections of antiquities in its museum; the phenomena of its volcanic mountains; some of these attractions, or all of them united, cannot fail to make the place agreeable, and even instructive. But this great metropolis, gay and licentious, yet devoutly superstitious, ever active, yet indolent and uncommercial, does not call for minute description. The city itself has no classical ruins, few monuments of the middle ages, and scarcely a specimen of architecture really good. Its streets, with few exceptions, are deep, narrow, and gloomy, and its great buildings are in the worst taste of the seventeenth century." The buildings rise perpendicularly from the streets to a height of, generally, five stories. Most of them are made of lava and pastey mud which has been crupted by Vesuvius. On the street-side of the buildings the residences are devoid of any porches and the business houses have no gaudy show windows. The sidewalks are of a diminutive breadth that remind one of a child's play city and force the pedestrian throngs to use the narrow streets.

The cabriolet is the most common means of conveyance other than the narrow-gauge street cars, which are always crowded. The automobile does not enjoy the universal patronage that has been conferred upon it in the United States, but now and then, with the sounding of a bulb horn and the chug of an engine, similar to that of the 1914 American models, one may be seen wending its way through a crowd of excited and scattering citizens. They are mostly in the taxi service, and the recklessness with which they are driven by many of the taxi drivers through the narrow and congested streets sends chills up the back of the New Yorker. Besides these there is occasionally seen a diminutive cart, smaller than the rider, drawn by a small gray donkey.

But there are exceptions to the general statement that the streets are narrow and gloomy, and that the buildings are of poor architecture. The main street of Naples is correctly named Via Roma, but is always spoken of as the Toledo. It is a broad avenue divided in the center by an extended plot of grass and trees. The sidewalks are broad and are bordered by more handsome edifices than are found on other streets. There are other thoroughfares which might be listed among the exceptions.

Then there is the areade, which deserves mention under the head of architecture. It is a massive building with entrances on four streets. From each street passages lead into a great circular space with a vast dome. The flooring and superstructure is of marble and the frame of the dome is set with glass of brilliant colors. There are shops and offices in the building, and there is always a great throng of hustling pedestrians coming and going in all directions.

From an eminence to the rear of Naples the Castle of Sant' Elmo dominates the entire city. In the olden days it was a fort or the Norman kings. It originated in Fort Belforte, built by King Robert the Wise in 1343. The present castle was erected by Don Pedro de Toledo at the command of Charles V, in 1535, and is now a military prison.

Most interesting of all places in or around Naples are Pompeii and Vesuvius, both just a few miles removed from the heart of the eity. And farther out of the bay and to the open sea the "Brave Coeur" sailed toward the beautiful eity of Palermo, Sicily, but limited space prevents a relating of the wonderfulness and beauty of these places.

FRECKLES' PHILOSOPHY

I. C. Pait, '23

Did'ju ever see a feller with his face all puckered down,

Never cracked a single smile;

Whined and grumbled all the while;

Never spoke a kindly word or hummed a song;

Seemed to be all out of harmony with life and wondered why

People shunned him, castin' after him a cold, disdainin' eve.

'Spose he'd try a laugh or two,

Don't you think he'd find it true

That the world is handin' bouquets to the man that fights the

frown?

Did'ju ever see a feller standin' 'round a-looking blue? Kinder seemed to think 't wa'n't worth his while to try; Seemed to think he had no chance;

Moved about as in a trance?

Well, he needs a punch or two right in the eye.

Push him out into the stream and make him paddle for

Opportunity ain't lookin' fer the feller on the shelf! Better not be standin' 'round;

'Taint the way good fortune's found.

Get a hustle! Think 't would help such fellers up a bit. Don't you? Did'ju ever see a feller goin' 'round a-pokin fun

At the things the other fellers tried to do?

Acted like a lordly king;

Thought he knowed 'most everything;

Didn't seem to know great things from small things grew; At the top of fortune's ladder tried to start a great career;

Bet old Memory reminds him of the times he used to jeer
At the things he thought so small!

Seems to me they're best of all.

If you try to do the big thing first, I say there ain't much done.

I know you've seen the feller brimmin' full o' will to win!

Never grumbles, pokes no fun, and's never blue; Smiles if Luck don't come his way;

Has the spunk and grit to say,

"Think it's better just ahead a year or two."

He's the man that comes out hummin' at the end of every

Hope's contagious, fans ambition to a bright, consumin'

Hello, grumbler! Did'ju know?

Do you wonder why it's so?

He's the man that grins at failure, backs his leg and tries again.

OUR FIRST PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR

The Governorship of W. W. Holden covered one of the most dramatic eras in the reconstruction days of North Carolina and the Union

CARROLL W. WEATHERS, '22

To the average North Carolinian of today the name of William W. Holden means little or nothing save probably a vague figure in the reconstruction history of the State immediately after the War Between the States. But to the North Carolinian of a half century ago the same name carries with it a host of thoughts and connects itself with the most dramatic era of the State of North Carolina.

The few facts that are included here are by no means an attempt to depict the life of Governor Holden, for to do such would require far more space than such a paper will permit. Neither is this an attempt to enumerate the historical incidents of the reconstruction period following the late War Between the States. Rather the purpose of this accumulation of events is to give an account of the political and governmental activities of Governor W. W. Holden during the stormy days of the Civil War and the five years immediately thereafter, in which he took so active a part and played so important a role.

In discussing Governor Holden, the foremost figure in North Carolina politics, during this period, has been selected and in him is reflected a glimpse of the dark and gloomy days that the North Carolina government and people suffered during the reaction after one of the most notable civil wars of history.

The fact that the subject of this paper holds the distinction of being the only North Carolina governor to be removed from office by impeaclment proceedings naturally renders him and his activities worthy of consideration. However, let it be understood that the facts recorded herein do not intend to reflect partizan opinion, but rather attempt to serve the purpose of portraying the history that is connected with Holden's career. Indeed, it is true that Governor Holden was impeached and convicted for grievous offenses, but it must be remembered that this dominant leader of the Republican party in North Carolina during its embryonic period ascended to the power of leadership and prominence at a time when he was naturally the victim of a circumstance of a responsibility to please his native statesmen and at the same time to follow the plans prescribed by a prejudiced central government that in its reactionary stages determined to inflict harsh and unjust punishment upon the defeated states.

W. W. Holden was born in Orange County in the year 1818. His people were of ordinary standing and his struggle for prominence and success was characterized by obstacles difficult to overcome. He received most of his education in the office of the Hillsboro Recorder, after which he moved to Raleigh in 1836. Here he bent his efforts to the study of law and was admitted to the bar. Later he accepted a position as editor of the Raleigh Standard, the leading newspaper in the capital city at that time. In this capacity he rapidly became recognized as one of the leading supporters of the Democratic party which then was decidedly the minority party in the State.

During the following period it may be well to mention that the party continued to grow with rapid progress until 1850, when the Whig candidate for governor won the election by the small majority of eight hundred votes. The next election in 1852 witnessed the election of David S. Reid, the Demoeratic candidate, as governor by a safe majority, which was the first time for years that the Democratie party had triumphed in the State. Holden during the period continued in his acquisition of political strength, and although making a number of enemies by the policies advanced by his paper, he determined to run for the governorship in 1858. Quoting from Mr. Hamilton in his celebrated work, "Reconstruction in North Carolina," he says: "Holden had been an earnest and faithful worker for his party for many years, and had been awarded no office of importance. He was immensely ambitious and desired a more definite reward than his influence, although that gave him power even, politically speaking, to kill and make live."

However, when the convention assembled in Charlotte Holden met with defeat by a comparatively small majority. It is a matter of fact that one delegate to the convention possessed a number of proxies that were designated in favor of Holden, but the delegate voted the proxies in support of

Holden's opponent for the candidacy.

Holden acquiesced in his defeat, but with bitterness, and accordingly underwent a change in party sentiment that tended to separate him to some extent from his party. His place at this time in State affairs is readily appreciated by the fact that he was chosen by a State convention as a member of a party of four to represent North Carolina in the National Democratic Convention that was to be held in Charleston in the winter of 1860. His colleagues to the convention were Bedford Brown, William S. Ashe, and W. W. Avery. While at the convention, which was thoroughly aroused over the slave controversy, Holden was requested to express the sentiment of North Carolina regarding that issue and secession. His remarks as set down in "The Memoirs of W. W. Holden," ean be gathered from the following sentences: "I told the convention that I had been sent there by the State of North Carolina, one of four delegates at large; that I could not be party to any steps looking to disunion; that my party sent me to maintain and preserve, and not destroy, the bonds of union. . . ."

He then returned to Raleigh, says Mr. Hamilton, with a changed view of secession, but what policy he should follow was uncertain. On his immediate return, however, he declared himself "for the Constitution of the Union and against all that would trample or dissolve it." About a month later he apparently changed his views somewhat and declared in the Standard that secession should and must follow if the approaching election should result in a Republican victory. Holden east his ballot for Douglas, after which came the election of Mr. Lincoh and secession of North Carolina following the call for seventy-five thousand troops by the Federal Government. After the war was begun Holden advocated its prosecution and was enthusiastic in preparation for the struggle.

Although it is not generally known, Holden commanded considerable importance in the election of Zebulon Vance as governor in 1862. Regardless of the fact that Vance was at that time a Whig in party affiliation, Holden recognized his ability and the need of him as war governor. Consequently he wrote Augustus S. Merrimon urging him to use his influence in the selection of Vance. Merrimon followed the suggestion, and through the Fayetteville Observer, which newspaper was then an organ of the Confederate party, advocated Vance for governor.

Consistency did not appear to be one of Holden's traits at this period, and in the election of 1864 he became the opponent of Vance for the governorship. He had considerable trouble accounting for his opposition to Governor Vance, especially after having advocated the election of Vance at the Preceding election. The returns of the voting showed that Vance had been chosen by a majority of 43,759 votes, Holden carrying only two counties, namely, Randolph and Johnston.

From that time on until the end of the war Holden turned his efforts from the State administration and advocated a

separate peace with the Federal Government. Major John W. Moore's history says: "A few who had been Governor Yance's warmest friends were found opposing him. These composed a small fragment of people, and W. W. Holden was their candidate. He was editor of the Standard, a paper that had in years past been extreme in Southern prodivities, but of late Mr. Holden had advocated North Carolina's withdrawal from the Confederacy and making separate terms with Washington."

Thus ended the period of Holden's public life prior to his actual enjoyment of political power that came with the victory of the North and the beginning of the reconstruction policies of a central government that had emerged from a sanguinary war flushed with victory and lacking in the knowledge of uniting a divided nation.

With the termination of the war Holden was destined to receive his reward, for on May 9, 1865, President Johnson summoned him to Washington advising him to bring several of his able friends. The editor of the Standard arrived at Washington on May 18th, accompanied by William S. Mason, R. P. Dick, John G. Williams, J. P. H. Russ, and W. R. Richardson, some of whom were later to play an active part on the stage of the reconstruction drama.

After several days conference with the President and his officials, Holden was appointed provisional governor of North Carolina, after having twice been defeated for the governorship at the polls. He held the distinction of being the first provisional governor to be appointed for the defeated states.

On his return to Raleigh, Governor Holden began his program of State reconstruction that was eventually to cost him what remaining popularity he might have possessed with the better element of the State. The task of sanctioning pardons for those Southerners who were not included in the general pardon and amnesty acts was one of his most troublesome

responsibilities, and one that caused him to be accused of having discriminated against several notable citizens of North Carolina.

In his reconstruction program Holden began by appointing mayors of towns, justices of the peace, and other officers which he endeavored to select from the Union sympathizers and non-secessionists of the State. On October 2, 1865, a convention, that had been called by the Governor, met in Raleigh and began the legislative work by providing for the election of State officers and the calling of a new legislature for the next year. Among the few important transactions of this convention was its declaration against slavery, emphatic sentiment against secession, and expression of good will toward the Federal Government.

Holden announced his candidacy for the governship of the State on October 18, which was the third time that he had run for the office. The cause of his third defeat may be attributed to the fact that he had incurred the hostility of hosts of North Carolinians by his Northern policies.

During the two years following suffice it to say that Holden still possessed his power, although not in office, and continued to influence President Johnson. He resumed his duties as editor of the Standard and attacked the administration of Governor Worth in every possible manner. It was during this period that President Johnson nominated Holden as minister to San Salvador, but the nomination was not confirmed by the United States Senate.

At the eall of General Canby, military head of the North Carolina district, a convention met in the summer of 1868 for the purpose of drafting a new constitution and reorganization of the State government. The Republican party, which had lately been organized in North Carolina, with Holden assisting in its formation, had 94 members in the convention as compared with 13 Conservatives. The personnel of the convention was criticized harshly by the press of the State and was constituted by very few able men, who dominated a host of illiterate members.

Holden declared the assembly one of the most dignified bodies that ever convened in the State, while in contrast, the Sentinel, edited by Josiah Turner, announcing the adjournment of the convention displayed such headlines as these: "The Disgraceful Closing Scenes! Cornfield Dance and Ethiopian Minstrelsy! Ham Radicalism and its Glory!"

With the adoption of the Constitution and under the reconstruction acts, Holden was for the fourth time a candidate for the governorship of the State, running on the Republican ticket. Partly through Federal influence and partly because numbers of the better element of the State were disfranchised, he was elected over Thomas S. Ashe, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 18,641 votes. Republicans were placed in practically every responsible office. Only one Conservative was sent to Congress with the North Carolina delegation which was to make its appearance in the national legislature for the first time since the stormy days of 1861.

When Holden was elected to the chief executiveship of the State he was given a large majority in the Legislature, there being 118 Republicans in that body as compared with 52 Conservatives. It is not to be wondered that the ambitious politician who for so many years had been deprived the glory of official recognition forgot completely his discretion, and with the increased power given him practiced such stringent policies that worked many injustices upon the people of the State for the next two years.

With the unreasonable hardships that the "Reign of Holden and his scalawags" were working on the people, the Ku Klux movement spread with astonishing surprise. Reports began to flood the governor's office of the "monstrosities" that the

white-gowned night riders were perpetrating. In many in-

stances officers that Holden had placed in authority were taken out, whipped, and punished for their unlawful deeds. In fact the complaints of the activities of the Ku Klux became so frequent and the acts so daring that Holden determined on the organization's extinction. In April, 1869, Holden issued an order declaring his intention to see that the law was enforced and the Klan exterminated. In December, 1869, the Legislature passed the Shoffner Act, which gave the Governor the power to declare any county in a state of insurrection and to arrest any citizens suspected of affiliation with the Ku Klux Klan. Holden put his program of extermination into effect by declaring the counties of Alamance and Caswell in a state of insurrection after several notable events had occurred therein through activities of the Ku Klux Ku Ku Ku.

Holden conferred with Washington regarding his intention to crush the Ku Klux. George W. Kirk, of Tennessee, was recommended to him as the logical officer to place in charge of the forces that were to be called into service to enforce Holden's decrees. Proclamations were then issued by the Governor asking for 1,000 Union men who would rally to the support of the United States and lawful order in the State of North Carolina. Not quite this number was raised.

On July 6, 1870, Kirk left Morganton with 670 men bent on destroying every trace of the organization that was beginning to lessen the power of the autocratic governor and illiterate legislature.

Several western counties in the State were visited by Kirk and his forces, where numerous atrocities were committed by the supporters of the State government's plans. Then the "protectors of law and order" reached Alamance and Caswell counties, where the Ku Klux were especially aggressive. In Alamance, Kirk's forces arrested \$2 men and confined them in prison. Frequently the victims of Kirk and his men were

brutally treated. In Caswell county 18 citizens were subjected to hardships and imprisonment, and in each case Kirk acted not only under the sanction of Holden but by his authority. One serious practice that Holden began during the socalled Kirk-Holden War was his frequent suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, in direct violation of the State and Federal Constitution. This disregard for the principles of American government and democracy was destined to inflict upon him dire results at a later date.

Because of these acts and policies of Holden, and mainly on account of his usurpation of authority in suspending the writ of habeas corpus, making unlawful arrests, and carrying on a useless war, the radical governor continued to become more and more hated by the populace of the State. The State press attacked him constantly and with the election of 1870 this feeling was illustrated by producing a Conservative Legislature by an overwhelming majority. The total Conservative gain since the previous election was approximately 16,000 votes; five Conservative candidates were elected to Congress, while the State Senate was two-thirds Conservative.

Because of the hostility that Josiah Turner, editor of the Raleigh Sentinel, had continually shown to Holden and his frequent attacks on the Governor, Holden caused his arrest in August of 1870. Several times before Holden had experienced trouble from Turner, who was the most bitter of Holden's enemies and who had devoted his attention during reconstruction to the destruction of the Republican regime in North Carolina and to the supremacy of the white man. Turner was not detained in prison for any extent of time, and when he was freed later in August, he appealed to Justices Dick and Settle for a bench warrant against Holden, Kirk, and others, who were implicated in the Kirk-Holden War. Not obtaining a warrant for Holden from this source he later secured a warrant from the Superior Court of Orange

county. The carpet-bagger sheriff of Wake county refused to serve the warrant on Holden, which ended the matter for the time.

Thus ended the Kirk-Holden War and thus ended Governor Holden's power, which was to terminate with the convening of the reform legislature in the winter of 1870-71.

No somer had the Conservative party gained a safe majority in the State Legislature than the Conservative papers of the State began demanding the impeachment of Governor Holden. The Tarboro Southerner was the first periodical to agitate this step. With 105 Conservatives in the General Assembly, as compared with 62 Republicans, it is not to be wondered that the people of the State seized the opportunity to inflict the punishment upon the unjust reconstruction executive who had been partly responsible for so many hardships being placed on the State.

On December 9, 1870, Frederick N. Strudwick, of Orange county, which county was the birthplace of Holden, introduced the resolution providing for Holden's impeachment. The resolution was passed by the House of Representatives and the charge drawn up to the effect: "That William W. Holden, Governor of the State of North Carolina, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors in office." This was carried before the Senate the following day and managers were selected for the trial. It is interesting to note that Strudwick, who had introduced the resolution, was not chosen as one of the managers on account of the fact that he had been affiliated with the Ku Klux and the Legislature did not want it to be said that Holden's impeachment was caused by that organization.

The trial was set for January 30, 1871. About a month and a half was consumed in the trial and the hearing of the evidence required 37 days, which was completed on March 14. On March 22 the ballot was taken and the Governor was con-

victed on every charge except two. The judgment was announced by Chief Justice Pearson, who had presided over the trial, and Holden was thereupon declared to be removed from office.

Holden maintained his innocence to the charges as is well expressed in the "Memoirs of W. W. Holden," written about 1890, just two years before his death. Here he says: "I have read all their speeches, all their remarks throughout the whole proceedings, all their examination of the witnesses; and I here and now declare with utmost solemnity, that I am not guilty of the charges preferred against me, and ought to have been acquitted of all eight, as I was on the first two.

This ended the career of William W. Holden as a State officer. The Federal government, however, did not forsake him, for later he was appointed to the position of postmaster of the Raleigh office for two terms. From opinion of those who knew him during the remainder of his life, he lived the life of an honorable man and took a prominent part in the activities of the Baptist Church, which he joined about the time of his conviction.

JEWELS

I. C. Pait, '23

Now pallid the features once rosy,
Once pulsing with beauty and youth;
Now dimmed are the eyes which once sparkled,
Reflecting a soul's depth of truth.
Though snowy the locks which now erown it,
A halo of glory they seem,
Reflecting of all fancy's gleanings,
The rarest and most sacred dream.
So softly it glows—like the star-light—
So pure in its calm, Christ-like grace,
Of heaven a part in its beauty:
'Tis only a mother's sweet face.

Now withered and shrunken their members,
Once dainty as summer's first rose;
Now searred by the tasks undertaken
To lessen and lighten our woos.
In childhood they came to our rescue;
They mended our crushed, broken toys;
In manhood their touch sooths our heartaches,
And makes us again as wee boys.
So gently, so love-like their touch comes
As wafted from heavenly strands
To guide us o'er dark, thorny by-ways:
They're only a mother's searred hands.

Midst rarest of jewels they sparkle,
More precious than rubies or gold.
World goods can not gain their possession;
With love they are bought; for love sold.

They come like the bright, sparkling dew-drops;
A faint, quivering breath—they are gone;
They've moulded the world's destination
And melted the heart of crude stone.
Existing through all the ages;
Now cleansing, now soothing the years;
Most precious of all precious jewels:
They're only a fond mother's tears.

It pulses with fondest emotions;
Rejoices when joys crown us kings;
Rejoices when joys crown us kings;
Is sad when our ways lead through sadness;
No stinging reproaches e'er brings.
It follows us down to sin's dungeons
Though men point the finger of secon;
Receives us again to its bosom,
Though blackened our souls, scarred and torn.
It strengthens our souls 'gainst temptation;
Petitions the father above
To guide us, and shield us from danger:
'Tis only a true mother's love.

THE DERELICT

In which the "Mollie B" becomes a drifting, rudderless hulk, and carries with it to ruin the happiness and lives of the people to whom it had brought pleasure

Wilbur J. Cash, '22

Just a black rudderless hulk—all that is left of the once proud vessel. The plaything of the waters, it drifts along seemingly driven on and ever onward by the inexorable decree of Fate until presently it lies in the path of a sister ship, hidden by the blackness of the night or the thickness of a fog, and brings disaster to, perhaps, those very souls to whom it once meant happiness.

So it is with men.

When after six months sojourn in the fever swamps of the interior of the Congo I reached the dirty little port of Kabanda and found that the only vessel sailing within three months was a sturdy old three-masted merchantman, I was rather pleased. Worn and weakened as I was by the heat and malaria of the interior, the prospect of a leisurely ocean voyage in a sails vessel was a welcome change.

I hunted up the captain and found him much to my liking and entirely in keeping with his vessel. A jolly, grizzled New Englander he was, with the very breath of Cape Cod about him. He proved to be not averse to carrying a fellow countryman as a passenger even though, as he pointed out, his cargo of rubber was unusually large. My traps were piled into a boat and, as we were rowed out I noted with pleasure the graceful and symmetrical lines of the vessel. As we drew nearer I observed her name, the "Mollie B." painted in raised letters on the side.

Clambering up the ladder and over her side, I was met with a sight that took my breath and left me staring. Before me was as pretty a picture as I ever hope to see in this world. Standing with her back to the rail was a mere slip of a girl. With her black-blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a mass of tangled black hair that blew in little wisps and curls about her face, she seemed a very sprite of the sea, and for a full minute I hesitated in doubt as to whether or not I had at last succumbed to the fever and its illusions, staring stupidly all the while. By that time Captain Burdett had elimbed up beside me, and noticing my bewilderment and the cause of it, he gave vent to a deep-throated laugh and, calling the girl to him, introduced her as his daughter, Mollie. curtsied and reddened under my stare and, suddenly realizing my rudeness, I hastened to apologize. The captain jocularly informed her that I was a nuisance that he had been forced to bring along in order to save me from the fever or the natives whom, I verily believe, he suspected of being cannibals.

Upon hearing that I had so nearly become the victim of the much dreaded disease, she immediately, with true womanly instinct, became all concern. And noting my appurent weakness she promptly took me in charge and ordered me in the sweetest voice imaginable to proceed at once to my stateroom and lie down. There is something quite delightful to a sick man in being petted and ordered about by a pretty woman and I found myself following her obediently as she led the way to the stuffy little stateroom which was located amidship. Left alone, I hastily undressed and, elimbing into the bunk, was soon lost in exhausted slumber. When I awoke the next morning the sun was shinnig in through the open porthole and the tremor of the vessel and the creaking of her timbers informed me that we were under way.

It was three days later when I finally summoned the strength to wobble up on deck, and it was then that I first saw Abner Latrop. He was standing talking to Mollie, whose hand rested affectionately on his shoulder. Catching sight of me, she called out checrily had motioning me to her, introduced the old man. I noted that she addressed him as "Uncle Abner." At first glance, Abner Latrop, with his seamed and wrinkled face half hidden by a seraggy beard, a tousled mass of white hair, and a nondescript garb evidently picked up in all corners of the world, would have served admirably as an example of the typical "old salt." But on closer inspection I was conscious of an impression that there was something about him that marked him as being different. Perhaps it was the haunted look in his faded blue eyes. I could not be sure.

As the old man shuffled off about his duties, my attention was diverted to a blonde young giant, a veritable Viking with sparkling blue eyes and collar open at the throat, who had suddenly appeared and was making his way toward us. When he came up with us I learned that he was the second mate, Richard Darnley. If ever I have seen worship for a woman in a man's eyes it was in his as he spoke to Mollie, and as for the girl, her color had deepened perceptibly, and I was sure that I could detect a softer, more demure light in her downenst eyes. Feeling that my presence was not necessary to their happiness, I hastened to mumble an excuse and betook myself below deck.

The next morning I arose early and hurried on deek to find old Aloner standing at the wheel with a strange expression on his face as he watched Mollie and Darnley who were standing with their backs to him absorbed in a conversation that Partook of that fierce intensity which only lovers can know. I observed him curiously for a moment and then approached and engaged him in conversation.

"A very pretty pair they make, don't you think?" I queried.

"Yes, yes, that they do, sir," he barked out as he threw a quick glance at me and fumbled for his pipe. "As handsome

a couple as ever I've seen in all my sailing," he went on as he lighted the quaintly carved, stubby old briar, and I found myself wondering at the joy and pride evident in his voice.

"The girl is your neice, is she not?" I inquired, remembering that I had heard her address him as "Uncle Abner" the

day before.

"No," he said, slowly. "No, that is, not really, sir; but she always had a way of ealling me that. You see I have known her since she was a beby. She is much like her mother, sir; much like her mother."

His face had undergone a striking change. The hard lines seemed to have disappeared, and his eyes were softly luminous. Quite suddenly I was conscious of a feeling that

I was treading on sacred ground.

"But the lad is my nephew—my sister's son—and it's a fine strapping mate he makes, if I do say it," he volunteered with evident pride.

I nodded my assent to this and for a moment he puffed

his pipe in silence.

"I suppose the boy will be master of his own ship before long, will he not?" I ventured.

"Yes, but little happiness that'll bring him unless he has someone to work for," was his bitter rejoinder.

And once more his face settled into its accustomed hard lines, and again I noticed the strangely intent expression with which he regarded the lovers. Till this day that expression haunts me. A strange mixture of love and hate, dread and helpless fear, I have never been quite able to fathom its meaning or to describe it.

"But the girl?" I objected, "I thought-"

He interrupted me with an impatient jerk of his head.

"You were right there, sir. Mollie loves him. But"—and here his voice dropped to an awed whisper—"I seem to know there's a cloud hanging over her, and that it's like to break any minute. Something here," and he laid his gnarled and twisted hand over the region of his heart, "tells me that she'll never be his." He fell silent and the look of hopeless terror in his eyes deepened. After a moment he resumed: "It's something that can't be helped; something you can't fight against, sir. It's just as if it had to be that way, and God a'mighty hisself couldn't change it."

He dropped his head into his hands and groaned.

"And the worst of it," he went on in a muffled voice, "is that it must be that way because of me! I should never have allowed myself to love them, a knowing all along that it was sure to end in their ruin."

"But," I broke in impatiently, "I can't see how your love for them could possibly result in their unhappiness!"

He came quite close to me and peered intently into my face.

"No," he sighed, "I guess you wouldn't understand, sir, seeing as you don't know the facts. You see it was this way—"

He broke off suddenly and sniffed the air, and I was sure that I detected the shadow of a nameless fear in his eyes.

"No," he muttered half to me and half to himself, "no, you wouldn't understand."

He turned away from me and all efforts to draw him out further were vain. He replied to my questions in gruff monosyllables and seemed lost in the clutches of some painful fancy as he sniffed the air incessantly.

Two days passed and I found myself becoming intensely interested in the old sailor and his premonitions of evil. I saw him often, sometimes with that haunting terror stamped deep on his features; sometimes sniffing the gentle breeze that blew from the ealm sea, and once I was sure that I saw him gazing past me at something with a look of unutterable fury and hatred, but when I turned there was nothing there. But I was not alone in my interest in his forebodings as I soon discovered. It was the second day after my talk with him that I stumbled on Mollic sobbing as if her heart would break. When I pressed her for the cause of this, she confessed that some things old Abner had said to her made her afraid that she was destined to lose her lover.

"I believe," I assured her, "that Abner is wrong in his head. These croakings of his are nothing but the silly notions of an old man. If I were you, I wouldn't worry my pretty

head about it."

At that she dried her tears, but an air of quiet sadness seemed to have settled about her. All during that day, afrequent intervals, I observed the girl and Damley engaged in serious conversation. Once I saw him lean forward and whisper something in her ear. At that moment the two of them and myself were the only persons on that quarter of the deck. And something in the man's face as he bent neare her caused me to abruptly turn my back on them and feign intense absorption in some object on the distant horizon.

Afterwards I saw them talking to the skipper. Apparently they were pleading for something to which he was violently opposed. But when he grew silent and Mellie stroked his head and softly kissed him, I surmised that they had won

their point.

That night at mess the girl was all smiles and, catching an

opportunity, she bent near me.

"Everything is all right now, sir," she whispered. "We have decided not to wait. We are going to be married this coming Sunday. Father can marry us, you know."

I found her hand and pressed it.

"That is very fine, indeed," I told her, "and I'm sure that everything will be quite all right."

The next day, Thursday, passed without incident. Mollie was in unusually high spirits, and I heard her often with a song on her lips as she busied herself about the thousand and one things which a woman can find to do for even the most inelaborate wedding.

There was an unusually beautiful moon that night and, fascinated by the magic of its silver flood upon the waters, I leaned on the rail and lost myself in meditation. Presently I aroused myself to the realization that it was growing late, and turning, with the intention of retiring, I was startled to find that Mollie had silently approached and was standing beside me. A glance showed me that she had been weeping, and I hastened to inquire the cause. She shivered and drew her coat more tightly about her throat.

"Oh, sir," she sighed; "it's Uncle Abner. Today when I told him about Richard and myself, he acted so strange and kept saying to himself that it could never be."

She began to cry softly, and I was groping about for some word with which to comfort her when she burst forth.

"It's true! I feel it! I know it! I've tried to fight against it, but I can't. It's something that can't be reached!" And with a great sob she turned and left me.

I was thoroughly incensed. This thing had gone far enough I told myself, and I set about looking for the old sailor. I found him again standing his turn at the wheel.

"Look here," I snapped angrily, "why do you insist on making that little girl unhappy with your old-wives' tales! It's a strange way you have of showing love for her!"

He started slightly and stared straight ahead of him with the old strange look growing in his eyes. Then he turned and met my gaze.

"Did you, sir," he asked simply, "ever love anybody so that you would rather tear your heart out than to cause them unhappiness?"

Without waiting for an answer he proceeded slowly.

"Well, that's the way I feel toward Mollie and the lad. Why, only a little while ago I was planning to throw myself

over the side and end it all. But it's too late. Things have gone too far."

I ripped out an impatient oath, and he raised his hand.

"Wait! You don't understand. You think like the skipper and the rest of them that I'm crazy, and I can't say as I blame you. But you don't know the truth."

"I guess," he proceeded reflectively, "that I may as well tell you so that you'll understand what may come later."

He paused and fumbled at his beard nervously.

"It's a strange story," he began, "and you prob'ly won't believe me, sir. Twenty-six years ago, this ship, the 'Mollie B.,' was on her first voyage, and I shipped aboard her as second mate. Old Sam Blatchford was her master-and as good a one as ever sailed out of Salem harbor, he was, sir. He was so tickled with his new ship that he was carrying his daughter, Mollie, along-and a pretty lass she was. I guess she was the main reason for my being aboard, and so with Dick Burdett-yes, the captain, sir. It was a pretty fight between us for her, and I had strong hopes of winning. Then we touched at St. Thomas and the first mate went on a week's drunk. Well, the upshot of it was that the skipper fired him and picked up a new man from along the waterfront somewhere. That was where the trouble began. The new mate had spent his life aboard a fisher, I think. Anyhow, he had the sickening smell of fish about him. And his eyes-they were exactly like the eyes of a fish. Round and without any color, they gave you the creeps just to look at 'em."

He fished out a stubby old pipe, essayed to light it with a trembling hand, and without noticing the failure of his ef-

forts, went on in a dull monotone.

"If you've ever seen a man you hated from the first time you saw him, then you know how I felt toward Haslett that was his name. The first time he laid eyes on Mollie there was a devil's smirk on his face, and when he began to pay her attentions I was desperate. The more I hated him the more I began to notice his fish-like look. Time went on, and as I noticed Mollie with him I began to have a queer notion that although she said she hated him, he had a sort of fascination for her-in the same way, I guess it was, sir as landsmen sav a snake charms a bird. Pretty soon things happened that made me sure that my notion was right. Always before that Mollie had been laughing and teasing and running about. Now, all of a sudden, she was sad, and I caught her crying several times. Then it was, sir, that I began to plan to kill him. All these days I had been coming to think of him as a giant, slimy, cold-blooded fish. The sight of him sent cold chills up and down my back, and made my fingers itch to be around his throat. I fought against my impulse to kill, at first. I told myself that he was a man, but always those cold eves and the stench of the fish boat would come back. Coming up on the deck one night, I found him holding her in his arms and laughing in that strange way of his, as she fought and tried to get away."

Shaking as with the ague, he knocked the tobacco from his pipe, quite unconscious, I think, that he had not been

smoking it all along.

"Well, sir, I killed him, choked him till the blood in his face was black. Yes, he fought, but I was strong in those days. And as he lay there he looked more like a fish than ever, and I kicked his body into the sea. Perhaps it was brutal—but I hated him. After that Mollie was always afraid of me, and at the end of the voyage she married Dick Burdett. She died when the lass was born."

"That's a very sad story," I admitted, "still, I can't

"But," he broke in, "that isn't all, sir," and his voice dropped to an awed whisper. "Since that time I've never brought anything but trouble to anyone. I've been the master of three ships. Two of them foundered and one went to pieces off the rocks of Hatteras. I wouldn't have come along on this voyage, but the skipper was short-handed, and I wanted to be close to Mollie and the boy. But I was wrong to come, sir. I've been feeling it lately. That smell is with me all the time and I see those round cold eyes grinning at me from the riggings just as they did that night off Cape Horn when the bunk-mate I thought of as a brother was swept overboard and drowned. It's something that you can't fight, sir, and I'm afraid for the girl."

I was convinced that the old man was out of his head, and feeling rather impatient with him I turned away, leaving

him still mumbling to himself.

Friday went by without a single disturbing incident to mar its screnity, and with the coming of Saturday the thing had almost completely passed from my mind. To all appearances Mollie had forgotten her fears. She rushed about, apparently quite taken up with her plans for the next day.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when a cloud first attracted notice. A moment before it had been a tiny white rift on the horizon. Now it was black and spreading rapidly. Within an hour it had completely covered the sky with an angry frowning canopy, and the ship had taken in sail to the last rag. The air was sullenly calm, and the sea seemed strangely glassy in appearance. The usual jolly smile had gone from the captain's face as he bellowed out orders. Watching my chance I questioned him and discovered that his worry was due to the fact that, according to his reckoning, we were somewhere near a dangerous reef bearing the very cheering name of the "Devil's Tooth." Before I could question him further he turned away to shout some orders, and my attention was attracted to old Abner, who was staring at something in the riggings. I raised my eyes. There was nothing there. Seeing that I was watching him, the old sailor came quite close.

"Do you see him, sir; the fish-man, you know?"
Then the eager questioning died out of his eyes.

"No," he muttered. "You wouldn't, of course, you wouldn't."

And in response to a loud bellow from the captain, he hurried away. As he went there came to my nostrils the pungent odor of stale fish. And quite suddenly a sense of impending disaster struck me.

A gust of wind laden with rain struck the vessel and hurled her far over on her nose. She recled drunkenly for a moment and slowly righted herself. There came another gust, which in a moment deepened to a steady blast and the storm was upon us. A large roller swept the deck, drenching me to the skin, and I hurried below.

The hours that followed were the most miscrable that I have ever spent. The vessel creaked and groaned in every timber, and seemed about to go to pieces every minute. Finally—I suppose it must have been about midnight—I could stand it no longer, and determined to risk the captain's anger and go on deek. As I stepped out the wind nearly lifted me from my feet, but I was glad to find that the rain had ceased. The sails were gone—snatched away by the wind. Broken spars, blocks, and pieces of rope littered the deek, and in the light of the single lantern which was lashed to the mast, it seemed a spectacle of ruin. Nevertheless, I observed that the gale was not blowing quite so violently.

As to the things that happened after that my memory is not very clear—it all eams so quickly. I remember a stream of light across the deck as the cabin door was thrown open and the girl, Mollic, came running out with her hair streaming behind her. And I remember that one of the sailors called to her to go back. I didn't understand then, and I don't understand now, why she came rushing out on deck in that strange way. The queer thing about it all was the look of terror in her face, and the way she ran, staring back over her shoulder as if she were trying to escape from something.

In my memory also is a picture of Darnley hurling an axe aside and clambering down the tangled riggings at sight of the girl. But the thing that stands out most clearly is the behavior of old Abner. I saw him abruptly leave the wheel and go rushing toward the girl with his eyes fixed, not on her, but on something behind her. Yet, strain my eyes as I might, I could see nothing there. Nevertheless, I felt myself in the grip of a helpless terror. I am not a superstitious man, but I swear to you that the air was suddenly heavy with the repulsive, nauseating odor of rotten fish! Reaching her, Abner grasped her arm in one hand and struck out at the empty air with the other. Then ensued the strangest conflict I have ever seen. Apparently, the girl was trying to break away from him, and yet there was undoubtedly a look of piteous appeal on her frenzied countenance. It was as if she were being dragged away from him against her will by some irresistible force. I will not say that there was anything of the supernatural about it. I have always laughed at such things, and it is altogether possible that the girl might have given some perfectly logical explanation of her actions had things ended otherwise.

The conflict was fated to be short. Left with no hand at her rudder, the ship recled drunkenly in the jaws of the sea. As Abner struggled with the girl, there came a sudden crash. The vessel hesitated, and then, with a grinding, tearing sound she recled backward. A great wave struck her and there came another crash as she lurched forward. We were on the reef! Again the vessel recled backward and again lunged forward, and as she struck for the third time the huge forward mast snapped clean at the deck with a loud report and, wavering for a second, swung downward directly over Abner and the girl. Attracted by the report, the old sailor had glanced upward and was trying desperately to drag the girl to safety—but too late. I closed my eyes to shut out the horror of it as the giant timber swept down on them and crashed over the side and into the sca, carrying their bodies with it. There was a noise of the running of many feet and the creaking of the boats which were already being lowered. Then a flying spar struck me and everything went black.

* * * * * * *

After a miserable day in the boats, we were picked up late the next afternoon by a Norweigan tramp steamer. Standing on its grimy and oily deck I cast a last glance at the "Mollie B.," now a mere spot in the distance, starkly silhouetted against the great red half-disk of the sun. I watched it rise and fall with a heavy, water-logged motion, and even as I looked the wreck drifted out from before the sun. In some way it had broken away from the reef and was drifting, drifting on this waste of waters—a derelict!

ROMAN EDUCATION

A review of the fundamental foundations of the system of Roman education which has become recognized as one of the best examples of practical training

K. D. Brown, '22

A brief study shows that Roman education is divided into four main parts: the general character of the education; the practical education; the types of schools, their methods and what they taught; and the teaching force.

The Romans were a very practical people. They believed in accomplishing concrete purposes. It was the duty of every Roman to "accomplish some concrete purpose lying outside his own thought life." In his "Brief Course in the History of Education," Morroe says of the Roman: "He strove for some form of excellence or achievement of material value to his fellows." They furnished a means for realizing the worthy objects of the present life. The educated person had a chance to use his learning for the benefit of the people.

The Roman was a utilitarian. His standard of judgment, as left on record, furnished proof of that. He judged almost everything by its usefulness or effectiveness. To him a thing was beneficial or not profitable according to the degree of its usefulness. Again, the Roman adapted things to his own needs. He had the ability to organize the things that surrounded him so as to make them serve his wants. Monroe also tells us in his "Text-Book in the History of Education" that, "their whole influence was the practical one of adaptation and organization."

Their ideals were high. This is shown by Romans' conception of rights and duties. Each citizen had five rights defined by law. The "Cyclopædia of Education" points out these: "Right of father over his children; right of husband over wife; right of master over his slaves; right of one freeman over another which the law gave him through contract or forfeiture; right over property." Each of these rights earried with it corresponding duties. Certain virtues were demanded in the performance of duties. Virtues were fashioned after a real living type. Living men or well-known characters of history showed manhood. Heroes of myths were also used. Piety or obedience was a great virtue. This was included in the idea of reverence and regard for parental control. Manliness was highly valued. Romans had great courage. "Rome must never conclude a peace save as victor," was their slogan. They possessed honesty and earnestness. Their idea was to deal fair in all economic relations. To them duty was a sublime word; it carried with it commelensive virtue.

Since the Latins were a practical people they furnished a useful education. The home was the nucleus in elementary education. It was the most important means of forming character in the youths. The father had the responsibility of training the boy morally and physically. He taught his sons to read, write, and calculate money. The mother was a companion to her husband. She reared and looked after her children. She taught the girls domestic science, such as spinning, weaving and sewing. The boy was a companion to his father. Whatever vocation the father had he trained his boy in that line of work. If he were a farmer he taught his son how to farm, if a public man he gave him preparation for duties of public office. In many cases boys were present at the reception of clients and at festive banquets, and even visited the Senate house in company with their fathers.

Roman methods of education are noticeable. Biography was used as a means of teaching character. The work of the home was supplemented by concrete types of Roman manhood. Legends, hymns, and heroic tales of early Romans were employed. These were taught in the hope of inspiring the youth to follow the example set by Roman heroes.

The main method was imitation. Children did things as nearly as possible like their parents showed them. As has already been said, the boy followed in the footsteps of his father; the girl in the footsteps of the mother. Close associates were emphasized. The youth was to become courageous and manly and honest and pious by direct imitation of old Romans and his parents. He tried to be and to do as nearly like his parents as was possible.

Doing was more important than instruction. The entire education was more or less a direct training for activities of adult life. The youth was trained in the exact things he was going to do in life. His training was mainly doing of the actual thing to be done in later life. Romans cared very little for training in activities that possessed only cultural values.

It is of interest to know some of the types of Roman schools. The following are some of them: the school of the literator or elementary school; school of the grammatieus or grammar school; school of the rhetor or the school of rhetoric; and the universities.

The sehool of the literator never gave more than the simplest rudiments of the arts of reading, calculation and writing. We are told that in reading great stress was laid upon pronunciation. The teacher pronounced first syllable by syllable, then the separate words and finally the whole sentence. Pupils pronounced after him at the tops of their voice. Johnston, in his "Private Life of the Romans," says: "In the teaching of writing, wax tablets were employed." The teacher guided the pupil's hand until the child had learned to form the letters. Mental arithmetic was used mainly, but the pupil was instructed to use his fingers very much. Students were required to learn by heart many wise

sayings and the Laws of the Twelve Tables. They were formulated about 451 B. C. and served as a sort of constitution, according to Monroe's statement. The teacher was generally a competent slave that had been brought from Greece. The school was usually conducted in some citizen's home. Boys and girls attended school together. The school day began early, before sun rise. It is said that students brought candles by which to study before day.

The school of the grammaticus was the next step in education. It was of a more classical type than the elementary school. A study of the Greek poets was the central thing. Instruction in mythology, history, matters of geography, and some ethics were given. There was no systematic study of any one subject. At a later period of their development Latin was introduced. Training in oratory was given. Great stress was laid upon elecution. Only the mere elements of rhetoric were taught. Study of music and geometry were introduced. This school was supposed to complete the ordinary education of the box.

The school of rhetoric corresponded to our colleges to a certain extent. They were fashioned after the Greeks and were conducted by Greek teachers. Here the practical litrary education was finished. They were attended mainly by students who intended to devote their lives to a public career. They gave preparation for the duties of the orator, lawyer, and public official. Training for the orator was broad, for he performed the functions of the pulpit, the rostrum, the press, the bar and legislative debate! A very close study of prose authors was made with much practice in composition. Those who entered had to be at least fifteen years old and had to have a thorough training in language taught in grammar school.

Many libraries were taken from Greece. During the golden age of Roman literature there was a great increase in

the number of libraries. They served as centers for higher education. Vespasian founded a library in the Temple of Peace in the period from 69-79 A. D. This was the origin of the University of Rome.

In the universities great emphasis was placed upon law and medicine. Advanced courses in grammar and rhetoric were given. At a later date architecture, mathematics and mechanics were taught. The universities were copied largely after the Greeks and almost all of them were located in Greek

centers.

Training of the various schools was supplemented by travel, especially by the wealthier class and those with great talent. Scholars frequently went to Greece, Rhodes and Asia Minor. For those desiring scrious study Athens offered greatest attractions. It was here that Cicero studied.

Education was sought also by the method of apprenticeship. The young citizen would attach himself to some older man for a time. There were no provisions for training in certain essentials to a successful public life such as, administration, diplomacy and war. The young citizen would serve for a while under a man well versed in such matters in order to get practical experience. Governors of provinces and generals of the army were often attended by a voluntary staff of young men.

The teachers already have been described partly. Those of the lower schools were generally Greek slaves or freedmen. Therefore the position of a teacher in the Roman schools was not an honorable one. The honor increased with those in more advanced schools. In the reign of Pius (138-161 A. D.) certain privileges, freedom from taxation and some duties to the government were conferred upon a limited number of the better teachers. From the salary of the average Roman teacher one could not expect him to pay very heavy taxes. The elementary teacher received about the equivalent of three

dollars per year for his services. The highest amount paid to any grammaticus was eighteen dollars a year.

The pedagogue was not a real teacher. However, he did assist the child in retaining what Greek he had learned from his nurse. He accompanied the child to and from school and earried the books and other things necessary.

Teachers were rather rough in keeping order if we may accept available pictures as true representations of school life. Rough whipping seems to have been practiced. Teachers opened their schools to all classes and made no distinction in treatment of pupils. Johnston, in his "Private Life of the Romans" says again: "So far as concerned discipline and treatment of the pupils no distinction was made between the children of the humblest and of the most lordly families."

Teachers usually conducted elementary school in a pergula. This was a shed-like attachment to a public building. It had a roof but was open at the sides. The furniture was little and poor—rough benches without backs. Pupils were exposed to the distractions of busy town life.

Finally, Roman education furnishes a good example of practical training. It was as Monroe says, not as broad as that of the Greeks. He says: "They (Romans) contributed to education much less of permanent value than did the Greeks."

FROM THE ALUMNI

TO A GROVE OF OAKS AT TROY

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS, '94

Old trees whose wondrous hardihood So long the wintry blast has stood, And still with shadowing branches stand Like sheltering spirits of the land, I greet you after many years,— With smiles and tears.

It seems but yesterday I played, A care-free lad beneath your shade, When youthful sports made you the goal, Ere grief had found my singing soul, But when I saw you yesterday There was no eare-free lad at play!

You, like that long lost lad, have changed; But from your shadowy court estranged, Old youth comes back to play again; To dream, to call for some in vain; And yet I read your love for me In your deed murmured cestasy.

How many years of sun and rain Within your rugged arms have lain; How many birds have built their nest Beneath your billowing leafy breast; Ah, me—how swift the years may fly; But there still lingers childhood's cry.

The eall to brooks, the master's tone. (Long since to deeper silence gone); The drone of lips, the whispers low—The tides of thought that ebb and flow; But you and I, Old Oaks, are here Like ghosts of youth's glad yesteryear.

You still stand here to mark the place Where youth once ran in tireless race; To tell in sighs each vagrant breeze Of days more wonderful than these; To whisper of the old sweet joy You gave to every barefoot boy.

And shall some woodman ere behold Your towering branches on the mold, Shall all your stately splendor fade Beneath some sharp remorseless blade? Ah me—the thought disturbs me sore That I should greet you here no more!

Oh, woodman, spare those stately trees! Full many a lad has hugged their knees; Beneath them many a golden day Ran laughing lad and lass at play—And I implore you, let them be Just as they've always been to me!

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STAFF

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Euzelian C S GREEN

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

C. S. GREEN, Editor



One of the most conspicuous questions in international governmental affairs is, should the United States be represented at the Genoa

Conference which convenes on the 10th of this month? Opinion in this country is divided on this, but the official announcement is that we will not send a representative to this next conference on international affairs. Has the administration grown tired of so many conference which have met with so little success, or does it sincercly believe that it is wise in refusing to be a party to this great meet? There is no doubt about the fact that if the conference which will soon convene accomplishes even a portion of its proposed program their meeting will not have been in vain. But the pessimistic diplomat says there is no possibility. Europe is wondering, as she has had occasion to wonder a number of times during the past few years, why this great nation which is such an important factor in all world economic problems, especially since we are the greatest creditor nation, and all the important powers to be represented at the conference are our debtors, should not show a more active interest in the readjustment of the European affairs that would mean an earlier return to normalcy in our own country. But the United States tells Europe that "she must settle her problems in her own way," and still America is demanding that her loans to the allies be paid. At this conference will sit for the first time since the termination of the World War both Germany and Russia, who will discuss with other nations matters relating to their general economic conditions, not their indebtedness or means of paying it.

The calling of the Genea Conference is only the effecting of the idea that the only solution—the decision of the Supreme Council, which has been the deciding executive authority in Europe since the war—was to reconstruct Europe on a general European basis with Germany participating. The ecountries, Germany and Russia, are a part of Europe, their voices must be heard.

On the eve of this conference let us notice what has become of the League of Nations. The estrangement of the United States, the exclusion of Germany and the antagonizing of Russia, have all so atrophied and stultified the League of Nations until it is such an organization in name only.

The Genoa Conference then, is to be an economic conference in which problems of the whole economic world will bear consideration and discussion, and should not the United

States be represented officially at such a history-making conference? Is not our country so much involved in world economic conditions as to be materially influenced by any steps taken toward a final readjustment of the chaos existing?

It is seldom that the people of a great Our Country and the Bonus nation like ours are united in opinion on a problem of national affairs. This condition certainly does not exist with reference to the soldier bonus bill which has been the paramount issue before Congress and the administration for some time. It became almost evident that Congress would not pass such a bill this session, and this was largely because of the opposition of a large part of the country to the passage of such a bill which would give a bonus to very man that served in the American forces during the recent war. People everywhere, ex-service men as well, are of the opinion that disabled soldiers should receive as much attention and be given as much advantage and assistance as possible, but it seems a little extravagant to pay large sums of money to men who are already re-established in good businesses and more prosperous now than they were even before the war. The objection to the passage of such a bill would not be because the American people are ungrateful to these noble sons who so gallantly vindicated justice on the battlefields of Europe in the name of our country, but because an increased taxation, which would necessarily and ultimately result, will be only a deterrent to an early return to normaley in these days of reconstruction and rehabilitation. The people are howling under the burden of added "war taxes" and want to be relieved as soon as possible, not further burdened. The motive behind the promotion of this bonus bill is excellent and worthy, but with our country in its present condition it seems that extra taxation would be disastrous to

our financial and economic readjustment. So following the passage of this bill by the House on March 23rd it is yet to be seen what action the Senate will take regarding it.

Did you ever meet the fellow who answers, Beware of "I don't know," to almost every question he Indefiniteness is asked, especially if those questions concern his plans for life after he graduates? It is lamentable, but true, that some men come to the end of their college course and "sail out on the sea of life" without a definite purpose in life. They have been living in a sort of vague indefiniteness all of their lives and have failed to catch a glimpse of a real ealling, and are tossed to and fro on "the ocean of life," mere wanderers, living for no great purpose. The life of such a man is like a runner who knows not his goal and is just as likely to be running away from it as toward it. It is during the four years of college training that we must set our aims and place a goal before us. All our efforts must be directed toward fitting us for the realization of our aim. We must select for ourselves some ideal who has become a success in the profession we plan to follow and our lives may well be molded after his fashion. But ean't we do just a little better, can't we see the mistakes and errors our ideal has made and benefit? The drifting man gets nowhere. His ship is likely to be east on the rocks and shattered. So none of us can afford to become drifters, even in college. Each of us had best select early in our training some aim for life and strive for its fulfillment.

No Cause for Boasting live? Do you rejoice to elaim the old North State as your cojice to elaim the old North Carolina has fallen woofully short of the high marks set by many other states in the Union in a number of things, but especially has this been true of our progress in mental develop-

ment. The education of the citizens of our vast commonwealth is just now beginning to occupy the place it is due in the consideration of state executives. This is due to a number of conditions now existing which have come about through the gradual evolution of civilization in abhorring ignorance. And a large bit of credit is also due the State Superintendent of Public Instruction who is unusually active and progressive in his plans. But according to a recent issue of the University News Letter there is still one phase of the educational development of the State that has not been reached, this is reading. According to the statement of this publication only Arkansas has fewer books in its public libraries than North Carolina. For every 1,000 people in our State we have 56 books in our libraries, while 41 states have one book for every ten people. The Tar Heel State can find nothing boastful in this. More free reading material must be placed at the disposal of the masses that erowd our public reading rooms, if we hope to fully advance in culture and education. To the college men who are to be the recognized leaders of their communities comes the call to see that our libraries are enlarged and our people offered more reading material.

On Bearing the Burden

There has always existed in college life a situation which has been the discussion of many, namely, that a few men in college are with ease. To this class of public servants, there comes little praise and glorification and they are not accorded the just consideration and appreciation that is due them. There are a number of men in college this year, as always, that devote over half of their time to planning and promoting various student activities and organizations, to the necessary neglect of their studies, that because of their failure to make good

grades and appear brilliantly prepared on class recitations are considered by their fellow-students as indolent loafers who are squandering their time and money in frivolous amusements. To the professors they are grateful for slight considerations shown them in view of these extra burdens.

At the end of each month grades are entered in the examiner's office and these unworthy students find their grades dangerously near the border line. On class each day they sit next to men who never turn their hand to do anything in college development and cry out excuses when called upon to serve. This man comes to college to get all that he can, and takes especial care to leave as little as possible with the college in return. He is willing to take, but refuses to give. The close of the year finds a cum laude engraved on the diploma of the one and not even honorable mention for the other, who must sit in the rear and see praise heaped high on the scholar-student. Should not the men who are responsible for our athletics, our intercollegiate debates, and our student organizations, who have given of the best of their time and thought to these, also be accorded more deserved recognition by the student body? And should not the men who devote all of their time to seclusion in their rooms, reading and studying, divide their time with these things and aid in developing a more balanced order of affairs, so that the burdens of college activities may be borne by the majority rather than the few? These men will get more out of their college life and add to their experiences knowledge of value to them in their future professions.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize-winning contributions of this issue, as follows: Verse, "Freekles' Philosophy," by I. C. Pait; Essay, "Our First Provisional Governor," by Carroll W. Weathers; Story, "The Derelict," by Wilbur J. Cosh.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

J. R. Nelson, Editor

Designed to meet the needs of pastors who have not been able to complete their college training and of persons desiring special courses of the kind, a School of Religion has been added to the Summer School curriculum. The department will be under the general direction of Dr. W. R. Cullom, professor of the Bible. His courses will include one in the Life of Christ and several in Religious Education. A course in Pastoral Ethics will be given by Dr. A. Paul Bagby and other ethics courses by Professor A. C. Reid. Dr. G. W. Paschal will teach New Testament Greek.

Preliminary contests for the selection of intercollegiate debaters were held in the Euzelian and Philomathesian Literary Societies on February 23 and 24, respectively. Drs. W. L. Poteat and G. W. Paschal, faculty members of the Debate Council, and Dr. N. Y. Gulley served as judges and selected the following teams: M. G. Stamey and E. L. Roberts, principals, and J. S. Thomas, alternate, to meet Oklahoma Baptist University at Wake Forest on March 31; A. L. Goodrich and L. E. Andrews, principals, and W. B. Booe, alternate, to meet Davidson College at Charlotte, April 7; J. F. Hoge and R. S. Averitt, principals, and D. M. Castelloe, alternate, to debate with John B. Stetson University, May 16.

The Oklahoma debate marked the first meeting of Wake Forest with that institution in a forensic contest. Last year Wake Forest won from Davidson the first contest of a series of which the approaching debate will be the second. The debate with Stetson will be held in Jacksonville on the evening before the Southern Baptist Convention convenes in that city, and will be heard by many Baptists from all parts of the con-

vention territory.

At a special meeting on Monday, March 6, the Faculty acted favorably on the resolution presented some time ago by committees from the literary societies recommending the establishment of an optional membership law for the societies beginning with the session of 1922-23. The only change made by the Faculty in the suggestions of the societies is in the matter of financial support of college publications and intercollegiate debates. The Faculty would leave the management of debates and publication of The Student with the societies and put The Howler on a basis of financial support from the student body as such. The recent action makes certain a reduction next fall of the membership of the societies by voluntary action of present members, and only such new men as desire to join will do so. Credit toward degrees for society work will be given as before. The trustees will be asked for an additional member of the English faculty, part of whose duties shall be to co-operate with the societies in training men in public speaking.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Council, Phil Utley, at present athletic coach at Lenoir College, was chosen as head coach of athletics at Wake Forest. His work here will begin with the opening of the new term next September.

Coach Utley is a graduate of Wake Forest, having been in his student days a star player on teams representing all classes of college athleties. His experience in coaching at other places attests his ability to fill the position to which he has been elected.

Honors for Wake Forest in the indoor track meet held at Durham on March 10 were won by George B. Heckman, 50-yard hurdle, first place; T. J. Moss, shot-put, second place; C. H. Pinner, standing broad jump, third place; Carey Robertson, one mile race, fourth place.

Director Henry L. Langston is serving as coach of baseball for the present season, having been appointed to succeed Coach John C. Caddell, who resigned early in the season. Saxe Barnes, captain of the 1921 team, and one of the best all-round players in North Carolina, is assisting Coach Langston.

The games yet remaining to be played, as arranged by Manager James F. Hoge, are the following:

April 3-Davidson at Davidson.

April 4-Guilford at Guilford.

April 5-Carolina at Chapel Hill. April 8-Lynchburg at Wake Forest.

April 10-Durham League at Oxford.

April 13-Davidson at Wake Forest. April 15-Guilford at Wake Forest.

April 17 (Easter Monday)-N. C. State at Raleigh.

April 19-Durham League at Wake Forest.

April 22-N. C. State at Wake Forest.

April 26-Carolina at Wake Forest.

May 1-Elon at Elon.

May 2-Lynchburg at Lynchburg.

May 3-Roanoke at Salem, May 4-V. P. I. at Blacksburg.

May 5-Hampden-Sidney at Hampden-Sidney.

May 6-Richmond at Richmond. May 10-Trinity at Durham.

Two large audiences in Memorial Hall on the afternoon and evening of March 8 enjoyed presentations of Henrik Ibsen's masterpieces, "Ghosts" and "The Master Builder." Madame Borgny Hammer, formerly of the National Theater, Christiana, and Mr. Rolf Fjell, formerly of the Central Theater, Christiana, appeared in these two productions presented by Laurence Clarke, and by their masterly acting and dramatic triumphs delighted the many lovers of drama who looked on in admiration of their successes.

On Saturday, March 4, a capacity audience gathered in the Wake Forest Baptist Church to hear Dr. George W. Truett, who was at that time in the midst of a series of evangelistic meetings in Raleigh. Though Dr. Tructt's stay here was for only a short while between trains, his coming proved a blessing to hundreds of people. Speaking on "How May We Know Christ Better," he presented in his simple and effective way such suggestions, illustrations, and admonitions that his hearers were moved with greater desire, and stirred to greater determination, really to know the Master better.

RAY APOLOGIZES FOR RECENT PLAGIARISM

To whom it may concern:

I wish to publicly acknowledge that a poem, "The Dear Old Home," as published in the February Issue of The Ware Forest Student, and which was submitted by me, had previously been published in a newspaper (Capper's Weekly) in a segregated form.

Furthermore, I fully admit my error in the above named offense, and wish to apologize to the editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, the Faculty and student body of Wake Forest College, and other readers of the publication.

I fully realize the risk of bringing disrepute upon THE WARE FOREST STUDENT and the student body of Wake Forest College by this plagfarism while I perpetrated, and I wish to make whatever amends possible by making known the fact that "The Dear Old Home" was nothing less than plagfarism, and that it was submitted by me for publication with the deliberate intent for it to appear under my own name.

A STATEMENT

In view of the fact that a recent act of plagiarism has been brought to the attention of the student body, I think it nothing but proper that I should make the following statement in order to correct any erroneous impressions that might arise:

Some time ago in an old Memory Book owned by my grandmother I found a few lines of verse which appealed to me very much. I revised these, added a title "Parting," and presented the verses to the editor of The Strucker for publication, not claiming entire originality, though falling to state this to the editor. Recently a poem of similar construction and thought has been found in print, and I wish to publicly disculm any originality of the verses printed under my name; only the arrangement was mine. I regret that the editor was not told of this, and frankly state that no claim is laid to originality, of Strend) W. M. Nicholson, J. &

ALUMNI NOTES

I. C. PAIT, Editor

Mr. Lawrence Stallings, B.A. '16, World War veteran of considerable distinction in the fighting along the Marne, has resigned his position on the staff of the *Allanta Journal*, and has for some time been Sunday editor of the *Washington Times*.

The student body, and others concerned, were delighted with an announcement of the Athletic Council, which stated that Mr. Phil Utley, '13, had been elected head coach of athletics here, beginning with the fall term of this year. With sincere pleasure we remember his record as an athlete and sportsman: "a star in all sports," and a highly successful coach of athletics at other places. Welcome back home, Phil!

Dr. John E. White, B.A. '90, President of Anderson College, Anderson, S. C., has just ended a stirring series of revival meetings at the First Baptist Church, of Lynchburg, Va.

"Edgar E. Folk, B.A. '20, editor of Old Gold and Black for the seasons of 1919 and 1920, joined the staff of the Virginia-Pilot soon after leaving college, and was retained two years as a special feature writer. Last summer he resigned from the Norfolk paper to become a member of the staff of the Newark Ledger. Another former editor of Old Gold and Black who has climbed high upon the journalistic ladder is J. A. McKaughan, Jr., B.A. '18. For some time he has been on the staff of the Norfolk Post, but has recently resigned and is now also with the Newark Ledger."—Old Gold and Black. February 24, 1922.

We feel that we have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Professor Claude W. Wilson, B.A. '93, of the East Carolina Teachers' Training School, Greenville, N. C. In him the college always found one of its most dependable and beloved sons.

Mr. H. L. Laugston, B.A. '20, is giving his full time to the directorate of physical culture and the secretaryship of the Athletic Council. We realize and appreciate his capability as a leader in the fight for better athletics in North Carolina.

A new book entitled "The Withered Fig Tree," which deals with the principles of Christian stewardship, has just been issued, through the American Baptist Publication, by Dr. Edwin M. Poteat, B.A., '81, of Shanghai, China.

Mr. G. C. Buck, B.A. '11, having done graduate work at N. C. State, is now professor of agriculture at the Castalia Farm Life School. Mr. D. M. Royal, B.A. '21, is professor of English in the same school.

The class of '16 will be glad to learn that their classmate, Mr. T. A. Avery, is making a marked success in the practice of law at Rocky Mount, N. C.

Mr. R. E. Sentelle, B.A. '01, who was for several years the highly efficient superintendent of the Lumberton High School, is now superintendent of public instruction of Edgecombo County.

Mr. L. W. Alderman, B.A. '00, is field agent for the Oxford Orphanage Asylum. He visited the college with the Orphanage singing class, March 14, at which time a high class and very enjoyable program was given.

THE BOOKSHELF

C. S. GREEN, Editor

THE MASTER OF MAN. By Hall Caine. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.75.

Writing in his customary style, Hall Caine's book which came from the press last fall is considered by literary critics generally to rival his early success, "The Isle of Man." The author returns to the scene of this earlier novel for the setting of this new story and again adds appreciation to that quaint English territory that readers of Scott will remember in "Peveril of the Peak."

The story has much to do with the importance and power of the office of deemster, which is a form of judgeship peculiar to this isle. Victor Stowell, the hero and leading character of the plot, is the only son of the deemster and is appointed to the same position upon the death of his father. His life appears to be a life full of case and luxury and all that any young man can desire with the wealth that surrounds, and the almost unlimited power attached to his office, added to the love of beautiful Fenella Stanley, who is deeply beloved by him. Unfortunately upon her graduation from college Fenella signs an agreement to work seven years as a settlement worker, and Victor leaves the country for two years and on returning falls in love with Bessie Collister of

low birth and the victim of unfortunate circumstances.

The story moves slowly as Victor sends Bessie to school to educate her and she falls in love with a very dear friend of Victor and they are to be married when he learns of the relation existing between Bessie and Victor. In the meantime, Victor becomes engaged to Fenella and they are to be married. A series of unfortunate happenings bring Bessie before the decemster, who by the oaths of his office must sit at her trial. In a masterful way the author weaves together the closing threads of the story, but all through it runs a note

that is not quite clear and leaves the reader in doubt as to his appreciation of the story. The descriptions of the picturesque country and the eeremonies attached to the execution of the duties of the deemster are interestingly written and very pleasant to read.

THE MYSTERY GIRL. By Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

The story opens with an interesting description of the excitement which exists in the little New England college town of Corinth when a new president is to be selected for the university, and describes particularly the closely contested election of John Waring, to which further interest is added by the announcement of his approaching marriage to Mrs. Bates, a very stunningly attractive young widow of the village.

This gust of excitement is partly replaced by the arrival in the village of a "very pretty and irresistibly charming" young woman who gives her name as Anita Austin, and refuses absolutely to divulge any further information concerning herself and her business in Corinth, other than she is a landscape artist and perhaps may paint this country in winter. She did not attempt to make friends and seemed very well contented with the appellation of "Miss Mystery," which the other guests at the boardinghouse had given her.

Then the chief of all mysteries arouses the town when the president of the university is found dead in his study chair with all doors and windows leading to his apartment locked and no signs of a struggle or weapons to be found, and only a small puncture just back of his left ear which the doctor decided was evident that death was instantaneous. The author attempts a solution of the mystery, but her reasons for the tragedy are so weak as not even to be probable. The story as a whole is very loosely written, although in some places the writer exhibits rare ability and ingenuity.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

A. N. CORPENING, Editor

The Papyrus has come to us again. Last fall we received one copy and were much pleased with it. This, the "Patriotic Number," is still better. On the opening page is a selection from Van Dyke, which is so very appropriate for such a number, that the refrain is here quoted:

"So, it's home again, and home again, America for me!

I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars.
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

Now isn't that the thought of every American as he wanders through the earth? It is only in the realization of what it would mean to be away from our native land that we appreciate the soil of freedom and liberty. "Monuments Which Crumble Not" are built here. The monuments which the writer mentions are dedicated to three great Americans, namely, Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson. "The prosperity of America is the memorial of the man who won for us our liberty. The unity, coöperation, and good-will between the various portions of our country is the monument of the man who preserved them." The monument in honor of Mr. Wilson is not yet realized. Indeed, "He offered to the world that which Washington had won for us and that which Lincoln had saved for us at the sacrifice of his own life," but the hope of peace which the world now entertains has not yet been effected. The writer of "Americanism and the Foreign Born" speaks a great truth when he says that a fire must be placed under the melting pot before the ingredients will melt. "This fire must be the true American spirit of brotherhood and justice." This question of brotherhood would almost seem to be denied by Dr. Coleman in his article, "Is Evolution Scientifie?" At least he does not claim any kin with the fish of the Devonian period or the reptiles of the Cretaceous period. Although the article is well written, and is by a prominent man, it seems a little incongruous in the "Patriotic Number" of the magazine.

The College Message is full of variety this time from beginning to end. The articles on "To Teach or Not to Teach" give the views commonly advanced on the question. Yet there is present a new expression that makes them both readable and attractive. Another serious article, and one that is full of information, is the one by Mr. Weber on "The International Conference at Washington." The article is so well written that even the casual reader would be interested in the content if he knew anything at all about international affairs. "Balls and Wires" is a splendid short story. It is getting time of year now for more of that type. "The Southern Way" relates a story by means of letters. Considering the plot, this is perhaps the best way it could have been developed. It is an example of overcoming prejudice, and "All is fair in love and war." Did the end justify the means? The first part of "Just an Old Pal of Mine" is a little mechanical. From the fifth verse on through the fourteenth it is much better, and expresses the sentiment of so many people that it might be consistent for them to send a copy to such a pal. Another sonnet that is worth while is the one dedicated "To Dad." Here again is the expression so true, yet so little regarded.



[This department is not intended to be merely a joke department. As other things come to our notice, we shall insert them, with the hope that you will enjoy

ALMOST, BUT-

Prof. Carroll: "Mr. Jones, how are you coming on with your problem?"

Newish Jones: "Well, I think I am doing fine. I have it all worked except the answer."

ONE WAY OF LEGGING

Prof. Jones requires each man in his classes to submit a paper stating the amount of work done in preparation. How's this as a sample:

My dear Prof. Jones:

them.]

I have studied four hours and worked forty seven examples. Lovingly yours,

JULIUS C. COVINGTON.

NEVER HAS THIS HAPPENED BEFORE

Prof. White actually pulled a joke on class a few days ago. He has shown no ill effects so far. The joke follows:

"Silk stockings were invented about 1750, but not discovered until last year."

WOULD YOU FLUNK HIM?

Prof. Speas on Astronomy: "Why did the people of old believe the world was flat?"

Boylan: "Because they didn't have one of them globes to prove that it was round."

IN TOWN CIRCLES

Prof. Honeycutt: "'Chief,' your conduct is outrageous; I shall have to send a note to your mother."

"Chief": "Better not. Pa is as jealous as he can be."

The three following incidents are dedicated to the eighteenth perfect Supreme Court class:

Dr. Gulley: "Mr. West, you do not seem to understand the meaning of a cubic yard. Suppose this inkstand was three feet across the top this way, and three feet that way, and three feet in height, what would you call it?"

Lawyer West: "Well, Doctor, I should say it was some inkstand."

Judge: "Prisoner, do you confess your guilt?"

Prisoner (after having been defended by one of the class named above): "No; the words of my counsel have convinced me of my impocence."

Prof. Timberlake: "Mr. Williams, what do you know about the North Carolina Constitution?"

Slim Williams: "Don't know much about it, Prof."

Prof. Timberlake: "Yes, I believe your answer is right."

IT WILL HELP

It is rumored that Eddie Polo will have a rabbit painted on his head so as to have a bit of hare.

Wanted: To know the difference between a mufflegus, a hootennannie, a lullapolussa, and a whangdoodle.

GAY G. WHITAKEE.

Hudson on returning home from a funcral was asked by his wife if he had had a good time.

WE LIVE AND LEARN

"Newish" Goble (on seeing a bath robe in Yates' room): "Look here, Yates; let me have your wardrobe to wear to the gym."

IT CERTAINLY WILL WORK

Eat an apple a day to keep the doctor away; Eat an onion a day to keep everybody away.

"Newish" Cain: "Dr. Bagby, was it Abraham who led the children of Israel across the Suez Canal?"

Dr. Bagby: "No, it was George Washington."

WANTED

To know why Jim Pool shaved at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., and 5:30 p.m., on the same day when he was to visit Louisburg?

Neither Did ————

Mauney: "Some one made a long speech in chapel last week."

Thomas: "What was it about?"

Mauney: "He didn't say."



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