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Vol. XLII

Number 1

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT



October, 1922

WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XLII

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 1

THE UNANSWERED

WILBUR J. CASH, '22

When these cold stars shall pale and die
And suns grow old within the sky—
When blackness hovers on the deep
And Night and Ruin their vigil keep—
Shall Life go out as now it goes
From fading heart of summer rose?

When earth and stars from place shall roll
And crumple to a mighty whole;
When ocean, hill, and beating heart
Shall mingle in a common part—
Shall Love itself go out as goes
The beauty from the morning snows?

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GEORGIANA

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Passing the corner of 42d Street and Broadway one noon, I ran into my old college chum, Paul Hilburn. Our eyes met at the same instant, and as if by clock-work, each shot out his right and said, "Dawgawn!"

I hadn't seen Paul since we were room-mates at Dover six years before, and after that first exclamation, both were so surprised that we were not able to do anything but shake and shake, and grin from ear to ear.

"What are you doing down in the city?" I asked, after the first shock had passed.

"Just a little business deal," he said and kept on grinning and shaking in an overwhelming manner. "What have you been doing since we last met?"

I wrenched my hand free and told him that I had been building up an export business.

"Married?" he asked.

I replied that I was, and was about to ask him the same question, when we both suddenly realized that the corner of 42d Street and Broadway was not the place for a conversation, especially when the noon crowds were passing. "Lets go some place to eat," he suggested, "and then we can talk all we want."

He being somewhat of a stranger in New York, I conducted him to the Ritz, where seated behind a row of palms, we began to cross-question one another, and to give each other a piecemeal autobiography. I had remembered reading in an up-State newspaper about Hilburn being cheated and swindled by a fellow named DeRoy, so I wanted to hear something on the subject. At the mention of the name DeRoy, however, my

old chum exploded with such a merry laugh that I was impatient to know the cause.

"Oh, that fellow DeRoy," he said, "he treated me mean but I got even with him all right." And again he let out a hilarious laugh that made the palm-tips tremble.

"Well, old man, out with it," I said a trifle impatiently. "Don't sit there showing a mouth-full of teeth and keeping me in such suspense."

He cooled down somewhat, then, and began his tale.

"I was feeling pretty sore when DeRoy did me out of that deed. It was a pure swindle; and all the village knew that except for his mercenary and unprincipled lawyers, he never would have won out." Hilburn's face had taken on a very serious look, as he recalled the trouble he had gone through.

"And how did you get even?" I asked after he had finished the resumé of the procedure.

His face brightened up in a moment, as he began. "Well, there was a girl came to town."

"Ah," I repeated, "there was a girl came to town."

"Yes," he repeated again, "A girl came to town; and she had a face that would have made you forget all that head full of philosophy you had acquired by your fourth year at Dover. It was about a year after my run in with DeRoy. The town had forgotten about it pretty much, and forgiven him too, since he used his ill-gotten gain to win back favor. This girl was a summer boarder up at the hotel, and it didn't take very long for the village to wake up to the fact that a belle from the city had captured the heart of every lusty blade in the place. For my part, as soon as I saw her, I murmured 'She is divine,' and my heart began to pump like a sixty-horse-power engine. Then came the drives and the walks through the country, the parties and the Wednesday evening visits. I had just about decided that I would never be able to get along without this wonderful creature, when DeRoy began to pay attention to

her. That riled me pretty much, and I made up my mind that here was my chance to get even.

"So, one evening under the spell of the moon or the piano lamp, I forget which, I asked her to be my—that is I asked her if she would consider whether or not other things being equal, and me being a single man, that is if she was inclined at all in that way, whether I could hope to be thought worthy, by her, that if I could only express to her my deepest feelings in the matter, she might—"

"You mean you asked her to be your wife," I interrupted.

"Yes that's it," he blurted out confusedly.

"And what did she say?"

"She said that really we had known each other for such a short time, and my proposal was so unexpected, that she must have time to think it over. So I was kept in suspense for weeks, while all the time DeRoy was up at the hotel every chance he had. There were others too. The town was crazy about her. There was a banquet and band concert at the town hall in her honor. This cost the town three thousand dollars. DeRoy started a fund for a fifty thousand dollar library, to be called 'The Georgiana Murray Library,' in her honor. The local jeweller was completely sold out of stock by the third week. The young girls of the village were so struck by her beauty that they forgot to be jealous.

"Things went on this way for about two months. Then she broke the news that she must leave for home the next week. The town's-folk were frantic. A meeting was held in the town hall for men only. Some of the elder citizens exclaimed that it was the duty of some young man to propose to her, so that she might remain in the town. It was found at the meeting that one hundred and eighty-seven of the young men had already asked and been flatly refused. DeRoy and I were the only ones to whom she had given an uncertain answer. DeRoy and I, you understand were the only really wealthy men in town.

"Well, I left the meeting that night and went straight to the hotel, and explained to Georgiana that DeRoy was a swindler, and that if he hadn't cheated me out of a lot of property, I would be the richest man in town. She said she was horribly surprised, because DeRoy seemed to be such a nice man; and besides that, he had already told her the same thing about me. Of course there was no way I could prove my position, and I could only deny it flatly. But I was determined to save her from that unprincipled fellow, and told her that it was only right for her to decide between one or the other of us. She finally agreed to that and said she would think about it and decide before a week had passed.

"I went straight down to the town hall and found them still in session. When I told them the news they gave a cheer for Georgiana Murray and adjourned.

"The next day Georgiana announced that the one whom she would marry must be nothing lower than Mayor of the village. It was a long time from election but the old Mayor was forced to resign and a special election was held. Of all the political campaigns I have heard of, that was the worst. Banners flew praising me and slandering DeRoy and banners flew praising DeRoy and slandering me. People forgot that the issue was who should be Mayor, and thought only who should be the husband of Georgiana. That kind of politics even interested the gabbing spinsters.

"Finally, the election day came. I was almost worn out with the strain and I noticed with pleasure that DeRoy was too. The ballots were to be cast in the morning. In the afternoon they were to be carried at the head of a procession to the town hall steps where an expensive platform had been raised. In the evening there was to be a grand concert by Pryor's Band. Then the votes were to be counted out loud, while the audience sat beneath a newly constructed arbor lighted by three hundred hand painted silk lanterns all of which were imported from

Japan. Following the counting of the votes, Georgiana was to be married to the victor. Everything turned out nicely. The preacher was dressed in a suit specially made for the occasion. The bride-to-be was dressed more than I can describe. You can find the details of her trousseau almost complete on the first three pages of the *Daily Mouthpiece*. But as I was saying, everything went off nicely. The band played and the votes were counted. You can imagine my anxiety and nervousness. At last it was given out from the platform that DeRoy had won the vote for Mayor."

At this point, my old chum gave vent to a violent burst of merry laughter.

"I thought you said that you got even with DeRoy," I interrupted.

"Yes, that's just the point," he answered. "DeRoy married her."

THE MERMAID'S SONG

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

The sea gull's cry:
My music. I
A mermaid am; th' inverted sky

Lies half asleep
In oceans, deep,
And here I all my treasures keep.

The soft, salt spray,
The sun's warm ray
Are gowns I wear from day to day;

The wines I drink,
The thoughts I think,
The chains of habits which I link,

Are wines that ease,
And thoughts that please,
And habits restless as the seas.

A merman who
Is strong and true
Comes to me with intent to woo,

And tho I'm coy,
The big Sea-boy
Woos hard—so hard I yield in joy.

We swim the seas,
Inhale the breeze
Which reeks of aromatic trees,

Until the night
Dispels the light
Of day, and then in perfect flight

Happily face
The fish-filled space
Which leads us to *our* treasure place.

THE JUGGERNAUT

GAY G. WHITAKER, '23

The trail of humanity from the Orient to England, from England westward with the Pilgrims, and from the Mayflower to Western North Carolina, plays a decided part in the trend of this narrative. In the youthful city of Ravensville, nestled in the Blue Ridge mountains thirty-four miles west of Mount Mitchell, our story reaches the gateway of its destiny and rests peacefully.

We are not all made of the same fibre; therefore, we sin accordingly. Eden gave to men and women varied characteristics, so it is we travel on the changeable paths of uncertainties. To some the primal days gave faith and persistence, to others love and confidence, still to others jealousy and hatred, to others an eye for understanding, but from some the measure of faith and confidence was withheld and nature deemed it expedient for these to work out their own salvation and cultivate, if possible, that faith and trust necessary to their happiness or downfall. But our story begins just here.

The last word of local was on the hooks in the Ravensville Chronicle newspaper office. It was 2:15 a. m. In only an hour the broad sheets of white paper would cling closely to the giant presses receiving the news of the day and then heralding it to twenty thousand readers in and near the mountain city. The tick of the typewriters had long since ceased in the editorial rooms, everything was hushed except the telegraph instruments in the west room where the operators, rubbing their eyes and yawning as they monotonously struck the keys of their machines, were recording the railway strike news from all over the nation.

Coyle Grayson, a reporter for four years on the staff of the Chronicle, picked up his cap, swung his coat carelessly over his shoulder, and with a mere "goodnight" to the other boys plunged into the hallway, and down the stairway into the street. Without, only a rambling policeman on his hourly beat could be seen. Occasionally an automobile returning from the railway station could be heard humming up Main Street. The air was cool and crisp—the night welcomed him on.

Just in front of the Carolina cafe someone yelled huskily: "Hey there Grayson, I've got some big news for you!" Turning the corner of Church and East Main streets was a speed cop tuning his motorecycle to a thirty miles an hour gait. The reporter sprang to the middle of the street and yelled for him to stop. The officer slowed down, saying as he drew his machine to the edge of the curb: "We had a triple murder out on the Mitchell road a few minutes ago, jump on behind me and we'll go out there." In less than two minutes, young Grayson shouted from the head of the stairway in the Chronicle office to the foreman of the press room: "Hold up the paper—hold up the paper—hell's broke loose on the Mitchell road!" Whirling about the news-hound was gone.

Both the night riders, one the officer of the law, the other the right arm of the Chronicle, swung into the darkness leading down into the Mitchell section. The reporter felt his blood boiling for news—his thirst, the itching of his fingers, the clutch of his hands as they clung to the arms of the motorcycle, told of his love for big news. The man in front felt occasionally for his revolver as the blood charged through his veins in response to his maddened lust for the murderers who had fled due north in a Mormon speedster. Both were men of thirst and both knew it full well.

Almost three miles out from the city, where the street lights had long since died in the distance and everything was only hushed darkness, they detected a red light several hundred yards

ahead, near the foot of a hill leading down to an immense bridge. The light grew larger as they drew nearer and appeared to be the rear light of an automobile. Thus it proved to be. They drove past the car unheeded and began the ascent of the hill beyond, but as they were nearing the summit of the long hillside they were brought to almost a sudden halt by the scream of a woman from the direction of the bridge. A second scream was heard, and this time a sound of distress and grief was coming directly from the automobile at the roadside. In an instant they turned about, jumped to the seats of the motorcycle and were soon speedily retracing their steps down the hillside. Only a few seconds were necessary to bring the men to the side of the machine just passed. The officer of the law threw the glare of his searchlight on the automobile as he drew up, and at once saw that the car had plunged into a rock wall, wrecking and almost turning it over. Coyle Grayson ran to the other side of the machine. Everything was hushed. Not a sound could be heard. But he imagined he could hear a low-tensioned cry of distress. Just a few feet from the edge of the wall and near a high wire fence he saw in the dim light the form of a person. With only his thought of a big news story he sprang to the side of the form in the darkness.

"Don't touch me—don't touch me," said a feminine voice excitedly.

"But who are you?" inquired the reporter in an imploring manner.

"None of your business, Coyle," replied the girlish voice.

Coyle Grayson's heart leaped and his brain bounced and throbbed as he tried to imagine he did not know the voice of the woman. The officer rushed to his side at this instant and threw the searchlight in her face,—the light that brought a recognition that chilled his blood as he stood there motionless. The woman turned her head, sobbing, and buried her face in the dew-moistened grass in which she was lying. There

she lay in one of the most God-forsaken sections of the entire country, by the side of the Mitchell road, her face badly cut and lacerated, the waist of a dull grayish coat suit torn from her body, her eyes glaring with a greenish insane look, her hair unkempt and tangled, bleeding, bruised, crying, alone, intoxicated—beastly intoxicated—the fiancée of Coyle Grayson.

"We—we—we just hit that rock wall is all I know," said the woman timidly, "he—he was the cause of the wreck—he was drunk—he forced me to drink—we both lost our nerve—please take me back to town—*please*." She pleaded as a little child.

Young Grayson mustered courage and lifted the form of the girl carefully from the damp ground and advanced toward the car, still standing with the motor pressed firmly against the rock wall. He opened the door and placed the woman in the rear set with all gentleness and respect, but having done this, slammed the door and staggered toward the motorcycle near the roadside, saying: "We will go and 'phone for a car and get you to town as soon as possible."

The officer insisted that a further search be made in the vicinity of the car in order to determine the possible cause of the wreck and the number of occupants in the machine at the time of the mishap. The search resulted in the finding of a man, near the edge of the river, unconscious, dead drunk and bleeding. He too was carried to the automobile and lodged safely in the front seat of the car, his legs hanging limply over the door of the machine.

"Please—please take me to town," the woman begged. "I'm going to die if you don't—well, I don't care much, but that old whiskey handled me rough—but—but I couldn't help it all."

Grayson advanced nearer the car and was standing there, dazed, at a loss, and trying to imagine it could all be a joke—that such things are only commonplace events in the circle of life's roster of games, and that everything would be cleared

up in the end. He opened the door of the car and held it fixedly in his hand. Somehow he didn't dare speak or move. Lowering his eyes unconsciously he caught the fiery glow of a spark on the floor of the car. Only a minute was necessary for him to realize the whole story. A maddening intuition seized him—clutched his heart and soul—a decision was made. He grasped and with a quick draw pulled from out the car the tie that had bound Tris Neal to him for almost a year. The little platinum, stone-set, diamond ring fell into his pocket as unconcerned as if nothing had happened—unconcerned of course, but the heralding medium of a message that would do its full share in bringing to the surface and losing in the bounds without his life and being that small degree of faith in women given to some men. He knew this was true, and he turned away.

Instead of returning to the city to call aid for the victims of the wreck, Grayson and the officer continued their journey to the scene of the murder. Upon arrival at the house where the shooting took place, officials were notified immediately and asked to send an additional ambulance to care for the young woman and the man by the roadside.

Two were dead and one severely injured in the gun battle, and although he tried not to show the effects of discovering the grim test of only a few minutes ago, the representative of the Chronicle opened his grueling, questioning vocabulary and wrenched from neighbors and friends every detail of the shooting. He went about the news searching game in his usual winning way, always assuring him of getting the facts if they were obtainable. Soon the story was fixed in his mind. It would blaze the front page of the Chronicle in the morning. His fingers itched to get hold of his typewriter in order that the story might be drained from his system. It was now 2:45 a. m. But then another atmosphere swept over him when he realized he would be compelled to write a double story. How

would he go about it and what would he say? It was all newspaper stuff—big newspaper dope; yet, how in the world could he write the story in which he had a decided interest? He thought over the matter seriously, in his casual and earnest manner, which always fixed in his mind a belief he would stick to in spite of the ideas and opinions of a dozen men.

Thirty-five minutes later young Grayson ran up the steps into the Chronicle office, yelling to the foreman of the composing room to hold the press just fifteen minutes saying he would give him "two cracking good stories."

With one continuous and automatic click the typewriter spun out the story of the murder. Every detail, all the facts, everything of interest to the reading public connected with the shooting went into the story. He pulled the copy from his machine, hastily wrote the heads, and soon the story was on its way to the composing room.

But then the second story—how would he begin? He knew and realized there had not been a story worth half so much reported to the office in several months. He rolled a half dozen sheets of copy paper into the typewriter and began. Several words were written and the story began to take what he wished to be final form, but to save his life he couldn't prevent himself from retracing the carriage of the typewriter and marking a long line of X's through a well written sentence. He thought of changing the name of the girl and keeping the real truth from the public. "This would not be fair," he muttered, "the whole darn public must have the story as it is—that's all."

Soon the new story was complete and although forced into it from the standpoint of fairness and honesty in the newspaper game, he had written the story as an unbiased reporter would write the account of a fire. There wasn't a word of personal opinions in it—just straight facts and released in an attitude of "come what may this is the dope."

For the second time within thirty minutes a rattling good story was dragged from the typewriter and the heads well under way. The young man clinched his pencil tighter as the heads were written. He wanted the whole story to be told in the first few words, and it was. Marked to be set in a 36 point head, with 12 point subheads following, the account was announced as follows:

DRUNKEN VICTIMS OF AUTO WRECK IN JAIL

Tris Neal and Walter Slaite Held on Charge of Drunkenness
and Disorderly Conduct

Apprehended Last Night on Mitchell Road

Woman Says She Was Forced To Drink Whiskey. Slaite
Made No Statement. Mystery Enshrouds Affair

The story was complete and soon it would be trailing down the elevator to the stereotyping department, where in only a few minutes it would be tightened securely on the cylinders of the Chronicle, then to be hurled into the streets, on the trains, into the minds and hearts of twenty thousand readers, bearing the news of the eventful night.

Coyle Grayson stood unspeakably silent behind the linotype operator as the slugs slid into place netting the story into proper form. He had never felt just as he did this time. However, he evinced a note of satisfaction and relief at the thought of having met the case squarely and fairly, and true to the demands of the public and the Chronicle. He resolved firmly to stand out to the last ditch, and he intended to see that the paper was from press before he left the building.

"Why you're a fool Grayson," said the operator, looking up into his face with an eye of surprise. "Here you are slinging this rowdy story into print when you know the whole business

is about the woman you have pledged to marry, and the woman you would fight for like the "dickens" any minute. Man, you must be crazy! What's gone wrong? Don't you know this will—ruin her reputation and give you a black eye for days and days to come?"

"Shut up, Ben! You don't know a blamed thing about this! Get that story on it's way down stairs as soon as possible. I'm big enough to have enough guts to run that story when I know it ought to be run. Nothing more than the *everlasting* deceitfulness of some women and the principle involved, is my reason for running it. Shut up and set up." He spoke decidedly.

In only a few minutes the article was complete, placed carefully in the section of the front page reserved for it, rolled speedily on to the elevator and soon found its way to the room below. Fifteen minutes passed and the still warm semi-cylinder was tightened securely in the press. Nearby Grayson watched with a feeling of earnestness and anxiety.

Just as the current of electricity was about to be released on the giant machinery, and the whole building was soon to be filled with the hum of the rotating presses, a tall, gaunt man leaped into the press room from the stairway above, yelling: "Men, men, has a word been turned in about my daughter? Tell me! Tell me!" stormed M. B. Neal.

Young Grayson answered pertinently: "The story is in and gone to press—seven armies of men like you couldn't stop it now. We've already missed the mails, and besides it's great news and you and yours deserve it. Wait just a few precious minutes and I'll give you a copy of the Ravensville Chronicle, published at a late hour in the town of Ravensville, North Carolina, on the 10th day of August, 1922, and containing a news story that is a news story."

Neal could stand the words of the optimistic reporter no longer. He drew closer to the youth shaking his fist in a mad-dened and frenzied manner, saying: "Take it back, you fool—

take it back! This didn't have to appear in print. Here is one of the highest respected girls of this town—my daughter—and your wife, I mean to be your wife, publicly assaulted in this infernal newspaper office—her character marred, her life ruined, and you—you idiot!"

"Turn on the juice Bill, and let the Chronicle slide. Neal has got up enough steam to put out the Saturday Evening Post if there is anything in heat," Grayson remarked cynically.

A rumbling thud filled the room as the first paper fell to the hooks at the feet of the impatient young reporter. He grabbed it up and gazed at the first blurred lines, then threw it down saying: "Wait a minute till the spaces are set so we can get a paper put up in Westminster style. We want readable news since it is news." Several other copies tumbled down and in less than a minute a copy still moistened with the press-room ink, warm with the sweat of the rushing pressman, throbbing with great and readable news, was handed to Neal as he muttered a note of disapproval. He looked at the headlines restlessly, quizzically, and intently, and crushing the paper in his hands in a maddening manner, wheeled about, saying as he left the room: "Grayson, mark my prediction young man, the devil will be to pay for this outlandish libel—you—you and the whole gang will be at the reckoning, too."

An hour later in his room on Liberty Street, young Grayson launched himself into a thinking escapade which resulted in the firing of his temporal, ruthless passions. Every nerve in his body was raging with the tensions of the night's happenings. He felt his heart become instantly hardened. His soul seized his ancestral instincts and set them into a terrific motion. He could not help it. He made no attempt to master the monster stirred to a blood-thirsty pitch—thus he sat to musing.

Some men are really stubborn, while others only pretend to be stubborn, and in their fickleness are led to smile in a releasing manner. However, Grayson would not deny the fact

that at heart he was a full-fledged victim of that unmasterable brand of stubbornness which would never falter or concede, regardless of the circumstances. He, too, would not deny the fact that he was born with less than an honest man's allowance of faith in the integrity and character of human beings. He often lamented the fact that he would always be subject to certain passions which he feared he could not meet squarely, and which would master him hopelessly before he would realize it.

The night had been a trying one for him. When he found the wrecked automobile and its intoxicated occupants, his ancestral dominance was loosed and the girl meant no more to him than a dog parked near that bridge. He knew this was true. He was not willing even to attempt to cultivate a feeling of pity or mercy, and would not conceive of giving Tris Neal a chance to explain. Instead, he wrestled crazily with his thoughts for a few seconds and was unalterably willing to declare all women, no exceptions, dishonest, deceitful, weak, and impure. As for trying to look on the brighter side he did not care to assume such a task. He was set, his feet were placed, his eyes fixed, and his teeth gnashing on the world at large. He was the victim of an unpardonable craze.

The youth fell asleep soaked in his faithless, trustless, pitiless passions; content to let the world rock and sleep, and the public wake to view him as he appeared in the low-lights of confidence and faith. The night's darkness buried the little mountain city in its somnolence of patience, waiting for the dawn and the future.

When Coyle Grayson opened his eyes next morning his mother was standing near his bedside with the Chronicle in her hands, gazing wonderingly into the face of the unpretentious youth. She knew her son had written the story; it was his style, his words, his phrases, all classed and placed in his own language.

He laughed a chuckle of rousing, maddening glee.

"Mama, what in the United States are you all stirred up about this morning?" he quereulously asked.

"Great goodness, Coyle, what in the world made you write this story? Is this true? Is this true?"

"Ma, it's every bit true and more too. It was just good news—dandy news, and I had to run the story in spite of my little sap-suckered ideas about it. Tris' gone wild—got drunk, skinned her nose, tore that stylish, grayish coatsuit about off her, lost my diamond in the car, automatically broke our engagement, an,—and—." Leaning to the front of the bed a different expression came across his face, and his blood surged as he firmly continued: "Mama, I'm through—I'll never trust another woman. I mean it! I can't help it, but I mean it! I know I'm a fool, as great a one as there is in North Carolina, but destiny and my environment, have decreed that a single life—just a game of news hunting and solitaire—is enough for me. I can't help it. It's just in my bones, the very marrow of which is filled with faithless microbes of suspicion. I have always loved Tris—from childhood I have loved her, but now—well, if she is weak and tottersome, then show me another, show me another I can *ever* trust! After all this I may sour on the world but while I'm in the process of stagnation I'll think out my own thoughts, live out my narrow-minded, inherited manacles of faith and rot in my own clothes." His eyes snapped as he sat there, a judge for all woman-kind.

"Coyle, Coyle, shut up! You're trying to be a boy again. Why you talk like a crazy man. Sleep a little more and maybe you will wake to realize the unexcusable rage into which you are trying to cast yourself. Tell me once again, is all this true?" She pointed to the front page of the paper.

"A thousand times true, mother. Go away and don't bother me, I want to sleep."

"That's just the way with some men," said his mother as she turned away, "he's just like his daddy, and he's trying to pay his inheritance taxes in a storm of relation—revenge on the whole world."

Thirty minutes later he was again awakened by the call of his sister from the hallway below, stating that a special delivery letter was awaiting him in the library.

Carelessly and leisurely dressing himself, he soon found his way to the library below. At once he recognized the writing, it was in the usual bold hand of Tris Neal. He grabbed the letter, gripped it firmly and crushed it in his hands, flipped it into the waste basket and rushed out the front door into the street. He cared nothing for breakfast, letters, explanations, or pleadings. He wanted to get out in the world anywhere. He was restless.

A week passed and the news still charged through the veins of the town, with an occasional remark as to the attitude shown by Coyle Grayson. Everyone was content with the facts, and everyone decided that the facts and circumstances were such as to validate the dominant decision, and that the atmosphere breathed in the reporter's account of the wreck was unquestionably true. The case stood in court unchallenged. Tris Neal had made no statements other than those on the night of the apprehension. Walter Slaite, still held in custody because of failure to give sufficient bond, absolutely refused to make any statements relative to the wrecking of the automobile. Not to anyone did Coyle Grayson make an apology for running the story in full news-galore style. Thus it stood, *nemine dissentiente*.

On the following Saturday night, near 9:30 o'clock, Grayson was halted in the passageway leading from the editorial rooms to the business offices near the west end of the news building.

"Come in Coyle and wipe that dejected look from your face and rest a while. You've been working and trailing that

railway dope all day, you need rest." Said the editor of the mountain daily, smiling sympathetically at the restless reporter.

Coyle Grayson resented a consultation with Daniel G. Crouder, regardless of his high respect for his newspaper ability and his position as editor of the paper. He tried to ignore the invitation extended to him, but despite his feelings he found himself turning about and entering the editor's office.

"Have you reconciled your rambling brain, old boy?," began the editor, "and don't you feel perfectly unnecessary in your faithless expeditions?"

"Now please don't fire loose on me that way, Mr. Crouder," said the youth pertinently.

"Now see here, Grayson, you're taking the wrong view of this thing. For mercy sake man don't condemn the whole doggone world because you are disappointed in the purity of one little gem of a friendship. Of course I don't say that you are not justified in telling the Neal family to go to the thunderation, but don't get it in your head that every woman this side of Bolivia has the same surname as the Neal's. And don't let such unscrupulous ideas soak into your brain. The sooner you discard such stuff and get to thinking sanely again the better it will be for you. This should be—well, since you have found this one woman weak as you say, then this is evidence that she is not the one for your future companion and you ought to be thankful you have found her addicted to such weakness now and not fifteen years hence."

"That's the principle! That's the principle," snapped the youth, his eyes sparkling in sway with his tensioned brain. "Preach to me all you please but your doctrines will never get me under conviction to the extent that I'll ever trust another woman. I can't—absolutely! This has been trailing me from my boyhood. Don't say another word, Mr. Crouder." He turned to go.

"Wait just a minute, Coyle," continued the editor casually, "tell me this, don't you believe there are just as many genuine, noble, pure, God-sent women in the world today as there has even been? Don't you believe that it was never intended for the world to get so closely to a chasm of ruin filled with impurities, that a man couldn't realize that after all such crazy, un-called for views as you are taking, are more than absurd? Think of your mother and sister! Your blood would boil and ten men couldn't keep you from beating into shreds the man who would stand in your presence and declare he had no faith and confidence in the purity and greatness of the womanhood of our nation, especially when you knew your sister and mother were counted in that number. You have your brain and soul duped and stunned by these little old flapperized, crazy, cranky, insidious ideas, and you are willing to condemn the whole blooming world *for the sake of one*—one insignificant, midget of a creature. You had just as well go off and shoot yourself if that's the way you feel about the future. You're souring on the world, boy, and already I can see the fermentation in your eyes. Grayson, I'm talking plain I know, but it's straight dope. You are narrow and unreasonable. Use good old-fashioned horse sense, and apply it rightly, old man. You're one of the best news-hounds I've ever seen but I'll declare if you go crazy in this maddening, insane life you are starting, unhappiness, the very highest degree of unhappiness and wretchedness, will be your portion. You're too willing and ready to stamp under your feet the women of the country for their faults. You don't seem to think for one time that men sin, and oft times sin deeply in their everlasting, contriving, intrepidity. You are just like your father and grandfather. You believe that men are the archdeacons of the day, clad in dress suits of angelic attire, while women were diadems once upon a time but are frivolous gems now dazzling the eyes of men in their impurities and atrocities. Cuss yourself

out—just naturally *bawl* yourself out, and start anew. And then—.”

Here the youth broke in abruptly: “Stop your talking and keep all your blamed advice to yourself. O, please forgive me Mr. Crouder for speaking to you in this unbecoming manner, but you can’t—you can’t realize my position. Some men are born with these unmasterable characteristics steeped into their systems. I am a victim—I inherited this. I wish I could break away from my iron-bound decisions. I stand today a slave—a slave embalmed in my ancestral instincts. Some men are born weak, and because they are born weak their survey of the greatness of the world and humanity is limited. Some women are weak and insidious in their lives; so we are. I wish it could be otherwise, but fickleness in temperaments, in faith, in constancy, in love, in confidence, in trust, in honesty, and gentleness, very often contribute to the mechanisms in the fibre of certain individuals. I have my lot—just an unfortunate cuss—that’s all.”

As if some veiled intuitive monster seized the room the young man turned slowly about and advanced toward the door. The editor sat calmly silent, his eyes fixed upon him. The dusky atmosphere spoke in tones murmuring a gloomy inevitable something. The despondent reporter stopped abruptly in the doorway. His head was bowed and tears welled in his eyes, but not tears that issued forth as auspicious attributes of grief. His feelings were too deep for melancholy, his thoughts were citadelled and unspeakable. Suddenly as if by some peaceful, elevating spirit, he turned about and slowly retraced his steps to the front of the editor’s desk. His face appeared deathly pale. He could not speak. Something clutched his heart and held him spellbound, gazing into the eyes of the chief official of the *Chronicle*.

Newspaper agility was hushed as the two men faced each other, silent and wondering.

Finally speaking in tones effected by a decided tremor, the youth pleaded in a repentant manner: "Mr. Crouder—Mr. Crouder—I may fail—I am weak and I guess I will, but I'll do my best to live up to your advice—I will—" He struck the desk with his fist evincing a determined decision.

Just at this instant a flash seized the memory of the young man. Grayson sprang for the doorway, shouting: "My God, the letter—the letter I crushed and threw in the waste basket—the letter! Tris! Tris!"

The reporter plunged into the center of the composing room and at once saw that the elevator loaded with tables of type enroute to the stereotyping department was preparing to descend to the rooms below. In his frenzy he rushed for the elevator instead of leaving the building by the stairway. Soon he was closed within. Slowly and noiselessly the elevator descended past the second and third floors—but suddenly a crash was heard—someone was hurt.

A drenching frenzy seized the occupants of the building. In the crash the electric wires attached to the elevator were stripped of their insulation. The whole structure fell a victim to engulfing darkness, while the men lay pinned beneath the tables at the bottom of the dark unwelcoming news trail. However, in only a few minutes candles were lighted and the men dragged from the wreckage. Young Grayson, bruised and bleeding, was carried and placed on a table in the mailing room. The men telephoned for medical aid immediately, but all proved of no avail, for the soul of the man was preparing for its departure as he whispered in a pulseless and breathless voice: "I want to live—the letter—the letter—*Tris*—" The last word was uttered scarcely above a whisper as Death's archangel invisibly seized the soul of the blood-chilled reporter—he was dead.

The flickering, palish candles cast out their mysterious reflections over the face of the youth, as his news-pals gathered about the table. A feeling of sadness, unspeakable and tran-

quilled, gripped everyone and reigned supreme—reigned silently—silently as the noise of the building was hushed, and many hearts beat their measures of grief in unison for the man who was every ounce a great newspaper man, but was unfortunately a son of destiny born into the world with a limited allowance of faith, and who passed away thirsting for a just man't honest portion—a *juggernaut!*

MEMORIES OF VENICE

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

In memory I'm adrift tonight
Upon Venezia's calm lagoon,
Where circling shores are all alight;
Where plaintive melodies unite
To banish thought, and to invite
The trance of summer's Moon.

The soft warm wind which through the day
Respired atop the sunny hill,
Laden with fragrant charms of May,
Now passes on its lingering way,
As if it almost wished to stay
To enjoy its calm and thrill.

A splash of oars falls on the ear.
Like jetty swans, gondolas glide;
And as their phantom shapes draw near
A song from every gondolier
Ascends; and as they disappear
Their cadences subside.

The farthest outlines of the scene
Reflect the Moon's soft luxury.
Cathedral domes of Byzantine,
And palace walls, and turrets keen,
Garbed in the glory of the sheen
Display their majesty.

A memory of the former time
 Venetian pomp and power reviews;
But still, as famed in song and rhyme,
She lives, romantic'ly sublime.
A purer, richer, fairer clime
 On earth no heart could choose.

TO THE SEA

I.

O Sea, O restless, roving sea,
 Pulsing with insensate victory,
 Thou shalt be mastered yet,
 Like Lions, caged, that rage and roar and fret
 Against the baffling bars:
 So shalt thou sleep beneath the cold white stars.

II.

Thou shalt reveal thy secrets, one by one,
 Beneath the last red sun;
 Fair maid and matron, old age and babbling babe
 Shall live and laugh once more
 Above the storm-lashed tempest's bestial road;
 And death no more shall ride thy tossing waves
 Above the deep green graves.
 Calm as an infant, sleep
 The foaming, thundering demons of the deep.

III.

Thy might no more shall taunt the mocking sky;
 Out yonder where thy wave-heaped hillocks vie
 With the blue mountains of the sea-girt land,
 Piled up in splendor by the sea-god's hand;
 For thou, O throbbing sea shalt come
 With silent pipe and muffled drum
 To Him who flung thee like a blue mantle wild and wide;
 For Death at last shall be thy silent bride!

IV.

Deep, Deep, deeper far than thee
 Is God's decree;
 "And there shall be
 No more sea."

Wadesboro, N. C.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. C. PAIT, *Editor*



We are standing on the threshold of another college year. Inside, we know that a warm welcome awaits us, and that the table of learning is spread, for our special benefit, with all the viands necessary for the development of the body, mind, and soul; the coarse, wholesome foods, as well as the delicacies.

Wake Forest College is our home; the paternal dwelling-place of our learning; the spot to which we will return in later years, even as a scattered family gathers again about the

hearth-stone of their parents to seek anew the inspirations of childhood, and to drink again from the fountains of pure love and unfeigned sympathy.

We rejoice in the home-coming. Familiar faces awaken memories of former years and former associations. Handshakes that hurt, remind us that the old spirit of Wake Forest still lives. Of course there are gaps left by last year's class. We would not forget them. But a new class has been born into the college circle—a little brother who waits to be welcomed into his new home. Present duties call us away from the past; therefore we cannot grieve over the departed class for the joy of receiving the new. Class of 1926, we welcome you! We urge you to take your rightful place as the youngest member of our wonderful family. Make Wake Forest College truly your home, and lend your energy to your older college mates who are anxious for the enlargement of the institution which they are already so proud to call home.

The New Wake Forest During the last year, Wake Forest College has put into effect some far-reaching measures —“drastic measures” many have called them.

The faculty has undergone some changes. Student Government and certain freshman rules have been inaugurated. Optional membership of the two Literary Societies has been granted. Greek Letter Fraternities have been legalized. Because of these changes, Wake Forest College has been the “bull's eye” at which the Baptist Denomination of North Carolina has leveled its guns. Criticisms, denunciations, and judgments have been hurled at her from all quarters. Her faults, which she does not deny, and which she is anxious to correct, have been magnified, and the glories which she rightly claims, have been left as diamonds or gold nuggets to survive the acid test.

At last the pungent fumes of the "gases" are lifting, and we are conscious of the fact that many are craning their necks for a first look at the ghastly remains. But behold! The college moves smoothly on, and there lies before us the promise of a new and greater Wake Forest. The faculty has been greatly strengthened by a number of additions. The enrollment to date is one of the best in the history of the college. The Literary Societies have reorganized, and an atmosphere of determination hitherto unknown to the present members, prevails. Many of the old members have come back, and the new men are coming in surprisingly well. Then, too, there is a decided stand being taken in all classes, against hazing. That relic of the Ancients cannot be removed from the campus over night, but we feel sure that the growing sentiment against it will finally place it with the "mammoth and laelaps." Greek Letter Fraternities have not yet made any decided public step. They still watch from their seclusion. However, our minds are open and receptive, and we are willing, yea, anxious, to see and acknowledge their beneficial qualities.

The effecting of so many changes combined with the inimical position many have taken with regard to these changes, has brought an opportunity of unprecedented richness to those who are now members of the student body, or in any way connected with the college. The critical, the hopeful, and the doubting are watching us and wondering what we will do with the new situation. There is but one thing for us to do: we must put our shoulders to the wheel, to a man, and show to them all alike that we are willing to support, with the very best that is in us, the measures whose passing is largely due to our own action, and the demands of the times.

**Town and
Gown**

The sudden burst of fury and indignation with regard to bootlegging in the town of Wake Forest, is but the natural result of a seething mass of general opinion that has long sizzled beneath the surface of a peace-loving public. Too long the "blind tiger" has run rampant in our midst, sometimes coming into the very heart of our community and claiming the very best. So bold has he become that the sacred peace of the campus, that place where many of Carolina's sons are in trust, is often disturbed by his fearful howlings. We know that his kind is here because of the occasional catches of the traps of the law, and other gruesome evidences that are forced upon us.

Bootlegging has existed in the town and college community for some years, but now we find it becoming a menace; a threatening outlawry. It has become an almost continuous source of temptation to which townsmen and student alike are exposed. For the resident of the town, it is bad, but for the boy just out of high school, and away from parental care, probably for the first time, the condition is too much. There is but one objective to work to: the removal of the condition. And to remove the condition, the town and college must work together.

The student body appreciates the position and action of the town, and offers its untiring support to and cooperation in whatever course of action may be chosen. The spirit of cooperation of town and college has already been demonstrated by the mass meetings of recent dates, in which each was allowed equal rights and privileges. Let the college and town thoroughly organize and work quietly, but with determination permeating every action and word, using the words of the Ku Klux Klan without the mask, in order that the great work already begun may be carried to glorious success.

Wake Forest is not the worst place we know; far from it. Nor is it below the average, morally. It is a dearly-loved spot,

sacred to the memory of the sacrificial service of the pioneer Baptist Educators of North Carolina; the caretaker of their sons, and their son's sons; therefore it behooves us to be satisfied with no condition other than the best. Let the town and college work as a unit with their one aim that of making Wake Forest the safest place in North Carolina for the young man who is seeking an environment of extended learning.



IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

JNO. R. KNOTT, *Editor*



The Student extends a warm welcome to all!

Under the supervision of Dr. Weaver, the Wake Forest College Press Association has been instituted here. This means wider publicity and a greater Wake Forest, as the news stories will go to about ninety of the newspapers over the State.

The Gore Athletic Field is fast rounding into shape, and when the season opens, will be one of the best in the State. The bleachers, capable of seating fifteen hundred people, and now ready for occupancy, are as fine as can be found in colleges of this size.

Professor E. W. Timberlake, for many years Dean of the College, has resigned that position on account of his health, and in order to devote more of his time to teaching. His successor is Dr. Cullom.

A new high school building for Wake Forest is now under construction, and when completed will be spacious and thoroughly modern in every respect. The citizens of this town are to be congratulated in this forward movement!

As we go to press, the registration, which promises to be the best in the history of the college; the many additions in equipment, insuring more efficient work; and the congenial and unified spirit which exists among the student body, all point to a successful year for the institution.

Things have changed, and along a progressive line. Go into the Library: Mrs. Crittenden, our librarian, is kept incessantly

busy with administrative work, while in the outer office, Miss Hanna Holding, our new assistant librarian, renders a type of service both efficient and pleasant. Nor is this all, there is a noticeable quietness prevailing.

The Philomethesian and Euzelian Literary Societies met on the evening of September 15th for the purpose of receiving new members. Forty-four new members lined up with the Euzelian Society, while twenty-eight joined the Philomethesian. This, in face of optional membership, was a very promising opening, and since most of the old members are remaining in the Societies for further work, the outlook for society work is very gratifying.

Our coaching staff this year is all one could ask. Head Coach Utley needs no introduction, for we all know him, and believe in him.

Mr. George Levene, picked by Walter Camp for "All American" in 1905-06, and for several years line coach at the University of Pennsylvania, is Assistant Coach.

We have the coaches, the material, the field, and the Spirit. We are off for a bright year in the history of athletics at Wake Forest!

Succeeding Mr. Trela D. Collins, who is now pastor of Temple Baptist Church of Durham, Mr. John Arch McMillan assumes the duties of alumni secretary. Mr. McMillan is closely related to John Charles McNeil and while McNeil wrote his poetry, we find in the speech and manners of McMillan evidences of a man who lives his poetry. Mr. McMillan has won a place in the heart of every man who has met him, and a choice bit of entertainment is in store for those who ask him about the boy-hood of McNeil.

On September 4th a mass meeting of the citizens of the town and community was held in the Masonic Hall. The objects of this meeting were: (1) To get the Highway to pass thru Wake Forest, and (2) to concentrate the efforts of the law-abiding citizens in ridding the community of bootlegging. The meeting, marked by a fine spirit of cooperation, was called following two strong sermons by Dr. Bagby on law and order. Dr. Bagby led the discussion, while the leading citizens of the town spoke enthusiastically in support of the movement which has as its purpose, the making of the community into a safe place for young men who come to college.

The Faculty has been strengthened by the following additions: Professor H. T. Hunter, absent for a year, returns to the Department of Education, where his influence will be strongly felt. Professor C. E. Wilson (M.A., Indiana University, and for several years with the government experiment station in the Virgin Isles) takes Dr. Ghoul's place in the Department of Biology and Embryology. The English Department has been fortunate in securing Dr. McCutcheon (Ph.D., Harvard), professor of English, and Dr. Weaver, (Ph.D., Peabody) associate professor of English. Professor Percy H. Wilson (M.A., Wake Forest College) succeeds Professor Goodman in the Department of Modern Languages. In the Department of Mathematics, Professor F. G. Dillman (graduate of West Point) will be associated professor of applied mathematics. F. W. Clonts (B.A., Wake College, and for several years doing special work in Ohio State University and Yale) is instructor in the Department of Political Science.

On the evenings of the 8th and 13th of September, "Pep" meetings were held in Wingate Memorial Hall. These meetings were characterized by a fine spirit, large attendance, and excellent speeches. Among the speakers were, George Heck-

man, Mr. Langston, Mr. R. T. Daniels of Weldon, Coaches Utley and Levene, Professor Newmarker, Professor White, Dr. Hubert Poteat, and others.

The football schedule, as arranged by Manager Parker Pool, follows:

- Sept. 23—Atlantic Christian College at home.
- Sept. 30—University of North Carolina at Goldsboro.
- Oct. 7—Elon at home.
- Oct. 14—Davidson at Charlotte.
- Oct. 21—Lynchburg at Lynchburg.
- Oct. 28—Guilford at Greensboro.
- Nov. 4—William and Mary at Norfolk.
- Nov. 11—Trinity at Raleigh.
- Nov. 25—N. C. State at home.
- Nov. 30—Hampden-Sidney at Norfolk.



ALUMNI NOTES

J. N. ROBERSON, *Editor*



The student body deply regrets the loss of the service of Rev. Trela D. Collins, B.A. '10, who resigned the secretaryship of the Alumni Association to enter the pastorate of the Temple Church, Durham, N. C. He was a live wire in keeping up the the Wake Forest spirit, and did a notable and useful work during his two years' stay here. He won a place for himself in the esteem of the Wake Forest alumni throughout the State.

Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, '17, met his death September 8, in an aeroplane accident at Rutland, Vermont. He entered the air service when the United States declared war, and did effective work as chief test pilot, while he established a reputation for himself as a skillful aviator, and set up a new world's record for looping-the-loop. Soon after returning to America he won the Transcontinental air race, which gave him the name, "The Flying Parson." He did more than any other man to put Wake Forest in the ranks of the best colleges. Wherever he went, he always kept up his work as parson. His loss is deeply felt at Wake Forest.

The student body counts itself fortunate, in having Mr. Phil Utley, '13, as head coach of athletics here to steer the teams to victory. Mr. Utley made a splendid record as sportsman and "star" in all sports while he was here, and a successful coach at other places. He is creating the old Wake Forest spirit, and has more men on the field to compete for a position on the football squad than has been for several years. His success is all ready in sight.

The Graded Schools of Littleton are greatly pleased with the work of Carl Y. Milton, B.A., '18, as Superintendent.

Associate Professor Albert C. Reid, B. A. '17, of the department of Philosophy is on leave for graduate work in Cornell

University where he expects to complete the work for his doctor's degree at the end of this year.

The Student body and faculty rejoices in having the Political Science Department strengthened by the addition of Mr. Forrest William Clonts, B.A. '20. He did graduate work in History at Yale University and will be instructor in History here.

The Modern Language Department is fortunate in securing Mr. Percy H. Wilson, B.A. '20, as Assistant Professor. He was Instructor in Modern Language in the State College of Agriculture and Engineering last year.

Professor Hiram T. Hunter, B.A. '12, has returned to take up his work as Professor of Education, after completing the work for his Ph.D., at Harvard.

Mr. W. M. Rogers, '18, is secretary and treasurer of the Athletic and Supply Company, Raleigh, N. C.,



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

GAY G. WHITAKER, *Editor*



We greet you, editors of the many college magazines, with a full-grown collegiate smile and a warm hand. Now that the new atmosphere of scholastic duties has enwrapped us with new vim, vigor, and enthusiasm, we wish to first express our gratitude and good will to the many publications reaching our desk last year, and make it known to all in the outset that we again with you wish to work co-operatively for the common welfare of the literary departments of our several institutions. You too, are victims of this self-same college and campus spirit. Your hearts are filled with new ambitions, new aspirations, galore. We all start on our new trail of literary activities and developments and are expectant of making "our" magazine the best in the realm of college publications. Unless our purpose in the outset is definitely fixed, our hearts and minds united for one purpose, the enhancing and improving of our own publications, as well as those of our rivals, then we will fail in accomplishing our best and most efficient work, and will not attain the highest goal of the possible.

The Exchange Department of *The Student* begins the new year with one outstanding endeavor: that of bringing Wake Forest into a closer relationship with the other colleges of the nation. We do not set out wishing to blaze the realm of college magazines, a star, but we wish to maintain only that friendly and true-spirited rivalry, typical of a growing and open-hearted institution. The right kind of rivalry is a great asset.

Let it be understood clearly that *The Student* welcomes criticism, suggestions, and advice relative to the character, style, and composition of our magazine. This has always been the policy of *The Student*. No college publication can be perfect, and no one can see our faults better than the other

fellow. However, while we are receptive and willing to have criticisms come to our desk, we wish it understood that the same liberty will be reserved and as we honestly and conscientiously recognize faults and irregularities we will feel free to speak, and will rest confident that all will be taken in that spirit of friendliness with which we expect to greet you. By this means we can grow from year to year and realize much benefit accordingly.

Let us get away, drift so far away, that it will be impossible for us to return to the shore of set and fixed conventional ideas. Every year many new changes are wrought in the lives of colleges, and why not the change in our magazines in accordance with the times? We are too easily, vamped, condoned, and swamped by the belief that "this is tradition and we must live up to it." In every department, in the classification of materials, in the style and make-up, in composition, and in purpose, we should go forward and know we are ready to cope with the hour in literary changes and developments.

The Student invites heartily the several colleges of the country to exchange with us this session, and with us do all possible in making college publications the greatest factor in scholastic activities.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines during last session, which we read with much interest and pleasure:

Furman Echo, Davidson College Magazine, Carolinian, William and Mary Literary Magazine, Richmond College Messenger, Guilfordian, Technique, Mississippi Collegian, Clemson College Chronicle, Bessie Tift Journal, Grinnell Review, Colby Echo, Georgetown College Journal, Corradi, Orion, Purple and Gold, College of Charleston Magazine, University of Tennessee Magazine, Trinity Archive, Isaqueena, Salemite, Blue and Gray, Bashaba, Louisburg Collegian, Concept, Stanford Pictorial, Stentor, Bethel Collegian, Bear Trail, Bema,

Orange and Blue, Howard Crimson, Roanoke Collegian, Tattler, Technician, Magazine of Oklahoma University, Philomathean Monthly, Criterion, Tennessee College Magazine, Pine Branch, Erskinian, Voice of Peace, Acorn, Papyrus, Pine and Thistle, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Wofford Journal, The St. Mary's Muse, Lake Forest Stentor, Orion, Blackburnian, Trinity University Review.



NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

J. W. BRACH, *Editor*



—OF COURSE NOT—

Stranger—"Could you tell me where the showers are?"

Freshman Pigg—"I'm sorry sir, but I have been here only two weeks."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for the other fellow.

Coach Levene (to "Big Boy" Bennett)—"Son, run bring me the scrimmage line."

"Big Boy," after searching an hour without any success, returned with a badly worn plowline.—"I'm sorry, sir, but this line from around my trunk is the only one I could find."

—MUCH DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES—

Why is it that a fellow can sit all night with his mouth full of hair, but if he finds a hair in his soup he immediately becomes a raving maniac?

—WHICH ARE YOU?—

A pessimist closes an eye, wrinkles his face, draws up the corners of his mouth and says: "It can't be done." An optimist has a face full of sunshine. He beams and says: "It can be done," and lets George do it. A peptomist takes off his hat, rolls up his sleeves and does it.

Pithy Paragraphs.

—CONCERNING THE ANNUAL "PARADE"—

We are all wondering why ex-Newish Creech was so suddenly filled with joy after an announcement made to the student body a few days ago by Sir John Thomas.

"I'm a flapper, too," said the old hen as she flew down from the barn door. G.

She—I have an appetite like a Canary.

He—You certainly have. You eat a peck at a time.

Pithy Paragraphs.

—WHY BEAT AROUND THE BUSH?—

Newish Freeman—"Hudson, why have you quit going out for football?"

Freshman Hudson—"I saw Pagano tackle Jack Boylin."

I kissed a girl

I got the colic

Say now, how could I know

The rouge she used contained carbolic—

How could she treat me so?

Old Gold and Black.

"That's the guy I'm laying for"—said the hen as Deacon Jones crossed the barnyard.

—AS A HELP TO ENGLISH II STUDENTS—

Two little coons on the bridge a-sittin'

Two little dice back and forth a-flittin',

Hole in a board where a knot's a-missin';

Paradise lost.

W. C.

—COMPLICATED ANATOMY—

The teacher asked the class to write an essay about frogs. Willie wrote: "What a wonderful bird the frog are? When he stand, he sit, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't

got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail, hardly, either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

Wampus Cat.

—A LITTLE FREE ADVICE—

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, he's a fool, Shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple, Teach him.

He who knows but knows not that he knows, he's asleep, Awaken him.

But he who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise, Follow him.

—SUMMER SCHOOL REMINISCENCES—

Freshman—"What is your favorite cake?"

Summer School Montague—"Zu Zu" (of course)???

—A COMPLICATED COURSE—

Senior Hamilton—"Bennett, are you taking the B.A., or LL.B., course?"

Freshman Bennett—"Why neither! I'm taking the freshman course."

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLII

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 2

THE COMING AND GOING

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

Thus has it been for ages,
Nor time will alter:
Eyes, baby-eyes, softly opening
To behold
A world unknown,
Full of pillows,
Smooth walls,
Fresh flowers,
And people
Who view the pink flesh
And face full of wonder.
Then the doctor departs
And the baby is christened.
Eyes, aged-eyes, softly closing
To behold
A world unknown,
Full of space,
Noisless space,
And a road long and endless,
That stretches toward sun-set
And twilight
And darkness.
Then the undertaker comes
And carts away the dead.

FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY

A. W. P., '24

Horatius Lamprey Smith was a very studious young man. And so was Dudworth Carlo-Reese. The former had diligently applied himself to his work while in college, and had come out with highest honors. He had the record of never having been late to class, absent from chapel, and never loafing around the campus. When he left his home town for Yale, the Hogsneck Daily Breeze had published a twenty-five line article (written and paid for by himself) telling what this illustrious gentleman intended to do. It was his "firm and unyielding intention," so the article ran "to pursue knowledge with firm and unyielding vigor." How well he had pursued this course was well known by his classmates who had firmly and unyieldingly left him alone ever since Freshman hazing had failed to make him forget his superiority. So he had studied, and by the time his fourth year came around, he had acquired the reputation of belonging to that species that feature as hero of the books we used to get for Sunday School Christmas presents—a species that generally died young. But fortunately for this story, Horatius Lamprey Smith did not die young. And neither did Dudworth Carlo-Reese, who was the same type of fellow exactly.

Horatius Lamprey Smith had graduated from Yale with highest honors, as I have already remarked, and so did Dudworth Carlo-Reese. Now these two young gentlemen, having applied themselves so earnestly to the acquiring of knowledge, had not had time to fall in love, as so many foolish undergraduates do. Consequently, when with diplomas in hand they faced the cold cruel world, they did not have to scurry around and find a job in order to provide ribbons and notions

and green parasols and pink ehi—(something that sounds like a sneeze, I think), nor did they have to worry about meeting milliners bills or any thing like that. The realization of their happy, free state came over Horatius with a thrill one evening as he read the wedding notice of one of his classmates, to his chum. "Dudworth," he said with conviction, "may we never fall into such a pitfall."

"Ah, yes indeed", answered Dudworth, who always agreed with Horatius. He always looked up to Horatius, because the latter had received 97 in an essay on the "Aphorisms of Epictetus Compared With Those of Epictotus" while Dudworth had received only 96 in his.

"Do you know," said Horatius after a pause, "I have been thinking of devoting my leisure time to writing a scientific treatise on the subject of 'Feminine Psychology.' I believe it would answer a long-needed want, although I am sorry to say not a long-felt one."

"Yes," agreed Dudworth again, "the need is pressing. When one sees the number of wedding notices in the papers nowadays, one's sympathetic nature is forced to urge immediate action. You may count on me to give what feeble aid I can to such an undertaking."

There and then the agreement was settled. They were to be partners in an enterprise that would mean the "enfranchisement of the masculine world from a thralldom as dreadful as it is unrealized at the present time." These were the words that Horatius wrote down in the diary which he kept in case some one wished to publish his biography some day.

The next few months were busy ones for Horatius Lamprey Smith. And for Dudworth Carlo-Reese they were the same. Both had been voracious readers of philosophy and psychology, and now they applied themselves to the searching of "many a curious volume of forgotten lore." Both were as enthusiastic about the work as could be, for although they had very

little to do with their fellow men, they made claim to a feeling of sympathy, in the abstract at least. They spoke frequently to one another of their mission in life, and on more than one occasion tears were seen to drop from Dudworth's eyes as Horatius spoke of their great responsibility.

Now, pause just a moment, gentle reader, lest there be some mistake as to the purpose of these young men. Both were of a very tender disposition, and knowing the folly of those unfortunate men who succumb to—what shall I say, subtle influences?—were determined to give their advanced knowledge to their generation and to posterity, so that men of less intellectual capacity than themselves might be better warned against the dangers that surround them.

"Suppose men do not take warning!" said Dudworth one day.

"Never mind, my dear Dudworth," said Horatius consolingly, "it will be enough for us to know that we have done our duty, then perhaps we shall never see the fruits of our efforts.

Before long, they had some manuscript ready. No one was allowed to see it. But you, my reader, and I, simply must find a way to see that manuscript. Let us change ourselves into astral-bodies (which as you know can go thru walls or anything), and let us go thru Horatius' bottom bureau-drawer where he undoubtedly keeps it.

Here we are, now, and what a bureau drawer it is. Where are the pink and blue envelopes, and the faded flowers, and the love-lyrics scribbled in a large unformed boyish hand? Alas, we realize that Horatius was not a collector of such things! But here is the manuscript that we have been looking for. Part one is a catechism to be taught to boys about four years of age, and to be reviewed every year of their lives. We quote only a mild part.

Question: What is the chief duty of man.

Answer: To remain as long as possible in the state of freedom in which he is born.

Q: What is the chief duty of woman,?

A: To hinder man from remaining in that state of freedom. (Men take warning)

Q: How may man remain in the state of freedom?

A: By buying a copy of "Feminine Psychology" and obeying its precepts.

Q: Is it true of women that "They're all the same?"

A: No. There are no two the same. Their tactics are infinitely variable. (Men take warning)

Q: What are the two hardest periods of a man's life.

A: Before marriage and after it.

Q: What is life?

A: One thing after another all the time.

Q: What is married life?

A: Two things after each other all the time.

This is an example, my dear readers, of the stuff that Horatius Lamprey Smith wishes to teach to your four year old children, and mine. Let us now make some quotations from part two.

"In every love affair the man is the aggressive one, according to tradition. But this is not true. Just as the spider lies still and lets the fly catch himself, so a young lady watches a young man struggle and entangle himself in the net she has prepared for him, while he compliments himself on the success of his labors."

"The logical thing for a man to do is to go to a non co-ed school. The logical thing for a girl to do is to go to a co-ed school."

"Does a man ever choose a wife from intellectual considerations? No. Blue eyes count more than gray matter"

At the end of part two was a list of books for students who wish to pursue the subject further. This list is available, but

cannot be published here. Of course the average reader will already see that our hero was not altogether original in his statements. But to him we owe the credit of having put all these statements into scientific order, where they can do the most damage.

But hush! We must make no sound to betray the presence of our astral-bodies, for here enter our heroes themselves.

"Yes, I believe Professor Flukem was right when he said that we should have some practical experience," Horatius was saying.

"How strange that that has never occurred to us before" added Dudworth.

"Of course we could not learn anything essentially different from what we know now, but it would do no harm."

"Have you any girl-friends" asked Dudworth.

"No. I never really cared to have much to do with them," answered Horatius. "They are so inexcusably boring. I remember the time I began to discuss my essay on Epictetus, with a girl I met at a tea affair. All she said was, "That's awfully interesting, which, as a Psychologist, you will immediately recognize as an ignorance-of-the-subject complex."

"Yes, I know that the experience is not an enjoyable one, although I do not recall ever having spoken to one myself. However, no sacrifice is too great for science."

The outcome of this conversation was that Horatius secured an invitation from an old friend of his to attend a party that week and to bring a girl he had never met, but who would be a good type to study according to reports. Everything was arranged in the nicest manner possible. These were the most important steps in the arrangement:

1. Horatius happened to hear that his old friend was having a party.

2. He made "just a passing call" on this old friend, and began to talk of his classmates and how he would like to see

them again, etc. Toward the end of the evening, the old friend found that there was nothing to do but say, "By the way old fellow, I'm having a party, here, next Friday night, won't you join us?" "Well, thanks, I think I will," answered Horatius. The old friend promised to find a girl for him to bring, and Horatius left in five minutes.

3. The old friend called a girl named Luella Winston (one of the kind that do not get taken to parties very often) and she readily said "all right."

4. In the Palmo Hotel one noon, the old friend and Luella Winston met Horatius (just as if by accident), became quite sociable, and ended by Horatius asking the young lady to accompany him to the party, and her accepting.

5. On Friday evening he rang the doorbell of her house and nervously waited. One, two, three, four, five—just like that,—and how much it was going to mean in his life. But that is getting ahead of our story.

The crowd in the old friend's house was a merry one that evening. Horatius did not say much. He sat quietly trying to observe everyone. Some of those young fellows really seemed to be having a good time, he mused. Oh, well, that was easy enough for anyone of the stupid average. As for himself, he preferred the sombre mood. About the middle of the evening dancing began. Oh that horrible music! How it grated on his ears! He did not dance. He had never cared to learn. He therefore sat at the side of the room and tried to wear an interested expression while watching the others. Luella Winston sat at the side too. (She was the kind of girl that is not asked to dance very often). But not having willfully separated herself from society, she knew what a young lady should do under the circumstances. That is how she knew that she should suggest going out and sitting in one of the automobiles.

That was quite agreeable to Horatius. He was glad to note that she was a person who, like himself, did not dance; and he thought that undoubtedly she was tired of this foolish environment and would like to step outside, away from the jingle and silly chatter. He determined to discuss the "Aphorisms of Epictotus" with her.

She led the way to the rear seat of a large touring car, and stepped lightly into it. He followed, closing the door behind him. "My but it's nice out here," she said taking a deep breath. He settled down in the leather-cushioned seat leaving a small space between her and himself. "Yes," he remarked in a very formal tone, "it is." When I say formal, I mean as formal as he could make it. Because once seated comfortably beside her, a change seemed to come over him. At first he almost felt like crying for help. This was such an unusual situation and it seemed to him that even his voice was different. And even worse than that, try as he might he found it impossible to start his discussion of Epictotus. They sat in silence for some time. Once or twice he looked at her and saw those large yearning eyes, for in the dimness of the light thy did look large and yearning. Moreover the dimness of the light had completed the work that she had spent almost an hour on, with paint, and powder, and calsomime, and red lead, and who knows what. I dont. Neither did Horatius.

At last she spoke. "Do you know, I have always been thrilled by the name Horatius." Horatius was very much pleased at this. She continued, "it always makes me think of that ancient man who stood at the bridge." At this allusion to the ancients, Horatius was about to enter upon the discussion he had planned, but somehow he couldn't quite start it. By some accident, they had slipped toward the middle of the seat, and Horatius felt her warm elbow against his. She *was* different from the ordinary crowd of females he thought; and a strange warm glow starting from his chest went thru him

like a fever, and mounted to his head like wine. He looked at her again with something like pity—and yet it was not exactly pity, either. She was smaller than he and when he looked at her he experienced that hypnotizing fascination of having a woman look up to him. “What a big strong boy you are,” she said. The words went thru Horatius like a thrill. Yes, come to think of it, he *was* big and strong. At least her saying so made him think so, and the thought gave him great pleasure. And for her to call him a boy—from any other person he would have resented it as a reproach to his dignity—but from her, and at that moment, it gave him a sense of boyish delight. And as her arm pressed more closely against his (entirely by accident) he uttered a low boyish giggle.

Sh! Let us go. Who are you and I that our eyes should desecrate that scene. Put yourself in the place of Horatius. Would you care to have the bold eyes of an intruder fastened upon you? No. And neither would I if I were so fortunate as to ever be in a similar circumstance. Sh; I say. Let us go.

On Saturday morning, the morning after that memorable Friday night, Dudworth Carlo-Reese entered the suite of office rooms where he and his chum had been meeting day by day to consult on their book. He was late and had an anxious look on his face. The night before he, too, had been to a party to get some practical experience. We will not go into details. He had gone with a Methodist minister's daughter. That is sufficient. Imagine his surprise this morning on finding that Horatius had not yet arrived. He waited nervously, and at about ten o'clock his partner came in. They looked at each other queerly, and neither spoke for a while. Dudworth puffed vigorously at a cigarette. Horatius had never seen him smoke before. At last Dudworth said, “you are late this morning, Horatius.”

“Yes” answered Horatius, “I had to see about some business. I stopped in at the American and Atlantic company's

office. Dudworth flushed. On his knee lay the "Help Wanted" section of the morning paper. At nine o'clock that morning he had answered the American and Atlantic company's ad. He looked suspiciously at Horatius. "Thinking of going into business?" he asked. Horatius answered very seriously, "yes, I have been thinking of it."

"I've been thinking of the very same thing myself," said Dudworth. "I think I will need more money to live on.—What of the book?" he added, after a pause. "Really, Dudworth, I don't think I'll have time to work on it any more," replied Horatius Lampery Smith.

"To tell the truth, Horatius, I don't think I will either," added Dudworth Carlo-Reese.

BROWNING'S "AN EPISTLE"

A STRANGE MEDICAL EXPERIENCE OF KARSHISH, THE ARAB
PHYSICIAN—AN INTERPRETATION

W. O. KELLEY

"Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?" is the question raised—and never settled—by the learned Arab physician in Robert Browning's "Epistle of Karshish."

Karshish, a keen Arab physician, learned in all the science of his day, is travelling through the Holy Land as a "Picker-up of learning's crumbs." As he travels he writes his observations, discoveries, etc., to

"—Abib, all sagacious in our art,
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,"

in order to advance the medical science of his day.

In this epistle, the twenty-second of the series, Karshish would write of his discoveries in scalp-diseases, falling sickness, virtues from spiders, etc., but he has had a strange experience with a madman of Bethany who claims to have been raised from the dead by a divine power. So strongly has this man, Lazarus, impressed the Arab physician that he cannot write about the "More important matters" of his science, for

"His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth."

He thus calls upon the great scientist, Abid, his master, to help explain the mysterious case.

Versed in all the learning of his day as he is, Karshish has a keen sense of shame that he should be so deeply moved by what he has seen. Hence he attempts to explain the strange case of this man, who holds that he was dead and rose again, according to his scientific knowledge. Failure to account for all observable facts would be an evidence of weakness; therefore

"T'is but a case of mania: subinduced
 By epilepsy, at the turning point
 Of trance prolonged unduly some three days,"
 writes the physician. After diagnosing the case at length and offering an explanation of it, Karshish compromises his position by doubting and even denying that his own explanation accounts for the facts in the case. He acknowledges that all his learning is insufficient to explain the facts, for he reasons that any one undergoing such a trance would be physically worn down. This was not true of Lazarus who was

"Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,
 The body's habits wholly laudable,
 As much indeed beyond the common health
 As he were made and put aside to show."

Realizing his own inability to explain the strange malady, Karshish calls out in desperation to his teacher, Abib, demanding,

"Could we penetrate by any drug
 And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
 And bring it clear and fair, by three day's sleep?"

Then follows the vital question of the pagan physician which searches the whole poem for an answer,

"Whence has the man the balm that brightened all?"

This question is an acknowledgement that science has utterly failed to account for observable facts, and at the same time is an appeal to a higher power for help.

The physician then undertakes to describe Lazarus' condition at length. He is as a child with no appreciation of the relative values of things, based on the pagan conception of relative values, like one whose knowledge has

"Increased beyond the fleshly faculty—
 Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
 Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven
 and yet no fool."

Moreover, he

"Holds on firmly to some thread of life—
The spiritual life around the earthly life;
The law of that is known to him as this,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.

And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again
His sage that bade him 'Rise' and he did rise

Professedly the faultier that he knows
God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.
Indeed the especial marking of the man
Is prone submission to the heavenly will.

He will live, nay it pleaseth him to live
So long as God please, and just how God please.

—He loves both old and young,
Able and weak, affects the very brutes
and birds—how say I? Flowers of the field—
As a wise workman recognizes tools
In a master's workshop, loving what they make.
Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb."

Leaving this mad man for a minute, Karshish next attempts to explain the nature of the Nazarene who wrought the marvelous cure, and tell of how He was put to death,

"Accused—our learning's fate—of wizardry,
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule
And creed prodigious as he scribed to me."

Loath as he is to admit anything beyond the power of his scientific knowledge, Karshish cannot refrain from giving expression to his swelling belief in the divine power of the man, Lazarus. Of this he says

"I loathe to give it thee"

for

“ (—After all, our patient Lazarus
Is stark mad; should we count on what he says?
Perhaps not: tho’ in writing to a leech
’Tis well to keep back nothing of a case).
This man so cured regards, then,
As—God forgive me! who but God himself,
Creator and sustainer of the world,
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile
—Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know.”

Again the Arab physician attempts to discount the whole story of the risen Lazarus as he turns abruptly from the story of the great Nazarene and asks,

“—But why all this of what he saith?
Why write of trivial matters, things of price
Calling at every moment for remark?”

He thereupon tells briefly of discovering certain flowers and plants in his travels, but clearly his interest is in the man, Lazarus, and not in these discoveries. Thus, Karshish’s only answer to the great searching question which he had raised is, “It is strange!” Browning leaves us here purposely. Through a series of poems he is developing the one God idea from the old pagan conception of religion. Beginning at the very bottom of the ladder, so to speak, in “Caliban Upon Setebos,” Browning develops the one God idea through his “Cleon,” “Karshish,” and “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” reaching a climax in “Saul” with the development of the Christ idea of salvation. “Karshish,” therefore is but a middle step in the culmination of the Christ idea.

This whole “Epistle of Karshish” then, seems to be a revelation of the mystery and power of the love of God in the

life and death of his Son. Karshish has convictions and conjectures of the heart through this strange man, Lazarus, which all the learning of science cannot banish or reduce. The ardor of Lazarus, his divine look, his hallowed face, his queer valuation of things, his calm, his possession of some great secret which gave new meaning to everything, his gentleness, his love, etc., are memories which the learned physician cannot forget. A greater power lies in this man who holds that he was dead and rose again than in all the learning and science of the day. Karshish not only is deeply impressed by the sublime strangeness of Lazarus; he has, too, an unexpressed desire to believe in this revelation, as told by Lazarus, of God as love. The secret of the power of this mad man—the secret of Jesus—fills and stirs his soul to its depths.

Science may well pause and consider a thought so powerful and beautiful as is expressed in this poem. There is something more in man than can be analyzed by the cold, matter-of-fact process of science. Man is more than matter; he is spirit, and when he is in right relationship with his Creator he is more powerful than all the scientists of the ages. He has even conquered death, the arch enemy of the pagan. Science cannot explain everything, and here is a case in point where the wisdom of the foolish hath put to shame the learning of the wise. Some things must be felt in the very heart and soul of man. Science is great but love is ever supreme.

“So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
 So, thro’ the thunder comes a human voice
 And thou must love me who have died for thee!”
 Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
 Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine:
 But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
 Sayin, ‘O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 The madman saith HE said so; *it is strange.*”

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS

I. C. PAIT, '23

I Travail

Dark, dark the muttering cloud is lowly hanging,
Its fitful breath bespeaks of painful joy ;
Delirious rumblings issue from its deep throat
As streams of fiery pain shoot through its form.
Sonorous breaths are laden with great tear-drops.
The earth is gripped by storm-hands, fierce and strong,
Which, in their frenzied might, exhaust their own strength
And mutilate the beauties of the earth.
The cloud is rent, the universe is groaning ;
With drunken pain the cloud reels forth—recedes,
And tears itself, until, with strength exhausted
It lies upon its couch of azure blue,
And lapses into quiet—the labor finished—
For birth is given to its wonderous child :

The Bow.

II Sacrifice

Deep sinks the seed into its bed—the cold earth ;
Shut from the light of day, it sighs and pines.
The dismal rain-drops fall in slanting streamlets,
And the voices of the sighing winds are sad.
Broad fields of stubble, sear and brown from winter,
Stretch like great skeletons of other days.
The songs of birds seem frozen, sad, and lonely,
As though great, frigid clutches pin them down.
The waiting world seems pleading, broken-hearted,
Like royalty garbed in a beggar's rags.

The sun's rays gently touch the seed, reclining,
And whisper that the world is drear and gray,
And that the spring is waiting, waiting, waiting;
Waiting for the tender blades of grass,
And the flowers to come and clothe anew the mother
Earth whose garments hang so sear and brown.
Then, that its mission may be wholly finished,
The seed gives up the spark of life it holds.
Mysterious as a new-born child, there springs forth
The infant shoot to clothe anew the earth;
Thus beauty of the spring once more is given,
And death makes smooth the path that beauty treads.

III A Voice of Night

O Ebon Lady! Multitudinous thy twinkling eyes
That lure me on to rapturous, ardent love,
And kindle in my soul a boundless passion
For the purity reflected in their depths.
As on thy heaving, throbbing, pulsing bosom
I lean my weary head for virtuous strength,
My trembling soul wells up among the courses:
Eternal pathways of thy glowing orbs.
As I adore their depths of shining purity,
Thy voice, O Ebon Lady, thousand-toned
And sweet, nectarous sweet, doth urge me onward
To place my life among the pure and strong.
Oh, give me of thy strength, sweet Ebon Lady!
To dare be pure as thou art ever pure.

IV Winter's Approach

With low-tinkling music the soft, warm rain is falling,
Reviving anew the sun-scorched fields and woods,
From whence the summer seemed already departed,

But now strays back to bid a last adieu.
The green, tender blades shoot forth from well-browned
stubbles,
Inviting the Dew-folk again to hang their sprays
Of sparkling gems upon their low-arched shoulders.
A gorgeous breath from a golden rod, late-staying,
Revived by the warm rain, intreats the straying bee
To sup. Or, perhaps a wee, lone honeysuckle
seduces the scarlet-throat. The garden beds,
The fields, the woods, the hills, the deep-dipping valleys
Are dressed again in gala day attire.
The wee summer gods seem tired and sleep without
watching.
A merciless giant appears on the boulder-topped hill
And stares. A crystalline breath sweeps over the landscape
Awaking the slumbering gods. In terror they rise
And flee from the withering breath of desolation,
Not daring to snatch one gem from the gnawing cold.

THE WINDS OF INFLUENCE

GAY G. WHITAKER, '23

Sixteen miles directly west of Mount Mitchell in the hills of Western North Carolina, and on the banks of the Swannanoa River which flows timidly by as it passes on down the valley encircling the Asheville plateau, stands the primitive little village of Ravensville. The mountains, rugged and shaggy, with their typical bluish appearance, standing on every side, look down on the restful stream as it winds on towards the lowlands enchanting the picturesqueness of the landscape.

When darkness had closed in on the evening of April 23, 1917, and wrapped the little village in its robe of subdued sunlight, the great hills lay silent in the stillness breathing and throbbingly whispering the sacredness of the hour. Occasionally a dove would whisper out its note of loneliness, while at broken intervals the weirdness of an old owl's call, drifting in from the mountain side, added its itinerant part to the sullen atmosphere sweeping over the land. A feeling of uncertainty reigned everywhere, that feeling of awe, of unhappiness, and restlessness that often creeps into the hearts of human beings and causes them to wonder and long for the morrow with its sunshine.

"Can I ever stand it all? O, gracious, can I ever—ever bear it all?" sobbed a mother standing in the doorway of the Walden home and looking searchingly and wistfully into the east, "my boy, my boy, why have you wrecked your life, forsaken your mother and disgraced the old family name? Heaven, why am I allowed to live and see my baby boy go down in sin and ruin? Can I ever face it all—can I?" The tears chased down her face as her thoughts went out to God.

Almost four years ago, her youngest son, Lucas, had entered college in September following his father's death in May. Dur-

ing these four years of her son's absence Mrs. Walden had cheerfully passed the days by idolizing her boy all the while, anxious for his return and expectant of greatest success in his collegiate work. But tonight she was unhappy, the boy she was expecting home in only a few weeks a graduate, would be home tomorrow with shame and dishonor upon him. The evening mail had brought to her an ill-omened message from the president of the college telling her of her son's unfortunate plight and announcing his expulsion from the institution, the charge being, "continued immoral and indecent conduct." This was so sudden, never for one time had she doubted his purity, his honesty and uprightness, and she had always believed he would be true to his parents and hold high the name of the Waldens. How differently it was tonight, she stood there, unhappy, miserable, her soul filled with stings of deepest grief.

At this same hour while his mother battled restlessly with her thoughts back in the little home in the hills, almost three hundred miles away in a stuffy, dingy, smoky study room in the Banes dormitory, the scene was entirely different. Hilarity, glee, revelry, and sin, tinged and tarnished with an atmosphere of ill repute, ruled predominant. Four gambling collegians, young Walden and three others of his clan, sat at a table flashing a deck of celluloid cards. At the center of the table a pyramidal pile of matches represented the money at stake. On the floor at their side sat two empty bottles, fresh with the odor of whiskey. A revolver lying on the dresser cast out its silvery reflections as the light fell upon it—the stillness of the hour and the silence of the night gave no evidence of purity, for the only words spoken proved to be a constant flow of vile and profane language.

"Blame you, it's just good enough for you, Lucas Walden, you ought to be shipped. I'll be glad when you're *gone*. A bigger liar and rogue, a more cowardly rascal and thief has never been at this college since the institution was dumfounded—I

mean founded," snarled one of the losers addressing young Walden, as the greenish insane light sparkled in his eyes showing the effects of the alcohol.

"You go to the devil," snapped the drunken youth in return, "you agreed to agree—gree, grec, greed to the consensuses, or, er I mean the consequentialities of this poker game. So shut up, or I'll throw you out the window like a paper collar." After this the quarrel ceased.

Three hours later in his room, Walden stood reeling and staggering over his table as he attempted to count the spoils of the night's escapade. He had been successful indeed in gathering in his "come hither lucky dividends," and again tonight he had maintained his high mark of proficiency as an expert gambler. He fell across the bed with a groan and a pretentious sigh of relief, a revolver clutched in his hand. Soon he was mastered by his drunken stupor and became dead to the world. He cared less than nothing for what might be drifting his way, for he was through college now, "shipped," and next day he must leave, paying penance for his conduct and ill report.

When Lucas Walden helped load his trunk into the truck next morning at the entrance to the dormitory he was restless, there was a feeling of deep regret in his heart, yet he called it fun. He looked across a campus he could not call his own, the college had disowned him. Hurriedly saying good-bye to a few of his friends who chanced to be standing near, he whirled about and was gone. Almost halfway across the campus and near the center of the college grounds he paused and stopped. Raising his eyes he saw before him the name of his brother on the marble monument which had been dedicated to the college heroes in the World War. He had seen the name before, yet it had been almost forgotten, but somehow this morning it glared before him in brazen letters and the memory of his brother's life and honor was fresh in his mind. He passed on muttering: "He's better off than I am, for I've

gone to the devil, and if I haven't I'm on my way. I wonder what mama will say when I turn in tonight—it don't make a blame bit of difference, for I'm just an ordinary professional A-1 gamling cuss, and I can't help it. Hurrah for Babylon, John Wilkes Booth and Cozlgos! I'm as mean as any on them!"

Forcing ahead as the steam hissed and hummed escaping from the panting engine, the train found its way ramblingly up the Blue Ridge late that afternoon. A steady rain had begun falling and as the winds sweeping around the curves took up the sport, the drops were dashed against the windows of the train, while the world outside looked like a vast expanse loneliness perched above the valleys. Finally, defying the ascent and circling the summit the train now glided down the other side as an imposter in the night searching for the lowlands, the brilliant headlight glaring and the whistle shrieking reminding the inhabitants in the valley below of the coming of the train. Twenty minutes later the engine was silent in the station at Ravensville, as a youth pressed his way through the crowds of mountain folk, who consider it the greatest pastime to meet all trains, and stepped out into the darkness for home.

He quickened his pace and his heart beat faster as he neared the gate at the end of the lane leading up to the Walden farm house. What kind of an atmosphere would he find there? How could he look his mother in the eyes with a countenance of innocence? What would his mother say? These questions found constant refuge in his brain, but presently that sneering defiant attitude swept over him and he laughed, an uncertain pretentious chuckle of glee.

"I see you are home again," whispered a voice as he entered the hall. Turning about he recognized, suprisingly, Dr. Vance.

"Why hello, Doc. how are you?"

"Hush my boy, make as little noise as possible, I am greatly grieved to tell you your mother is dangerously ill, and—you—."

"What, mama ill—? *my mother?*"

"Don't take it so seriously," cautioned the doctor," maybe she will be better now that you have come home. Although she is unconscious at present, let us hope she will be much better by early morning; her nerves were unable to bear the shock of your misfortune."

The youth fell into a chair with a groan. Never before till this night had he realized the first fruits of his sin. The whole world seemed to close in on him with an atmosphere of scorn and rebuke as he sat there penitently trying to grasp it all and find peace at heart for his deeds. The past with all its murkiness and wretchedness now glared before him. The hours, each seeming weeks, dragged slowly by. The night wore on with no tear of pity or whisper of sympathy for the youth, while his mother lay silent fighting death.

When morning dawned the clouds still hung low and the trees on the mountains swayed and howled cringingly as the winds swept up from the east. The rain was still falling, the world outside joined in the grayish, sullen monotone. Mrs. Walden had not revived.

At almost 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon the first signs of recovery were seen in the woman's face, and she opened her eyes with a semi-conscious stare. In a few hours she was much better, and improved speedily for the next two or three days. Lucas was hopeful now, and he promised himself that he would tell his mother the whole story and pledge anew his faith and allegiance to her. But somehow it was almost impossible for him to look his mother in the face. He tried to avoid her presence.

Early Sunday morning, following his arrival on Tuesday, as he passed the door his mother called to him: "Lucas, please come in and talk to mama, won't you? You—I don't understand you, you are not one bit like yourself."

At the call of his mother the youth turned around abruptly and advanced toward the bed. His face showed every sign of

resentment, he longed to be away, out in the world anywhere. He could not face the painful look in his mother's eyes. He wanted to tell her everything, but still this would not make amends for the shame and disgrace now thrust upon him and the family name.

"Mama, please don't talk to me, don't ask me questions," he pleaded, "it's of no use—let me go away and try to forget it all. Promise me you won't worry." He turned to go.

"Don't leave me son, tell me all, your mother loves you, and—and you must—."

"Hush, hush mama, don't talk to me of *love*. You can never care for me again. I have wrecked my life, our name is dishonored—our home disgraced. Mother please don't tell me you care one thing for your reckless, wretched son." The pallor of his face reflected the thoughts in his heart.

"O, my boy, my boy, what in the world do you mean? I know you have almost wrecked your life. It was so sudden. I could hardly believe it—I have never for one time doubted your purity and manliness. Heaven knows I have longed for the time when you would come home from college, your work completed and the mark of pure manhood upon your face. I have longed for you to follow in the footsteps of your daddy and be a man like he was—I have never expected anything different, but now—O, Lucas, why have you—why have you—?" Great tears rolled down the sobbing woman's face, flowing from a heart crushed and torn with wounds born in the depths of a troubled soul.

"Mama, mama, you may never forgive me, but listen, I want to tell you everything," said the youth with a tremor of earnestness in his voice, "I want to begin away back at the beginning and tell why it has all happened." Reaching out and gathering his mother's hands in his, he sat there for almost two minutes as if in deepest thought. He began with due deliberation:

"Now what I am going to say will be strange and new to you, but it's every word true. To begin with, the foundation for my conduct, the seeds of my sinful life were sown when I was just a tiny boy. I shall never forget just how it all happened, and what was said and done to make me as I am and bring dishonor to us all. It was when I was nine years of age. As you know grandfather and I were great pals. You remember how I played over at his house most of the time. Well, one day I was over there,—I remember distinctly it was in the springtime, right in the springtime of my life too when the influences about me were marking out the pathways of my future kingdom,—grandfather called me into the house from the creek in which I had been playing. I was wet and dirty, my trousers were dripping with water and as I entered the door, he asked me to come sit on his knee. I did, and then he began pulling my hair and scratching my feet and very soon I began to get angry with him. He laughed and said for me to say "n-m-a-d," three times. I did. Again he asked me to say it, and once again I repeated it. He pulled my toes again, and then asked me to begin at the other end of the combination of letters and see if I could form a word out of them. I tried to think and reason it but I couldn't spell the word to save my life. He pinched my cheek and implored me to spell it after him, "d-a-m-n." I spelled it, and then he made me say it over and over again. Many times he pinched me and pulled my hair, I cried but he only laughed at me, and in only a few minutes I was in good practice and using the word fluently."

"Your grandfather! Your frandfather!," interrupted his mother, "I have never dreamed that your life was being influenced by his conduct."

"But mama, you will have to make allowance for him. When he came home from the Civil War I imagine he was filled with dozens of old evil ideas and habits, since you know war naturally breeds sin and corruption; but anyway, when I had re-

ceived my lesson in cursing, he said I must have something to take the water out of my clothes and keep me from being sick. I followed him into the kitchen and there he poured out some stuff that looked like water to me but he said it was "O. B. Joyful and a ready wrinser for wet clothes." He handed me a glass almost half full and asked me to drink. After gulping down two or three swallows I became strangled and didn't drink any more, but still the impression was made, the thirst for the stuff was born in my soul—the example was set. And—"

"I understand, I understand, but then—?" his mother broke in.

"Then from that day till this I have had to fight the temptations coming up before me, and the craving and burning desire which has grown in my life from that hour. You know I have always tried to obey you and do the right thing. I have never allowed myself to fall completely into the slough of deepest sin until last January, when I became completely overmastered and could see no other trail opening before except the lesson taught by grandfather. It was burned into my system, branded on my heart and I had to fall—it was this way. I—."

The young man stopped, something seemed to clutch him—a monster, some great thing, he could feel it seizing his soul and life and warping it into an inevitable hell of wretchedness. He could not speak, he was a victim of that something that held him. Could he ever tell his mother the whole story? He wanted to tell her everything, but that maddening intuition battled with his will power and fought desperately the part of the soul-assassin.

"Mama, for God's sake don't look at me that way, and *please* stop crying." He wiped the tears gently from his mother's face. "It was the first Sunday night in January of this year that it all happened. I had just returned to college from my vacation, and "Slim" Tucker invited me over to his room for a friendly card game. I had never gambled a bit in my life,

or played cards more than just social games, and I tell the honest truth when I say that during the three and half years I had been in school up until this time, I had lived a life almost beyond reproach. I had always fought against the evil influences and tried to be true to you and what you would have me be; but anyway I accepted the invitation and went over, thinking of nothing unusual. "Slim" had some visitors and among them was a wealthy fellow from Virginia by the name of Vance McLynch. Well, we plunged into the card game and the interest increased, and very soon the dudish rich fellow said there wasn't enough pep in the game and suggested that someone dare him with a bet. "Slim" responded to the challenge and drew out a roll of money—five, ten and twenty dollar bills, and McLynch did the same thing. They called on me to "put up" or get out of the game. I sat there completely at a loss for a few minutes. I was trying to decide. Finally I yielded and drew out my check book. The game started in earnest now, the interest grew more intense. All were covetously yearning for the four hundred and eighty dollars before us. The game tightened in and it looked like I was going to be the loser—I was in a frenzy and didn't know what to do. O, that money, it glared before me and I yearned for it—my whole being seemed to be hanging on winning that money. Then suddenly the thought of my grandfather came to me, I could see him—I remembered distinctly the time he taught me to swear, the time he gave me the whiskey—and—"

"Hush, Lucus, hush, don't say another word. I can't stand it," implored Mrs. Walden, pressing to the front side of the bed.

"But I must tell it all," insisted the youth, "then I began to try to imagine some scheme by which I could make sure the winning of the game. I tried to think of some plan of changing the cards or slipping them. The game was almost over, only one or two more plays and someone must win. Heavens, mama, how I longed for that money—only *one* more play. I drew a

long breath. A thousand devils seemed to be all around me—I didn't know what to do, but something seized me and bowing my head with the fatal card clutched in my hand, I prayed in an instant: "O Devil, help me to win it and I will dedicate my life to *you*." The last play was made and—and—I had *won*. Since that time, mother, O, mother since that night—!"

The woman was unable to bear the strain any longer, she screamed: "My boy! My boy!" The cold sweat stood out on her forehead. Tears drenched her pallid face. She closed her eyes—again she was unconscious.

Young Walden knelt by the side of the bed—the whole world swung about him in one great vale of pitiless and drenching gloom. He cried, and the tears that rolled from his face to the floor were not those flowing from a hardened soul or the make-believe offerings of a stubborn will, but those from the depths of a broken spirit, and sting-clutched, aching heart; he cried as a little child, as he kissed again and again the lips of his greatest friend. Already her hands were cold and the atmosphere hovering over the scene announced the coming of Death's archangel. The youth swooned and fell into a chair, sobbing: "O, my grandfather! My grandfather!

With mother's blood and my wrecked life your debts are paid—*why—why?*"

THE VOICE OF EVENING

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

I

The red flare in the fountain of the West,
The sweet scent of the Carolina wood,
The star-specked fringe of Evening's grayish hood
That soothes the pulse-beat of the world to rest,—

These are the sober, musing mind's delight;
And this the moment when his memory yields
Its richest harvest in its treasure fields—
When Day creeps down below approaching Night.

When Day stands still a moment, and extends
Its golden fingers thru the latticed sky,
And bids farewell; as—just about to die—
With its last breath, to Night a greeting sends.

And sends it last warm message to the heart,
And throbs its last red flood thru every vein,
Transfusing with the pale thin human strain
A ruddier life-blood than the human part.

This was the hour I sought the wooded crest;
And, silent, walked among the silent Pines,
Their intercrossing boughs and dim outlines,
Giving slight glimpses of the Night that pressed

Into their interspaces. Here and there
The star-lamps, hasting where the Day had fled,
Beamed out their growing lights; while overhead
Towered the Pine-spires thru the darkening air.

II

Those Pines, those prophet-Pines, that thru the years
Point upward, ever upward to the skies,
Urge my poor struggling thoughts and bid them rise
To that sublimer realm, where no vague fears

Nor dark misgivings can disturb the mind;
Where sight, and sound and sense have lost all power;
And only memory comes—a various shower
Of thoughts, far keener than the Winter's wind,

And thoughts that from their height see greater truth,
And travel wider orbits than before,
And see thru all of life; and knowing more,
Have found in knowledge a calm power to soothe

The deep-stressed mind.

III

Here on this Piney slope,
O'erlooking that broad valley and those hills,
The Mystic Voice, whose hush the Eveing fills,
Comes and inspires with courage and with hope.

New courage for a night that still grows dark,
New hope for sunrise that is not yet seen.
And now while musing over what has been,
What is, and what will be, that Voice comes.

Hark!

E'en now it breathes. Its very highest peak
Of power is silence, and a hush, its tone.
God is a silent God, and he alone
Who knows the Voice of Silence, hears Him speak.

That Silent Voice,—at first it seemed so new,
So strange, so vague; but now it comes so clear
That he who listens cannot help but hear,
And understand, and know that it is true.

And, understanding, cannot help but feel
A greater power, a greater urge to live
Than any feeble Earthly power can give;
And with this power, he lives with greater zeal.

A greater zeal to strive, to work, to do
Some worth-while task before his time is run,
And, after what he undertakes is done,
To reach, aspiring, out of mortal view.

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM

J. W. BEACH, '25

"Sam."

The rather sharp voice bore the name faintly to the ears of the long, lanky, mountain boy sitting placidly behind the old shed whittling a piece of soft pine.

"Sam."

This time the voice was even more harsh than before. In response the boy rose slowly and with a sigh made his way around the corner just in time to meet his irate "Mater."

"Whar you ben?," asked that none-too-good humored personage.

"Nowhar."

"Haint, eh? Wal, you hitch up old Beck and Kate and go over to the cut and fetch a load of firewood. Step lively now, I want you back here afore dark."

A word of remonstrance rose to the boy's lips, but as if he thought it useless, he gave his broad drooping shoulders a lazy shrug and turned toward the barn. It seemed to him that of all the boys on earth, no other had to bear as much ill treatment as he. He never had any luck, anyway. There was Dave Peeler who had just returned from his first year at college. Gee, he was lucky! Then as he thought of Dave a deep resentment welled up in his soul. Before Dave came home he had stood "Ace High" with Sallie, but now—

"Come here Beck!" he said savagely as he gave the old white mule a sharp cut with the bridle. "Watcha so slow fer?"

After many dire threats and much extravagant language, entirely wasted on the unappreciative ears of his ignoble steeds, he succeeded in hitching them, and clambered awkwardly up to the seat. As the mules lumbered slowly along toward the cut, the boy's thoughts turned again to the "young fop" who dared

step between him and his "gal." As he thought of her beautiful face with its sauey little mouth, her auburn-brown curls and her nymph-like form, his eyes sparkled and his face lighted up with a smile. Soon he would have to pass her house. If he could only catch a glimpse of her lovely face as he passed!

"I'm not going to let Dave Peeler run me away." As he said this half aloud, half to himself, he gritted his teeth savagely, shook his shaggy head stubbornly, and gave "Kate" a stinging crack with his horse-hide lash.

"The little sissy! I'll show him!" he muttered.

In this he was entirely right, for just as he said it the wagon gave a sudden lurch, hurled him from his seat and forced him for a moment to occupy a very undignified position in the little stream that trickled merrily over the rocks by the side of the road. He had been so intent on his gruesome reflections that he had failed to notice the dainty white parasol that shielded from the sun the rather pretty young country lass seated on the opposite bank. It was just this that had thrown terror into the "hearts" of his usually passive team.

With many inward imprecations at those "blasted" mules he drew himself slowly from the mire and glanced ruefully at his dilapidated condition. His clothes, ragged and dirty enough before his catastrophe, were now covered with mud and dripping with water. His wide-brimmed straw hat had fallen in the road when he so unceremoniously left his seat and had been mashed flat by the wheels of the wagon.

For a moment he was speechless. He felt as if some unpardonable outrage had been perpetrated against him.

"Wal, I'll be gol durned." He finally managed to deliver this very appropriate speech most emphatically.

Then he heard a sweet little ripple of laughter that at any other time would have made his heart miss a beat and then pound away at an enormous rate as if trying to make up the loss; but now a dark frown settled on his brow as he turned

quickly to face the girl of his dreams. By her side stood Dave Peeler and they were both laughing at him and seemed to be enjoying his discomfiture immensely. Instantly he was seized by a blinding rage that made his head reel and made him crazy for an instant. At this trying moment his power of speech deserted him and he stood trembling from head to foot with uncontrollable anger. Suddenly jerking off his coat he walked straight up to Dave and shook his great bony fist right under the other's nose.

"Now then, just laugh at me, you—."

"Wassamatter, Freshman?" The fight was averted by a swift kick administered between the fourth and fifth ribs by his bed fellow. The blood-thirsty young freshman looked at his "old lady" with a rather sheepish grin, turned slowly over and was soon peacefully "sawing logs".

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JNO. R. KNOTT, Editor



The New
Spirit

All things are created; some grow to maturity; a few round out a full existence; but all must die. Nothing lives after it becomes useless, and many things die because they never become useful.

Whether it lived to a ripe old age, or whether it died prematurely, we do not know, but the Old Spirit at Wake Forest is dead, and a new one lives. We are rather inclined to believe that the spirit which ushered in the new scholastic year, replaced a spirit grown old with age, indifferent thru criticism, and weak thru inbreeding.

We are glad that the rusty anchor-chain snapt, leaving behind the Old Spirit—an anchor which has held us relentlessly to a code of ideas and customs, given us by past generations, which the present generation finds inadequate to cope with present-day problems.

Affiliation with the literary societies is optional; fraternities are open, and as a result of this introduction of democracy into our midst, this New Spirit lives.

We are free, and the future looks good. The New Spirit which manifested itself so unmistakably at Goldsboro, when Carolina decisively won from Wake Forest, promises to free Wake Forest of all things which characterize a poor student body, and lead us into an ever-widening circle of knowledge, clean sportmanship, and good comradeship.

Fraternities are an essential and a well-recognized factor in the world today. As proof, we find the workmen in every American industry organized, and well-organized, to protect their interests, and the voice of the workmen is one that is heard. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, and others are banding themselves together at intervals to discuss problems of common interest to those of like profession. The denominations of our land all adhere to different faiths, particular creeds and varying doctrines, and the churches within the denominations are becoming as rigid and fixt in their patronage as can be. Do the members of the First Baptist Church attend the services of the Second Baptist Church, and vice versa? (Any town or city, for example.) They are as careful not to do so as they are to attend the services of their own church. What, then, we ask ourselves, are churches? We do not attempt to answer theologically, but this we do know, they are, whether they admit it or not, fraternities. What are industrial organizations? Brotherhoods—cliques—fraternities. What are denominations? Fraternities, decidedly.

To the educational institutions in the autumn of the year, come boys from every walk of life. They are boys from the city, farm, north, east, south, west, different occupations, different churches, different denominations, and boys having different standards of living. These boys, fresh from a world honey-combed with fraternities, are expected to forget in a few short weeks the training received during the most impressive period of their lives. Impossible! So it proved at Wake Forest.

Fraternities are open at the Baptist College of the State, and the college is benefitted thereby. The "I told you so's" which the critics of this democratic movement have been rehearsing, will have a poor season, for the fraternities are moving forward with a smoothness quite baffling to those who desire to see them injure the college. Backing up the Student Government, opposed to hazing, believing in the Trustees and Faculty and boosting Wake Forest, the fraternities are proving an asset to the college.

The Literary Societies We have a most profound respect for those who have spent their "four years" in this college, and have gone forth to play their part in the big world of events. We admire them because of the success they have attained. We love them because they have, thru heroic efforts, placed the name of Wake Forest high in the realm of collegiate fame.

Since our fathers were in college, things have changed; not because of a deteriorating manhood, we hope, but because it was necessary. These changes have been universal, and as such, have entered the sanctuary of our community. Our mutual relationships have been altered. Old ideas and customs have fallen into disuse. New organizations, and radical changes in existing ones, have been effected. We have been slow to accept the inevitable, because we Baptist have thought ourselves a different people. We have accepted the inevitable

though, and in doing so have embraced many desirable features which will place Wake Forest College on equal footing with her sister institutions.

Principal among the changes has been making the membership in the literary societies optional. This step, conducive to a high standard of work, because those who do not desire such training are not forced to join, should have been taken several years ago, as the work in the societies for the past few years has been sadly deficient. We welcome this change, as we welcome anything of a progressive nature. Our critics—and our chiefest critics are those who have never seen Wake Forest College—will be compelled to find something else to criticise, for the literary societies are functioning beautifully and doing a class of work far superior to any of very recent years.

The Faculty Editor announces the prize winning contributions for this issue, as follows: Story, "Feminine Psychology," A. W. Pennington; essay, "Browning's 'An Epistle,'" W. O. Kelly; poem, "The Voice of Evening," A. W. Pennington.

❧	IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE	❧
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I. C. PATT, *Editor*

"I have never seen better college spirit anywhere at any time than the Wake Forest College spirit at the Wake Forest—Carolina game at Goldsboro."—Professor R. S. Prichard.

Dr. Collier Cobb, Professor of Geology at the University of North Carolina, who has just returned from an extended visit to Japan, gave an instructive and delightful illustrated lecture on that country, before a large and appreciative audience in Wingate Memorial Hall, Oct. 3. The lecture, which was the first number of the regular lyceum course of the season, dealt chiefly with present-day customs of this great power of the East. On the following day at 11:30 o'clock, the college community enjoyed a continuation of Dr. Cobb's lectures.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 5, at 9:00 o'clock, the Wake Forest Baptist Church was thronged with town's-folk, students, and visiting friends of Miss Minta Holding and Mr. Edgar Folk, who were married before a most beautiful setting. Mrs. Folk is the charming and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Holding of Wake Forest. Mr. Folk, who is an alumnus of Wake Forest College, comes to us from New York, N. Y., where he is prominently connected with one of that city's leading dailies.

We piled up a greater score against Carolina at Goldsboro than we have ever piled against any institution during the history of Wake Forest College. Of course all know that Carolina won on points, 62-3. But in spite of points, the student body denies defeat at the hands of the Fetzer Brothers' well-working machine. Our team is good, and we know it. Our team fought, and we knew it. Even if Carolina's team

is the best that the State has ever produced, we were determined to fight to the last, to a man, and we did it. The score does not dampen our spirit one whit. A foundation of real college spirit had to be lain at some time, and we are confident that the throng that witnessed the Goldsboro melée will agree that the foundation was truly laid. Now for the building of a spirit that such a foundation deserves!

At a meeting of the Trustees of Wake Forest College some time ago, Dr. W. R. Cullom was elected temporary dean of the college to fill the vacancy of Professor E. W. Timberlake, Jr., who is now devoting his entire time to the teaching of law.

There are, operative in Wake Forest College, five fraternities, comprising a membership of about seventy-five men. Four of these have been recognized by the Faculty Fraternity Committee; one now holds a charter in a national fraternity.

On the evening of Oct. 9, sixteen new men were initiated into the Tau chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Kappa Alpha is one of the oldest and most popular of the national fraternities, having a membership of over ten thousand men in the South. Tau Chapter of this fraternity was established at Wake Forest by Tom Dixon in 1881. This chapter was revived this fall thru the efforts of Dr. Hubert Poteat and John Kerr (graduate student at Wake Forest) members of Upsilon Chapter at Carolina, and Prof. R. B. White, member of Tau Chapter. At the initiation were Kappa Alpha students from State College and Carolina and Dr. C. S. Felts, of Philadelphia, student at Wake Forest in the 80's.

Those initiated were: C. W. Weathers, P. V. Hamrick, Tom Moss, George Modlin, E. H. Barton, J. F. Hogue, Bruce White, Jno. R. Knott, R. B. Lowery, F. A. Lewis, George W. Blount, James Malone, Gilmer Proctor, Stanley Johnson, J. B. Helms, and W. C. Bostic, Jr.

Dr. A. B. Morgan, B.S., '09, is doing a great work as eye, ear, and nose doctor in Norfolk, Virginia.

T. S. Teague, B.A., '11, is principal of St. Paul High School, St. Paul, N. C.

Rev. J. B. Turner, B. A., '11, gave up his work in the Immanuel Church of Greenville, N. C. a few months ago to accept a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Albany, Georgia.

Captain Lawrence T. Stallings, B.A., '12, resigned from the editorial staff of the Washington Times a few weeks ago to accept the corresponding position on the New York World.

During the last six years of his pastorate in the First Baptist Church of Fort Smith, Ark., Rev. B. V. Ferguson, B.A., '12 has added 989 members to the church, doubled the membership of the Sunday School, and increased the B. Y. P. U's. to six.

Professor D. E. Buckner, B. A., '17, is instructor of Mathematics at State College.

The excellent success of Victor Johnson, B.A., '17, in practicing law at Pittsboro, N. C., led him to the marriage altar, a few weeks ago, with Miss Pilkinton of that city.

Ray Funderburk, B.A., '19, is Superintendent of the Public Schools of Union County.

Mr. E. H. Potts, B.A., '20, who made a name for himself teaching during the last two years is now in the Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Frank Jarvis, B.A., '22, is making a remarkable success as Principal of the Liberty-Piedmont Institute.

The Religious Education in the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, Mo., is directed by Rev. Lonnie Ray Call, B.A., '16.

Mr. N. A. Melton, B.A., '09, is the successful Principal of Fruitland Institute, near Hendersonville, N. C.

Through his consistent work in the English Department of the University of North Carolina, Dr. James F. Royster, B.A., '00, has been appointed Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in the institution. For the splendid work done as Associate Professor of Business Economics in the University, Dr. Claudius T. Murchison, B.A., '11, won the title of full professorship.

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

Henry C. Lameau, B.A., '03, is located in Washington, D. C., in the office of Charles H. Diggs, Inc., landscape designers. He writes very interestingly to his mother, Mrs. John F. Lameau of Wake Forest, who has favored THE STUDENT with the following extract:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sept. 11th, 1922.

"Dr. Abernethy preached yesterday, for the first time since returning from a trip abroad in which he had been all over fourteen or fifteen European countries. He had a most wonderful trip and gave an absorbing, soul-stirring account of the reception everywhere accorded him and the experiences he had. It was positively thrilling and a vast congregation listened intently throughout, for considerably more than the

usual time. I think they would have gladly listened for an hour more, so absorbing was the narrative.

"Dr. Abernethy, the Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, went merely to take the greetings of the Baptists of America to the Baptists of Europe. But he said everywhere he went people were sure that he had come as a special representative of President Harding. In fact in some quarters it was insisted that as soon as the new administration came in he was appointed Court Regent—and in one city where he was invited to speak the streets were lined with posters about President Harding and announcing the coming of his Pastor or special representative.

"But the crowds that went everywhere to hear him were the surprising thing—they would pack the aisles and stand for hours to hear him. In one place he spoke the building was packed and jammed, and there was a crowd outside that could not get in that numbered *twenty thousand!*

"But one of the most amusing things he told was of his speaking in one of the new Republics, where in honor of the American preacher they gave a military parade. He could not quite figure out why a preacher should be honored with such a military demonstration. Nevertheless he was told that he must be through speaking at a certain time, because something was going to happen. So he ended promptly on the hour and was led out to the steps of the city hall, where lo! and behold! there was the *whole* Lettish Army drawn up with the General at their head, to pass in review before the American preacher! It took more than an hour for the parade to pass, and as they passed the reviewing stand they all saluted the Special Envoy of the American President!

"Now it strikes me that that is a picture without a parallel. What do you suppose the Apostle Paul would have said about a thing like that! I do not recall that he was ever honored in such a way by the Roman Army, after he was converted, at

least. If he had, I think we should have heard some pretty virile things that would have added another to his classics that go ringing down the ages.

"Dr. Abernethy spoke of going to Russia where they have two and one half million Baptists and of meeting Adam Porter, a great character who reminded him of Saint Paul. It was altogether a most memorable and amazing experience.

"When Dr. Abernethy was in London he was invited to luncheon with Lloyd George. The great Welshman plied him with questions. "What was Dr. Abernethy?" "A Baptist minister." "What was his mission abroad?" "To bear a message of greeting to the Baptists in Europe." "How many were there and where were they to be found?" "So many in this country, so many in that, but by far the largest number of Baptists, two million and a half are to be found in Russia." "Is *that* what's the matter with 'Russia!'" Lloyd George exclaimed.

"Dr. Abernethy went on to say that as there were so many rumors of what church Lloyd George belonged to, he then asked him to let him hear from his own lips, "I am a member of the Welsh Baptist Church," the Premier told him."

Editor's note: The references in the above letter are to the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, of which President Harding is a member.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

GAY G. WHITAKER, *Editor*



Due to the fact that only a few of the college publications are from press, many exchanges have not as yet reached our desk. However, we have read the few coming to us with much pleasure and do not hesitate in saying that the quality, style, and general make-up this year seems to be shifting from the old ideas and standards of the "mossy collegiate days."

We have read *The Laurel* this month with much interest. It is a splendid little magazine and creditable in every respect. It speaks highly for Mars Hill. In style and make-up it is well up to the standard. The poem, "Springtime in the Hills," excepting that judging by the "seasons" is untimely, shows completeness of thought and marked originality. The story, "The Invalid", is well developed. Two good essays each month would add much to the classification and arrangement of your magazine.

The initial issue of the *Wofford College Journal* has reached us to be read with much pleasure. The editors are certainly off for a good start, judging by the uniqueness and character of their first issue. The essays are well written and add much to the composition of the magazine. We like especially the one, "Cecil John Rhodes." The stories, although in the greater part more of the sketch style are interesting and well developed. "A Chip" is to be commended because it is of the true-to-life type. The magazine is weak in poetry. Why not at least three short poems each month? It will add to the beauty and make-up of *The Journal*.

The Paprus although more of the weekly magazine type, is to be commended because of its timely editorials. They are well written, on wide-awake subjects, true to college life, and of general interest to all.

Sky Dempsey Robertson at Book Room—"My good man, do you keep the Ten Commandments?"

Head Clerk Slate—"No sir, but we have something just as good."

NEWS FROM MEREDITH

She (in letter)—"I'm studying "The Sofa" by Cooper; won't you come over and help me?"

He (in reply)—"Sure! We ought to be able to get together on that."

YE GAMBLING SHOES!

Colored Rookie—"I'd like to have a new pair of shoes, suh."

Sergeant—"Are your shoes worn out?"

Colored Rookie—"Worn out? Man, the bottoms of my shoes is so thin I can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."

HERE BOY, PAGE THE LIGHT

"Love, you are the light of my heart," said she

As she fondly kissed him goodnight.

Then said her mama from the top of the stairs:

"Daughter, put out the light."

Yes, it is really true that some Newish is so dense that he thought the bridge over Neuse River was built to shade the fish.

Dr. Cullom—"What can you tell me about Goliath?"

Newish Sky—"He was the man that David rocked to sleep."

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned. Now what would they do?

Said the fly—"Let us flee."

"Let us fly"—said the flea.

So they flew thru a flaw in the flue.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

It's easy enough to be pleasant

When life goes on like a song;

But the man worth while is the man with a smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

Selected.

THIS MUST HAVE HAPPENED AT OXFORD

Math. Professor, in young ladies' school, to his geometry class:

"Now girls, manipulate your figures well, and be sure to pick fitting combinations."

Smart Freshman at College Book Store—"Have you any white carbon paper?"

Ex-Newish Robinson, after ten minutes of futile searching, "We're out just now, but we have an order that will be in in a few days."

We are all wondering whether the most honorable Gay Whitaker and Rev. E .S. Elliott have yet decided whether the suit case owned by the latter is left handed or right handed.

Whitehead—"Do you use Pear's soap?"

Hinson—"No, I don't room with that guy any more."

James—"See that woman with the dirty face, Daddy?"

Father—"Why, James, her face is not dirty; she is that way all over."

James—"Gee! Pa, you know everything, don't you?"

GOOD ADVICE PERHAPS

Freshman Phillips—"I don't know what to do with my weekend."

Sophomore Edwards—"Put your freshman cap on it."

TOO BAD

Mother—"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

Young Man—"You're just one minute late, Madam, I've already learned."

QUITE A VIRTUOUS YOUNG MAN

Daring young Flapper—"Isn't it strange that a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?"

J. B. Haney—"Let's get a string and see."

I went into the libray
 Not bent on getting books;
 I trailed a little flapper in
 Because I liked her looks.

I know I am a lemon,
 Still I did not hesitate;
 I went up to the little peach,
 And came out with a date. Mrs. J. M.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Manager, R. L. ANDREWS, Wake Forest, N. C.

Subscribers not receiving their *STUDENT* before last of month, please notify Business Manager.

Always notify Business Manager when you change your postoffice address.

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

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLII

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 3

CONTRAST

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

Strange, is it not?

Merry faces 'round the Yule-log glowing;
Eager eyes and stockings o'erflowing;
Mistletoe, holly and a favorite book;
Well-spread tables, and every nook
Of the house is filled with laughter gay,
And hearts are glad on Christ's birthday.

Wan faces, sad faces, young and old;
Hearts that are heavy; hands that are cold;
Bleak, barren walls—a hearthstone bare;
An empty table; no stockings to wear.
No laughter is heard, sorrow holds sway;
They die of hunger on Christ's birthday.

LOVE'S TRAIL

I. C. PAIT, '23

As the little two-dollar alarm clock exhausted its tempest-in-a-teapot strength, Jeremiah Larkins sleepily opened his eyes to the dawn's early gray, yawned, threw the light patchwork quilt back, and came to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Then, as he remembered the duties of the morning, he hastily slipped into his blue-denim suit and hob-nailed shoes, and clumped down to the large, low-ceiled lean-to at the rear of the house, which served as kitchen, dining room, and pantry. With the skill that years of experience had given him, he lighted the fire in the stove and filled the kettle. When the fire was burning brightly, he tipped back as noiselessly as the contact of pine boards and hob-nailed shoes would permit, and thrust his head in at the door of the room adjoining his own. The coverlets of the low bed stirred in the faint light of the early dawn, and a weak voice asked:

"Is that you, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, Ma." Jeremiah replied. "As soon as I have done with the milkin', I'll be back to help you with your dressin'."

"You needen't hurry yourself, Jeremiah," the weak voice answered. "I'm feelin' a bit tired this mornin', and guess I'd best take another nap before I get up."

Jeremiah softly closed the door and lumbered back to the kitchen. As he took the milk pails from the pegs at the back kitchen door, and poured a little warm water into each, he shook his shaggy head sadly and muttered to himself:

"I'm afraid she'll soon be away. It ain't like Ma to be sayin' as how she's tired."

As he stepped from the rough stone step that served the back kitchen door, he involuntarily glanced "over Coon Creek Gap way" where the nearest neighbor's house was dimly outlined

against the graying East. A single light from the rear of the house told him that Jennie was "gettin' breakfast" for the boys. A queer, choking lump rose in his throat at the mere thought of her name, and, in spite of the chill of the early May morning, a few drops of perspiration trickled down his tanned forehead. With a sickly grin on his plain face, he moved on to the rough-built barns and shelters and began the morning chores.

Jeremiah was well passed thirty-five, and unmarried. Some of the wagging tongues of the neighborhood said that he was too plain to attract the attention of any girl, no matter how much she might want beau; others said that he was too bashful to do "proper courtin' ". This might be true to a certain extent, but Jeremiah had his reasons for never marrying. His mother had been an invalid since he was a red-shocked, freckle-faced awkward boy of seventeen, and he had been compelled to devote all of his time and energy not required to extract a living from his none-too-fertile acres, to caring for her, which seemed to be the one great joy of his isolated life.

However, Jeremiah had not been the loveless creature that his neighbors thought him to be. When he was twenty-two, and still red-headed, freckle-faced, and awkward, he discovered that Jennie Sawyer had the sweetest voice, the pinkest cheeks, and the bluest eyes in the world; but he was careful that no one knew about it; not even Jennie, unless she knew how to interpret the actions of a bashful lover. To others, she was just plain Jennie Sawyer who lived "over Coon Creek way"; but they had never seen her through the adoring eyes of Jeremiah Larkins.

Jeremiah had accompanied Jennie to "meetin' ", off and on for three years, and was still of the opinion he had formed at the beginning of his courtship. As for Jennie, some of the neighbors said that she seemed "tol'ably well pleased" when she was in the company of Jeremiah. But Jeremiah guarded his secret as faithfully as though its keeping or release meant life or death. That queer, choking, stifling lump that rose up

in his throat from somewhere, he could never tell where, often filled him to the bursting point; but when he was frank with himself, he always confessed that *that* was the kind of a pain he wanted to die of.

Early one Sunday afternoon years before he had decided that something must be done to relieve the situation. Jennie must be let into the secret regardless of what might be the outcome. Mustering all of the courage at the command of his twenty-five bashful years, he took his Sunday trousers from between the mattresses of his bed, brushed his best coat, and began to make a careful toilet. A generous application of "beef's foot oil" softened his hob-nailed shoes to reasonable pliability and gave them a pleasing gloss. His stiff-bossomed white shirt, high-standing collar, and flowing tie of lavender silk, used only on extreme occasions, were tenderly lifted from their place of seclusion and carefully donned. He attempted to plaster his glowing shock of unruly hair to the skin, as he had seen some of the "town fellers" wear theirs, but in this he made a miserable failure. When his toilet was complete, he carefully examined himself in the wriggly little mirror, and noted, with a sigh of satisfaction, the unusual flush of excitement on his irregular cheek. An unmistakable twinkle in his large, honest, blue eyes made him forget the plainness of his features, and set him to wondering what Jennie would think of him after all.

"Jeremiah!"

The patient voice from the adjoining room had brought him from his land of dreams, and for one brief moment the battle of love and duty raged tempestuously in his soul. Every ounce of his untrained manhood was thrown into the fight from which he soon emerged, breathless, but with his mind fully made up. His mother! He had forgotten her in the intoxication of his mad love. Ashamed of his forgetfulness, and crushed because of his shattered hopes, he decided that he could never ask Jennie to share his life of isolation, and that he loved his

mother far too dearly to trust her to any other than Jennie or himself; therefore he set love adrift upon a sea of wasted dreams—a derelict.

“Jeremiah!”

“Yes, Ma.”

“Are you a-takin’ of Jennie to meetin’ tonight?”

“Yes, Ma. Milly Sikes ’ll be over to keep you company. I’ll not be out long.”

That had happenen over ten years ago. Jeremiah said “Good-bye” to Jennie that night as near as usual as his overstrained nerves would permit, and never sought her company again. For a while he could not but note the questioning look in her eyes as they met at “meetin’”; but this finally disappeared, and fate seemed to have settled Jeremiah Larkin’s one love affair once for all time. His mother questioned him about the cessation of his attentions to Jennie, but he satisfied her by saying that he and Jennie would never be more than friends to each other. But he had never been able to put away that choking, stifling lump of painful joy that rose from the depth of “somewhere” and spread through his whole being like new wine, when he thought of Jennie Sawyer.

On this early May morning, Jeremiah finished the chores, and turned back toward the kitchen with his foaming milk pails. The rosy sunrise was full in his face, and its pink flush reminded him of the pink that once tinted Jennie’s cheeks. He passed around the corner of the barn, and the nearest neighbor’s house, silhouetted against the half-disk of the rising sun, caused the old lump to rise again to his throat.

When the milk had been set in the spring house, and the pails scaled and hung on the pegs at the kitchen door, Jeremiah prepared a simple meal of home-cured bacon, fresh eggs, butter, corn-pone and coffee, for two; then he hurried down the narrow hall to his mother’s bedroom door and softly called:

“Shall I help you get aready for breakfast, Ma?”

There was no reply. He stepped clumsily into the room and repeated the question; still there was no answer. He hurried to the bedside and lifted the variegated coverlet from his mother's face. She was "away".

The days that followed were lonely ones for Jeremiah. The neighbors came and did all that was necessary, and, at his request, left him alone with his sorrow and loneliness. It was strange that the passing of so frail a being could change the old place into such silence and gloom. Many mornings he found himself hurrying the simple meal for two in order that he might go in and help the little invalid get ready for breakfast before he helped her down to the kitchen; but a sudden realization of the truth always left him without energy or desire. The bacon would be left to sizzle to dryness in the pan, his corn-pone would scorch, and his coffee would simmer to nothingness in the little tinned coffee pot. The strange silence of breakfast alone, caused his food to choke him; therefore he often went to the fields without eating.

As the days passed, Jeremiah found one remedy for his utter loneliness: work, work, work. He sought his work with a peculiar, desperate eagerness, and threw his whole strength into the dressing and cultivating of his heretofore ill-producing acres. Daylight always found the kitchen cleared, the chores finished, and the work-smitten man at his tasks. A greater acreage was planted and cultivated. The orchard was pruned and cleaned, and the hedges properly shaped. The farm tools were all mended and set in the tool shed where they might be found easily. When there was nothing else to claim his attention, he began work about the near-rustic little cottage and the barn. A new fence of pine poles and pegs replaced the old one, and a simple gate of the same material was swung on a large wooden hinge, at the front. The yard was weeded and the flower beds that he had always kept for his mother were enriched and replanted. A generous coat of whitewash was ap-

plied to cottage, barn, and shelters alike, but the interior of the cottage was left unchanged; often its quiet, cold loneliness drove him outside to the never-failing sympathy of his work.

The little place budded, bloomed, and fruited under the industrious hands of its depressed owner. The neighbors began to whisper of a possible wedding sometime soon, but no one ventured to guess who the bride might be, as Jeremiah's one love affair had never been spoken of, even to the girl in question. However, the neighbors were mistaken in their suppositions. Jeremiah had never thought of asking any woman to marry him since that night so long ago when he had given up Jennie Sawyer. His crop, which the neighbors declared "the bumpin'-est crap over Coon Creek way," and the excellent repair of his surroundings, were due to a loneliness which nothing but work would drive away.

Summer passed, and the gold and haze of autumn brought the best harvest that the barns of Jeremiah Larkins had ever sheltered. Corn, wheat, and potatoes filled bin and barn to overflowing. The meadows bristled with squabby stacks of pea vines, clover, and crab grass, waiting to be stored in the dark loft over the stables. Pumpkin vines had clambered up the rough sides of the low, flat outbuildings, and the autumn frosts had nipped the sheltering leaves, leaving the roofs thickly dotted with great, golden lumps, ready for the skilful hands of the pie-maker. Three of Jeremiah's best cows were fresh, and the pigs had done so well on the butter milk that they would be ready for market before Thanksgiving. His own pork had been pickled the week before, and a half-dozen "hundred-pounders" in the pea patch would make his bacon and ham, and some to spare. A basket of eggs and a stand of butter carried to town each Saturday summed up a neat little total, and when the surplus crop was marketed,—well, Jeremiah's total increased to considerable proportions for one of his position. But the autumn brought to the Larkins cottage even a greater harvest than all these things.

Jeremiah began to wonder what he would do with the accumulations of his summer's work. At first he thought that it would be best to start a bank account, or, perhaps it might be best to buy a strip of land that would square his acres neatly; but these things did not exactly satisfy him. In spite of his crude thought, an arrangement of pink rose buds and green leaves on a background of cream, that his mother had always wanted to see on the walls of the cottage, would drift between him and the bank account, the strip of land, or anything that the world might have to offer. He had never been able to provide this for her, but he had delighted her by hanging the two small windows of her room with curtains of that particular design; from these curtains he knew the exact arrangements of colors she would have selected. She had always wanted a rocker, a rose-bordered rug, and a shiny table with a large, flowered lamp on it to put out in the little room where they "had company". Some way Jeremiah felt that the spirit of his mother might hover near when the long, quiet winter evenings closed in about him, and that it would be pleasing to her to find everything just as she had planned; therefore bank account and land were thrown to the wind, and the paper hung, and the rug, chair, table, and lamp put in the places that he knew his mother would have had them.

The last days of October were slipping by when Jeremiah finished the last task, performed in memory of his mother. A chilling night had just settled over the low-swellling hills. From cottage and cabin window, alike, "over Coon Creek way", rich pine knots cast that red, flickering glow of invitation that characterizes the hearthstone fires of early autumn. A fire had been kindled on the rough stone of the Larkins hearth, but Jeremiah had settled down in the new rocker, and, losing himself in his simple thought, allowed the fire to burn to a bed of glowing embers. He tried to imagine the spirit of his mother hovering near, but somehow the spell would not work. He lighted the

large, flowered lamp, but its red glare dispelled all hopes of a lingering spirit. He snuffed the wick, changed the position of the shiny table, and stood before the fireplace, stroking the edge of the rose-bordered rug with his hob-nailed shoe; but still his loneliness increased. Then the old feeling of oppression that the interior of the house had always given him since the death of his mother, settled over him, and he felt that, even though it was night, he must seek the sympathy of the browned fields, the haystacks, and the closely-clipped meadows. Lifting the latch, he hurried out into the crisp October night.

As he faced eastward, a blurred copper moon attracted his attention, and he muttered, "Must be a fire some'rs". Even as he spoke, angry flames broke out just beyond Coon Creek Gap, and his heart almost stopped beating—Jennie's house was burning. Suppose something should happen to Jennie! The old lump rose in his throat and sent him reeling, stifling, and gasping for breath, towards the fire.

When he rushed, breathlessly, into the yard, he found all in chaos. A confusion of boxes, beds, and chests littered the edge of the adjoining fields, and the boys were still making reckless trips into the burning building, saving whatever their distracted senses might lead them to. However, his arrival only added confusion to chaos. Where the others had only one fire to contend with, he had two, for, the sight of Jennie, wringing her hands and bewailing the loss of her home, caused his seething, over-sized heart to go off with a terrific explosion that set wild fire to his emotional self. He felt that he must do something; something that would soothe the heart of his weeping idol. Then, because his simple, addled mind could suggest nothing better, he rushed madly through the door of the drunkenly tottering building. With frenzied strength he upset heavy, home-made furniture, crashed into a small, swinging mirror, jerked a door from its hinges, and sprawled over a chest of home-spun blankets, into Jennie's room; it was already burning. Too dis-

tracted to regard value, he saw only a pair of Jennie's shoes under the edge of the rude bedstead, made one mad plunge toward them, grasped one, and scrambled back into the open air.

An hour later, what had been the sturdy home of the hill farmers, was only a bed of glowing coals with a smutty, smoking rafter standing here and there. In some way—it is hard to tell just how such things happen, but the little gods always manage it—the smoking expanse of coals and rafters came between Jennie and Jeremiah, and the group of excited boys. Jeremiah, who stood nervously fumbling with the corner of his blue-denim coat tail, and vainly trying to swallow that apparently never-to-be-got-rid-of lump that had swollen in his throat to unbearable proportions, decided that the fire must still be raging. He seemed so hot and uncomfortable! Jennie was so near! It seemed that her very presence would smother him; and yet, ah, yet, he was thrilled from head to foot by a bewildering, intoxicating joy that defied even death by suffocation. Just then a tiny tongue of flame burst like a miniature flash of lightening, from a smouldering rafter; but in that brief moment, Jeremiah saw what stabbed his over-burdened heart to the core, and drove all thoughts of smothering from his simple mind: Jennie was again in tears. Twice he attempted to speak the words of endearment that his aching heart pumped to his paralyzed tongue, but only a sound like that of bubbling porridge escaped his lips. Then, in a fit of desperation, he blurted out:

“Jennie, are you a-cryin’ about your gran’ma what died last year, or what?”

“I was just thinkin,” was the tremulous reply, “that the boys have the hay-lofts filled with new hay, to stay in, but where am I to stay?”

To Jeremiah, it seemed that his heart actually left its lodgment in his breast, and found a resting-place in his throat. He strangled for a moment, and swallowed, for the last time, that lump of tormenting joy; then for the first time in his life, he

took a girl's hand in his own. Drawing her to his side on a rudely-constructed maple chest, he clumsily replied:

"Jennie, you know that I got almost a palace over across the Gap. The pigs—I mean the—the—the flowers and the cows—the punkins and—and—and—haystacks and a new fence and flowered walls and lamps and rugs and a rockin' chair and—Oh, Jennie I'm so tired o'doin' all the cooking' and eatin' over there with nobody to l-l-l-love nor talk to, nor nothin'! You hain't forgot them days 'way back yonder when—when— oh, Jennie, darlin', wont you come on over and—and—"

Just then what might otherwise have been heard was drowned by the crash of the last smoking rafter, to the embers below. It smouldered for a moment and shot up a fiery spear into the darkness. There seemed to be only one figure on the maple chest. Then, as though ashamed that it had revealed a secret that others should have told, the spear of flame withdrew to the place from whence it came, and the spark that has burned since the days of Eden, burned in his heart and her heart until their hearts melted into one.

DE GOOD OL' TIMES AT CRISMUS

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Hush 'eyeh chillun; stop yo' playin'.
 Come an' set heah on de flo'.
 Heah what yo' ol' granpap's sayin?
 Poke de fiah an' shet de do'.
 'Lisha, stop de baby squollin';
 Rock him lak I showed yo' how.
 Abel, dar's yo' mammy callin'.
 Run quick; dat's a good chile now.

Now set close until yo' meal-time,
 An' I'll tell yo' 'bout de way
 We-uns ust to hab ouah real time
 At ouah dinnah, Crismu's day.
 In de ol' plantation cabin,
 Dat was pow'ful long ago—
 Dem's de good times we was habin'
 In de day befo' de wo'.

Den de Massa giv' a tu'key
 An' Aunt Susi cooked it good.
 Chile, yo' sho'ly would be lucky
 Ef yo' cooked lak Susie could.
 An Elisha (not yo' dyah
 But de one dat ust to be)
 Brought de co'd-wood fo'de fiah,
 An' a right smaht Crismu's tree.

An' we trimmed it up wid cram'bries,
 Red an' sp'klin in de light,

An' all so'ts ob tricks an' tambrys
 Bless yo', chile, it looked jes right.
 An' we got de sprigs ob holly
 In de woods, all white wid snow.
 Yo' shud see dem trimmins, Polly,
 In de days befo, de wo'.

Den, wen all had don wid hestlin,
 All de fam'lm bowed deyeh haid
 While de fadah ast de blessin'
 On de famly's daily braid.
 An' we et ouah Crismus dinnah
 In sech style yo' doan' know how.
 Yo' ol' grandpap sho' is thinnah
 Dan he'd be ef dat was now.

Oh, dose nuts an' hot co'n muffins,
 An' de cidah on de sly,
 An' de tukey wid de stuffins,
 An' Aunt Susie's punkin pie.
 An' we et till we was aikin'
 While de jokes from Uncle Jo
 Made us laugh till we was shakin,
 In de days befo' de wo'.

Den, wen all had finished vittles,
 Dey set roun' de open fiah,
 Tellin' tales, an' askin' riddles,
 Jes' as happy as de choiah
 Ob de hebenly angels singin'
 Eban roun' de t'rone on high,
 Wen de bells ob heben are ringin'
 In de mansions ob de sky.

Run 'long, now, an' staht yo' playin-
Yo' young chillun can't set still
Fer to heah what granpap's sayin.
All right, run 'long wha' yo' will.
But yo' sho' will always miss dis;
An' yo'—all 'll nevah know
'Bout de good ol' times at Crismu's,
In de days befo' de wo'.

HINTS FROM THE GAME

G. W. BLOUNT, '23

It is said that all the medieval methods of warfare in which man employed physical skill and strength have their counterpart in the athletics of today. Football is but the lengthened shadow of the knights' contests in the lists, of the shock of the black plumed charger against charger; the clash of spear upon shield. Baseball compares favorably with the skill of the keen-eyed archers and slingers, and with the fleet couriers of the battle field. Tennis could be nothing else than the sword play of the cavalier.

There are several characteristics of tennis that mark the game as a parallel of the parry and thrust, and of the polite yet cruel etiquette of the man with the rapier. For instance it is one of the few games in which a decision is never disputed either in the tournament, or in the casual game. Each player ordinarily is the umpire of his side of the court, his decision always going unquestioned. It is the rule to give an opponent the advantage of every doubtful play. Sometimes the outcome of a set of games, and of a series, may depend upon the decision of one point. There may be some slight doubt in the player's mind who has to decide whether the ball played was in or outside; if so, it is tennis etiquette to give the opponent the point. Somehow, one pictures at once the swordsman who slips in the fight on some treacherous surface, falling to his knee, and is immediately allowed to regain his position.

But victory in the tennis game is based finally upon laws which we find illustrated so well in everyday life, and the ups and downs of the game so completely parallel our daily efforts that we do not need to hearken back to former times for added interest.

In no other game perhaps can victory be so nearly within one's grasp, only to be lost in a few moments. It often becomes a matter of whose nerves are best trained to manage the impulse of elation or of despair, or whose will give in first under the strain of a sharply contested match. The game is one of give and take; your opponent serves the ball and you return it with all the force that you can muster, and the play is kept up across the net until, through inaccuracy or lack of stamina, the play is broken up. It is just as in the conversational game in which the two persons engaged are of about equal mental range. One serves and the other receives and returns, and the interchange continues until by some mental default, the theme is sidetracked and lost. In tennis considerable skill is required to return a ball that is served well, and perhaps greater skill is necessary to make the second return. This, too, is exactly parallel in good conversation, and while it is inconceivable that any developments of one's conversational ability would in the least augment his tennis skill, nor that one's conversation could be appreciably benefitted by the struggle to perfect one's tennis game, yet whoever excels in either of these games, is, to a degree, a kindred spirit with a victor in the other.

A summary of the important physical qualities of the tennis player suggests other interesting, and perhaps more tangible, interrelationships. Among the first of these is a general bodily agility which is noticeable in all good players, and there are two other prime requisites which are characteristic: the first is accuracy; the second strength. These two are so interdependent that it is difficult to say which would come first. Though it is sometimes thought that little strength is required to play good tennis, the reverse is absolutely true. Strength, both of arm and of leg, is necessary to hit the ball hard enough to make it unreturnable. It is a game of stamina and endurance. The most noticeable example of this is the recent Davis Cup World's Championship contest between Tilden and Johnson. Both of

these men were seasoned veterans of the game, both capable of great endurance, yet Tilden, who was a head taller than Johnson and perhaps twenty-five pounds heavier, won the match probably because of no other factor than his superior strength. The score in this remarkable contest bears out this inference, since Johnson won the first two sets, and had a three game lead upon a third, but he seemingly could not keep up the pace, as Tilden then stepped in and won three sets, which was the number necessary to obtain the championship title. It is sometimes possible for accuracy alone, without the aid of strength, to win in a tennis contest, but it is not at all the rule; in fact it is entirely improbable, and this holds true in any game of life. It takes strength to win; to put over the final punch in any pursuit. It is true that a great majority of the ideas and ideals, of the inventions of mankind have been conceived in some man's mind long before they have become realities, the originator of the idea not having the capacity or the power of body or mind to make concrete; to give life to his inspiration. We are all rightly worshippers of strength. It means ability to achieve and since strength of body, of mind, and of soul is based upon the laws of right and truth, we must infer that only the good shall, in the end, achieve anything.

The strength of the tennis player, of course must be combined with accuracy to obtain results. The powerful stroke must be controlled so that the ball will go neither outside, nor so low that it will go into the net, else all the power will go for naught. It is a considerable accomplishment to place the ball just where its force will count for most. To do this a player must choose a few strokes, and develop them by long practice. A few racket-wizzards, but only a few, are able to become accurate with a variety of strokes. The majority must be satisfied to do one or two strokes well. In everyday life how many of us can do more than one thing? And to do it well we must choose our method of attack, and with long patience develop it. But accu-

racy is no more a requisite of successful tennis than of eating soup, or of addressing and assembled multitude, or of adding two and two in any realm of life. No matter how much power the conversationalist or teacher or orator has, unless he has the skill to control his power and play it upon the point of contact, it might as well be breathed upon the desert air.

It is not feasible to discuss here all the factors which determine accuracy in tennis, but without doubt, the alacrity of the kinaesthetic sense, that automatic bodily adjustment stimulated by the muscles which is continually demanded, is a most decisive factor. Of course one's nervous adjustment, the relation between motor nerves and muscle control, the keenness of eye, and the fleetness of foot, are all determining factors; in fact the whole physical being must respond and co-operate to make the muscles obey with precision. How well do the universally applicable words of Burke set the price of attainment in this game, "The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders, these are the masters of victory."

But as every player knows, there is one mental attitude toward the game, which if allowed to creep in, will largely negate both strength and accuracy, thus compromising whatever skill a player might have developed. It is the attitude of over-carefulness. Tennis, to be played at its best, must be played with abandon and freedom. It demands that the player shall not too eagerly desire to win, that he shall play for the pure love of the game, thus giving his best fully and completely. In this, the game illustrates accurately for us the universal law of happy and real achievement, "No man", in substance said Emerson, "shall find satisfaction in anything he does except he goes into it with his whole heart". Over carefulness, resulting from over eagerness to win, nullifies freedom of action, and thus spoils the game, whether it be tennis, society, business, or the saving of one's soul, for here, faint though it may seem, is the same principle laid by One centuries ago, whose Life was that princi-

ple, for He cared more to play His game rightly than to win it, and apparently losing, He became the only complete victor in the game of life. Nor should this seem a strange analogy, for we know the close relationship existing between body, mind, and soul. Mr. James speaks this when he says, "That blessed internal peace and confidence that wells up from every part of the body of a muscularly well-trained human being and soaks the indwelling soul of him with satisfaction, is, quite apart from every consideration of its mechanical utility, and element of spiritual hygiene of supreme significance". In whatever athletic game one may engage, with a little meditation, he shall easily see that the requisites of success in the physical test are a miniature of those in our higher life. And, if we believe, as we do, "Nor soul helps flesh more now, than flesh helps soul," should it seem strange to us that the laws which govern the athlete, and those of our character life, are really in essence the same:

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

I. C. PAIT, '23

Peal Christmas bell, again your music ring!
Your mystic, holy spell o'er earth now bring!
Awakens in our slumbering, sleeping souls
The story that the Holy Book extols
Of Him who in the oxen's manger lay
In swaddling clothes when first dawned Christmas day!
We offer loudest praise; hosannas bring.
Peal Christmas bells, again your music ring
Of shepherds watching sheep throughout the night,
When, lo! the stars were paled by heavenly light.
Angelic voices sang Messiah's birth:
"Good will to men, abiding peace on earth!"
And wisemen from the Orient did fare,
There richest treasures with the King to share,
Who, guided by a flaming heavenly gem,
Messiah found in humble Bethlehem,
And, kneeling there with rarest gifts, extoled,
Presenting frankincense and myrrh and gold;
Then turned toward home, there hearts and souls aglow,
That all the world the tidings glad might know.
Shine on, Bright Star of calm Judean birth;
Draw to thyself the nations of the earth.
Shine for us lest we wander from thy fold
And perish out on life's bleak mountain, cold.
Upon thy jeweled dome of love, still shine,
To draw us to the work of Will Divine.
And through our vantage be of lowly birth,
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done on earth".
Shine on, shine on, thou bright and guiding star,
At last to lead us where the Blessed are!

THE BATTLE OF CONVICTIONS

GAY G. WHITAKER

In our world of restless, discontented, soul-thirsting human beings we find every class of men and women. Few are the martyrs who die thirsting for wisdom. Few are they who die searching for knowledge and pass from earth's empyreal lights realizing their insignificance. Humility and honesty is at a premium. Blackened loves and jealousies run riot. Many are they who under the shield and toga of religion stand aloof from the commonplace, and have en-wrapped within their bosoms hearts gilded with falsity, and insidiously encircled and ensnared with a viperous-fanged oracle—the make believe. For the present let these words be forgotten for our story begins just here.

Eighty-five miles south of Richmond, Virginia, and seventeen miles north of Raleigh, in North Carolina, in a little college community, our story finds the embryo of its existence. This little college, claiming less than five hundred students enrolled, openly professes to be a male institution, but at heart is strictly co-educational. Thus our narrative is christened at El Borough College.

On the afternoon of November the 17th, 1921, while a palish sun shown sparingly through hazy clouds in the far-west, a tennis tournament was in full swing at El Borough, the visiting players being from the University of North Carolina. The matches were hard fought and bitterly contested. A large number of fans packed the bleachers on every side. A long gray line of automobiles lined the eastern side of the field, while immediately to the right the old college gymnasium building was the refuge for dozens of fee-free spectators, composed mostly of college students, who were freakish in approaching the ticket office

and entrance to the stands. Near the center of the left wing of the bleachers twenty four young college girls, of the "co-ed" number, were banded together yelling and rooting for their players. Just to the right only a few feet away a group of fourteen young men were banded together as if in a private consultation. They were apparently disinterested in the game.

"Wonder what in the world those fellows are planning over there," said Christine Neal, a charming and beautiful young lady, who had only recently been elected one of the four cheer leaders.

"I don't know," cynically replied one of her companions, "and besides it's none of your business."

This athletic reprimand did not have its force in influencing Christine Neal. She tried to appear as if she were paying little attention to the discourses of the young men, but her ears were tensioned and she was listening.

"We'll go to Yukesville, wait on 86, and be in Portsmouth in the morning, and we'll cut high stubble sure enough tomorrow afternoon at that football game." These words drifted piercingly to the ears of Christine Neal. She knew in an instant of their scheme.

Five minutes later the fourteen young men filed through the gates and one by one quickened their steps to their rooms. A plot formed by the ingenuity of their contriving brains was to be executed. No one knew of the scheme but Christine Neal, and she had only stumbled on the hook of their game by listening more than intently, while they unconsciously talked a little too loudly only a few minutes before and gave their secret away to the young woman. The matches reached the very highest pitch of excitement. The sets were tied and soon someone must win, and the college claiming the tennis championship of North Carolina would be declared.

Christine Neal was restless. She laughed and smiled occasion-

ly, but had lost all interest in the game. The matches were dismissed from her mind and she sat musing.

Just immediately in front of her sat a tall, neatly dressed, young man. His air and dignity was that of a duke. He was a ministerial student at the college, honest, trustworthy, courageous, and straight-forward, but of the type who really believed that the "path to glory was lined with roses," and that the word *service* applied to gasoline filling stations and cafeterias. He believed that a man could only be the right kind of a man by excluding himself from all the frills of society, from the scum of the poor unfortunate classes, from the habitation of wicked, and from brotherly loves based on equality. He believed in the particular and not in the practical. This was Leon Grayson, the fiance of Christine Neal.

The young woman gazed at him for an instant, casually and intently as if in deepest thought. Suddenly she rose from her seat and with all thoughts far from the outcome of the game started down the bleachers for the gate. As she passed by the side of Grayson, she addressed him in tones scarcely audible: "Hello, Leon. Feeling good?" Slowly and cautiously she passed on down the walks to the gates. Dozens turned their heads to gaze at the feminine cheer leader and wondered why she was leaving the courts just at this instant when the home team was leading and there were only a few more minutes of play.

Seven minutes later, Christine Neal felt her heart throbbing deeply and restlessly as she entered the door to one of the leading barber shops of the town. Never before had she felt the pangs that were clustering malignantly in her soul. But she felt that she must carry her resolve to its ultimate destination regardless of all contingencies. No one was in the barber shop except Mr. Daniels, manager and owner.

"Listen, Mr. Daniels, I want a hair cut— a real hair cut in four minutes," she said climbing into the first chair and beginning to snatch the pins from her hair as the wavy dark thickness

fell loosely about her neck. "Cut my hair almost as the men have theirs cut," she continued. "I mean it, and please hurry. Promise me, too, that you won't tell a soul."

"Why girl, are you crazy?" began the surprised barber.

"No questions! Not a single question! Get busy real quick!"

The barber obeyed and in only a few minutes the head that had been bound closely in beautiful feminine hair, in its fineness and sanctity, now had the semblance of the mustached head of a man.

From the barber shop Christine Neal rushed out into the street. Darkness soon closed in on the little North Carolina town. The blackness felt thick and deep, as a misty rain began falling. The street lights appeared in every corner of the college community, and flashed as if in obeisance to the hindering sullenness of the leadern skies.

One hour later just outside the town limits of Yukesville, four miles from El Borough, a dusty automobile carrying two persons unknown to the world, stopped almost suddenly by the side of No. 86, the northbound freight train, halted in the yards of the town for water and coal. The road was only a few feet from the edge of the tracks. Noiselessly, a person, clad in heavy coats, with a cap pulled closely over the head, stepped from the automobile and advanced toward the train on the siding. No one could be seen. Not a sound could be heard except the muffled breathing of the engine, and the occasional hissing of the air brakes. The form in the darkness walked slowly up by the side of the train for several yards, but was suddenly brought to a halt by the sound of a voice within a box car only a few feet away. Another voice was heard, and this time the occasional whisper of several voices were quite audible. The heart of the person without beat faster and faster, while the glee of those within balanced the deadened equation.

"Derned if I don't believe I hear someone outside. Be quiet. Be quiet," cautioned one of the number inside.

Crawling under the train only a few feet from the rear wheels of the trucks, unaware of the imminent danger of the train starting at any moment, soon a hand was placed firmly against the edge of the door to the car on the other side. A screeching, rumbling sound followed, which could be heard several yards in every direction, as the door slid back giving ample room for the intruder to climb cautiously into the home of the keepers within.

"Hey, there partner, who are you?" inquired a voice excitedly in the farthest end of the car.

No reply came.

"Damned if you hadn't better speak before I shoot you full of holes," demanded the voice again.

"It is I, be not afraid," replied Christine Neal, flashing a brilliant searchlight into the faces of the contriving collegians, while the slanting rays revealed a revolver in her right hand pointing directly at them.

"Throw up your hands, twenty-eight in all," she continued, laughing in a low tone.

"There's no devil if it ain't Chris Neal," said the entire band almost in unison.

There she stood, Christine Neal, under the glare of five heavy searchlights pointing directly into her face from the hands of the surprised hoboes. There she stood, tall, erect, masculinely handsome, dressed in full masculine apparel. She wore heavy shoes well padded with cotton. Her trousers fitted as though they were tailor made and so designed for the night ride in a side door pullman. Under an overcoat plus two close fitting coats, she wore a heavy grayish woolen shirt, with a dark knit tie. The cap pulled closely over her head added to the completeness of her attire, and she stood there proud and haughty, none other than a feminine hobo.

"Come and sit down, Chris. We must be quiet or we we'll

be caught," cautioned one of the group. "Here sit down on this coat."

A sudden sound came rumbling down the tracks. The chaining current resulting from the jerk of the engine chased down the long line of box cars and presently the train was in motion, carrying northward fourteen young men and one woman.

For five hours the unit of happy collegians laughed, joked, and jeered the rumbing and tumbling of the freight train to naught. The rough riding, the hard floor, and all added to the gaiety of the occasion. Not a curse word was uttered. No one even dared light a pipe or cigarette without the approval of the young woman. Christine Neal, although in the presence of a group of young men, some of whom had questionable characters, was treated as a countess or queen. Each of the fourteen assumed that attitude of a knight to his mother.

The music of the train did not grow monotonous, but finally the hours wore listlessly into late bedtime. Christine Neal, carrying a large bundle of coats retired to one corner of the car, and for the first time in her life made a bed of coats and blankets and piled down as a dog would in a circus wagon. The young men, occupying the corner of the car reserved for them, stretched themselves upon the floor, pulled their caps and hats down tightly over their heads, rolled closely together, and were off for unsullied sleep, as well as Portsmouth and the football game.

Christine did not sleep. She did not even try to sleep. She was not excited over the adventure, and her nerves were perfectly composed; but somehow, she was not sleepy. The shrieking of the whistle, the hissing and humming sounds coming from every part of the train had a special fascination for her and she could not lose this opportunity to listen attentively while the glory of the ride was being revealed as the engine throbbed and fought doggedly against the steep grades and rounded triumphantly down the other sides.

At 6:15 o'clock the first rays of light from the far east shown through the shrunken sides of the box car. The rays sent their piercing glare clear across the car as the dust flitted cheerfully in its channels. Every member of the party stood in the open doorway looking out across the Virginian fields. Not one of them knew where the train happened to be. Such personages as conductors, porters, or even news butches, had been unknown in their pullman and nothing could be said or done except to just wonder and imagine.

The morning was cool and crisp. The rain had stopped falling in the night and the world outside appeared forlorn and unbefriended because of the sudden change.

Almost suddenly the air brakes began to take immediate effect, and the train began to slow down. Side tracks appeared on every side. The train was coming into a town but no one knew its name.

"Shut that door! Shut that door! We'll be arrested before we know it if you don't. This is a regular detective berg anyway," ordered one of the young men who had been elected to act as leader of the group.

The door was shut, but everyone peered through the cracks and holes in the sides of the car trying to determine their location.

"This is Franklin, boys, I saw a sign out there just then. Now when the train stops for water at the tank about three or four miles from here we want to get out and get in an open car, gondola, or somethin' so we can get off easily, for it is only twenty-seven miles to our hopping-off place," warned the leader again, speaking scarcely above a whisper.

The train pulled out of Franklin and stopped at the tank as the youth predicted, and from their dusty dwelling, having cotton lint, dust, dirt, and cinders on them, the collegiate hoboos dropped suddenly from the doorway and ran alongside the train searching for an open car. Soon a gondola, half filled with

crushed stone was found, and Christine Neal along with the others climbed nimbly into the car. They fell to their knees in order to be obstructed from the view of the train crew and the inspectors.

Forty minutes later the clarion voice of the whistle announced the destination ahead. Fifteen hearts beat faster as if by one sudden impulse at the thought of reaching the ground safely in Portsmouth, and making a shrewd get-a-way without being detected by the yardmen. The train began to slow down, the air brakes shrieking as they caught firmly an ignitious hold on the massive weight plunging forward. The train slowed to an eight miles an hour pace, as the husky band of collegians climbed over the iron sides of the car and were hanging dangling in the air preparatory to alighting. Only a few hundred yards further up the tracks they began to turn loose and drop to the ground one by one. Christine, fearful of being thrown violently against the hard roadbed, or possibly under the train still clung to the iron rods to which her hands were apparently glued and fixed. The train kept slowing down, and by this time she was almost directly in front of the signal station. Her heart fluttered. She felt a dizzy sensation, but just at this instant she let go from the side of the car. Although the train had almost completely reached a standstill, she was thrown against the ground, her face striking a gravelled embankment. Shaking the dirt and dust from her clothes she turned to go.

"Hold on there!" said a yard detective.

The girl glanced about and at once realized she was face to face with some official of the railway company or an officer of the law. She did not show any signs of excitement. Her face showed perfect composure.

"Good morning, sir," she spoke firmly.

"Young man, consider yourself under arrest. I saw you hop from that train. Follow me." The officer struck her on the shoulder, and started walking up the tracks.

For the first time Christine Neal felt a tremor of fear and despair. She wondered if the boys did not see her alight from the train. She turned about but they were not to be seen. A chill chased over her body. Was it possible that fourteen big husky boys would run off and leave her empannelled within the arms of the law? Still she talked bravely and showed no signs of fear.

"What do you mean by hopping freights and bumming and beating the railroad out of your train fare?" The officer addressed her in a cruel tone. "Unless you can put up \$52.50 you will be lodged in jail in an hour from now. I have all the evidence I need."

Just at this instant four dirty, smoke-smothered, dingy faced young men, jumped from behind a long line of discarded box cars, exclaiming: "Hold on a minute cap, hold on! Turn him loose 'till we tell you our story." The youth began with deliberation: "We are all college fellows. An agent of your railroad in our town told us last night that No. 2 would stop for all who wanted to attend the football game in Norfolk today. We were at the station in due time to board No. 2, but it did not stop. You know it's a fast train and only stops when flagged down. Our home is at El Borough college, in North Carolina. Then, the train having left us last night we had our heads still set on seeing the game so we just boarded No. 86. Now what have you to say? I know you will realize our position and that we did not intend to default in paying our fares to your city."

"I can't take any of your pitiful tales. How many is there of you?"

"Fifteen," snapped the youth. "Arrest us if you dare."

"Fifteen crooked hoboes are now under arrest," the officer stated immediately. "Follow me up town."

Twenty minutes later the band of young collegians were locked securely behind iron doors. They were more than hermits set

apart from the world, from their college, their friends, in a strange city, unable to see the football game, and with no possible way of getting immediate aid. Unable to give bond they were told their trial would come up Monday morning. At the mentioning of this statement almost every one in the group instantly exclaimed: "Please give us a hearing today—we demand a hearing today, for we are justified in all we have done."

Following consistent pleading for almost ten minutes the officers granted then permission for a special hearing. The judge a brawny, tan-colored, insipid-faced, man smiled as the collegiate hoboos filed into the court room. But soon that same smile, featured by a tear for sympathy, turned deathly cold into a full-grown frown, backed by stringent jurisprudence.

Fate surely played a part in the procedure. Christine Neal was the first to be called to the stand. She did not exhibit the least tremor in her voice, which was pitched to a lower tone in order to conceal her identity. She immediately began the story of the entire trip, and explained every detail in a clear-cut, straightforward manner.

"But listen young man," questioned the judge with a look of scorn upon his face, "does your conscience feel perfectly clear after having beaten the railway company out of your fare from El Borough College to this city?"

"Yes," she answered, pertinently.

"If you had the money at present would you be willing to remunerate the company for your transportation from North Carolina?"

"No. No!" She spoke decidedly.

"Now, look here young man, it might do you a little good to lock you and your bunch up for about ten days. We have all the evidence of guilt necessary. Sheriff, take this band of roudy, rough-necks back to jail and keep them until I order their removal," said the judge addressing the officer in charge.

"Follow me," came the command.

One by one, silently and pathetically the collegians filed from the court room, and back to the dingy, dirty cells. The court did not allow any of the group to speak other than Christine Neal. She had told the whole story, and had bound them to the inside of the cells without early hope of deliverance. The world without was a picture of freedom and contented minds, within, servitude and melancholy.

Another hour dragged slowly by. The minutes were seemingly growing into weeks, as time halted and passed unsympathetically. At 12:30 a large key was heard to turn in the lock of the huge door, leading to the interior of the jail house. Presently all the cells in which the students were locked were opened and they found themselves in the presence of judge Gorden. He smiled a tender sympathetic smile, as he addressed the anxious, spirit-broken collegians.

"If you rambling-rusters will promise me that this will be your last offense of this kind, and that you will take a passenger train and get out of Virginia within the next twelve hours I will liberate you. What have you to say?"

Fifteen voices rang out in joy: "We will! We will! Thank you so much." The gates swung open. They were free.

Now that they were free, that adventurous atmosphere again swept over them. They were in no hurry to leave the city. Following what appeared a gluttonous luncheon the collegians went directly to the ball park for the football game. During the entire game they gave their best efforts to the cause of the college and yelled unsparingly for the success of their team. El Borough lost the game 18-0, but the truest type of patriotism and enthusiasm was in evidence throughout the contest from the little band of fifteen.

At exactly 9:15 that evening the same little band of daring collegians found their way shyly through the dark streets and alleys to the station yards. They had no other thought except to ride their return tickets to El Borough College, and desired no

other accommodations than the chosen side door pullman. Soon they were hidden behind box cars, in ditches, and shrubbery near the entrance to the yards. The train was scheduled to leave at 10:10, and they knew this full well, although no one had dared venture so closely to a ticket office as to peer at the train bulletin board.

Christine Neal was lying closely at the bottom of a ditch only a few feet from the tracks, and within easy view of the glaring signal light thirty yards away. Somehow she was restless. For the first time a feeling of fear and the real tenor of the occasion gripped her as she tried to plan just how she would swing the train as it came out of the yards.

The minutes passed slowly by as the girl breathed an atmosphere of wariness. Presently the warning signal to leave the yards sounded from the engine, and a strengthening puff of exhaustion was heard. The train was moving slowly down the tracks toward the vigilant collegiate freightmen-trainers. The headlight cast out its searching rays hundreds of yards down the tracks as the engine came out of the yards and passed by them. Every one sprang by the side of the train immediately and began running alongside the cars. Just at this instant three shots were heard as two men carrying heavy searchlights sprang from a cluster of trees near by and yelled for the band to stop. The young girl's heart jumped and throbbed as she heard the report of the revolvers, and before she could realize it she plunged to the left and started to run. Another shot was fired into the darkness in the direction she was running. A scream was heard, a shrill cry of a woman in distress, and Christine Neal had fallen. She was the victim of a bullet intended to frighten and scare the group, shot by a careless yard detective in search for fun, but who had misjudged the direction and fired the bullet that brought the young woman to the ground with a gaping wound in her side. She screamed again and soon fourteen daring and husky college boys were at her side.

Bleeding and crying the young woman was immediately rushed to a hospital. The young men trailed back to town. They were almost penniless, having agreed to take only enough money with them to pay for their meals. They were restless, anxious, and uneasy about Christine Neal. They did not go to a hotel for the night. Their finances would not justify it, but instead, individually contributed to a telephone fund in order that once every hour they might call the hospital to learn of the condition of their wounded feminine companion.

Morning dawned. A Sunday morning made cheerless by leaden, grayish skies. The sun did not shine through the clouds. All Virginia appeared wrapped in a deathly robe of pitiless, unmerciful gloom, while the sunshine lingered behind the mists. The morning paper glared with the story of the shooting of the woman at the station yards. Her identity had been discovered, and the papers featured the unusual feminist adventure. The story of the arrest and carrying to court was included in the narrative. The fourteen young men shuddered when they read in heavy black lines the complete narrative of their visit to the Virginia city. They knew, however, there was no charge against them at present for they were not caught on the train, but merely in the station yards. However, they feared the warning of the judge to leave the city within twelve hours, might be brought against them.

When the telegraph office opened at 8 o'clock fourteen telegrams were sent to North Carolina for money, and at 12:30 just fourteen dozens of roses were carried into the presence of Christine Neal. The young men asked for admission to the hospital but were told that no one might see the wounded girl. Attending physicians stated that her condition was not serious and that she was improving nicely. Paying all hospital bills up until that hour and asking that a statement of all expenses incurred after their departure be sent to El Borough, the discontented collegians left the city on the next south bound train.

On Wednesday evening of the following week, at 7:30 o'clock, the student council of the college announced the decree that fourteen young men and one woman were expelled from the institution. The entire college received the news with a shock, and many dissenting voices were heard on the campus. The notice of expulsion stated that Christine Neal would have to leave immediately after her return to college.

Leon Grayson, the fiance of Christine, took this announcement calmly deliberately, and in an attitude of "this is just good enough for you, Chris Neal. I'll never have any more respect for a woman who will condescend to be a professional hobo." Thus he launched himself into his narrow-minded escapade. He promised himself that Christine Neal was too low for his class, and believed that she had no respect for honesty and decency. He did not care for the religion she claimed to possess. He boastingly declared that he would tell the girl just what he thought of her, and then in his dignified sanctity ask her to withdraw from his life. Down at heart he knew he cared for the girl, but his pride held him aloof. He delighted in enumerating the faults of the other fellow, but in his inventory of life he always forgot to check up on his own banking and living account. So he was.

When No. 11 rolled into El Borough December 8, 1921, it brought a pale faced, sad little woman back to a college that had disowned her. She did not know it, but knew everyone had learned of her adventure and its results. As she stepped from the train she smiled a tender, gladdened smile. She was not sad—she was happy. It seemed that the entire student body was there to meet the train. Every one had a tear of pity and love for her, and every one in college deeply regretted to even think of losing her from the institution—with the possible exception of one.

On the same train the following afternoon two heavy trunks were loaded for a heart-broken, and cheerless young woman.

She tried to not be blue. She tried to smile and not appear so dejected but for every attempt tears would chase down her face sympathetically en-shrouding defeated smiles.

Leon Grayson was not even down to see her off. He cared less than nothing about the happiness and welfare of the woman he had declared he would love and be a pal to throughout the future. He scoffed at the thought of being engaged to such a woman, and longed for the time to come when he could wrench from the finger of Christine Neal the engagement ring he had given her.

December closed in with a freakish onslaught of winter. Around the old country firelogs in a Western North Carolina home, Christine whiled the long winter evenings into a pretentious happiness.

On the afternoon of December 15, Leon Grayson, arrived in the little mountain city of Ravensville. This little mountain community boasted the birthplace of the "insidious" feminine hobo and the saintly ministerial student. He was home for his Christmas vacation. Five hours later the same Leon Grayson found himself entering the hallway of the Neal residence. He was courteously asked into the parlor by Christine, as she smiled an uncertain smile.

In his dignified Antiochitic manner he began: "Chris, I am here tonight because *duty* impels me. Our love has terminated in a miserable ending and you are the cause of the whole business. Your conduct has been outrageous. You are *anything* but the woman I thought you were, and—well, you can just consider our game at an end." He stopped.

Christine Neal sat there gazing fixedly into the eyes of the semi-exalted young man, her anger rising and falling like maddened and boisterous waves.

"Listen, Leon, do you realize what you have just said to me? Here you are in my home tonight, clothed in your robe of ministerial dignity, posing as a man—a servant of God and man, when

you've not got a bit more conception of what a real man is than you had when you were a tiny boy. I challenge you to prove the smallest degree of insidiousness on my part. You *can't* do it! That hobo trip was planned and executed with all kinds of suffering and heartaches because I wanted to teach you a lesson. I want you to get away from your narrow minded ideas of life. *Get out in life, man, and get genuinely acquainted with humanity.* First of all you *need* a backbone larger than a *thread of mercerized cotton.* The *real* man, the real minister of the gospel, is one with no more brains than you have, who can dip himself down into the trenches of sin and wickedness, study the needs and conditions of his fellowman and rise above the scum of corruption as pure as he was when he entered but better prepared to teach the real lessons of Christ and humanity. From the first day you entered El Borough you have been a victim of that dignified air of a duke. Your brain right now is filled until there is not a wrinkle in it, with theoretical and theological ideas that would not appeal to the average man a bit more than Mohammedanism would appeal to a dog. And, and—!

"Stop, stop, talking so loudly. I can hear you without all that extra breath you are using." The youth interrupted, as a chance for relief.

"Leon, old boy, I know I am talking loud, but you know it's the truth. You can't get way from that. If you are going to be the right kind of a minister and one that can sympathize and shed tears that hurt with those who are in distress as well as laugh with those who have reason to be happy, if you can't be a real serviceable man in your calling you had just as well stop right now and call of the race. You should drift out occasionally on the real battle line of life, and see what is going on about you so you will know how to better strike the seprents of sin and rottenness. Why, you dislike the place the movies have in America today, and you say the world is running into a frill shop. You wouldn't go to a vaudiville show a bit more than

you would take poison. Then too, you say the men and women of the twentieth century are going crazy over sports, such as wrestling, baseball and so on. You cuss out society, the women and everybody in general, and—”

“Christine, hush talking in such a reprimanding manner when you are embalmed in a world of sin yourself. How can you be happy and have a clear conscience when you have beaten the railway company out of train fare from El Borough to Portsmouth? How can you—how can you—?” His eyes snapped a maddened fire.

“Don’t argue with me! Leon, my conscience is perfectly clear. Instead of only paying my own fare to Portsmouth I paid the fares of the entire number in the party. The man who rushed me to Yukesville to catch the freight was yardmaster at El Borough, and after much pleading I finally persuaded him to take the regular passenger train fare for every one of us, telling him that we chose to ride the freight train. Now you’ll deny this, and I *don’t* care if you *do*. My conscience is perfectly clear. I have not told the boys of this, and shall not, for they have more than repaid me. I will always be indebted to them for the kindness they showed me while I was hurt. “Then too,—”

“Hush Christise, hush! Don’t think you can talk to me in this way and get away with it. Do you think I am not big enough to take care of myself? Do you, *really*? Some of your advice is all right, but some of it just won’t stand—that’s all.”

“Leon, I have said all this because I am interested in you, and have been interested in you for a long time, and because I want you to be the man you should be in the future. You could be a great man if you would just launch out. You have the brains and the ability. All I have said is for your welfare. Be a practical man, Leon, one who will stoop and then rise again, and not to always be classed with the demi-gods and the knight-hood.” She paused, as he interrupted.

“I am getting tired of being lectured to as if I were a boy.

You have said and done a thousand times more than enough to justify me in saying we are nothing more to each other than mere friends. Don't tell me another one of your questionable tales. Who under God's heaven could *ever* trust your purity? Don't talk! Don't talk! Do you hear me, *young woman?*" Every nerve and fibre of his body was raging with anger as he sat there with the palish and reddening colors raging in his face.

"Leon Grayson, Leon Grayson, you have insulted me! You have classed me with the *dogs*—the *under dogs*! I have no apologies—*absolutely none*. I shall *never* have any to make. You have made up your mind. You have classed me with the *fallacies* of womanhood. You are *always* ready to jump at conclusions in a red hot electric manner. You have made your decision. Remember this: if I never see you again you will have to bow your head and bend that dignified neck of yours in humility, and then emerge the same man from the sins and wilds of the world, if you are ever the man you should be. You will not always preach to the aristocracy—the humble and weak will never know you, and you will win a limited number of hearts in your harvest of souls if you don't condescend from your cushioned throne and in your manhood make an honest fight from the firing lines of the *practical and humble*, and not the *important and exalted*. Because others are weak and low and impure, *you* need not be; but by being able to fathom the hearts of real honest-to-goodness humanity, and knowing something of the wrangling and vomiting of a sin-stained world, you will know how to put up a Christ's man's fight. That's all I have to say—*absolutely all*. You won't listen. Brand me any kind of a woman you want to—I am *still*—*still Christine Neal*."

For almost two breathless minutes they gazed fixedly and intently into each other's eyes. A great gulf seemed to be fixed between them.

"That's great advice, Christine, and you have plead your cause cleverly, but our friendship is ended." Saying this he rose

from his chair and with a cold-stricken "goodnight," opened the door and stepped into the hallway. Soon his retreating footsteps could be heard without. He was gone into the night, wrapped in pitiless pensiveness. Christine closed the door after him, calmly and with a resolute will.

Time proves the workings of events—the joys and sorrows of Fate.

Twenty-four hours later. Time reaped the gladsome summary as well as the dismal story of the past and began sowing the seeds for Fate's harvest of happiness *or* tragedy.

Almost more than suddenly Christine Neal was stricken seriously ill. A physician was called, but all proved of no avail. She grew worse every hour for five days and nights. The physician stated that the gunshot wound received in Portsmouth had not completely healed and that she had taken cold in the wound, setting up inflammation. Her heart was weak and she was gradually sinking under the striking blows of pain and suffering.

Near midnight of December 21st, the doctor stated there was no possible chance for recovery. The morning of the 22nd dawned and she still lay silent, contending with death. Unmerciful gloom closed in. Instead of snow and bright sunny days as the celebrators of Christmas long for, the clouds swept across the Blue Ridge mountains bringing rain up from the east. The damp moisture-laden atmosphere was against her chances for recovery. Early Friday morning, the 23rd, she became unconscious, while the hours wore on filled with indecision and heart-piercing arrows of suspense. Death, coaching haughtily, was imminent at any moment. Additional medical aid was called to her bedside, the best the family could summon in the entire country, but in her unconsciousness she still swept closer and closer into the shadows of the tranquil. Saturday passed with no better hopes, and Christmas Eve was ushered in as a mediator between life and the grave.

This same watchful Christmas Eve, in his home almost a mile from the Neal residence, Leon Grayson retired at 10:30. During the past week he had called by telephone once a day to inquire if Christine was improving. He pretended to be deeply interested, but mere manly respect was the uncertain incentive. Not for one time did he send Christine flowers, or a real heart-cheering word of sympathy. He was resolute—unmercifully determined. The hours of eleven, twelve, one, and two and three passed by, but somehow the youth could not sleep. Something—a gripping monster—had seized him and held him captive, unable to run away from the pangs of a burning conscience. A thousand hideously entangled questions censored his brain. He was more than restless as he tumbled from one side of the bed to the other, a foe in a battle of convictions.

Without the weather was anything but welcoming. A cold damp wind was howling and mourning, as the rain and sleet peppered the earth without recourse to happiness.

Twenty minutes later a door to the Grayson residence opened and a youth stepped out into the night. He saw in the distance the shaded and paled lights of the Neal residence. The dim rays guided him onward. His heart throbbed and ached while he tried to believe Christine was yet alive. The weather had no significance to him, as he dared the wind and the cold.

He did not ring the door bell when he found himself at the Neal home, but knocked gently instead.

"Is Christine still living," he asked excitedly, as the nurse opened the door for him to enter. "Tell me! Tell me!"

"Yes. She is still breathing, but Dr. Boone says that she cannot live till dawn." She flashed the lights on in the parlor, and invited him to be seated.

"Is she still unconscious?"

"Yes."

"May I see her?"

"No, we cannot allow anyone in the room."

"Please allow me to see her, won't you?"

"No. You cannot see her just now. Probably the doctor will allow you to see her in an hour or two, but you cannot see her just at this time." The nurse left the room.

The next hour and a half seemed a full week in length. The youth tried to amuse himself by reading, but he could not drift away from his crushing and convicting thoughts. The whole world seemed to close in on him and drive every spark of happiness or even the thought of happiness far from him.

Suddenly some one opened the door, and in calm and deliberate tones, said: "Mr. Grayson, Christine is dying—would you care to see her?"

His heart jumped to his throat. Could he realize that just at this instant the woman he had pledged to marry—the woman he had pledged to love and make happy throughout the future—the woman he had accused of being low and impure,—was dying? He was speechless. Hell's grim battlements seemingly confronted him. He did not answer the physician's question but sprang for the door.

He entered the death chamber, slowly, and calmly, but a victim of enumerable burning stings and heartaches. He approached within a few feet of the bed, and stood there ghastly pale and silent. His grief and suffering was welled too deeply for tears. The doctors were rubbing her arms and body in an effort to keep her fast chilling blood circulating. Her face ashy and pale. She opened her lips and closed them, as if yielding to the conquerer. Dr. Boone stepped back from the bed and said in a whisper: "She is gone—her heart has yielded at last."

The young man turned suddenly about, and uttered hurtfully: "My God! My God! Forgive me—forgive me."

Christine's mother, crying and sobbing, bowed by the side of the bed and in her never-dying, faithful, motherly love for the last spark of hope, held her ear close on the breast of the girl.

Tears chased down her face and fell upon the body of her daughter as symbolizing gems of a mother's care. Suddenly she sprang from the bedside, exclaiming: "Her heart is still beating! Her heart is still beating! My God, have mercy!"

The physician listened long and silently, and then cautiously said: "If she lives five minutes longer, she has a fighting chance. She is undergoing the crisis now, and if she conquers she will get well."

Leon Grayson, with an earnest, deeply-touched appearance, pressed closer toward the bed. Every nerve of his being was pathetically touched with deepest and truest hopes for even the smallest signs of life.

Without the skies had cleared and the first faint reflections of light could be seen in the east. A great star, stilled and silent, shown brilliantly just above the horizon. The peaceful, humbled, happy thoughts of Bethlehem and Christmas filled the air.

Just at this instant while Leon Grayson's heart throbbed, and throbbed, and throbbed with suspense, Christine opened her eyes in an awakening conscious stare. She could not speak.

"Christine! Christine! Forgive me—I love you—I love you." He said.

She smiled.

THE QUEST OF KRO-MOSAR

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Up by the river St. Lawrence, the land of the spruce and the
balsam,

(The land where the long winding trails lie deep 'neath the
snow-drifts all winter),

There travelled an Indian brave, Kro-mosar the pride of his
tribesmen.

Kro-mosar, the first in the hunt, the bravest in battle, the
wisest;

Kro-mosar had left the warm fires of his comrades, away to
the eastward

To travel for many cold months in quest of a goal he was
seeking.

To his friends, to his parents and tribe, he had said in his
final leave-taking,

"My fellows, my dearly beloved, this day is the day of my
parting.

I go on a long, toilsome journey, and never again will you
see me."

The counsel of wise men had gathered to hear the strange
speech of Kro-mosar.

"Why must you go?" was their question. "Tell us, pray,
what is your reason?"

Then, standing up in the counsel, and facing the eyes of his
kinsmen,

And speaking so all could hear plainly, the brave young
Kro-mosar made answer:

"I have hunted the deer and the wolf; I have followed the
chase with my people;

And fought in the thick of the battle when enemies came
here to plunder.
With you have been burdened with sorrow whenever we lost
a brave comrade;
With you I have feasted and revelled whenever we won out
in warfare;
With you I have feared the Great Spirit, the One whom we
worship but know not;
My life has been full of enjoyment while living among you,
my kinsmen."

"Then why do you leave us, Kro-mosar?" a gray-headed
brave interrupted.

But the young man did not hear him, and kept on telling his
story:

"Lately, my life has been filled with a restlessness hard to
imagine.

Often, while living among you, partaking your joys and your
sorrows;

And often when sitting alone, with only the stars as com-
panions;

And oftener still, when in wonder, I looked at the fire of the
sunset,

A feeling of awe gripped my being, and strange bitter
thoughts overcame me.

I thought of myself and my tribesmen, our lives so short and
uncertain.

How came we hither, and why; and where do we go when we
leave here.

The answers our forefathers gave us, no longer can give
satisfaction.

They spoke of the powerful Spirit, who dwells in the flame
of the sunset,

The ruler and maker of all things, who kills or gives life as he
pleases.

But now as I think of this teaching, I want to seek out more
clearly

Its truth; and so I must leave you, to go to the West, to the
sunset,

To see the Great Spirit myself, if I should be able to find
him."

Thus saying, Kro-morsar stood silent, awaiting the word of
the counsel;

And watched their motionless faces, grim in the light of the
campfire.

Silent they sat, as each, not knowing how to give answer,
Looked at his comrades, expectant, in hope for some break
in the stillness.

Finally one of them said "Your quest is too foolish to follow.
The risk is too great; you will fail; you will only die of
starvation."

"But stay!" cried one of the number. "Here stands your
betrothed, your beloved,
She, whom I've heard from yourself, is the fairest and sweet-
est of women.
Stay, and still be her lover, and then her protector and
husband!"

But the young brave was decided. "I could not stay here,"
he told them,

"All the enjoyments of life, of which this tribe has its portion,
Are to me now as the play and the tireless chatter of children.
I could not stoop to enjoy them. My thoughts have travelled
far upward,

Have travelled to regions unknown, as the wild goose soars
from its comrades.

A new and a higher enjoyment is all that can feed my new hunger."

Then one of the counsel arose, and pleaded with the young warrior:

"Do not forsake us, my brother; live on with the rest of your kinsmen.

Help us in war and in peace. We need you, we need you, Kro-mosar."

But young Kro-Mosar stood rigid. His eyes were shining like torchlights.

"Farewell, my kind people," he answered, "I go, for I cannot resist it."

Then, without friends or companions, he turned his gaunt face to the westward,

Straight to the black of the forest, and strode thru its brush and its darkness.

Far in the distance, there echoed the bloodthirsty howl of the wolf-pack.

Thru the dark boughs of the spruce trees, the first snow of winter was falling.

The chill of the night blew around him; but he would never go backward.

As steadily onward he marched to seek his question's great answer.

All thru that long dismal winter, alone and unhappy, he struggled,

Setting a trap, now and then, to catch some wild beast of the forest.

Often when night came around, as he set up a small brush-wood shelter,

He would be hungry and cold, and weary from the day's
journey.
So he would say to himself, "I am nearer to what I was
seeking
Than when this day just began." And that was the thought
that could cheer him.
But slowly, and he did not know it, the strength of his youth
was decreasing;
Sapped by the winter's rought blast, and the slow consuming
of hunger.
And he kept on till at last, beside the river St. Lawrence,
Weak and exhausted he fell; and lay as if dead, in the snow-
bank.
Near where he fell was the wigwam and campfire of Laheesh,
a good man,
Who, on his way from the river, espied the dark form of
Kro-mosar;
And, lifting him up in his arms, carried him up to the shelter.
There, in the warmth of the wigwam the wife and the family
of Laheesh
Cared for the warrior brave, and by gentlest of arts, they
revived him.
Kro-mosar, on opening his eyes, thought that he must have
been dreaming,
Seeing those strange and fair faces, looking upon him and
smiling;
And with a blood-chilling whoop, he jumped up as if to
awaken.
But he had not enough strength, and sank on the floor, all
exhausted.
"You are safe, we are friends," they assured him, but he was
unable to utter
The words that he wanted to speak, so there he lay, wondering,
staring.

Then the old Laheesh, the good man, told of his trip to the
river,
Of finding the Indian brave, lying as dead in the snow bank,
And taking him up to the wigwam where he and his people
revived him;
And where he, at that very moment, was safe as if back in
the homeland.

Soon the young warrior was able to speak to the people around
him;
And after thanking them kindly, he told them that he must
be going.
"No, not so soon," said old Laheesh. "Stay while your
strength is returning,
And then you may go where you wish. But stay till our
dinner tomorrow.
Tomorrow is what we call 'Christmas,' and it is a time for
rejoicing."

Kro-mosar was wishing to go, to follow the trail to the west-
ward,
Where he must find out the answer, if answer there be to his
question.
But he said, "Surely, 'tis better to wait and start out to-
morrow."
Then looking up at old Laheesh, he asked him the meaning of
Christmas.
The name was not known to Kro-mosar, and not to his far-
away kinsmen.
So the old Indian answered: "A white man came here and
told us
About a wonderful person, who, in a far distant country
Lived and instructed his people. He cured their ills and
diseases.

He showed them how they should live, but they hated Him
for His teaching,

And killed Him at last. He was buried; but now He's alive;
he has risen

And knows all about us, and cares, and can help us whenever
we need Him."

"What is his name, and who is he; and tell me where I may
find him?"

Trembling, and all in excitement, Kro-mosar asked him this
question.

Then, in a slow, solemn tone, old Laheesh said to the stranger,
"We, who have heard all about Him, and know of His deeds
and His teaching,

Know that He was no mere human. He had the power of
creation.

He was the Son of the Spirit, the God whom we worshipped
but knew not.

He has gone back to His home, now, after dying to save us."

Kro-mosar was wide-eyed while listening, but now he seemed
much disappointed.

"Oh, if I only had known Him, but now it's too late. He has
left us.

He would be able to tell me the answer that I have been
searching.

I have been travelling West, to the place where our fore-
fathers told us,

Dwells the Great Father of Spirits, high in the clouds and the
sunset.

I have been seeking the reason for all of our life and our
being."

But the good Laheesh smiled kindly. "'Tis well. He has left
us the answer."

Then he continued the story, and spoke on for hours without tiring,
While young Kro-mosar sat silent, forgetting his state of exhaustion;
And heard the great story of Christ, and the Cross; and drank in the meaning
As one who has toiled thru the desert, enjoys the cool flow of the river.

And when the story was finished, his eyes flashed with new understanding.

"I see it! I see it!" he cried, "I shall go back to my kinsmen, And they shall know of this Gospel!"

"But let us retire, now," said Laheesh.

"Tomorrow we celebrate Christmas, the day of the birth of the Savior.

Then you may go to your homeland, unless you're too weak for the journey."

"That will be well," said Kro-mosar. "Tomorrow, we celebrate Christmas.

Then I shall start for the homeland, for I can bear, well, the journey."

Next morning, Kro-mosar was fresher, revived by the good care of Laheesh,

And felt a new strength and new vigor from what the old Indian had told him;

And, as they prepared for the feast, he helped them in all of their duties,

Cheerful and singing in heart, as he had not been for a long while.

When they all gathered to dinner, it was a time for rejoicing. The neighboring braves and their families were present to eat with old Laheesh.

And when the feasting was ended, Kro-mosar stood up to address them :

“My friends, you are all very kind. Yesterday I was dying, Laheesh, the host of our dinner, saved me, and here in this wigwam,

Told me the story of Christ. Often, I puzzled and wondered About life's deep cause and its meaning; the truth about God, the Great Spirit.

And I had left all my kinsmen to go to the West, to the sunset,

Where, our forefathers have told us, dwells the great ruler of all men.

Now all my questions are answered; my fears and my doubts are all settled.

Now, I must live for my tribesmen, who worship and live in their darkness;

So I must bid you farewell, and leave you, my friends, my befrienders.

And take to my kin in the homeland, the good news that Laheesh has told me.”

Up by the river St. Lawrence, the land of the spruce and the balsam;

(The land where the long winding trails lie deep 'neath the snow drifts all winter),

There travelled an Indian brave, Kro-mosar, the pride of his tribesmen;

Kro-mosar, the first in the hunt, the bravest in battle, the wisest;

Kro-mosar, the Indian Christian; the bearer of truth and good tidings.

THE PURPOSE OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

A. N. CORPENING, '23

A statement of the purpose of Wake Forest College ought to define in broad terms the things which the College is trying to give her students. There may be disagreement on what the aim really is, but as nearly as I can find out there is a general opinion that this college ought to stand for definite principles and give certain things to the students who come. These will be discussed in order.

Wake Forest has stood for scholarship in the past and will continue to do so. This is not only a knowledge of dates, rules, and the accumulation of facts, but it is the ability to use these in language, whether spoken or written, and in the practical associations of life. Scholarship, of course, is based upon a knowledge of facts. This is one reason for a strict adherence to the requirement for a high standard of work and for the present attempt to limit the number in each class. Many students come here, wholly unfitted for any task where scholarship is demanded. The College aims to meet this need by either laying a foundation, relaying one, or building upon a foundation already laid in order that scholarship may become a reality in every student's life.

The second thing, though not secondary in importance, that this institution stands for is the building of character. To be sure, many colleges not claiming to be denominational, uphold high ideals. But that is not their fundamental idea. In a state school scholarship is emphasized. Wake Forest is a denominational college, upheld by the Baptists of North Carolina. They expect an atmosphere here that will contribute to manhood; that will uphold the religious life. They expect ideals to be held up in such a way that their young men

may come here and leave with a deeper religious life and nobler aspirations than when they came. They want the truth taught about science and in science, yet presented in such a way that the student will not say that the truth conflicts with Christianity. Wake Forest purposes to do every thing in her power that will contribute to the building of character and the growth of the religious life.

Again, this College stands for a liberal education, permeated with Christian ideals. The men who take a law course only, do not get a liberal education; those men who take technical training immediately after leaving high school do not get a liberal education. A liberal education demands a knowledge of the great fundamentals in a number of courses. Wake Forest wants her men to be so equipped that they will have poise and stability. Specialization should come after such a college course is completed. However, in many colleges, there is a tendency to make specialization first. Wake Forest prefers to offer courses and give degrees which require liberal training. We hope that she will continue this policy.

The recent emphasis upon education has caused students to turn toward the colleges of our state in such numbers that they are crowded to the limit of their capacity. Indeed, many students are being turned away each year because of the lack of room. The constant demand of the Baptists in our Southland is causing our young men and women to seek their education in our denominational schools. This movement has already been felt here. The dormitories are crowded to the limit, and rooms in the village cannot be supplied in sufficient number to meet the demand. Even the class rooms are crowded, and comfort is out of the question in some classes because of this situation. These conditions demand new buildings, for the housing of students, and new recitation rooms. They also call for a larger faculty to make possible efficient teaching in the various departments. It should be the pur-

pose of Wake Forest to meet the demands of the students of the state for an education, so long as this demand does not make the college too unwieldy for efficient instruction and so long as it does not hamper her in carrying out her purposes as expressed above.



FROM THE ALUMNI



BETHLEHEM AND THE BABE

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

I

Old Bethlehem, how long, how long ago
The shepherds watched upon thy star-white hills,
Beside the sheep that shone like drifts of snow,
Beneath the mellow moon's refulgent glow!
Old Bethlehem, I seem to see thee yet,
Crowned with that winter night's bright coronet.

II

Old Bethlehem, so tiny and so quaint,
A name that earth and heaven e'er hold dear;
The sesame of sinner and of saint,
The source of joy, and of the trembling tear,
How faith still seeks thee, clinging close to Love,
Led by one strange Bright Star that shines above!

III

Old Bethlehem, somehow I do not care
To seek thy inn, where thy rich guests did sleep;
I fain would seek thy hills, so bleak and bare,
Where once thy shepherds watched beside their sheep.
Somehow, somehow, I cannot rest within
Thy inn.

IV

But, pr'i thee, bid me seek thy lowly cave,
With mild-eyed oxen standing meekly by;
Thy inn's still crowded, and I do not crave

Upon its couch to lie.
(Ah, how, along the heavy, age-dim track,
The chill of that weird winter night comes back!)

V

O Bethlehem, thy inn I cannot bear,
Somehow I fain would rest and linger here;
Where gentle beasts greet me with stupid stare,
As if I bore them boon of earthly cheer;
Thy cave, it woos me with a sense of peace
That ne'er thy crowded inn could e'er release.

VI

Oh, what is that upon yon spread of straw?
That gift of Beauty, bathed in Holy light?
A scene no royal palace ever saw
Lit by a Star that kindles all the night.
Oh, Gift of Heaven filled with gracious charms;
It is a Babe within His mother's arms!

VII

Old Bethlehem, ask me no more to seek;
Elsewhere thy throngs may turn their restless feet;
I linger here where love is mild and meek.
Here, Bethlehem, within thy lowly cave,
Is all I crave!

—Wadesboro, N. C.

SOME DANGERS TO NORTH CAROLINA INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

A. L. GOODRICH, '22

Winning Oration, Commencement 1922

The universal tendency to competition and the universal desire to win at all costs has crept into the athletic situation in North Carolina. Today we want to win. In bygone days, the prime object was to produce men who would be better because of their physical training. We wished to improve the physical condition of the whole student body. Today we want to win games.

It is a pleasant sensation to see your team return the victor. It produces a thrill unlike any other to see a member of the home team circle right end for forty yards, or for the opposing back to be thrown for a loss. It makes us feel younger by years to see a member of the home team hit for three bags with the bases loaded. But along with this exaggerated desire to win, have come some evils that must be checked, or they will mean the downfall of intercollegiate athletics.

There is the tendency in some colleges to win at any cost. No longer is the foremost idea that of upholding the spirit of the college, but of WINNING. Whatever the price, the cry goes up, "Pay it." If it means the hiring of a coach at a salary that makes the salary of the college president look small, the cry is, "Pay it." If it means the enticing of players from one school to another, they say, "Pay it."

Conversely we feel disgraced if our team loses. In days that have passed, the athlete who went out on the diamond or gridiron and did his best was admired even in the face of defeat, but now, the team that loses is not greeted with cheers, but with a cold stare. It matters not that they have put every ounce of energy and effort into their game. Winning is now

last. Let us make the objective one hundred per cent participation by the students.

Our own athletic council has recently announced a policy which bids fair to help toward this goal. Beginning next year, an effort will be made to enlist every student in some branch of supervised athletics. Instead of the excessive training of a few, it aims at the training of many. This is offered to you as a worthwhile example.

Let us then, think of athletics as an aid to better manhood. Let us consider it a heritage from the past, not forgetting the opportunities it presents for us to promote our own physical welfare. And with this in view with each one of us determined to see that nothing detrimental to athletics shall creep in, ere long, the last taint of unfairness, the last whisper of sharp practice will be gone and a bigger spirit, a better rivalry and a larger objective will have been attained.

THE TRIBUTE OF TIME

A. R. WHITEHURST, '21

*"Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize."*
—Milton.

King Annus is host in his palace tonight
To the bards from the Kingdom of Time;
The minstrels—a dozen—encircle the bowl,
Each eager to render his rime.

Arrayed in their garments, appropriate each
To his mouth, they have fashioned their lays
To herald the fame of illustrious men
Who were born in their province of days.

Old Janus, the first, drinks health to the name
Of that matchless Confederate, Lee.
And each in his turn, till rises the fourth—
Of Avon's fair genius sings he.

The sponser of roses and brides is the sixth,
Who tells how there came in those days
A preacher, forerunner of One yet to be,
Whose coming the ages would praise.

His harp in his fingers, and joy on his face,
The twelfth now breaths on the strings:
"It came upon a midnight clear"—
Out o'er the hushed audience rings—

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,"
And on till the singer had done.
For thus is the custom of Annus the King,
To honor the birth of The Son.

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❧

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. C. PAIT, *Editor*

❧

What does it mean to you, and what are Christmas you going to do with it? Somehow, even if I would, I could never keep my mind from drawing beautiful pictures of snow-white sheep, watching shepherds, singing angels, wise men, a brilliant, glowing star, and a Babe, when I hear the name. Then, following these thoughts, come, almost as by contrast, the thoughts of bright-faced, happy children and well-filled stockings. But when I give sway to self, I would forget that there is anything but joy and friends and plenty, but I know that this is not all.

There is another side of life. I would revel and feast and spend the time riotously, but something forbids. I would give to all my friends, presents, because they will make presents to me, and, too, because they will expect presents in return. But again, somehow, something tells me that such presents are wasted, and that there are many, many little stockings that will hang limp and empty by cold fireplaces, disappointing, almost to despair, the hearts of their childish owners as they withdraw their chubby hands. Empty! I cannot quite forget that one of the first faiths born in the heart of a child is terribly shaken when his stocking hangs crumpled and shriveled on Christmas morning. No Santa Claus? Tell him that there is no father or mother and he will believe just as much of it. No, I cannot forget these things, nor, that right here the seed of mistrust might find fertile soil. I would not forget my friends on that day. Never! But I would let the very name of Christmas inspire me to thrust my hand deep, deep into my pocket in order that I may save the faith of as many of *these*, as possible. Christmas and a Child! The two are inseparably associated. The day is ours because of a Child. Let us remember it for the Child's sake.

Christmas! What does it mean to you, and, what are you going to do with it?

The Senior
Class

There is a natural tendency to classify. Go where we will, and classification of practically everything and everybody that we come in contact with, finds access—sometimes without our knowing it—to our minds. The physician classifies the human race into two classes: the sick and the well. The lawyer sees, chiefly, the criminal and the law-abiding citizen. The teacher recognizes among his classes, the bright and the dull student. The theologian declares that an individual is either righteous or unrighteous. Even so it is with the layman. With regard

to persons and things, he says, "I like this one," or, "I do not like that one." "This is good," or, "That is bad."

The Senior Class this year is not different from those that have preceded it. Here, we have the same two classes that have ever composed it: the thoughtful and the unthoughtful.

The thoughtful senior remembers his pride of rank as a freshman, and contrasts with it his abashment of rank as a senior. Proud that the door of opportunity and attainment has opened to him—of course— and knowing that he has probably accomplished as much as the average man during his college career, he does not fail to realize that the trail behind him is dim, almost to obscurity, oppressively narrow, and appallingly short. Furthermore, he does not fail to see just ahead, yes, from his very feet, that trail of dimness, narrowness, and incompleteness extending, a great white way of intricacies whose seething entanglements none but the experienced and wise may penetrate, with confidence and safety, branching here and there, even as we see the leaping tributaries of the mountain stream, in our climb upward. And, regardless of the lure of the many by-streets of life's great white way, he will turn his eyes from them to the way of his calling. These many by-streets—no man could travel them all, even if he would. And the many offerings of this entangled thoroughfare, to his meagre college gleanings—they are too many and too great for him to conceive of. Truly, he stands abashed as the world stretches hands of need to him, a man of supposed learning. There seems so little behind and so much ahead! He is as the tiny child who sits on the seashore trying to dip the ocean dry with his sand-shovel. Or, as a man, blind from birth, who has undergone an optical operation that might bring vision to his sightless eyes. He is anxious—in suspense. Even as he of the lifetime blindness is led from the dark-room, the bandages removed; trembling, dreading, fearing to open his eyes, lest,

after all, he be not able to see; yet, with a strangling pulse of hope almost bursting his veins—the hope that all is well, and that vision has been made possible. Just so the thoughtful senior is being led out, his college career behind. Yes, he dreads, yet he longs to look into the future. He trembles as he feels for the Great Hand to steady his faltering steps. He fears, but the prayer for faith that the vision of life has been given, rises from his heart, and finds utterance only in the silent yearnings of a humble soul that would contribute its best to a needy world. Senior, if you have seen none of these picture-experiences, then, you belong to that other class.



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

GAY G. WHITAKER, *Editor*



It is surprising to note the marked change in character and composition of the magazines coming to our desk during the months of October and November. This is true, not only of the poems and essays, but also the short stories.

The poetry of the November issues proved to be gently warped by some wielding hand into an atmosphere extremely deviating from the October numbers. Granting, readily, that some of the poems were as fine in poetic craft and meter as seldom will be seen in college publications, yet, some of the poems were more than sentimentally, and superlatively attributable to high schools. The essays have not measured up to the initial status. We cannot account for this seemingly sudden change, but with the exception of only a few skillfully constructed essays, the greater number have been built on the life-time-sentence principle,—long drawn out with the same currenting atmosphere all the way. The conventional still has us gripped. The dominating principles of olden times still holds us aloof from abreast-of-the-times ideas. *The Student* admits its sins without hesitancy. And the short stories. Suffice to say that the greater part of the stories in the November magazines were sentimental, or at least partially sentimental and commonplace. Most of them were love stories netted on the principle of "you fall in my arms and I'll fall in yours." This was far from being true in October. This does not include, by any means, all the stories in the November publications, for there were some worthy of highest commendation; but merely the larger number proved to contain a plot in which the little god of Fate starred in every battle, and as a general rule never met a rough or wrestling wind. Wouldn't it be superbly grand if humanity could reach this rosied status and

travel always on this Elsysian highway? However, it is law, as well as gospel, that the true-to-life story, with its un-alterable demands, regardless of the flowers or thorns, will rule when human nature appears in the limelight of the *real*, and in the face of all contingencies.

The Meredith Acorn contains a lot of material showing real work and skill in construction. The essay, *Modern Fiction as Represented by Five Recent Novels*, is the outstanding contribution, but is entirely too long. The essay shows its author to be a careful observer and student. Your magazine is not well balanced and the short story seems to be a minus quantity.

The Furman Echo. We do not hesitate in saying that your magazine this year seems to be far superior to *The Echo* of former years. Your new style and make-up is commendable. Your editorials are not strictly bound to the walls of your campus.

The Messenger has proved to be the best balanced and constructed publication reaching us during the entire fall term. It is filled with short and interesting stories and essays, with short poems and playlets sandwiched between. We have only two minor criticisms to make; some of your poems are sentimentally inclined, and one of your short stories is based on a hackneyed and time-worn plot.

The Trinity Archive is not taxed with an abundance of contributions, but contains some as well written editorials, poems, and short stories as we have read for some time. The essays appear to have been on a vacation during November. *The Archive* is alongside the best publications we have been privileged to read this year. The outstanding defect in your magazine is that it is small in size and does not contain the number of contributions it should in speaking for as highly rated institution as Trinity College.

We have enjoyed reading the following publications, and are pleased to acknowledge their receipt: *The Chronicle*, *The Papyrus*, *The Concept*, *The Philomathean*, *The Chronicle (Well's College)*, *The Pine Branch*, *The Laurel*, *Acta Victoria*, *The Trinity University Review*, *The Tattler*, *Pine and Thistle*, *Blue and Gray*, *Central Wesleyan Star*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, and the *Wofford College Journal*.



NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

J. W. BEACH, *Editor*



Fools throw kisses; wise men deliver them in person.

Selected.

ACTUAL HAPPENINGS

Attorney G. G. Whitaker had just returned from a rather prolonged trip to the Wake Forest-Guilford foot ball game in Greensboro (N. C. C. W.), and was naturally dozing on his first class.

Dr. Gulley—"Mr. Whitaker."

Whitaker, awakening from his slumbers—"Howdy."

Dr. Cullom, on Bible II—"Mr. Morgan, can you tell us what a 'Scalawag' is?"

Sophomore Morgan—"I guess that is a book agent, Doctor."

YOU CAN'T DENY AN ACTUAL COUNT

Dr. Kitchin, on Biology IV—"Mr. Covington, which has the most ribs, you or a girl?"

Julius Caesar—"My girl has twenty-four, Doctor."

"Red" Andrews—"What did you do last summer?"

Jim Farthing—"I had a position in my father's office. And you?"

"Red"—"I didn't work any, either."

Freshman Lewis, after the campus had been burned over—

"Dr. Tom, that grass is about as black as you are, isn't it?"

Dr. Tom—"Yassir, and nex' spring it'll grow out and be jes' as green as you are."

We thought that Boob McNutt was the worst of his species until some one asked when the Student Volunteer Band was going to give its first concert.

CONGRATULATIONS

“And they were married and lived happily even after.”
Literary Digest.

UNDERSTOOD

“Everybody should lie on the right side,” is the advice of a medical man. The only exception, we gather, is the politician, who can lie on both sides.

Bill—“Have you read ‘Freckles’?”

Betsy, hastily—“No, that’s my veil.”

Central Wesselyn Star.

Observant youngster—“Oh look at the funny man, mother! He’s sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin.”

Prof. Clonts on History I—“Mr. Griffin, what was the principal article manufactured at Lille at the time of our lesson?”

R. B. Griffin, very positively—“Lisle socks.”

Freshman Pigg declares that his roommate, Newish Hudson, has a great mind. He flunks all his quizzes and never minds it.

Freshman Phillips at Barber Shop—“Have you ever been here for a shave before?”

Customer—“Yes, once.”

Phillips—“I don’t remember your face.”

Customer—“Oh, it’s healed up since then.”

The old time man who used to burn the midnight oil now has a son who steps on the midnight gas. Tribune.

"Quo Vadis" Richardson, at Perry Club—"Hilburn, if you eat another piece of pie you'll burst."

Hilburn—"Pass the pie and get out of the way."

THE EVILS OF SLANG

That waiter must be crazy; yesterday I asked for extract of beef and he brought me a glass of milk. Papyrus.

Latest reports from Broadway tell us of a new song hit entitled, "The Golf Link Blues"; words by Tracey and Peele.

BLOWN OVER FROM MEREDITH

"O Lord, give us clean hearts, pure hearts and sweethearts."

The Acorn.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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NEW YEAR'S DAY

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

Above the white snow-christened plain, the unfolding drapery
of the morn

Awakes the sleeping world again; and lo, another year is born.

The chimes ring out in a cheerful sound, the noises of the day
increase;

And happy voices bound, rebound, with wishes of good will
and peace.

'Tis New Year's Day. Again we start upon the long adven-
turous sweep

Of that wide orbit 'round whose heart, the Earth's unchanging
courses keep.

But now we set those thoughts aside, and nearer problems
take their place.

We turn our hands to build and guide the beckoning destiny
of the race.

For as we hear the age-old cries, and through the urging
Present scan,

From every ill and want there flies a challenge to the heart
of man.

A call to start on work anew, and fight old battles still unwon;
To venture from a selfish view, and finish duties still undone.

To cure a nation's many ills, and let a chain-bound people go;
To pay a world's long-standing bills of want and poverty
and woe.

To set all human wrongs aright; to spread the truth that
makes men free;
To speed the work of Christ, the Light, that was, and is, and
is to be.

RACIAL ASPECTS OF THE PEACE PROBLEM

JOHN S. THOMAS, '23

The history of man is closely related to that of other life. Man, too, requires nourishment; this fact gives rise to economic problems; he moves about; this multiplies points of contact; and he reproduces; this necessitates artificial barriers. Man's range is wider today than at any time in history. From the garden of Eden he has crossed the mountains and the seas until today his dominion extends from pole to pole. He fathoms the secrets of the darkest waters, and wrests from earth her deepest hidden treasures. What Burke termed the eternal barriers of creation are removed until shore is knit to shore, and the problems of the East have truly become the problems of the West. Thus new points of contact have developed that presage worldwide weal or woe, making a means to peace appear essential. Being a world problem this necessitates not so much a political as a radical survey—the former being artificial—the latter involving "Consciousness of kind," which is fundamental.

The diagnostician studies cause, then effect, and lastly proposes a remedy. In the history of man we find the cause of past wars; in present racial, geographical, and economic conditions we find the forces that portend war today, and in the study of man, if anywhere, is to be found the cure.

Animals do not make war on their own kind except individually. Nor can the statement be substantiated that whenever and wherever there has been man there has been war. Man is a social being, a fact that argues that the cause for war came from without and not from within, leading to the conclusion that to soften points of contact and discover an

ideal about which all races may gather is to realize our objective.

It was with the discovery of America that the white race took a new stride in world affairs, and it was sixty-eight years after the first American legislature sat at Jamestown that the pendulum swung decisively in favor of the white man and against the colored. There is no age in which a race has made the progress that has been the white man's for the past four hundred years. In 1500 the white race occupied one-tenth its present area, and Europe's total population was but one-sixth that of today. Chiefly thru the white man from 1813 to 1914 world trade jumped from two billion to forty billion dollars. Today the white race politically dominates nine-tenths of the globe. But let us not be deceived. The year 1900 marked the summit of white hegemony unless we change our perspective. The roar of Japanese guns at Port Arthur convinced the colored races that white civilization was not invincible and thru the courts of the Orient ran the sibilant whisper, "The East shall see the West to bed." And so it behooves us to survey also the colored races.

The estimated population of the world is 1750 million. Of these, 500 million are white, and 1200 million are colored. Four-fifths of the white race is concentrated on less than one-fifth of the world's area. This remaining one-fifth politically dominates races eleven times their numerical strength. This is a formiable ratio that seems destined to shift yet further in favor of color.

The white race tends to double in eighty years, the yellow and brown in sixty, and the black in forty years. The birth rate of the whites is declining, while the colored races not only show no decline but the white man's sciences are bringing decreased infant mortality with increasing longevity.

Add to this that the white man is greatly weakened by the World War. Some one has said, "Cohesive instinct is

as vital to race as gravitation is to matter." The first shots of that war disrupted white solidarity until the very idea of a common blood and a common history became repugnant.

Professor Bogert estimates that the World War cost the white race directly and indirectly three hundred and thirty-one billion dollars, and present conditions indicate that the breakdown of economic society may have been the price exacted.

The destruction of life is even more serious, for wealth may eventually be replaced. Out of sixty million soldiers mobilized there were thirty-three million casualties. Of these eight million were killed. It is estimated that for every soldier killed five civilians died of hunger, cold, disease, massacre and heightened infant mortality. If the decreased birth-rate is added, we reach the grand total of fifty million souls, many of whom represented the best of the race, carrying superlative inheritances.

The moral and spiritual losses, though incalculable, are possibly more appalling.

Thus the war has paved the way for the emergence of colored races from comparative obscurity, and recent events indicate that they will again contest world supremacy with the white race. Students of eastern questions see in Kemal Pasha's recent challenge to British rule an omen of the day when the hosts of Mohammed will rush to the green banner and there will arise a holocaust beside which the fires of Smyrna will pale. Unrest has spread over Asia like a prairie fire and the Balkans are but smoldering kindling wood.

The Orient is crowded to overflowing, but the stork evinces no inclination to take a holiday. Time prohibits a study of the attitude of the colored races towards white dominion. Suffice it to say that the yoke is hard, and when the stimuli of over crowding, white dominion, and white denial of nationalistic aspirations have aroused sufficient hatred and fury, Japan will lead them. This assertion is based upon the

opinion of noted scholars and statesmen of every race and every portion of the globe.

There are some of the present day forces that portend war. What are the remedies?

Amalgamation of races presents itself, but I thank God that there are some things to which we find death preferable. Amalgamation except within the same race stock results in a jarring of heredities. Mexico, Cuba and Brazil well demonstrate this pitiable spectacle of man robbed of poise and stability by conflicting affiliations. Hence, amalgamation and immigration must be prevented at all costs. Our attitude towards the demand of business for a cheap supply of labor is sympathetic but the need to preserve our social integrity is imperative, hence we must insist that business holds racial duty above private gain, for, as an Englishman has said, "Asiatic immigration is not a question of sentiment but of sheer existence."

It is essential that the white man give up the world dominion he has exercised of recent years, and withdrawn from such regions as India where alien authority can never be maintained except by the sword. To do so will ease the tension and relax the cohesion of races which our present policy intensified, while it justifies the closing of the door in strategic territory against all competitors. Else we shall find that consciousness of kind, the cohesive instinct awakened by external pressure will constitute a common cause of resistance before which determinations of peace conferences will prove as straws at floodtide.

Despite the blow that Germany's mailed fist gave white civilization, we must rise above the hate literature of the war and foster that which leads to white rehabilitation and solidification. We must encourage international labor and religious movements, exchange of professors, and all other forces that aid in the development of a world-wide consciousness of

common interest, for thus is developed inter-racial comity, or what H. G. Wells so aptly terms, the "international mind."

It is man's capacity for the emotion of the ideal which so widely separates him from the brute. The racial movements just now outlined may alleviate immediate dangers, but it is in the emotion of the ideal rightly directed that we shall realize our objective, if at all. Benjamin Kidd has taught us that the determining factor in society is the emotion of the ideal. He means that the ideals and standards and purposes to which a social group is ardently attached determine its relationships and activities. History shows that this great power has overthrown dynasties and builded empires and controlled all social progress. Of course opportunity and race had a share in the result, but it is the emotion of the ideal which has made America what she is today.

That wonderfully cohesive German organization of the late war changed the course of history, and threatened political domination of the world. It was a demonstration of power based on the emotion of the ideal in the national mind. It proved that the collective traditions and ideals transmitted thru culture constitute the master principle of the world. At the peril of civilization it was the ideal of power based on brute force. But the rightly directed emotion of the Christian ideal in the service of civilization can make war appear to the future mind the most repugnant of all the expressions of human power.

Man's supreme conception is God. From the bushman to the noblest product of white civilization is found the religious sentiment. It is as dominant as it is universal. Before it the sentiments surrounding home, state, and even race pale. Christianity is the religion of all religions that tend to universal peace in that it is essentially the religion of brotherhood, and has for its objective "peace on earth; good will toward men." It has demonstrated its power to establish a

personal standard that makes robbery or murder incompatible with decent living. It has the power to establish a national standard to which war is abhorrent, and under which the call of the heroic will be adequately answered in service to, rather than in war upon, one's fellow man. And educated citizenship moved by Christian sentiment can endow international law with the same authority as national law. Law is operative only as it is crystallized public sentiment. In the emotion of the ideal as formulated by Christianity is the power that can permeate human relations like a beneficent contagion, and guarantee that all law, both national and international will be based on a broad sense of right; will be just to all classes, and thus bind together the hearts and consciences of men. With such laws in the hearts of the peoples of the world, and written into international agreements, we may reach that era in world relations that was the dream of Stephen Phillips.

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“In the years that have been, I have bound man closer to man,
 And closer, woman to woman.
 And the stranger hath seen in a stranger his brother at last,
 and a sister in eyes that were strange.
 In the years that shall be, I shall bind me nation to nation,
 and shore unto shore,” saith our God.
 “Lo, I am the burster of bonds and the breaker of barriers,
 I am He that shall free,” saith our Lord.
 “For the lingering battle, the contest of ages is ending, and
 victory followeth me.”

Editor's Note—This oration won first place in the North Carolina Inter-Collegiate Peace Oratorical Contest held at Burlington, N. C., April 21, 1922.

THE BUDDHA

WILBUR J. CASH

Now, Old Teacher of India's brown-skinned brood,
Now—I say—at last I understand.
And in this little hour
While yet I claim the mood,
To you, across the dim forgotten years,
Goes out my weary understanding heart—
For now I know that
From the crest of some far hill
You must have seen the blue of heaven
Bend to kiss the purple sea,
And, watching from some
Lonely pine-encircled place
Across a flaming, windswept peak
You must have known a sunset painting
All the sky across with iridescent lace
Of red and gold—
You must have longed, as I have longed,
To know the answer to the unforgiving
Pain that filled your heart,
And found it—
But the echo of old
Heart-haunting scenes—the unforgetting
Hurt that beauty gave you when—
Three thousand years ago—
You loved—as I have loved—
A love that called to you and when
You would have answered
Left you to wander
Through the dreary valley of the disenchanting years

With weary heart, alone—
You must have found, as I have found,
That such old wounds
Could never heal—
And known the mockery of the stars,
The sunset, and the sea until
You sought a haven in your
Fatalistic creed—
Yes—Old Sakya-muni—I can understand
Why you should care to believe
That Heaven could but be
In endlessly forgetting.

THE CAMP OF REGENERATION

TOM HAMILTON, JR., '23

"What's dat you say, nigger?" And out of the half torn down shack of east "Bob Town" (name applied to the district occupied by the darker population), old Ann was not hesitating one bit in her exit from the inner walls of her home for she desired to know the whys and wherefores of her old man's utterances.

"I says dat as long as you and me is living together, I'se goin' to be boss o' dis har family." Old Jerry was out sitting on the steps of the shack picking away on his old guitar, passing the time as if he had all the next many thousand years to live and wasn't in any special hurry to live them. "Aint no nigger 'oman comin' round dis har place and think she gwine be head o' de family."

"I tells you right now, sar, dat as long as you stay har, you sho is gotta do some of dis work," pealed forth Jerry's old woman who had conveniently parked herself against the door sill in order to give her sentiments to the old darkey.

Jerry, tired of hearing the jabber, slowly eased away from the place, repeating his practice of many times a day of riding himself of the flowing speech of his "ole 'oman."

Through the peaceful atmosphere of the little mountain village, the bugle calling the members of the Patterson national guard, together, was pealing forth over the peaks and tree tops, for it was the day before the annual encampment of the local cavalry unit. Preparations were being made for a full two weeks' schedule of soldiering, mixed with a ray of pleasure known to exist in every annual national guardsman camp.

This year the boys were to train in Alabama, namely Camp McClellan.

"I jus' figgers Ise gwine down and see jus' what dat music means," uttered old Jerry as his speed towards the busy section of the little mountain village increased to a rapid gait. It is always Uncle Jerry's delight to be a member of a crowd of eager spectators of some mysterious gathering and whenever an opportunity presented itself, the old darkey could be seen plodding on towards the center of attraction.

Up in the village armory, the twenty-one men comprizing the local guard unit were getting everything ready for their departure. The rattling of mess kits, rifles, and the tread of heavy army shoes could be heard by citizens passing the building used as headquarters of the unit.

"Lt. Bryan, see that the men have all the necessary equipment packed and report up here tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock sharp, ready to leave for Alabama. Our men must make a good impression and it is necessary that we get an early start." These words rang out from the personage of Major Wade Varsar, commander of the several guard units in the vicinity of Paterson.

"That's true, sir, I will order Sergeant Major Linn to see that everything is packed and ready to be loaded by 3 o'clock this afternoon so that we can depart on the early morning special." Lt. Bryan was a young officer who received his training in one of the army camps during the war and he knew just what was expected of each man. However, Lt. Bryan was never too serious minded, for he cracked jokes and joined in many of the sports during his leisure hours.

"What's dis here mean, gentlemen?" stammered old Uncle Jerry as he reached the top of the stairs leading to the packing room of the armory. Twenty-one men were as one when they saw the favorite old darkey of the village, and it seemed that as a unit they replied "Never mind, Jerry, come over

and help me pack." Every rookie was eager to have the services of the old darkey at just this particular moment. "No, sar, I aint gwine help nobody case there's jus' too many wantin' my services." This was an easy excuse for old Jerry to continue his loafing routine.

"Attention!" commanded Lt. Bryan to the old darkey, almost frightening him to death by the sharp command.

The old darkey made a slow turn, typical of the movements of the southern slave darkies. He was expecting to see Ann coming up the stairs to turn loose a little more of her wrath, but instead his eyes met those of the young officer. "Sar?" inquired Jerry, shaking from head to foot as if something had suddenly stunned him.

"Attention!" again pealed forth from the throat of Lt. Bryan with not a crack of a smile coming over his face.

"Now, Uncle Jerry, you ought to know what 'attention' means," spoke up one of the boys, seeing that the Lieutenant intended it to be a joke.

"No sar, I aint got no knowledge 'o what it means and I aint so 'ticular bout findin' out," replied Jerry.

Jerry had brought his guitar up town with him that morning and the fellows prevailed upon him to play many of the old southern melodies. And Jerry learned the meaning of the word "attention" between the selections. The old darkey was a master of the guitar and could pick most any kind of music imaginable. In the afternoon, Lieut. Bryan passing through the room, decided that he would have some more fun with the old darkey, and with a stern voice he again gave the command "attention" but this time the colored rookie snapped into it to the young officer's satisfaction.

He practiced that movement many times that night at his shack, carefully selecting a place where old Ann would less likely find him. However Ann was just a little too sharp. Peeping through the crack of the door she watched him go

through those same foolish movements time and time again until she could bear the monotony of the act no longer, and through the door she made a sudden move towards the old darkey. "Nigger, what you think you is doin'? Standin' round dis har place making all kinds 'o foolish motions. Aint you ever gwine larn no sense? Git right outa dis house and bring in some 'o dat stove wood." No, sir, work wasn't in the vocabulary of old Jerry. He slowly stumbled out of the shack, grabbed up his guitar which he had a few minutes ago left on the steps and started picking away.

The old darkey didn't stay around the shack that night but eased on down to the checker den were he often times engaged in a "complicated" game of checkers. Jerry wasn't any young bird at the game either. He had a thorough knowledge of the checker board and though he played on an old card board made for the special purpose and with caps from soft-drink bottles, he was a veteran player.

"Let's take old Jerry along with us to camp, Jack. We can all chip in and pay his expenses and have lots of fun out of the old darkey." Jack, was Lieut. Bryan during the hourse of military duty and "Jack" to the fellows when the drills were over. He was one of the fellows and enjoyed many secrets of the gang.

"I'll tell you what, fellows. I will see the major and if we can arrange to take Jerry along, we will do just that thing." By this answer Jack pleased every man and it was there decided that if by any possible means, old Jerry would be carried along as the chief musician of the unit.

That night Lieut. Bryan ran across the major of the local cavalry and told him of the desire the fellows had of taking Jerry to camp.

"It is a fine idea, Lieutenant, and with every man chipping in his share of the expense, it will be a small undertaking as far as the expense is concerned. The old negro will no doubt

put a great deal of pleasure in the trip by means of his guitar," replied Major Varsar.

This was settled, old Uncle Jerry was to be carried along as the chief standard bearer of fun. Now the task was getting the old darkey to go. The lieutenant reported his conversation to the fellows that night and several of the boys set out to find Jerry. They knew his favorite hanging out place was the checker den so they drifted around there, only to find that Jerry had vacated on account of the unannounced presence of his wife.

The boys were just a little afraid of the old woman so they decided not to go around to the house for fear that their secret would be found out. However, early the next morning, the old darkey was seen slowly plodding along on his way up town. Several of the fellows saw him, and before they could say a word they saw that Jerry was not in the best of humor, probably on account of another "racket" with Ann.

"What's wrong, Jerry?" questioned one of the guardsmen.

"Ole 'oman, she jus' keeps fussin' round and round an' never gives me one bit 'o rest. She come axing me dis mornin' if I wus gwine mess round up town agin today and I politely told her dat wus what I figured on doin'. No sooner and I says dat' fore she come atter me wid a broom jus' what I bought yisterday and tore it plum to pieces," replied old Jerry in a puzzled mood.

"Say Jerry, would you like to take a little trip with us to Alabama?" The old darkey knew just about what kind of trip they were talking about, from having been up in the armory the day before.

"No, I specks I better stay har wid Ann case deres lot 'o work to be did," replied the old darkey.

"Yes, but Uncle Jerry, the trip will be a fine way to rid yourself of your old woman," urged one of the rookies.

"Dat's right boss, but I" "Attention!" At this command all the members immediately came to the position, even the old darkey had not forgotten his lesson the day before. Up walked Lieut. Bryan, with a smile admitting the joke of the previous day.

Through an unreasonable amount of persuasion, the members prevailed upon Jerry to go with them. The train left Patterson at 10:00 that morning, carrying the old darkey who had parked himself in the baggage car with his guitar and several of the rookies around him. Night was approaching and guards were being posted at entrance of each car. The fellows were making the trip in dusty day coaches and were being entertained by the music from the old darkey's guitar.

"Ise jus' got to catch a train back home, Lieutenant, case Ann won't know whar dis nigger is gone." The experience was a new one to him and he wasn't at all anxious to continue the journey.

"Hey, what's up?" yelled out a voice when the lights of the train were suddenly flickered out. The train was brought to a halt and Sgt. Major Linn was instructed to find out the cause of the trouble.

It was found that several of the fellows were up to a little mischief trying to frighten the old darkey. However Jerry had gotten on to their tricks earlier in the evening. The fellows responsible for the trouble were placed on guard duty and things went along smoothly.

But that night back home things were different. The old woman had just about worried herself to death as to the whereabouts of her old man until some of the kind people of the little village told her that old Jerry had left with the guard unit. That wasn't very pleasant in the sight of Ann and she fussed and fumed around the place a week. She was certainly going to make things hot for old Jerry when he

returned to the village, but this did not worry old Jerry for he was having the time of his life about this time.

Next day about twelve o'clock and after another morning of old southern melodies, the troop train rolled into the camp station. Every man was eager to get out and walk about after such a tedious journey but this treat was not in store for them. They were in the army and had to march on to the place where the tents were to be pitched. The sun was bearing down and the perspiration rolling off of the faces of the young guardsmen. Coming from the nooks and corners of the Blue Ridge where the sun never felt so hot, they were just beginning a two weeks' endurance of this Alabama climate. The old darkey showed the extreme heat too for he was left with the train to help unload baggage.

The time passed away slowly that afternoon and the tents were all pitched and orders going out from headquarters long before the twilight of the evening began to cast its shadow over the camp. Old Jerry's cot was placed in the barracks formerly used as a mess hall for the regular army during the war, and in this place the boys gathered that night for a jolly good time. All kinds of fun existed in the camp, blanket rolling, "bone shuffling," and singing. Most of the fellows joining in on the latter form of amusement. Nevertheless, the leisure moments were spent in the most pleasant way.

"Here he is, fellows," pealed forth one of the youngest tenor voices in the unit, and they all burst into the old darkey's barracks.

"Uncle Jerry, strike up a tune of some kind. Give us 'Carolina' first."

Jerry picked away on the old guitar as he had never done before. The tune was a welcome tune to the fellows and casually you could see some slip away to their tents, probably on account of the fatigue but more than likely because of memories.

"Give us 'Aint We Got Fun,'" echoed one fellow who was just becoming affected by the sentimental type of music, and on this piece every man issued forth from his tent and joined in the sweet refrain. Things got quite around the camp about 11 o'clock and the chilly evening soon found many of the "would-be-soldiers" snoring away under the canvas of an army tent for their first time.

Old Ann was getting restless about the last of the outing. She spent many of her idle moments planning what she was going to do to her old man when he stepped off the train. She vowed that she hated him and would "sho larn" him some sense when he got back. "Ise gwine teach dat nigger he can't run off from dis har place jus' when he makes up his mind to," and sure enough she meant every bit of it. If the old favorite of the boys in camp could have stepped into the shack at the time she was making some of her vows, in all probability the national guard would have been lacking in one of their celebrated musical members.

Jerry was used for most everything around camp and had become a regular soldier in many respects. He learned to keep up the tent walls and put them down in case of rain, salute the flags when passing, and many of the common traits of a regular soldier. And to tell the truth, Jerry wasn't worrying about going home one bit.

The two weeks passed along very fast and the fellows awoke one morning to realize that their departure from camp was just one day off.

"All right Jerry, tomorrow we leave for home and you will then see your ole 'oman." This didn't please the darkey very much for he was not so particular about getting back. He knew what was in store for him when he put his foot back in the "Bob Town" shack.

"Yassar cap, but I spec's I will sho camp out when I gets back home. The ole 'oman aint so crazy about dis har

nigger anyway, and I jus' knows she is gwine larn me a lesson," sounded out old Jerry.

The next day found the Patterson national guard returning home on the same day coaches that brought them to the Alabama camp. The fellows didn't care so much about the uncomfortable ride back for they were thinking of home. All the fun known to exist on a troop train was found on the Patterson coach and way up in the night, the fellows amused themselves in various ways.

The bugle sounded early the next morning to inform the boys that they were once again in North Carolina, having just crossed the line. "Our train is due at Patterson about 10:00 o'clock this morning and its almost 7," said one of the boys who had been on watch for some time.

Refreshed by a little sleep, the fellows got old Jerry and all joined in singing several of the new camp songs, but when the train tooted for the home station the whole gang joined in the old favorite, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

And they were not the only ones there, for off in the corner of the little station stood Ann. She had a mean look on her face, stick in hand as if ready to wallop the first one that got off the train. She seemed especially anxious to greet old Jerry. Aunt Ann was certainly mad and she didn't seem the least bit backward about showing it. Something was just going to happen and it looked as if the other people of the town, who had gathered at the station to meet the boys, could not help it. They knew the situation and they pitied the old darkey.

The train stopped and the boys clad in khaki came piling off, formed a line of twos and waited for the order to march to the armory where they would be dismissed. Way up near the engine, namely from the baggage car, a few of the people saw old Jerry ease off. He knew what would happen if Aunt Ann happened to see him and he was using all kinds of pre-

caution to make a safe get-away in order to avoid a public show.

"I spee' I better git for home," remarked Jerry, guitar in hand. Sure enough he didn't have to think long for old Ann had spied him and was making towards the old darkey. Jerry became nervous and was so scared that he couldn't move if he wanted to. Neither did Ann say anything as she was making her way to him.

Suddenly the old darkey saw something strange. He had gotten a close view of his old woman and saw that the former angry expression did not cover this woman's face but in place of it, a pleasant one. Everybody was anxiously awaiting the great climax and up rushed Aunt Ann and threw her arms clear around the neck of the old darkey and literally covered his chocolate cheek with kisses. Her anger had melted into love and pride for Jerry was clad in the khaki colored clothes of Uncle Sam.

One of the fellows broke ranks, grabbed Uncle Jerry's guitar and started picking away, with every man singing his best, the old favorite,

"Aint We Got Fun,"

and sure enough every one seemed to be filled with joy for old Jerry had come home and found two outstretched arms, a happy home, and a loving "old 'oman."

THE NEW YEAR

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

What does the New Year bring?
To the cheerful, a ray of sunshine
Of yesterday's true likeness;
To the grouchy, another round of
Days that are blue and dreary.
To the lover it brings a quickened step,
A racing pulse, and whispered words,
But these are old, yet interesting;
To those who know not love it brings
In sad review their own dead selves.
To all it brings the same old scenes,
The same old joys that thrill and please,
And the same old pains that hurt.
It brings again the résumé
Of work on tasks unfinished.
We continue the listless journey
Down a well-worn roadway, leading
Thru the busy days and under the stars
To a little grave-yard on the hillside.

New Year?

There's nothing new but birth and death.

BROWNING'S
RABBI BEN EZRA

W. O. KELLEY

Can an old man in the winter time of life look into the future without fear or dread? Can old age with its certainty of approaching death still bring happiness? If so, wherein lies he secret?

In *Karshish*, the Arab physician, we have an example of a man who sees sublime happiness in another, and yet he does not, cannot understand it. His very soul yearns for something which the other man, Lazarus, has and he has not. But his longing is not satisfied; his life ends in a yearning and a big question mark,

"Whence has the man the balm that brightens all."

Again in *Cleon*, the all-wise Greek poet and philosopher seeks to find that which brings true happiness. Progress, knowledge, and wealth all have failed to satisfy the yearnings of the human heart. Cleon lives his life in constant fear of death, for to him death is the end of all existence. Most progress, therefore, is most failure. Happiness is conceived to be the true end of life, but how to attain it is the big question that Cleon, in all his learning, cannot answer. To him, old age is miserable and almost unendurable.

"My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase—
The horror quickening still from year to year,
The consumation coming past escape,
When I shall know most and yet least enjoy—

.
The man who loved his life so over-much
Sleep in my urn."

So horrible to the Greek is the thought of death that Cleon in his desperation cries out within his very soul,

“ It is so horrible,
 I dare at times to imagine to my need,
 Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
 Unlimited in capability
 For joy as this is in desire for joy.”

This is the nearest approach to the immortality and God idea that the Greek mind had reached. Hence, Cleon closes without solving the riddle of life and death. In his mind, death is the great enemy of all mankind, the end of all existence, the destroyer of happiness. The poet's farewell message is sad in its hopeless submission to an unavoidable fate.

“Live long and happy, and in that thought die,
 Glad for what was! Farewell.”

But in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* we have a different element entering in life. The hopelessness of *Karshish* and *Cleon* gives away to sublime faith in one omnipotent God, and old age is no longer looked on as the end of existence but rather a means to an end—eternal life and joy. Through *Karshish* and *Cleon*, Browning gives us a faint conception of the one God idea. In *Rabbi Ben Ezra* we have the culmination of that idea into the one all-powerful, all-loving, Omnipotent Jehovah. The riddle of life and death has been solved; the “Balm that brightens all” has been found; death has lost its terror; old age is glorified; and true happiness is found in life's victory over the grave.

So gloriously does Ben Ezra paint old age that we forget ourselves as we read, and imagine that we are living along in his own thoughts and in his own age. The first stanza gives us the keynote of the whole poem:

“Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith ‘A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid.' "

Leaving this general theme, then, Ben Ezra goes back and begins his philosophy of life, showing that there is a spark of the Infinite in each human being. This spark of the Divine is the great separating medium between animal and man. Animals are perfect within their world, perfect in that for which they were made, while man, with a spark of the Divine in him, is ever striving towards perfection but perfection can only be reached by a return to God through physical death. Says Ben Ezra,

"Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark."

If men were only as beasts, deriving their pleasure from the satisfaction of sensual lusts, they would end as do low animal forms. Death would end it all. But no; man is different. He is psychical and spiritual as well as physical.

"Rather rejoice that we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe."

With this view of the difference between man and beast, Ben Ezra welcomes rebuffs, hardships, pains, etc., as means of developing the soul into its fullest possible growth here. Therein lies the difference in the activities of man and beast. Beasts live in the flesh and act in such a way as to satisfy sensual desires. These satisfied, the beast is perfect, whereas man's existence here must ever be a struggle, a growth, perfection being possible only through the return of the soul to its Creator.

Then arises the age-old question, what is the relationship of mind to matter? of body to spirit?

"Thy body at its best,
How far can it project thy soul on its lone way?"

Man who glories only in the flesh,

"Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play,"

is "But a brute." Physical power is wonderful but it is not self-sufficient; for man, unlike the brute, cannot gain most merely through the exercise of the greatest brute force.

". . . . Pleasant is this flesh

.

Would we some prize might hold

To match those manifold

Possessions of the brute—gain most as we did best!"

But just as physical manhood is not self-sufficient, so is the soul not sufficient within itself. It must have a sound place in which to dwell—the human body—if it is to reach its richest and fullest development. The flesh, therefore, is not a hindrance. Both soul and flesh are essential for the highest development of man. Thus old Ben Ezra centuries ago arrived at our modern conception of the relationship of mind to matter, body to soul. Note his answer,

"Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul.'"

Believing that man is more than brute and that there is a fuller life beyond the grave, old age has no terror for Ben Ezra. Rather he welcomes it as a last step in his journey God-ward.

"Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage.

.

Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a God tho' in the germ.

 Youth ended, I shall try my gain or loss thereby.

 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old."

Then follows that sublime metaphor on the passing of a life into the other world, there to be judged and appraised at its real worth. So peaceful and so beautiful is the picture that it makes us almost long for old age when we shall be freed and shall "Leave the fire ashes; what survives is gold."

"For, note when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth: here dies another day.'"

But if the good shall be called from the bad, what constitutes good in this world? Are men to be judged solely by their works? Are they to be judged by their intentions? Or by their character? What is the criterion? And who shall be judge? In answering these questions we get at the very heart of Browning's philosophy as taught in this poem. Can people feel differently, act differently, live differently and yet all be right?

"Was I, the world arraigned,
 Where they, my soul disdained,
 Right?"

And again,

". . . . Who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;

Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me: we all surmise,
 They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul
 believe?"

This question Ben Ezra is made to answer so emphatically that we feel Browning is giving his own evaluation of life here. Answering negatively at first, Ben Ezra says that the criterion for judgment is not in what a person does. Works do not constitute goodness.

"Not on the vulgar mass
 Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice."

Not these things shall a man be judged by, but

"All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount;
 Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke thro' language and escaped:
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
*This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
 shaped."*

Thus God is to be judge of man, and a person is to be judged by his character rather than by his works. However, this life is a mere preparation for the life beyond the grave. Hence a person should

"Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

And old age is glorious because it is an advance towards this day when a person shall be judged by what he is, and shall go back to God, the Master Builder of the ages.

Ben Ezra again impresses the idea that this present life is a mere preparation for the life to be. God is the great Potter, we are the clay. We are placed in this plastic world, this present, to be tested and moulded by the Potter. This world is

“Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.”

Likewise, he emphasizes his belief that life is not a fleeting, temporary existence. The past is not gone. Man is immortal, a God in the germ, who eventually returns to his Maker, there to live on and on throughout eternity.

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

Having such a trusting faith in the eternal God, we do not wonder that this old Jew can smile in the face of death. To him old age is merely that last vantage ground in this life before embarking on the return trip to God and a fuller, happier life—the gateway to perfect happiness. Old age is thus glorified and immortalized. Instead of dreading death, as did Cleon because it was the end of life, Ben Ezra looks on it as the time of all times because it is the beginning of real life. Old age, he holds, is not an approach to the extinction of life; it is the gateway to a fuller life where the soul shall be perfected and happiness shall be complete.

“. . . . Praise be Thine!
—I trust what Thou shalt do!”

The poem ends in a touching prayer to God, the Potter and Moulder of men, embodying in it faith, love, and submission—and peace of soul.

“But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men!
And since, not even when the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:
“So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o’ the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
same!”

Amen!

THE CATBIRD

I. C. PAIT, '23

I found her nest beneath a spreading tree;
A piteous wreck, indeed, it was to see;
Its architecture by no mortal found;
Its contents lying broken on the ground,
While, from the swaying branch where once it hung,
The loser poured, in saddest notes, her song.
But all unsympathized, her loss, her grief;
The neighbor bird had time but for herself.

Ah! little would-be mother—of all shorn—
Within your feathered breast a heart is torn.
Your mother-instinct—to all mothers, kin—
Once bade you rear your chirping babes, within
The humble portals of your simple nest.
What joys did fill and swell your trilling breast!
You labored on and on with tenderest care.
You built your tiny castle, ah, so rare!
Then, on the downy throne that you had made,
Your priceless treasures, tenderly you laid.
But now, alas! the hand of unkind Fate
Has changed to sorrow, all your joys of late.
There, warbling saddest notes, alone, you share
Not sympathy, which other birds might spare.

But, not alone your desolate, sad plight.
Great hosts of men are lost in Fate's dark night,
Because of sympathetic deeds undone
For some, who, hopeful, great tasks have begun.
Full many a genius budded on Life's tree,
Who, by the will of Fate, destined to be

A full-flown flower whose fragrance sweet and pure,
Through all the endless ages would endure.
They built their castles, varied, rich, and rare;
The yawning chasm, spanned, with golden stair.
They placed within the gleaming castle wall
Their hopes, their joys, their pride, their all.
But from the gaping gulf which they had spanned,
There 'rose the hideous, horny, threatening hand
Of Fate. It sped on swiftly through the air,
And dashed to fragments, all their castles, fair.
Alone, they grieve their loss—from pity, riven—
No kindly word from would-be friend, e'er given.

Maker of song! you pine not all the day;
So soon you grieve no more; so soon away
To build anew your home: a simple nest!
Undaunted courage fills your marvelous breast.

Oh, teach us, master-builder of the air,
Your wondrous power, to dare and do! Declare
To us the fragile weakness of our lot
When courage fails; that mighty strength lies not
Within a mighty force, but in the will
Of him, who, seeking, searching, failing, still
Begins anew, with faith-enraptured heart;
That he can ne'er be one in Failure's mart.

Strange little architect of dauntless heart,
May I in life be thine own counterpart!

THE DEBATE

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

The great ship plowed thru the Atlantic storm with a rollicking and boisterousness that had made many of the passengers uneasy for several days; and when, at last, it was apparent that there was no more danger, our minds turned again to the diverting occupations which are always at hand on ship-board. On the fourth day out, we were lounging around in the drawing room, and the afternoon was almost half over before we learned that three of our fellow-voyagers were men of international fame. I knew very little of any of them, so kept still in the corner and curiously watched the others who were paying them compliments and pretending to be able to discuss matters which they knew nothing about. At length it was announced that each of the three gentlemen had agreed to make a short speech in the way of helping the afternoon's entertainment. The first to be introduced was Dr. Steven Woodworth, a professor of science in one of our greatest American universities. There was a very noticeable hush as he arose and began to speak.

"I have been asked to say something this afternoon in the way of entertainment; but my business as a scientist and philosopher has so drawn my interest away from the gayer activities, that I am afraid that to many of you my few words may seem very dull. But if we ask ourselves 'What is the greatest interest in human life?', I am sure that a little thought would bring us to the conclusion that the thing which most concerns us is the great riddle, 'What is man?' This is the subject I wish to occupy you with for the next few minutes.

"We are living in an age when the pruning-hook of science has been at work in the luxuriant growths of religion, and has cut many a branch that Man has fondly clung to thru

the centuries. Today we look out upon a world that is new to us, and very strange. We have inquired into the origin of our race and found that it is from beneath instead of from above, as we had confidently believed. We have looked more carefully into our destiny, and found it less enviable than we had hoped. We have no authoritative teaching to fasten our minds to, and if we wish to determine the nature of our relation to this vast booming confusion of a universe, we must seek out by the best methods available the facts, and draw from them what conclusion we can. The most satisfactory method is, of course, the scientific one; and with this in view, let us examine our surroundings as Science presents them to us.

“We know that we are travelling thru space at a terrific speed, on this tiny sphere which we call the Earth. We move in a system which includes many other such spheres, about which we know very little; and beyond the reach of our telescopes there may be countless other worlds and systems such as ours. Although we know nothing of the origin of our World, we do know something about its formation—how a great flaming ball of gas shot thru the abyss of eternal Night; and gradually, as it cooled, flung from it smaller masses of molten material, which cooled and formed the planets which we now know. We know how this particular planet—the Earth—formed a hard crust enclosing the great burning cavern of its interior. And finally we know how from the slime at the edges of the great seas there arose by some unrepeatable process, the beginnings of Life. From then till now there has been a process of growth, until at last the great masterpiece—Man—has been finished in all his complexity.

“How these things came about is a very simple question in comparison with the greater one—‘why?’ And here is where the great conflicts in philosophic thought have been felt most keenly. It is natural for the human being to desire that there be a deep significance in all that is, and especially since his

own self is concerned. For this reason we have had many elaborate systems of thought developed, placing Man at the center of the Universe, and reading into the facts of science, meaning that tend to exalt him. But if we set aside, as childish, all personal desires in connection with the destiny of the Universe, and draw fair and unbiased conclusions from known facts, we are compelled by intellectual honesty to form a different opinion.

“We find that the forces which move us and our environment are irresistible, unyielding and ungovernable. Even in the smaller things this is apparent, for no matter what we do to alter the bold strokes of Nature, we are in the grip of Nature from the first moment of our being, and therefore can do nothing but what she ordains. So that although we may seem to control her somewhat, she controls us absolutely. Then if we turn to those great movements which are altogether out of our reach—the celestial movements—we again realize that we have nothing at all to say about what shall happen to us. Omnipotent Nature rules all. In the laws of Physics we find just what is true in every other field of search—that everything is the result of Cause and Effect and the chance coincidence of causes. Carrying this over to the sphere of human personality, as we most logically must, we again find that our thoughts, feelings, aspirations, hopes, desires and beliefs are not of our choosing, but are the results of the dictation of Natural Law.

“Such a condition in itself is not necessarily a good or a bad one. Even tho there is no great guiding Personality, it still might seem possible that the Laws of Nature work in harmony for the interest of Man. But we are promptly despoiled of any such delusion as we again examine the facts. We have never known of any case in which Natural Law has stepped aside for the interest of a man; and it is apparent that just as a great machine moves without regard for anything which may come near it, the great Natural System

moves regardless of the interests of any man. If a man be so fortunate as to happen in one relation to this great machine, he may be very much benefitted thereby; and if, on the other hand, he happen into a different relation to it, he is destroyed. Such is the tyranny of Fate as we now know it. And such is the unavoidable predicament into which every man is thrown without any choice in the matter.

“As we look toward our destiny, again we see only the workings of iron law, and we can work out to a certainty, the story of what shall happen to us. As in everything there is a stage of birth, growth, and finally decay and death, so it is in the case of the tale of the life of the human race. We have come thru long, tedious stages of growth, and now our civilization is becoming over-ripe. It is only a matter of time before the human personality will break down under the strain of an unbearable complexity. It is only a matter of time before the Earth shall slow down in its track, cool and become as dead and barren as the Moon. Then what shall become of all our fond hopes. Our buildings, our great institutions of society, and all noble achievements will die together with the sadredness of faith, the purity of love, and all the beautiful qualities of unselfishness. And adding to this the inconceivableness of any human personality existing after the material frame which allows its very existence is dead, we face a future that is paralyzing in its dreadfulness.

“Then what is the attitude which the soul must take toward this monstrous unfriendly system. It is evident that we can take no pleasure in any permanent achievement, for all that must perish. It might be said that if a man lives a happy life, he does not need to bother about its duration, nor about the duration of anything. But the sad, sweet music of humanity rises up from the struggling, hurrying mob, and tells us that men are not happy. Then again, the only way in which the highest type of person can find happiness is in permanent achievement. So we find ourselves crossed by

the tyranny of our fate. There is no relief whatever. The condition of our race is that of each one of us—fast approaching oblivion.

“Perhaps it would have been better if we had never attained to this knowledge. It might have been far better if we could have continued in our status as happy, healthy animals. But again we had no choice in the matter. We are realizing more than ever before, that the saying of the Preacher in Jerusalem, four thousand years ago is correct, ‘In much learning is much sorrow.’

“I look out upon you today as fellow-sharers in a universal doom. Let us, brothers, bear one another’s burdens while we await it. It is with no hope of reward that we do good to one another, but it is just the command of that instinct of ‘mutual aid’ that has been implanted in us by blind chance. To live today demands courage. How easy it would be to step out of these perplexities. But if there is a man of courage, let him live on, and await the grasp of darkness. We await it together. Let us stand together, and assure one another that we can live in spite of the awful despair that mocks, tortures and blights our lives.”

As Mr. Woodworth finished, I glanced around at the faces of the audience. A dense gloom had seemed to settle upon all, and the very atmosphere seemed dismal and heavy. I looked thru the window of the cabin and it seemed to me that the storm had increased in its fury, and was even then trying to cast the ship into a trough of death. There was a long silence, during which chins were sunk low on chests, and not a man moved a muscle of his face. Then someone arose, and without commenting upon Dr. Woodworth’s speech, announced that Professor Lee Stanton, the great European theologian would be the next to speak. All eyes turned to him expectantly, as he began, for we knew that there would be a controversy.

(To be continued in February number)

THE RED BIRD

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

Thus comes the end: my little world
Lies shattered like a ruined church.
Yon red bird on his swinging perch
Sings unaware, his notes are hurled
Cheerfully to the eager throng
Who pause to watch the crumbling sand
Of my career, and there they stand
Enraptured by the red bird's song.
I curse the throng and in my hate
Review my ruined and broken state.
Fate deals again: the red bird's nest
Is wasted by a wild, west wind;
But does he stop to mourn the end?
The love and daring in his breast
Refuse to die. *He builds again.*
Nor builds he as he built before
Experience gave him of her store.
I watch the busy bird. I fain
Would learn to speak the feathered word
And be the pupil of this bird.

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❧

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JNO. R. KNOTT, Editor

❧

The New
Year

We always welcome the New Year, because it means new opportunities and an appropriate time for making "new resolutions." The ideas of new opportunities and new resolutions have become so ingrained in a certain class of our people that they sit idly by waiting for January the first to begin to do something, and then find that it is too late in many cases to begin anything at all, and in all cases everlastingly too late to accomplish what might have been accomplished had they thrown aside the physical or mental inertia, as the case may be, and not waited for the *New Year*. The New-year-resolution man is as

pitiable as the man who waits until the water pipes freeze and burst to turn off the water, or until his house burns down to turn in the fire alarm. The resolutions are all right, but untimely.

Every morning we are given the chance to retrieve, partially at least, the mistakes of Yesterday; and new opportunities, as regular as the dawn, come with each sunrise. There is never but one time to make a resolution, and that is at the beginning of each day, when we step forth into the fevered rush of the world's activities, and our resolution then should be, "I will, this day, do my best."

Is the New Year a depository of "new resolutions" from which we may draw a liberal portion with which to remake ourselves? No. The New Year is a milestone on the road of Life, and it silently stands to commemorate the passage of time. Those who welcome its advent as a means of escape from a worthless past, disillusion themselves, for it offers, if we have lived well, an opportunity for a continuation of such a life; if we have lived dishonorably, it offers nothing—and the little white, snow-covered mile-stone mocks at our feeble efforts to reform by making resolutions once a year.

A Worthy
Article

A recent issue of the *Virginia Law Review* contains as the leading article, "Origin and Development of Advocacy as a profession," by

Professor E. W. Timberlake, Jr. This magazine, published by the Law Department of the University of Virginia, carries only the choicest articles of a legal character.

Professor Timberlake's article, exceptionally well-written and intensely interesting, shows an exhaustive amount of research work. Beginning with the ancient Greeks, who were the first to plead a cause for another, the writer traced the growth of advocacy thru the intervening years—with special reference to England—down to the present day. Speaking of the present generation of lawyers, Professor Timberlake

said, "We have a priceless heritage, and at the same time there rests upon us a grave responsibility. Our heritage is the record of an ancient and honorable profession; to uphold that record is our responsibility." Thus he beautifully summarizes the duty of the American lawyers.

Professor Timberlake has given the best years of his life to teaching this doctrine and he stands today as an example of a lawyer who places honor and duty above all else.

A New
Book

A great many of the books which infest our land today should never have been published. They, like bad citizens, exert undesirable influences, and call forth the need of a book reformatory, or, better still, a life-time book prison.

Finding ourselves besieged by worthless books, it is always a pleasure to greet the appearance of a new book that is readable, worthwhile and destined to live.

Collected Poems and the Window of Souls, by Mr. Henry E. Harman, perhaps the greatest living Southern poet, is just off the press. Handsomely bound, printed on beautiful paper, and containing nearly two hundred poems, besides three short stories, this book is a distinct and welcomed addition to Southern Literature.

The poems, true to Mr. Harman's style, are faultlessly written, and musical in their appeal. In them one sees the rolling, green fields and the flowers; hears the birds, the brooks and the soft-voiced winds, and feels, while reading them, the sweet contentment that comes thru forgetting the busy world in favor of the friendship of a favorite book.

Showing the influence of heredity on character, the stories attain "high-water mark" in fiction, and in addition to being thoroughly readable, they force home certain lessons of incalculable worth.

Customs

Customs, holding us to an ever-deepening pathway that thru the years becomes narrow and cramped, are beautiful until we find ourselves embarrassed for following, blindly, where generations have led. There are certain customs, and traditions, however, which distinguish the gentle-folk from the crude and vulgar, and we must adhere to these, but the others—break away from them! The best tradition that may identify a community is alienation to everything that tends to minimize its future possibilities.

Customs, if followed for a long period, will make narrow and self-centered the followers of such customs. This is necessarily so, since a new generation is born every thirty-five years, and since an ever-increasing population demands a higher standard of living—the eternal foe to customs.

One of the worst features of customs is apparent when a person moves into a community and is compelled to adapt himself to a set of antiquated customs totally repugnant to common sense and the spirit of the day.

The December *Student* went to its readers minus two of its "customary" departments: *Alumni Notes* and *In and About College*—departments, that belonging to the college newspaper, have no place in the college magazine, and we make no apology for the needed amputation.

When adherence to customs tend to compromise our future, it is then high time to construct a barrier between the past and the present, and with a faith in the future strive with a new determination

" 'Til we at last are free,
Leaving our outgrown selves by life's unresting sea."



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

GAY G. WHITAKER, *Editor*



The New Year is ours. The last day with its brief whispering atmosphere of our past lives, folded an inventory of what we have accomplished in the shaded months of the old year. Our magazines have been during the first semester what we have made them. Nothing more. It is vanity to lament about what we might have done, or the glory we might have attained. With the dawn of the New Year we only get a vision of the future and what the next few months may mean to us. We again together set our hands to make our publications far superior to those of the old year. Let us begin to make the coming months the most fruitful in literary attainments in the records of our institutions. Much has been accomplished, but the New Year encourages renewed efforts, unrestrained vim, and vigor, with an incentive to keep alongside the times with our magazines, measuring up to the broad and modern standard typical of truly twentieth century American colleges; discarding the lingering, smouldering remains of '70's and '80's. This is 1923, and the world expects us to live up to the requirements of 1923, and not 1823. Some of our magazines, not excepting *The Student*, still have old-typed words and accents running through them. True it is that many colleges desire to retain old traditions, and in many cases these prove admirable, but to some they prove untimely and out of date.

Considered as a volume the publications during the past few months have outclassed the ones of last year in many respects. We have read all with much esteem, but the New Year remains for every editor, and every contributor to his or her magazine to awake and make our new opportunities the most possible.

Following are quotations we especially admire, clipped from the magazines we have been happy to read:

"Nature is wisely placed between man and his Creator, for it is a powerful magnet in drawing the two together."

The Meredith Acorn.

"If you do not give us some of your work, you do not have the right to utter a single criticism of our magazine or any article in it."

The Trinity Archive.

"Chance has played her hand magnificently. Her trumps have men with the blood of Caesar in their veins."

Wofford College Journal.

"System means just as much to busy students, as does to the successful business man."

The Laurel.

"Man sees and hears much, partly knows a little, and fully understands nothing."

The Chronicle.

"Only he who rubs elbows with his fellowman in the varied relations of life really succeeds."

Furman Echo.

"A man can have his greatest strength and beauty of soul brought out by hardest chiseling."

The Concept.

THE PRAYER OF AN ABSENT-MINDED BUSINESS
MAN

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favors of recent day . . .
etc.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE

"Is anyone using the line tonight?"

Professor Speas, on Physics A—"Mr. Martin, explain the law of Charles."

Leroy Martin—"Certainly Professor, what is there you don't understand about it?"

"FRAGILE—HANDLE WITH CARE!"

Homesick Freshman writing home—"Dear Father, please send me a check to come home by return mail."

"Sour Grapes" of the single girls—"When singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives." Selected.

Sky Stiles, translating on Latin—*Boni lega Caesaris*, "The bony legs of Caesar."

AT THE N. C. STATE FOOTBALL GAME

The Wake Forest student was calling over the names of the players to his young lady friend by the numbers on their jerseys—"Pagano is 21, Lowry 15, Caudle 19, Lee is . . .

An interruption from the young lady—"But how old is Heckman?"

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to the handsome young man before him (Jim Farthing). Click! "It's all over, sir, you may resume your natural expression."

A "KEEN" ONE

Gee, you're a "Gem."

Well, would "Gillette" me kiss you?

Say, Kid, I'm "Everready." Harvard Lampoon.

On entering his class room and finding a very disorderly class, Dr. Weaver, immediately demanded "Order." The noise continued.

"Order, Gentlemen!," said Dr. Weaver angrily.

"Ham and eggs," quickly replied Frank Powers.

Dr. Gulley on Law I—"I am tempted to give you a quiz this morning."

"Tom" Harris sleepily from rear of room—"Yield not to temptation."

V. H. Duckett—"Fanning" that 144th hair is slightly out of position."

Fanning—"That's too bad, I'll have to take it home and give it a dose of oil."

E. L. Spivey to Photographer—"I don't like these pictures at all. I look like an ape."

Photographer, sarcastically—"You should have thought of that before you had them taken."

THE RAVING

Apologies to Edgar.

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was feeling weak and weary
 And my books were piled and scattered on the table and the
 floor;

I was busy with my cramming, for next day would come
 examining,

And I knew I would be blessing all my profs., if not before.
 Would be blessing all my dear old profs. next day, if not
 before.

For exams, and nothing more.

And my studies made me sleepy, and my conscience made me
 creepy

For I knew I should have studied all those volumes long
 before.

But I closed my eyes in slumber, and I quite forgot the number
 Of the page I had in front of me, and soon commenced to
 snore,

And my mind grew blank and hazy as I thus began to snore;
 'Twas the books, and nothing more.

And there came a sudden vision, just as if from fields Elysian
 Of a girl I had met in dear old Paris at the war;

Oh how sweet to just remember that fine evening in September
 When we strolled upon the boulevard, and she said "*Je*
t'adore,"

When she walked along beside me, simply saying, "*Je t'adore.*"
 Simply that and nothing more.

As I sat there, sweetly dreaming, while the midnight oil was
gleaming

What strange thought was that which thru me tried being
raged and tore?

Was it of the fearful morrow with its dreadful doom and
sorrow,

Or the memory of Paris and those happy days of yore?

Guess, I ask you, what was that which on my mind so heavy
bore?

'Twas exams, and nothing more.

—A. W. P.



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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

Vol. XLII

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No. 5

THE HEPATICA

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

Untended by the hand of man,
You grow 'neath sylvan bowers,
The queen of all the flowered tribe,
You free-born, fragrant, flowers.

Do you ever lonesome grow
Nestling in the green?
And do you think your beauty is
By the world unseen?

O, yes, I see you often.
Constant in my dreams,
I see your smiling petals
Lit by star-light gleams.

And in the morning twilight
When day is born anew,
I see those self-same petals
Sparkling in the dew.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

JAS. H. IVEY, JR., '24

The trial and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, is unparalleled by any similar act of history. Never since has the sovereign of one nation been put to death by the sovereign of another nation, both being women and cousins. No execution either from a religious, political, or personal motive has aroused more interest or has been the source of more discussion than this one. It must be realized that this was a period of bloodshed, marked by the axe and the guillotine, and these crimes were considered right when done by the ruling class.

Many books have been written to prove the innocence of Mary, the hypocrisy of Elizabeth, and the motives of the execution. On the other hand many authors in their books have sought to vindicate Elizabeth's act. But the purpose of this paper will be to summarize the charges made against Mary, to place the evidence of the trial impartially before the reader, and to answer the question from these facts, whether history bears sufficient evidence to implicate and condemn Mary, Queen of Scots, as a participant in a plot against the life of Queen Elizabeth.

Before entering into the evidence of the trial a brief sketch of the circumstances which brought Mary into the power of Elizabeth is necessary.

Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the death of her French husband returned to Scotland to claim her throne. The Scots rallied to their queen and received her with open arms. Mary, unfortunately, married Lord Darnley, an English nobleman, a mere brute of a man utterly lacking in the qualities of leadership. He was killed by an explosion which demolished his home at Kirk of Field. Whether or not Mary was a party to

the crime has never been ascertained, but she did marry Bothwell, the murderer of Lord Darnley. This alienated the Scots and intensified the wrath of the English. A civil war followed in which Mary and Bothwell were defeated, a regency established for James, Mary's infant son by Lord Darnley, and Mary herself was carried to Lochleven Castle a prisoner. She escaped, but the situation was so difficult Mary determined to flee from her kingdom. Two courses of escape lay open for her: one, to flee to France; the other, to throw herself upon the mercy of Elizabeth. Mary chose the latter.

Elizabeth held no love for Mary as the latter had claimed the crown of England upon the death of Bloody Mary, on the ground that Elizabeth was the illegitimate child of Anne Boelyn and Henry VIII. Furthermore, Mary had meddled in English affairs and Elizabeth feared that she would be able to bring foreign aid to support her claims. Again, the English and Elizabeth hated Mary because she was a Catholic. Thus it was that Mary thrust herself into the hands of her bitterest enemy.

Upon her arrival in England, instead of being received by Elizabeth, Mary was sent to Sheffield Castle as a prisoner pending the investigation of Lord Darnley's death, by the English. Thus Mary began the long confinement which was to last uninterrupted for nineteen years and was then to be ended only by her trial and execution.

After nineteen years of confinement, Mary, Queen of Scots, was finally arraigned before the jury of English commissioners to answer the charge of being an accomplice to the plot against the life of Elizabeth. Mary at first denied the right of the English to place her on trial, for she was a foreign sovereign of equal rank with Queen Elizabeth. She further argued that a queen could be tried only before a jury of her own peers and such a jury could not be brought together in England. To this argument, Sir Christopher Hatton made a convincing

reply, urging Mary to clear herself of the charges in open court in order that no stigma of crime might remain upon her name. If she refused, it would be an acknowledgment of her guilt. This, with a note from Elizabeth demanding that she consent to the trial and promising favor if she so did, led Mary to consent to the trial and to abandon her obstinate stand.

Upon her appearance before the commissioners, Mary renewed her protestation against the authority of the judges. The lawyers then formally opened the trial by making four accusations against Mary.

First, Mary was accused of soliciting foreign aid for the purpose of regaining her crown. Furthermore, they accused her of even going so far as to having agreed to a specific plan of invasion. Second, Mary was charged with allowing certain foreigners to address her and treat her as the Queen of England. Third, Mary was accused of offering her crown to Philip of Spain and of disinheriting her son, if the latter did not become a Catholic, and the former would come to her aid. Fourth, Mary was accused of concurrence in the plot to assassinate Elizabeth. This fourth charge was the principal accusation and the only one upon which extreme action could be taken against Mary.

To substantiate the first three charges intercepted letters were produced from the two Pagets, Mendoza, and other foreigners.

Mary did not deny these charges. Her answer to the first charge was that it was her lawful right to attempt any means of foreign aid for the recovery of her freedom. The second charge was treated flippantly, for she stated that she could not hinder others from using whatever style of address they preferred in writing her. In reply to the third charge she stated that she had no kingdom to dispose of; yet it was her lawful right to give at her pleasure, what was her own, and

that she was not accountable to any for her actions. Though previously she had rejected Spanish aid, in the future, since her hopes in England were gone she would not refuse foreign assistance. The fourth charge Mary tearfully denied and the following is an extract from her answer to it: "I have often checked the zeal of my adherents, when either the severity of their own persecutions, or the indignation at the unheard-of injuries which I have endured, were apt to precipitate them into violent counsels. I have even warned the Queen of the dangers to which these harsh proceedings exposed herself. And worn out as I now am, with cares and sufferings, the prospect of a crown is not so inviting that I would ruin my soul in order to obtain it. I am no stranger to the feelings of humanity, nor unacquainted with the duties of religion, and abhor the detestable crime of assassination, as equally repugnant to both. And, if ever I have given consent by my words or even by my thoughts, to any attempt against the life of the Queen of England, far from declining the judgment of men, I shall not even pray for the mercy of God."

Such was in substance the charge of Elizabeth and the reply of Mary. The first three charges were admitted, the fourth vehemently denied. It is with the fourth charge that we must now concern ourselves, for it is to be determined by the evidence brought forth to prove and disprove this charge whether or not Mary was implicated in the plot.

Before we enter into this evidence of the fourth charge it is necessary that we glance briefly over the history of the plot from which this charge arises.

This plot, the Babington Conspiracy, began in France with Ballard, a French Catholic priest, as the instigator. Ballard, knowing that the situation in England and Scotland was ripe for the enterprise, and being strongly encouraged by Mary's ambassadors, came to England disguised as a captain. He at once set to work to enlist Babington, a Catholic nobleman of

wealth and name, who was an ardent admirer and supporter of Mary. Babington needed but little inducement to commit himself to the plot and to draw into it with himself Barnwell, Charnoc, Abington, Tichbone, and Tilly, all prominent noblemen. The plan of the conspirators was to assassinate Elizabeth, to free Mary, to arouse the Scots and Catholics to arms, and to claim the throne for the liberated queen.

But this plot did not go on unobserved, for Walsingham, the English Secretary of State, was vigilant. He had in his pay, Maud, a Catholic priest, who, having gained the confidence of Ballard, accompanied him on an enterprise to England. Polly, another Catholic priest, also in the employ of Walsingham, partially gained the confidence of Ballard. Between the information furnished by these two, Walsingham could keep in touch with every move of the conspirators. However, it was through the work of Gifford, a seminary priest, that Walsingham was able to perfect his plan and spring the trap. Gifford had occasion to visit often the castle in which Mary was confined, and he was able to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the conspirators by offering to convey their letters to and from the castle. He divulged this information to Walsingham, who readily placed him on his payroll. As a result, Gifford brought all the letters written to Mary by the conspirators, and vice versa, to Walsingham, who made copies of these. With the plot and these supposed letters in hand he sprung the trap. The conspirators were brought to trial, condemned, and executed. All of this was kept from Mary, except some rumors which came through the servants. As soon as the conspirators were disposed of, Walsingham turned upon Mary and charged her with the knowledge of the plot and with encouraging it.

Why Mary was not tried at the same time of the conspirators, why she was not confronted by them, and why Walsingham brought no charges against Mary until after the execu-

tion of these conspirators, have been the source of many conjectures.

With this history of the plot, its unsuccessful end, the arraignment of Mary before the court, the charges of Elizabeth and the reply of Mary, we are now free to present and weigh the evidence of the fourth charge.

The first evidence advanced by the prosecution was the production in court of the alleged copies of letters written between Babington and Mary. These letters were read, and, suffice it to say, that if they were genuine they were incriminating. Testimony of Babington was introduced which acknowledged the genuineness of his own letters and the belief that the letters from Mary were genuine. On the other hand, Mary denied ever having received these letters from Babington and denied the authenticity of the letters attributed to her. She contended that nothing less than the original copies with her signature could condemn her, and she demanded that they be produced. They never were produced and even down to this day no trace of them has ever been found. Again, when Mary's private papers were seized and searched no incriminating letters of any description were found. Mary then insinuated that the letters might have been forged by Walsingham, who of course, vehemently protested, though he never did straightforwardly deny the accusation. An apology from Mary quelled the ruffled nobleman.

The next evidence brought forward was the testimony of Mary's two secretaries, who had stated that certain phrases read to them from the letters above mentioned had been written by them, and that Mary had dictated them. These two secretaries are, in truth, the only two persons who could really know Mary's connection with the conspiracy. But this testimony was wrung from the men only after torture and threats of the Tower. And these men when later brought before the court, emphatically denied Mary's connection with any part

of the incriminating letters, stating that she knew nothing of them. They still remained firm in their former testimony, and it seems as if Walsingham attempted to stretch the confessions over too much space. Mary denied having received these letters at all, and demanded that the secretaries be made to testify before the court in her presence. This was refused and since has caused much speculation and doubt as to why Walsingham was afraid to allow the secretaries in her presence. The only reason to believe that Mary might have known of the plot was the fact that she was dressed in a riding suit preparatory for a hunt at the time she was supposed to have been liberated by the conspirators. Probably this was the only part of the plot that was revealed to her and in truth she knew nothing of the conspirators' plan to assassinate Elizabeth. However, nothing has ever been found to prove that Mary did receive the letters, and we have her denial.

Three suppositions concerning the letters: (1) Mary never received them, handled entirely by the secretaries. (2) Neither the secretaries nor Mary received them. (3) The letters were forged by Walsingham.

Lastly, the English introduced the testimony of Savage and Ballard, which stated that the letters held by Walsingham were copies of the letters shown them by Babington.

Summarizing and weighing the evidence produced we find that while copies of the letters were produced in court that would incriminate and force us to condemn Mary, we must remember that these were only copies, the authenticity of which was never proved, for the originals were not or could not be produced upon demand. From this part of the evidence we cannot conscientiously condemn Mary to her fate, for it would not have been impossible for the none too scrupulous noblemen of Elizabeth to forge these letters. There is no doubt, however, as to the guiltiness of Babington and the other conspirators.

The testimony of the two secretaries cannot be weighed too heavily in the decision, for what information was secured was wrung from them by torture and threats. Even thus they did not receive sufficient evidence to condemn Mary, for when the two secretaries were brought before a special commission they denied Mary's connection with the letters that were incriminating. Why did not the English grant Mary the privilege of facing her secretaries?

The testimony of Babington and Ballard could not have been otherwise, for had they not thought the letters genuine they would have fled from England. Furthermore, no incriminating evidence was ever procured, even though Mary's private papers and correspondence was seized and searched. No proof has ever been produced to show that Mary received the letters from Babington, or that she wrote any of the letters produced in court.

The failure to produce the original letters, the refusal to allow Mary to confront her secretaries, the previous trial and execution of the conspirators before the trial of Mary, all tend to cast suspicion upon the genuineness of the evidence. We cannot, therefore, from the evidence, or lack of evidence, condemn Mary as being an accomplice to the plot.

Regardless of whether or not Mary was guilty of the charge made against her, the trial was unjust. We have reason to believe that the trial was a prearranged affair, for Parliament had passed a law making a trial of Mary's type lawful less than a year before the trial actually occurred. It is more than likely the law was passed with the end of Mary in view. Whether or not the English courts could then have jurisdiction over Mary, a foreign sovereign, is doubtful, and tinges the trial with a touch of illegality. On the other hand a modern reader cannot but see the unjustness of Mary's position and be touched by her words, "I am held in chains. I have no counsel. You have deprived me of my papers, and all means of

preparing my defense, which must, therefore, be confined to a solemn denial of the crime imputed to me." Against this lone woman were arrayed the most brilliant lawyers and the craftiest politicians and statesmen of Europe. But the weight that swung the balance was public opinion and the fear of those who composed the jury.

This attitude of the people had been brought about by the indiscretions of Mary, and certain activities during her imprisonment. All this was summed up in a petition sent to Elizabeth by Parliament and the people. It recalled the fact that Mary had been connected with the Conspiracy of Northumberland, the Conspiracy of Norfolk, and that it was through her influence that the Bull of Excommunication had been issued by Pope Pius, and that she had incited enemies both at home and abroad to oppose the English crown. But the real reason for their fear and hatred was the fact that Mary was a Catholic, and that if Mary should succeed to the throne that she would attempt to reestablish Catholicism in England.

Summarizing, by way of conclusion, though the trial seems unjust, though the evidence is insufficient for conviction before a modern jury; yet there was a trial, and Mary's innocence could not be entirely proved. We must remember that this was a period of blood. The English had not forgotten the reign of the Catholic queen, "Bloody" Mary; and, it was more than the mere evidence produced in the trial that prompted the decision of the council, the approval of Parliament, and the signature of Elizabeth, it was the fear that Mary, Queen of Scots, a Catholic, might succeed to the English throne.

THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

I. C. PATT, '23

Sometime as I sit in the quiet of the night
And the firelight is flickering low,
There come to my fancy in the soft, dim light
Visions of the Long Ago,
Which, to memory's stage in the night's holy age,
Bring scenes that I feign would let go.

The curtain is raised and the vision I see
Is an old-fashioned country home
With its old-fashioned garden, the swing, and the trees,
The pathlets I loved so to roam;
The orchard, the hills, the brambles, the rills
Of the brook, and its eddies of foam.

I wander again through the vale, o'er the hill,
Happy, light-hearted, and gay,
And merrily whistle the skylark's sweet trill
As he heralds the coming day.
Then to Nature's gay folk, I sing and I talk,
For I am a boy today.

By the spring that flows from the scarred, moss-grown
rock
In the shade of the tree-sheltered cove,
I gallantly welcome in check-ingham frock
My queen, my childhood love.
As the silver-tongued brook purls through rock-littered
nook,
We weave a dreamland of love.

Again to the sweet scented attic I climb
Midst lavender, saffron, and sage,
To make grandmother's spinning wheel fitfully rhyme
With the rain and the wind as they rage.
The great cedar chest: the desire of my quest
With its prize of a bygone age.

And again at the close of a wearisome day
I kneel by the white trundle-bed;
And mother's sweet voice all my troubles allay;
"Now I lay me—" again is said;
A lingering kiss, the caress that I miss,
And the stories she often read.

I awake! there's a call from the night's holy hush;
I wander out under the bars
Of the moon that with silver, and comet-hair brush
Have ridded the night of its scars.
'Tis the call of the ways of my childhood days
To be constant and true as the stars.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT OF THE NINETEENTH
AMENDMENT ON POLITICS

L. E. ANDREWS, '24

It shall not be my purpose in this discussion to endeavor to expound any fundamental principles and theories of either government or psychology, nor shall I feel elated in believing that this paper is being prepared for the delectation of the reader. My purpose is, however, to give briefly the actual part that women are playing in the political world, or perhaps it would be better to say the part they are to play, and the psychological reasons for the course which I believe they will pursue.

The late war brought about many changes. It settled existing questions and issued new ones to the fore. One question it settled for good and all, namely, the enfranchisement of women. The question of equal rights has long been in existence but a recent date marks its settlement. It is unnecessary for me to discuss the inferior position occupied by women in the early days, memories of this suppression are always fresh in our minds. Almost chronologically the world has been waking up to the rights of mankind and at the close of the war this country settled the question pertaining to the legal position of women.

Conservative England in 1792 was shocked by Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women." France was aroused by Rousseau's ideas of social equality. Almost the entire world was stirred by Tom Paine's doctrine of "Individual Freedom." These principles had indeed permeated our own country and found expression in the Declaration of Independence. Naturally upon the world becoming aware of the rights of the individual and of mankind the position of women became a burning question.

In 1876 Senator A. A. Sargent of California first introduced what is today known as the Nineteenth Amendment. From 1876 to 1919 Congress wrangled over this question, reporting favorably on the one hand and adversely on the other. Thus it went throughout the years. The great war came on and notwithstanding the fact that it did not affect American industrial workers as it did those in the countries of Europe, our boys had to go and the production of necessities had to continue. Women were called upon throughout the United States to fill the vacated places of the men. The importance of the part played by the women in the war was so generally recognized by the statesmen and politicians that the movement for political equality was renewed with fresh vigor, and June 4th now stands as the birthday of a "New Citizen."

Women are now in politics. The ambition of centuries has been realized. What will they do? What have they done? "Politics," some say, "is rotten." Will the purity of womanhood be blackened by the so-called rottenness of politics? Will the maternal home life deteriorate in the high standards which have always been characteristic of American homes and the bed rock of the American Government? If these questions are to be answered in the affirmative, far be it from me to advocate the policy of the Nineteenth Amendment. If woman's name is frailty perhaps then base politics will not be elevated. But women have proved to the world that he was wrong who said, "Woman, thy name is Frailty." They have demonstrated in various ways, especially through the Woman's Club Movements, their individuality. To tell the story of women's organized activities, even in our own state, would require a great deal of space. The one outstanding feature of all their work is their influence and effectiveness in helping to solve problems affecting the home and family, the church, the school and education, the government and industry. The main idea of all their works has been educating for citizenship. It is here in

these methods employed by women that we find their first definite stand for a true democratic principle in the political world. It is from this stand also that we are able to draw our first supposition as to what the psychological effect on politics will be. It is an axiom of history that where people of the lower civilization are brought in contact with those of the higher level the tendency has been to raise the lower and not to destroy the higher. I believe that we can apply this principle today and call politics the lower citizen and woman the higher citizen. The result will be analogous.

The political minds of 1789 admonished political parties. Today, however, we have realized that a strong democratic republic such as ours cannot exist without them. But we can exist without some of the policies practiced by them and it is these questionable features that the National League of Women Voters is striving to eliminate. The three principal departments of the work of the League as laid down in the *Journal of Social Forces* for November are: (1) Training for citizenship, (2) legislation and (3) efficiency in government. All these, mind you, provide a means for the women to vote irrespective of party affiliation. In wielding their power together towards the passage of legislation which involves the christian principles on which they stand, the women are bound to bring about a change in politics that will cause the hearts of cold politicians to sometimes consider others as along through life they go. "Too often it is that the machinery of our government is controlled by powerful and selfish minorities," says the *Journal* just quoted. If the women remedy this defect—and this is a prime concern of the League—you will agree with me that the change will indeed be worth while.

Women are not going to stand aloof from the political parties. They are enrolling but they will not stick by the party until they become offensive partisans. I believe that women will vote for the man of clean character of whatsoever

party he may be, quicker than men will vote for a man of the opposite party. The conscience of the woman will cause her to cast a vote where the man would not.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, writing in the "Current History" for November, says, "With the entrance of women into politics, the call of the state is over, and the call of the race is on When the reserved rights of the state get in the way of health and education for every child they are sorry for these reserved rights."

Now what is at the basis of the changes which women are issuing into our political regime? The root of it all is found in the psychological difference between the mind of woman and the mind of man. Considering them both to be equal, and we have no right to think otherwise, let us review the anfractuositities of the female intellect in regard to this matter. Dr. Thorndike says in the October issue of the American Magazine that "Women think of persons, men think of things." Thus we can readily understand why women maintain the idea that a citizen's duty is to his country first in getting the best persons at the head of the Government and to party second. "Parties" they say "are only a means to an end." Dr. Thorndike continues to explain the difference between male and female intellects by stating that "women are more human than men; they are the custodians of the affections of the race; the conservers and the transmitters of sympathy and care." To get this distinction more clearly, listen some time to the conversation between two families. The men will talk of their automobiles; the women of their friends.

This principle of "Persons and Things" is now existing in politics. The Nineteenth Amendment is still in its infancy and we can only base the outcome on supposition. But that a psychological change is taking place is evident. The principles for which the women stand promise us a cleaner political system than we have yet known.

TO _____.

Jno. R. Knott, '23

I do not wish to know thee
As I know a well-read book,
Or know the fullest meaning
Of every little look.
For books, tho good, too often read,
Will at their best grow old;
And a tale, if *all* is said,
Is then forever told.

But, O, I want to know thee
As I know the mellow song
Of the gently flowing brooklet
As it wends its way along
Thru a land where nodding branches,
Bending low o'er violet beds,
Send a spray of golden music
Dashing o'er their purple heads.

Ah! Yes, I want to know thee,
As I know the budding rose,
Whose tender little petals will
Each time I look disclose
A richer, deeper meaning,
And a promise of the hour
When the bud in all its beauty
Will become the full-blown flower.

THE LOTOPHAGUS

TOM SAWYER, '23

If you will journey down the Albemarle Sound in one of the fishing "canoes" that are common on that proud little sheet of water you will behold on the south side the mouth of a wide river. If there is a "Northeaster" on, you will be greeted by a high rolling sea, so high that your sturdy little craft will rise skyward, making you almost think that it is going to bid you adieu to the turbulent fluid beneath, and suddenly it will drop into the "trough" with all the might of any angry ram in action. If the helmsman is fortunate enough to steer clear of the shoals you may journey up this river, leaving the frantic little ocean-in-disguise, where you find yourself in a quiet, slow running stream bordered on each side by a wilderness of swamps and marshes, with an occasional "ridge" of fertile and moist farm land. This stream is known as the Alligator River, and in its vicinity is the scene of our story.

In a particular marshy place along this river you will find a plant that is known to exist on only one other part of the globe, that being along the banks of the Nile. The scientist will tell you that it is a genus of fabaceous herbs or subshrubs, having pinnate leaves and umbellate flowers, known as the lotus. The scientist will also tell you that an umbel is racemose inflorescence in which the axis is contracted so that the pedicels appear to spring from the same point, and form a flat or rounded cluster. But the dwellers of this low region will describe it as a bonnet, because of its resemblance to the slit bonnets our great-grandmothers wore in the backwoods settlements. They will also tell you of the condition of dreamy indolence the fruit of this plant produces upon the eater.

One afternoon "Old Abe," who lived alone on one of the sandy ridges along the south bank of the Alligator, decided

that it would be a good idea for him to take his "breech-loader" and kill a duck in the nearby marsh for his next day's ration. But today luck seemed to be against Abe and he could not locate a duck in the marsh. They all seemed to be exceedingly wild ducks and every time some flew up they were gone before he could bring his gun to bear on them. At last he heard a "quack" down at the edge of the river. Silently he crept through the tall grass to where it became open and permitted good shooting. As the ducks saw him and started to fly, Old Abe blazed away with a heavy load of No. 4's.

"Ouch! Hey! Help!"

With an exclamation of "Great Peter!" and "Lordy! Lordy!" Abe dropped his gun and plunged through the water and rushed to the edge of the river. What had he done? What was this he saw in the river? Had he killed some one?

What he really did learn after having to swim out into the river was that he had seriously wounded a "sporty young Damn Yankee" in the arm, side, and neck. Forgetting his gun and duck Old Abe busied himself with the task of ministering to the victim of the accident.

"I reckon ye'll have ter spend a few days with Abe now, fer dey aint a doctor in two days' travelin' frum here. It'll take a lot er bilin' water an' pashence ter git them shots an' dat pisin out er ye, but I guess I kin stan' it if ye can. Dis yer own skiff? Whur in tarnation ye frum, stranger?"

Now that was the question, where was he from? It is true that an Eastern evening paper gave a rather hazy account of the disappearance of a promising young artist whose family was well known, and that he had been last heard of in North Carolina on a hunting trip. But what connection has that with our "Yankee" in this swampy wilderness? The truth is that the outside world knows nothing about the Alligator and the few people living around it, and Old Abe says he has learned to keep his tongue since "Dem Revnoo" men got him over at

"East Lake" and carried him to the city for telling where he got his "likker."

It was late in the fall, and cold got into the wounds that were left after Abe's crude method of extracting gun-shot had left gashes and punctures in the flesh of his "Yankee." In spite of Abe's yarns and jokes, "Yank," the name Abe gave the victim, could not keep his mind off his suffering, and the pain grew worse. In two days a high temperature developed and Yank became frantic. On the third day he would have ended it all could he have gotten hold of anything with which to do it.

While in this state of mind he thought of something Abe had told him the day before. It was of the curious looking oval-shaped seeds Abe had shown him, and of the pleasant, dreamy feeling that they left upon the eater of them. Why not try it? He knew where the box was that Abe kept them in and if they killed him they would be doing a good service. As Eve in the Garden tasted the fatal fruit and found it was good "Yank" in the wilderness partook of the Lotus, and found that it satisfied.

In three weeks the flesh was healed, but the mind was diseased. Old Abe didn't think any more about the box of seed, or he could have known the influence that was taking away the manhood of his patient. Instead he thought "Yank" was suffering from insanity, or the memory of some dark act of the past. He watched him from day to day as his face grew pale and his eyes became mild. He noticed that his voice became thin, and that he became melancholy and seemed to be in a sleep or trance. Each day Abe watched the "Yank" as he took out the brushes and paints that he had brought with him in the boat. For a while he would work on a mysterious picture, and then his brush would drop and for hours he would sit drooping, and staring into space.

Does pale Death gleat over a victim powerless to fight against it, and bear its victim in triumph to the Grave? If

it does another victory would have been long ago added to its crown had not events proved otherwise.

The same winter that "Yank" came into the life of Old Abe, Josiah Winston, a retired millionaire, came to Eastern North Carolina to build a winter resort where he could be "out of the world" and follow his favorite sport of hunting. It was in January that he came and it was only two weeks before he had built a club house, living cabins to accomodate three or four families, a store-house, and dog kennels. After the job was finished he paid his force of two-score men and told them to return to their homes and to trouble him no more. Then he wrote his family and intimate friends to come to his new paradise at the mouth of the Alligator.

On the first night after the arrival of the Winston party, Old Abe took "Yank" with him in his boat down the river to "see what kind o' shines dem dern Yankees wus cuttin' up." Abe had too much sense to go too near and run the risk of being bitten by a savage watch-dog, so he let the boat drift along near the shore where he could see through the windows of the club house and hear the laughter and music float out on the still air.

Soon all became silent. Then tender, clear, feminine notes of soft music were heard coming through the air. As the first words echoed across the river Old Abe saw the frame of his companion shake as he buried his face in his hands and uttered, half-plaintively, half-savagely, the word "Lotophagus."

It was late in February and the blue birds had come, Old Abe was beginning the preparation of his soil for the spring planting. For over a week his "Yank" had been working with him from dawn to twilight. Abe had noted a sudden change in the young man. His face had tanned and he was growing thicker. In his tender, mild eyes there appeared a glow of determination. No longer did he sit in drowsy melancholy, but he was busy all the time and was adding new energy to his

work. The mysterious picture had been perfected and entitled "Dreamland."

The night before Winston and his party were to leave for their city homes Old Abe, at the request of his companion, again rowed down the river to spy upon the "Yankees."

Again the laughter and music ceased as the only daughter of the "Old man," Winston, started to sing for her father and friends.

The first stanza had not died out across the water when there came a cry from the small rowboat;

"O Dorcas—my Dorcas!—the light!—Abe, take me to the LIGHT!"

THE GALE

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

"There'll be a blow tonight, my men";
And the boatswain stared at the low black sky,
And scanned the dim horizon. Then
An anxious look in his cold gray eye
Told that a storm would soon be nigh.
And he hurled sharp orders to his men.

Thru the smoky haze in the fearful West
The Sun's red fire was burning low,
And the clouds arched up in a circling crest,
As the opening apart of their gift-fringed vest
Formed the "wind-bag" the men had mentioned, below.
And I felt a tiny wind-puff blow
From that great arched door in the fearful West.

There had been no breeze all the afternoon,
And I thought when I felt that first breath of wind,
That it came as a sort of a timely boon
With a cool relief to the fevered mind.
But I knew that my first thought came too soon
When a fierce rush swept from around behind.

With stouter puffs at every leap,
And shorter intervals in between,
At last it blew with a long-drawn sweep
And oh, its edge was cold and keen.
And we heard the tight-lashed rigging weep
As the chilly gale blew in between.

And then the sea began to rise
In little hills of waving blue,
That turned ere long to a darker hue
In keeping with the blackening skies;
And the top of every wave was white
With the foam whipped up by the scudding gale
And it lit the sea with a ghastly light,
As a spectre wrapped in a snow-white vail.
And as soon as the sun had dropped from sight
The West was dim and a deathly pale.

And soon the waves were mountain high,
But the proud ship rose as she met their force,
And dived to the depths as she passed them by,
And reared and plunged like an angry horse;
And returned their oaths in a voice as hoarse
As their own snake-venomed battle-cry.

And the butt of the long black colonnade
Burst over her prow as she shot clear thru,
And she shrieked at the gaping hole she had made,
And her lips were moist with the foam she blew.

And the dark night stared from every side,
While the mast-light fought with its struggling beam,
And each wave grinned back with a wicked gleam
And it passed the prow where it must divide.

Now the wind had climbed to a deadly roar,
And around each stanchion and stay and mast
Its cold black fingers gripped and tore
And loosened the rigging as it passed.
And the froth of the waves dashed high and cold,

While the sailors staggered across the bow,
And thrilled to the surge of the ocean plow
As they tightened the ropes to make them hold.

All thru the night, the storm-winds blew,
And the scaling sleet and the salt-spray flew;

But at dawn of day, when the night had passed,
And calm had followed the angry blast,
From the opening skies, the sunshine's pour
Proclaimed a truce. The storm was o'er.

HABIT FORMATION AS AN ASSET TO SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

I. C. PAIT, '23

Man is a being that must mingle with his kind if he would develop his native self into the well-rounded human being. Isolate him, and his social nature ceases to grow, and, according to an undisputed law of life, that which does not grow, dies. Throw him out into the great stream of natural life, with its currents of instincts, its emptying tributaries of the acquired, and its eddies of heredity, and he will find himself gradually becoming a part of that stream; or, perhaps, changing in some minute way some current of the regular stream of life, thus beginning or continuing either the evolution or degeneration of the society of which he is a member.

The Cave Man had little, or perhaps, no feeling of social obligation. But during the Stone Ages, we see the posterity of the Cave Man species groping themselves because of the birth of a crude form of social obligation, or, social conscience. Not only could they better protect themselves from the surrounding terrors, and wrench from nature a happier existence because of the association of their ideas with those of their fellow-beings, but their fellow-beings were reciprocally benefited. The strength of combined efforts seems to have taken a strong hold on the minds of men, even then.

During the Middle Ages—if I am permitted to ignore such a lapse of time—the Stone Age group-protection idea still prevailed; but, of course, in a much higher state, having evolved to the feudal system of land tenure, society, government, etc. Feudal lords were interested in the welfare of their vassals, sub-vassals, and serfs if for no other reasons, because their own safety depended upon the attitude of their subjects. Similarly the under-lords and serfs were interested in whatever was to

the interest of their lords. Thus, when some feud broke out between two or more over-lords, the distinctive clan of each was drawn up under his frowning battlements, and stood vying at the strength of the other. In this way, moral, social, and legal protection of the Middle Ages was given to the clans of Europe.

Thus we find one of our most precious heritages, a relic of the Ancients: social conscience. Today, the ethical tendency of all true men and women is that their conduct as individuals shall be for the good of others as well as for the good of themselves; that no action of theirs shall reflect discredit upon society as a whole. Should we not, then, form our habits in such a manner that they will be assets instead of hindrances to us in the performance of our duties to society?

The habits of the individual determine the kind of world we shall live in; therefore the key to the problem of social conscience of the community, state, or even of the world, lies in the habits of the individual, because individuals compose the whole of society. But the habits of the individual must be of such a nature that they naturally fall in line with the habits of the others of the group in common, if that group would act in unison. If the habits of the individual are so different from those of the group, then, it is the individual that attracts attention, instead of the group. But the eternal pity or glory of this, is that the actions resulting from the habits of the individual will always reflect either discredit or credit upon the group represented. Yerkes quotes the following from Bryan and Harter: "We believe that by no device is it possible to gain freedom in using the higher-order habits until the lower have been so well mastered that attention is not diverted by them." The application of this quotation, with regard to habit formation as an asset to social conscience, is well illustrated by some of the problems—one of which I shall mention—that Wake Forest College was called upon to face, last year. We cannot forget that the actions of some thoughtless individuals of the

student body caused this institution to become the target of a battery of improperly informed cannoneers, who, with their "gas," explosives, and verbal battering-rams, did such effective work that the college must actually "live down" a situation. These archæologists of barbarous customs and habits declared that rare sport at the expense of a head of hair was essential to the life of a college community, and that they must have their individual fun, regardless of the dark reflection it would cast upon the college as a whole. *They* had their fun, and *we* are suffering as a consequence. Individuals whose self-satisfying habits stood first! No institution can stand out in glorious preëminence, nor can it hope to "gain freedom in using the higher-order habits" that lead to the immediate seat of national and international habits, so to speak, until the "lower-form habits (habits of the individuals) . . . have been so well mastered that attention is not diverted by them." It is true that great and fruitful efforts are being made for the reparation of last year's unfortunate record; but the eye of the observer has been so habitually turned upon the hazing scandals of Wake Forest College, that, even though the cleanest record of the whole Southland be made here during the years to come, the slightest outbreak will cause the critical to smile his cynical smile, and wink an "I-told-you-so" at his fellow-cynic.

Habit is not fixed, but it tends to become fixed. When one does a certain thing a certain way for a number of times, that action becomes habitual. It is like a pencil traced several times in the same place on a piece of soft wood, then, a new mark branched off from the old. When the pencil comes to the place where it is supposed to follow the new mark, it will, without exception, follow the old, unless special care is taken that it does not.

Even so it is with habits. Let them be good or bad, when one tries to change them, he finds that the connections to the old ones, although temporarily destroyed, are still there,

rudimentarily, and that they tend to come again to their former maturity and uses when opportunities arise whereby the old habits might be renewed. Referring again to last year's hazing escapades, this time in connection with habit formation as mentioned above, I would repeat that we must "live down" a condition that has arisen as a result. And, that if we would regain the prestige that formerly was ours, as an institution, we must so form our individual habits that the mind of the public shall not be diverted from the attainments of the college as a whole, by individual misconduct.

Nor are the facts found in habit formation as an asset to social conscience, limited to Wake Forest College; we find them true of every community, section, state, and even nation, of the world. For instance, I know a town in which is a street, formerly known as, "Fried Meat" Street, because of the poorer class of people that lived on that street. Since then, that street has been wonderfully improved, and a name given to it that is more suitable to its appearance; but the majority of the people of the town still speak of it as "Fried Meat" Street. We call Virginia "Old Dominion", regardless of the fact that Old Dominion was long ago divided into several states, and no longer exists. When slavery existed in the South, some of the Northern people spoke of the Southern people as the "You-alls", because of negro dialect that had crept into the language of the Southern people. During the World War, I heard of a New York soldier who had been assigned a post of duty in Savannah, Ga., telling a friend that he was going down among the "You-alls" for a while. But, as you know, that expression has been almost eliminated from Southern speech. Instances of note, nationally, are those of Germany and Japan. Although Germany may reform, and try to become the greatest nation in the world, in the true sense of the word, she will be looked upon with suspicion and misgivings every time she inaugurates a new system of procedure, builds a gun, or

launches a battleship. We have spoken of war with Japan until we now seem to be awaiting its occurrence as a matter of course. Suppose Japan has only friendly feelings for the United States, as she has often intimated. Does that alter the nature of our thoughts? Not one whit. She has to prove it to us by "living down" the condition that has arisen.

We may ask ourselves, "Why the existence of such conditions?" In order to get a correct answer, we must employ higher criticism. We must know the "why," the "what for," and from whence sprung the seed that germinated and developed into such a forest of results. And when the final tracer has reached its destination, the cause will be found lodged in the habits of individuals. How important, then, it is, for the priceless heritage that is ours, that our habits be correctly formed; not only for the good of the individual immediately involved, but supremely so for the sake of those upon whom his actions will reflect either honor or dishonor, according to the habits that master him.

I often try to imagine myself, a being, separate from the beings of this world, and neutral, off on some distant planet, observing the relation of nation to nation; how the individuals of one nation foster a love or hate for the individuals of another nation; how the contagion of their good- or ill-will spreads among their fellow-men; and, finally, as it were, "leavens the whole lump." It is during these periods of rambling, isolated thoughts, that my soul wells up within me, and cries out that I must stop and carefully consider, even the most trivial action that might become habitual; that I am master, not only of my own destiny, but, perhaps, of the destinies of others over whom I have an influence; that I, after all, am my brother's keeper; that for the sake of the society of which I am a member, as well as for my own, my habits must be good and so deeply ingrained in my character that I may "gain freedom of the higher-order habits."

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❧

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

I. C. PAIT, *Editor*

❧

It is
Forbidden

You were warned not to read this, but I perceive that you are not master of your curiosity.

We have often heard the expression, "Curiosity killed the cat," which, though seemingly light and meaningless, carries some truth with it. If your curiosity leads you to a mortal thrust, remember, I have warned you. But now that the die is cast, you must drink whether the draught be sweet or bitter.

What do you think of your college magazine? What do you say to your room-mate when you have finished reading the last number? When you send a copy home or to

a friend, do you make apologies for some department that seems weak to you, or are you proud of the magazine as a whole? "Mighty immodest questions for an Editor to ask of *his own* production," some of you will say. Just here is where the greatest trouble of the college magazine of to-day, hinges. There are too many out in the student body who think of the college magazine as being wholly dependent upon the Editor. I agree with you that the Editor has his part to play. But the magazine; it is *yours!* It represents *you!* It is the medium by which your literary temperature is determined, as students. But it appears that many of you are willing to let the mercury freeze in your thermometer. A man who was editor of THE STUDENT ten years ago, recently informed the writer that he discarded an average of three articles presented for publication, and published one. The writer in making a similar statement, is compelled to confess that as yet he has been denied the privilege of discarding material; instead, his position is that of a beggar of material. Who is to blame? We rail at the decline and disappearance of literary genius, and wonder why nobody does sublime writing. We hallow the name of Shakespeare. We sing immortal praises to Milton, Dante, Browning, and many others, and say that a revival of their kind is impossible. This may be true; but it is just as true that we may develop a Twentieth-century style as truly our own as were their respective styles their own. Of course we cannot all be authors, but it is possible for us to aid in the creation of a helpful atmosphere for contemporaneous possibilities. There are not many students who have not had a burning desire to write something, at some time—I pity those who have not—but kept putting it off until the desire was smothered. Some declare that they are too busy to write for the magazine. I would only ask that such ones ever bear in mind this fact: Man's noblest

deeds and aspirations are but the offsprings of his busiest moments. Will you let these moments pass?

Your magazine needs you! Without you it cannot exist. You need your magazine! Without it you cannot do your best. The Age needs your help in the creation of a literary atmosphere. You need the Age for the expression of your ideas. The benefits are reciprocal. Improve your magazine and the literary atmosphere of the present by improving yourself, remembering that until you have tried, you have absolutely no right to criticize the man who is trying. Make a contribution to your college magazine.

**Patriotism
and the Na-
tional
Anthem**

If a foreigner should say that the American people are an unpatriotic kind, there would be no place for him in America; in some sections there would even be a possibility of his being initiated into the "Necktie Society," which, to our shame, still exists in some localities. If *anyone* should make the statement that North Carolinians are unpatriotic, every loyal son and daughter of the "Dear Old North State" would literally be up in arms and after him. Americans are patriotic in a great, wholesome way. No Americans are more patriotic than the sons and daughters of North Carolina when there is a great and urgent need. But it must be admitted that we as such, are very, very poor in the expression of our patriotism many times when the occasion demands expression. Only last November at the close of the Convention of North Carolina Teachers, in Raleigh, a most pitiable demonstration of patriotic negligence was strongly in evidence. The great and honored poet, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, was to address the Assembly—five thousand in all. As he, so small of stature, yet so great of mind and soul, walked across the platform, the hearts of that great, pulsing multitude seemed to beat in unison. The motor impulse of

all seemed as that of a single being, for all rose to their feet as one. A leader on the platform began to sing the soul-stirring American Anthem, and the writer trembled with eager expectancy. He would surely hear "The Star Spangled Banner" peal from the throats of the safeguards of North Carolinian youth, in a manner that he could never forget. And so he heard it. A possible two hundred of that mighty throng took up, in a weak way, the beautiful words of our beloved National Anthem, and strangled it almost beyond recognition, while the other four thousand and eight hundred stood as mute as though a band of Aryans were chanting an ancient funeral dirge, to the dust of a long-dead ruler. Another instance of almost equal note was recently witnessed when a "chalk talker" or, "flash artist" from Chicago performed before a mixed audience in which sat some of North Carolina's most noted educators. Near the close of the program, a splendid clay daub of "Uncle Sam" was spread upon the canvas. As the artist stepped aside to display his production, the stirring notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" filled the house, but every individual in the audience remained as though frozen to his chair.

Why do we do such things? It is not that we are ignorant to that degree. Then why? Must we confess that it is negligence? If so, shame upon us!

It must be said again that North Carolina is possessed of a wonderful patriotism when there is a great and urgent need but that she is sadly lacking in the so-called minor elements which would make her patriotism such a beautiful thing. Do you know and love and respect "The Star Spangled Banner"? If not, why?

The Faculty Editor announces the prize winning contributions for the February issue, as follows: verse, "Thoughts of Childhood", I. C. Pait; essay, "Mary, Queen of Scots", Jas. H. Ivey, Jr; story, "The Lotophagus", Tom Sawyer.

Which professor was it that just before he went to class the other morning kicked his wife out the back door and kissed the house cat?

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS

Tall Handsome Bandit (Holding up train)—“Now, I’ll take the money from the men and a kiss from every woman.”

Short Partner—“Never mind the kissing, Jack, get the dough.”

Old Maid in the rear—“You mind your own business; the tall man’s robbing this train!” —Pitt Panther.

RELIGION OF TODAY

Sunday School Superintendent—“I am happy to see all these shining faces before me this morning.”

(Sudden application of thirty-seven power puffs.)

Sun Dodger.

Policeman—“But didn’t you feel the picketpocket’s hand in your pocket?”

Absent-minded Prof.—“Yes, but I thought that it was my own.” Flamingo.

Benny—“Why did you let that young officer kiss you?”

Jenny—“Well, it is against the law to resist an officer.”

Burr.

Advertisement—“Why kill your wife? Let our washing machine do your dirty work.” Lyre.

CALL FOR MR. GILLETTE

Nervous Freshman (on English, stroking his chin)—
 "This is the forest primeval."

Freshman Richardson at first basketball game—"Don't those crazy boys know they will have to sew up that basket if they expect that ball to stay in it?"

He—"Going to have dinner anywhere to-night?"

She—(eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."

He—"Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning."

Yale Record.

There Are Smiles, etc.

She smiled,

And I smiled back.

I met another—

She smiled,

I smiled too.

(So would you)

They all smiled—

I thought it queer.

I began to fear.

(So would you)

And then I found

My sock was down

Over my shoe—

And then I knew.

(So would you.)

Pelican.

Noble Young Lad—"Pa, what does Veni, Vidi, Vici mean?"

Wise Father—"Oh, it's just one of those foolish college yells."

Down South there lived a negro who was crippled, and consequently was unable to do any manual labor. His wife was blessed with the uncommon name of "Combustion". As a result of this, he was called "Nitrogen", because he was unable to support "Combustion". Orange Owl.

"Doesn't that girl over there look like Helen Brown?"
 "I wouldn't say her dress was brown." Flamingo.

A QUALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Bootleg gin won't make you dream;
 For the guy who drinks it slumbers
 And things are not what they seem.
 It will make you reel and stumble;
 Bump into each tree and pole,
 Hit the dust whene'er you tumble
 In a gutter or a hole.
 In the bootleg occupation
 Tho you're stout, you must be brave,
 Or you'll get a long vacation
 And the new state roads you'll pave.
 Trust no creditors howe'er pleasant;
 Make them pay good solid cash,
 Or they'll take it as a present
 And begin the ten mile dash.
 Lives of bootlegs all remind us
 We can make a pile of kail,
 If we do not leave behind us
 Footprints on the gin-mill trail.
 Footprints that some sly detective
 Peering thru a microscope,
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 And you're done for. That's the dope.

A. W. P.



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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XLII

MARCH, 1923

No. 6

SONNET OF SOLOMON

A. W. PENNINGTON, '24

I drank, and found the cup of pleasure pain.
Then, seeking something I might still hold dear,
I sought the secret of each floating sphere,
And all the wonders of the low terrain.
I sought and found that all of life was vain.
Naked and helpless men on earth appear.
Then, after one short laugh or one brief tear,
Naked and helpless they depart again.

Throughout the Universe there seems no clue
To answer this bold riddle, "What is Man?"
But still I know beyond my feeble view
A wise Creator has an unknown plan;
And while I linger on my life's brief span,
My only need—to render Him His due.

THE EMANCIPATION OF A STENOGRAPHER

I. C. PAIT, '23

Mr. Hadley was furious. The color in his round, clean-shaved face came and went, alternately. His small, black eyes blazed fiercely, and as they rested again on the crumpled end of a piece of paper that protruded from his clenched fist, they narrowed to fiery slits and his stern mouth closed with a snap. With a spiteful movement he rolled the piece of paper into a ball and angrily hurled it toward the waste basket; it struck the wall and rebounded to the toe of his neatly-shod foot. Stooping, he took the ball from the floor, and, as an expression of disgust spread over his regular features, read for the second time the note scribbled in the unmistakable, shorthand-spoiled writing of his stenographer:

"DEAR MR. HADLEY:

I hope that you will not think me ungrateful because I am leaving my position without notifying you. But knowing your aversion to the step I am taking, I refrained from letting you know. I am to be married tonight.

Respectfully yours,
Annette Loire."

As he finished reading, his face which had slowly paled, suddenly went livid. For a moment he sat with his beady eyes staring at nothing in particular, and his features grimacing like those of a maniac. Then his short fingers slowly pulled the note into tiny bits, with a decisive, rhythmical motion that betrayed the rare pleasure afforded by the act. The red-shocked boy who answered his vigorous ring, hesitated uncertainly in the door as though halting between the opinions of turning and running for his life, and awaiting orders.

"Johnnie O'Quinn, you red-headed vagabond, empty that waste basket!" Mr. Hadley thundered.

*Prize-winning story.

With his freckled features nervously twitching, the frightened boy looked first toward the basket, empty except for the tiny fragments of the shredded note, then back toward the livid face of Mr. Hadley.

"Can't you move?" the angry voice roared.

The boy seized the basket and frantically rushed toward the door, the small bits of paper sifting through the fine wire meshes and dancing about on the floor in response to the whirl of the electric fan.

"That's twice within a year's time this thing has happened!" Mr. Hadley blustered as his huge fist crashed down upon the smooth surface of the desk, upsetting ink stands and paper weights. "Marry, marry! That's all their silly minds can think about. Once I get a girl to where she can do decent word and convince her that she cannot work in my office with her face daubed, her hair resembling a laundered poodle, and dressed in frills, she decides that she is i-n l-o-v-e with some spring-time, spindle-legged fashion model of the street who has nothing to do but swagger around sucking the gold head of his cane and bringing discord into a peaceable business man's office. That French poodle! It serves the man right that got her! I'll see who marries the next stenographer I employ for my desk!"

He seated himself before the typewriter, and, between wrathful outbursts of excited anger, slowly hammered out:

"WANTED: An experienced stenographer. No one under thirty-five need apply. Applications must be made in person this afternoon between three and five o'clock.

HADLEY WHOLESALE."

He thrust the advertisement into an envelope and addressed it to the *Evening Herald*.

"Miss Smith!"

In response to his call, a girlish figure appeared in the doorway and stood nervously toying a pencil.

"See that this gets in the noon edition," he sharply ordered.

As the door closed behind Miss Smith, Mr. Hadley seated himself in his pivoted chair and simmered like a near-boiling pot of porridge. When the pressure became so great that he could stand it no longer, he exploded:

"Mr. Grimes! O Mr. Grimes! Have you grown to your chair?"

Mr. Grimes, tall and boney, appeared in the doorway with his shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows.

"For heaven's sake don't stare at me like a maniac!" Mr. Hadley almost screamed. "Get busy! Do something! Move around or you're no longer my bookkeeper—Miss Williams, call the *Herald* office and find out if Miss Smith intends to stay there all day—I'll fire that girl if she's out ten minutes longer—Johnnie! Johnnie O'Quinn!"—the office boy appeared, out of breath—"Here, you lazy, sniveling beggar, put this office in order or out you go—Miss Stanley, will you take this dictation or will you continue to stand there like a brazen statue?"

Without waiting to see that any of his eruptive orders were obeyed, Mr. Hadley rushed out and slammed the door. Mr. Grimes' thin lips became just a little thinner and a spark of anger kindled his dark eyes as he pounded the desk with his bony fist. Miss Williams hung up the receiver with a resounding "bang," disregarding the "hello" that came from the *Herald* office. Miss Stanley, true to her sex, bowed her head and flooded the typewriter with tears. Johnnie O'Quinn distorted his freckled face and fitfully tugged at his unruly shock of flaming hair as he hurled his duster against the door through which the human cyclone had just passed. For a moment nothing but Miss Stanley's hysterical sobbing could be heard; then a chaotic babble. The crisis was passed.

Nothing short of a human bear could be expected of one of Mr. Hadley's disposition and habits. There was no life in his estimation other than commercial. His desire for business

prominence was insatiable, but his love, even regard, for social intercourse was infinitesimal. His world consisted of his office, his bachelor apartment, and a down-town restaurant. As a boy he had been timid in the presence of ladies, and, as he grew to maturity, he nursed his timidity until it became an aversion; thus thoughts of love and marriage became repulsive to his sordid mind. He vowed that he would die a bachelor and that he would leave his fortune to some society whose aim was the emancipation of married men.

That afternoon between two and five o'clock the little reception hall out in front of Hadley Wholesale was peopled with female specimens of the human race that made even Johnnie O'Quinn laugh. Some of them were tall and thin, and some were fat and short. Some of the tall, thin ones had beak-like noses and up-tilted chins, while many of the fat, short ones had noses and chins that resembled twin plums. Warts, moles and other disfigurements characterized the assemblage, but one thing was common to all: a challenging look of determination to secure the position at any cost.

Johnnie O'Quinn punctually announced each new arrival and was as punctually ordered to show her to a chair. The little room gradually filled, but Mr. Hadley doggedly kept his seat. Not until five minutes of five did he show himself to the impatient, maidenly array; then he coolly walked into their midst and without so much as a "Good afternoon," made his selection, disdaining a trial to determine ability. She was tall, straight, thin, and prim. A straight-brimmed sailor hat of black straw sat well on top of her small, round head, leaving a considerable margin scantily covered with gray-streaked, tightly-drawn hair which was twisted into a small, hard knot near the base of her head. Her small, gray eyes peered sharply from beneath a harsh, domineering brow and were offset by a severe, receding mouth which a beak-like nose and up-tilted chin seemed vainly trying to conceal. A thin suit of blue serge, plain almost to

severity, enveloped her slender frame and swept almost to the floor, partly concealing a pair of large, black-shod feet. In one claw-like hand, she held a small leather purse which, seemingly, could contain no paint, powder, or mirror; the other tightly grasped the rabbit-foot handle of a black silk umbrella. She was a living picture of that for which Mr. Hadley sought. He actually chuckled because of his success. He dismissed the others, and upon inquiry, found that the name of his choice was Miss Samantha Penelope Ann Peddleton, who could easily trace her ancestry back to the Mayflower, and thence across the Atlantic to feudal castles and the nobility of the Middle Ages. Mr. Hadley told her that she might report for work the following morning and she passed out behind her less fortunate position-seekers, murmuring something about Mr. Hadley's unparalleled judgment of stenographers.

But Mr. Hadley's choice did not prove satisfactory in the least. She was slow, much to his surprise, and with no tact whatever, insisted that she was right in any decision she might make. She clumsily trampled on his corns and tipped a pitcher of ice water into a basket of important papers. Without consulting anyone she hung her coat and hat where Mr. Hadley was accustomed to hang his and had Johnnie O'Quinn to change the position of all the office furniture. She even let her rasping voice cut into Mr. Hadley's conversation as a means of correction if what he said did not exactly suit her. For the first hour he swallowed it all, saying that she was not yet accustomed to the ways of the office. The second hour his fullness began to take effect and all but Miss Samantha Penelope Ann Peddleton foresaw a gathering storm. At noon it broke and Mr. Hadley hotly told her that she might go in search of her Mayflowers and antiquated ancestry, and that he was sure that she belonged to some group of the Middle Ages. Finally he informed her that it was a stenographer he was looking for, anyway, and that she need not report for work.

after noon. As she passed out, she wrathfully shook the rabbit-foot handle of her black silk umbrella at her ex-employer and told him that the devil would surely get him for his mistreatment of *girls*.

That afternoon the little reception hall was again filled with the near-comical. Mr. Hadley made his choice this time with a little more deliberation, but the result was even more unsatisfactory than that of his first choice, and her stay of shorter duration. For a week this demoralizing state of affairs existed. Correspondence and other stenographic work piled up and Mr. Hadley became desperate. Something had to be done!

Then one morning, a little later than was his custom, he walked into his office and found the chair at the stenographer's desk occupied by the trim figure of a young woman of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years. Her dark-brown hair was slightly puffed, and large, brown eyes, encircled by sweeping lashes and overhung by a delicately-arched brow, gave utterance to the happy, living soul that dwelt therein. A mischievous mouth revealed two rows of even, white teeth as it performed its duty of dimple-making on perfectly-tinted cheeks. A neck, like faintly-colored polished ivory, gracefully adjusted itself to her arched shoulders, and disappeared among the folds of a simple white dress. Her round, white arms seemed just the proper length to reach the typewriter desk, and her slender fingers perfectly fitted the keyboard with which she toyed. Her white kid slippers were set upon French heels, and there were even a few ruffles on her dress. In fact, she possessed all in appearance that disqualified her in Mr. Hadley's estimation. This morning he was almost speechless with anger at finding such a being in his office.

"Who the devil are you?" he shouted after a moment of glowering silence.

"I'm the new stenographer," was the calm reply.

Mr. Hadley was dumbfounded. His face paled, went livid,

and paled again. His eyes glared, his cheeks puffed, and his features worked convulsively. He tried to speak, but for a time his tongue refused to function. When, however, he finally regained his power of speech, his furious words poured in pitiless torrents upon the ears of the girl who sat at the desk, calmly, but hurriedly, writing. The other occupants of the office—Johnnie O'Quinn included—remained at safe distances, but seemed very much interested in the unusual occurrence. When Mr. Hadley had exhausted himself, the object of his denunciation arose to her feet and in her clear, sweet voice, read to her astonished listeners the scathing lecture to which she had just been subjected. Mr. Grimes seemed suddenly to remember that his desk was in the adjoining office, and hurried out. The habitual severity of Miss Williams' mouth melted like frost before the sun, and Miss Stanley actually giggled. When Johnnie O'Quinn could stand no more, he seized his cap and dashed, whooping, from the office, upsetting the high stool upon which demure little Miss Smith sat chewing the eraser in the end of her pencil. Mr. Hadley approached the young woman much in the manner that a boy approaches some object that has greatly aroused his interest and curiosity, and yet he fears that it may be some engine of destruction. He glanced first at the paper which she held in her hand, then questioningly into her face.

"You don't mean that you can take a dictation that fast, do you?" He spoke in a cracked, unnatural voice.

"You heard what I read," she sweetly answered. Then turning to the towering stack of correspondence, she continued: "Is this what I'm to begin on?"

"Look here, young woman!" Mr. Hadley exclaimed, regaining somewhat his former fury. "I want you to understand that you're not hired here, and that you will never be! I expect a woman of suitable age and appearance to fill this position, this afternoon! And besides, applications are made strictly

between two and five o'clock in the afternoon! Do you understand?"

"Shall I begin on the foreign or home correspondence?" the clear voice continued as though nothing had interrupted.

"Young woman, I'd show you to the street at once if I did not need help so badly." Mr. Hadley growled. "But I want you to distinctly understand that you leave this office this afternoon when my stenographer arrives. What's your name?"

"Marie De Cleve."

"Holy smoke! Another French poodle! Young woman, young woman, the door stands open and you shall go!"

"Yes, Mr. Hadley; but I can't leave this letter half-written. As soon as I have finished it, I'll go if you like."

Thus the morning passed and the stack of correspondence appreciably diminished. Mr. Hadley continued to fume, glower, and explode, but the young woman always retorted with a clear, psychological witticism that left him feeling as though he were only a tool in the hands of a master-workman, and that he was used only on minor occasions and then to do only dirty work.

That afternoon the *Herald* advertisement brought only two seekers for the Hadley Wholesale position, neither of which suited Mr. Hadley in the least; therefore he informed Miss De Cleve that although she was just the opposite of what he wanted and intended to have as a stenographer, she might remain until the following afternoon as he was sure of a suitable person at that time. But the following afternoon no stenographer was employed; nor the next. The fourth morning of Miss De Cleve's temporary employment as Hadley Wholesale stenographer, the "wanted" column of the *Herald* was short one advertisement. Hadley Wholesale seemed destined to settle once more into its old rut.

But the fact that the office personnel was once more normal did not necessarily mean that the company would still run in

the age-worn rut of its infancy. It was indeed out in unknown territory, blazing new trails and leaving behind, dim, but visible new ruts which might lead to a complete revolution. Miss De Cleve did not fear the wrath of Mr. Hadley and often did the very thing that she knew would enrage him most, not because she especially enjoyed his outbursts, but because she seemed to know that it would be best for all concerned, in the long run. Then by sheer diplomacy and an indwelling knowledge of natural psychology and sensible witticism, she poured oil on the turbulent waters of their tiny sea, and the affairs of the office went on—well, at least no worse for the experience. Not a day passed that Mr. Hadley failed to remind her that her work—which was beyond reproach and far the best that his office had ever boasted—was “simply rotten” and that he would discharge her at the end of the month if she was the last stenographer in existence. Then, too, Mr. Grimes seemed to be paying too much attention to her for any man of common sense and sound judgment, or Mr. Hadley at least thought so and predicted an elopement which he vowed, in no gentle terms, he would never tolerate. For this reason the unfortunate bookkeeper was given more work than any man of ordinary ability could accomplish. Mr. Hadley encouraged Miss Smith and Miss Stanley to attract Mr. Grimes in every way possible and kept Johnnie O’Quinn constantly en route to and from the vault with old records—long ago completed—which he affirmed must be searched for some missing link which was never found. Only the stern-faced Miss Williams was left free to watch the amorous comedy to which each day introduced a new scene or act. In spite of it all Miss De Cleve seemed contented and happy; Mr. Grimes displayed a careless and surprising unconcern; but Mr. Hadley—he seemed to be laboring under the cares of the universe. The little wrinkles about his eyes became just a little deeper, the eagle-like glint in his eyes perceptibly hardened, and the iron-gray of his temples grew a slight shade lighter.

The clash came early in June. One afternoon Miss De Cleve arose from her chair, covered her typewriter, and closed her desk, announcing to Mr. Hadley that she was leaving the office a half-hour early in order that she might go with some friends for an evening of fresh air.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" Mr. Hadley emphatically affirmed. "The morning dictations must be finished before the office is closed."

"I finished them before noon," she blandly replied.

"The monthly statements must go today, and not one minute late," Mr. Hadley pursued.

"They went out with the two-thirty mail," Miss De Cleve returned in her calm, unruffled way. "I hope there is nothing else."

"Those carbon copies of last month's business—I told you over a week ago that I must have them, and have them I will—today!" Mr. Hadley was gradually mixing the ingredients for a terrific explosion.

"The carbons were made the day you asked for them. You will find them in the bottom drawer of your desk." Then turning toward the adjoining office she calmly asked: "Are you ready, Mr. Grimes?"

That snapped the last thread that held down Mr. Hadley's boiling rage. He sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor with a tread that set the windows rattling. He told Miss De Cleve that she might go "just for the sake of getting out of the presence of that sniveling, simpering Grimes," but otherwise she might consider herself without employment. Then he told Mr. Grimes that if he left the office under two hours he would go with his check. "That's final!" he snapped in conclusion. "Miss De Cleve, you may go. Grimes, I hope that you understand." He held the door open and Miss De Cleve passed out.

The following morning when Mr. Hadley entered the office he had the appearance of a clear sunrise after a storm the night

before. He even whistled—something that not one of his employees had ever heard him do before—as he hung up his coat and hat. But from sheer force of habit he walked over to his desk, and giving it a smashing blow with his huge fist, shouted at the top of his voice:

“Miss De Cleve!”

There was no response. Miss Williams' face assumed the appearance of that of a gladiator going into battle; Miss Stanley made her usual deposit of tears; and Miss Smith peered from behind Mr. Grimes who stood in the doorway—not a little disturbed—holding a piece of crumpled paper in his hand. Johnnie O'Quinn seized his duster and frantically began to sweep to the floor whatever moveable objects happened to be before him. A hearty peal of laughter—another foreign element in Mr. Hadley's nature—filled the office. Mr. Grimes seemed greatly disturbed, and relieved the situation by beginning:

“Mr. Hadley, I'm badly upset about Miss De Cleve. She didn't report for work this morning, and when I looked through the mail I found this letter. I can't quite—”

“Well, what is it?” Mr. Hadley broke in. “If you can get your brain together long enough to read the letter, I'll hear what she has to say.”

Mr. Grimes cleared his throat several times and then began: “Dear Robert:—”

“Dear Robert!” Mr. Hadley screamed. “What do you mean! My God, can it be that that woman has fooled me after all these months of watching!”—Then turning to Mr. Grimes and roughly grasping him by the shoulder—“Robert Grimes, you tell me just exactly what relation exists between you and Miss De Cleve or you will never see the sun set today!”

“You blubbering old monster!” Mr. Grimes sneeringly replied, shaking himself loose from Mr. Hadley's hand. “Hasn't one the right to be addressed by his first name by his only sister?”

"Sister!" Mr. Hadley collapsed and sank down in the large chair before his desk and laughed like an African hyena. "If I had only known before—"

"Yes, she is my sister." Mr. Grimes sternly continued. "I told her that she was foolish to attempt the emancipation of stenographers in such a place as this, but she insisted that it would be the adventure of her life. And now, you silly old walrus"—Mr. Grimes shook his bony fist dangerously near Mr. Hadley's face which was still wet with the tears of laughter—"if you know anything of the whereabouts of my sister, out with it or *you* shall never see the sun set today!"

"Grimes"—Mr. Hadley's voice sounded a note of genuine sincerity—"your sister has indeed done great work here in this office. Well has she emancipated stenographers in my estimation; and not only stenographers, but women as well. I'm sorry, very sorry that the office has lost her, but I am glad that she is married. I am her husband."

"Well I'll be gol darned!" ejectionated Johnnie O'Quinn as his duster slipped unnoticed to the floor.

BY THE WAYSIDE*

JOHN R. KNOTT, '23

The songs of the birds are sweeter
As they warble in the sun;
The happy hours pass fleet
And day is sooner done;
And the bees buzz around
With a dreamier sound,
And joys are sooner found
By the wayside.

The ruts in the road grow deeper
As I trudge along the way;
The path grows rougher, steeper,
As I near the end of day,
But I turn from the road,
And the irksome goad,
And my troubles unload
By the wayside.

Let the world with all its trouble
Go marry a blithsome bride!
I've had my woes—and double—
But now I turn aside
To the sweet-smelling wood
Where a man's understood,
For life is still good
By the wayside.

*Prize-winning poem.

THE CALL

I looked to the west at the end of day,
And saw a land serene.
Of flaming colors—yellow there was
And 'cross the sky flashed golden bars,
While baby stars just out for play
Diamond-studded the scene.

This glorious land called and I fled
Past merry stream and tree,
For dwelling in this land of gold
Was my one Love, and I grew bold
And sang a song as on I sped
To the west that called to me.

TO A FALLEN OAK

Sad, ah! Sad, but once you lived,
Once thru the summer noon
Your branches pointed heaven-ward high;
At night the sylvan moon
Sent her silv'ry moonbeams down
And spread your image on the ground.

Once you sheltered birdies
In those spacious arms of yours;
Now you are decaying
In the matchless out-of-doors,—
But flowers will bloom from what we see
To tell of all that used to be.

THE MORNING GLORY

Filled with vigor and life at morn,
But dead in the heated noon.
O, how many lives are born
To bless, yet die as soon!

MARCH

The March winds sing a song of mirth;
The restless leaves of winter speed
In reckless haste, and never heed
The grasses peeping from the earth.

Much like the leaves that dance in glee
And miss the things they ought to see,
We hurry thru this life of ours
And walk head-high among the flowers.

THE END OF DAY

Golden glows the distant west.
Peeping o'er the hillock's crest
The tired sun, reclining, slowly sinks to rest.

Nearer by the swallows fly
In their drunken way. The sky
Turns from gold to fading orange: night is nigh.

Now comes twilight, soft and gray;
Now the stars shine bright and gay—
Thus serenely comes the glorious end of day.

HABIT FORMATION IN BASEBALL*

LEROY B. MARTIN

We are told by Kitson that, "Habit may be defined as a tendency to act time after time in the same way." Habit may be more clearly and concisely defined as the holding of an impression. From habit man derives 98 per cent of his actions. Of all the things that one does during the course of a day, 98 per cent of them are a result of impressions received and retained. Furthermore, we find that habit not only affects man's action but that his thoughts are largely made up of habits; man thinks as he is habitually accustomed to thinking. Much more may be said about habit itself, but let us turn to the more interesting phase and learn how habits are formed.

The basis of habit formation is found in the nervous system and a thorough discussion of how habits are formed would necessarily contain much definition of the action of the neurones and the relationship of the synapse connections. It is sufficient to say that habit formation is due primarily to the opening of the synapses by use. Each time an act is performed there is a change in the synapses between neurones. Repetition of the same act causes a closer connection between the cells affected so that when eventually that particular sensory cell is excited it follows the same path. We thus draw the conclusion that the formation of habits is a process of decreasing the resistance of the synapses in the different possible paths of transmission, and that this decrease is brought about by repetition and the intensity of the acts. This does not in the minutest detail define the process of habit formation, but time compels us to hasten to a discussion of the effect of habit formation which is of most importance.

*Prize-winning essay.

I chose my subject because, in baseball, more perhaps than in any other game, does habit formation play an all important part. The first essential in baseball, unlike football, must be an ability to handle the ball. To me it is always interesting to observe a child playing with a ball. He has a desire to throw the ball, he has seen balls thrown, but the connection between the desire and the necessary action is not complete. The arm is raised and the ball thrown, often up into the air or to one side of the youthful player. This is not the desired movement and it is tried again. Finally he is able to throw it straight away, and, as this is the action desired, he concentrates every attention on this until the habit is formed and he is able to pick up a ball or stone and hurl it with a great degree of accuracy—often to the sorrow of some bird or animal. It is through experiences such as these that the baseball player acquires the art of throwing the ball. It is through repetition that the habit is formed to such a degree that to throw the ball becomes apparently a part of his nature—so much so that many seasoned players, once the ball is thrown to them and caught, immediately draw back their arm and throw their body in a position to throw; even if there is no place to throw the ball, and no necessity for throwing. Pillsbury, in his definition of habit formation, gives us the best proof of the great part habit formation plays in handling the ball. "In a game of baseball the habitual response will be made immediately and accurately when the stimulus and the circumstances are normal, but when some strong stimulus or some emotionally disturbing event takes place at the moment, the suitable habitual response is ordinarily lost in the general overflow to the neighboring muscles. The ball is often thrown over the first baseman's head at a critical moment."

Habit formation enters as a factor in baseball still more when we consider the different acts of the batter. A boy will perhaps never feel more completely at the mercy of opposing forces than when he steps to the bat the first time to face a really

good pitcher with a fast ball and a curve. It is here the fear instinct in man plays a most important part. For unless he can overcome this instinct—through force of habit or otherwise, and face the pitcher squarely with confidence and start the formation of the habit of “stepping into the ball”—he will never be a good batter. I quote from Pillsbury again, “Every act of any kind is the forerunner of other acts of the same kind.” If the youthful batter succumbs to his instinct of fear and allows himself to pull away from the plate, he will either become a “puller” for the rest of his career, or will not be able to give the proper attention to the ball through his desire to change his method, thereby diverting some of his needed attention to that phase of his position.

The catcher when he first begins the art closes his eyes every time the batter swings the bat to strike at the ball. Knowing that this will not do, he immediately exerts every effort to overcome this tendency, and form the habit of utter unconsciousness of any movement of the batter that would tend to make him shrink or recoil. In many instances it is a long process because of the frequent tips off the bat that strike his mask with great force—the intensity of this act serving to counteract many acts of repetition. As time goes on, he is able to overcome these many tendencies through the formation of proper habits, until he becomes the finished catcher. He is able to give absolute attention. Through habit he watches the batter as he steps to the plate, and, without being conscious of the act, judges his ability to hit certain pitched balls by the way he handles the bat, or by his position at the plate.

So it is through all the different positions of the game habit formation plays an important part, and in all the different phases it is seen to be present. Games are often lost due to the fact that a player in beginning his baseball career has formed a wrong habit, and it has become so imbedded in his nature that he cannot depart from it. Games are doubtless

won likewise, but they are never quite so apparent, and are rarely noticed. I have in mind a player on a team last summer, a first baseman. If the ball was thrown to him for the purpose of retiring the batter that would make the last "out," he had formed the habit of giving an Indian War Whoop, throwing down his glove and the ball and racing to the dug-out. The apparent closeness of the decision made no difference to him. At some time he had perhaps divined, correctly or incorrectly, that this action would influence the umpire in his favor. On this occasion the score was tied and a runner was on second base. A slow grounder to shortstop was fumbled but played to first base apparently in time to retire the batter, though the decision would be close. The first baseman immediately upon catching the ball, following his old habit, threw both ball and glove to the earth and raced for the bench, not noticing the umpire's extended hands until arrested by the shouts of his fellow team mates. His rush for the ball, which had rolled some distance, and throw to the catcher was quickly executed, but the runner had already crossed the plate with the winning run.

As it is with baseball, so it is with life. Let us be ever watchful of the habits we are forming. We should bear in mind that the only way to form a correct habit, whether it be in baseball or any thing else, is first of all to have a purpose—decide upon the thing you are going to do. After that the most important thing is to allow no exception—keep straight ahead.

THE SUPREME CALL

TOM HAMILTON, JR., '23

"But, Jack, why don't you quit this fast driving? Everytime we go anywhere, you are pinched for speeding." These were the words that expressed the sentiments of Miss Angelline Lee, daughter of the famous Californian architect. Angel, as Jack Hudson called her, had been trying to convince her sweetheart of the danger of reckless driving, especially through the main boulevards of Alexis, and this was a splendid opportunity for such a subject for they had just been stopped for speeding down one of the most beautiful avenues of the city.

"Oh, Angel, forget it. Goodness, why does a person want to creep along when he has a good smooth road to speed on." Jack was known to all his associates as the "clown of the races" because of the many races he had won with his special built Durant.

"Yes, but, Jack, I don't like for you to take so many risks. Don't you know that you have only one short life? and look what it would mean to all of us—especially me, if you should get hurt."

"Cheer up, Angel, let's call Josie and Chris and have a little tennis," suggested Jack, finding the environment rather penetrating on his disposition.

Josie and Chris were just as good friends to each other as Angel and Jack, and the four made up one of the jolliest groups of young people in the city. All about the same age and ready for most any kind of excitement, together or in pairs. Everything was planned and Josie, who reported that Chris was at her home at that moment, promised that they would be over in a jiffy.

Mr. Lee, known to his business associates as the king of architecture, lived in Kenworth, a name given to the section of the

city free from the breathless July heat that settles in the canyons of the city's skyscrapers. His home was a striking example of Colonial architecture, built of brick and stone, and large picture windows overlooking the valley below and wide verandas affording panoramic views embracing the surrounding country. From the garden doorway of the house a horn-beam arch framed a delightful view down the long grass walk to a hand-wrought iron gate, beyond which lay an open space. The turfs join a topiary garden on the upper level with the spring garden. From the center, paths radiate to other flowering nooks. The estate was situated on a lovely stretch of river road and everything was just as beautiful as could be. In the flowering nooks, mother nature had preserved initial charm and splendor. It was here that Mr. Lee enjoyed recreation in golf and where the girls often joined in a friendly set of tennis.

"Oh, Jack, there they are now," and jumping up from where the two lovers had been discussing the last escapade, they went out to meet Josie and Chris.

"Josie, you should have been with us this afternoon. Jack and I were caught for speeding again. Why it's more fun, but really Josie, I have—oh anyway Jack has promised that he will not speed any more," greeted Angel.

"Goodness, Angel, you have more fun. Why I can never get Chris to drive fast, he is so slow. You know what I mean," answered Josie.

The two girls went skipping away to the court and Jack and Chris lagged behind. "Jack, why don't you cut out this everlasting fast driving? One of these days you are going to lose your head and that will be the last of some poor soul." This was Chris' advice to the dare-devil racer.

"Yes, but, buddie, don't you know that one never gets any real excitement by driving slow? The fun comes when you can leave everything else behind, even the cops." Then Jack told Chris all about the escapade of the early afternoon.

"But say, Jack, what about the 300 mile Labor Day race to be held on the new Alexis Racc Track?"

"Don't know, Chris, but since I am second highest in the Western championship, I wouldn't be surprised if I should enter."

Chris was very much interested in the success that Jack had attained in the annual races. "Say, Old Scout, you had better enter that race. It would be funny for the Alexis Country Club not to be represented on the track by the 'clown of the races,'" insisted Chris showing his interest in the coming event.

"Right you are, Chris, and you can just bet your boots that I will do my best to enter, but say, Old Scout, 'mum's the word.' Don't you breathe a word of it to Angel, for she has been taking me high this afternoon about my fast driving."

The conversation ended there, for the girls were patiently awaiting their arrival for the tennis. Jack was matched with Angel, and Josie and Chris chose to play together. Jack was off that afternoon, probably on account of the eagerness to learn more about the races.

"Wake up, Jack! Can't you help me win just one set? You have been playing as if you were half asleep all the afternoon." Angel could not understand Jack for he was decidedly off, not having won a single set. Things were getting just a little uninteresting with Angel, and she wanted to stir Jack up a little.

"Oh, don't worry, Angel, we will win all the other games." This they did, for they could really play when they tried hard enough and after this the two made it an exceedingly interesting affair for Josie and Chris.

It was that evening that Angel picked up the paper and her eyes at once rested on the announcement of the Labor Day races. Angel felt that it would be a pity to persuade Jack to give up the idea of entering the race, but she did not want him to risk his life any more, because he had narrowly escaped death a

few months before when he won second place in the Middleton races.

A knock was heard at the door and Angel quickly arose to greet Jack as he entered the room. "No, I don't want you to enter those old races again, Jack. You won't, will you?" Angel was quick to see the disappointment that showed in his face. She knew that it was just what Jack wanted to do.

"O, but, Angel, you will forgive me just this one time if I enter? I will promise then not to take part in any others, but you know I just must win that championship this year." That was exactly what Jack had come to tell Angel and he arrived only to find her against such a striking idea.

"But, Jack, didn't you promise that you would never be so reckless with your life again?"

"O forget it, Angel. Let's sign up for the Labor Day race and ride together. Are you game?"

"Absolutely not and, Jack, you're not going to enter that foolish old race either." These few words seemed to have fully convinced Jack that it was just useless to even think of the idea.

"Don't forget, Jack, if you break your promise, then— Oh, you aren't though, are you Jack?"

All that night Jack tried to kill his desire for the excitement and the joy of winning, for he felt sure that he would come out ahead of everybody else in his special built Durant. He dropped back by the club before turning in and here all the fellows were after him.

"Jack, old timer, you cannot fail to enter the biggest race of the year. There are \$50,000 worth of prizes as well as the annual championship at stake," broke in one of Jack's best chums.

"Hard luck, fellows, but I will not enter the race. Of course, it will be rather hard to keep from it, but it's settled, so there."

That night the whole club was in an uproar. Every race

that was held throughout the western district had netted them trophy after trophy and Jack had always been the hero of the event.

The next morning the Herald devoted several columns to the coming races, giving the names of those who had entered, etc. There was Harry Clay, winner of the Brooklyn non-stock car race; James Shafer, close runner of Jack in the Middleton races. Fifteen in all. The Alexis Country Club was the only strong club in the Western conference that had not entered. One day left, after which all other candidates would be refused. In the list of entrances, one name was especially noticed: Bobbie Durant. Who could he be? Everybody wondered and questioned as to who Bobbie Durant was and the club he would represent.

One week before the races, Mr. and Mrs. Lee had already made their plans to attend. Jack had succeeded in getting excellent places for the younger set and all were becoming intensely excited over the coming event. Jack had called to see Angel that evening and told her that the plans were already arranged.

"O Jack, I am so happy that you did not enter that awful race. You should have heard mother speaking of you tonight. She was so proud of you for giving up that foolish idea. Now we can go together and have more fun." And sure enough Angel was really glad that Jack was not going to risk his life again.

"Angel, you didn't really mind me entering though, did you? It would have been perfectly safe and even if I should have been hurt, why there wouldn't be much gone."

"O, tut, tut, Jack, here comes Chris and Josie."

"Well, well, old top," peeled forth Chris, "you had better thank your stars that you did not enter that race for they say that Bobbie Durant is the coming speed king of the races. He is a mystery in this part of the country and the fellows are feeling just a little frisky about him."

"Well anyway, Chris, old dear, I am glad that he has the name of my car. I will have the consolation of feeling that old Durant is in the race after all," replied Jack.

"O, Josie, aren't you glad that Jack is going to be with us at the races?" These were the words from Angel as she drew close to her chum. "Today is Monday, goodness, just five more days. Can't hardly realize it."

"Yes, I am glad that Jack has promised to be with us, Angel, but it is a pity that he will have to lose his standing in the championship."

"Shucks! You all worry me. The races are almost here and still you are bringing those sad thoughts up. Sometimes I wish that I had entered, don't you, Angel?" broke in Jack, wishing to break the discussion.

It was Thursday night that Jack called Chris to one side at the Club and there made further plans for the next day. People were wondering if Jack had given up all future hopes. Jack and Chris had a pleasant evening together, but which rather strangely broke up at an early hour.

The bright rays of the morning sun found their way into the room of Angel, falling upon her sleeping form. She soon awoke to find that it was getting rather late and lunches had to be fixed and everything made ready to go when Jack came. It was a few minutes later that Angel heard the sound of the Stutz horn outside. She was at the door in a moment.

"O, Angel, it is too bad, I am just as sorry as can be," and with these words by Josie, Chris jumped from the car and handed Angel a little yellow sheet—it was a telegram which read:

"Advise Angel cannot come called to Durant Motor Company on business will return this afternoon see you at the races."

"Jack is so mean to leave without saying a word." The witnesses could see a tiny tear of disappointment trickle down the glowing red cheeks.

"Don't worry, Angel, we can all go together and Jack will be out later," assured Chris.

There were pictures of several of the leading racers who had entered, and even Jack's picture was there because of the past record he had made and the disappointment of the Alexis Country Club in Jack not entering. In big headlines the various contestants were scored, but scanning the paper one could easily see that there was very little said about Bobbie Durant. No one knew Bobbie. He had not shown up and it was 8 o'clock when the bell at the entrance signified that the last contender had arrived. The gaze of the crowd was turned in the direction of the gate, and they saw a big black monster take its place on the track, over the hood was written in big white letters "Bobbie."

At nine bells a loud shot was heard from the pistol in the hands of the starter. The excited crowd saw No. 1 shoot forward, the exhaust almost losing the Meteor from the eager gaze of the spectators. Another shot followed and No. 2 jumped away from the starting point with the speed of an arrow. Fifteen cars had entered, and Bobbie Durant was given the last number, however, the big Durant burst forward when the pistol fired the fifteenth time, and the loyal multitude of spectators settled down in the warm July sun to await the outcome of the first lap.

The track was just five miles around and it was only a few minutes before the cloud of dust gave the assurance that the first car had finished the initial lap of the 300 miles race, No. 3 had taken first place and everybody began picking out their winner.

"O, I wish Jack could be here—there is a car almost like his," said Angel, glancing at the dusty racer and catching its number as it shot by. It was number 2 and reviewing her card, she soon saw that it was the car of James Shafer, Jack's old rival, one who had pushed him in many races.

"Crash! . . ." and everything was hidden under a blue cloud of smoke. It was the 15th lap and No. 8 which had succeeded in gaining 5th place was suddenly knocked out of the race by a collision with No. 6. There were hands at the wreckage in an instant and when the mystic haze had uncovered the pile of scrap that was left of the big yellow Frontenac, Angel could see that two young men were either killed or seriously hurt.

"O, Josie, isn't that sad? I am so glad that Jack promised me that he would not enter this awful old race, because so many of the fellows get killed."

"Yes, Angel, I do hope that he isn't hurt very bad. Jack should be here so he could see for himself."

But with a sudden exclamation from Chris, Angel caught sight of Bobbie's car. "Look Chris, Bobbie is going to run into that other car." It was the mysterious Durant making its way by a Hudson for 10th place in the 22d lap.

It was then that the eager crowd of men and women around this point of the track began watching the coal black racer, with the name of "Bobbie" written across its hood. The laps rolled by and the cars continued to spit their exhaust with the noise of gattling guns. Occasionally one car would look as if it would tear into the rear end of the racer ahead, but suddenly it would shoot by without a scratch.

"But, Angel, where is Bobbie?" Just then the black monster went by with the speed of a cannon ball, but it had fallen to 11th place, evidently tire trouble at some other point of the track.

It was in the 45th lap that the happy little group glanced at the mysterious black racer and saw that it was registering 6th place and almost side by side with James Shafer. On the two demons rushed neither losing nor gaining. Side by side the two speed kings fought, the little black racer pushing the Meteor on and on.

"Extra! Extra!" and turning, Angel saw a newsboy running over the grounds in a fury disposing of the papers as fast as he could. Chris jumped up from his seat and dropped a nickel in the boy's hand in exchange for the Extra edition of the afternoon paper. Written across the top of the paper was:

BOBBIE DURANT RACING FOR ALEXIS CLUB HONORS

Mysterious racer makes announcement after drawing out for tire trouble in 37th lap.

"Gosh! Girls, this is great. Now don't you wish that Jack was here?" Chris did think it was great because everybody thought that the Alexis Club would be out of it.

"It just makes me so mad! Jack promised that he would come before the races were over and he hasn't arrived yet." Angel withdrew the little yellow telegram from the envelope and read the message again. Her face was a picture of disappointment.

"Called to Durant Motor Company on business," quietly reasserted Angel. "Chris, what kind of business did Jack have with the Durant Motor Company?"

"I don't know, Angel, unless he is having another special car made to have more fun," answered Chris.

"Angel, why are you so interested in Jack? He will be here soon. Oh, but there's Bobbie again," and just as Josie had uttered these words, the dusty black car rushed past. He was holding third place now and pushing Jimmy Shafer for second. Jimmy was one of the best racers of the Western Conference and everyone had doped him to win.

"I want Bobbie to win so much, Chris. He has handled his car like a real man and he deserves to win. Don't you think so?" And sure enough Angel did want Bobbie to win, deep down in her heart she wished him victory.

"Don't worry, Angel, anything representing the Alexis Club is sure to come out the winner. Look at that black devil, Angel, he has gone ahead of Jimmy. Only five laps left to overtake the first car."

The crowd had begun to gather at the starting place to witness the final count. Thousands of people seemed to have gathered there in a short interval of time. Whispers were going around through the crowd indicating that the sentiment was about evenly divided between the three leaders. Just then Bobbie shot by again. Chris announced that it was the 58th lap.

Tears of joy began to flow down her cheeks. She had forgotten all about Jack as she stood there watching the cars rush by on their way to the final. Everybody was filled with intense excitement. On and on rushed the demons, putting everything into the last few minutes.

The 59th lap showed that Bobbie was a fraction behind Jimmy who had again forged ahead. It was just a matter of seconds. Suddenly from the dim horizon of dust, a speck could be seen growing larger and larger as it came nearer. Another speck as if two dots together. On they came, fighting with the speed of dare-devils, side by side they were. The hideous noise of the racers could be heard growing more plainly.

"Oh, look, Chris, Bobbie is ahead," and with these words Angel leaped for joy. She vowed that she had never spent a more exciting moment in her life. Sure enough, a glance showed that the mysterious black racer was a fraction in the lead. The judges were ready to render their decision, watches in hand, they waited, but for only a second.

"Crash!!! . . . Bang!! . ." a cloud of smoke arose from the mist of the racer. The black monster had crossed the line a half car's length ahead of the Meteor, but the black monster was the victim of the smoky screen. Men rushed to the side. A stillness was over the throng gathered. From the black mass

of "Bobbie Durant," two limp figures were removed, crushed and bleeding from the wreckage.

"Oh, Jack . . . Jack!" screamed Angel rushing forward and making her way to the mass of scrap. Chris followed her, leaving Josie alone.

It was too late. The last breath had gone from the lifeless form of the "clown of races." Jack had won the Labor Day race, but God had judged him the loser in the race of life.

MY MA AND PA

I. C. PAIT, '23

My ma says dogs can't do one thing but just offend.
She says they track the parlor floor
And whine and whimper 'round the door.
She says they're but a down-right bore,
Just anywhere!

She doesn't know that they can be your closest friend;
That by a feller's side they stay
When hickory sticks has been in play,
And licks his face as if to say:
"I'll treat you square!"

She doesn't like to see me with a dirty face.
She scrubs it 'til it fairly stings-
And takes my hooks and knives and strings
To dress me up in starched, clean things.
It hurts me so!

And then she makes me go right in that parlor-place
To speak to company that's come
To visit us. It strikes me dumb!
I all'us wish they hadn't come,
Or soon 'ud go.

My ma seems awful curious 'bout some things I do.
One day I thought I'd like to try
A seegar smoke, so by and by
I lit one up as slick as pie
In our back yard.

Ma spanked me with the hairbrush 'til I smoked. That's true!
Pa—well he seemed to understand.
He looked so queer and took ma's hand
And said he did that once—pa's grand!
He's sure my pard!

But that's the way my pa has all'us been to me.

You see he knows 'most all the things

That's good for boys; like dogs, tops, strings.

The best o' all the boys, by jings,

Is pa. Oh, joy!

But ma—she never seemed to know me well. You see

The things I'm interested in

She thinks 's nothin' short o' sin.

I guess it's 'cause she's never been

Just a plain boy.

But my! I never 'ud get 'long 'ithout my ma!

She knows so many things to do

To ease a pain, or comfort you

When things go wrong. I'm just *so* blue

When she is sick!

And nights, I guess I love her so much more 'an pa.

The way she tucks me into bed,

And just the way she pats my head—

Aw, pshaw! When less 'an half's been said,

My ma's a brick!

THE TEACHING OF MATHEMATICS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

J. S. JOHNSON, '24

Mathematics, one of the oldest and most infallible of the sciences and philosophies, was fostered and advanced by the ancients such as Ahmes, Thales, Pythagoras, Euclid and Aryabhata. These philosophers took great interest in the subject, and spent much time developing it so that it might be handed down to us as it is today. The history of mathematics is indeed extremely interesting and adds much to the value of it, but we will not note that side of it, as our object is to discuss the teaching of the subject in high schools.

The importance of the study of mathematics in secondary schools is almost limitless. It is important from several standpoints. Not only should the student who is anticipating specializing in mathematics get all the possible training, and the best kind available, but should study it from different aspects.

There are three aims that each teacher should have in teaching mathematics in high schools: (1) Practical or utilitarian (2) Disciplinary (3) Cultural. By a practical or utilitarian aim, in the narrow sense, we mean the immediate or direct usefulness in life of a fact, method or process in mathematics. A knowledge of the fundamental operations in arithmetic should demand our first attention. The student should learn to operate with a certain degree of speed and accuracy. If this helpful quality is attained early in the student's school career, it will always be a valuable tool in mathematical manipulation. It is bad practice to resort to memorizing, but the fundamental operations should be grasped firmly. After these essentials have been mastered, the student will be able to rely upon himself and apply that which he has learned to the more practical things.

Disciplinary aims: Here we should include those aims which relate to the mental training of the individual as distinguished from the elementary which have just been discussed. These aims should not be to acquire only mathematical skill, but should be to train the mental faculties of the student so as to enable him to think along lines other than mathematics. The idea is to make the student think. No subject trains the student to concentrate as does mathematics. If he is allowed to scan over his work he will fall into the deplorable habit of thinking superficially. If the student learns to think along mathematical lines his power of concentration is sure to be transferable to other lines. The acquisition of mental habits and attitudes will make the above training effective in the life of the individual.

Cultural aims: By cultural aims we mean the training of the mental faculties to appreciate beauty in the geometrical forms of nature and art; the acquisition of an antagonistic taste for the imperfections in geometrical structures; the power to distinguish between the true and the false, and the cultivation of a logical reasoning power.

The next thing that I would discuss is the presentation of simple equations. Perhaps each teacher has a method of his own, but one of the simplest methods and one that is sure to present them in a way that will bring results is to use small balances. The greater percent of the students pass over that part of algebra never knowing why equations are operated upon; neither do they understand the equations. The first thing that should be emphasized is that the equation must balance, why we change signs when we transpose. With the use of the balance, this can very easily be shown. With no weights on the balance, it should balance. If we add five grams to one side we find that it is unbalanced and needs five grams on the other side in order that it may balance, thus we add the other five grams, making it balance. Subtracting the same number from

each side may be shown by the same method. By constantly referring to a simple equation on the board, and operating on it as we operate on the balance, the question of equations will be definitely impressed on the mind of the student.

Not infrequently do we see students who invariably want to simplify the following expression thus: $\sqrt{28} = \sqrt{25+3} = 5\sqrt{3}$. This is a sad mistake and far from being correct. Consider the following one which is correct. $\sqrt{28} = \sqrt{4 \times 7} = 2\sqrt{7}$. This is a very simple but important operation and should be taught in a way that will always be remembered. Another important phase that is overlooked is one of most importance in the study of algebra. How many times do we see students extract $X+Y$ as a simplification of X^2+Y^2 ? This is a pitiable student when he enters college. Again, how many times do we see him get $4+X+Y$ when you tell him to square $2+\sqrt{X+Y}$? These are a few things that could be easily avoided by the teacher's persistence in thoroughness. The whole system of radicals seem to give the student most trouble upon entering college. This phase of the subject should demand extreme thoroughness. When high school students pass over radicals, they seem to think that they are through with them, but far from it, they will encounter radicals all through their courses in mathematics and physics when they enter college. Radicals are the best means of operating and dealing with the incommensurable numbers such as $\sqrt{2}$, $\sqrt{3}$, $\sqrt{5}$. If it were not for the convenience of radicals we would have to extract the roots of numbers that would require strings of decimal places. As it is, we can operate on them without the laborious process of extracting roots. Aside from the operations with radical expressions, by all means, the high school student should be required to learn to extract the square roots of large numbers. It is startling to say that half of the students, upon entering college, do not know how to extract the square root. There is no excuse for this as it is very simple and hardly any-

thing to remember about it. Extracting the cube root is of little practical use and could be omitted. It is well enough to teach the student to recognize a cube in algebra because it is very helpful in factoring and solving long, cumbersome equations.

The next phase that I would discuss is that of logarithms. This is a very important tool in mathematical manipulation, and should be given its place in the study of the subject. It is very hard for the student to grasp the real meaning of logarithmus because the teacher, in most cases, does not understand them. It should be emphasized that logarithmus is not a trick that always works, the real meaning should be taught. The student should be taught that it is only operating with exponents, something that they have already had in elementary algebra. Tell them why we add logarithmus when we multiply, we add exponents when we multiply two algebraic functions by each other, then why should we not teach the same principle? This phase of the subject of mathematics is sadly neglected and should be given more consideration.

Another problem that confronts many students upon entering college is that of graphs and graphic representation. Advanced mathematics is almost entirely based upon graphs, and we sometimes fail to realize its significance. Graphs should be introduced early in the study. Even in the seventh grades they should be dealt with slightly. Not in the more complex form, of course, but it would be wise to teach graphical representation such as picture graphs representing the production of corn, wheat and the like, in the United States. As they are advanced, graphs of equations should be introduced which will give the student the key to real mathematics. Plotting such equations as $2X+Y-6=0$ should be taught in first year algebra, and simultaneous equations should be solved graphically later in the study. After the student gets the real meaning of graphs he ought to be taught to solve quadratic equa-

tions by means of graphs. By this method, functionality can be easily taught and understood.

Perhaps the hardest problem in the high school curriculum is that of dealing with athletics. Many high school athletes go to college with a superficial knowledge of the things they should have learned and are, as a rule, more inefficient in mathematics. This can only be remedied by the instructor's compelling them to pass their work before they are allowed to participate in the sports. Not only this, but the teachers in general are too easy on them. It is an injustice to the student and an example of bad practice for the teacher. Not until he enters college, does the student realize that he has thrown away his valuable time and is in deep water. Due to the fact that he has failed to get the fundamental rudiments, he has a hard time trying to make his way through his college courses. If he is made to get up his work as he goes along he will soon realize that work comes before play.

One of the best ways of obtaining results from high school students is to require daily work to be handed in. By this method they are compelled to do their work at home; and if the teacher gives them to understand that he means business, it will not be long before they will begin to do the required work. In this way they are made to keep up with the work and when they once get interested they will, as a rule, continue to be. If they are hesitant about handing in the work they should be reprimanded before the class. This will bring results. By resorting to such a system as this, examinations can, to a large degree, be dispensed with. When the student realizes that his grade depends largely upon this daily work he will put forth a greater effort in trying to do this work and will not have to cram when examination time comes.

They say that girls, as a general rule, abhor the study of mathematics. Not only girls, but many boys as well, say that they just cannot get mathematics. This is true to a certain extent

because there are some exceptions; but there are also many would-be math. students who abhor and lose interest in the subject just because they have had poor training and are lost in the midst of it. What can be the remedy? Is there a chance for them to go back over all that they have missed and attempt to connect the missing links? Theoretically there is a chance, but the average student is unwilling to do this because when he reaches this state he has lost interest in the subject, made up his mind that he cannot get mathematics, and is not willing to make the sacrifice. Why do such a large number of students change their courses in college after they have once begun them? Many of them take law or any other course that will relieve them of the study of mathematics. That was possible in past years but now prelaw work must be passed off before entering into the law department. Possibly they will make accomplished lawyers and it is also possible that they will make complete failures but have been driven to the alternative because of their inability to master mathematics. Thus they are forced to desert their chosen work in life and must resort to something that they are least fitted for. In a case like this, where does the trouble lie? Is it due to the inferior mind of the student? Or does the trouble lie back in his high school training? This should be given the teacher's consideration and an attempt made to right the wrong. It is true that the past must be the past, but the oncoming high school student ought to be given that which duly belongs to him. Both boys and girls can get math. if they are made to do so, and they can be made to do so if it be the will of the teacher. There is no way of telling who is to be a genius other than giving him the proper training and watching him develop. Many sleeping minds would have developed into giant intellects if they had only been trained. Why allow the high school student to drag along and eventually amount to naught when he possesses the qualities of success?

One of the best branches of mathematics that will develop the mind of the student is that of geometry. It was the favorite study of the ancients and a subject that meant to them the building of the great pyramids and all the other ancient structures that we read about today. It is a subject that is widely used by us today. It is a subject that should hold its place in the high schools and colleges of the land. It is a subject that should be studied and thought out. It is not a study that should be memorized as Latin, and like subjects. There is no better training than to think out original examples in geometry. This gives us a strong power of concentration, and develops originality, qualities that all of us would like to acquire. Geometry should be studied each day so as not to destroy its sequence. Geometry builds itself as it progresses and if the student is allowed to scan over it he is soon to be found without the facts that have gone on before and is utterly helpless.

Some of us would be surprised to know that the foreign countries, some of them, are far superior to us in the study of mathematics in their secondary schools. Algebra and geometry are finished early in the high schools and even trigonometry and calculus are taught in the upper classes. This is not due to the superior ability of the students, it is because they, as well as our high school students, have the ability if mathematics is begun early so as to teach them the meaning and importance of the subject. This system can also prevail in this country if the student is given thorough training and if the study is presented in a way that will appeal to him. We sometimes underestimate the abilities of the high school student because he has not had the proper grounding. Mathematics is very much like a language, and must be grasped firmly step by step if results are to be obtained. If one is allowed to lag along he soon becomes disinterested and soon the class has advanced to the point where the lagger is completely lost because he has lost the important steps which link the sequence of mathematics.

This is the class of students that has to be tolerated when he enters college. Of course there are students who are well prepared to enter college, but the majority are wretchedly unprepared. This can only be remedied by the high school instructor.

Many of us are unaware of the fact that mathematics is closely related to about every thing that we come in contact with. Every time a musical note is sounded, the waves set up by the disturbance all conform to mathematical principles. Physics, chemistry, and even psychology are dependent upon the subject. When a scientific law is sought, they try to establish it by mathematics. If this is not possible it is called a theory and can never be called a law until it conforms to, or can be proved by mathematics. This goes on to show that the subject is infallible to the last degree. Even the earth, as it spins around on its axis, rotates each day with the same mathematical precision. How could we challenge or disregard such a science? Could any other science supplant it? In order to understand and appreciate mathematics let us lend our attention to the elementary which is launched early in the high school. It is, as a general rule, decided early whether one is to be a student in mathematics. If he is well grounded he will enjoy it as it progresses, while on the other hand if he gets a poor start, it will always seem as a thorn in the flesh and he will shun it as he advances from one grade to another. Mathematics in the high schools is a subject that should demand efficient teachers who can obtain results from the lagging student as well as knowing mathematics well themselves. This seems to be the major problem and can best be remedied by securing the teacher who can best handle the situation. Too many teachers nowadays are teaching merely for their remuneration and do not consider the rugged way that the unprepared student must travel. Thus he is unable to make the chaotic transition from high school to college.

THE HANGMAN'S ROPE

JNO. R. KNOTT, '23

Dr. James Gibson pitched forward on his face. Not a limb moved, and before the sound of the pistol shot had died away in the distance, he was dead.

I became strangely fascinated as I watched the small hole—such a tiny little hole, too—just behind the left ear, as it slowly became discolored. An exultant feeling of mastery, superiority—a feeling, I imagine, kindred to that of the eagle as he soars through the calm, still air of the heavens and watches the little world below—came over me. I regarded the pistol in my hand, still smoking, and as I laid my hand on its barrel, found it still hot. The smoke, penetrating my nostrils, seemed to clear my brain, and I realized, as the pistol dropped from my hand, that I was a murderer. I had deliberately taken the life of Dr. Gibson, and as I watched the blood now slowly oozing from the little hole, a feeling of momentary horror filled me, but it was only momentary, for had I not wanted to kill Dr. Gibson? Had I not laid my plans carefully, and had not they worked? Then the eagle feeling reasserted itself, and again I soared. I picked up my pistol, placed it in my pocket and turned to go, with the feeling of a conqueror surging through and through me.

Before leaving the spot, however, where the dead lay, and where the air, slowly absorbing the smoke, smelled of death, I turned once again to view the little hole that spoke so eloquently of my marksmanship. As I looked this time, I noticed that the blood, in trickling down the face and onto the ground, had fallen on some wild violets, dyeing them red. I regretted this, for I loved flowers, and I especially loved the little wild violets that grow in unexpected places, making pleasant some woodland nook, as unexpected smiles, oftentimes, brighten some

sorrow-touched lives. Murdered violets, too! Then I noticed that the outstretched hand of the silent figure crushed and imprisoned other violets. I could, at least, do something to free these flowers, so I stooped to lift the dead man's hand off them. As I touched the limp, lifeless flesh, the horror of the whole thing flashed upon me. Great beads of perspiration peppered my forehead; my hands and knees trembled violently, and I found that I was no longer kinsman of the eagle, but a very, very strange specimen of a less fortunate animal, whose habitat was the ground, and whose method of locomotion was in sharp contrast to that of the winged monarch of the air. The touch of the flesh robbed me of all the glory of taking vengeance on Dr. Gibson, whom I thought had through carelessness been the direct cause of my brother's death. Then I grew afraid, and turning my back on the scene which now nauseated me, I ran.

The murder occurred in the heart of a large oak forest that lay a great distance from the nearest house. The scene of the shooting was indeed so remote from any habitation of man that the sound of the shot was inaudible. Though I realized this as I sped through the greening forest aisles on that late Sunday afternoon in April, my body was impelled onward by a force greater than my sense of security, until at last, exhausted and breathless, I threw myself down on the bank of a small river to rest a bit. Being in a secluded place, surrounded by the thick undergrowth that always grows near the river's edge, I resolved to wait until night had fallen, and then begin the journey back home.

Two years before I had lived in the community in which I was now a fugitive. My brother and I lived alone in a little house not far from the doctor's country home, and though having but a few acres of land, and very little money, we lived happily. One day my brother became sick, and I went for Dr. Gibson, who said that his condition was not serious. But in

a few days he died. Left alone in the world, and having but few friends in this community in which I had lived for only a few years, I sold the farm for a negligible sum and moved nearly two hundred miles away. Here I bought a very small farm in a remote section of a lifeless community, and settled down to a lonely life of solitude and brooding. No one ever visited me and I visited no one. Thus left alone to my thoughts, which played constantly upon my brother's strange and sudden death, I, for the first time, grew suspicious of Dr. Gibson. I remembered that on the last visit to my brother, he had acted a little queerly, and in searching through his medicine for something with which to relieve his suffering, had said, "O, this will do as well." In a few hours my brother was dead. Turning all this over and over in my mind, I finally concluded that he had been poisoned by Dr. Gibson.

Under pressure of this conclusion, I left my recently-acquired home, and traveling only at night, reached, after several nights hard walking, the forest in which it was customary for Dr. Gibson to take a long walk each Sunday afternoon. It was late in the afternoon before I saw him. He never saw me at all.

Sitting on the bank of the river, with the half-formed leaves of the alders softly jostling each other above me, as the south winds played through them, I was impressed with the undisturbed tranquillity of the scene. The sun, now setting, had painted the few fleecy clouds in the western skies with colors of orange and gold; everywhere the birds, filled with the joy of living and drunk with the wine of spring, were writing poetry and painting pictures on the peaceful atmosphere with bars of song. The stream, reflecting the arch of the heavens, and the gold of the sunset, flowed slowly on, and was broken far below, as it passed over time-worn rocks, into a liquid ditty. In the midst of all this beauty, and surrounded by all these pleasant sounds, I sat, a murderer; and behind me in the depths of the forest, lay the murdered man. As I sat musing on the

apparent effort of nature to overlook the tragedy, I heard a sound overhead and looking up, saw a vulture going directly to that which I was now so eager to get away from. Casting my pistol into the river (for lost pistols, like dead men, tell no tales) I began the journey home. Several days hiding, and several nights walking brought me there. I welcomed the silhouette against the sky-line as I entered the opening in the woods which contained by little three-room house. Tired and sleepy, I stumbled through the door with a feeling of security which ended abruptly when a flash light played on me, and a voice behind a leveled gun curtly commanded, "Hands up!"

In only a short while the sheriff and I were on our way to the county seat and jail. We drove slowly through a night full of stars and sweet odors, and as we were nearing the small town, night, having spent itself, was replaced by a gray dawn, which soon yielded to a rosy-tinted east—and the promise of another perfect spring day was born.

In the jail—and such a jail it was! greasy, dirty, smelly and clammy—I awaited trial. The long arm of the law had not erred in promptly reaching two hundred miles from the place of the murder, and seizing the right criminal. I knew that. But the mysterious part was, how was it known that I was the murderer? Had I not carefully covered each step with darkness? and had I not securely hidden the only evidence of my having committed the crime? Hour after hour I puzzled over these questions without arriving at any conclusion. Each day I restlessly walked the narrow confines of my cell; each meal brought to me was but barely touched; and each night drew its long, dark hours into day again while I tossed sleeplessly through it all.

Then the day of trial came. As I entered the court room, a tense silence greeted my appearance. Every available seat was filled, and the occupants were all breathlessly gazing at me—the supposed murderer of Dr. Gibson. Unused as I was

to popularity, I felt rather proud that I could command such attention, which feeling, however, was replaced by one of fear, when the leading witness for the state testified that he had seen me shoot Dr. Gibson. I saw that an attempt to free myself was useless, so through my lawyer, I entered a plea of, "Guilty" and asked for clemency. My plea for mercy was ignored, for as I assumed a standing posture to receive the sentence, I heard the stern old judge say that I should hang by the neck until I was dead on the morning of May 22, 18—.

Twenty-two days to live! Twenty-two days in which to crowd the forty years that belonged to me according to the expectancy of life. Twenty-two days! Such a short time! And in prison! Such an inappropriate place to watch the sun rise, the sun set, and the stars appear one by one in the evening's soft twilight.

From my cell I could see a small patch of the northern sky, which was broken only by the very top branches of a near-by elm that swayed in the breeze, like fairy-like hands waving "goodbye" to a parting lover. As I thought that the elm branches were perhaps waving goodbye to me, I grew afraid to look out of the tiny window, and sat for hours and hours on the edge of my bunk, with my elbows on my knees and my head in my hands.

The days dragged slowly by, each one bringing an added fear, and each one crowded with belated thoughts of what I might have done, if . . . But who can retrieve his youth or achieve his ambitions in a death cell! So dazed and utterly dejected, I lost count of the days and almost became unconscious that day was giving place to night, or that night was retreating before advancing day.

Realizing that someone was in my cell, I turned over and saw the warden smiling down on me in a sad, helpless way—then I knew! I got up, dressed hastily, threw my shoulders back and followed my precursor down the narrow, semi-dark corridors, and out into the prison yard.

A new scaffold, recently constructed, lifted its bony hands to a heaven that, slightly tinged over-head with pink, was extravagantly painted with the colors of roses near the eastern horizon. I listlessly mounted the praying structure, and glanced for a brief moment at the indifferent faces that looked up for a diversion from the monotony of their offices, desks, and pulpits. The sheriff, standing near me, looked to the east, and seeing the sun just appearing over the distant hills, turned to me and the beginning of his day's work. I was ready. I no longer cared to live. My only desire was to get the little affair over with as soon as possible.

With quickness and firmness I stepped into place, then darkness came over me as the black death-cap was adjusted. With merciless hands the hangman knotted the rope around my neck. Then through the cool morning atmosphere, the soft, subtle odor of violets drifted up to me, and again I wanted to live. With strong hands I seized the rope around my neck, and summoning every atom of strength in my body I broke, as a child would break a cotton string, the rope that was to serve as my Nemesis. . . .

I sat up and looked around me, dazed. The union station was full of amused people, all looking in my direction. My shirt collar was torn apart; in my hands were pieces of a red necktie, while sitting near me was a terror-stricken little girl, holding tightly in her hands a small bunch of violets.



FROM THE ALUMNI



“DE SENECTUTE”

JOHN JORDAN DOUGLASS

I

I grow not old:
The sunlight still is sweet;
I glimpse the gold
Amid the waving wheat.

II

I grow not old:
The mock-bird thrills me yet;
The spring-sweet wold,
With blue-eyed violet.

III

I grow not old:
The glad brook sings to me,
Growing more bold
As it draws near the sea.

IV

There is no age:
'Tis but a *dream in white*;
The turning of a page—
The tender dawn of Light.

Wadesboro, N. C.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JNO. R. KNOTT, Editor



Carey J.
Hunter

A rare thing—and this stamps an individual as an exception rather than a rule—is for a man to live such a life of usefulness that when he dies, not only will his family and a small group of friends miss him, but an entire state mourn his passing. It is easy to be missed by a few; but to be missed by many is a tribute. It is easy to move in a small circle, acceptably; but to endear one's self to a multitude is an accomplishment.

We like to see a real man—a man with red blood—one who has a vision, and happily possesses the initiative that surmounts obstacles, reducing the vision to a realization. We like to see

a man whose objective is living a life worth while. The man of our choice is the man whose attitude is altruistic, and whose ambition is elastic, keeping abreast the times; he is the man who looks upon each accomplishment as a means of realizing even greater accomplishments. Our man walks the crowded street, and all know him; he deals squarely with his fellow-men, and they respect him; he turns at the end of a hard day's work to an inner circle that welcomes his home-coming; he regards the rain and sunshine with a deep sense of appreciation; he visits the fields and forests, and exchanges a gay whistle or an outburst of song for nature's benediction—solitude and woodland fragrances; and he sits in his pew on Sunday and worships God.

When a man, through determination and perseverance, has reached that place in life where society looks upon him as a leader, and where his accomplishments are contributions to mankind's happiness, is it a tragedy for him to die? No. Death, coming when life is at its fullest, is fitting. No man is ready to die until his influence has bettered the world. Then death is an achievement, and comes as a proper climax to a life worth while.

An Anthology Of special interest to short story writers in North Carolina colleges, is the news that an anthology of North Carolina stories will be published this spring. A fifty dollar cash prize is offered by the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association for the best short story written during the year. This will undoubtedly urge many to a Herculean effort, and probably, from the conglomerate mass, some heretofore unheard-of writer will write the best story, and step forth into the limelight.

North Carolina is a short story state. With a historic past that is athrob with romance and adventure; a present full of glorious realization; and a future offering even greater possibilities; North Carolina has a natural setting that is con-

ductive to short story writing. A brief summary: it is a state containing mountains, plateaus, coastal plains and seashores; it is one of the most versatile of the states from an agricultural viewpoint, for with its equable climate, practically every crop can be grown profitably; it is one of the leading states in good roads and schools, and its industrial enterprises are so numerous and flourishing that it is becoming a sharp competitor of the industrial northern states. Such a wonderful state! and teeming with thousands of untold stories! Go to it, Mr. Short Story Writer! You have a fertile field.

W. J. Cash of Wake Forest is chairman of the committee appointed by the Press Association to compile and publish the anthology. Stories entered for this contest must be mailed to Mr. Cash by March the thirty-first.

Zeta Sigma
Nu

Figuratively speaking, the world is as full of organizations, brotherhoods and fraternities as the sky is full of stars. Perhaps this is literally

true, for neither can be accurately counted.

We hold to the opinion that any organization which does not have irreproachable ideals, and which does not in some degree contribute toward the betterment of society, has no place in our midst. We go even further—any steps taken to free society of such organizations should be legitimate.

As an award for consistently supporting the college publications through contributions, and in an effort to stimulate greater interest in literary productions at Wake Forest College, a small group of men have resolved themselves into a local honorary fraternity—Zeta Sigma Nu.

That there is a place for such an organization here, is unquestioned; that it is actually needed, evinces itself, but the question is: Will it call forth more and better stories, essays and poems? If it succeeds in this respect, it will receive the approbation of every friend of Wake Forest, but if it fails, its life will be short and its existence soon forgotten.

A GOOD POLICY TO FOLLOW

Always laugh when anyone tells you a joke. You may want to tell one yourself some day.

“Samp” Anderson (receiving Bugs 4 paper marked X):
“What does X stand for, Doctor?”

Dr. Kitchin: “I couldn’t read your paper, so I marked it X—an unknown quantity.”

Be sure your sins will find you out—of gasoline.

Dr. Gorrell, on French II: “Mr. Montague, how much time did you spend on your work for today?”

Montague: “Two hours, railroad time.”

Dr. Gorrell: “What do you mean, railroad time?”

Montague: “Two hours, counting stops and delays.”

Big bluffs from little study grow.

Nautilus.

Prof. Speas: “Mr. Robinson, give me one result of the principle that warm air rises.”

Dempsey: “Well-er-the angels wear very little clothes, Prof.”

“Bill” Howard at desk in Library: “Have you a nice, c-r-e-e-p-y book?”

Miss Holding: “Certainly, are you a bookworm?”

THE CONDUCTOR’S ODE

Uneasy lies the hat which contains no hat check.

—*Boll Weevil.*

Lovely night

Crescent moon

Situation

Opportune

Ruby lips

Slight mustache,

Combination

In a flash.

Maiden speaks

Whene'r she can

Softly whispers—

“Naughty man.”

Hesitates—

Whispers then

“Be a naughty man again.”

—*Boll Weevil.*

On Latin I, Dr. Poteat: “Don't read the Latin, just read the English.”

“Sister” Hancy: “But I don't see any English, Dr.”

Question on Biology 4: “What does the alimentary canal connect?”

Answered by E. K. Creech: “Lake Erie and the St. Lawrence River.”



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REVEILLE

I. C. PAIT, '23

The chilling winds beat a doleful retreat,

Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing.

Then comes nectared Spring on soft, zephyred wing,

Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing.

Soft sunbeams unfold the bud-cradled wold,

Peeping, peeping, peeping;

So gently they make the tree-babes awake,

Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping.

With turbulent song bright streams splash along,

Singing, singing, singing.

The call of the jay to his mate o'er the way,

Ringling, ringling, ringling.

A love-silenced bow'r, a soul-thrilling hour,

Fleeting, fleeting, fleeting—

A thread of Life, spun; two hearts throb as one,

Beating, beating, beating.

PLEASURE IN MUSIC*

PADDY WYATT, '24

A consideration of the important place that music holds in civilization leads to a search for a reason. Wherein lies the mysterious charm? Is it possible to explain its *modus operandi* on consciousness? Since the beginning of history music has been a potent factor in man's activity. In warfare, it is always used to preserve a good morale. In love, the amorously-inclined finds no better means of expression than a moonlight serenade beneath his lady's window. Religious worship of practically all peoples from primitive man on down has been connected with some form of musical expression. And furthermore, in everyday life the power of music to give pleasure, to call forth feelings and emotions is everywhere evident.

Students of æsthetics take different views regarding musical pleasure. Some, who regard music as representative or expressive of emotions, feelings, or sounds of nature are usually known as expressionists. Others, who hold that enjoyment of music does not depend on an understanding of what it represents but on an appreciation of its formal beauty, are called formalists. The eminent critic, Gehring, who leans toward the formalistic view, says: "The whole literature of music appears like an elaborate, systematic experiment which demonstrates that musical beauty is not connected primarily with the expression of emotions. . . . Musical experience is an elysium with harmony and coöperation ringing supreme. It is a dance wherein the mind and the tonal progressions are the partners. Every step in one finds a counterpart in the other which elicits and supports it." Raymond, an equally well known student of æsthetics, however, asserts that music

*Prize winning essay.

is a representative and not a presentative art. He illustrates at length by various motives from our best known composers. He concludes: "Significance in music is derived partly from its use of instinctive methods of intonation, through which men convey to one another intelligence of particular phases of feeling; and partly from its use of methods of sound coming from sources other than human." A few practical observations easily obvious are more suitable for this discussion than an attempt to give in detail the finer points on either side of this dispute.

In analyzing the factors that make up musical pleasure, one might divide them into two groups: those that come by way of one's original nature, and those that come through training and experience. The popular mind lays great emphasis on the former and perhaps rightly so. A man's capacity or inborn musical ability no doubt is a great determining factor of what he does in the field of music. It is possible that the physiological structure of the ear in conjunction with keener instincts both determine a person's extraordinary musical ability.

A child is born with an instinct to give utterance to the feelings which are a part of him. One of the first things he does on being ushered into this cold and cruel world, if he is a normal individual, is to let out a lusty yell of protest. Later on, if he is well cared for, he gets somewhat used to things and begins to make cooing sounds expressive of his contentment. If he gets hungry or thirsty another vocal exploit is his only means of expressing himself. Possibly he does not even realize that this brings him mother and thus the end of his discomfort, which fact illustrates the purely instinctive nature of his utterances. Emotions arise from some conflict between desire and the momentary environment, and expression of these emotions by utterances is a part of our instinctive nature. Each emotion has its own peculiar quality

of utterance as illustrated by cries of fear, hatred, or triumph. In this way it is clear that sounds have a natural meaning for us. This meaning is derived from their pitch, duration, force, and quality.

Primitive man began to imitate the sounds of nature in connection with words and so originated the first songs. These first musical attempts must have exerted a mysterious power over the listeners by amusing deep feelings and emotions. Through our original natures we of the present day are capable of having our feelings stirred in the same way. Darwin says, "It is probable that we in hearing music have called up vaguely and indefinitely the strong emotions of a long past age." The theory that song was first used in love making has been advanced by him. "The suspicion does not appear improbable that the progenitors of man, either the males or the females, or both sexes, endeavored to charm each other with musical notes and rhythm. The impassioned orator, bard, or musician, when, with his varied tones and cadences, excited the strongest emotions in his hearers, little suspects that he uses the same means by which, at an extremely remote period, his half-human ancestors aroused each other's ardent passions during their mutual courtship and rivalry." Besides the male's desire to charm the female, his song was undoubtedly an expression of his joy in having a sweetheart.

Man's instinct for rhythm plays an important part in enjoyment of music. Indeed, rhythm is a vital part of nature itself. Observe the beating of the heart, the swaying of the trees, the flapping of wings, the thrills and the songs of birds, and even the movements of the earth and planets are rhythmical. What could be more natural than rhythm? Among primitive peoples the rhythmic instinct is exceptionally strong. Great pleasure was derived from merely clapping their hands in unison or beating their crude drums. Children also show an appreciation of rhythm long before they show any pleasure in the

more advanced musical forms. This seems to indicate that rhythm was a fundamental factor in the beginning of the art, and even now has a charm wholly aside from melody. To accompany bodily movements—which by natural law becomes rhythmical when often repeated—with music is an almost universal human instinct whether to alleviate the burden or monotony of labor, or to promote pleasure and excitement as in the dance.

That music is the universal language is a common expression. It has already been shown in a general way how music expresses the feelings and emotions, but knowledge of the human mind and its workings is so slight in the present stage of the development of psychology that we cannot explain adequately *why* it is. *How* the different elements of music affect consciousness can be partially arrived at. Sounds differ in time, force, pitch and quality, and there is representative meaning connected with each.

Consider the *tempo* in different compositions. Rapidity generally indicates a feeling of joyfulness and of lightness. For an illustration—the old fashioned “breakdown,” *Turkey in the Straw*, could not possibly be construed to represent anything very serious. Its rapidity of movement and strongly marked rhythm is very suggestive of light, momentary pleasure. Any *scherzo* (the very word means joke) is supposed to represent a playful, whimsical mood and they are almost all rapid in movement. Furthermore, rapidity in music is sometimes expressive of high emotional tension. The piano accompaniment to Schubert’s song, *The Erl King*, besides being very descriptive of the storm, represents the feelings the man has as he clutches his dying boy in his arms and rides through the tempest. Slowness, on the contrary, represents a grave, serious, or tranquil mood. A funeral march has a slow and labored movement suggesting grief. Church music has a slowness and dignity into which we associate things of importance.

to recognize in what manner the subtle conditions of musical unity are fulfilled Everyone likes to hear well sung a popular melody; not so many like to hear instrumental variations on the same melody. A much smaller number care to listen to an entire symphony developed from this melody as a theme."

The popular songs and dance-music of today with their sensuous rhythm and simple melody and harmony are very expressive of a need for more wide-spread musical training. They appeal to what is lower and more primitive in man rather than to his higher and more intellectual nature. To be sure, many of these songs are not especially bad, but an excessive fondness for them reveals an ignorance of what is best in musical literature.

IN THE MAY-TIME*

JOHN R. KNOTT, '23

In the May-time, in the gay time,
In the time when hearts beat young;
In the bloom time, sweet perfume time,
When a thousand songs are sung,
And the world is in a whirl, 'tis
Time o' year that's full of zest—
Oh, the gay month, roundelay month,
'Tis the time that I love best.

Oh, the singing and the winging
And the flitting in the trees!
And the air is charged; a pair is
Courting as they ride the breeze.
Such a time, in such a clime, in
Such a song-filled world as this
Makes each minute and all in it
Something like an up-turned kiss.

In the bee time, verdant tree time,
When the bees go buzzing to
All the flowers which the showers
Teased to life and brought to view,
Then the very streams are cheery
As they sing their liquid lay—
Oh! I love it, each bit of it;
Time's epitome, fair May.

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BUT FOR "PROFESSOR" BILLY*

JAS. H. IVEY, JR., '24

Several groups of boys were scattered here and there upon the campus, some sitting upon the benches, others reclining full length upon the tender grass, shielding an eye from the sunlight by a listless hand or a well balanced book on the nose and forehead. It was one of those early spring days when trees are budding and Southern breezes are wafting the balmy microbes of spring fever to infect the susceptible and none-too-studious college boys. The drone of the professor's voice poured monotonously out of a class-room window but was lost in the baseball speculation gossip which arose from all the groups.

It was from one of these groups that Milton Parsons, a senior and a member of the Student Council, broke away and sauntered over towards the administration building with a note-book under his arm and both hands chucked down in the pockets of a spotless pair of white duck trousers.

Suddenly, as if reminded by some subconscious thought, he shook off the languid gait and with a brisk stride made his way through the corridor into the office of the Examiner. As he entered the door of the office Al Ralston, a three letter man in athletics, was standing by the Examiner's desk, on which lay the record file half open, and was rapidly turning the leaves of a book, evidently very ill at ease.

"Where's the Examiner, Al? Has he been in recently?"

"Haven't seen him, Milton, but it is already past time for him to come in. He's usually here by 2:00 o'clock at any rate. I hope he'll come on for I wanted to get a certificate to give the Bursar with my diploma fee."

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"That's the same thing I'm here for, hope he'll hurry 'cause I've got a class next period. By the way, Al, how are you and math' coming on? You told me last fall it was almost a knockout, sorter a Jonah."

"Tell you the truth 'bout it, Milton, I'm having a hard scrap of it, but so far I've made a pass. I just noticed that I passed last month's work, before you came in, sorta thought I'd flunked it but old Johnson's a pretty good sport, you know athletes are his hobby." Both laughed.

At this point there was a double interruption, the Examiner came in and the bell rang for the last period simultaneously with his entrance. Milton Parsons passed out the door after saying that he would come back at the end of the period, but baffled by Al's strange excitement when he had walked in unexpectedly upon him.

"How are you today, Mr. Ralston? What can I do for you?"

"Feeling a little lazy, Doctor Fincher. The weather makes me drowsy and sorta carefree. Hope you are well today. I dropped in, Doctor, to get a certificate to present to the Bursar which will certify to my work and will entitle me to my diploma."

Dr. Fincher turned to the records for the past three years and quickly took down the grades, number of hours, and courses. He then turned to the records for the year of 1922-23 and copied off the grades rapidly until he came to the math grade, when he stopped suddenly.

"Hm! I see you've passed 'math,' Mr. Ralston. Somehow I had an impression that you flunked 'math' this month, for I copied the grade only yesterday and I remember distinctly that I paused and thought to myself that you'd have to stand the final exam on this course at any rate. Let me see, I'll look that up. You have made a splendid record here both in athletics and in your studies. I admire a student who is

an all 'round man. It seems though that every man finds some subject that is difficult for him and if I don't guess wrong I'd say yours is 'math.' Yes, I thought I wasn't mistaken; you did flunk for the month, Mr. Ralston. Here is the grade. I don't see how I could have made that error."

Dr. Fincher was looking at the grade closely. Al watched him intently for he could tell by the Doctor's countenance that he was thinking fast and seriously. He began to feel a bit nervous and uneasy, but why should he?

Turning suddenly and looking straight at Al, he said, "This was not a mistake on my part, the grade has been changed. Here is where the card was held tightly as the mark was erased. See, there is the sign of the erasure and here is the changed grade. I hate to question you about this, but do you know anything about the matter? It is quite serious and I'll have to investigate it."

"No, sir, Doctor, I don't know a thing about the change and I am at a loss as to who could have made it, I trust you don't suspect me of such a thing?"

"I am very sorry, and I hate to suspect you, Ralston, or anyone else, but this matter must be investigated. You had better be on the alert to discover any evidence toward the solution, and in the meantime I'll take the matter up with the Student Council."

Al, thus dismissed, passed out of the door with one question after another flitting through his mind. Would they believe him? What could he do but deny the charge? How was he going to show them he didn't do it? "I told Dr. Fincher I didn't do it, and he wouldn't take my word; if I tell the Student Council the same thing, will they believe me? Surely they know I wouldn't do such a thing? Don't they know me better than that after four years? Who could have done this?" Besieged by such questions as these he went to his room to try and think his case through.

That afternoon Al failed to report on the athletic field for baseball practice, a rare thing. To the coach's inquiry of where was Al, nobody could answer. That evening he went to dinner, ate heartily, but his thoughts seemed to be centered elsewhere. Instead of his usual open, sportive, jesting talk not even once did he open his mouth except to ask for a dish now and then. Those at the table knew something was worrying him and as he volunteered nothing, they did not seek to intrude by asking questions.

After dinner, Al walked down town to get his mail as was his custom. He opened his box and found a letter from the Student Council. Scarcely noticing what he was doing he broke the envelope and read:

Meridian, Miss., April 2, 1923.

Mr. Albert H. Ralston,

Dear Sir:

You are requested to appear before the Student Council tonight at 9:00 P. M., in Dr. Fincher's office to answer the charge of raising your monthly 'math grade.

JOHN C. HAM. *Secretary.*

He read it and reread it several times, his eyes lingering on the "charged with" and then replacing the notice in the envelope, placed it in his pocket.

At nine o'clock Al Ralston walked into Dr. Fincher's office and took a seat opposite the members of the Student Council and Dr. Fincher.

The meeting was called to order by the President of the Student Council, Lee Matthews, who asked Al to make any statement he desired concerning the charge.

"Mr. President and gentlemen: I wish to state that I am not guilty of the accusation, and I am ignorant of whom the guilty person is. I admit that the grade has been changed. Speaking as a man to men, though, I didn't change the grade."

Lee Matthews then asked Milton Parsons to testify what he saw that afternoon in the office.

"I came into the office walking rapidly, and found Mr. Ralston standing by the desk turning the pages of a book confusedly and very ill at ease. The record file was half open, and he seemed greatly surprised. He was alone and I—"

"Mr. President," interrupted Al, "may I explain my cause of embarrassment?"

Permission being granted, he proceeded: "I was in Dr. Fincher's office waiting for a certificate and the record file was open; naturally I was curious to see my grades, and no one being in I proceeded to do so. While I was looking at them I heard somebody coming down the corridor walking briskly and thinking him probably to be the Examiner, and not wishing to be seen investigating grades, I picked up the book and began to turn the pages."

"You say you were alone in the office, Mr. Ralston?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long were you in there before Mr. Parsons came in?"

"About two or three minutes."

"Did you see any one else near or in the office?"

"I met the old negro janitor, Professor Billy, with a broom and dust pan coming out of the examiner's office as I went in, and spoke to him. He was the only person I saw, though the door leading out on the opposite side slammed to as I entered. I don't think anybody was going out that way for there was a slight breeze blowing which was sufficient to blow the door closed."

Lee Matthews then turned and asked Dr. Fincher to make his statement.

He arose, went to the file case and drew out the card and passed it around calling attention to the erasure and the print where the card had been held tightly.

"You see, gentlemen, the grade has been changed. There is no doubt as to that. As to who the guilty party is I cannot say, though the evidence brought out here tonight points

directly toward Mr. Ralston. You see Mr. Ralston flunked 'math'; it possibly meant that it would cause the loss of his degree, and certainly prohibited him from playing baseball. He was found in the office alone very much embarrassed by Mr. Parsons' sudden intrusion. You will notice he also knew his 'math' grade, upon Mr. Parsons' question. But on the other hand he denies the changing of the grade or the knowledge of the change. I simply ask that by the evidence you find that you will act and act stringently, for this is a serious matter."

"Is there any further question or evidence?" inquired the President. "If not, I'll ask Dr. Fincher and Mr. Ralston to retire in order that we may discuss the case and come to a decision." Upon the request, both of them retired.

"Fellows, this is a serious matter, changing a grade. Al Ralston is the best friend I've got on the hill and it's hard to believe he could do such a thing. A man that has gone through games, suffered broken arms, and twisted legs, came out of defeat with a smile—it doesn't seem possible. But on the other hand this evidence is overwhelming, caught almost in the very act, and all he does is simply deny it. Parsons, what do you think we'd better do in the case?"

Milton Parsons, looking up from an ink spot on the floor which seemingly had been the center of his thoughts, in a low voice said, "Fellows, it is hard to ship Al, but others have been shipped for less; we can't let this pass up. I suggest though that we have him withdraw privately, giving any pretext he desires and allowing him the privilege of returning next summer or next fall. If he is guilty he won't come back, in my opinion; and if he isn't then he'll finish and come through smiling like the man I think he is."

The Council discussed the case for ten or fifteen minutes longer and at length agreed upon Milton Parson's suggestion.

The decision being stated, Al, without a word or a glance to the Council, left.

"Well I'll be hanged, I thought he would have said something," blurted out Lee Matthews. "That persuades me that he really is guilty."

"What a pity, such a record—I almost wish I'd let it—He's guilty. Maybe this will teach him a lesson though," was Dr. Fincher's comment.

Al went to his room, brought his trunk down from the attic, dusted it off, and then set to work packing. He packed up everything except his bed clothes and then flopped into a chair to think things over. What Al thought that night is a matter of speculation, but his light burned late, and he was awakened from his first light doze by Professor Billy's early visit with the week's laundry.

"You can put the laundry over on the trunk, and here's your pay with an extra dollar, Professor Billy. You've been mighty faithful 'round here for the past four years—and I hate—" Here he almost broke down for the first time. Somehow there was something sincere and friendly about the old negro, he just couldn't help it. But recovering himself he said, "I am leaving this morning, Professor, and if you'll get one of the janitors to take my trunk down—"

"Law, Missa Ralson, whut ya leavin' 'bout? Tain't no trouble, is it suh?"

"Yes, Professor Billy, I'm in trouble. Just after seeing you yesterday as I was going into the Examiner's office my grade was found to be changed and I am accused of changing it, and though I didn't do it, they won't believe me and I've got to leave."

"Dem records you say wuz changed? Don't reckon nobody would a done it on purpose would dey?"

"Yes, I think somebody did it on purpose, Professor."

"Well now, I dunno or not whether he had nothing 'gin you

or not or whether he done it, but when I come thru dat office dis hear Lying fella wuz in dar aracing something and a writing. When I spoke he said that he wuz leaving a note fur de 'zaminer. I never thot nothing of it 'til just din."

"You mean Ray Liers was in the office when you came through?"

"Yes sur, dat dere Lying fella, dat his name, I ain't got no use o' him anyhow."

"You say he told you he was writing a note and you saw him erase something?"

"Yessur."

"Professor Billy, you'll be around the dormitory about eight-thirty, won't you? I may want to see you then."

"Yessur, I be right dere suh."

Al had jumped up at Professor Billy's first news and he was now practically dressed. He grabbed a towel, dashed some water on his face, slipped his tie on with a jerk and grabbed a cap, rushed down the stairs. He went first to the "biology lab" where he picked up a magnifying glass, and then hurried around to Lee Matthews' room. Lee was just crawling out of bed, and the seven-thirty bell was ringing as Al entered. He told Lee his reason for the early visit and asked him if he would call a meeting of the council to meet at Dr. Fincher's office at 8:30. He readily agreed and Al went to breakfast. At 8:30 he was at Dr. Fincher's office and Professor Billy was waiting in the corridor. The others were in the office.

The Student President stated that Al had asked for a rehearing and the request had been granted. He then gave Al the floor.

Looking at the Student Council and then turning upon Ray Liers, he said, "You were in this office yesterday at 2:20 and changed my 'math' grade."

"You are a liar and you know it, Ralston. I didn't do any such thing. I wasn't in the office at all. I was in your room at 2:10."

"You're indeed very positive, Liers. But where were you at 2:20 yesterday?"

"In my room."

"You are sure you were in your room?"

"Yes. Went to my room after leaving yours."

Stepping to the door, Al called in Professor Billy.

"Professor, tell these gentlemen who you saw in this office yesterday just before you saw me coming in, and tell them what he was doing."

"Well gentlemen, I wuz coming thru de 'zaminer's office and dat dere Lying fella . . ." "Who?" interrupted the President. "Dat dere fellow over dere," pointing to Ray Liers, "he wuz in de office at de 'zaminer's desk aracing on something and a writing, and when I speaks to him, he res' up sorta sudden like and says he wuz a writing a note for de 'zaminer."

"Thank you, Professor. Have a seat over there. Dr. Fincher, you didn't find a note did you?"

"No."

"Will you let me have that card of mine, please. I want to look at the print where the card was held."

The card being produced, Al took the microscope from his pocket and examined the print. He then turned to Dr. Fincher and the others.

"This is a thumb print, and it is the print of Lier's. Come and you can see the thumb print distinctly."

"You are lying; that's not my thumb print."

Al then took a pencil and shaved off a fine film dust of lead.

"Come here, Liers; we'll see whether you are lying or not. Give us your thumb print here."

"I won't; I didn't do it, and you haven't any right to make me give my thumb print."

"Liers, you'll have to give your thumb print or admit your guilt," said the Student President.

Those around watched him closely as he slowly moved for-

ward and extended his hand, paused, and drew it back; slowly again he stretched out his arm and slowly started to press his thumb upon the film, and then suddenly the tension was broken by a tense, half articulating voice, "I didn't do it." With that Ray Liers rushed through the door that had slammed the day before with one hand stretched out before him and the other hiding his face.

Al stood immovable before the desk as the others slowly realized what had happened. They then began to congratulate him and to ask the same question.

"Last summer Ray Liers and I were working in a bank together in my home town. A sum of money was missing, a small sum to be sure, but he was suspected, and it was upon evidence produced by me that he was caught and privately dismissed and at that time he said that I'd regret the incident. Yesterday he was in my room for about ten minutes and left at 2:10. He had asked me when I was going around to see the Examiner, and I told him that I was going around to see him before the next period. Knowing approximately what time I was to be in the office, he changed my grade thinking that the suspicion would fall on me when it was discovered. As it was, his plan would have succeeded but for Professor Billy."

PRAGMATISM AND TRUTH

R. G. TYNDALL, '25

In Mr. Chesterton's collection of essays, he says, "There are some people who think that the most important and practical thing about a man is his view of the universe." He says further that in war it is important to know the enemy's numbers but it is still more important to know the enemy's philosophy. In other words he says that every one has some kind of philosophy and that is the most important and practical thing about a man. In our thinking, we all have some systematic body of general principles or conceptions that we apply in life. William James agrees with Mr. Chesterton and adds that the greatest factor in one's philosophy is the temperament. When we read about the history of philosophy, we find it to be, indeed, a conflict of human temperaments. The greatest philosophers the world has ever known were Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews and we can easily distinguish difference in their temperaments.

Most men are willing, in fact, they rely upon their own temperaments in conducting their lives. A man of one temperament cannot see where the man of an opposite temperament is right in his way of thinking. He feels that the other person is out of tune with the character of the world because he is different; in fact neither of them can understand the other and both rely on their own temperament. We find men of different temperaments in every branch of life. In art, literature, manners, government, and especially in philosophy, there will be found men of vastly different temperaments. These differences could be compared without end, but we shall deal here with the different temperaments in philosophy.

In philosophy, William James distinguishes two general types of temperament. He calls one type "rationalists," the

other "empiricists." We understand a rationalist to be a lover of abstract and eternal principles. The strict monist is the best of rationalists. We understand an empiricist to be a lover and believer in facts. He is materialistic in his views. James sets forth these two types of temperament as general ones in the world today. He could not have chosen two more outstanding types.

The conflict caused by these temperaments has caused much controversy. "Rationalism is considered to be much more religious than empiricism because it necessarily deals with abstractions and principles much more than empiricism." The rationalist, because of his temperament, is more dogmatic in his assertions while the empiricist is fully open to discussion and makes his assertion only after all facts are considered. Rationalism asserts that reasoning within itself, without any sensory experience, is a source of knowledge. Empiricism asserts that knowledge comes from actual experience. Philosophers have often used intellectualism and sensationalism synonymously for rationalism and empiricism. William James characterizes the rationalist as tender-minded and the empiricist as tough-minded. He further characterizes the rationalist as intellectualistic and idealistic, and the empiricist as sensationalistic and materialistic.

The world of today seems much more inclined toward the materialistic than toward the religious—or as James has put it—more toward empiricism than rationalism. In spite of this great tendency toward materialism, we have not lost all our sense of religiousness, but this is really the situation we find ourselves in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-three. This tendency has not suddenly developed but has been in a state of ever-increasing development for fifty years or more. There are extreme rationalists and extreme empiricists who believe that no other view of life is right but theirs. The leaders of each sect greatly influence the younger generations, and hence this is a

problem of great importance. In this life of ours we want facts and we want principles. Facts are good and principles are good, but we are neither satisfied with facts nor with principles when taken alone as our philosophy of life.

Then what kind of philosophy can we find to meet our need? Most of us have too much religion for empiricism; it is too materialistic. We find rationalism not materialistic enough to fit our finite human minds and temperaments. "In other words, we of today are not strictly tender-minded nor tough-minded." When we look at empiricism we find the tough-mind in operation, and here it is that we see the conflict between science and religion. After all, what kind of philosophy will we find to suit our finite minds and temperaments? Of course, we will accept the universe that is in harmony with our temperaments.

The kind of philosophy the most of us want is one that does not exercise our power of intellectual abstraction too much, for that seems superhuman and beyond our conception. We want one that will make some connection with the world of human beings and finite minds. Here it is that pragmatism comes into our discussion. Pragmatism, as defined, is a method of settling disputes that might be interminable if the rationalist and the empiricist view does not fit. "The method by which pragmatism works is to try to interpret each notion by tracing its practical consequences." The conceivable effects of a practical kind that the object of discussion may involve is taken into consideration. The sensations and reactions we can expect are also considered in obtaining clearness.

The word "pragmatism" was first used by C. S. Pierce in order to express the scientific need of testing the meaning and value of conceptions by applying them to the things which they were supposed to stand for. He would not allow self-evidence or intuition to test the truth of any assertion. In 1898, William James brought this word to the front in philosophy by teaching it in his classes. Thus, in the meaning that Pierce and

James gave pragmatism, it has grown to be a thing much talked of in philosophy.

Pragmatism recognizes that this world is full of errors and that things do not always prove to be what they seem. It is necessary then to take precautions in determining the meaning and in testing the truth of an assertion. Pragmatism says that the ability to form conceptions and to make definitions is not decisive of their real value and in no way insures that they will apply to reality in a successful way or that reality will conform to them. Then it is evident that some method is required to distinguish the true from the false, the real from the unreal.

Let us consider the pragmatic idea of dealing with a problem. The problem of truth is the most important one in following our discussion, so we will take this as an example. Some one advances a new assertion. The pragmatist says the truth-value of the assertion has to be tested by its practical application and consequences. This is the principle of pragmatism applied. "If the assertion works well in its application and consequences, the truth-value of that assertion is confirmed to the extent of its working well." If it does not work well, the truth-value is doubted or rejected as false or erroneous. "Then as the pragmatist sees it, all truths are useful, but he does not say that whatever works is useful for that would be to deny the existence of errors." In general, the decision as to whether an assertion works well or ill is left to those authorities in the field from whence the assertion comes. In all subjects, the truth is always relative to the state of knowledge at the time of the assertion, because the practical results known up to date can be used in testing the truth-value; therefore no amount of working successfully ever leads to a complete verification of any assertion as true or renders it absolute. There is always further confirmation possible, according to the pragmatist's idea of truth; therefore a truth cannot be absolute. The denial that any truth is absolute is in harmony with the teaching of modern

ASHES OF DREAMS

TOM HAMILTON, JR., '23

How often do we find ourselves slipping into an atmosphere of ambitions and dreams of things unreal and almost unimaginable. Trains of thought pass through our feeble minds as an idle fancy, causing us to leap from the narrow paths of the human to something superhuman. Little do we realize that God has woven the veil of futurity with His gracious hands of mercy. Often we build giant air castles only to see them crumble because of their weak foundations.

Peggy was the adorable daughter of Senator Van Hope, a successful attorney of our little western city, Halleton, and was one of the "do as you please" college girls. It was Peggy's last year at the famous eastern society school and she was becoming a little restless of the daily collegiate routine. What did she care for all this bookworm stuff? It was nonsense, in her own opinion, to be wasting nine months out of the year translating foreign language or working out mathematics. The idea of taxing her brain with such unessential things! Peggy was more interested in the idle class of college sports and she had already rested her deep brown eyes upon the personage of one young lad, namely, Dock Coggen, son of the neighboring town's multi-millionaire. Dock was one of the typical dance fiends known to exist around any society institution. Whether a dance was scheduled in Kerrville, a fraternity village, or at Providence, a neighboring city, Dock could be found present clothed in distinctive apparel suitable for the occasion.

The Van Hope home was situated on a beautiful country road, a few minutes ride from the center of the little western town. Mother Nature had formed a picturesque little lake on

the large estate and the surrounding foliage had experienced the tender care of her unseen hand. On the far eastern edge of the glassy body of water had been built a cozy little club house where the younger generation gathered to pass away the warm summer evenings. It was adjoining this little building that Senator Van Hope's tenant kept the collection of birch canoes looking their best.

Peggy had just arrived home for the Easter holidays and was full of life. Jerry Lee, an old playmate of Peggy and later a devout lover of the fair young lass, soon received the news that Peggy was at home and he immediately picked up his coat and hat and darted out of the little village bank where he held his abode during the greater part of the day. It had always been Jerry's dream to become a prominent banker and it was in the little village bank that he was able to get the start which he considered would surely lead him to higher responsibilities. He started out to welcome Peggy in his own particular fashion. Many times the two had roamed over the vast estate of Senator Van Hope, but many more times had Peggy and Jerry sat opposite each other in the little canoe nicknamed for Peggy, each planning and building air castles for the mystic haze of the future. In those expressive eyes, Jerry had seen everything that was beautiful and kind. Not only did those large brown eyes capture the admiration of this hometown lad, but Peggy seemed to own every quality that constituted beauty. How Jerry longed to see her again. He wasted no time as he made his way down the road leading to the Van Hope estate. As he approached the wide arch that opened into the rocky road leading to the house, he saw Peggy skipping down the long green terrace toward the glittering lake. Fine! this was just the moment of his life. Jerry took on a faster pace and no sooner had he reached the opposite edge of the water than Peggy heard him approaching.

"Hello, Jerry, I'm so glad to see you. How did you know

that I was here?" This was a mystery to Peggy for she had not written him about her plans to spend the holidays at home.

"Oh, Jimmy passed a few minutes ago and said that you were home. Peg, I'll get even with you for not dropping me a card telling me that you were coming home. But goodness, let's forget it! You are here now and I am just as glad as I can be," greeted Jerry.

"Why, Jerry, you didn't want to know. Did you? Honest? But look, are you on for a little ride on the lake?" invited Peggy.

"Absolutely, Peg; first because it will remind me of olden times and second, 'cause you can tell me all about yourself."

The crystalline water of the lake was disturbed only by a little breeze which formed tiny ripples upon its shimmering surface, lending a hand to Mother Nature's initial charm. It was an ideal time for a ride over the clear waters. Not a single cloud sailed the blue sky; everything was just as pleasant as could be. It seemed that each disturbance made by the oar in the hands of Jerry brought from the deep waters a memory of yesterday. It was so in the heart of the young oarsman but Peggy was interested in something else. Little did Jerry know the changes that had been wrought in his dream girl by passing of the weeks and months she had been away from the "ole" home town.

"Peggy, can you recall the moonlight nights when you and I used to row and row on the lake? Do you remember how you and I used to plan the big things we were going to do in our lives? God help me, Peggy, you are realizing some of your dreams but I—goodness! I'm still sticking around our little one-horse town."

"Cheer up, old pal, it's never too late to have your dreams come true. Let's see Jerry, what were some of your plans?" asked Peggy.

"Peggy, they were all of the east. Yes, dreams of the far east, a success in the banking world. Don't you remember I doped myself out to be a banker? Well, am I? No siree, not yet."

The same old spark of love that had burned in Jerry's heart so many times before seemed to be rekindled as he looked into the dreamy eyes of his companion, being held almost spell bound by their secret influence. He loved his pal but he hesitated in telling her. Didn't she know? Couldn't she see it? It was plain to him.

"Jerry, you will be a great banker some day. Don't give up, but push ahead. I am just as happy as I can be, Jerry. Would you like to know why?, eagerly questioned Peggy.

"Sure Peg, I'm on, let's hear it."

"Well listen, but don't tell a soul. I'm in love. Now Jerry, don't look as if you don't believe it. Haven't you ever been in love?"

Jerry didn't question her a bit, only he was anxiously awaiting to hear more.

"His name is Doek Coggen, and Jerry, his dad has just *oodles* of money."

"Tell me more, Peggy."

"We are to be engaged soon—I mean our engagement is to be announced at Dock's Fraternity Ball pretty soon."

These words burned even more than anything Peg could have said. Jerry's soul pained him when he heard these few words. Could she really mean them? Oh, how they seemed to prik all the joy out of the afternoon! Why? It was because he loved Peggy too and he dared to see another step in and take the place that was unquestionably his.

"Peggy, please—," but Jerry could say no more. The canoe had been drawn close to the shore and had idly rested there during these last few moments. Jerry left his companion puzzled at his departure.

The remainder of the warm afternoon was a miserable one for our home-town lad. He felt the pain of a broken heart. Some one, unknown to him, had stepped in and taken his place.

The holidays rolled by slowly for Peggy. She couldn't understand why Jerry seemed so strange. He would drop in most any time but there was a defeated spirit about him. Peggy tried to find out what the trouble was but each time she was rewarded with failure. She was leaving the next day and Jerry came around the afternoon before.

"Oh, Jerry, can't you cheer up? What is the matter, old pal, anyway?"

"Nothing Peggy, only I—love you."

"Well, fine!" greeted Peggy.

"But listen, Peggy, please don't fo'get your 'ole' pal, and give yourself to Coggen."

"Oh, Jerry, you are so funny. You and I are just pals and we can't be any more. Dock's a fine boy and his dad has just plenty of money. I tell you, when Dock and I are married, we will invite you to see us and find one of the prettiest girls in the whole east for you. We will let you take one of our cars and do just anything you want to, so forget, cheer up and dream of something better."

The next day found the two devoted pals parted again. Peggy back at school and Jerry in the "ole" home town.

The annual fraternity ball was scheduled for the 14th of next month and Peggy had just received her invitation from Dock. She would certainly be there dressed in the latest array of fashion, because it was at this ball that her engagement with the son of the multi-millionaire was to be announced.

"Goodness, but won't I be the stuff?" quietly asserted Peggy as she tipped to the mirror and viewed her girlish figure.

Dock Coggen was a sort of a fellow who did not care what folks thought about him or what they didn't think about him. He was Mr. Coggen in his own estimation and wanted to be

the same in the estimation of others. He was due to finish school the 25th of May; whether he would or not was another question. It was Dock's purpose to paint the country red before he settled down and he had already started on his mission.

Back at Peggy's home, we see Mr. and Mrs. Van Hope "struttin' their stuff." Pride was their constant companion. The old gentleman and lady would take their seats on the large veranda in the evening, throw out their chests and boast about the fine daughter they owned and the important place she would fill in the multi-millionaire's castle.

But we fail to find Jerry in the old home town. No one knows where the village lad has gone. Peeping into the little town bank, we see his place filled by another. Jerry had been an important factor in the little financial institution, but he's gone, nobody knows where. Everything is changed in the place, from the absence of our home-town hero to the cultivation of the Van Hope's haughty attitude.

Peggy often thought of her pal back home. She really hoped that the lad would make good, but she didn't have much time to ponder on foreign things because she was busy getting ready for the Fraternity Ball. She felt that she loved Jerry and would give most anything to see him. How could she find him? If she knew, she would write him a nice long letter. It seemed that Dock didn't care for anything but a good time. Every day she would receive word from him to the effect that he was having a gay time. A little spark of jealousy arose in Peg's heart. If Dock wanted to act that way, why she wouldn't care. She could do the same thing. It is when a spirit of indifference is shown that two lovers are slowly weaned apart.

It was one morning that a little card was taken up to Peggy's room. She had been feeling lonely and blue for several days. How she wanted to go away and stay. She was tired of staying at school. She looked at the handwriting.

It was familiar; she had seen it before, but at first she couldn't remember just whose it was. She examined the postmark. It was hard to make out but finally she jotted down the letters: A-s-h-e-v-i-l-l-e, N. C., with her pen. Who did she know in the "land of the sky"? Quickly Peggy tore open the little envelope and written neatly below the inscription, was the name "Lenore."

"Why, it is from my old classmate!" and glancing through the note she saw that it was an invitation to spend a few days in Asheville. Lenore was planning to have several of her best girl friends to take part in her wedding and she was asking Peggy to be the bridesmaid. How thrilling it would be to take part in the wedding of her chum just on the eve of her own engagement. She would not be able to get back for the big ball but she couldn't help that—she was going any way. She promised that she would return in time for the ball if she possibly could.

Peggy arrived in the mountain city a few days before the wedding and was met by several of her old chums who had also been asked to take a part in the great social dot of the season. The date had been set for the following Wednesday evening. The girls were having the time of their lives, riding around over the neighboring peaks, attending dances and parties in honor of the bride-elect.

The following Thursday night was the big night back in the little western village. Guests from all over the state would be present and things were in readiness for the annual ball. The program was a magnificent one. Even the older heads of the Van Hope family were making the necessary arrangements to attend the swell affair. The courtship of Peg and Dock was known to all and though there was some surprise when it got out that the announcement would be made at the ball, the guests seemed elated over the approaching engagement.

Thursday evening rolled around and the invited guests

were arriving every minute. The van Hopes were present, quite surprising to themselves. Peggy had not yet arrived from the wedding but was expected at most any time.

It was in the midst of the ball that a little boy rang the bell of the Club and presented a little yellow envelope addressed to Mrs. Van Hope. At the same time the boy with the blue suit thrust another yellow envelope to the butler; this one addressed to Mr. Thurman Coggen, the multi-millionaire. The two little yellow messages were delivered to the addressees as they were seated under a large palm, evidently inquiring as to when Peggy and Dock would arrive. Mr. Coggen excused himself while he tore open the little yellow envelope. Mrs. Van Hope took advantage of this opportunity to do likewise with the one she had received. It was only a second. Suddenly their faces were turned toward one another as if to offer an apology for the family honor.

"Mr. Coggen, I'm sorry, but Peggy and Jerry were married in Asheville this morning."

"Mrs. Van Hope, please accept my apologies, Dock has run off with my stenographer."

QUATRAINS

 JOHN R. KNOTT, '23

I.

TRAVEL

I like to roam the universe—
 All in and out the web half-spun:
 I like to look around and see
 How this old world of ours is run.

II.

HAPPINESS

I like to watch a baby crawl,
 And fill the floor with sticks and strings;
 I like to fill my soul brim-full
 Of simple thoughts and little things.

III.

SOLITUDE

I rather like on dreary days,
 When clouds hang low and Nature grieves,
 To walk the dripping, woodland ways
 And hear the rain-drops on the leaves.

IV.

RETROSPECTION

I like to sit at close of day,
 Linking Memory's golden chain,
 And while the pleasant hours away,
 Listening to the fire's refrain.

AT THE GATES OF EDEN

I. C. PAIT, '23

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray.

"No, it cannot be true," James Kent murmured in a strange, far-away voice. "It's too good to be true. But I've read this letter through three times, and it states plainly that my book is rapidly gaining popularity, and that my fortune is already made, as well as my name. After all, the struggle has not been for nothing. And to think that success came when I was least expecting it!"

As he leaned his well-shaped head against the rough hickory, home-made chair in which he sat, he closed his tired eyes, and an expression of long-sought peace settled over his weary, pallid features. And, why not? The goal of a life had apparently been reached—a goal the reaching of which had driven him from all that he held dear, into his present mountain isolation. But all would soon be right, he meditatively assured himself, as a thriving city of the east seemed to rise before him and extend a thousand arms of welcome. Ah, that was the city in which his first hopes had been born! Its voice was so different now from that with which it had driven him out three years ago—a failure! Yes, he had tasted failure, bitterest failure, but it had come only after his soul had spilt its last drop of honest effort. It had been an honest failure. He had tried to throw his whole soul into his work, but time after time the editor's curt note of refusal had found its way to him. Heartless critics showed no mercy. The cynic hurled

his ban. The scorner derided him from his high place. Even Claudia—at thought of the name he winced and the pallor of his face deepened—yes, even Claudia had joined the crowd; then his isolation had seemed complete. He had fled from the city and pushed his way westward into the heart of the Ozark Mountains. There his sickened soul had weakly grasped the unhewn love and sympathy which the rough mountain people offered; and now, at the end of three years, he appeared among the uncultivated, sturdy stock, as a branch of cultured fruit grafted into the heart of a giant oak. His book was only a soul cry which the scourge of Fate had wrung from him.

"I think I understand, now," he murmured. "One must suffer before he can sympathize; and he must sympathize before he can truly succeed in his undertaking. And how I've suffered! God's eternal hills have sympathized, and these, the simplest of people, have shown me the beauty of truth. They have helped me to pry open the gates that closed behind me three years ago. And now, I am permitted to peer into the future. Yes, I shall go back to the success that I crave. But you, old hills, I shall not forget. Nor you, kind, simple-hearted people. Some day—"

"Will ye come down t' yer grub?" The abrupt voice sounded from below.

He extinguished the smoky little oil lamp and climbed down the rough, ladder-like stairs to the clay-daubed room below where a pine-knot fire drove the shadows of early morning into the corners and expelled the chill of the new April day. Framed in the huge fireplace was the lanky, corduroy-covered form of a six-foot mountaineer.

"Good morning, Pa Turner," Kent greeted. "How's everything over the—"

"Brought yer mail in from over th' Gap las' night," the mountaineer broke in gruffly. "Git any noos?"

"Yes, yes, sure enough news!" There was something in

Kent's voice that startled the old man into keen attention.

"Ye don't say so! Well?"

"Yes, Pa Turner, glorious news! News that calls me away from you and back—"

"Ye don't mean that yer a-goin' t' leave us, Jimmy Boy?"

James Kent heard in the old man's voice that note of yearning, pathetic pleading that a boy hears when awakened from his midnight slumber by the plaintive, wailing howl of his dog. He had never heard anything like it from a great, shaggy mountaineer, and it struck a responsive chord deep in his soul. The old man's eyes were fastened on him, and his pleading look voiced an emotion that he could not utter.

"Why, Pa Turner!" Kent exclaimed. "Aren't you glad that luck has come my way?"

"It's all'us been that a-way." Pa Turner's voice sounded strange and low, and he stared blankly into the corner of the room. "Little Annie come t' make me an' ma happy an' t' keep us comp'ny but she 'us too good for this old world an' so she just—just—" his voice broke— "then Jimmy Boy come t' kinder fill up th' gap she left, an' now, he's—but o' course it's not for the likes o' us low critters t' say as how one like Jimmy shall come an' go." Then turning toward Kent, he tremulously continued: "Sure, Jimmy Boy, ye mus' go back t' th' big world out East. It'd never do for ye t' bury yer talent out here among th' likes o' us." As his voice assumed somewhat its former harshness, he said, "Will ye come on out t' grub?"

Out in the low lean-to that served as kitchen, dining room, and pantry, Ma Turner had prepared a simple meal of bacon, corn pone, and fresh eggs. Although James Kent had never felt better, he could not eat the appetizing meal; in fact he felt that he would never need to eat again. He was so full of happiness! Pa Turner ate ravenously and seemed heartily ashamed that he had allowed his feelings to overcome him. Ma

Turner wiped her eyes and allowed that it would be "tough pullin'" for Sounding Hollow to get along without their Jimmy.

Three days later James Kent said good-bye to his mountain foster parents and took the trail for Bear Gap, a trading post and post office ten miles north, where the stage coach would relieve him of his weary trampings and convey him to St. Josephs—and then the railway train to the great, throbbing East.

The sun had not quite appeared, but the ruddy-hued East cast the reflection of millions of colored candles over the rough mountain trail. From somewhere below, the full, round note of a robin sounded reveille to the feathered army, not yet astir. A tiny stream leaped madly from a jagged precipice far above, and, as it caught the first rays of the sun, dashed itself to tiny fragments against the morning air, and sank like a misty veil into the valley below. The smell of early spring was everywhere.

He paused and filled his lungs with the bracing air. How good it was to be alive; to live in such a world! The hills seemed to smile upon him and wrap him in the soft folds of their morning dress. Their breath set his blood on fire, and their voice, so wild, yet so dear, seemed to claim him as their own. For one brief moment a wild, unknown emotion clamored in his soul, but the rumble of the great East stilled it, and he pushed on.

As he rounded a sharp bend in the trail and came out upon a tiny plain, he suddenly paused, and, as a gay note died upon his lips, an expression of uncertainty and regret, mingled with a quizzical smile, chilled the gladness of his features; there stood the rough log cabin in which he had taught whatever of the mountain children he could assemble. Again he smiled as he remembered a promised progress that he had observed deep-rooted beneath the enviroing surface. "There

is indeed a harvest ready to be gathered!" he exclaimed as he flung his arms toward the hut and passed on.

Two hours later he reached the "Divide," and paused to look back upon the wild, exuberant beauty of the valley that had been his home for three years. A strange, pleading call seemed to rise from cliff, cavern, and stream—and then from the simpler folk whose knowledge was almost as limited as that of the wild animals of the hills. Faintly the call came; then louder and louder until its shrill cry filled the innermost recesses of his soul. Slowly he turned his face northward, and, like a wounded animal, began the rough descent to Bear Gap which lay two hours away in the valley below. Again the humming traffic of the great East filled his soul, and he was happy.

Three days later he was fast becoming the James Kent of former days. New clothes and a rub of elbows with the world which he found so well represented on the train, not only brought back the man of other days, but opened anew the flood gates of his hopes and bade him look into the future. It was not a ravenous greed for position and power that burned in his soul, but the flames of a smothered ambition at last breaking through and consuming the débris of shattered hopes; burning the way clean for the man who had battled, apparently lost, and then won. Somehow, as he neared his world, the old bitterness that had rankled in his soul against the world that had driven him out, seemed to melt away, as he had seen the mists of his beloved mountains melt before the rising sun. He only wanted his place—his place in the world.

Suddenly he sat erect in his chair and eagerly leaned toward the window. Familiar scenes were beginning to appear everywhere. Just two miles beyond the next town—then his world and his place.

"My people, my world, my place," he murmured as he settled down in his chair for the remaining bit of the journey.

But no—his eyes kindled with an eager light—he would walk the remaining two miles in order to experience a keener joy of anticipation, and too, to enjoy the familiar old New England country-side. Seizing his hat and the small traveling bag that he carried, he alighted at the station and started down the main street of the quaint little village.

How good it all seemed when compared with the rough life he had lived during the last three years! On all sides the gabled cottages surrounded by their green, flower-splotched squares smiled a welcome. Automobiles had almost eliminated horse-drawn vehicles, but a few wickered rigs and dappled ponies reminded him of the old days. On up the road, sweet with the scent of apple blossoms and an afternoon shower, he happily swung. Broad fields, green with the spring cover-crop, rested his travel-tired eyes, and occasionally sloped down to a noisome stream about which well-fed flocks of sheep and herds of spotted Holsteins lazily cropped the tender shoots of grass. At one of these streams a dim path suddenly led away. As eagerly as a boy he took the path and plunged into the verdant, leaf-canopied forest. Up a miniature mountain he climbed—out into the open again—a sudden rise—a huge boulder—he closed his eyes, took a few steps forward, then, trembling with joyful excitement, he opened his eyes and let his glance hungrily traverse the beautiful valley that lay below him, like an artist's canvas. There was the thread of a river, glistening among its emerald surroundings. There, too, was the humming city, with its red-roofed bungalows smiling like so many rose buds through the half-formed leaves of surrounding trees, the pompous residential section, and the buzzing down-town and manufacturing districts.

Suddenly he noticed the lengthening shadows below and remembered that this was the spot to which he in his discouragement used to climb that the sunset might bear his troubles away. Now he turned his back upon the city and asked the

sunset to share his joy. Then westward, westward, westward into the heart of the Ozarks its gentle embrace ushered his thoughts. The look of exhilaration slowly faded from his face, and an expression of sobriety—almost fear—gradually took its place. His home of the last three years arose in his mind, and the rough paths of the mountains seemed to extend to his very feet. But now all appeared so different! Jagged rock spires pierce the clouds on all sides and shut out the sunshine. A frowning canyon gaped hungrily before him, and the scething, hissing noise which arose from its bowels told of the mad, tumultuous stream that rushed therein. Beyond the canyon were the simple people who had awakened a new love in his heart. They seemed to call him. They could never come to him, but he could go to them. He remembered the log hut in which he had labored to enlighten the minds of the ignorant mountain children, and in which on Sundays he had led the simple people in worship. Who would take his place? The earth seemed to be slipping from under his feet as the question glared at him.

He reeled drunkenly, and the lights of the city below warned him that night was fast approaching. Ah, the lights, the lights! How they called him! Over his soul the desire for the world again surged. He looked again and the great white ways marked the veins through which the heart-throbs of the city forced its streams of humanity. There he must take his place among his kind, and reap the harvest of success that was already his. That was his Eden, and its gates were wide-flung to him.

He turned to take his traveling bag from the ground, preparatory to the descent—home. As he stooped he glanced toward the fading West, and uttering a low moan, sank down upon the trunk of a fallen tree; out of the darkened western sky there blazed a single star.

The light of the sun gradually vanished and the stars came

out to drive the darkness away. One by one the voices of the night were raised until thousands of songsters mingled their songs with the droning hum that floated up from the city. Slowly, very slowly, as the night wore on, the hum of the city and the voices of the night became hushed. A clock tolled the hour of mid-night, but the silent form of the man still clung to the crest of the hill above the city. Once, twice, thrice, and a fourth time the clock sounded a passing hour. A star paled in the East; another, and still another. The silent hill-top caught up the first gray streak of dawn, and its faint light revealed the bowed form and drawn, haggard face of the man, still on the crest of the hill.

With the coming of the light he stood once more looking down upon the city, which was already awake to the new day. All night he had fought, but now the issue must be met. He trembled in every member. Then raising his arms heavenward, he groaned:

"Oh, Jabbok, Jabbok! I, too, have wrestled on your banks throughout a night. And with the coming of the morning my spirit is broken. I have lost in the wrestle!"

As he finished speaking, the great flaming sun cast its first ray into his face. But with its coming the haggardness was driven from his face by an expression of peaceful resignation. Without so much as a backward glance, he took his traveling bag from the ground and hurriedly walked down the path—toward the West.

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

JNO. R. KNOTT, Editor



Exit

Four years have been spent at Wake Forest.

They have been pleasant years. Seeing them now, as we do—retrospectively—we find that they have been altogether good years, and years that we will evaluate more highly as time goes by.

We have studied together, played together and lived together.

Now these things come to an end.

Of study: sometimes in the afternoons, and then in the evening we turned the pages of first one text then another, assimilating the many truths and theories. Frequently these garnerings of ours were continued far into the night. Often,

as we sleepy and weary, bent to our tasks, the cocks would crow for midnight and oblivious of all else, two shafts of light from opposite buildings would softly caress each other in token of their nocturnal companionship.

Of play: discarding the more serious side of people and problems, we spent many happy hours playing together. These are the hours that are most pleasant to recall; these are the hours when, swinging through the forests and over the hills with long, care-free strides, we learned to love men whom we had known for only a few short months; these are the hours when the skies were bluest, the day shortest, and friendships were made unknowingly; and these are the hours when life opened her largess of happiness and served freely.

Of living: as we studied together and played together, so we lived together.

We leave. What do we take with us? Knowledge? A *limited* amount. Friendships? Many! Memories? A life-full. But paramount—we take with us courage—the courage to face the years that come.

North Carolina
Baptists

Numerically, the strongest; financially, the ablest; but in constructive action for their denominational college, the weakest, describes the Baptists of North Carolina.

We do not criticize the Baptist denomination for anything it has done; but for not doing more. We have watched with pride each successive step that will ultimately lead to a great accomplishment; and on the other hand, we have been persistently disappointed because there have not been more and larger such steps taken.

During the last three years Wake Forest College has received from the Baptist of North Carolina, through the "75-million dollar campaign fund," two hundred and ten thousand dollars—an average of seventy thousand dollars per year. This is a

splendid record; but why is it not better? This is a pertinent question and one that scarcely faces those who are, or should be, interested in Wake Forest College.

Are the Baptists of North Carolina interested in their college? It appears that they are not so interested to the extent that they should be. This is unquestionably true, the majority of them are not interested at all; or if interested, unwilling to express such interest in a concrete way.

Is Wake Forest College worthy of the confidence and support of the Baptists of North Carolina, one hundred per cent strong? Consult her past record. Does she have an important place in the present educational work of the State? Look at her present notable achievements. With the Baptists leading the State numerically, is it not imperative that we have a strong denominational institution in which to train men for our future social, economic, political and professional needs, and *for the needs of the Baptist denomination?* This question has been answered over and over in the persistent and continuing efforts that Wake Forest has made, and is making, in becoming the approved center of Baptist education of the State. This has been barely accomplished. Whose fault is it that Wake Forest is not sufficiently equipped to house and educate one thousand students? It is clearly the fault of three hundred and thirty thousand Baptists of North Carolina. Wake up! Your College needs you! and in this day of education and advancement, you seriously need your college!

Tail-piece Farewell, ivy-covered walls, guarding halls in which the sonorous voices of the professors mingled with the soft, half-subdued snores of the sleeping students, have wrought such an infatuation for us! Farewell, trysting-places of the progenitors of jokes! Farewell, green campus, criss-crossing walks, and magnolia trees! Farewell, cold shower baths! Farewell, Dr. Tom! Farewell, red-headed woodpecker, whose home is in the flag-pole!



NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

J. W. BEACH, *Editor*



Slogan of Wake Forest boarding houses—"Don't kick about our coffee; you may be old and weak yourself some day."

GRADUATED METHODS OF INTERROGATION

Freshman—"Hub."

Sophomore—"What's that?"

Junior—"I didn't get the question."

Senior—"Pardon me, I did not comprehend the nature of the interrogation."—Ex.

CAMPUS GOSSIP

Hal Clark—"Johnnie, Old Boy, that shave makes you look like a 'cake eater.'"

Johnnie Albritton—"Does it really?"

Hal—"Sure!"

Johnnie—"From now on I shave every morning."

One—"I wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh said to Queen Elizabeth when he put his coat down for her?"

Two—"Probably, 'Step on it, Kid'."

NEWS FROM LATIN 1

L. E. Andrews came in late the other day and found no seat.

Dr. Poteat, (offering him a stool)—"Here, Mr. Andrews, you may occupy the dunce stool."

Andrews—"Thank you, but don't you need it, Doctor?"

Eve—"S'matter, Adam? Why so restless?"

Adam—"Dawgonit, I used poison ivy for my winter overcoat."
Punch Bowl.

Sentelle—"Can you lend me five?"

"Runt" Matthews—"Shure! Got change for a dime?"

THE NATIONAL PASTIME

The center leaned over the pigskin.

"Signals," cried the first baseman as he swung his bat in a vicious circle.

The center passed. There was a sudden crack, and the Silver King sailed across the net into the waiting arms of the right forward who rung up a neat goal.

"The score is forty-love," droned the referee.

Meanwhile the crowd stood breathless with excitement as the first baseman, with perfect interference, skirted the right end and crossed home plate for a lone touchdown.

A mighty roar went up from a thousand throats for the valiant hero, but in vain—

"Foul," cried the umpire, "'twas a net ball. Back to center."

But our hero had fainted. He had failed to sink the putt on the ninth.

Cap and Bells.

A NIGHTLY OCCURRENCE

(A play in three acts)

Setting—a bull session; survival of the fittest.

Personnel—Freshman, Sophomore, Junior.

Act 1—Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior.

Act 2—Sophomore and Junior.

Act 3—Junior.

Conductor—(calling stop) "Derita!"

Stude—"I'll bite. Did he?"

Williford—"Does any one in the room know who wrote Gray's *Elegy*?"

Crumpler, looking up knowingly—"It was either Ben Jonson or Goldsmith, I can't remember which."

Dr. Trela D. Collins, visiting the Hill and seeing student dressed in bath robe and bed-room slippers, shivering in Gym door—"Hello! What are you waiting for out here in the cold?"

Student, (sourly)—"Hot water."

Dr. Collins—"They were waiting for that when I was a student here."